

Cholera Cured Before-Hand
by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Or a premonition promulgated gratis for the use of the Useful Classes, specially those resident in St. Giles's, Saffron Hill, Bethnal Green, etc.; and likewise, inasmuch as the good man is merciful even to the beasts, for the benefit of the Bulls and Bears of the Stock Exchange.

Pains ventral, subventral,
In stomach or entrail,
Think no longer mere prefaces
For grins, groans, and wry faces;
But off to the doctor, fast as ye can crawl!
Yet far better 'twould be not to have them at all.

Now to 'scape inward aches,
Eat no plums nor plum-cakes;
Cry avaunt! new potato--
And don't drink, like old Cato.
Ah! beware of Dispipsy,
And don't ye get tipsy!
For tho' gin and whiskey
May make you feel frisky,
They're but crimps to Dispipsy;
And nose to tail, with this gipsy
Comes, black as a porpus,
The diabolus ipse,
Call'd Cholery Morpus;
Who with horns, hoofs, and tail, croaks for carrion to feed him,
Tho' being a Devil, no one never has seed him!

Ah! then my dear honies,
There's no cure for you
For loves nor for monies:--
You'll find it too true.

Och! the hallabaloo!
Och! och! how you'll wail,
When the offal-fed vagrant
Shall turn you as blue
As the gas-light unfragrant,
That gushes in jets from beneath his own tail;--
'Till swift as the mail,
He at last brings the cramps on,
That will twist you like Samson.
So without further blethring,
Dear mudlarks! my brethren!
Of all scents and degrees,
(Yourselves and your shes)
Forswear all cabal, lads,
Wakes, unions, and rows,
Hot dreams and cold salads,
And don't pig in styes that would suffocate sows!
Quit Cobbett's, O'Connell's and Beelzebub's banners,
And whitewash at once bowels, rooms, hands, and manners!