

The Duke of Wellington Discusses Macauley with the Queen

(Harriette's mother was a stocking-mender.
A good living then,
trousers for men not being common
until 1820.)

"Admirable Horattus! So gallant and heroic!"
The Queen in her fervent ribbons.

(By now Harriette's profession, too,
is obsolete.
She did make a career change in middle-age:
novels, memoirs, *romans à clef*,
and she married.
But once she kept Wellington
waiting outside in the rain
while she finished off another lover.)

"Bows and arrows, ma'am.
A smart volley with bows and arrows
would have stopped the Three."

(Harriette, too, knew
his contempt for literature
was perfect.)

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