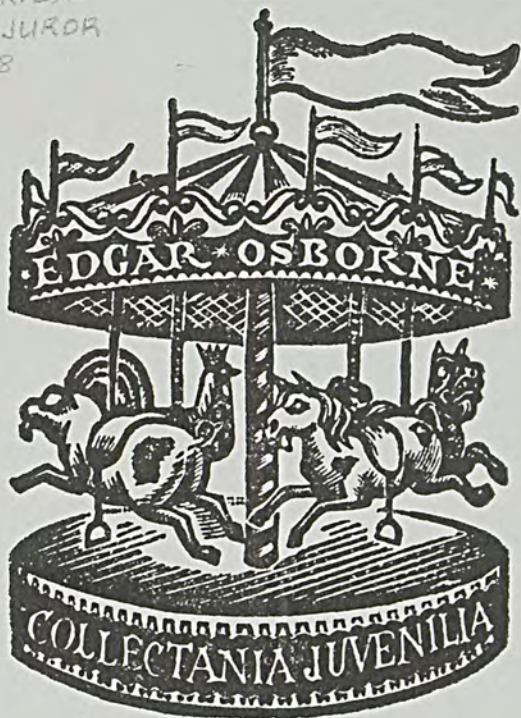
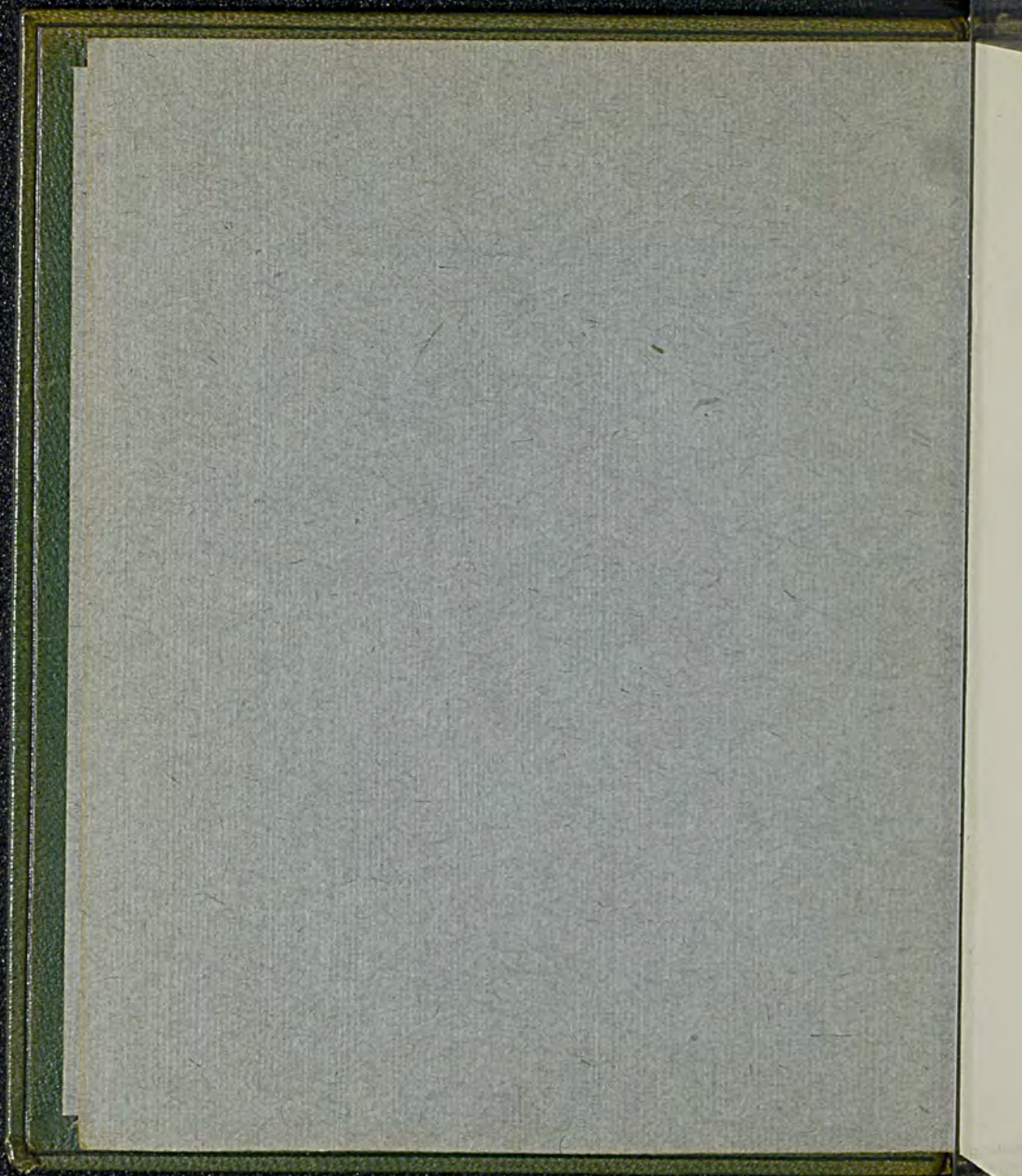


SB  
SHARPE, R  
CONJUROR  
1808



37131048 619993







207

90

~~85~~

Author said to be C. Lamb.

Artist said to be W. Blake

THE  
CONJUROR;  
OR, THE  
TURKEY AND THE RING.  
A COMIC TALE,

---

---

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"OLD FRIENDS IN A NEW DRESS"

---

---

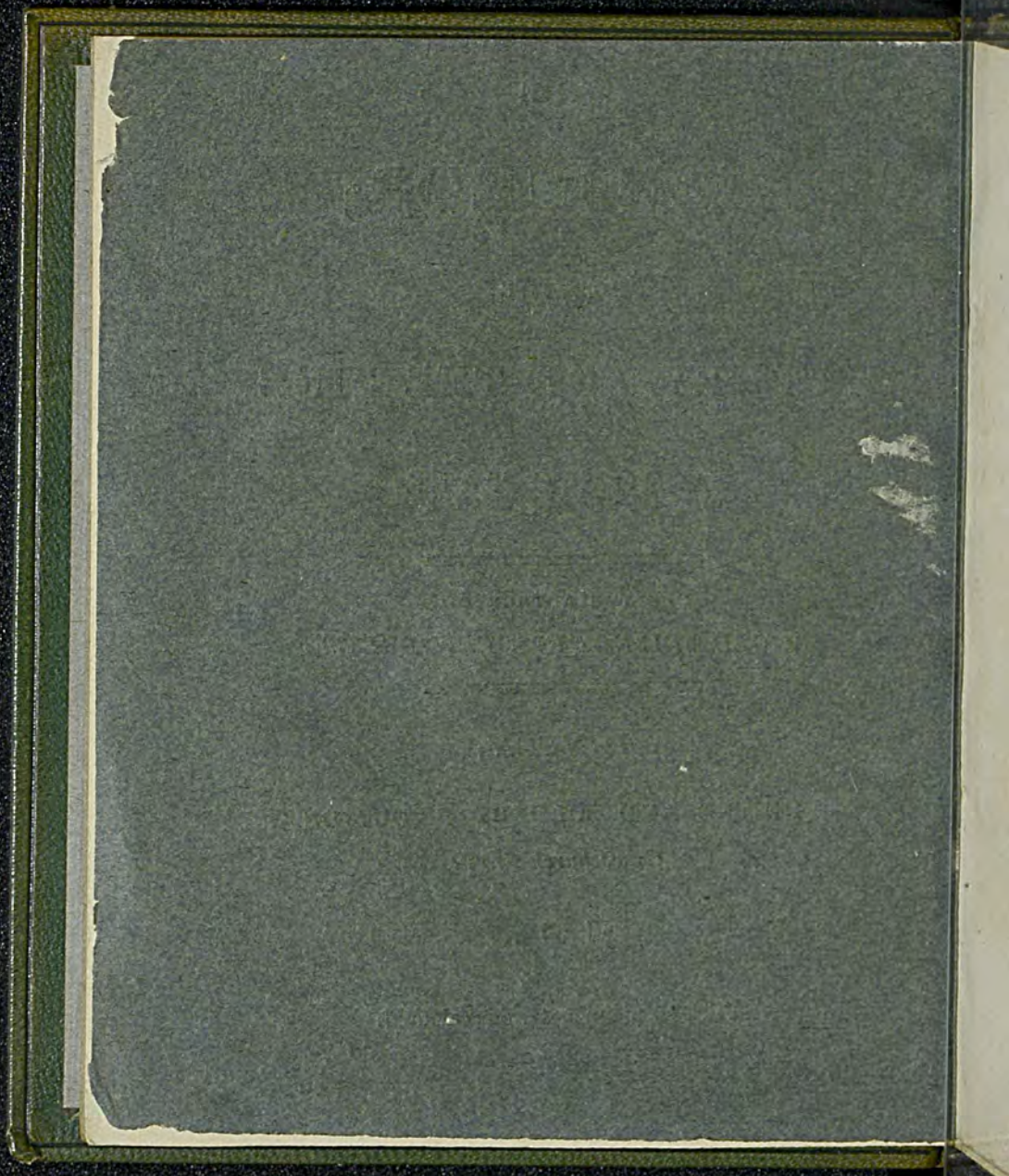
LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY R. DUTTON,  
*Gracechurch Street.*

1808.

---

Price 1s. plain, or 1s. 6d. coloured.





57

FRONTISPIECE.

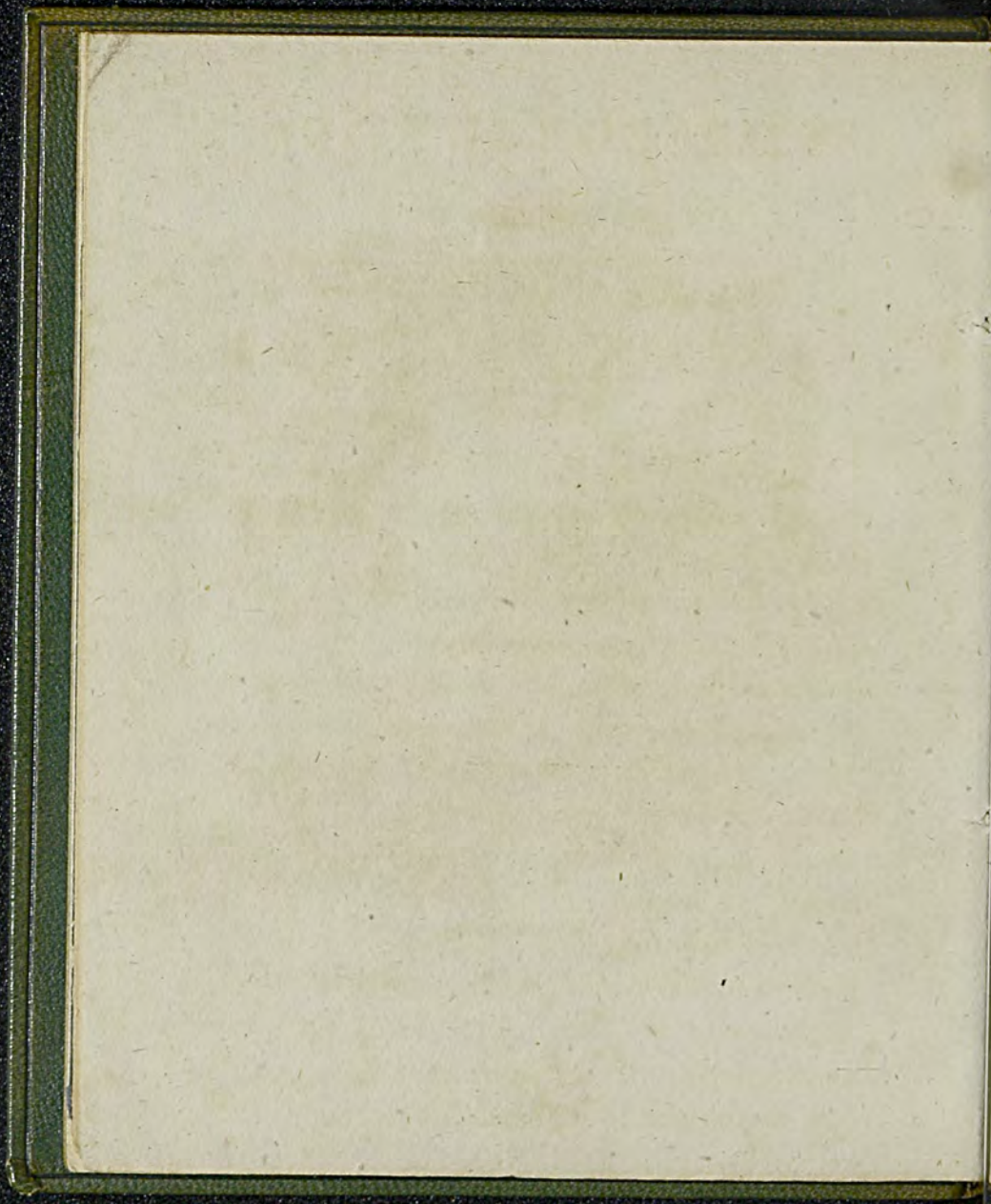


THE  
CONJUROR,  
*or the*  
Turkey and the King.  
*Comic Tale*

---

LONDON  
PRINTED FOR R. DUTTON,  
*Gracechurch Street,*  
and Sold by  
*M. Harris, M. Hughes & M. Tabert.*

---



C  
B  
A  
C  
I  
H  
B  
T  
A  
H  
S  
W  
A  
S  
A  
S  
A  
A

# THE CONJUROR;

OR THE

## TURKEY AND THE RING.

---

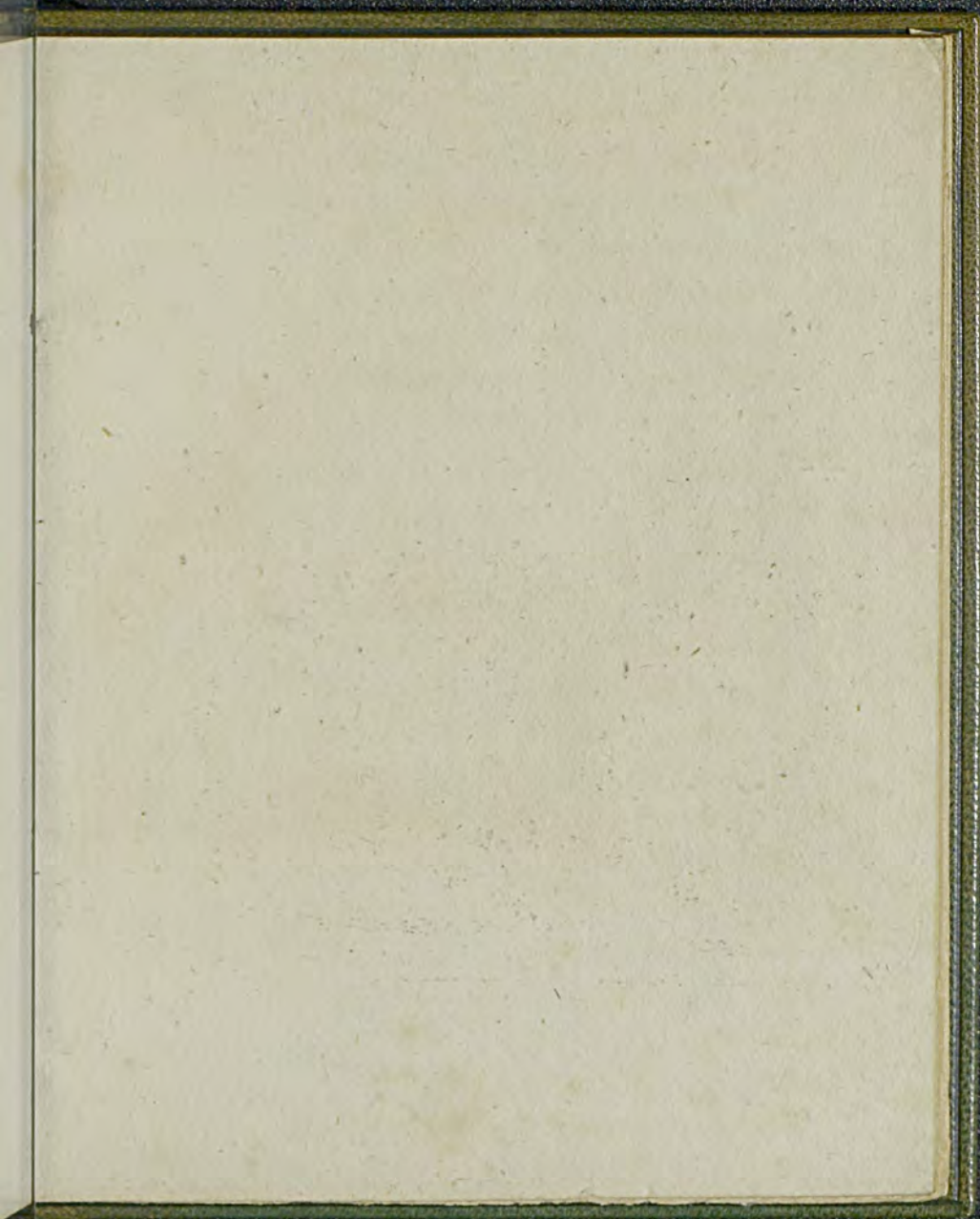
I'LL tell you how a Yorkshire clown  
Obtain'd both profit and renown;  
Became a Conj'ror known to fame  
And Robin Rostrum was his name.  
On bacon, 'tatoes, pork, and peas,  
Hard dumplings, milk, stale beer, and cheese,  
He daily lived, 'twas wholesome fare,  
But yet poor Robin could not bear  
That others should on dainties feed,  
And he on scraps—not he, indeed!  
He oft had heard of sav'ry things  
Serv'd up to gentry, lords and kings;  
With them was ven'son, turtle, game,  
Accustom'd food—each day the same.  
Should *they* drink hock, madeira, claret,  
And *he* stale beer!—he could not bear it.

Thus day by day in meditation  
 He pass'd to his extreme vexation ;  
 At length he thought the wisest way  
 To try to live as well as they,  
 Would be to travel in disguise,  
 All fear of danger to despise,  
 And better his forlorn condition,  
 By boldly setting up—magician.

The scheme was good ; so said, so done ;  
 The beard and whiskers soon were on ;  
 And on his new pursuit intent,  
 He quickly travell'd into Kent ;  
 And settled (by decree of fate)  
 Upon Sir Simon Gull's estate,  
 Where soon he made the folks aver  
 “ Here lives a mighty Conjuror.”

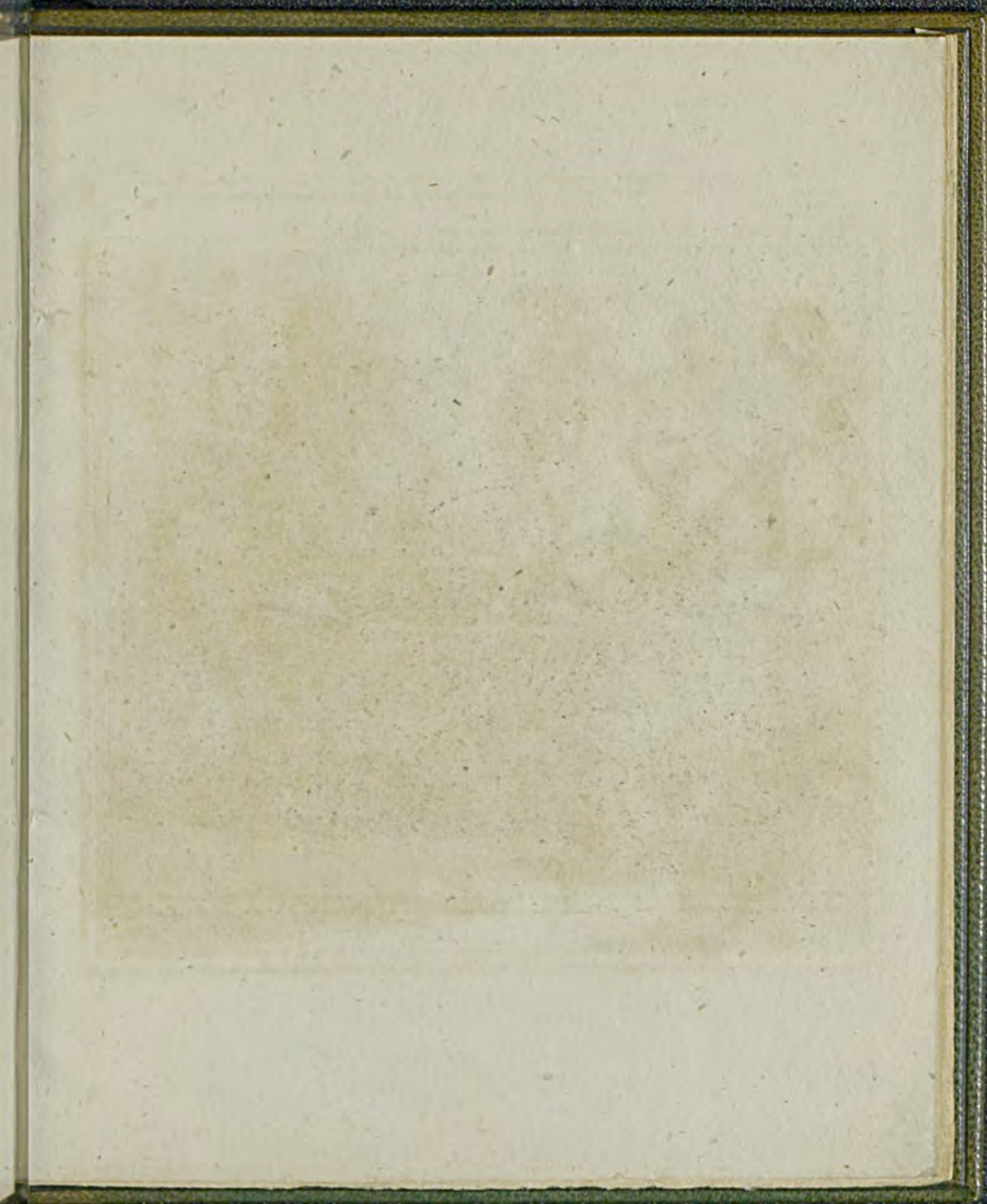
Now so it chanced, an aukward slip  
 Had much distress'd her Ladyship.

A diamond ring she always wore  
 Upon her *dexter finger*—fore :  
 This ring which shone with brilliant hue,  
 Eclips'd the eyes of Kate and Sue,  
 And eke of Nan ; and won tis said  
 The hearts of John and Will and Ned ;











Sir Simon's Coachman, Groom, and Valet,  
Who all agreed to steal and sell it.

The theft had lately taken place,  
And Kitty was in sad disgrace;  
For being Lady Gull's *own* maid.  
She should have known where it was laid.  
Now Kitty ne'er was counted dull,  
But so it hap'd that Lady Gull  
One morning left it on her toilet,  
Whence it was stolen by the Valet.

To Robin came a message straight,  
To study well the book of fate;  
And to the Lady's presence bring,  
The traitor who purloined the ring.

“Huzza!” cried Robin—“now methinks  
“I what a lady eats and drinks  
“At length shall taste—at length shall gain  
“What I have travell'd to obtain.  
“But hold, and let me recollect  
“What treatment have I to expect,  
“When my imposture is found out?  
“Why kicks and cuffs, beyond a doubt;  
“What then? I'll freely risk a knock,  
“To drink my fill of Port and Hock;

“ To kicks and cuffs I'll gladly stoop,

“ To eat my fill of Turtle Soup.

“ O fortune, if thou hast but sent

“ *Three* days good cheer, I die content.”

Now to the Lady is he brought,

And is by all a wonder thought ;

The servants eye him with surprize,

And clasp their hands; and raise their eyes;

His wand he waves, he shakes his head,

And quite alarms Will, John and Ned.

“ You hear my loss,” the Lady cried ;

“ Fair Lady, in my art confide ;

“ Leave sighing, languishing and sobbing,

“ And trust the planets”—answer'd Robin.

Said Lady Gull, “ I'm glad you're come,

“ Because Sir Simon is from home ;

“ Great Conjuror ! the Ring retrieve,

“ And any recompence receive

“ That you deserve, or wish to ask.”

“ Fair Lady tis no easy task,”

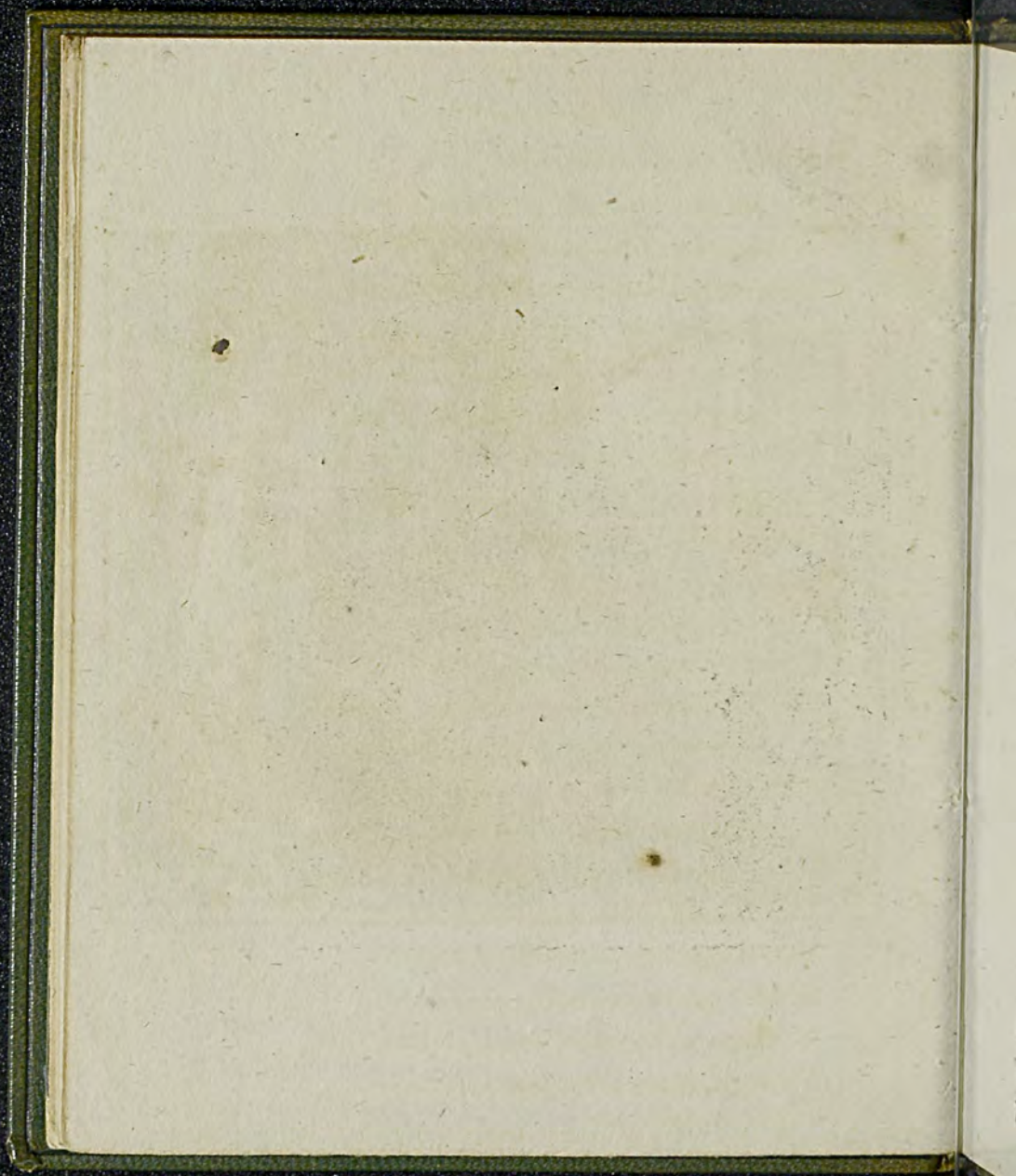
Said cunning Robin “ but my best

“ I'll do to further your request.

“ Some small assistance I require,

“ A private room, and blazing fire ;





- “ I mean not to consult my book,  
 “ My Counsellor must be—*your Cook*,  
 “ Three dainty meals must be provided,  
 “ Which to his care must be confided ;  
 “ All dress’d I trust with great precision ;  
 “ For much depends on good provision ;  
 “ As tis a maxim good and lasting  
 “ With Conj’rors, ne’er to study fasting.  
 “ And as three nights I must remain,  
 “ Before the Ring I can obtain,  
 “ Pray add three bottles of Champaigne.  
 “ For soups, ragouts, champaigne, madeira  
 “ Ne’er fail to make my brain the clearer.”  
 “ Your terms are modest, I protest,  
 “ And gladly shall you be my guest :  
 “ Of dainties have your belly full,  
 “ Here Cook, attend,”—said Lady Gull.

The Cook was call’d, and bade prepare  
 The choicest food with utmost care ;  
 And Robin now no dainty lack’d,  
 But oft his lips exulting smack’d.  
 The food and wine so oft he tasted,  
 No atom nor a drop was wasted,

And having like a monarch fed,  
He stagger'd to his downy bed.  
Just then, as if to clear the room,  
Quite softly enter'd John the Groom;  
He came to watch each magic feat,  
But soon he made a quick retreat;  
For Robin talking in his bed,  
Alarmed him much with what he said.

“ Three, three, O three, twill soon be done;  
“ O thanks to fortune, *there goes one!*  
(Meaning, *three* days to live in clover,  
Of which *one* day was *safely* over.)  
Away ran John to Will and Ned,  
And told them what the Conj'ror said:  
And added, with grimace distressing,  
For my part I am for confessing.  
“ You fool,” said Will, “ your ears deceive you,  
“ I never can or will believe you.”  
Said John “ I'll yield my ears to none;  
He growled quite awful—“ *there goes one.*”  
Said Ned “ I cannot give it credit;”  
“ Why then” said John “ I'll swear he said it.  
“ And if your conscience does not fear it,  
“ Perhaps to morrow you may hear it.”



Next day and night did Robin share  
The treasures of the bill of fare;  
And after having done his best  
He reel'd most gracefully to rest:  
And thus he talk'd himself to sleep  
While Ned and John the watch did keep.  
"There's *two*! thank fortune! out of three."

Said Ned, "I've heard enough for me,"  
Away they ran and told it Will,  
Who proved an unbeliever still.  
Cried Will, "I cannot think it true,  
Unless I hear him say so too;  
So I'll to-morrow find out whether  
He'll know us thieves all three together.

As Robin knew next day the last,  
He called for many a rich repast;  
Choice wines, as usual, crown'd the feast,  
And cunning Robin never ceased  
*To prime and load and load and prime,*  
To make the utmost of his time.  
And tho' three things were serv'd for supper,  
Eat bottom, middle dish, and upper;  
And after took, as time was short,  
Two bottles of the best old Port.

While to his downy pillow reeling,  
John, Will, and Ned, were softly stealing  
In slyly at the chamber door,  
To watch as they agreed before;  
But as the Coachman and the Groom  
Walk'd rather rough along the room,  
With steps adapted for the stable,  
They nearly overturn'd the table;  
However Robin did not hear,  
Nor knew that any one was near;  
So thinking on the day's delight,  
(While they stood trembling with affright)  
He cried, " I'll any thing endure,  
" Now I have got *all three* secure."  
In great alarm away they scoured,  
By Robin's *magic* overpowered;  
" Our case," said John, " is quite distressing;  
" And I propose the theft confessing;  
" The Ring directly to restore,  
" And vow to do the like no more;  
" I think he kindly will receive us,  
" And will, I hope and trust, forgive us,  
The counsel pleas'd both Will and Ned,  
So all went quietly to bed.

Next morning Robin early rose,  
Expecting store of kicks and blows ;  
And felt his fears increasing still,  
At sight of Ned and John and Will.  
But soon his mind was set at ease,  
For all now falling on their knees  
Restor'd the Ring ;—in piteous strain,  
Resolving ne'er to steal again.

---

*SECOND PART.*

---

ROBIN who late, by fear confounded,  
For fifty kicks would have compounded ;  
For this bless'd change in his affairs,  
In silence thank'd his lucky stars ;  
And took the Ring on this condition,  
That pardon should succeed contrition.

Now fearing to be summon'd soon,  
(For Lady Gull arose at noon ;)  
He to the Poultry yard retreats,  
And the first Turkey that he meets,  
He caus'd to take, (with wondrous skill)  
The Diamond as one would a pill ;

Who vainly did both kick and hollow,  
The Diamond Ring he needs must swallow,  
For Robin always had recourse  
Where magic fail'd, to simple force.

To Lady Gull he now repair'd,  
“ Fair Lady, splendidly I've fared;  
“ And much advantage must accrue,”  
He added, “ both to me and you ;  
“ For sure such treatment could not less  
“ Than promise both complete success ;  
“ To *me* increase of fame to bring,  
“ To *you*, your-long lost Diamond Ring.  
“ Fair Lady! cease to fret and chafe,  
“ My art perceives your Ring as safe  
“ As if one morn you had forgotten,  
“ And left in on its bed of cotton :  
“ But ere again it see the sun,  
“ A murder, Lady, must be done.”  
“ A murder! she exclaim'd, “ a murder!  
“ Hold! shock me not; I'll hear no further!  
“ Must the wretch die?—my heart is full!  
“ O hapless—hapless Lady Gull!  
“ Madam,” said Robin, “ take relief,  
“ Nor thus give way to useless grief;

" Let not distress so over-work ye,  
 " The wretch I threaten is a Turkey.  
 " As walking in your Poultry yard,  
 " You wore the Ring without a guard,  
 " A Turkey who beheld it drop,  
 " Made free to put it in his crop."

" Good Sir!—you fill me with surprize."

" Good Madam! let but this suffice.

Let all the Turkies, two by two  
 Now pass before us in review,  
 I'll drag the Traitor from the crew;  
 And make so free to cut his wizen,  
 For eating what was none of his'n."  
 Before them all the Turkies hobbled,  
 And one most vehemently gobbled;  
 Making a most confounded clatter,  
 Tho' Robin only knew the matter.  
 (For well he guess'd, twas this provok'd him,  
 The Diamond Ring had nearly choak'd him.

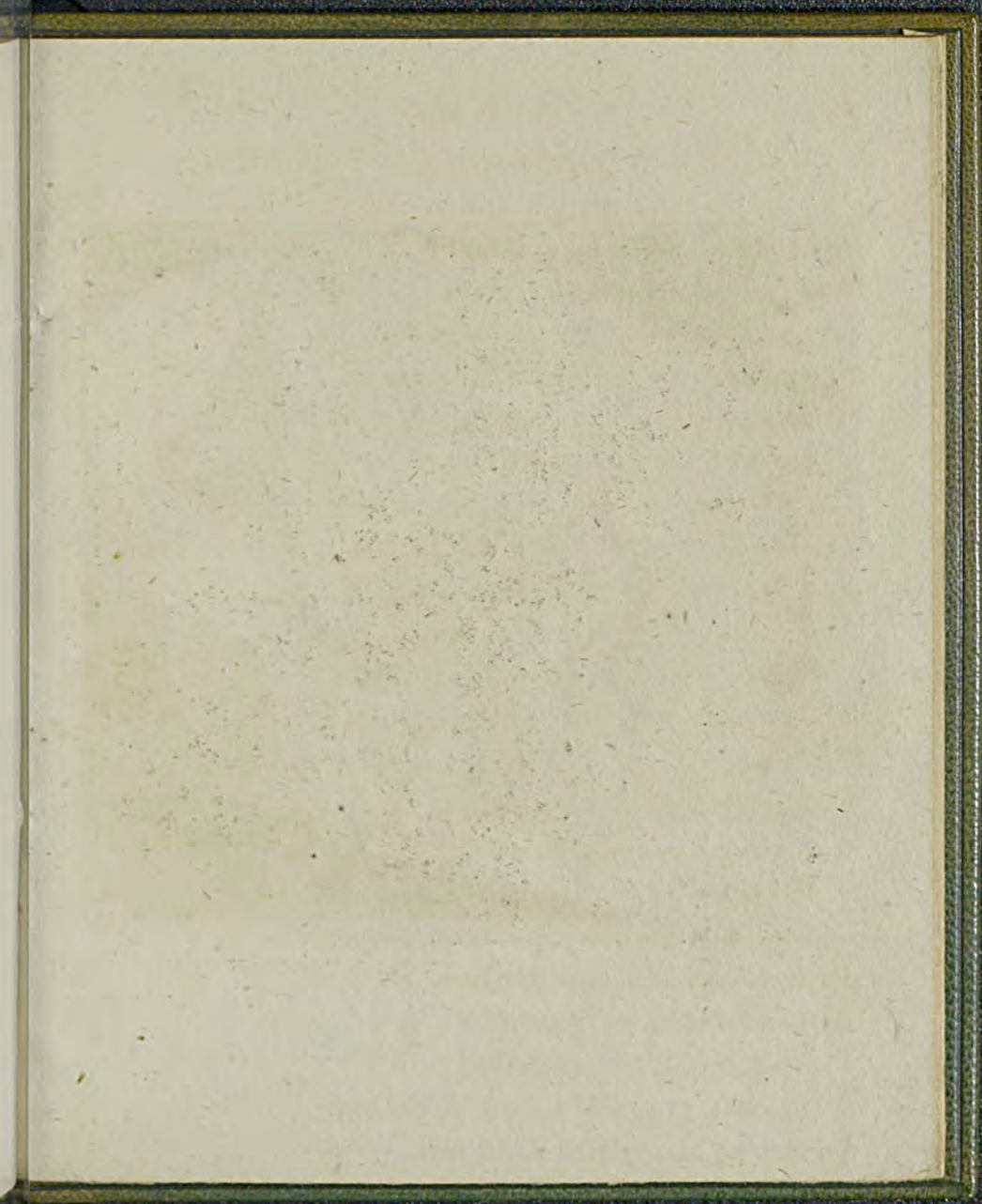
" Behold the thief! the traitor dies;  
 " I'll prove him guilty," Robin cries;  
 " His conscience plainly does accuse him,  
 " Now see, my Lady, how I'll use him."

So saying, he a carver snatches,  
And the poor struggling victim catches ;  
His head he chops, he cuts him up,  
And cries to all the wond'ring group,  
(For men and maids of each condition,  
Came out to see the great Magician.)  
“ Great power of art ! tis as I tell ye,  
“ See here, the Diamond in his belly.”

“ O wond'rous skill ! O matchless man ! ”  
They all with one accord began ;  
And tho' the Turkey's death was tragic,  
Were lavish in the praise of magic.

Now to the parlour they resorted,  
Where Lady Gull was quite transported ;  
Cried she, “ Great Conj'ror ! deign to stay  
“ Beneath my roof another day ;  
“ I can't reward you, to my sorrow,  
“ Till home Sir Simon comes to-morrow.”

To Robin this was joyful news,  
He could not her request refuse ;  
And as his appetite remain'd  
When at her table entertain'd,  
I think that none will dare to doubt him,  
Or fear he faintly laid about him.







The fact was this, the fare was ample,  
And he, so pleased with every sample,  
So much he drank, so much devoured,  
That sleep his senses overpower'd ;  
And at the morrow's noon, tis said,  
Was Robin snoring in his bed.

When home the good Sir Simon came,  
He listen'd to his prattling Dame,  
With much affection and attention,  
While she each circumstance did mention ;  
With much delight and wonder dwelling,  
On Robin's art all art's excelling.

Sir Simon heard, Sir Simon stared,  
Now tho' Sir Simon never dared  
To make an almanac aspire,  
Nor yet to set the Thames on fire ;  
And tho' at trifles he might wink,  
Yet must we not presume to think  
His throat so large, or head so hollow,  
The Turkey and the Ring to swallow.

“ Did I not, Love, hear this from you,”  
Cried he, “ I could not think it true ;

“ And *as it is*, you must not grieve

“ My doubting what I can't believe.

“ I must myself have ample proof

“ A Conj’ror is beneath my roof ;

“ And if he once deceives my senses,

“ I’ll frankly own his art convinces.”

A Robin who would venture near,  
At that cold season of the year,  
Encourag’d oft by crumbs of bread,  
With which the balcony was spread ;  
At that unlucky moment came,  
And perch’d upon the window-frame.

Sir Simon, disinclin’d to foster,  
A man he thought a gross impostor,  
(And to expose this magic Dervice,  
He thought would do “ the state some service,”)  
Neglected not this opportunity,  
Of benefiting the community.  
To prove what Lady Gull averr’d,  
He clap’d his hat upon the bird ;  
And told a servant who was near,  
To bid the Conjuror appear.

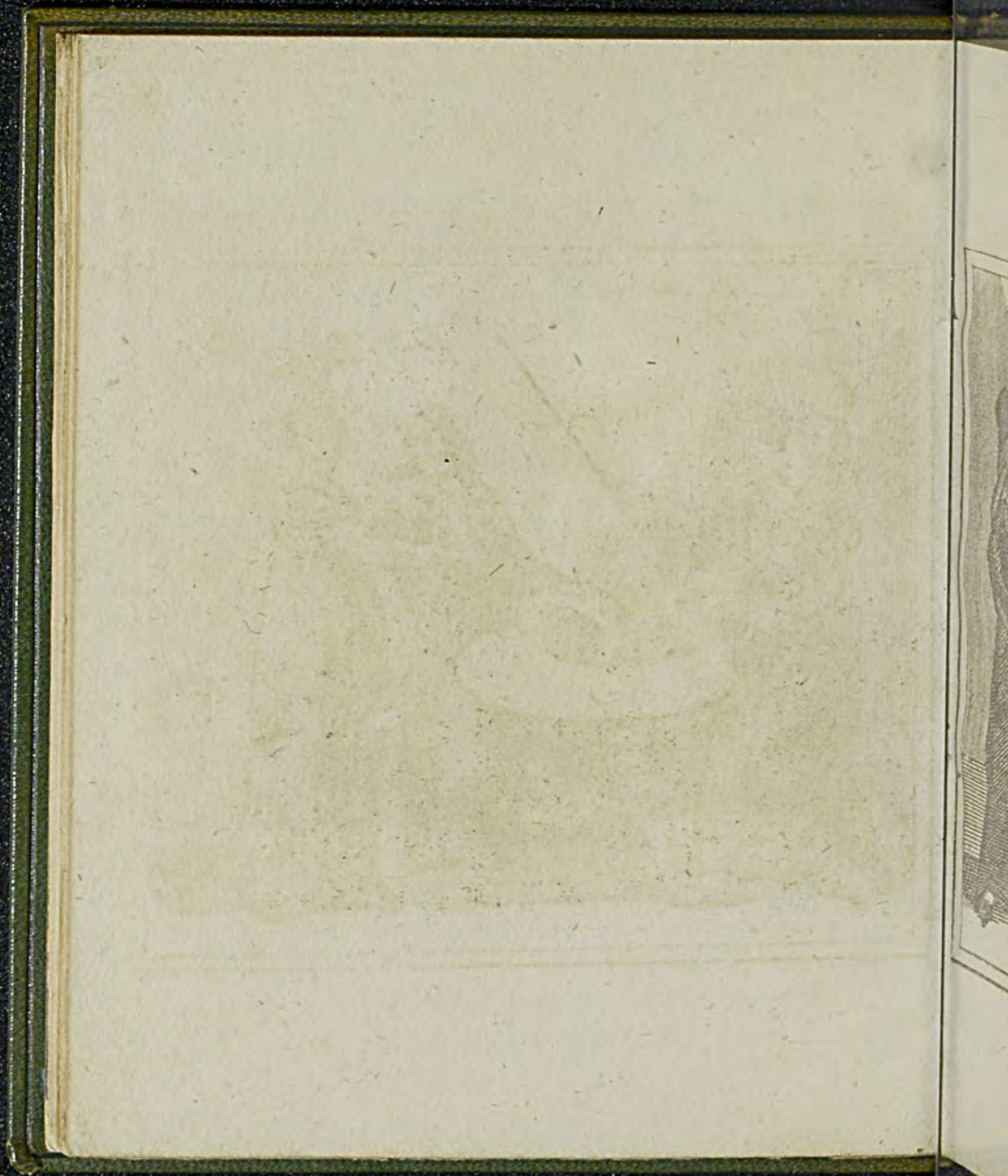
“ I hear, Sir,” said the Knight, aloud,

“ You’re a Magician ;” (Robin bowed.)

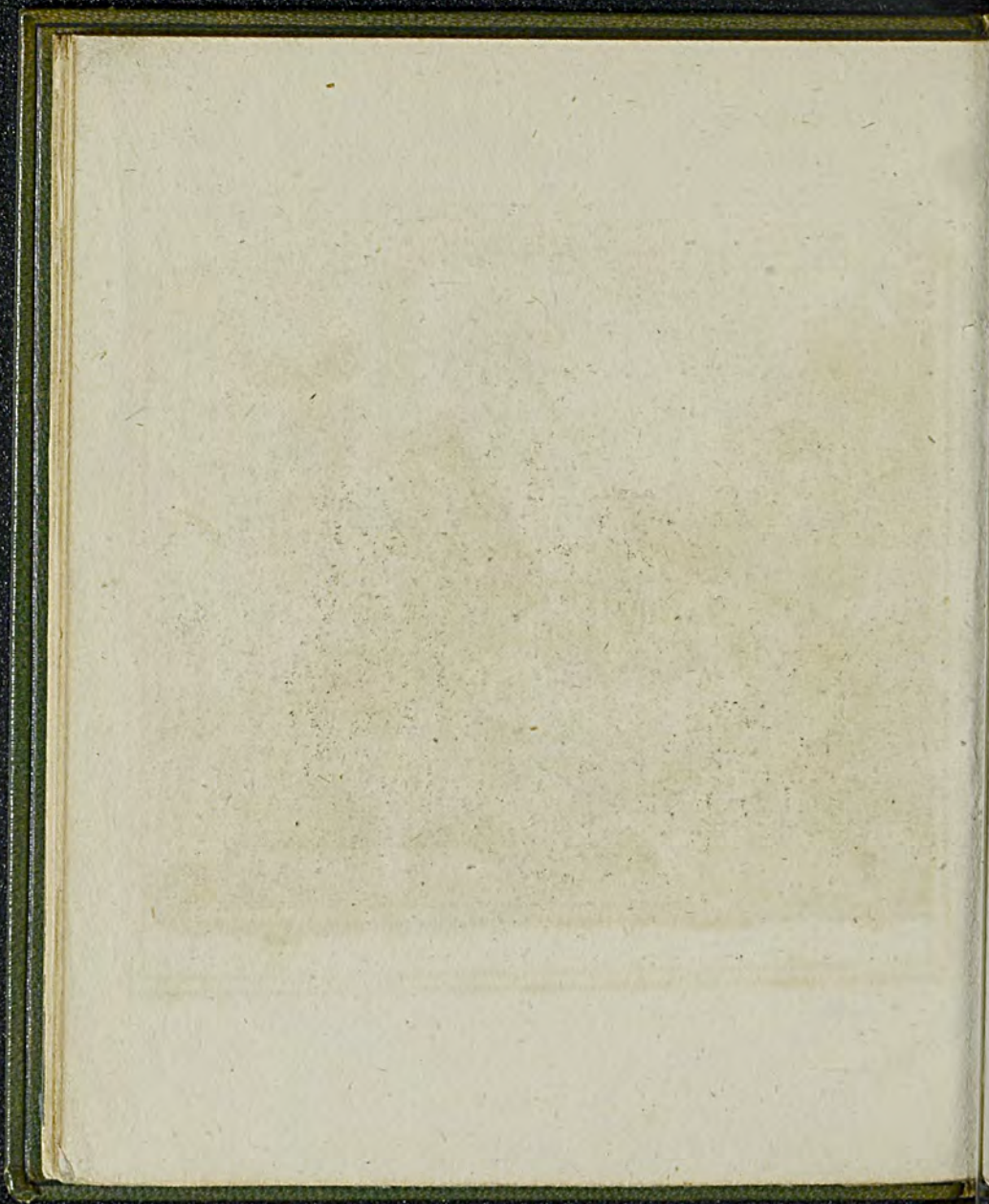
“ And nearly of our Ring beguil’d,

“ That you retriev’d it.” (Robin smiled)









“ The inf’rence I deduce is this,  
“ To you no question comes amiss.  
“ I therefore beg you’ll mention what  
“ I now retain beneath my hat ;  
“ If this without delay you tell,  
“ For what you’ve done I’ll pay you well ;  
“ If this your art in vain explores,  
“ I then must—kick you out of doors.

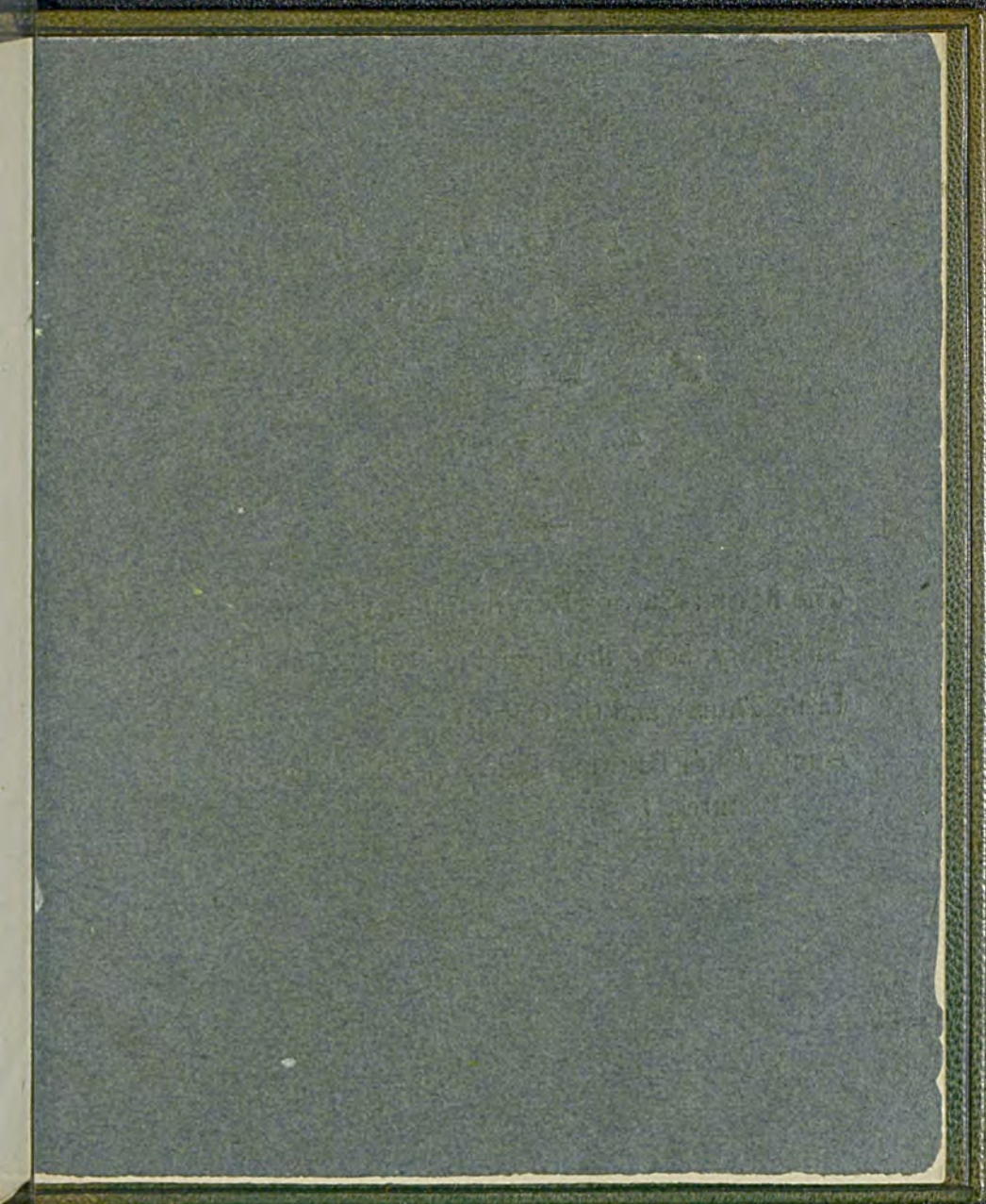
Poor Robin who came in prepared  
For a magnificent reward,  
Now starting back, and turning pale,  
He found his spirits sadly fail ;  
Exclaiming, as he stood aghast,  
“ Poor Robin ! art thou caught at last ?”  
The Knight amaz’d, his hat withdrew,  
And pleas’d away the Robin flew.  
Cried Lady Gull, “ am I awake ?  
“ Sly Robin favour’d the mistake ;  
“ And bless’d the bird as swift away  
“ His *feather’d namesake* sought the spray,  
Sir Simon could no longer doubt,  
But amply recompens’d the lout ;

Who glad to have escap'd so well,  
Return'd to where he first did dwell,  
Resum'd the pitch-fork and the flail,  
And died in peace.

So ends my tale:

THE END.





BOOKS

SOLD BY

R. DUTTON,

45, Gracechurch Street.

---

The Master-Cat, or Puss in Boots, 1s.

The Fairy, being the second of Mother Goose's Tales, 1s.

Little Thumb and the Ogre, 1s.

Aunty Ann's Drawing Book, or Exhibition of Pretty  
Pictures, 1s.

