



DEATH'S REGISTER.

## DEATH (A DEALER),

TO HIS LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

Sept. 1, 1826.

PER post, sir, received your last invoice and letter,  
 No consignment of your's ever suited me better :  
 The burnt bones (for flour) far exceeded my wishes,  
 And the coculus-indicus beer was delicious.

Well, I'm glad that at last we have hit on a plan  
 Of destroying that long-living monster, *poor man* :  
 With a long-neck'd green bottle I'll finish a lord,  
 And a duke with a *pâté à la perigord* ;  
 But to kill a poor wretch is a different case,  
 For the creatures *will live*, though I stare in their  
 face.

Thanks to you, though, the times will be speedily  
 alter'd,  
 And the poor be got rid of without being halter'd :

For ale and beer drinkers there's nothing so proper as  
 Your extracts of coculus, quassia, and copperas—  
 Call'd ale, from the hundreds that ail with them  
 here,

And beer, from the numbers they bring to their bier!\*

In vain shall they think to find refuge in tea—  
*That* decoction's peculiarly favoured by me ;  
 Sloe-leaves make the tea—verdigris gives the  
 bloom—

And the slow poison's sure to conduct to the tomb.  
 As for coffee, Fred. Accum well knows the word  
 means

Naught but sand, powder, gravel, and burnt peas  
 and beans.

But let us suppose that they drink only water—  
 I think there may still be found methods to slaughter  
 A few of the blockheads who think they can bam me  
 By swallowing that tasteless *liqueur*.—Well, then,  
 d—me

\* Both these puns have been consecrated by Bishop Andrews, in his *ex-ale-tation of ale*. This poem has also been ascribed to Beaumont.



(You'll pardon my wrath), they shall drink till  
they're dead

From *lead* cisterns—to me 'twill be sugar of lead!

When deeper-purs'd fellows, addicted to swill, would  
Drink port—I'll make use of your load of Brazil  
wood :

But I wish you'd send *more* laurel-leaves and sweet  
brier

For such as may like sherry flavoured *much* higher!

For the bottles,—you know, sir, I'm fairly entrust-  
ing 'em

To your tartrate of potash for finely incrusting 'em.

Laurel-water, oak saw-dust, and quicklime, have  
come

Just in time to be mix'd with the brandy and rum.

Beer, tea, coffee, wine, rum, brandy, water—I think

We've prepared for the stomachs of all those who

*drink ;*

And you'll kindly assist me to work a like feat

By pois'ning the stomachs of all those who *eat*.

Alum, clay, bones, potatoes, shall mix in their bread,

And their Gloucester derive its deep blush from red  
lead!

But why do I mention such matters to *you*,  
 Who without my poor hints know so well what to do?  
 You provide for the grocer, the brewer, the baker,  
 As they in their turn *do* for the undertaker.

P. S.—By the by, let me beg you, in future, my  
 neighbour,

To send me no sugar that rais'd by *free labour*,  
 Unless you can mingle a *little* less salt  
 In the pound—for the public presume to find fault  
 With the new China *sweet'ning*—and though they  
 allow

That they'll take the *saints' sugar* (attend to me  
 now),

Even *cum grano salis*—they *do* say that such

An allowance as 30 *per cent.* is too much.

Your's, &c.

**Death.**