

**THE OLD ENGLISH 'SQUIRE, "A
JOVIAL GAY FOX HUNTER,
BOLD, FRANK, AND FREE": A
POEM IN TEN CANTOS**

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The old English 'squire, "a jovial gay fox hunter, bold, frank, and free": a poem in ten cantos by John Careless

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JOHN CARELESS

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BOLD, FRANK, AND FREE": A
POEM IN TEN CANTOS**

THE OLD SQUIRE.



*And in the Butler's pantry found him,
With Brandy Bottles gathered round him.*

THE
OLD ENGLISH 'SQUIRE

"A JOVIAL GAY FOX HUNTER, BOLD, FRANK, AND FREE."

A POEM
IN TEN CANTOS

By JOHN CARELESS, Esq.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PLATES
BY ONE OF THE FAMILY

METHUEN & CO.
LONDON

1905

NOTE

THIS Issue is founded on the Original
Edition, published by Thomas M'Lean
in the year 1821

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1905

P R E F A C E

AMONG the innumerable publications of the present day, I see no reason in the world against my appearance in print, notwithstanding the many faults that fastidious readers may find in my poem, or as some parts may be termed, versified prose. For my own part, being always of an easy and cheerful disposition, when a book does not set me to sleep, I am sure to be pleased with it; and if it should, it is the same thing to me, for I think a good nap does one no harm, particularly after dinner. The following poem was written, as it professes, by myself, and having once got severely ferruled for joining with some of my school fellows in the following very ancient and equally learned ballad, beginning,

"Omne bene, sine pane, tempus est ludendi," &c.
I have since mortally hated every thing that

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had any thing like the shape of learning, consequently, the learned reader must not expect any tid bits, written express for his own palate. The poem has been written at intervals to pass away the winter evenings, for since my fright with the water kelpy, I cannot bear to be out after dark.—My wife, who is a great reader, admires my productions extremely—particularly the ball scene, and the account of the dresses, &c. Our parson, who by the way never says much, and is reckoned a very clever man, thinks he prefers the account of the christening dinner, and though I am free to acknowledge it is a substantial—and I may say, a circumstantial—description of that affair, I prefer that part, where I am described as filling Roger's bags and my own with grouse in a single morning's shooting, after I had left my cousins; who are rather dangerous companions with loaded fire arms, which I can only ascribe to their honest and harmless intentions, and, except in sporting matters, I have a very great respect for them. There is a whole line of latin introduced into the work, which, as I cannot bear to deceive any one, I must say, was foisted in

by my old college tutor to whom I sent a scrap or two as a specimen for his opinion, and who returned me one of them with the line above mentioned, which, I believe is in English, if I remember the translation, "for it is not given to every one to have a nose."* I suppose it applies to the difference between greyhounds and pointers—for all the world knows that the greyhound has no nose at all for a scent. My tutor was a worthy soul and could take his two bottles in a gentlemanlike quiet sort of manner with a glass or two of toddy afterwards, but was rather addicted to book learning—a thing as I said before I could never digest. My father and mother do not make much figure in the work, but the former, who was the best natured man in the world, when he had his own way, plumed himself much upon his management of a cellar and his having found out a system of drinking that was perfectly harmless, or as he used to call it, 'the beneficial mode of drinking'—which was as follows:—if the hock or port he usually took at dinner turned cold on his stomach, he would take a stiff tumbler of hot rum and

* *Nam non cuique datum est habere nasum.*

water—perhaps three or four of them—if this heated him, as it might sometimes in hot weather, he took two or three glasses of cold brandy and water as a sedative—for every one knows that brandy is a sedative—and finished his evening with a small jug of medicinal gin punch, the comforts of which are well known to the admirers of this wholesome beverage.

The only apology I can offer to the reader for the difference of measures I have made use of, is this, that I felt it as great a relief in varying the length of my metre, as a horse does in occasionally changing from the long trot to a canter, and most kindly wishing all my readers a cheerful trot and pleasing canter, with now and then for variety's sake, an agreeable amble, to the end of the poem, I take my leave, and should it produce one smile, or disperse from the forehead of care one wrinkle, its end is fully answered.

1st JUNE 1821.