

# **FLYING CHILDERS: HIS CRUISE**

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Flying Childers: His Cruise by The Earl of Winchilsea

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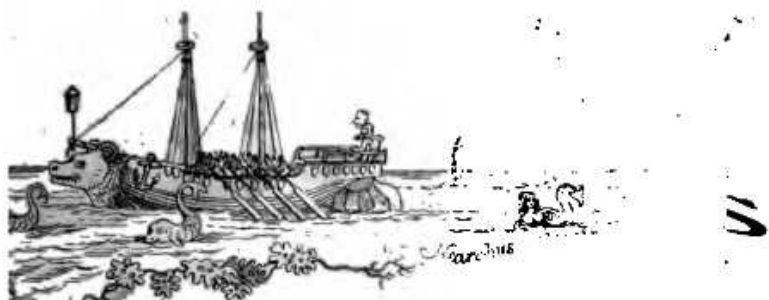
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**THE EARL OF WINCHILSEA**

**FLYING CHILDERS:  
HIS CRUISE**





# FLYING CHILDERS

## HIS CRUISE

VIXERE PORTES ANTE AGAMEMNONA  
MULTI, SED OMNES ILLACRYMABILES  
URGENTUR, IGNOTIQUE LONGA  
NOCTE, CARENT QUILA VATE SACRO. .

*Iler.*

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HIS CRUISE.

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MULTI, SED OMNES ILLACETNABILES  
URGENTUR, IDNOTIQUE LONGA NOCTE  
CARENT QUIA VATE SACRO."

HOR.

BY

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(FOR THE AUTHOR.)

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN these prodigious times when everything  
Figures revers'd, from Journalist to King,  
When every power, from Emperor to Pope,  
Cries out for what will hang 'em all—'more rope!'  
When freaks as senseless as the world e'er saw  
(Beyond the reach of wit, and rule, and law,) .  
Like Egypt's hailstones in great storms descend—  
Till wisdom breathless asks—where will it end?  
When 'Peace at all price' is the cry of some,  
And 'Mutual Trust' and 'Faith's Millennium,'

While others sallying from the frozen North  
With 'Thor's own Hammer' in their hands burst  
forth ;—

When wars and horrid rumours load the sky,  
And 'States of Siege' make game of Liberty ;  
When every landmark is by force displac'd,  
And wise old saws are utterly disgrac'd ;—  
When knaves on thrones, on horseback beggars sit,  
Alike conspicuous for their want of wit ;  
When Free Assemblies torn by Party strife,  
Clutch at the shadow to forget the life,  
The life of nations—that means more no doubt  
Than 'this Fool in a place and t'other out ;'  
When every righteous tie that binds a man,  
And every law since this strange world began,  
Cut down like corn before the sickle, pales—  
And all their cunning éarth's chief masters fails ;  
While looking on sits England's palsied form,  
That mocks at Fate, and gibbers in the storm ;—