

The Battle Royal,
in Acrostics.

Judgements are about us thoroughly,
O'er all Enfield hangs the Cholera.
Savage monster none like him
Ever rack'd a human limb;
Pest, nor plague, nor fever yellow,
Has made Patients more to bellow.

U^{pon} his throat rings. A-y comes
And defiance beats by drums.
Label, bottle, box, pill, potion,
Each enlists in the commotion;

vide
+ Revelations

And with Vials, like to those
Seen in Patmos, charged with woes,
Breathing wrath, he falls Pell-shell
Upon the foe, & trays him well.
Rewings! he has made the monster sick,
Yea, Cholera vanish, choleric.

COS.55

To J.

I have Acrostic'd you, since you went.
I go to town tomorrow, after then shall
be glad of the album. Shall I write
in the above? or is such an
extraneous trifle worth it? It took
only 4 fields walking over to do it

L

Ch. Lamb

J. V. Asbury Jr

