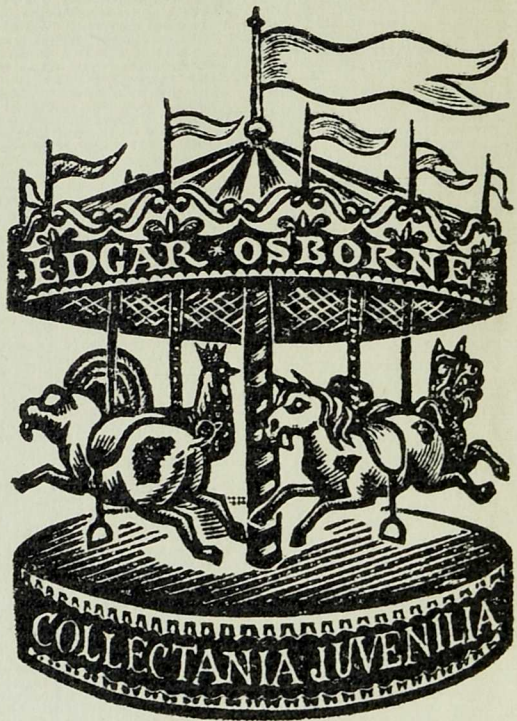
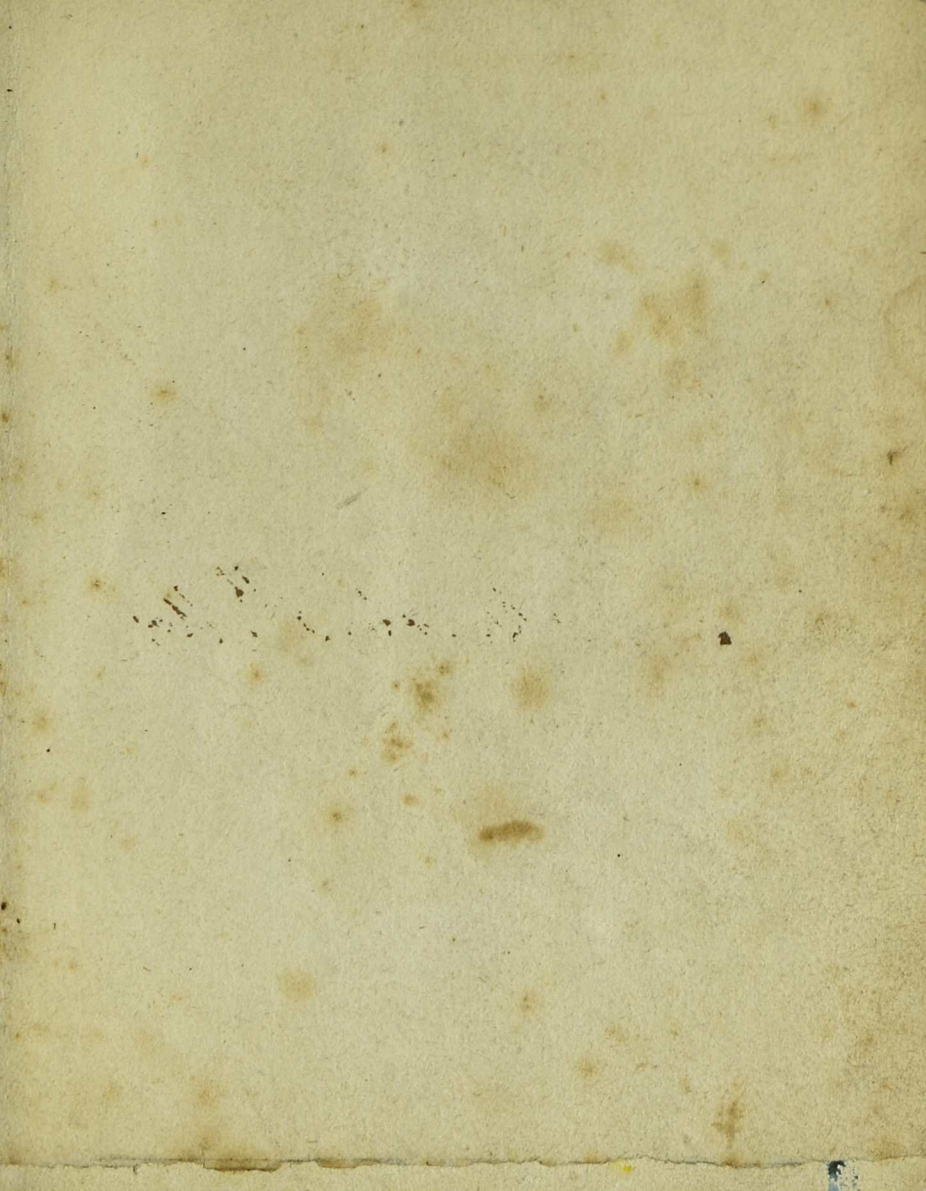




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THE
WATER-KING'S LEVEE;

OR, THE
GALA OF THE LAKE.

A SEQUEL TO
"THE PEACOCK AT HOME."

FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES AND SIZES.

--- "*Sequitur non passibus equis.*"

With appropriate Engravings.

London :

PRINTED FOR W. LINDSELL, WIMPOLE-STREET,
CAVENDISH-SQUARE.

1808.

THE

WATER-KING'S LEVEL

OR

GALE OF THE YEAR

WATER-KING'S LEVEL

THE BEACON AT HOME

FOR THE YEAR OF ALL THE YEARS

Printed by BRETTELL & Co.
Marshall-Street, Golden-Square.

THE
WATER-KING'S LEVEE.

THE Grasshopper's Feast, and The Butterfly's Ball,
Have excited the praise, and the envy of all;
Till both in éclat are completely cut out,
By the * *DORSET-shire Peacock's magnificent* ROUT ;

* It is presumed that this epithet discloses the name of the
Authoress of the elegant little poem "*The Peacock at Home.*"

Which the "*quill of the Goose*" has so ably related,
 And the *wing of the Eagle* so widely translated ;
 The SYLPHS, and the FAYS, all enchanted declare,
 " Nothing ever was like it, " on Earth or in Air !
 With the news, to all quarters their Couriers went forth,
 To the East and the West, to the South and the North ;
 Each ARIEL expanded his pinions of gauze
 On the breeze, to convey, and to gather applause ;
 And each OBERON'S foot, o'er the Gossamer flew
 So light, that it broke not the bubble of dew !
 " What ! believe 'twas a LADY that wrote it ! none ever !
 " No *blue-stocking* SAPPHO was yet half so clever ;

“ OR THIS LADY, I’ll swear, is A MUSE *in disguise*,

“ That has *feather’d her cap* with “ SIR ARGUS’S ”

EYES ;

“ And has *cribb’d* the rich plume, to transplant it to
shine,

“ From the tail of the bird, in the CREST of the NINE !

Such, then, is the gossip, and theme far and near,

The praise of each voice, the delight of each ear,

But the SPIRITS OF WATER alone seem to mourn,

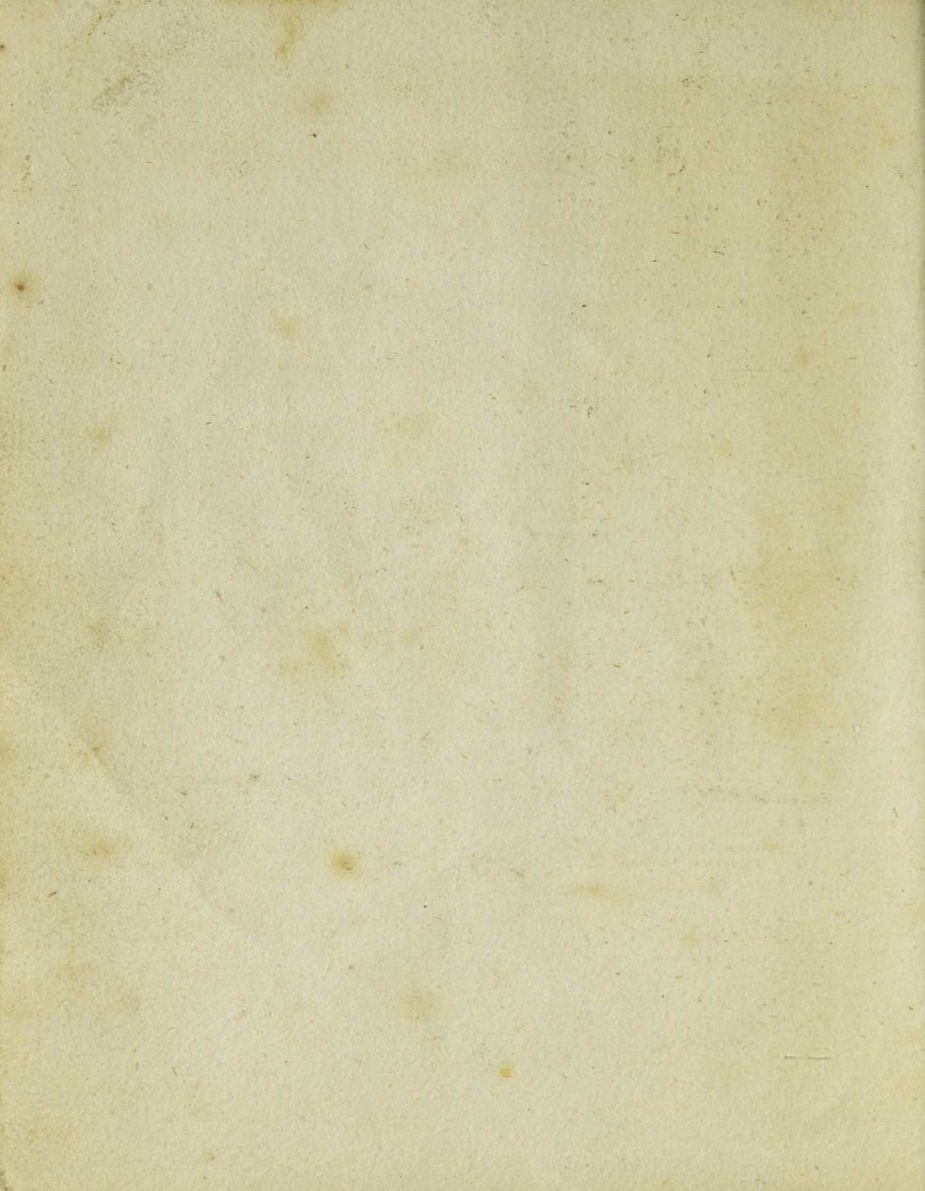
That a *Day* and a *Dash* have not come to their turn :

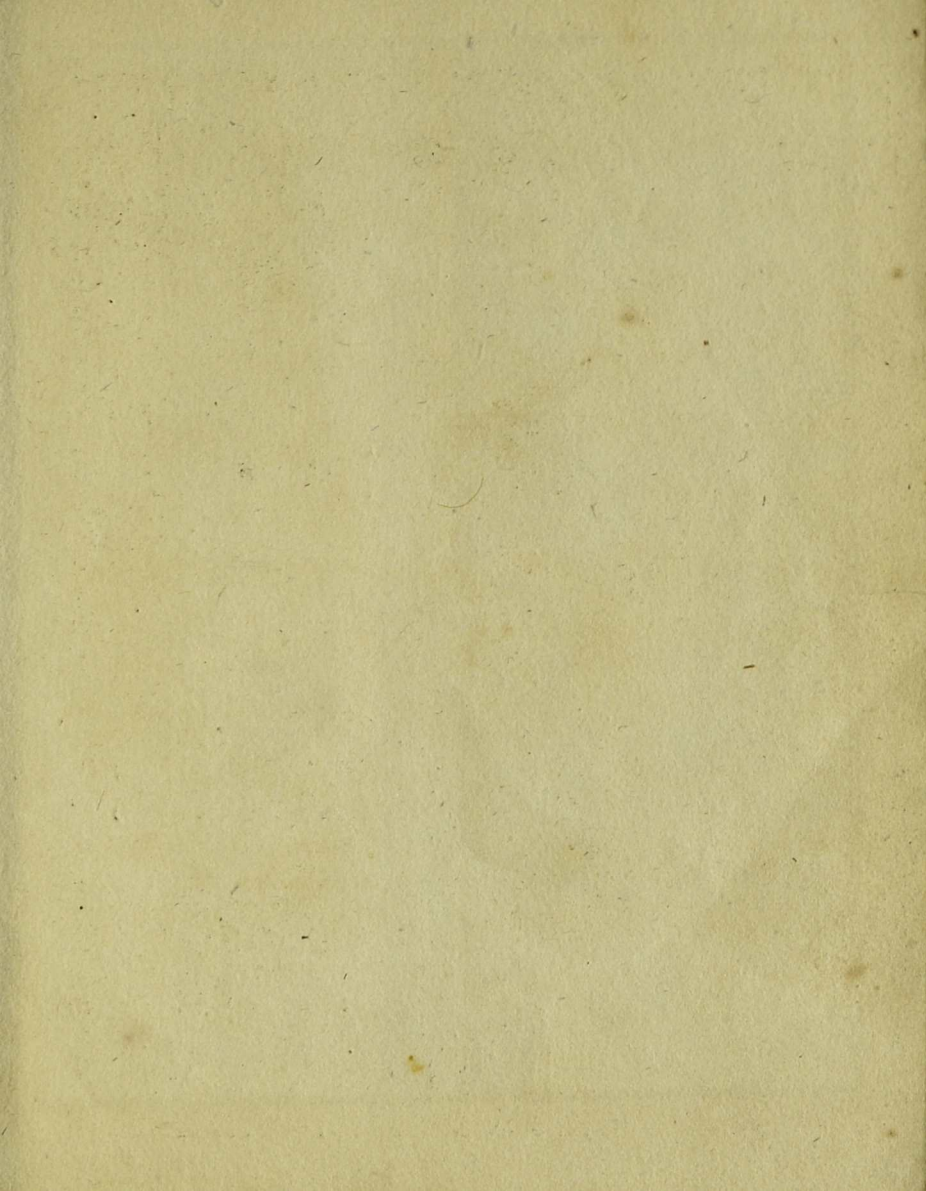
Then the SPIRITS OF WATER shall now have their wish,

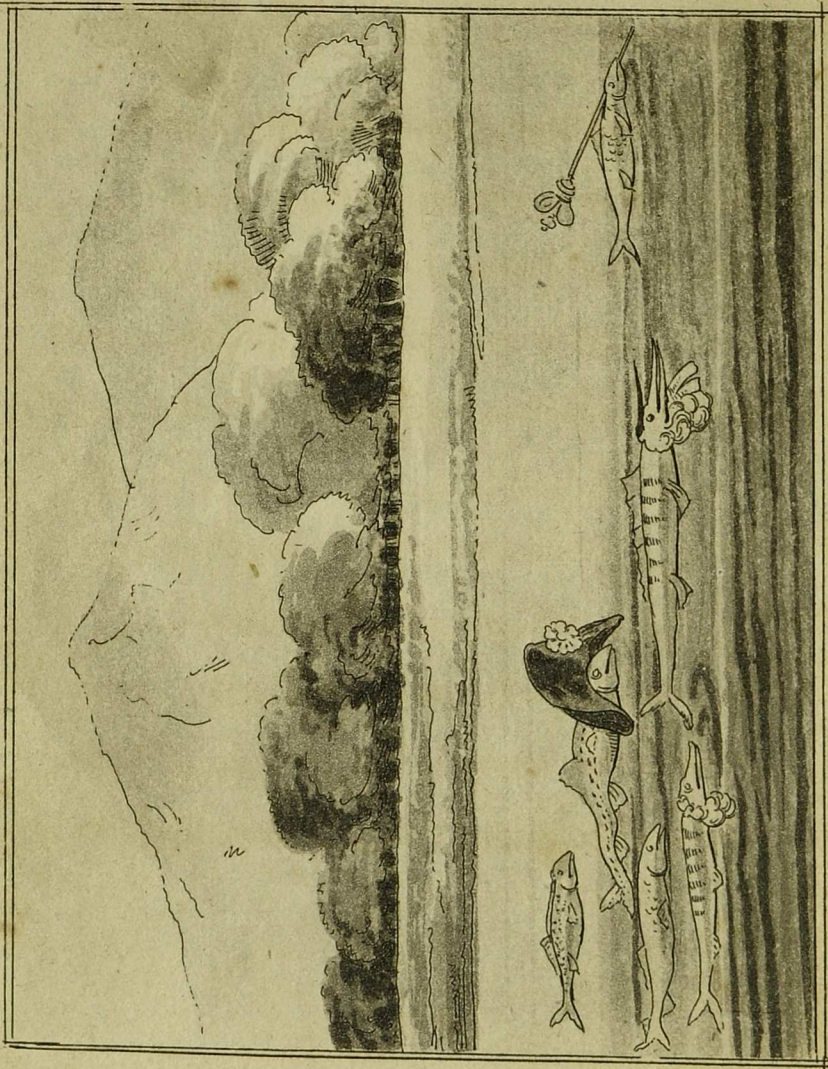
And a FETE of *their own* shall enliven THE FISH !

So follow!—and into the lake walk with me,
And the crystalline dome at the bottom we'll see :
On the pebble, that never was dry, we will tread,
And the blue flood shall canopy over our head,
And the sunbeams divergent their arrows shall play
Through the vitrified roof, and enlighten the way
As the clouds, from the margin reflected shall glow,
And hang in festoons o'er the chamber below !
'Tis the WATER-KING'S LEVEE, and all will be there,
That inhabit the river, the brook, or the mere ;
Not a stream, not a pond, but its homage will make,
Not a fin that can float, but will skim to the LAKE.









From a NAÏD I love, I have borrow'd a spell,
That in *diving* will serve us instead of a bell.

Then follow, and fear not! — So downward we go!
And now open your eyes, and attend to the show!

First, the CHANCELLOR PIKE, the dread *fish of the*
LAW,

For the fry of all streams know *the length of his jaw*,
Proceeds by himself, as a Chancellor shou'd,
The *autocrat* judge of the rights of the flood ;
While in distance respectful, before him, the DACE
Bears his badge of distinction and office, the MACE ;

And his trusty train-bearer sticks close to his back,
 A thorough-pac'd Lawyer, the sharp-sighted JACK.

Next ADMIRAL STURGEON, of prowess right mickle,
 And like a true sailor, excelling in *pickle*,
 Just arriv'd from a cruise,—takes a peep from *the Nore*,
 Makes his bow *sans façon*,—and weighs anchor once
 more.

In mail of pure argent, but lately come home,
 The SALMON his spirit declares by his foam,
 And though loyal and true,—yet no cringer or pimp,
 But a soldier of honour—and hating a *Crimp*,

And impatient to show his politeness and zeal
 Takes a leap from THE TWEED, with his aid-de-camp

PEELE.

Gules-spotted, THE TROUT does in glory appear,
 Exulting in waters both rapid and clear;
 For he'd heard of the Grasshopper's Feast,—and he
 wish'd,

He had only been there, when the supper was dish'd!

Next the GRAY and the GRAYLING advance the
 same way, [spray:
 From the White Mountain streamlet, and waterfall's

And the **GWINIAD** in shoals with her fins freckled blue,
 And the **SEWEN**, and **GRAVING**, come dashing on too
 All in haste, through the swift-sparkling current to
 bring,

Their tribute, and court, to the gay **WATER KING!**

Behold! where he sits on his sapphirine throne,
 His robe of pure crystal,—a rainbow his zone,
 With a sceptre of spar,—and his crownlet all fill'd
 With the diamondlike bead, from the grotto distill'd;
 While his slippers of glass on a footstool he lays,
 With a water-dock cover'd instead of a baize;

And the mystical Lotus blooms fresh in his hand,
 Or mingled with lilies embroiders the sand :
 And the velvet-cap'd bulrush, and shaft-taper'd reed,
 And the flag, and the osier, that love the wet mead ;
 In obedience bow round, as their shadows they shake,
 And play to the SPIRIT, that gladdens the LAKE !

And now, in her turn, from the Loch wild and far,
 Sails in crimson distinguish'd, the delicate CHARR ;
 Leaves her seat in the vale, so transparent to view,
 And makes like a modest young maid her *débüt* :
 Then a *beaux*, like a lord, with *the arch of his back*,
 And strip'd like a zebra, with green and with black ;

Plies his oars painted scarlet, and cries, " I'm the
 PERCH, "

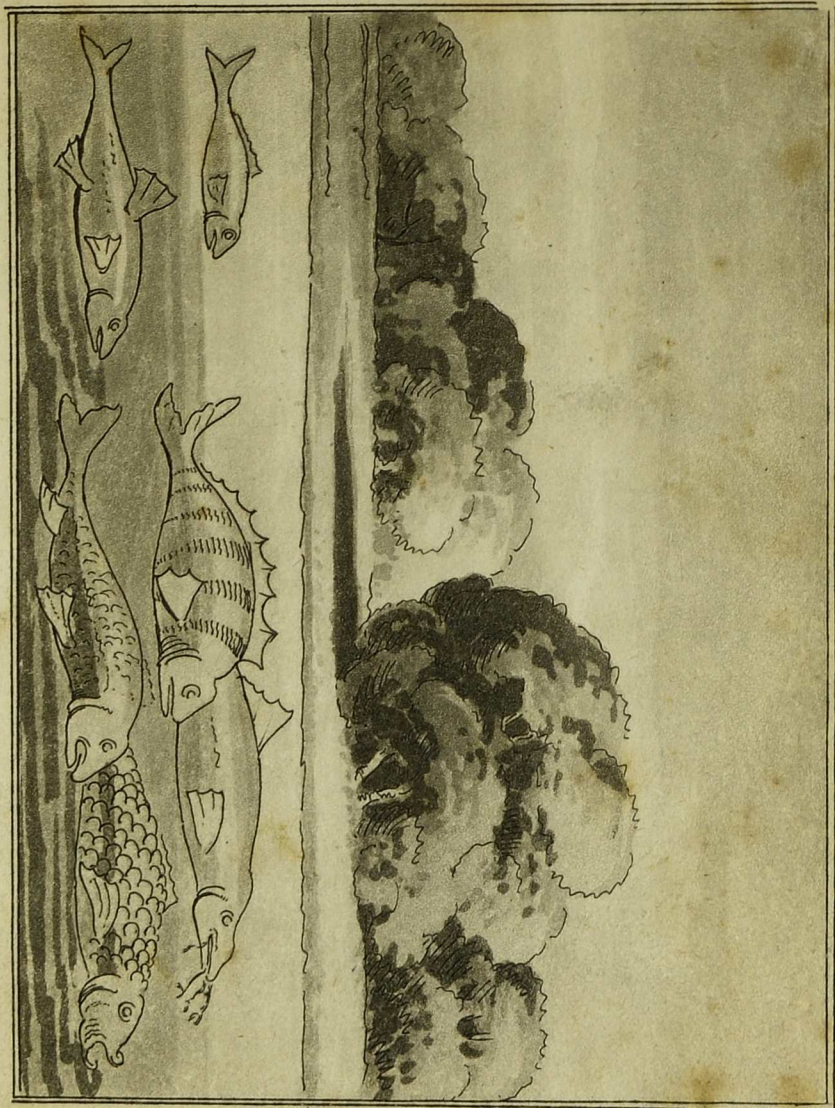
As he leaves the poor simpleton ROACH in the lurch !

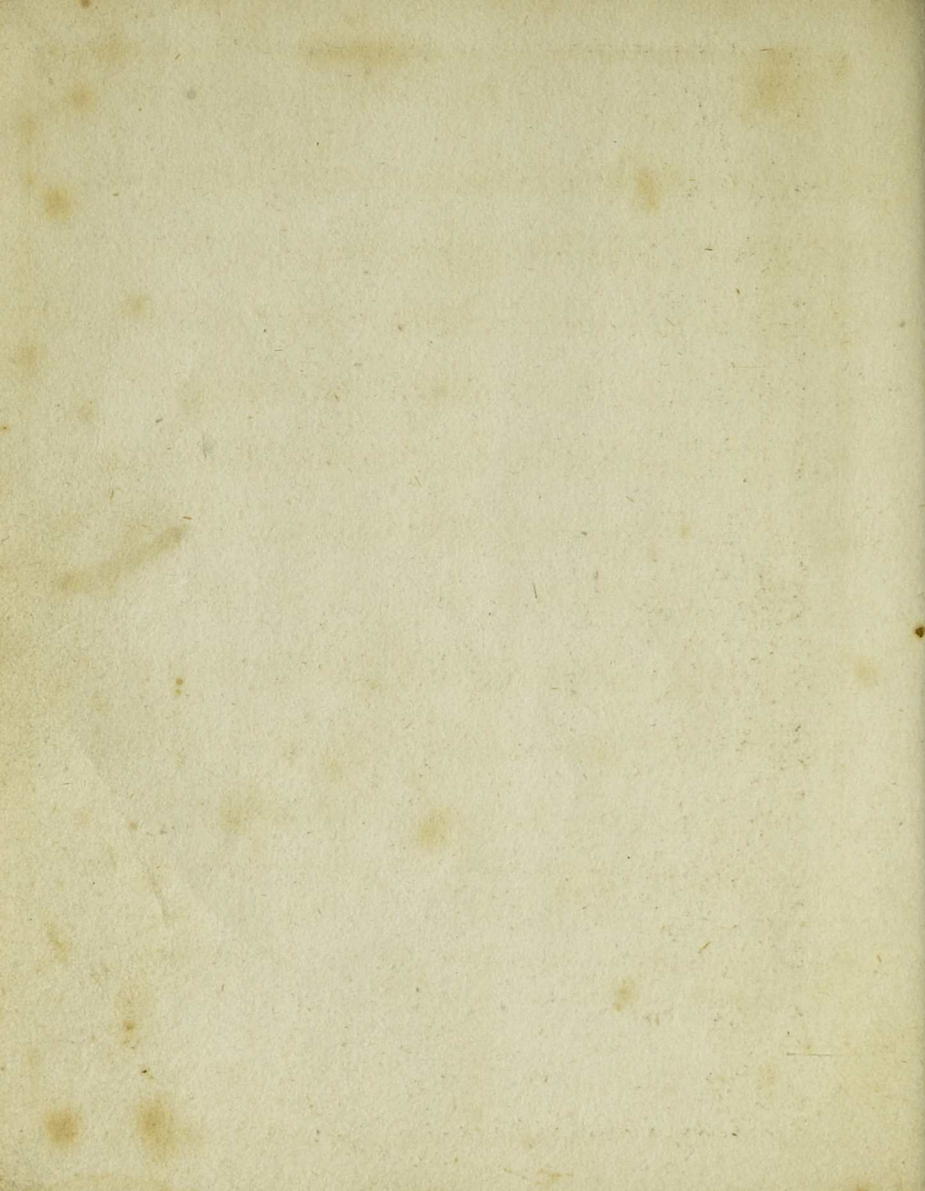
In a tissue of net-work, so stylish and gay,
 Comes the BREAM, with the CHUB, from his chamber
 of clay ;

And the CARP, that *in stews* is so famous a fellow,
 Sports his taste in a doublet of gold and of yellow ;
 While the slime-cover'd TENCH flirts along at his side,
 In a satin of silver, as fine as a bride!

[RUDD ;

The RUFF and his cousins squeez'd in with the
 And the EEL pok'd her nose from her hole in the mud,





As the LAMPREY* her kinsman, (though once it is said,
 His family doubtless *the regicide* play'd,)
 Came up with the tide, from the SEVERN to bring,
 His suit, in a pie, to the pleas'd WATER KING.

Then in flounc'd the BARBEL, and look'd mighty big
 Because, so *be-whisker'd*, his mouth wears a wig!
 And affecting his airs with a *German* grimace,
 Seem'd as much of A CAT, as A FISH, in the face!

The grey MULLET in banks that his nook loves to get,
 And that skips like a Harlequin over the net,

* Henry the First lost his life, by eating too freely of the Lamprey.
 It is an old custom for the city of Glos'ter to present the king yearly
 with a Lamprey Pie about Christmas.

Who had been to the Sea, as far as Torbay,
 To his *red-coated* brother a visit to pay,
 Now returns with the SHAD, and her croney the

TWAITE

Quite fat from their tour, at the Levee to wait.

While, from change of court-favours, ne'er dreading
a fall,

The FLOUNDER creeps in, *at the bottom of all!*

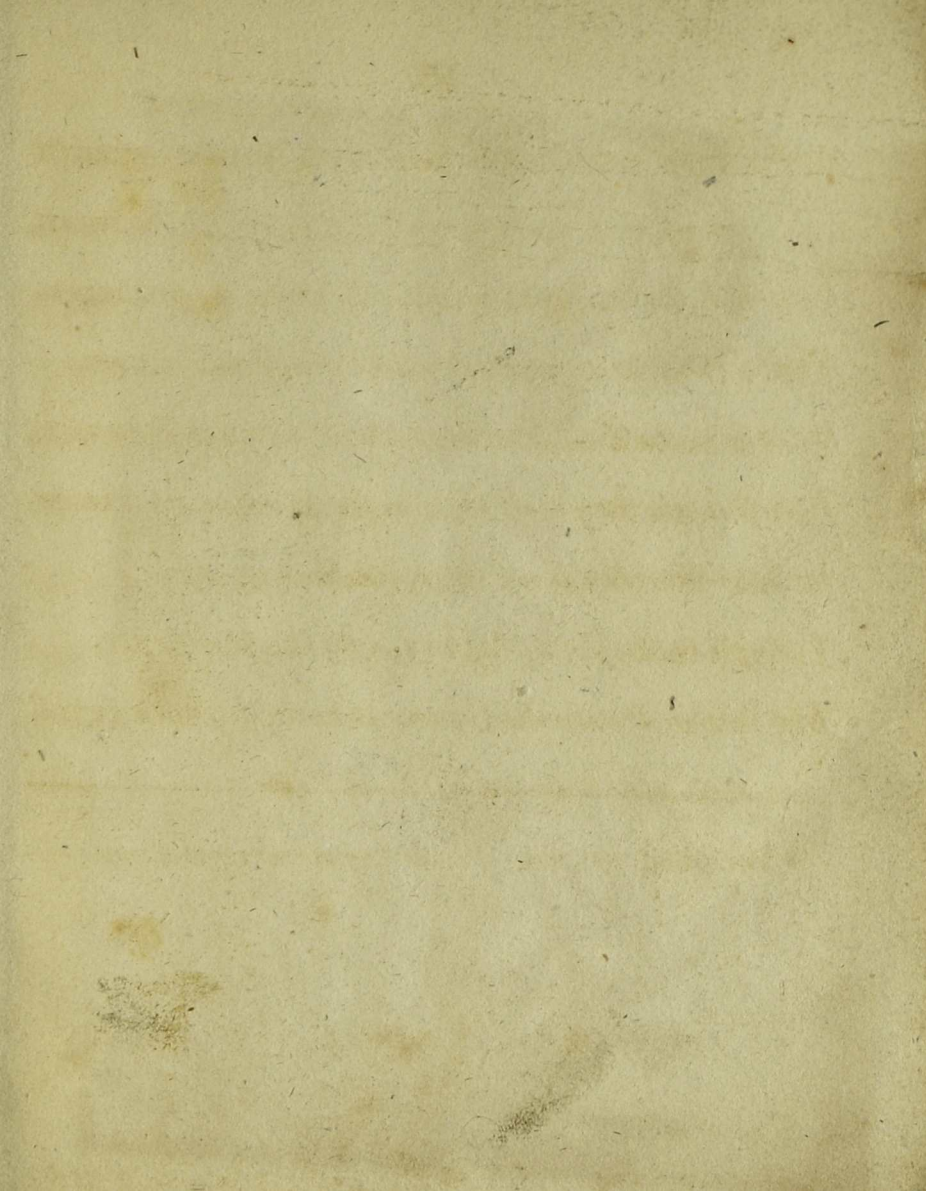
And now as in courtly parade round they glide,
 And with their rich jewelry spangle the tide,
 Some frisking and playing, and skipping and splashing,
 (For bucks of the *fin*, like the *flesh*, will be dashing,)

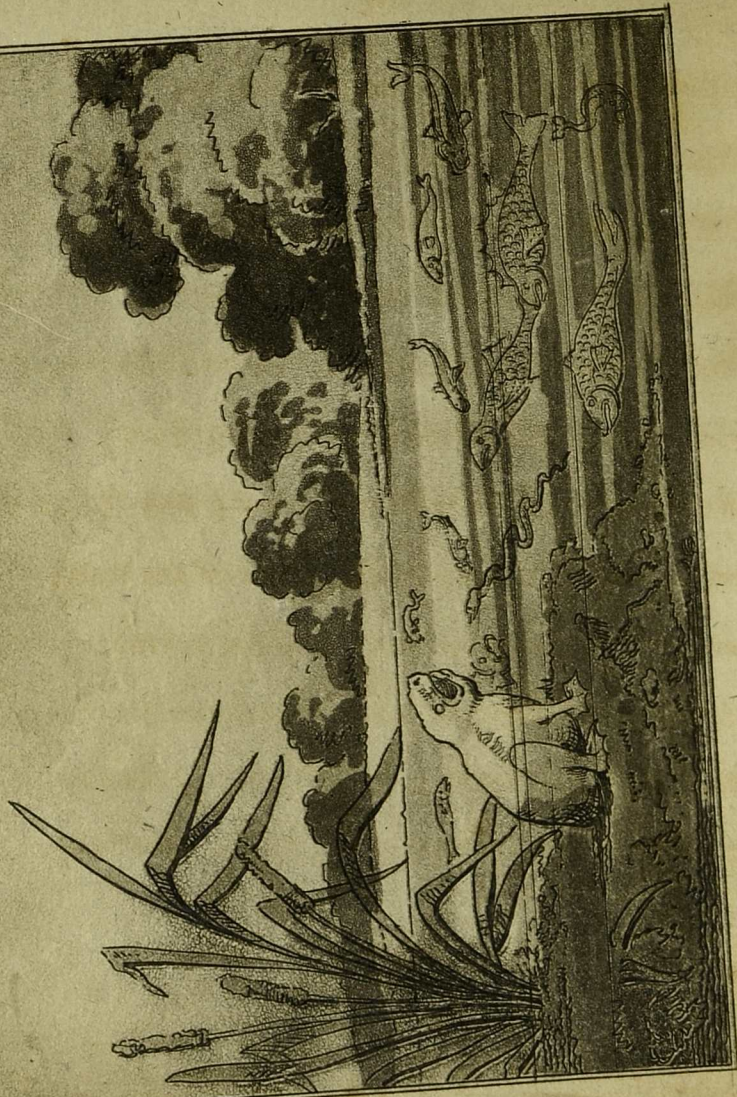
While others, quite formal, their dignity keep,
 By moving as slow, as if moving asleep;
 SEVEN PAGES around his thron'd MAJESTY wait,
 POOR urchins, that else might be swallow'd for BAIT,
 The MINNOW, in beauty surpassing all others ;
 The GUDGEON with (lord !) *such a posse* of brothers,
 Little STICKLEBACK sharp, the impertinent brat,
 And that quiz of a pigmy* the *fresh water* SPRAT,
 And the SMELT quite conceited and proud of his skin,
 With its red-pencil'd veins so pellucid and thin,

* The Bleak.

And the low groveling **LOCHE** with his tabby-grain'd
 scarf, [dwarf,
 And the **BULL-HEAD**, that ill-featur'd, mishapen,
 That instead of a court, should be hid in a corner,
 Or take himself off, like the wretch* **GILPIN HORNER**;
 And though they now bask in the shine of the throne,
 In their short-liv'd security, insolent grown,
 Though each, in self-flattery, *cuts the first figure,*
 And thinks, "*sure the Grampus himself is not bigger!*"

* The "Lost, lost, lost,"—in the Lay of the last Minstrel.





(As the *frog* with the *ox*, in the fable once vied,
 And puff'd with his vanity, burst for his pride;)

Yet the **PIKE**, and his comrades, indignant observe,
 With anger dissembled, and sullen reserve,
 As their appetites leer in the squint of their eye,
 The summer-day glee of this popinjay **FRY** ;
 And vowing, that none but the strong and the great,
 Should live, or partake of the goods of the state,
 Resolve on the purpose, they may not reveal,
 To *bolt the whole lot, by-and-by, at a meal!*

Meantime, as the **LAUREAT**, the musical **TOAD**,
 The only **AQUATICK** that sings, croak'd the **ODE**,

But he sang to himself, as the rest could not boast,
 That *their ears** were much nicer than those of a post,
 And as that may, perhaps, be a failing with you,
 I shou'd finish my song, and here bid you *adieu*,
 But, before I conclude, 'tis but right to relate,
 That a CABINET follow'd on matters of state,
 And the CATHOLIC CLAIMS were the point of debate,
 For, that FISH are ALL CATHOLIC, surely you know,
 In *body* and *mind*, and in *liver* and *roe* ;
 And no year by their canons, was ever yet spent,
 Without the most rigid observance of *Lent*.

* According to the vulgar error, that Fish are deaf.

The PIKE calmly own'd—that “ he cordially hated

“ To see others thus *persecuted and baited!* ”

The SALMON lamented, “ *that* obstinate will

“ Which preferr'd *troubled waters* to those that were
still. ”

“ And as for my part (quoth the TROUT) may I die,

“ If in matters of conscience, *I'd injure a FLY!* ”

“ He's but a political QUACK, at the best, ”

Cried others, “ who'd physick one's soul by a *test,*

“ And if such *Empyricks* still govern by stealth,

“ The nation's undone, both in vigour and health!

While some with more warmth, unreservedly urg'd,
 " That *the whole* CONSTITUTION *should strictly be*
purg'd;"

" For of INS and of OUTS—the *only one wish is*

" TO PILFER THE LOAVES, and TO PLUNDER THE
 FISHES!

So in short all agreed, that without *toleration,*

Neither UNION or FAITH cou'd exist in *the nation!* *

And so high rose their words, in their zeal and their
 trouble,

That the top of the water seem'd ALL *in a BUBBLE!*

* Not *under,* but *over* the water.

Then may great ST. ANTHONY* quickly correct
 In his dear ICHTHIOCRACY † ev'ry defect! [charge,
 May the PATRON of FINS, and of GILLS, mind his
 And distribute THEIR DUE to his subjects at large;
 May he baffle "NO POPERYS" mischievous howl,
 Nor let *Peculation* sneak under a cowl!
 May he keep "ALL THE TALENTS" as talents shou'd be,
When left to themselves,—independent, and free,
 And as knaves shrink appall'd at THE FIRE OF HIS
 FACE,
 May the true honest FISH yet look up for his GRACE,

* The Tutelary Saint of the Fish.

† Ichthiocracy; the Government of the Fish.

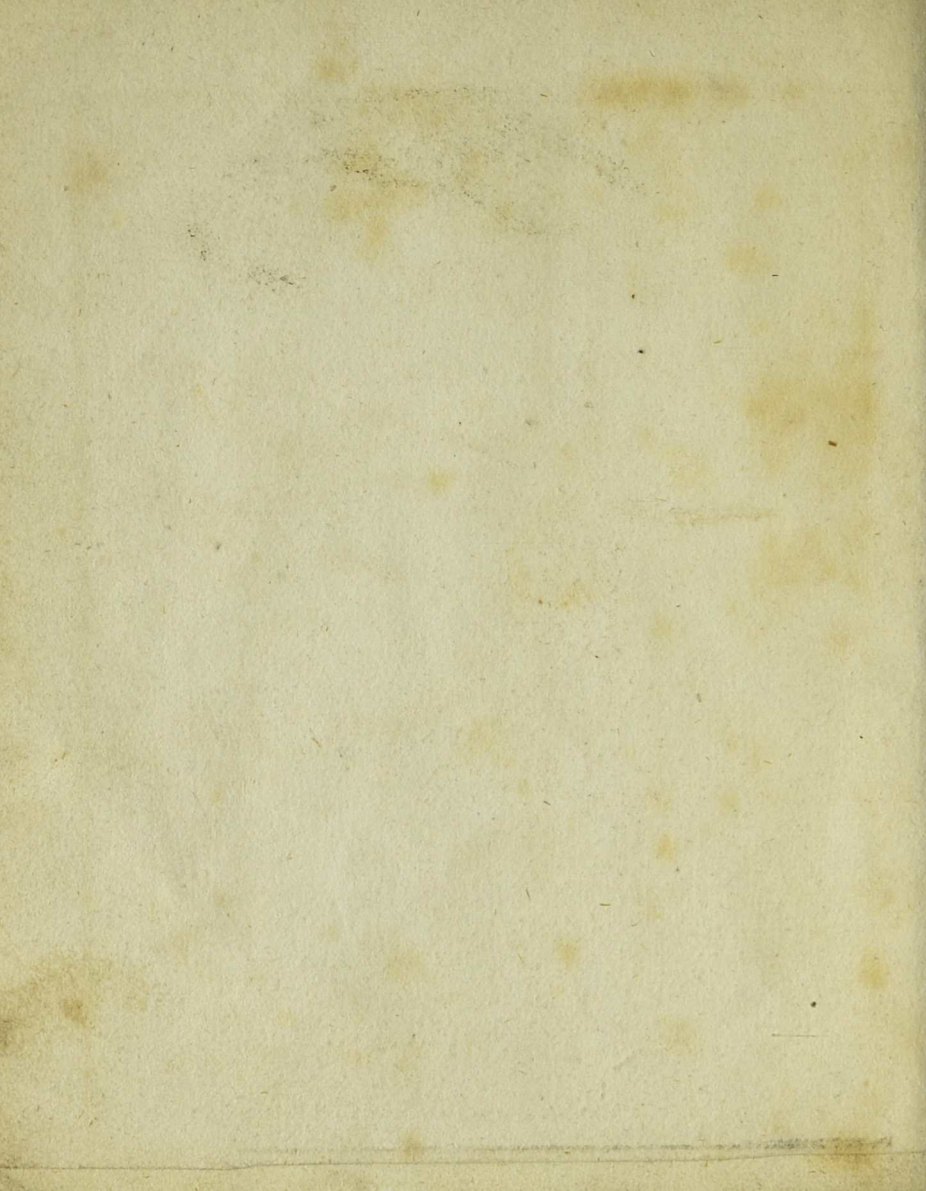
While he takes without scruple, at all time, their foes,
 As he once *took* the DEVIL * *himself, by the NOSE!*
 In fine, may his SANCTITY ever preside
 O'er their morals;—his WISDOM, their CABINET guide;
 His SKILL cure alike all their *a—ches* and *ails*,
 And JUSTICE at all times be done to THE SCALES!

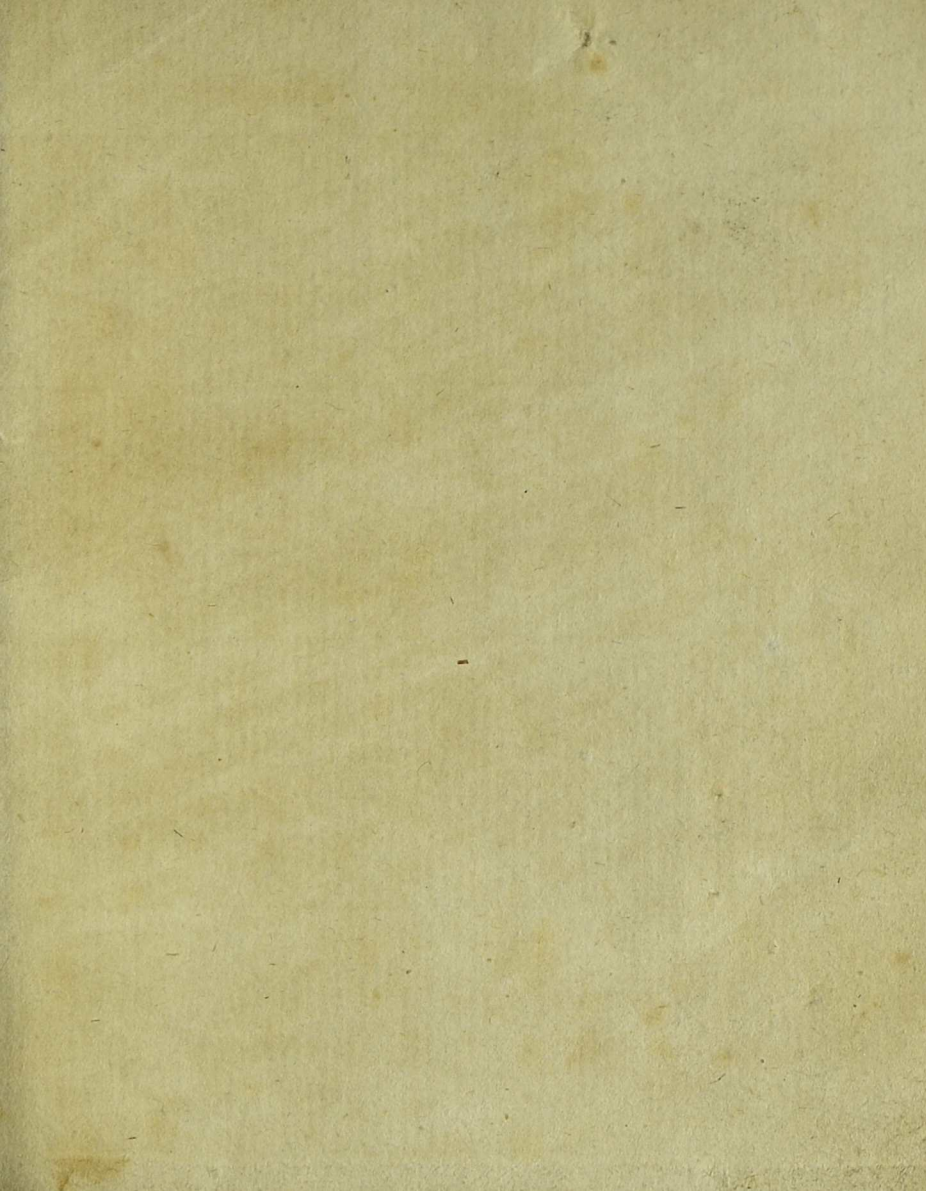
* It is said that when St. Anthony was in the Desert, the Devil came to tempt him, and put the Saint into such a passion, that he seized hold of the tempter by the nose.

RINIS. N

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