

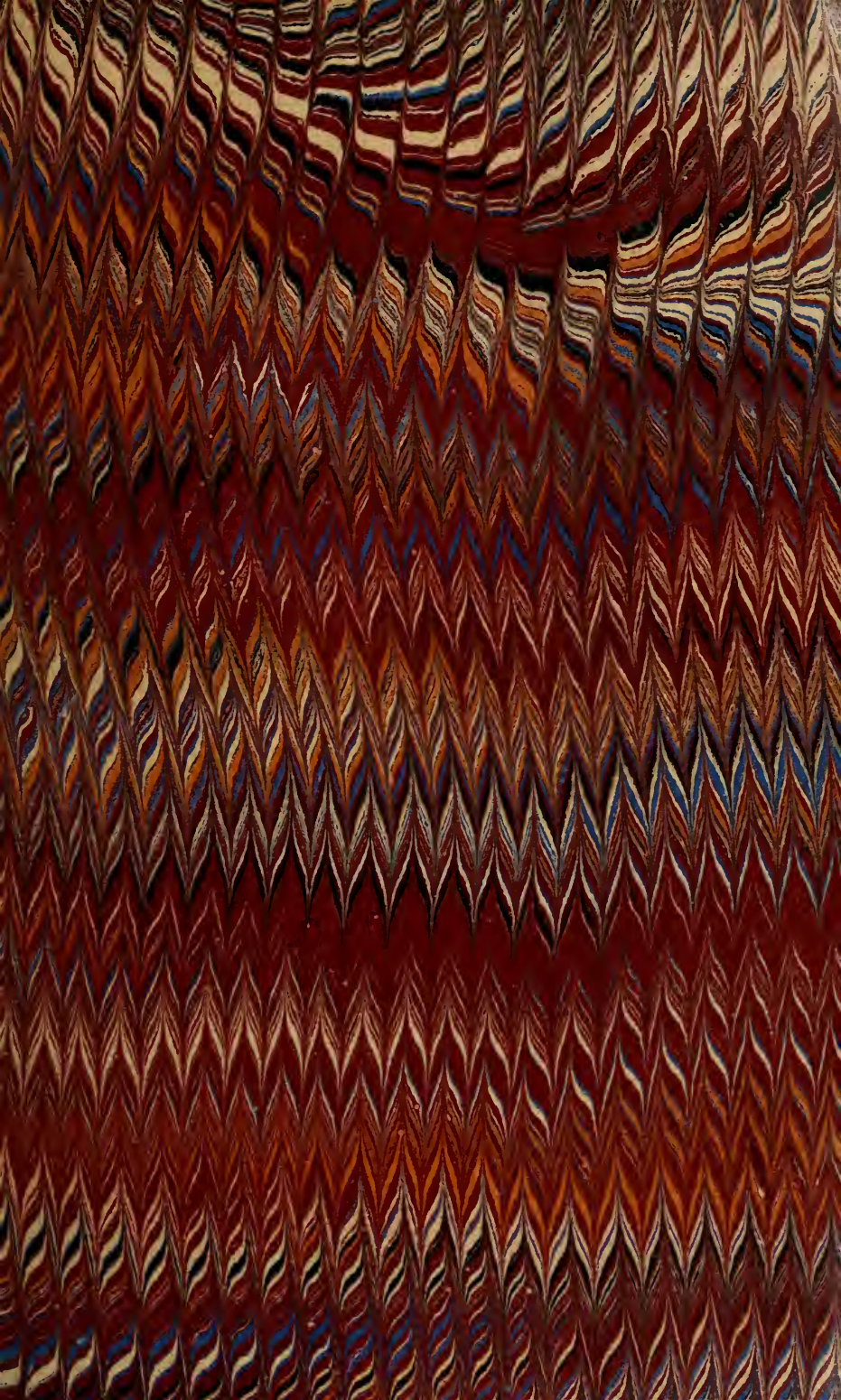


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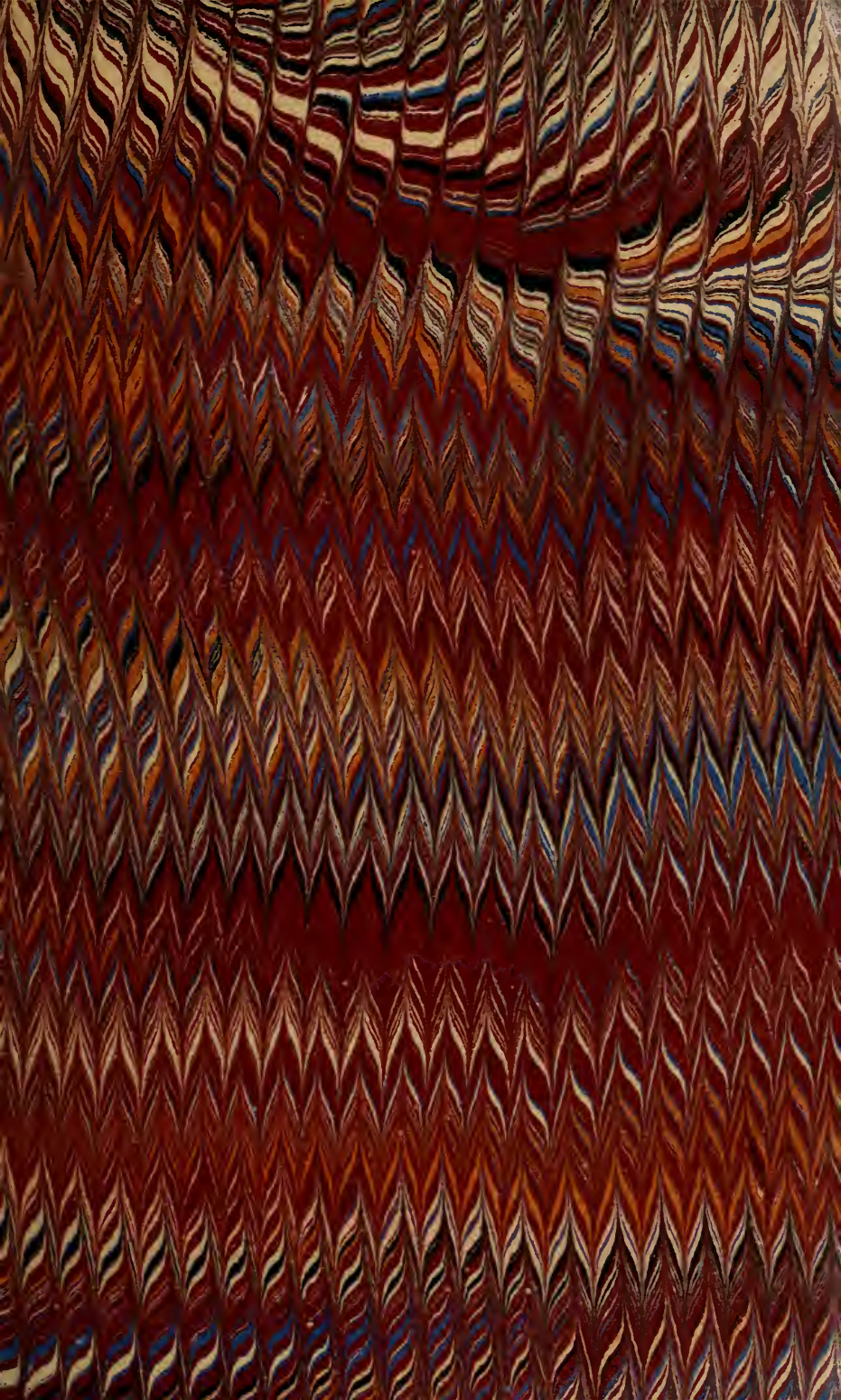


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5/19

THE POLITICAL
HOUSE
THAT
JACK BUILT.

"A straw—thrown up to show which way the wind blows."

WITH THIRTEEN CUTS.



The Pen and the Sword.

Forty-fourth Edition.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE,
LUDGATE HILL.
1820.

ONE SHILLING.

————— “ Many, whose sequester'd lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perform some dire event;
And, seeing the old castle of the state,
That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd,
That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
Stand motionless expectants of its fall.”

COWPER.

NOTE.

Each Motto that follows, is from Cowper's "Task."

THE AUTHOR'S
DEDICATION

TO
HIS POLITICAL GODCHILD.

TO
DOCTOR SLOP,

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF
MANY PUBLIC TESTIMONIALS OF HIS FILIAL GRATITUDE;

AND TO
THE NURSERY OF CHILDREN

Six Feet High,

HIS READERS,

FOR THE DELIGHT AND INSTRUCTION OF THEIR
UNINFORMED MINDS;

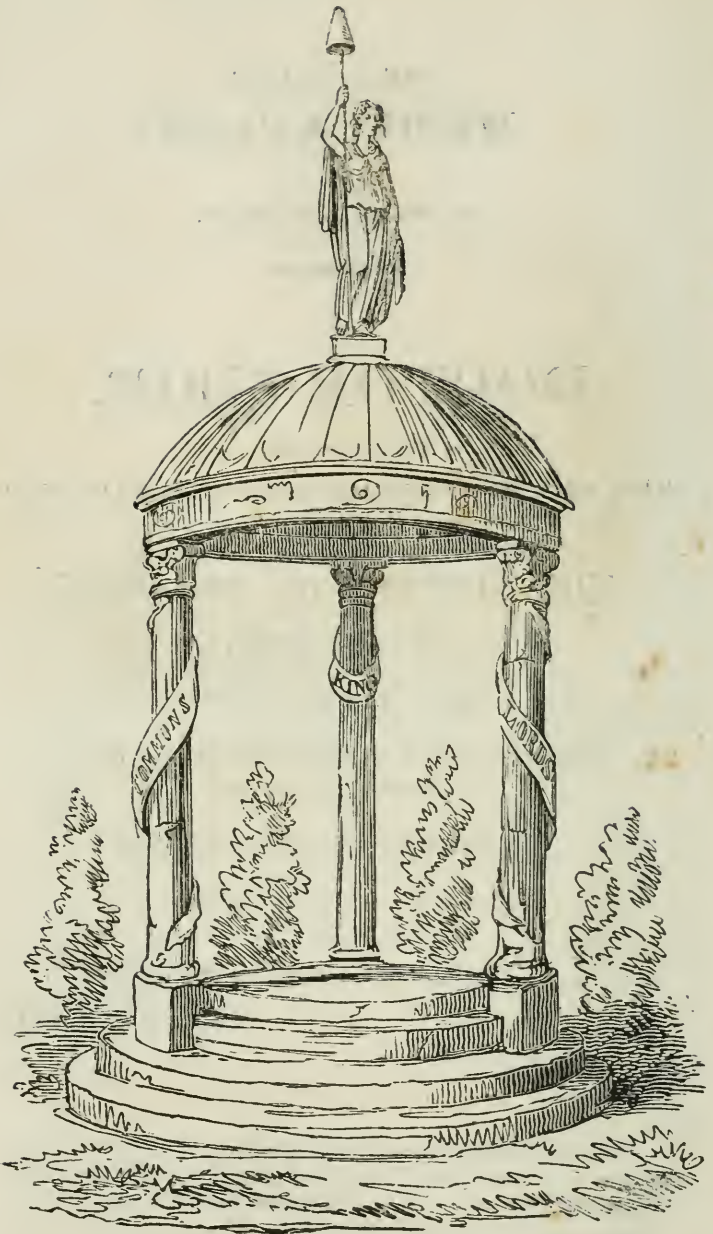
THIS JUVENILE PUBLICATION

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY
THE DOCTOR'S POLITICAL GODFATHER,

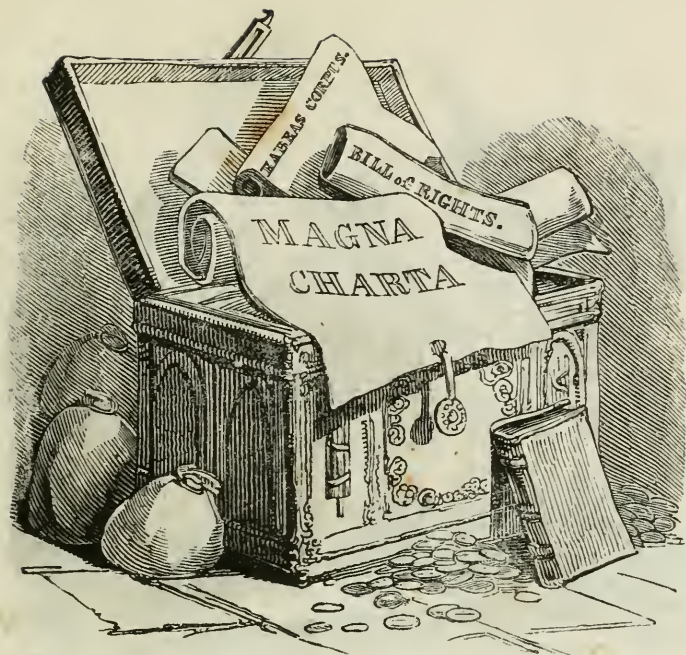
THE AUTHOR.

*** The Publication wherein the Author of "THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT" conferred upon Dr. SLOP the lasting distinction of his name, was a Jeu d'Esprit, entitled "BUONAPARTE-PHOBIA, OR CURSING MADE EASY TO THE MEANEST CAPACITY"—it is reprinted, and may be had of the Publisher, Price One Shilling.*



"A distant age asks where the fabric stood."

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



———"Not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is."

THIS IS

THE WEALTH

that lay
In the House that Jack built.

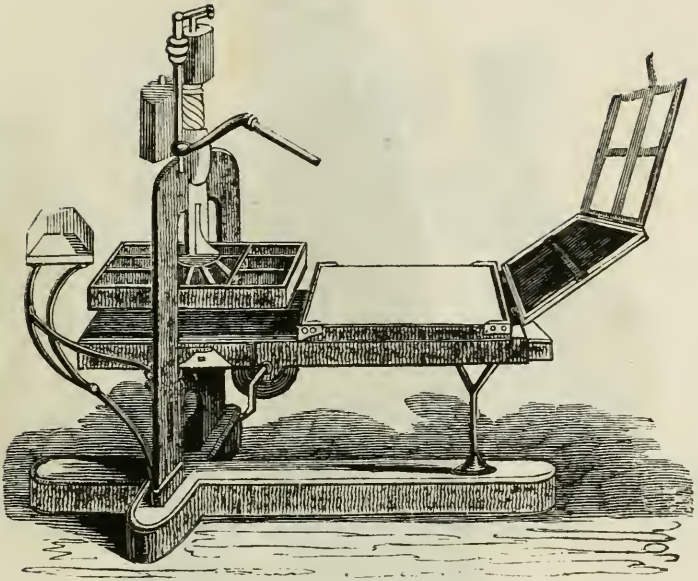


“A race obscene,
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt : gardens, fields, and plains,
Were cover'd with the pest,
The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook ;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scap'd ;
And the land stank—so num'rons was the fry.”

THESE ARE

THE VERMIN

That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.



“ Once enslaved, farewell !

* * * * *

Do I forbode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heav'n grant I may !”

THIS IS

THE THING,

that in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it,
by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin,
That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.



“The seals of office glitter in his eyes ;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them—
To be a pest where he was useful once.”

THIS IS
THE PUBLIC INFORMER,
who
Would put down the *Thing*,
that, in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it,
by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin, that plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House, that Jack built.



“ Ruffians are abroad— —
* * * * *
Leviathan is not so tamed.”

THESE ARE
THE *REASONS* OF LAWLESS POWER,
That back the Public Informer,
who
Would put down the *Thing*,
that, in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it,
by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin,
That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.



“ Great offices will have
Great talents.”

This is **THE MAN**—all shaven and shorn,
All cover'd with Orders—and all forlorn ;

THE DANDY OF SIXTY,

 who bows with a grace,
And has *taste* in wigs, collars,
 cuirasses, and lace ;
Who, to tricksters and fools,
 leaves the State and its treasure,
And, when Britain's in tears,
 sails about at his pleasure :
Who spurn'd from his presence
 the Friends of his youth,
And now has not one
 who will tell him the truth ;
Who took to his counsels,
 in evil hour,
The Friends to the Reasons
 of lawless Power ;
That back the Public Informer,
 who
Would put down the *Thing*,
 that, in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it,
 by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin,
That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,
That Jack built.



“ Portentous, unexampled, unexplain’d!
————— What man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
————— I cannot rest
A silent witness of the headlong rage,
Or heedless folly, by which thousands die——
Bleed gold for Ministers to sport away.”

THESE ARE

THE PEOPLE

all tatter’d and torn,
Who curse the day
 wherein they were born,
On account of Taxation
 too great to be borne,
And pray for relief,
 from night to morn ;
Who, in vain, Petition
 in every form,

Who, peaceably Meeting
to ask for Reform,
Were sabred by Yeomanry Cavalry,
who,
Were thank'd by THE MAN,
all shaven and shorn,
All cover'd with Orders—
and all forlorn;
THE DANDY OF SIXTY,
who bows with a grace,
And has *taste* in whigs, collars,
cuirasses, and lace;
Who, to tricksters and fools,
leaves the State and its treasure,
And, when Britain's in tears,
sails about at his pleasure;
Who spurn'd from his presence
the Friends of his youth,
And now has not one
who will tell him the truth;
Who took to his counsels, in evil hour,
The Friends to the Reasons of lawless Power,
That back the Public Informer, who
Would put down the *Thing*, that, in spite of new Acts.
And attempts to restrain it, by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin, that plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House, that Jack built.



THE DOCTOR.

“ At his last gasp—as if with opium drugg’d.”

DERRY-DOWN TRIANGLE.

“ He that sold his country.”

THE SPOUTER OF FROTH.

“ With merry descants on a nation’s woes—
There is a public mischief in his mirth.”

THE GUILTY TRIO.

“ Great skill have they in *palmistry*, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.

* * * *

————— Dream after dream ensues!
And still they dream, that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed.”

—————

This is **THE DOCTOR**
of *Circular* fame,
A Driv’ller, a Bigot, a Knave
without shame:

And *that's* DERRY DOWN TRIANGLE
by name,
From the Land of mis-rule,
and half-hanging, and flame:
And *that* is THE SPOUTER OF FROTH
BY THE HOUR,
The worthless colleague
of their infamous power;
Who dubb'd *him* 'the Doctor'
whom now he calls 'brother,'
And, to get at his Place,
took a shot at the other;
Who haunts their *Bad House*,
a base living to earn,
By playing Jack-pudding, and Ruffian,
in turn;
Who bullies, for those
whom he bullied before;
Their *Flash*-man, their Bravo,
a son of a ———;
The hate of the People,
all tatter'd and torn,
Who curse the day
wherein they were born,
On account of Taxation
too great to be borne,
And pray for relief
from night to morn;

Who, in vain, Petition
 in every form ;
Who peaceably Meeting,
 to ask for Reform,
Were sabred by Yeomanry Cavalry,
 who,
Who were thank'd by THE MAN,
 all shaven and shorn,
All cover'd with Orders—
 and all forlorn ;
THE DANDY OF SIXTY,
 who bows with a grace,
And has *taste* in wigs, collars,
 cuirasses, and lace :
Who to tricksters and fools,
 leaves the State and its treasure,
And, when in Britain's in tears,
 sails about at his pleasure :
Who spurn'd from his presence
 the Friends of his youth,
And now has not one
 who will tell him the truth ;
Who took to his counsels, in evil hour,
The Friends to the Reasons of lawless Power ;
That back the Public Informer, who
Would put down the *Thing*, that, in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it, by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin, that plunder the Wealth
That lay in the House, that Jack built.



“ Burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combin'd,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution.

Power usurp'd
Is weakness when oppos'd ; conscious of wrong,
'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.

I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently ; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.”

This WORD is the Watchword—
the talisman word,
That the WATERLOO-MAN's to crush
with his sword ;

Who haunts their *Bad House*,
 a base living to earn,
By playing Jack-Pudding, and Ruffian,
 in turn ;
Who bullies for those,
 whom he bullied before ;
Their *Flash*-man, their Bravo,
 a son of a —— ;
The hate of the People,
 all tatter'd and torn,
Who curse the day
 wherein they were born
On account of Taxation
 too great to be borne,
And pray for relief,
 from night to morn ;
Who, in vain, Petition
 in every form,
Who peaceably Meeting,
 to ask for Reform,
Were sabred by Yeomanry Cavalry,
 who,
Were thank'd by THE MAN,
 all shaven and shorn,
All cover'd with Orders—
 and all forlorn ;
THE DANDY OF SIXTY,
 who bows with a grace,



THE CLERICAL MAGISTRATE.

The Bishop. Will you be diligent in Prayers—laying aside the study of the world and the flesh?—*The Priest.* I will.

The Bishop. Will you maintain and set forwards, as much as lieth in you, quietness, peace, and love, among all Christian people?—*Priest.* I will.

¶ The Bishop laying his hand upon the head of him that receiveth the order of Priesthood, shall say, **RECEIVE THE HOLY GHOST.**"

The Form of Ordination for a Priest.

————— "The pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs)
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.

* * * * *
Behold the picture! Is it like?"

THIS IS A PRIEST,

made 'according to Law,'

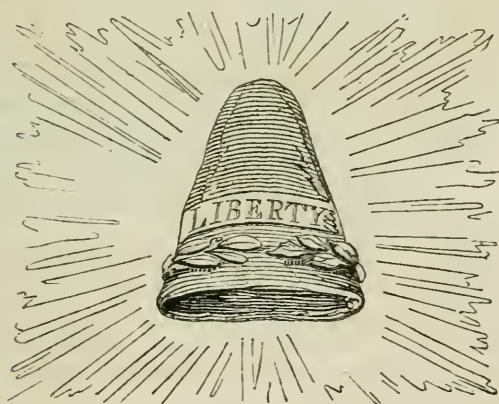
Who, on being ordain'd, vow'd, by rote, like a daw,
 That, he felt himself call'd, by the Holy Spirit,
 To teach men the Kingdom of Heaven to merit ;
 That, to think of the World and the flesh he'd cease,
 And keep men in quietness, love and peace ;
 And, making thus his profession and boast,
 Receiv'd, from the Bishop, the Holy Ghost :
 Then—not having the fear of God before him—
 Is sworn in a Justice, and one of the *Quorum* ;
 'Gainst his spiritual Oath, puts his Oath of the Bench,
 And, instead of his Bible, examines a wench ;
 Gets Chairman of Sessions—leaves his flock, sick or
 dying,
 To license Ale-houses—and assist in the trying
 Of prostitutes, poachers, pickpockets and thieves ;—
 Having *charged* the Grand Jury, dines with them,
 and gives
 “ CHURCH AND KING without day-light ;” gets *fresh*,
 and puts in—
 To the stocks vulgar people, who fuddle with gin :
 Stage coachmen, and toll-men, convicts as he pleases ;
 And beggars and paupers incessantly teazes :
 Commits starving vagrants, and orders Distress
 On the Poor, for their Rates—signs warrants to press,
 And beats up for names to a Loyal Address :
 Would indict, for Rebellion, those who Petition ;
 And, all who look peaceable, try for Sedition ;

If the People were legally Meeting, in quiet,
Would pronounce it decidedly—*sec. Stat.*—a Riot,
And order the Soldiers ‘to aid and assist,’
That is—kill the helpless, who cannot resist.

He, though vowing ‘from all worldly studies to cease,’
Breaks the Peace of the Church, to be Justice of Peace ;
Breaks his vows made to Heaven—a pander for power ;
A Perjurer—a guide to the People no more ;
On God turns his back,

 when he turns the State’s Agent ;
And damns his own Soul,
 to be friends with the ———.

THE END.



“ ‘Tis Liberty alone, that gives the flow’r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;
And we are weeds without it.”

THE AUTHOR OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, perceiving the multitude of attempts at imitation and imposture, occasioned by the unparalleled sale of that *Jeu d'Esprit*, in justice to the Public and to himself, respectfully states, that, induced by nearly forty years confidential intimacy with Mr. HONE, and by the warmest friendship and affection for him and his Family, he originally selected him as his Publisher *exclusively*; that he has not suffered, nor will he suffer, a line of his writing to pass into the hands of any other Bookseller; and that his last, and, owing to imperative claims upon his pen of a higher order, possibly his very last production, in that way, will be found in **THE MAN IN THE MOON**.

* * * **THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT**, was entered at Stationers' Hall, and Copies were duly delivered, according to Act of Parliament; one being for the British Museum; yet it is held in such estimation by all ranks, from the mansion to the cottage, including men of high classical and literary attainment, that it is coveted by eminent and learned bodies for the purpose of being preserved and deposited in the other National Libraries, as appears by the following notice.

(COPY.)

London, Jan. 26, 1820.

SIR—I am authorised and requested to demand of you nine copies of the under-mentioned Work—**THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT**—for the use of the following Libraries and Universities:—Bodleian; Cambridge; Stion College; Edinburgh; Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; Glasgow; Aberdeen; St. Andrew's; Trinity College, and the King's Inns, Dublin.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE GREENHILL,

Warehouse-keeper to the Company of Stationers.

To Mr. W. M. HONE, Ludgate-hill.

This "authorized" and official "demand" on behalf of the Universities and Public Libraries, was immediately complied with; and to save those distinguished bodies the trouble of a similar application for "**THE MAN IN THE MOON**," copies of that work were also sent with the copies of the Political House that Jack Built, so demanded "for their use."

†† A SUPERIOR EDITION OF **THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT**, is now published, printed on fine Vellum Drawing Paper, with the Cuts handsomely COLOURED, Price 3s.—The same Edition plain, Price 2s.

EIGHTEENTH EDITION.

Dedicated to the Right Hon. George Canning, price 1s.

THE MAN IN THE MOON; a Speech from the Throne to the Semte of Lunataria.—Also a Political Christmas Carol, set to Music; and "The Doctor," a Parody, written by the Rt. Hon. George Canning, in ridicule of the Rt. Hon. Lord Sidmouth. With *Fifteen Cuts*, viz:—The Man in the Moon—Going down—Carried down—The Grinder's Arms—Johnny Mooncalf—Steel Lozenges—Holy Alliance—Chaining the Press—Pulling the Trigger—Pulling—Put out the Light—Carol Music—Rats caught alive—The Doctor besquibbed—The Fraternal Embrace. "If Cæsar can hide the Sun with a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light." *Cymbeline*.

Printed for WILLIAM HONE, Ludgate-hill; and sold by all Booksellers in town and country. Orders, with remittances, punctually executed.

Withdrawn from the Press,

A LETTER TO THE SOLICITOR GENERAL. By WILLIAM HONE.

* * * Since the announcement of this Publication, the attack of the Solicitor-General upon the Juries of my Country has drawn down upon that Gentleman, within the walls of Parliament, such deserved animadversion as to render superfluous any interference on my part.

Two years have elapsed since I broke away from the toils; and it seems the escape of the destined victim is never to be forgiven! The cause of which the Solicitor-General is unexpectedly the gratuitous advocate, has taken appropriate refuge in the snug precincts of Gattou. There let it wither!

The verdicts of my Juries require no other vindication than a faithful recital of the grounds on which they were founded. From the period at which those verdicts were pronounced, and with a view to that vindication, I have been unremittingly employed in the collection and arrangement of rare and curious materials which the Solicitor-General's attack will induce me to extend to

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF PARODY.

This History I purpose to bring out, very speedily, with *extensive graphic illustrations*, and I flatter myself it will answer the various purposes of satisfying the expectations of my numerous and respectable subscribers—of justifying my own motives in publishing the Parodies—of throwing a strong light upon the presumable motives of my prosecutors in singling me out from my Noble and Right Honorable Fellow Parodists—of holding up Trial by Jury to the increased love and veneration of the British People—and above all, of making every calumny upon the verdicts of three successive, honorable and intelligent Juries recoil upon the slanderer, be he who he may, that dares to asperse them.

W. HONE.

Ludgate-hill, March. 1820.

THE

Green Bag:

“A DAINTY DISH TO SET BEFORE A KING;”

A Ballad of the Nineteenth Century,

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE POLITICAL A, APPLE PIE.”

With Thirteen Cuts.



G. Cruikshank Del.

Be advised :

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.

King Henry VIII.

Sixth Edition.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. ROBINS AND CO. IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1820.

Price One Shilling.

How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser ? —————
O, master ! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear ? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :
She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.

Cymbeline.



I'll be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander.

Othello.

I.

Come, sing a song of sixpence, friends—

A "GREEN BAG" full of lies—
Procur'd by certain noble lords
From certain foreign spies,
All anxious in this "fatal bag,"
To put some nasty thing,
To make a precious dainty dish
To set before the King.



Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment.

Eccle. ch. xi. v. 9.

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

II.

The K—G was in his cabinet,
There counting out his money,
Or calling some sweet lady fair
His *Jewel* and his *Honey* :

The Queen was on the continent,
 From thence great news to bring :—
 Her enemies were making tales
 To lay before the King.

III.

Where Rome, in all her glory, once
 Her classic beauties spread,
 And where proud Greece her choicest arts
 In rich profusion shed,
 There, mentally, the Queen did drink
 Of such a copious spring,
 Not dreaming of the dainty dish
 Preparing for the King.

IV.

SIR JOHN, the good *Vice* CHAN—R
 Engag'd to find a man,
 Of "grave and sober aspect" to
 Go straightway to Milan,
 And there with microscopic eye,
 To look into the thing,
 And see if he could make a dish
 To set before the King.



————— Have you a precedent
Of this Commission? I believe not any.

King Henry VIII.

By the life of Pharaoh, ye are all spies!

Old Testament.

V.

So C—KE and his ATTORNEY, both
 Approv'd by CAS——H,
 In this most hopeful mission were
 Right soon upon their way.
 And L——H he followed after them
 Of spies a charming string,
 All hunting for a dainty dish
 To set before the King.



O diable ! diable ! vat is in my closet ?—
Villany ! larron !

Merry Wives of Windsor.

VI.

And there was one great OMP—A,
A mighty German lord,
With whiskers hanging at his cheeks,
As long as his own sword ;
He hir'd a wretch to pick some locks,
And take out any thing
That might compose a dainty dish
To set before the King.



—————Ye have made a fine hand, fellows !
There's a trim rabble let in ! Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ?

King Henry VIII.

The trumpets sound—stand close,
—————The QUEEN is coming.
ib.

VII.

Two hundred RAGG'D ITALIANS,
With dancing-dogs and mice,
Prepar'd for any dirty job,
And for all sorts of vice,

Thus, for a crust of bread and cheese,
 Delightfully did sing
 “ Oh what a pleasant dainty dish
 We’ll set before the King !”

VIII.

And now throughout the German States,
 Through Italy and France,
 Still watching good Queen Caroline,
 These dogs and men did dance.
 Round stable boys and chambermaids
 Their loving arms did fling,
 Crying “ Have you got a dainty dish
 “ To set before the King ?”

IX.

Sir John he carried the GREEN BAG
 Till he was quite fatigu’d ;
 And being much asham’d of those
 With whom he then was leagu’d,
 He left them to complete the job,
 And all their charges bring,
 To put into the dainty dish
 To set before the King.



Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape ;
There Folly personates the ape ;
Here Av'rice gripes with harpy's clause
There Malice grins with tiger's claws,
While sons of Mischief, Wit, and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.

Cotton.

X.

At length these GREAT COMMISSIONERS
Return'd to England's shore,
And to the Lords of Parliament
Most lustily they swore,

That straight against Queen Caroline
 Such charges they would bring
 As should compose a dainty dish
 To set before the King.

XI.

The Queen, however, having heard
 What they were all about,
 Resolv'd to face her enemies
 And turn them inside out ;
 Which gave these Lords of Parliament
 Such a confounded sting,
 They all cried out, " Oh ! what a dish
 " To set before the King."

XII.

Then straight in council they did meet,
 Not knowing what to do ;
 For if the stories they had heard,
 Should all turn out untrue,
 They saw it would into a scrape
 Themselves most surely bring,
 Whilst cooking up a dainty dish
 To set before the King.



Away with her, and waft her hence——

Hen. VI. Part III.

O gracious lady !
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Cymbeline.

My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

King Henry VIII.

XIII.

And so they sent a MESSENGER,
To meet the Queen half-way ;
And give her FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS
If she abroad would stay ;

And never more be call'd a Queen,
 Or any such a thing,
 But leave them with their dainty dish
 To set before the King.

XIV.

But scarcely had her Majesty
 This vile proposal heard
 Ere she with scorn rejected it;
 And, swift as any bird,
 To meet her base accusers, she
 Was soon upon the wing,
 And quickly spoil'd the dainty dish
 They set before the King.

XV.

By Mr. B——HAM, her counsellor,
 And W—D, her faithful friend,
 Encourag'd to be steady, and
 Endure unto the end;
 And conscious of her innocence
 She fear'd not any thing,
 Nor car'd she for the dainty dish
 They set before the King.



Whether in her own family at Brunswick, or in any other society in Europe she might prefer to live, of that she must be the grace, life, and honour.

Mr. Canning.

If, in the course

And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away————

King Henry VIII.

That it may please thee to bless and preserve our gracious
Queen CAROLINE————

Common Prayer Book in the reign of Geo. II.

XVI.

What though no royal yacht appear'd
To waft her to our shore,
A common packet was procur'd
To bring her safely o'er ;

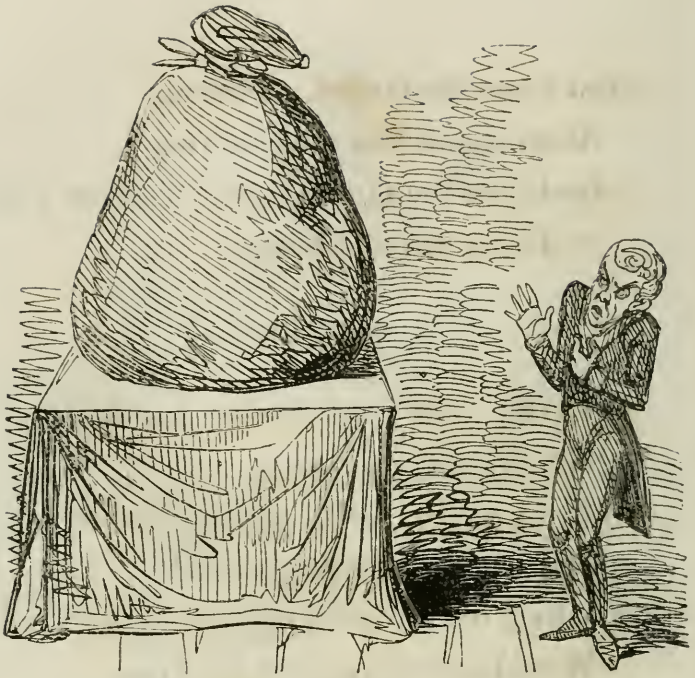
And when she landed, all the air
 With shouts was made to ring
 “ God bless the Queen !—THE FITTEST DISH
 “ To set before a King !”

XVII.

But, oh ! what consternation seiz'd
 Her enemies all round,
 When first they heard that she had set
 Her foot on English ground !
 For they did sorely fear that she
 Would something with her bring
 That should destroy the dainty dish
 They set before the King.

XVIII.

They rav'd and storm'd, and curs'd and swore,
 And went stark staring mad,
 And all declar'd they never knew
 A Queen that was so bad ;
 Some said she should go back again,
 And some that she should swing,
 For having spoil'd the dainty dish
 They set before the King.



A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.

Thomson.

Ay, marry!

There will be woe, indeed, lords! —

King Henry VIII.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Macbeth.

Since tools without their hafts are useless lumber,
And hatchets without helves are of that number;
That one may go in t'other, and may match it,
I'll be the helve, and thou shalt be the hatchet.

Rabelais.

XIX.

But WILB — CE, the pious man,
When he the BAG survey'd,
Which these great Lords of Parliament
Had on the table laid,

He sighing said, " I'll to the Queen,
 " And try if I can bring
 " Her Majesty to taste the dish
 " You've set before the King.

XX.

" For if," quoth he, " God bless her soul,
 " The Queen will but consent,
 " To yield her lawful rights unto
 " The Lords of Parliament,
 " Why then we need not fear this BAG,
 " Though such a filthy thing,
 " But try another dainty dish
 " To lay before the King."

XXI.

On hearing this, they all stood up,
 And swore they lik'd the plan:—
 " Good, holy, Mr. WILB———CE,
 " You are the very man
 " 'To coax this bold Queen CAROLINE,
 " 'To break her marriage ring,
 " And *then* we'll have a dainty dish
 " 'To set before the King."



If your grace
 Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort——

* * * * *

For goodness' sake, consider what you do!—

* * * * *

I know, you have a gentle, noble temper:

————— Pray, think us
 Those we profess, peace makers, friends and servants.

King Henry VIII.

XXII.

And so he went with OTHER LORDS,
 And knelt before the Queen,
 And kiss'd her hand most courteously,
 The like was never seen;

Crying " Please your Majesty, forbear
 " To urge this lawful thing—
 " We wish to have a dainty dish
 " To set before the King."

XXIII.

The Queen, however, would not yield;
 And so they went away;
 And they did sigh most piteously,
 As those in sore dismay;
 And told the Lords of Parliament
 How that they could not bring
 Her Majesty to taste the dish
 They set before the King.

XXIV.

O! it was grievous to behold
 These Bishops, Lords, and Dukes,
 Some full of wrath and some of spite,
 And all with sheepish looks;
 Yet boasting loud, that, after all,
 They would not miss the thing,
 But would prepare a dainty dish
 To set before the King.



What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes do you see!
How can it be!
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good;
What, stain'd with blood!
Approach, you furies fell:
O fates! come, come:
Cut thread and thrum,
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

Midsummer Night's Dream.

XXV.

Now, fearing lest their courage should
In time begin to flag,
These lords resolv'd in *secret guise*
To open the GREEN BAG;

And when the bag was open'd
 They all began to sing
 " O! is not this a dainty dish
 " To set before the King.

XXVI.

And they were much delighted,
 To see what they had done ;
 Though it were death unto their Queen,
 To them 'twas glorious fun,
 " For now," cried they " our monarch will
 " Make all the welkin ring
 " With shouts to see the dainty dish
 " We've set before the King.

XXVII.

Yet, what a stench from this GREEN BAG,
 This " horrid Bag" of lies—
 Soon as the Lords had open'd it,
 There forthwith did arise !
 Oh! it was " rank—it smelt to Heaven"
 And all these Lords could bring
 Against the Queen but made a dish
 To set before the King.



Pure want of sense unites these "Blocks,"
As petty tradesmen join their stocks.

Rabelais.

You cram these words into mine ear against
The stomach of my sense.

The Tempest.

----- Heaven will one day open
The King's eyes.

King Henry VIII.

XXVIII.

For they had so misguided him,
And led him so astray,
That though his *heart* was very good
His *head* was the wrong way;

And he was heard, continually,
 Both day and night to sing
 “ O! where’s the dainty dish, my Lords,
 “ You promis’d to your King?”

XXIX.

Meanwhile the ROYAL WANDERER
 Through all the town was seen,
 THE PEOPLE all exclaiming loud
 “ GOD SAVE OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN,
 “ GOD SAVE THE GOOD QUEEN CAROLINE,
 “ And may she quickly bring
 “ Full proof of her own innocence
 “ To lay before the King.”

’Tis the right ring, by Heaven :—I told ye all,
 When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
 ’Twould fall upon ourselves.

King Hen. VIII.

THE END.

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INTO THE
COTTAGE AT WINDSOR;

OR,
"LOVE AMONG THE ROSES."

A Poem,
FOUNDED ON FACTS.

"Young and Old beneath the Rose,
"Would refresh and would repose."—POPE.

THE tale of the Pyebald Poney may seem strange, but it is strictly true; and the "leap-frog" Ladies of Windsor Cottage are certainly not a whit' so good as *Mahomet*, the *Turkish Charlatan*; he practised for profit, and they for pleasure: one had an excuse admissible, the other had none.—*Amen*.

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1820.



A PEEP

INTO THE

Cottage at Windsor.

WHOE'ER in Windsor's nodding groves
Has nodded for a day,
Surrounded by the laughing loves,
Borne on the breath of May.

Who'er has ponder'd o'er that rill
That winds the glade along,
And gently sweeps from *Windsor-Hill*,
Immortaliz'd in song,

May form some notion of the scene
Where *G——*'s *Cottage* smiles,
And hides in shades perennial green,
The *K—g* of Britain's isles.

And hides, likewise, as fair a set
As ever saw the light,
Though true it is, they seldom meet
Except it is by night.

Or else where scenes of deepest shade
 Exclude the light of day,
 And many a young and *virtuous* maid
 In secret sport and play ;

Where many a curious deed is done,
 The Muse dare not relate,
 He who exposes R-y-l fun,
 Perhaps repents too late.

'Tis ticklish work—but still the bard
 A duty has to do ;
 All secrecy should be explor'd,
 And brought to public view.

Within these shades, from public life,
 And all his fancied woes,
 And more important, *from his wife*,
 G——E seeks a short repose.

This *hoary Veteran sixty years*
 Has run the course of love,
 Expos'd to open jests and jeers,
 But now he seeks the grove.

The pride of all the courtly maids,
 The *Chief in Love's soft war*,
 The clouds of darkness throw in shades
 The peerless BRUNSWICK STAR.

The time is past when through the town
 He reel'd in open day ;
 When Riot gave his name renown
 In many a bruising fray.

When arm in arm along P—ll M—ll,
 With *Sh—ry, F-x*, and Co.
 He ran the rig o'er "one and all,
 And G—-GE was all the go."

Now age around his temples sheds
 Her locks of silver grey ;
 And on that earth he *heavy treads*
 Where soon he must decay.

Still the old hunter loves to *walk*
 Where he has *run* before ;
 " A liquorish tooth" can make him TALK,
 When he can ACT no more.

Yet like *K—g David* he requires
 Some one to keep him warm ;
 To light of Love the fading fires,
 And give to age a charm.

And who so sweet as Mistress Q,
 To do what should be done ;
 To give the R-Y-L G—GE his due,
 And cheer his setting sun ?

To Q's the *K—g* was always partial,
 And that the lady knows ;
 Her influence on a late C—t Martial
 Beat all her husband's foes.

And gratitude now makes her bend
 On G—GE the "*debonnaire* ;"
 His *aged face*, with rouge to mend,
 And curl his wig with care.

To *starch his whiskers*, morn and night,
 His eyebrows on to *glue* ;
 And what he wish'd, or wrong or right,
 Determin'd was to do.

For this she in *the Cottage* lives,
 To be the R-y-l nurse,
 For this her h—b—d never grieves,
 He's C-l--l in the horse.

Occasionally Eq—y too, tis said,
 On R-y-l G—GE to wait,
 This Cuckoldom's a glorious trade,
 Though but of modern date.

Tis sanctioned now by R-y-l right,
 A right, pronounced " Divine;"
 The K—g can seize, by day or night,
 Upon your wife or mine.

Like Mistress Q— not so compliant,
 Perhaps, wou'd not give way,
 Unto the great and mighty Giant
 Now hidden from the day.

But Giants can arise refresh'd,
 That Mistress Q--- well knows,
 When, at the hour of *Twelve, half dress'd,*
 G—GE from *the Cottage goes.*

For after twelve o'clock's gone o'er
 He seldom more reposes,
 But hastens, anxious to explore
Sweet Love among the Roses.

For Mrs. Q. has daughters fair,
 Kept to amuse the K---g,
 Who would not, to please one so rare,
 Their sweetest morsels bring ?

His appetite we know is good,
 His person tall, and strong,
 There's none can love and laugh so loud,
 And few have *lov'd so long.*

One daughter---ah! so mild, so meek,
 So gentle---yet so free,
 The dewdrop on the lily's cheek
 Is not so fair as she.

With her *Old G—ge* lov'd oft to play,
 Whene'er she came from school,
 For *Monarchs*, when they have their way,
 Too often, "*play the fool.*"

For *Monarchs* are no more than men,
 And if we look around,
 Perhaps, there's scarcely one in ten,
 But will an Ass be found.

Tis *foreign K---gs* of whom I speak,
 For *G—ge's* wig, tis known,
 Holds underneath it *Latin, Greek*,
 All that should grace a Throne.

Perhaps, in *W--d--r* Cottage close
 His wisdom's in the dark,
 But now we'll rouse him from repose,
 And shew, a *brilliant spark*.

A spark of sense I do not mean,
 A spark of noble pride,
 A *spark of sixty* on the green,
 At *Windsor's Cottage* side.

The little girls of mother Q,
 Were *G—E's* fond delight,
 And o'er the lawn, with them he flew,
 And spank'd from *morn* to *night*.

But ah! the Muse regrets to tell
 The frolics of a *K---g*,
 Some are already known too well,
 And some to light we'll bring.

To draw the Grecian Painter's veil
 O'er this will never do,
 The *K---g* and children form my *TAIL*,
 And also Mistress Q.

That K—gs with girls at leap-frog play,
 Must be a curious sight ;
 But true as yon great orb of day
 Sheds down his glorious light.

When in meridian he appears,
 And roses in full bloom
 Waft round his *jolly Roy-l* ears
 The incense of perfume ;

Forth to the garden, lo ! he springs,
 At once becomes a boy,
 Each girl around his bosom clings,
 And with him laugh and toy.

With fondling, flattering, how they please,
 The K—g of *Britain's nation*
 Drops heavy on his mighty knees,
 And “ *stands in low prostration*”

I quote this line from *Castlereagh*,
 And therefore can't be wrong ;
 At any rate, it well suits me,
 And well adorns my song.

The game of Leap-Frog is the rig,
 Away then springs Miss Q.
 But carries off the R-y-l wig,
 And bathes his pate with dew !

'Twas *Prince's Russia Oil* I ween,
 But as to that's no matter,
 Sweet Mrs. Q. now our *Vice-Queen*—
 Was quite convuls'd with laughter.

G—E join'd the joke, upon all fours,
 To rise, he was too big,
 So cried, “ come leap away in scores,
 And Devil take the wig !”

Hop, step, and leap, the younglings go,
 Returning at their pleasure ;
 And o'er a skull, as white as snow,
 They bounded without measure.

A little Miss, who soon will be
 Much better known to fame,
Struck off a whisker with her knee,
 The K—g he blush'd for shame !

Half shav'd we've heard some men have been,
Half whisker'd's something new ;
 G—E has been well *shav'd by the Qu—n*,
 And *lather'd* well by Q.

“ Well, lather on,” the order was,
 The K—g the children pleas'd,
 He bounded like an “ old *chamois*”
 On Switzer's mountains teaz'd.

The *other whisker* soon was gone,
 His face was glorious sport,
 It seem'd a type of Britain's throne,
Bereft of all support.

'Reft of the pillars of his face,
 The pedestal torn away,
 It seem'd “ *the Mausoleum's* place”
 Was where he ought to lay.

But Mistress Q. rose up at once,
 And, with a gallant spring,
 Fell right astride 'twixt neck and sence
 Of B—t—n's glorious K—g.

Away run G—E, his charge ne'er dropt—
 Kind heaven the truth discloses,
 Into a bower his head he popp'd
 “ *With Love among the Roses.*”

Where Roses bloom, LOVE joys to live,
 With rapture at his side,
 And happiness at his command,
 Falls on the beauteous bride.

But I have yet to learn what age
 Sweet youth to age endears,
 The dandiest Monarch of the age,
Old Buck of Sixty Years.

What joys can he---but it is true
 That Q has past her prime,
 And G—GE enjoys not pleasure now,
 As in the olden time.

But still he runs a steady race,
 Love warms his frozen age,
 Combining in love's glorious chace,
 The *Monarch* and the *Sage*.

What pass'd within the rosy bower
 I neither know nor care,
 But many a blossom wav'd its flower
 Above the happy pair.

When *Sixty* and when *Forty* join,
 Tis true, we may suppose,
 The blood flows not with warmth divine,
 Nor hearts with rapture glows.

But G—GE was such a noble soul,
 Which every act discloses,
 He dearly lov'd a flowing bowl,
 And *Love among the Roses*.

The softest scenes that nature spreads,
 Near *Windsor's Cottage* lie,
 When day's beam sparkles o'er the meads,
 And zephyrs gently sigh.

When lightly o'er the glassy wave
 The evening shadows fly,
 When on the ear the billows rave,
 Then sweep in silence by.

When every bush is clad in green,
 And nature's minstrels sing,
 What wonder---that so mild a scene
 Inspires with LOVE a K--g.

The spring, that Q's fair daughter made,
 I know not, how or why,
 Perhaps some beauties she displayed,
 That struck the R-y-l eye.

The tickling of his wig, it seems,
 So tickled up his notion,
 That of the daughter now he dreams,
 She now is his devotion.

Poor *Mother Q* no carriage had
 But what was call'd the K—g's,
 And lately, it had grown so bad,
 Twas nearly off the springs.

The springs of state are now so weak
 The K—G they'll scarcely bear,
 They bend---and they will surely break
 For want of due repair.

The K---g he could not well afford,
 For poor as a church mouse,
 For want of money, by the L---d,
 He left his *London House*.

He could not well afford to give
 A chariot to the Fair,
 Nor could he, as in H—T—D's case,
 Bestow a garden chair.

Therefore, to make the best he could
 Of ALL his little money,
 He gave her, from the *R--y--l stud*,
 A pretty "*Pye-bald Poney*."

The *baldness* of the *Royal Crown*,
 Makes this appear a joke,
 But nevertheless the thing is known,
 The Poney's now in yoke.

So is Miss Q, if fame speaks truth,
 So is the K---g likewise,
 From wrinkled age he turns to youth,
 And basks in C * * * * 's eyes.

The lady on her *pye-bald* pad,
 Through *Windsor* trips so gay ;
 And by her side the JOLLY LAD
 Of SIXTY pranks away.

A *pye-bald* present from a K—g
 Sounds strange upon the ear,
 But *pye-bald Monarchs* are a thing
 That every where appears.

But *Windsor's* ladies know the way
 To pull their Sovereign down,
 With him they'll for *ten thousand* play,
 Or even, *half a crown*.

The sweet Miss Q, who skipt with will,
 And G—GE's *wig* who stole,
 Has, tutor'd by her mother's skill,
 Become a happy soul.

When men run off, and leave their wives
 Divested of protection,
 They always pass their weary lives,
 Beneath some jade's direction.

But WINDSOR JADES and WINDSOR PAIRS

So gently nod together,
THEY'LL HANG---“*The Chronicle declares,*”
In spite of wind and weather.

It may be so, “*A Pye-bald Horse,*”
Though given to a croney
Has ne'er good luck---tis always worse,
But I sing of a *Poney*.

The “*Pye-bald Poney*” of the King
Must be a *noble beast*,
And though Miss Q can on it spring
Full twenty stone at least,

It must be as the *K---g full large*,
And every bit as ready,
With G—GE to make a *R-y-l charge*
So perfect, and so *steady*.

The *K---g* one morn fell mighty ill,
Perhaps his conscience touch'd him;
And *mam* and *daughter*, with due skill,
Most delicate approach'd him.

Would R-y-l G—ge most gently rise,
And take a gentle walk,
Said *Loyal Q*, with curious eyes;
Says G—GE withhold your talk.

I'll lay and sleep, come Mother Q,
Administer at my side,
And C*****E may cut the dew;
And take a morning's ride.

Soft slept the mother, *where you will*,
The daughter went to ride
Her “*Pye-bald*” Poney o'er the hill,
Pranc'd up in Royal pride.

The *Life Guard Martinet* appear'd,
 All England knows his name ;
 To ROYALTY and LOVE endear'd,
 And also known to Fame.

For though a PUPPY he appears,
 In MANNERS and in dress,
 Upon the LUSITANEAN shores
 His prowess all confess.

He tore the wreath from MARMONT'S brow,
 He rais'd the British name ;
 He led his band, oh, glorious view !
 To everlasting fame.

The bard beheld him on that night
 Before Badajos' towers,
 Amid the cannon's blaze of light,
 Storm Compastalles' towers.

Has mark'd the quicken'd blaze of fire,
 When Death before him ran,
 Which made before his eyes expire
 The tyrant foes of man.

He saw his footsteps he pursu'd,
 'Till Britain's banner 'high,
 In *glorious* conquest, all he view'd,
 Wave *glorious* to the sky.

I saw *good Manners* pass the trench,
 Amidst a blaze of flame,
 And afterwards to clasp a wench,
 Some laughter-loving dame.

From danger unto rapturous joy
 How quick the contrast springs ;
 How brave a man becomes a boy,
 When he consorts with Kings.

And yet this man, "a Satellite,"
 Revolves around his K—g ;
 PEACE has destroy'd his spirit quite,
 He's now another thing.

"A lady's man," and such was he,
 When sweet Miss Q he met,
 The *only eye* which light can see
 Full fix'd on her he set.

"Good morrow, sweet, and lovely dear,
 "How's G—GE?" "He's sleeping sound ;"
 And you, *my lovely Lord*, give ear,
 I'm scampering o'er the ground.

On G—GE's nag, it is but small,
 But then, my Lord, 'tis mine ;
 I guide it, as he guides you all,
 By rule of "right divine."

"What, has he *Pyc-bald* given away ?
 "I thought you might it borrow ;"
 "No, G—GE has *mounted* me to day,
 "And *mounts Mamma* to-morrow."

Zounds, cried the General, is it thus ?
 Mount all the family so ;
 I must be off, or it is poz,
 My charger off will go.

"Begone," said little Q, "at large,
 "Your *charger's* all my eye ;
 "We live upon the public charge,
 "And will do 'till we die."

Whilst Mother rules the *Royal Man*,
 We ne'er shall want for money ;
 I'll play at *leap-frog* when I can,
 And ride my *Pye-bald* Poney.

“ Good MANNERS,” the great General cried,
 “ May not to you appear ;
 “ But, *little Leap-frog*, by my side,
 “ Your poney shan’t be near.”

Off, like *John Gilpin*, then he rode,
 The Pye-bald follow’d too ;
 And doubling to the London Road,
 Threw off the sweet Miss Q.

The General turn’d and rais’d her up,
 And to the *cottage-door*
 He bore her, and he stay’d to sup,
 His pye-bald fears were o’er.

The *K—g* he sooth’d him with a glance,
 And lovely Mrs. Q
 First made the *General to dance*,
 Then join in *leap-frog too !*

At *Windsor Cottage* all was joy,
 (Things past no one discloses,)
 ’Till midnight sent them all to toy
With Love among the Roses.

THE END.

THE
CONSTITUTIONAL
APPLE PIE:

OR,
Rythmical Red-Book.

BY MASTER JACKY JINGLE:

WITH THIRTEEN CUTS.



Ineptè garrit.
He talketh like an old APPLE Woman.

London:
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1820.

W. N. Jones,
Printer,
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A APPLE PIE—



Glorious indeed to the sight!
Of which each British lad, to a slice has a right;
Their forefathers earn'd this good PIE with their
blood—

Magna Charta their title—as any king's good;
Neither cats, rats, nor Tories, then dar'd to attack it,
Nor *A-d-ns*, nor *A--kl--ds*, nor *At--ls* to hack it.
But their sons so degen'rate are grown in these
days,

That the vermin devour the PIE at their ease.
But still let us hope a wise *Administration*,
May yet prove the safety of this happy nation;
And every true Briton prepar'd be to die,
In defence of his share of this nice *Apple Pie*.
Be this of our troubles the easy solution—
“*A mutual Agreement*,” and “*d—n Revolution*.”

B

Bit it—unfairly, although by oath bound,
To ward off the vermin and keep it quite sound ;
Assisted by *B-te*, a sly half-famish'd Scot,
With *B--ke* who, for slices, their honour forgot :
An inroad thus made—only see what a pack
Of assailants march up—our poor *PIE* to attack !
Grave Bishops, behold, with their backs to the
church,
And *Justice*, by Barristers, left in the lurch ;
B-th---ts, *B--de--lls*, and *Borough-mongers*, bring
up the rear,—
B---gh-m eyes it askance, and would bite if he dare ;
Whilst Master Jack Bull, all their roguery views,
Half-minded to baste the Piratical Crews.
The *Britons* of old, at least so record tells us,
Fought and conquer'd for freedom, like gen'rous
bold fellows :
But now, like a *Bear*, in awe of the staff,
Who dances in chains to make the boys laugh,
And to bring to the *Bear-ward* some pence in his
purse,
Whilst on his *Tormentor* he growls out a curse :—
So, these *once-daring Britons* are muzzled so tight,
That tho' they may grin, they never can bite.
No wonder—*Roast-Beef*, which once made them
so bold,
Is to *Britons* become quite as scarce as old gold ;
Not their *hearts*, but their *bellies*, has famine
subdued,
And the *small*, 'stead of *strong*, beer, that 'gender'd
rich blood,
Has occasion'd such *bile*, that the *beef-loving* dogs,
Are as bare on the ribs, as tho' they'd fed on frogs,
Or, like *Prodigal Son*, had mess'd with the hogs.

C
CUT IT—



and let all the juice run about,
For which *C-m-n-g* hit *C--t--r--gh* over the snout ;
But fearing, whilst dimming of each others eyes,
The rest of their com-rogues should bear off the
prize,

They embrac'd, kiss'd, and slabber'd, made—
La Belle Alliance

To share it at home, as they share it in France :
Swore no more at each other to be popping and
shooting,

At which all the boys fell a laughing and hooting ;
But with true Irish bronze, they carv'd out the *PIE*,
'Mongst the *C--thc--ts* and *C--th-ms*, and Treasury
fry.

Fat *Billy*, too, nibbled till ready to burst,
Made a snatch, but fell short of the whole *Upper*
Crust.

D

Dealt it—to Dandies, and other great men,
But reserv'd for himself—*only* nine parts in ten.
Forth rush'd frae the North the whole Scottish host,
To find, in Old England, a snug *scrubbing post* ;
The *D--gl-s*, *D-lr--p-e*, *D----s*, and fierce *D-ff*,
Got all they could get—but could ne'er get enough ;
For your real Scotch stomach is full deep as a sack,
And the more you cram in it, the more it will lack,
And though *crowdie* and *haggis* their own tables
crown,

Yet in England, but *Apple Pie* nought will go
down.

Say, Donald, why leav'st thou thy Maggie to mourn,
Wha sits dowie and sighs on the banks of the
Burn ?

Why dost thou, O Donald, her longing arms mock ?
Oh ! Maggie, weep on—Donald 'll never come
bock !

And, should he return, thou'dst not know him
again,

For (blessings on brimstone !) his fingers are clean ;
That raw-bon'd bra' Lad, with kelt but no shoon,
Has now shoon and bree'ks, and some flesh on his
bone ;

Ah ! Maggie, to thee and to Scotland he's lost,
For the Scot ne'er returns, when the *Tweed* he's
once crost.

But why on the Scot lay the whole of the blame ?
The English as bad are, be it said to their shame ;
As the *Devil* well knows, who, throw but his net,
For one *D-nm-re* a *D-ck-t* will certainly get ;—
And if all in the *Red Book*, he caught, who would
fret ?

E

EAT IT.—



so eagerly, to get his fill,
 That he stuck to the *Pie* till he made himself ill ;—
 One *E—n*, a big wig, who well lov'd good cheer,
 Though no musical sounds e'er delighted his ear,
 Save the ravishing tune—*thirty thousand a-year* ;
 Nay, when he goes hence, as he'll die on his *sack* ;
 He'll sigh that he can't take it off on his back ;
 And yet tho' no trifling sing-song musician,
 A *wise honest man* and a *sound politician*.
 See *E---rt-n*, *E-g-n*, the 'daft chiel,' *E————-k*,
 Prepar'd in our *pie crust* to nestle and burrow ;
 The *Err-ls* and *E-p--nst--es*, each with their clan,
 And the half-famish'd *E-sk--es*, advance to a man ;
 On our *PIE* they will breakfast, and dine, too, and
 sup ;
 And were England a *Pie*—they would eat it all up.

F

FOUGHT FOR IT.—



That was some ages ago,—

Britons now kiss the hand that deals them a blow ;
 And humble themselves, as all Christians ought,
 At least as by *tythe-loving pastors*, they're taught.
 The *F-sh-r*, *F—zr--d*, and *F-rg--n* tribe,
 A slice of our *Apple Pie* always will bribe ;
 Whilst so bare our *Finances* and *Famine* so dire,
 Another Tax added—the “*fat's in the fire.*”
 The *farmers* to *landlords*, in debt over ears,
 Petition for *Corn Bill*, to quit their arrears ;
 Whilst the public, like *fools* and like *flats*, stand
 aghast,
 Dreading—'stead of nice pie—to want brown bread
 at last,
 Or to pack off to Heav'n in a *General Fast*.

G

GOT IT;—



and G stands for *G--s't-r*, we know ;
 And likewise for *G——le*, we learn to our woe ;
 And for *Gr-v-le*, and *G-rd-n*, and *G-dd-d*, and
G——w ;
 Who'll fling poor folks a bone—when they've pick'd
 out the marrow.

And G stands for *Gluttons*, who live but to feed,
 And to swell out their paunches—true *Alderman*
 breed !

Who love *old fat women*—no matter how tough,
 And *kitchen companions*, and frolics and stuff,
 And also for *G-g B-lls*, by modern *Peachems* and
Lockets,

Had to stop people's mouths, whilst they're picking
 their pockets.

H

HAD IT,—



but wanted the sense to hold fast ;
As at Law, honest men, are by knaves often cast ;
And where *Merit* goes shirtless and starving about,
There *Impudence*—*Ignorance* make the most rout ;
There *H-m-lt-n*, *H-rr-by*, *H-mm-d*, and *H-y*,
H-pe, *H-tch--s-n*, *H-sk-ss-n*, come into play ;
Mistress *H-nn*, and her daughter Maria,—’ods hearts !
Fine as *tragedy queens*, when they’re playing their
parts ;
And indeed they have acted their parts to some tune,
—*Four hundred a-year* is no trifling boon.
For let *Ladies of sentiment* talk as they please,
There’s something else wanting to *butter the peas* ;
And not one but will like a man better—in case,
He comes well recommended from *Henry Hase*,

I and J

Join'd the scramble,—to get a large slice,
And the Stock and State *Jobbers* flew up in a trice ;
“ Do you raise the wind, and we'll keep up the
“ stocks,
“ For our *bonus* we'll all draw upon the poor's
box.”

J-dg-s, J-st-c-s, Jobbers—all made a grand rush,
J-nk-ns, J--ks-n, and *J--n-s,* made a straight for-
ward push ;

And so tight was the race 'twixt these lads of high
mettle,

That it bother'd the *Judges* the diff'rence to settle.
So 'twixt all, 'twas agreed, as the fairest decision,
That the biggest of rogues should share best in
division.

Some *Juries* were easy,—others,—nought could
persuade 'em,

To lose sight of our only remaining *Palladium* ;
And three on *H-ne's* trials, so stuck to the stuff,
That *El-b-r--gh* took himself off in a huff:—

A sign he'd some *conscience*, to sting him so sore,
'Twas a lesson that none in his place had before.

Since nought then remains betwixt us and slavery,
But *Trial by Jury*, let's defend it from knavery ;
Whilst each *Juryman* dauntless his duty performs,
Magna Charta exists, though much gnaw'd by the
worms ;

And though *Justices*, arm'd with strange powers,
assails us,

Nought on earth of our *Bill of Rights* e'er shall
curtail us ;

And though now at low ebb *Independence* we see,
Be our *Juries* but honest, and these *Isles* are free.

K

Kept it,—a Kiddy,—a run knowing blade,
 And very well vers'd in the tr——y trade ;
 In the *Kent* road he liv'd—was well-known in
 King's Bench,
 Lov'd his King, and the Regent, his bottle, and
 wench ;
 The *C-stl-r--gh Arms* of his house was the sign,
 Where he bought *rotten boroughs*, and sold out
 sound wine ;
 All as open as day ! not as girls sell their favours,—
 In dark holes and corners—No—Britain's grand
 saviours,
 Who boast of the great things they've done for the
 nation,
 Have put the Old Lass in a high salivation,
 And brought her to death's door by means of star-
 vation ;
 Yet still like *quack doctors* they boast more and
 more,
 Tho' for one disease cured, they occasion a score.
 The *K——ns, K-gs, K-rc-db-ghits*—Poh ! cease
 your bother !
 We shall soon be reduced to eat up one another.
 Our *Kitchens* are empty—good cheer's but a dream,
 And we live (if it so can be call'd) upon *steam* !
 With *water* to drink, we all fare now like *Adams*,
 And our *cook-maids* are turn'd out those *Eves—*
 City Madams ;
 We're like *Falstaff's* recruits—such d—'d ragged
 fellows,
 That the fat Knight would term us disgrace to the
 gallows.

L

LONG'D FOR IT.—



Aye, and poor rogue, so he might,
For your *fair, fat, and forties*, there's scarcely a
bite.

The *Ladies* the preference always must have,
And from all his great spendings what can poor
G——e save ?

The *L—s, L—s, and L—rs*;—Say not a word
more.

For were England of gold made, they'd still keep
her poor ;

And the lazy, and lubberly—Lumber-court fry,
Suck their fists, 'stead of swallowing nice *Apple-
Pie*.

A *Lie* will be truth, and truth be a *Libel*,
And a Briton dare read any book but his Bible.

M

MOURN'D FOR IT,—



M——r's D—e made a snatch.
And the *M—cs* pour'd in to see what they could
catch ;

M'D-n-ld, *M'K-n-e*, *M-rr-y*, *M-nt--se*, and *M-rt-n*,
Felt a sort of *Scotch itch* to get a great portion.

M——d, *M-n-f--t*, and *M——ve*, *M-rr-s* and
M--re,

And *Magistrates* (rev'rend or not) by the score,
Some *Monarchs*, also, neither squeamish nor nice,
Like *mumpers*, came begging, a *subsidy slice* ;
But what swarms of locusts thus darken the air,
So be plum'd and be whisker'd?—*Dandies en
militaire*.

What, in peace?—Poh ! disband them with each
half pay share.

For more friends and less soldiers, on Heav'n let's call,
More wisdom to fools, and more *money* to all.

N

Nodded his head at it,—as if to say,
 “ I’ll bet I’ve a piece of the Pie—play or pay.”
 The *Nobility* poor, yet as proud as the devil,
 A parasite crew—deeply mark’d with *King’s-evil*;
 Relations, dependants, pimps, prostitutes, bastards,
 Who their guts than their country love better—the
 dastards!
 Rush forward as if the whole Pie was their own,
 Though towards it they ne’er clubb’d a farthing ’tis
 known.—
N-p-n, N-pi-r, N—le, N--r-e, N—le, and
 N--th,
N-rt-n, N--th--gt-n,—all lads of mettle and worth!
 Follow close at their heels—with Pie to get fill’d,
 Like beggars who glean on the land they ne’er till’d.
 With *no bub* and *no grub*—Johnny Bull dares to
 grumble,
 Unless on a nice soft iron-bedstead he’d tumble,
 And eat bread and drink water—(choice *radical*
 fare!)
 Indeed, rather better than living on air:
 And that water might not be too cheap had—of late
 Monop’lizing Companies double the rate;
 For which may the Devil give them double pay,
 Nor water be suffer’d their pains to allay!
 Where now of *strong beer* and *fat ale*, are the butts?
 Hark! how *swipes* and *cold water* gripe English-
 men’s guts!
 Where now the warm corner at *John Bull’s Fire-*
 side?
 Where to show *hospitality* once was his pride.
 Cold and cheerless ’tis now—all its *sources* are
 dried!



OPEN'D IT.—



Pie-loving *O-sl-w* or' old
Who, like Midas, turn'd all that he touch'd into
gold ;
If *England's Bank fimsies* he'd once take in hand,
'Turn her *paper* to *gold*—'twould be saving the land.
The consumptive *Old Dame* is so near to her grave,
No longer has *Ass's Milk* power to save ;
And the great *Doctor Slop* takes his fee in hard
cash,
For fear at the last there should be—a grand smash :
O-ks, O-w-ld, and O-b--ne—attend consultation,
And pocket their fees—*for the good of the nation* ;
That the cobbler should stick to his lapstone 'tis
right,
Though our *PIE* is so tempting—*e'en asses will bite.*

P

PRAY'D FOR A BIT,—



and pray'd loud and strong,
'Cause his wife in the straw did for *apple-pie* long.
The *Priesthood* advanc'd, and at one single claw,
Took a *tythe* of the whole—what a ravenous maw !
The Great are reliev'd from the *Property-Tax*,
And the burthen falls solely on Little Ones' backs ;
Without snuff, tea, tobacco, the *Poor* curse their fate,
While the Rich Folks their *Port* can now drink at
cheap rate.

For License the Publican pays *double score*,
Tho' diminish'd his bus'ness—one-half—perhaps
more,

The *Pittites* stand guard lest the *Foxites* get in,
Who, to hide disappointment, set up a half grin,
Though, (poor rogues !) it was easy to see through
their fear,

That the *Pie* would be gone—ere their turn came
to share.



Quarter'd it,—that's when a slice is too large,
Of one single *pauper* the claims to discharge ;
One, two, three, or more, are prescrib'd as dividers,
He takes the whole slice, and pays off the *out-
riders* ;

So boys, when they find but one horse, or one ass,
And a quarrel ensues who shall have the first cast,
Get all up at once, ride like devils away,
And horse or ass—flesh for their frolic must pay ;
The poor beast is goaded almost to death's door,
And the weaker he grows, the rogues baste him the
more.

Thus so many are *quarter'd* on poor Johnny Bull,
That he scarce ever gets now a good belly full ;
Farewell to *Sir-Loin*, to *Turkey* and *Chine*,
The *Parson* and *Tax-Men* come in ere he dine :
And off go *tythe-pigs*, *geese*, *fowls*, *ducks*, and
eggs,

And the *goods* disappear, till the poor fellow begs.
A man who, time since, could live snug—keep a pig,
And on Sunday his Dame take to church in a gig.
Now undone, and asham'd e'en to hold up his face,
Seeks the *Poor-House* for bread, and to *hide his
disgrace*.

But, if he contrive to escape this hard fate,
The House that Jack Built—his *Castle*—where late
The Man liv'd in clover—is so stript of supplies,
That the *rats* and *mice* leave it—*with tears in their
eyes* ;

And none but *Tax-Gatherers* pay it a visit,
Who ne'er quit a house, while there's any thing
in it,

R

Rush'd forward—to seize a large slice in full hope,
Thrust his arm to his elbow, and drew forth—a *rope*!
The other lads shouted, but soon ceas'd their
 laughter,

Lest they, in their turn, might meet some such
 disaster ;

The rogues of *Rope Pie* did not relish the joke,
Lest the next course to follow should prove—
 hearty choke.

Yet, 'spite of the warning, they scrambled away,
And *catch what you can*, was the *rule of the day*.

The *R-s-s*, a numerous, hungry clan,

Of these daring marauders headed the van ;

R—d, *R—n*, all ride a free horse to death—

Tho' a *high mettled racer*, John Bull's out of
 breath.

The *Rogues*, too, in grain, all rush'd in for a part—
May they take a snug ride with *Jack Ketch* in his
 cart !

And their *Corn Bills*, the subject of so much
 oppression,

Be read as their last dying speech and confession.

John Bull's so *reduced*, that nought but *reduction*,

Of *Red Books* and *Red Coats* can save from
 destruction ;

For if *Reason* don't *speedy* and *soon* rule the roast,
Ruin will follow the locust-like host.

None but *Rogues* for their own private int'rest and
 good,

Would risk to see Britain o'er delug'd with blood ;

And may all those, who wish her so direful a
 state,

Swing out of the world—none to pity their fate.

S

Stole it,—and ran towards *S-s-s-x* away,
But soon was stopp'd short, and despoil'd of his
prey,

By the sly *Doctor Slop*, who, syringe in hand,
So *physick'd* the rascal that he could scarce stand:
S-tt-n, *S-ll-v-n*, *St-w-rt*, all *Sinecure* men,
Who do nothing—but sign a receipt with the pen.
But *S——d* cried—“*Shame! What, no honour*
'mong thieves!”

At which all the rest sily laugh'd in their sleeves;
For where there's no *honesty*, *honours'* a joke,
And *dignity's* nought but a bottle of smoke.
But, 'midst such *honest gentry*, who'd e'er think to
find

Informers and *Spies*—the scum, of mankind?
Apple Pie for such vermin—a halter's disgrace!
Poh! kick the d——'d rascals quite out of the
place.

Is a *Briton* companion for such sorry knaves,
Fit only to herd with the vilest of slaves?
No;—Heav'n forbid it! And curst be his lot,
Who shall cast on his character so foul a blot!
A *Briton* is loyal and well loves his King,—
'Tis those who mislead him he wishes to swing.
A rogue to his country, or *Tory* or *Whig*,
He would gladly see figure in *Jack Ketch's jig*,
And would grace with his presence the next
Sheriff's Ball,

To see him cut capers on—*nothing at all*;
And that *Castle* and *Oliver* meet with this end,
And all *Spies* and *Informers*—we pray Heav'n send!

T

Took it.—Not *T--m-y*—the grapes were too sour—
 But Tories, who all in the Treas'ry devour ;
 And the Devil himself, if well roasted and basted,
 With nice *apple sauce* would swear was well tasted ;
 And if any one else dare put in for a slice,
 Like poor *L-p-z* he's fin'd, and immur'd in a trice ;
 For take out a *seven years* lease of St. Stephen,
 And none on your manor dare poach without
 grieving ;
 As none else must shoot game, which all help to
 maintain,
 The Treas'ry they guard—as *their proper domain* :
 And as one with *steel-traps* and *spring-guns* they
 defend,
 So they t'other preserve by *G-g B-lls* without end.
 On all this *free* land none knows how to tread,
 For the legs of poor fellows so thick traps are laid ;
 Hired Spies and Informers seduce him to stay,
 And the *Trap-men* are ready to take him away.
Tax-gatherers, like locusts, infest the whole air,
 With *Red Book* in hand, and *pen* in their ear ;
 And now for one friend, that knocks at the door,
 Of *Assessors*, *Collectors* you'll have a whole score ;
 And though the poor children be crying for bread,
 Nought else to be found, they walk off with the bed.
 A *Tradesman* on *roast-beef* could formerly dine,
 But now he sees only—the *Ghost of Sir Loin* ;
 And one who was formerly nice in his *mutton*,
 On humble *sheep's-trotters* must now play the
 glutton ;
 To Englishmen *cow-heel's* become a rare feast,
 For the *Tories* devour the rest of the beast.

V U W

VIEW'D IT,—



and wanted a share ;

The Tory *Van-Leader* cried—“ Touch if you dare !

“ I’m here put in office—Lord only knows why—

“ For of brains, ’tis well known, I’ve a scanty
“ supply ;

“ Brother *S—th* and I, as the *Whig* folks declare,

“ May be only deep *C—gh’s* fools in the fair ;

“ Yet we heed not their laughter—let ’em rail on
“ and scoff,—

“ No such fools, but we know when we’re very
“ well off :

“ And, though *rope* be the end on’t, we’ll cling till
“ we die,

“ And dare any d—n’d *Whig* touch a bit of our
“ PIE !”

X Y Z



—Advanc'd to take part with the *Whigs*,
And swore that the *Tories* should run no such
rigs ;
From squabbling and foul words they came to hard
blows,
And the claret in streamlets from many nose flows ;
And many rogues' backs rue the sport of that day,
Nor did *Chevy Chace* cause a more desperate
fray ;
Both sides seiz'd the *pie-dish*, to make it their prey,
Whigs and *Tories* in triumph now bore it away ;
When, lo ! all at once, on the floor fell the dish,
And in terror all cried—" *What a kettle of fish!*"
John Bull, who long time in the back ground had
lain,
Now began his address in the following strain :

“ ’Tis time this mock squabble and sham fight
“ should end ;—

“ For yourselves, not the public, ’tis clear you
“ contend ;

“ In vain now you strive to throw dust in my eyes,
“ *Investigate well*—ere you vote fresh supplies.

“ You’ve swallow’d the *Apple-Pie*—all is now gone,

“ My pockets are empty—what more’s to be done ?

“ There’s but one road to take—*Retrenchment* the
“ name.

“ If you take it I’m sav’d—else my ruin’s your
“ blame.”

This terrible word so excited their fears,

That to quell them again they fell out by the ears.

Jacky Bull could his anger no longer restrain,

But belaboured them both with all might and
main ;—

Crack’d the sponce of a *Tory*—hit a *Whig* o’er the
mazzard,

And set them a staggering just like crooked (Z)
izzard ;

Which occasion’d *Reform*—and banish’d disorder,
And once more *Johnny Bull* liv’d in—

APPLE PIE ORDER.

FINIS.

W. N. Jones, Printer, Old Bailey.

W. N. Jones, Printer, Old Bailey.

W. N. Jones, Printer, Old Bailey.

W. N. Jones, Printer, Old Bailey.

THE
MAN IN THE MOON

&c. &c. &c.

“ If Cæsar can hide the Sun with a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket,
we will pay him tribute for light.”—*Cymbeline*.

WITH FIFTEEN CUTS.



Twelfth Edition.

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1820.

ONE SHILLING

—————“ Is there not
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the men
Who owe their greatness to their country's ruin ?”

Dedicated

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING

AUTHOR OF PARODIES ON SCRIPTURE, TO
RIDICULE HIS POLITICAL OPPONENTS;
AND COLLEAGUE WITH THE PROSE-
CUTORS OF POLITICAL PARODY :

WHO,

AFTER LAMPOONING LORD SIDMOUTH, AND HOLDING HIM
UP TO THE SCORN AND CONTEMPT OF ALL ENGLAND, AS A
CHARLATAN AND " PRIME DOCTOR TO THE COUNTRY,"
NOW TAKES A SUBORDINATE PART UNDER HIM AS
A " PRIME" MINISTER :

WHO,

AFTER DENOUNCING LORD CASTLEREAGH'S INCAPACITY FOR
INFERIOR OFFICE, AND CONFIRMING THAT DENUNCIATION BY HIS
PISTOLS, ACCEPTED INFERIOR OFFICE HIMSELF UNDER THE
CONTROL OF THAT VERY LORD CASTLEREAGH; AND
SEEKS TO PROLONG HIS POLITICAL EXISTENCE
BY THE FAWNING BLANDISHMENT OF " MY
NOBLE FRIEND," ALTHOUGH THAT " NOBLE
FRIEND" HAS NOT BEEN OBSERVED
TO ENCOURAGE THE EMBARRASSING
ENDEARMENT BY RETURNING IT :

THUS,

BY HIS PARODIES,
HIS PISTOLS, AND HIS WITS,
FIGHTING AND WRITING HIS WAY
TO PLACE & PROFIT UNDER MINISTERS,
WHOM THE DERISION OF HIS PEN
HAS DRIVEN TO THE MISERY
OF HIS ALLIANCE.

THE
MAN IN THE MOON,
A SPEECH FROM THE THRONE,
TO THE SENATE OF LUNATARIA
En the Moon.



INTRODUCTION.

I lately dream'd that, in a huge balloon,
All silk and gold, I journey'd to the Moon,
Where the same objects seem'd to meet my eyes
That I had lately left below the skies ;

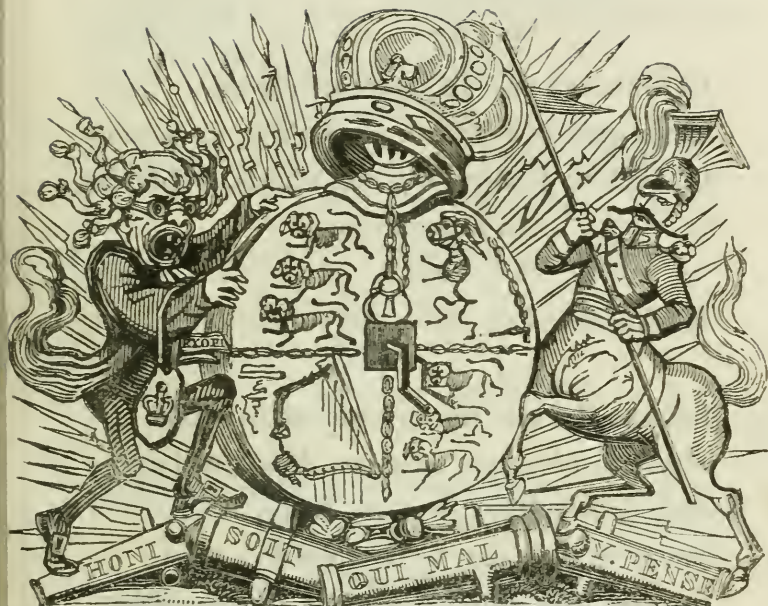
And judge of my astonishment, on seeing
All things exactly, to a hair, agreeing :
The mountains, rivers, cities, trees, and towers,
On Cynthia's silver surface, seem'd like ours ;
Men, women, children, language, dress, and faces,
Lords, Commons, Lackies, Pensioners, and Places,
Whigs, Tories, Lawyers, Priests, and men of blood,
And even *Radicals*—by all that's good !

In a long street, just such as London's Strand is,
'Midst Belles, and Beggars, Pickpockets, and Dandies,
Onward I went, between a brazen horse,
And a large Inn which bore a Golden Cross,
Then through a passage, narrow, long and dark,
That brought my footsteps to a spacious park.

It chanc'd that morning that the Sovereign Dey
The Prince of Lunataria pass'd that way—
Gods ! what a sight ! what countless crouds were there,
What yells, and groans, and hootings, rent the air !
By which, I learn'd, the Lunatarian nation
Are wont to testify their admiration ;
We dont do so on Earth—but that's no matter—
The Dey went onward, midst a hideous clatter
To meet the Senators ; for 'twas appointed,
That, on that morning, He—the Lord's anointed—
Should make a grand Oration from the throne,
That his most royal pleasure might be known

Respecting certain great affairs of State :—
I heard the speech ; Oh ! could the muse relate
The “ *elegance,*” the sweet “ *distinctiveness,*”
With which his Royal Deyship did address
That reverend body of Moonarian sages,
I’d write a book that should endure for ages.
Alas ! such heights are not for me to reach ;
I’ll, therefore, from my note-book, take the Speech,
And you must say, as ’tis by Pope exprest,
“ Give all thou canst, and *we* will dream the rest !”





THE SPEECH.

MY L—rds and G—tl—n,
I grieve to say,
That poor old Dad,
Is just as—bad,
As when I met you here
the other day.

'Tis pity that these cursed State Affairs
Should take you from your pheasants and your hares

Just now :

But lo !

CONSPIRACY and TREASON are abroad !

Those imps of darkness, gender'd in the wombs
Of spinning-jennies, winding-wheels, and looms,

In Lunashire—

Oh, Lord !

My L—ds and G—tl—n, we've much to fear !

Reform, Reform, the swinish rabble cry—
Meaning, of course, rebellion, blood, and riot—
Audacious rascals ! you, my Lords, and I,
Know 'tis their duty to be starved in quiet :
But they have grumbling habits, incompatible
With the repose of *our* august community—
They see that good things are, with *us*, come-at-ible,
And therefore slyly watch their opportunity

To get a share ;

Yes, they declare

That we are not God's favorites alone—
That *they* have rights to food, and clothes, and air,
As well as you, the Brilliants of a throne !
Oh ! indications foul of revolution—
The villains would destroy the Constitution !

I've given orders for a lot of Letters,
From these seditious, scribbling, scoundrels' betters,
N—d—n and N—rr—s, F—ch—r, W—t and H—y,
 'To *lie*, for your instruction'
 Upon the table ;
From which said premises you'll soon be able
 To make a fair deduction,
That some decisive measures must be taken,
 Without delay,
 To quell the *Radicals*,
 and save our bacon.

And now, my faithful C—m—ns,
 You must find
 The means to raise the wind ;
For Derry Down, and Sid, have thought it wise,
To have—*besides the Spies*—
A few more Cut-throats, to protect the rhino
Of loyal people,—such as you and I know.

Van's estimates will come before you straight ;
 And, I foresee
That your opinions will with mine agree ;
 No lighter weight
Can well be placed on



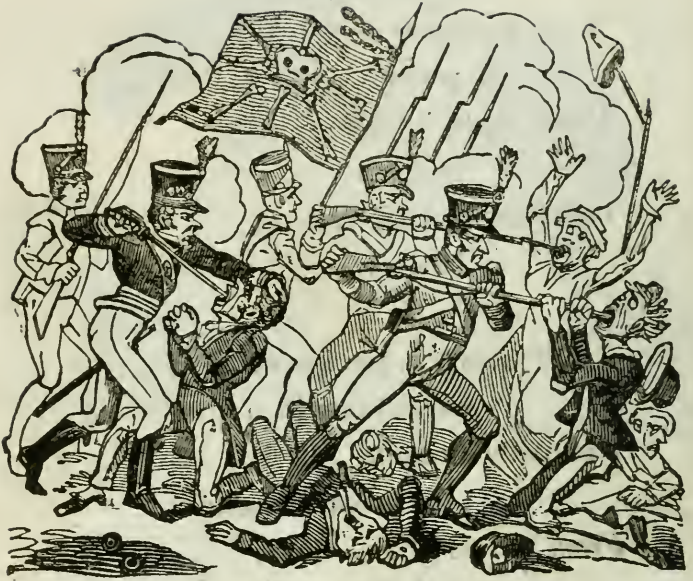
JOHNNY MOON CALF'S back,
Who is, you know,
a very willing hack.

The Revenue has fluctuated
slightly—
See the *Courier*—
But it's been found to be
improving nightly—
For two weeks past,—
therefore we've nought to fear.

Some branches of our trade
are still deprest,
And those dependant on them
wanting food

But that's a sort of
temporary evil—
'Twill wear away :—
perhaps 'tis for the best :—
At all events, 'twill do
no good
To let the starving wretches
be uncivil.

Five years ago, you know,
our sad condition
Was partly owing to
' the quick transition
From war to peace'—then,
we had *' scanty crops'*—
Then, something else—and now—
our weavers' shops
Are full of *Radicals*,
and *Flags*, and *Caps* ;
But *' temporary'* still
are these mishaps—
The *' quick transition's'* gone,
the *' crops'* are good,
And though the *Radicals*
may still want food,
A few



STEEL LOZENGES

will stop their pain,
And set the Constitution
right again.

My L—ds and G—tl—n,
The foreign powers
Write me word frequently
that they are ours,
Most truly and sincerely,
in compliance
With our most



HOLY COMPACT AND ALLIANCE,

The purposes of which

I need not mention—

You that have brains can guess
at the intention.

'Tis my most anxious wish,
now we're at peace,

That all internal discontents
should cease—

T' accomplish which

I see no better way
Than putting one-eyed pensioners
on full pay.

‘The body of the people, I do think,
are loyal still,’
But pray My L—ds and G—tl—n,
don’t shrink
From exercising all your care
and skill,
Here, and at home,

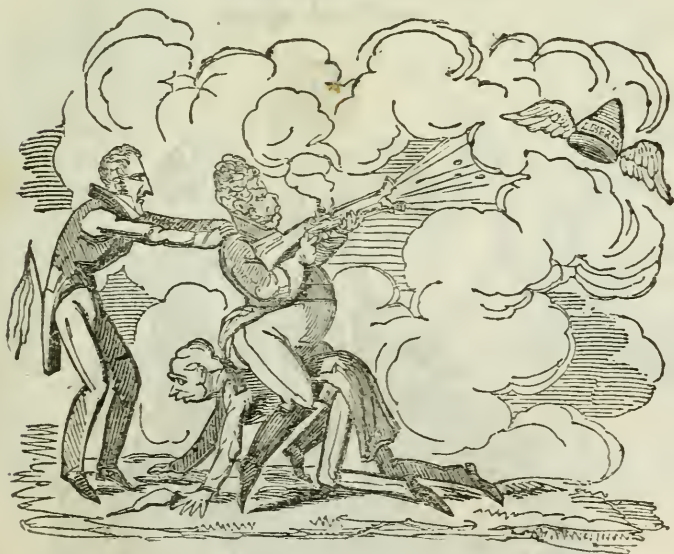
TO CHECK THE CIRCULATION



OF LITTLE BOOKS,

Whose very looks—
Vile ‘two-penny trash,’
bespeak abomination.
Oh! they are full of blasphemies
and libels,
And people read them
oftener than their bibles!

Go H—df—t, Y—rm—th, C—le—gh, and C—nn—g,
Go, and be planning,
Within your virtuous minds, what best will answer
To save *our* morals from this public cancer;
Go and impress, my friends, upon all classes,
From sleek-fac'd Swindlers down to half-starv'd Asses,
' That, from religious principles alone,'
(*Don't be such d—d fools as to blab your own*),
Temperance, chasteness, conjugal attention—
With other virtues that I need not mention—
And from subordination, and respect,
To every knave in robes of office deck'd—
' Can they expect to gain divine protection'
And save their sinful bodies from dissection !



His Highness ceased—
The dissonance of Babel
Rose from the motley
Moonitarian rabble :
The yell of loyalty—
the dungeon groan—
The shriek of woe—
the starving infant's moan—
The brazen trumpets' note—
the din of war—
The shouts of freemen
rising from afar—
Darted in horrid discord
through my brain :—
I woke, and found myself
on Earth again.



A POLITICAL
CHRISTMAS CAROL,

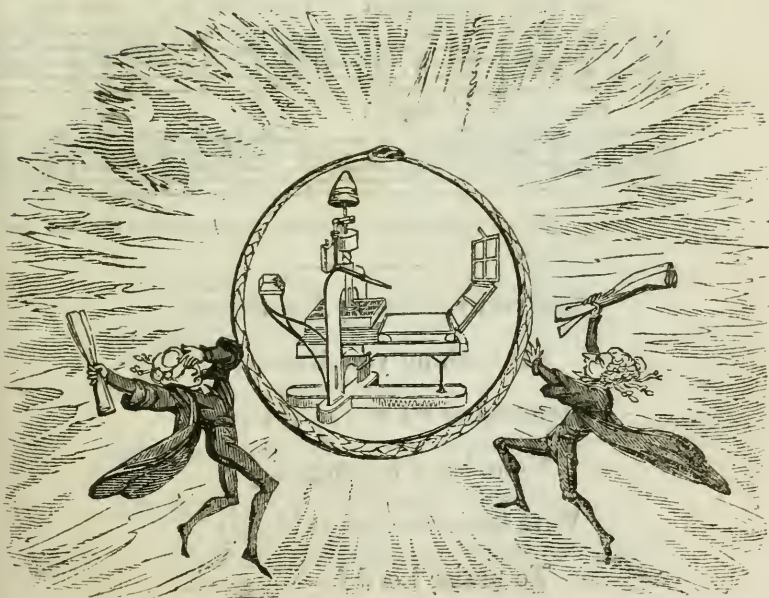
Set to Music,

TO BE CHAUNTED OR SUNG

THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE
DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS,

BY ALL PERSONS

THEREUNTO ESPECIALLY MOVED.



“ Go draw your quills, and draw *five* Bills,

“ Put out yon blaze of light.”—

Carol.

THE CAROL.

To be Sung exactly as set.

The musical score is written on five staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The fourth and fifth staves are in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'br' and 'p'.

God rest you mer - ry Gen - tle - men, let no - thing you dis -
may; Re - mem - ber we were left a - live up - on last Christ mas
day, With both our lips at li - ber - ty to praise Lord
C ——— h, With his prac - ti - cal com - fort and
joy. And joy: With his prac - ti - cal com - fort and joy!

God rest you, merry Gentlemen,

Let nothing you dismay,

Remember we were left alive

Upon last Christmas day,

With both our lips at liberty

To praise Lord C ——— h

With his 'practical' comfort and joy!

He · turn'd his back upon himself '
And straight to 'Lunnun' came,
To two two-sided Lawyers
With tidings of the same,
That our own land must 'prostrate stand'
Unless we praise his name—
For his 'practical' comfort and joy !

“ Go fear not” said his L——p
“ Let nothing you affright
“ Go draw your quills, and draw *five Bills*,
“ Put out yon blaze of light ;
“ I'm able to advance you,
“ Go *stamp* it out then quite—
“ And give me some 'features' of joy !”

The Lawyers at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their friends a staring
To go and raise the wind,
And straight went to the Taxing-men
And said “ the Bills come find—
“ For 'fundamental' comfort and joy !”

The Lawyers found majorities
To do as they did say,
They found them at their mangers
Like oxen at their hay,
Some *lying*, and some kneeling down,
All to L——d C———h
For his ' practical' comfort and joy !

With sudden joy and gladness
Rat G—ff—d was beguiled,
They each sat at his L———p's side,
He patted them and smiled ;
Yet C—pl—y, on his nether end,
Sat like a *new born* Child,—
But without either comfort or joy !

He thought upon his Father,
His virtues, and his fame,
And how that father hoped from him
For glory to his name,
And, as his chin dropp'd on his breast,
His pale cheeks burn'd with shame :—
He'll never more know comfort or joy !

Lord C———h doth rule yon *House*,
And all who there do reign ;
They've let us live *this* Christmas time—
D'ye think they will again ?
They say they are our masters—
That's neither *here*, nor *there* :
God send us all a happy new year !



END OF THE CAROL.

“ THE DOCTOR ”



“ His name’s the Doctor ! ”

A PARODY WRITTEN BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE
GEORGE CANNING, M. P.

Lord FOLKESTONE confessed that there had been a smile on his countenance at one part of the right honorable gentleman (Mr. CANNING) ’s speech, and it seemed to him very extraordinary, even after the reconciliation that had taken place, to hear the right honorable gentleman stand up for the talents of that poor “ Doctor ” (Lord SIDMOUTH), who has so long been the butt of his most bitter and unsparing ridicule (*loud laughter and shouts of hear, hear*). Whether in poetry or prose, the great object of his derision, and that for want of ability and sense, was the noble lord whom he (Mr. CANNING) had so strenuously defended that night, and now forsooth, he wondered that any person could object to confide unlimited power in the hands of a person, according to his own former opinions, so likely to be duped and misled (*hear, hear*). Yes, the house would remember the lines in which, at different times the right honorable gentleman (Mr. CANNING), had been pleased to panegyryze his (Mr. CANNING) ’s noble friend (Lord SIDMOUTH) of which the following were not the worst:—

“ I showed myself *prime Doctor* to the country ;
My eud attain’d, my only aim has been
To keep my place, and gild my humble name.”—

(*A loud laugh*)

Yes, this was the view the right honorable gentleman, had once drawn of his noble friend, who was then described by him thus:—

“ My name’s the Doctor—on the Berkshire hills,” &c.

[See the Parody below for the remainder of Lord Folkestone’s Quotation.—For his Lordship’s Speech, see Evans’s Debates, 1817, p. 1568.]

My name’s THE DOCTOR ; on the Berkshire hills

My father purged his patients—a wise man,

Whose constant care was to increase his store,

And keep his eldest son—myself—at home.

But *I had heard of Politics, and long’d*

To sit within the Commons’ House, and get

A place, and luck gave what my sire denied.

Some thirteen years ago, or ere my fingers
 Had learn'd to mix a potion, or to bleed,
I flatter'd Pitt ; I cring'd, and sneak'd and fawn'd,
 And thus became the Speaker. I alone,
 With pompous gait, and peruke full of wisdom,
 Th' unruly members could control, or call
 The House to order.

Tir'd of the Chair, I sought a bolder flight,
 And, grasping at his power, I struck my friend,
 Who held that place which now I've made my own.
 Proud of my triumph, I disdain'd to court
 The patron-hand which fed me—or to seem
 Grateful to him who rais'd me into notice.
 And, when the King had call'd his Parliament
 To meet him here conven'd in Westminster,
 With all my fam'ly crowding at my heels,
 My brothers, cousins, followers, and my son,
 I show'd myself PRIME DOCTOR to the country.

*My ends attain'd, my only aim has been
 To keep my place—and gild my humble name!*



“ Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong ! ” — *Peach'em and Lockit.*

END OF “ THE DOCTOR. ”

ADVERTISEMENT.

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FREEHOLD PUBLIC HOUSES;

Divided into Lots for the convenience of Purchasers.

TO BE SOLD By Mr. HONE, at his House, No. 45, Ludgate Hill, THIS DAY, and following days until entirely disposed of.

AN EXTENSIVE UNENCUMBERED FREEHOLD PROPERTY in separate Lots. Each comprising a Capital well accustomed bustling Free Public House most desirably situated, being thoroughly established in the very heart of England, and called by the Name or Sign of "The House that Jack Built." Served Forty Thousand Customers in the last Six Weeks. Draws the Choicest Spirits, and is not in the mixing or *whine* way.

The Feathers and Wellington Arms combining to injure this property by setting up Houses of Ill Fame, under the same sign, the Public are cautioned against them; they are easily known from the original House by their Customers being few in number, and of a description better understood than expressed.

The present is an undeniable opportunity to persons wishing to improve their affairs, or desirous of entering into the public line; there being no Fixtures and the Coming-in easy.

Immediate possession will be given in consideration of One Shilling of good and lawful money of the Realm, paid to any of the Booksellers of the United Kingdom.

. May be viewed; and Particulars had as above.

Just Published by W. HONE, with 13 Cuts, Price 1s.

THE FORTIETH EDITION of the POLITICAL HOUSE
THAT JACK BUILT.

Withdrawn from the Press.

A LETTER TO THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL, BY WILLIAM HONE.

. Since the announcement of this Publication, the attack of the Solicitor-General upon the Juries of my Country has drawn down upon that Gentleman, within the walls of Parliament, such deserved animadversions as to render superfluous any interference on my part.

Two years have elapsed since I broke away from the toils; and it seems the escape of the destined victim is never to be forgiven! The cause of which the Solicitor-General is unexpectedly the gratuitous Advocate, has taken appropriate refuge in the snug precincts of Gatton. There let it wither!

The verdicts of my Juries require no other vindication than a faithful recital of the grounds on which they were founded. From the period at which those verdicts were pronounced, and with a view to that vindication, I have been unremittingly employed in the collection and arrangement of rare and curious materials which the Solicitor-General's attack will induce me to extend to

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF PARODY.

This work I propose to bring out very speedily, with extensive graphic illustrations, and I flatter myself it will answer the various purposes of satisfying the expectations of my numerous and respectable Subscribers—of justifying my own motives in publishing the Parodies—of throwing a strong light upon the presumable motives of my prosecutors in singling me out from my Noble and Right Honorable Fellow Parodists—of holding up Trial by Jury to the increased love and veneration of the British People—and, above all, of making every calumny upon the verdicts of three successive, honorable and intelligent Juries recoil upon the slanderer, be he who he may, that dares to asperse them.

Ludgate Hill, Jan. 1820.

WILLIAM HONE.

THE KING'S

TREATMENT

OF

THE QUEEN

SHORTLY STATED

TO

THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

“ The Press is the great public monitor—it shall extend to the farthest verge and limit of truth—it shall speak truth to the King in the hearing of the People.”

CURRAN'S SPEECHES, p. 80.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM HONE,
LUDGATE HILL,

1820.

One Shilling.

W. Flint, Printer,
Angel Court, Skinner Street.

TO
THE PEOPLE
OF ENGLAND,
&c. &c.

IT has long been the proud boast of Englishmen, that in *their* country, no case of individual oppression dare be committed with impunity. The laws of the land—but, above all, the genius of the people have ever stood between the victim and the oppressor. The minds of my countrymen may have been sometimes led astray by the violence of party, but their hearts were never cold, when persecuted innocence claimed their protection. It has been reserved for those times to witness an attempt at one of the foulest; one of the most cruel and unmanly cases of individual oppression that ever disgraced any country or any age.

The object of that oppression is, A WOMAN—a Woman too, who, (independent of her sex,) has the strongest and dearest claims on our support. That woman is the Queen of England, the niece of George the Third; and the mother of a princess, whose virtues promised so much public happiness, and whose sudden death caused so much public sorrow. This is the female who, in the heart of a gallant nation, stands the object of a shameful and scandalous prosecution—against whom the influence of power, and all its vindictive passions are directed—against whose character the Ministers of the Crown have aimed a deadly blow, merely because she would not remain away from England, and because she spurned the base bribe they offered her. It is, certainly, a novel case in a country, where the feelings of women are so justly and so dearly respected—it is a very novel

case to see a woman publicly insulted by men. The beauty—the goodness—the very helplessness of the sex are so many claims on our support, are so many sacred calls on the assistance of every manly and courageous arm. The ruffians who attack them, meet with no quarters; they are objects of general odium and contempt; they are hunted from society; they are known only amongst us, by the designation of MONSTERS.

Our history, it is true, affords but too many proofs of the errors of kings, and of the baseness and cruelty of ministers: but no instance do we find of a Queen of England (once an object of so much respect and tenderness) dragged before the public gaze, charged with high crimes on evidence of which she knows nothing, and branded as a criminal by Act of Parliament, even before she received a trial.

The only case at all in point, is the prosecution carried on against the wife of Harry the Eighth. How unfortunate it is, that any act of the present reign, should even, in a remote degree, re-call to our minds those bad times when the sentiments of justice and of humanity were disregarded by the Court. Heaven forbid that I should compare a gracious Prince to the last tyrant of the Tudors. Henry was a monster---cruel—bloody---and relentless---the victim of every wayward passion and of every gross desire. In his youth, he was popular—comely in person---elegant in address---generous to appearance. He was a Prince of the fairest promise, but time unfolded his real character: he became towards his friends, ungrateful; towards his people, tyrannical; towards woman, capricious, cruel, and implacable. Lost in sensuality, his person, like his mind, became a gross unhealthful and unwieldy mass. During the last years of his power, he lived an object of hatred and of scorn; his death was the only joyful event of his reign. In the disastrous reign of this monster, the reputation and the lives of virtuous and beautiful women, were sacrificed to his lust and cruelty; but we have not heard of a Queen of England, brought to trial on scandalous accusations, either before or since. Why should it be reserved for her present Majesty to endure the misery and shame which

the innocent wives of Henry endured?—Why should she be persecuted?—Why should she be wantonly insulted by the worst men in this country? Her history is interesting:—her Majesty is the daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, a brave and generous Prince—she was educated at her father's court, and was considered, at the time of her marriage, one of the most accomplished, as well as one of the most beautiful Princesses in Europe. At that period, the Prince of Wales was in the prime of his life, of an open and engaging manner; attached, or supposed to have been attached, to the principles of public freedom; his Royal Highness stood then very high in the affections of the people: he was not, however, considered exempt from errors, which cast a transient shade over the lustre of his character. Living in a state of great expense, he became embarrassed in circumstances; surrounded by the seductions of a court, he was exposed to the arts of the most fascinating, and the most unprincipled. He had arrived at the age of three-and-thirty, and was still unwilling to marry; at length on the entreaty of his late Majesty, and on the express condition that his debts, amounting to little short of seven hundred thousand pounds, should be paid off by the Country, he reluctantly consented to alter his determination; and his marriage, with the present Queen, was the consequence. Vainly was it hoped, that a marriage which gave unmixed joy to the entire country, would have proved to the Royal Pair, a source of uninterrupted felicity; vainly was it hoped, that the marriage vow, the most solemn pledge that a human being can make, the foundation of all domestic virtue and of all social happiness, would have been long observed by him whose example was of importance to society. Her Royal Highness had the most dear and sacred claims on her Royal Husband. Besides, being the wife, she was the cousin-germain of the Prince; her conduct was then at least above all reproach: the most depraved or the most daring of her enemies, did not presume to whisper a calumny against her. Blameless and honourable she looked to his Royal Highness as her natural protector; for him she left her father's court; for him she made the greatest of

all sacrifices—those of country and of kindred ; from him she expected that respect and tenderness which every wife has a right to expect from a man of honour.

But alas, those fair blossoms of hope were soon and suddenly turned into fruits of bitterness.—Whatever might have been the cause of her husband's indifference, it is but too clear that in a very short time her Royal Highness experienced too many proofs of the want of her husband's affection. Long before she became a mother she found herself a widowed wife—she was obliged to occupy apartments distinct from those of his Royal Highness in Carlton House. Here, in a state of neglect and sorrow, she remained for some months the victim of broken hopes and blighted affection. In this situation was her Royal Highness when the late lamented Princess Charlotte was born—the birth of this Princess, like her death, was unattended by her nearest relatives—she came into the world the hapless infant of a wretched and neglected mother ; her last hour, the bitter hour of death, was unattended by a single member of her royal family.

Shortly after the birth of her child, we find her Royal Highness the inhabitant of a separate establishment at Blackheath—all expectations of being restored to the Court and the affections of her husband, now disappeared. Nothing remained for her but a dreary and solitary life, removed from the rank and splendour which in law and in nature she was so clearly entitled to enjoy.

A situation so fraught with misery and humiliation was, Heaven knows, enough for a pure and high-minded woman to be reduced to. It was enough to be thus degraded from her proper station—to be turned out of her husband's court—to be obliged to witness, in uncomplaining agony of heart, every shameless and worthless rival usurping her place, and exulting in her fall—to be banished, as it were, in the bloom of her life, in the very first year of her marriage, from the society of a man who, in honour, in law, and in religion, was bound to cherish and protect her—to be thus slighted, shunned, and trampled on—“ flung like a loathsome

weed away," was certainly quite enough for any woman of patience to suffer, or for any woman of spirit to submit to. One would think, too, that to see this lovely and unfortunate Princess thus humbled, would have been enough to satisfy the vindictive feelings of ordinary malice.

But the life of the Princess of Wales was destined to be one of unmitigated suffering; she seems born to shew how far female innocence and fortitude can at once provoke and shame an unmanly spirit. Her Royal Highness remained for some years at Blackheath, "the grace, delight, and ornament" of the small society that was honoured by her notice; her unostentatious charity—her humane and affable deportment gained her the affections of all classes of the people. But the tranquillity of her retirement was soon disturbed. The atrocious attempt on her life and honour, of which Sir John Douglas and his Lady were the prominent instruments, is still fresh in the recollection of the country. Those polluted and perjured instruments did not hesitate to charge her Royal Highness with having been delivered of a male child in the year 1802.

The Prince of Wales, I am bound to suppose, in common with every gentleman in the kingdom, discredited the foul accusation; he yet laid the depositions of the Douglas's before his Royal Father, and the most scrupulous and complete investigation took place. The four noble Lords—Erskine, Spencer, Grenville, and Ellenborough, who investigated the transaction, fully acquitted her Royal Highness of this extraordinary and atrocious charge. Her Royal Highness triumphed over all her enemies—Lady Douglas and her husband were branded with foul perjury. The then Attorney-General declared, in his place in the House of Commons, that he would have felt it his bounden duty to prosecute them, had not some legal impediments saved them from the hands of public justice.

The cloud which had so long hung over the fame of this injured Princess having been thus removed, her Royal Highness requested of his late Majesty that she might be received at Court; his Majesty agreed to that

just request, and a day was actually fixed for the purpose, when, at the express desire of the Prince of Wales, this act of necessary justice was for a time postponed. His Majesty declined receiving the Princess at Court until the Prince of Wales should be enabled to submit to the King a certain statement relating to the defence of her Royal Highness.

Her Royal Highness, on this occasion, became at once alarmed and indignant. She felt that even the most complete vindication of her innocence could not screen her from calumny and persecution. She knew, that by the laws of the country, and indeed of humanity, vindicated honour is, if possible, more highly prized than before suspicion lighted upon it. Why in her case this rule should have been reversed; why she should be obliged to pay the penalty of guilt after the vindication of innocence, could only be accounted for by reflecting on the rancorous disposition of those who meditated her ruin.

Full of these notions her Majesty addressed different letters to the late King, stating, in dignified and affecting language, the hardships of her case. In those letters her Majesty peremptorily declared, that if longer denied admission to the Royal presence, she would publish the entire proceedings of the late trial. Those proceedings were actually ready for publication, when Mr. Perceval, her Majesty's confidential adviser, was unexpectedly raised to power. Though deserted by the man on whom she most depended, her Majesty was by no means intimidated. With that heroic spirit which has distinguished her through life, she pressed her case with increased ardour. She rose with the difficulties of her situation, and she convinced her enemies, that though she might be deceived—though her friends and advisers might be seduced from their duty—she could not be betrayed into any act unworthy her exalted station. Her Majesty's exertions on this occasion were crowned with the most complete success. On the 27th of April, 1806, a Minute was laid by the Members of the Council before his Majesty, by which it appears, that those noble and distinguished persons, after the strictest examination into the case of her

Majesty, informed the late King that it would be for the honour and interest of his illustrious family, that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales should be admitted, with as little delay as possible, into his Majesty's presence; and that she should be received in a manner due to her rank and station in his Majesty's Court and family.

Now this is a great deal more than a mere verdict of acquittal—it is a great deal more than a mere suggestion that her Majesty might be received at Court. It is a warm animated recommendation of the Council of the King, (now the Ministers of George IV.) that it would be for the HONOUR of the Royal Family—for the honour of the late Queen, and of all her Royal daughters, that her present Majesty should be received by them in a manner due to her rank and station. This recommendation, let it never be forgotten, was presented to the late King after all the scandalous charges that had been preferred against her Majesty—after all the point blank swearing of Sir John Douglas and his Lady, and all the other base wretches whose foul and perjured testimony was purchased on that occasion. Now either this recommendation of Ministers was sincere, or it was not. If it were not sincere, they must have acted the most disgraceful and perfidious part that ever was acted by men. If it were sincere—if they believed that the former accusations against her Majesty were false and atrocious accusations—if they were satisfied that those accusations were attempted to be supported by the evidence of base and unprincipled wretches in “various situations of life”—Is it not strange that those Ministers did not interpose to prevent the recurrence of so shameful a proceeding? One would have thought, that they, above all men in the world, would have reprobated the scandalous system of Secret Commissions got up at great expense—sustained by bribery—and conducted by men who have abdicated all claims to the respect of society. One would have thought that those Ministers who know and feel that the degradation of her Majesty is an object long sought for, and most anxiously desired—that they would have hesitated before they brought forward charges against her

Majesty, founded on the evidence of wretched foreigners whose very names they are ashamed to mention.

Shortly after the Report of the Council had been laid before the late King, her Majesty was presented at Court, and apartments were provided for her at Kensington Palace.— Her triumph was now complete, and it was hoped that her repose would be no more interrupted, for her enemies, as far as they went, had only succeeded in bringing down upon their own heads, confusion and disgrace.— But her Majesty was reserved for new and painful trials. The Princess Charlotte, then emerging from a state of childhood, had already given promise of those virtues which adorned her maturer years. She loved her Mother with the strongest and most ardent affection. She had been placed under her care; the happiness which her beloved society afforded to her Majesty, the balm it ministered to her solitary life, I shall leave to the feelings of every English mother to estimate—that happiness she was soon deprived of. The determination was taken, (no doubt for reasons of state,) to separate the mother and the child, to sever those whom heaven and nature bound by the closest ties of kindred and affection, and by that separation to wound the maternal feelings of the one, and to blast and wither in the heart of the other, the finest sentiment which nature planted there.

The Princess Charlotte was, in the first instance, removed from the house of her Royal Mother---she was next prevented from seeing her, more than once a fortnight—she was next prevented from visiting her at all. We find, by a letter from her Majesty, to the late Mr. Whitbread, that she had not seen her child for the last six months before—that when, by accident, their carriages met on the public way—the coachman of the Princess had orders to whip on his horses, and not to recognize even the servants of her Majesty. This affecting complaint comes home to the hearts of us all. Could we remember an act like this without horror, we would cease to be men. Memory sickens over it. Nature stands appalled at so hideous a violation of her laws. What mother can read it without the strongest emotions? What child can

hear of it without feeling her young heart bursting asunder as she holds up her hands to Heaven to thank the Almighty that she was not born a Princess? But it was all done for reasons of State, and it would not be fair to call it oppression. Her Majesty, however, felt it as such.—Unable to brook what appeared to her, new and inhuman indignities, she wrote to the King demanding a full disclosure of every thing connected with the investigation of 1806. To this letter no answer was returned; she then appealed to Parliament; the feelings of the whole country were excited in her favour; and when a motion was made on the subject, Lord Castlereagh, the very Lord Castlereagh who dared the other day to talk of her Majesty as not conducting herself according to her rank and sex, admitted in the most *distinct* manner (by the way an unusual thing for his lordship) the complete and perfect innocence of her Majesty. This was the third triumph of the Queen, and never was triumph hailed with more unaffected joy by this generous and gallant nation. The People of England, on this occasion, marked their sense of her noble conduct, and expressed their horror at the dastardly persecuting spirit which seemed to feel no pleasure but in the prosecution of her ruin.

The innocence of her Majesty was now made manifest to all the world. Her conduct went through the ordeal of three strict investigations—one before a Secret Commission—one in the Cabinet—and one in the Parliament. Three times was she tried, and three times was she fully acquitted. But of what value were those repeated verdicts? The Queen was still an exile from the Court—her late Majesty would not see her—her Royal daughters, whose conduct, no doubt, has ever been above the slightest suspicion, would not notice her—her child was still restrained from visiting her—the fashionable world, too busy in adoring the rising Son of Royalty, turned from her Majesty, whose lonely situation had no charms, when compared with the splendours and the favours of a Court. The herd of toad-eaters, those bloated wretches whose own actions are the dishonour of rank, still continued to abuse the ear of Royalty, and were still deter-

mined to slander an illustrious woman whom they hated, merely because she was beloved by a people by whom they were heartily despised. Under those circumstances, feeling too that her presence in England might possibly retard the marriage of the late Princess, her Majesty came to the determination of passing some time abroad.

She left England with a select retinue, and took up her residence at Como, in Italy. But she did not set down here to spend her time in indolent repose; possessed of an ardent spirit and a refined taste, she determined to view the scenes of ancient greatness;---she made a journey to the Bosphorous---and to Greece. She visited Attica, and the ruins of Carthage, and returned to Como after having viewed those delightful scenes, once the consecrated ground of genius and of freedom; but now, alas! the seat of the vile and sensual Turk who holds man but the slave of his will, and woman the creature of his appetites---a being to be put away at his pleasure and degraded at his caprice.

It is curious to observe, that even this active life has been brought forward by the tongue of slander as affording evidence of loose and improper habits. I shall not stop to overturn so silly a conclusion---I shall merely say, what every man acquainted with human nature knows---that when once woman becomes the slave of those habits, she loses every higher and finer sentiment---she becomes indolent and luxurious---she seldom leaves the bower of pleasure---she seldom thinks of encountering long and fatiguing journies to contemplate those immortal scenes which have no charms for degraded minds! I make the observation merely to show the candour of those who would make that the groundwork of suspicion which really tells in favour of her Majesty.

In those journies, and indeed during the whole time of her residence abroad, her Majesty was beset by spies and informers, aye, and by assassins too; every effort was made to remove from her service the few English persons who had accompanied her; the foulest calumnies against her found their way into England; every thing

went to prove that the relentless spirit which had tormented her at home pursued her into a foreign land, and marked her for destruction.

Symptoms of that bad spirit manifested itself from time to time, but it was not until the death of her only child, that the unhappy mother felt herself exposed to the full tide of persecution.

It is said, that the knowledge of this heart-rending event reached her Majesty in a shocking and sudden manner. Her Majesty kept up a monthly correspondence with the Princess; of course she heard of her pregnancy with pride and joy; she never allowed her mind to think on the fatal event that followed; a letter came—she expected that it contained the joyful tidings of her daughter's safe delivery, but it contained the news of her death; the unhappy mother swooned away; alarming fits succeeded; and that life which was now embittered by the greatest of human misfortunes, was nearly despaired of by her Majesty's attendants. Indeed it would be extraordinary if the effects of this appalling intelligence were otherwise; the Princess Charlotte was her only child, endeared to her heart by all the ties of nature, and by many strong and dear and peculiar recollections! It was that heroic—that darling child—who, at an early age, displayed in her mother's cause, a degree of magnanimity that abashed her enemies, and delighted the whole country; who, for her mother's sake, rebuked the highest lady in the land; who, in the strong enthusiasm of affection, burst asunder both bolts and bars, cast to the wind every stern command, and in the effort to fly once more into the arms of the mother that bore her, vindicated those feelings which never wither in a truly pious and virtuous heart; alas! had she but lived, she would have been to that mother an armour of adamant, no miscreant tongue would be found to traduce her, those who now dishonour the memory of the Princess Charlotte by the detraction of her mother, would have fallen prostrate before her, to witness and to worship her ascending power. Fate has decreed it otherwise, and that mother is now threatened with fresh persecution; the voice of nature cannot be heard from the grave, but

the voice of honour and of justice calls on every Briton, worthy of that name, to stand forward in her cause.

Soon did her Majesty feel the effects of the death of her illustrious child, the tomb had scarcely closed on her remains, when the Queen was roused from the lethargy of her woes, once more to defend herself against the old disturbers of her peace and honour. The Milan Commission was issued; a strolling company of lawyers were retained, in order to collect materials for the tragedy to be performed "by his Majesty's Servants," at Westminster Hall.

I shall not indulge in any length of observation on this extraordinary proceeding. It has already been brought before parliament, in a way that does honour to the heart and understanding of the gallant officer who brought it forward; he has stamped on this Commission, and on its agents, indelible disgrace. From his speech, I learn that this Commission cost the Country thirty-five thousand pounds, a sum too enormous to be pocketed even by rapacious lawyers, it is pretty evident, that a good part of the money has been paid to the witnesses, *for their attendance*; I wish to speak softly of those distinguished Italians, because I perceive my Lord Castlereagh, feels very sensitive about them; it puts this man in a rage to doubt the purity or the integrity of those vagrant deponents, but he will not hesitate to call her Majesty the Queen, a Woman, who, since her late arrival in England, has disgraced her rank and sex; were I in the House where he held this brutal language, I would tell him, that the assertion was false as it was unmanly and indecent. But I shall pass over the conduct of Lord Castlereagh, and his brother Lord Stewart, towards her Majesty, neither shall I stop to notice the lock-picker, Ompeda, nor the assassins who made an attempt on her Majesty's life. With respect to the former gentlemen, the public know their conduct, and they despise them; with respect to the assassins, I hope that in this age of enquiry this horrible transaction may be brought to light; I should be glad to know who were the employers of these said assassins. Passing over those matters in silent indignation, I now come to the close of her Majesty's

history. The death of the late King instantly placed her Majesty Caroline Queen of England, upon the Throne of England, as the Consort of George the Fourth; the moment that the breath was out of the late King, her Majesty became Queen of England, the right legal constitutional Queen of England, with her distinct powers—prerogatives ---courts--- officers--- exemptions and revenues. The subject certainly of the King, but in many respects, placed by the law, on the same footing with the King. Like him, she has her royal revenues, her royal prerogatives; like him, the law has thrown its shield around her, would to God the law were put into execution, “it is equally treason to compass or imagine the death of our Lady, the King’s Companion, as of the King himself;” here the word “Companion” means the Queen, the King’s wife, and no other sort of companion. I make the remark for the information of certain ladies, who are known in the higher walks of society, who are visited and cherished by all those distinguished and fashionable females who seem ignorant to this hour, that the Queen of England has arrived in this country.

The law with respect to the Queen of England being as I have stated; she being, in fact, the creature of the constitution of this country, and not a creature made for the pleasure or the displeasure of the King, but an independent, privileged, high constitutional personage, whose rights and prerogatives are as ancient, as well defined, and as much protected by the constitution as the rights and privileges of the King. I would ask any person who knows any thing of the law or the history of this country; who knows any thing of the Constitution of England, what would they think of the Ministers who, in the face of the country, and before the Parliament, refused to recognize her Majesty as Queen. It was ludicrous to witness the miserable evasions of those wretched Ministers; to see how they turned, and shuffled, and shifted about, to avoid lighting upon the title of Queen. Lord Eldon declared to heaven, that this “illustrious lady” should be fairly dealt with; but his lordship would not call her Queen. The smooth, courtly Castlereagh, avoided the word with as much caution as a discreet

hang-man avoids the mention of a rope. Mr. Canning put her into a thousand metaphorical shapes: he would compare her to all the constellations of heaven; he would describe her as the life, grace, and ornament of society: but he would not acknowledge her Queen. Even the feeble Vansittart, could not squeak out this simple monosyllable. The word Queen stuck fast in their throats; they stared like Macbeth, after the murder of Duncan; he could not say "Amen," as he stood listening, with his hang-man's hands; and they could not say Queen.

I do not mean to make any comparison between this ambitious murderer and the scandalous Ministers who advised Harry the Eighth to degrade Queen Catharine; though I do not think there is much difference between those who basely sacrificed the character of an innocent Queen, and he who stabbed to the heart the monarch whose throne he afterwards ascended. The false light of glory might have deceived the one; but the meaner vices of avarice and servility influenced the other.

But I am straying into history and poetry, which have little to do with the present Administration. The obvious disinclination they shewed to recognize the title of her Majesty in parliament, prepared the country for the next act of Ministers—the omission of her name in the Liturgy. That violent and unconstitutional act, struck a death-blow at her Majesty's rights, as Queen of England. I shall not talk of the cruelty, the unmanliness of an act, which published, in every parish church in his Majesty's dominions, the fall and degradation of the Queen. But I talk of it as an illegal act; as a dangerous and unconstitutional usurpation; as a daring, arbitrary violation of those fundamental principles, which the laws of England have held sacred from time immemorial. I say it is an open attack upon the Throne; for the prerogatives of the Queen flow from the same source; are upheld by the same right; and protected by the same principle, as those of the King: and when you attack these prerogatives; when you strip the Queen, even before trial, of the ancient privileges and honours of her exalted place; when you tear away the trappings of royalty from the

wife of the King ; from her who always wears them with grace and favour in the eyes of the people ; when you turn Royalty naked and dishonoured out of doors, and do so at your own good pleasure, what an awful example do you set to the people. Talk of disaffection ; talk of innovation ; I say this is the basest disaffection, I say this is the most awful, and the most dangerous innovation, that has ever yet been attempted.

Should his Majesty the King happily get rid, even for one moment, of those pernicious counsellors ; should he calmly and dispassionately consider that his throne rests only upon public opinion ; he would not fail to see that Ministers, by this terrific act, have set an example which, if unhappily followed, might end in the extinction of his royal rights. In unaffected sincerity of heart, I pray God that the people may not follow that example—indeed, I am sure they will not. Those Ministers have not yet succeeded in tearing from the hearts of Englishmen their hereditary reverence for the throne : besides, the people hate them so much, that they would scarcely follow their course, even if, by accident, it happened to be right. They are not, therefore, likely to follow them, when, either by design or ignorance, it is obviously wrong.

As I am upon this subject, I cannot help taking notice of the observations of the Attorney-General, as they have been reported in his speech of the 24th of July. The Attorney-General boldly insists, that Ministers had a right to do this act, at the very time, and under the very circumstances that it was done. What is this but saying, that Ministers had a right to punish the Queen, even before trial ? for degradation is a heavy punishment. The Attorney-General asks, in a smart, professional, superficial way, what would be the consequence, if the King's Ministers, with evidence before them which could not be overlooked, had inserted her Majesty's name in the Liturgy ? Why, what would be the consequence ?—simply this : that the Ministers would have waited with patience for the result of the trial ; that they would not have, most unfairly, attempted to prejudice the public mind against the Queen, by pronouncing

on her case before-hand. If it was right to degrade her Majesty as Queen, it was still more necessary to degrade her when Princess of Wales. Yet, in 1806, when she was accused, not merely of adultery, but of having been actually delivered of an illegitimate child, her Majesty's name was not erased from the Liturgy. But George the Third was then upon the throne.

I am surprised that the learned gentleman would have put this weak interrogatory to the House of Commons; for see how very absurd and unconstitutional it appears. There is evidence against the Queen, and we intend to bring her to trial: very well. But why not wait the event of that trial? Why punish her first, and try her after? Why do that before trial, which you could only do after trial, if you got a verdict in your favour? Suppose you had a man indicted for High Treason, would you take away his estates before he was convicted of High Treason?—No. Why would you dare, then, to take away the rights and honours of the Queen, before you convict her of adultery? Is it because you have already tried her, and were forced to acquit her, that you now assume her guilty. Is it because you have evidence against her so very respectable, that you assume her guilty? or, is it because you hold her rights as Queen—her royal, ancient prerogatives so very cheap, that you may dispose of them by a mere scratch of the pen.

By this attack upon the rights of her Majesty, Ministers have committed an act little short of High Treason.—At all events, the Ministers by this outrageous act, whether it amounts to high treason or not, have made themselves parties in the approaching trial—they have committed themselves with her Majesty; if they stood in the same relation at a trial at common law, no lawyer will say that they would be allowed either to give evidence or to serve on a jury.

They are interested, deeply interested, in the issue of the approaching trial; for if the Queen shall happen to be acquitted, in what situation will those Ministers stand who have insulted her at home and abroad? who have refused to recognize her rights as Queen—who threatened

and abused her at St. Omer's—who, by their own act, without the consent of Parliament, degraded her Majesty from her rank and power. Will those men and the members of their party be allowed to sit as judges at her Majesty's trial?—will they?—If they attempt to do so—I would not be surprized if her Majesty, in the words of Queen Catherine, should exclaim

————— I do believe

(Induced by potent circumstances) that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
 You shall not be my Judges. For it is you
 Have blown the coal betwixt my Lord and me,
 Which heaven's dew quench, therefore I say again,
 I utterly abhor—yea, from my soul,
 Refuse you for my Judges, whom yet once more,
 I hold as my most malicious foes, and think not
 At all the friends of truth.

After her Majesty found that Ministers had proceeded against her in the way that I have stated, she immediately set out for England. Anxious to throw herself upon the generosity of the people, and to maintain her Royal rights, she proceeded on her journey with all possible dispatch.

The news of her approach put the courtiers into a miserable plight—all was hurry and confusion—mutual moaning and mutual reproaches—the approach of a terrific enemy could not have excited greater fears or greater agitation than this single woman excited; midnight councils were held—midnight expresses sent off—and military preparations, it is said, were actually made to prevent the landing of her little bark. At length a step was taken, which to those who prefer money and indulgence to all considerations of honour and of fame, no doubt, appeared a very wise and proper step.

A noble lord, high in the confidence of the Court, was despatched to present her Majesty with a Green Bag—not such a Green Bag as the Lords' Committee have looked into—not a Green Bag full of Italian evidence, but of English money—£50,000 a year was offered to this criminal Queen, if she would only remain out of the country—£50,000 a year was offered her by those provident moral Ministers, if she would only return to those

scenes of licentiousness which they have since described ; but if her Majesty would dare attempt to land on English ground—if she would dare assert her rights and her innocence before the people of England—then, in the words of Lord Liverpool, all negotiation and compromise would be at an end ; the decision was taken to proceed against her as soon as she should set her foot on the British shore.

The Queen of England indignantly spurned the base proposition, the pride of her fathers swelled her high heart: at that moment a thousand voices seemed to issue from their sepulchres calling upon her to preserve, untarnished, the spotless glory of her race and name. Nature spoke within her. With a look of majestic virtue and lofty determination she dismissed the messenger of the King, with this memorable answer—“Go—inform your Master—that in London, and in London alone, I will consent to consider of any proposal of the King of England.”

How true is the observation that where females have acted, on great occasions, their deeds have far surpassed the noblest acts of men. History affords a few instances of magnanimity—magnanimity, let me say, which nothing but the consciousness of innocence could inspire—as her Majesty displayed on this trying occasion—she knew the men she had to deal with—she knew their influence, their acts, and their power—she knew right well of the Milan Commission—she knew, that though Ompteda and Douglas were dead, there were enough of infamous and unprincipled wretches living ; but in despite of all—in despite of the unmanly threats that were held out, she determined to face her enemies and dare the worst. I wish that the answer of her Majesty were put into the hands of every man and woman in England—never was a finer compliment paid to the English nation. In London I will treat with the King ; for in London, surrounded by a just and generous people, the shafts of power will be in vain directed against me—they know how I have been treated—they know the long history of my sufferings and wrongs—the beloved memory of my child is still fresh in their recollection—they are just, and will not see me wronged—they are brave, and will defend

me—they are generous, and will stand by a woman, and a Queen in misfortune. Such was her appeal, and nobly has it been answered by the universal voice of the nation. From the moment that this base proposal was made, the Queen did not feel herself safe until she rushed amongst her people; her celerity astonished the courtier—she proceeded to the coast, where, of course, no vessel awaited her Majesty's arrival, for though the Queen applied for a ship to bring her to England, this mark of common respect was denied her. One Minister, my Lord Liverpool, did not condescend to answer her Majesty's letter—another informed her Majesty, that he could not grant the use of a ship, because *the King was out of town*. Her Majesty was not to be deterred by any little artifice, she waded through mud and wet to the common packet, and arrived once more in England, cheered and blessed by hundreds of thousands of warm and devoted hearts.

The arrival of her Majesty was the signal for prosecution. At the very hour that her Majesty passed through the streets of London amid the shouts of thousands, Lord Castlereagh stood at the bar of the House of Commons holding up the Green Bag. The animating—soul inspiring cheers of the people, as her Majesty passed down Parliament Street, were distinctly heard in the House, and for a moment suspended its proceedings. No wonder that at that moment the Minister turned pale—no wonder that he trembled as he held up the Green Bag—that very moment public opinion pronounced its verdict on the whole proceeding. Lord Castlereagh must have heard the loud expression of that opinion, though he could not hear the groans of tortured Irishmen, who were whipped, it has been said, under his lordship's nose in the Castle yard of Dublin. Deaf, though he may be, I promise him, that if this proceeding goes on, he will hear the people of England speak with a voice of thunder before its termination. And now let this Green Bag lie for one moment on the table, whilst I make one single observation on the proposal at St. Omer's.—£50,000 a year for remaining out of the country—an immediate prosecution—for what—for daring to set her foot on British ground.

Returning to England, and remaining in England is the sole cause of this prosecution. This is as plain as the sun at noon day. Her Majesty might have had £50,000 a year—Aye, £100,000 a year, if she would only remain out of England—if she would only consent to spend English money in foreign countries—if she would not, by her presence, by her exemplary, irreproachable, open, dignified conduct, convince the people that the calumnies heaped upon her during her absence from this country, were false as they were infamous. What then, is it a crime to live in England? Oh, no; but it is a crime to be beloved in England—to become the object of popular attraction—to have her doors surrounded by thousands who offer up their fervent prayers for her happiness. This is a crime not to be forgiven.

I will bind those Ministers to their own words. Lord Liverpool, in a letter addressed to her Majesty, very shortly before she left England, states, that the King, (then Regent) could have no objection to her Majesty leaving the country or returning to England whenever she might think fit. Yet, after this solemn promise, her Majesty is to be punished for coming to England—for coming to assert her royal rights, and to vindicate her insulted character. Rash men! to what a state would you reduce Majesty. Why will you thus sacrifice the interests of your country, and the honour of your Sovereign? Have you

“ No pity, no relenting ruth?”

Alas! you have not. For the sake of place you have inflamed the whole country—for the sake of place you have dug, as it were, out of the womb of time, the infirmities, and the domestic misfortunes of the Royal Family—for the sake of place you expose your August Master to a trial which, if unsuccessful, may put the throne itself in danger—which, if successful, can confer upon the King no dignity; but, on the contrary, will reduce him to that situation which makes men in common life more the objects of ridicule than of sympathy or respect.

The proceedings which followed the production of the Green Bag are matters of notoriety, and every step that Ministers have taken from that day to the present,

only shews their cowardice, their insincerity, their confusion and their desperation.—At Saint Omer's they attempted to bully her Majesty, she was a woman and they hoped to frighten her, they told her that a prosecution would be commenced, the moment she set her foot on the British shore, well---she arrived in London-- and then---why then they parley---they negotiate---but they negotiate in vain, they find her Majesty will not give up her rights; then they go to the House of Commons—the Commons address her Majesty, condemning the whole proceeding, and declaring that the enquiry instituted by Ministers, whatever would be its results, would prove derogatory from the dignity of the Throne, and injurious to the best interests of the nation; but then the Commons called upon the Queen to relinquish her rights. Here the Commons, with all respect to that honourable House, acted extremely unwise. Instead of calling upon the Queen to concede, the Queen being in the right, I humbly think that they ought to have called upon the Crown to concede, because the Crown was in the wrong. They should have called upon the Crown to retrace its steps, because it went astray; they should have called upon the Crown, to restore her Majesty's name to the Liturgy, to restore her generally to those rights of which she had been most unconstitutionally deprived. No one will attempt to justify Ministers in their conduct towards her Majesty; no one will deny that she is at this moment, both *de jure* and *de facto* Queen of England; how dare this levelling faction step between her and her rights? how dare they degrade her?---degradation should always follow conviction; but here it goes before trial. The Queen, in mild and dignified language, refused to agree to a proposition which amounted in fact, to the abdication of her rights as Queen of England.

The whole Country anticipated and applauded the noble determination of her Majesty, but the Government Press having for some time suspended its abuse, now opened upon her the most unmanly, and atrocious attack, that ever disgraced even the columns of the Government Press. It would consume a world of time to extract from the Courier Newspaper, the various articles

of slander and of falsehood, that have appeared in that paper against her Majesty; the assassinating paragraph in the Morning Post, thank God, has been already read by thousands. The blood-thirsty---base-minded---obscene slave, who penned it, is only worthy of notice when we read his filthy trash, in a Journal notoriously in the interest of the Court. Having said so much of the Ministerial Press, I shall now look to the conduct of Ministers themselves.

When the answer of the Queen came down to the Commons, the House further postponed the consideration of the Message. Much to the honour of the House of Commons, the Green Bag has never been opened by them, but within their walls; that Bag, and the authors and promoters of it, have been described in language which must consign them to eternal infamy. I am glad, as one of the people, to pay this tribute to that great Assembly; they have made a stand against this proceeding which I did not expect from them, and most sincerely do I hope that their interference may yet prevent the sad catastrophe which I fear awaits this Country. It was reserved for another branch of the legislature to proceed on this unfortunate business. I do not dispute the *power* of the House of Lords, and, *as the law stands*, it would be extremely *absurd* to call in question the integrity of that high Assembly, but I hope the noble Lords are not so very sickly, so arrogant, or so peevish, as to quarrel with those who may presume to doubt their infallibility; the breath that enobled could not preserve them from the weaknesses, the errors, or the corruptions of humanity, the glittering pomp, the high sounding titles, and all the imposing ostentatious vanities of rank may dazzle the vulgar, and influence the timid; but to the enquiring mind, those are of little value unless allied to truth, to wisdom, and to virtue.

I shall, therefore, with respectful freedom examine the conduct of their Lordship's on this occasion. I hope I may be permitted to do so without violating any maxim of the Constitution of my country—certainly, if we are not allowed to discuss the conduct of public men on great and trying occasions—to point out to their notice what

appears to be wrong—to warn them of the public danger—and to call them back to the forsaken path of rectitude and duty—if we are not allowed to do this, then I say, there is no such thing as the liberty of opinion and of enquiry.

To begin, then, with their Lordships. I admit their power to do what they have done—*that*, it seems, is not to be questioned—but then I ask, have they exercised that power discreetly and wisely? I think not. I cannot help thinking, that the very first step they took was a wrong one. Certainly, if this affair, so pregnant with mighty and with dangerous consequences, was to be stirred at all, the proceeding should have originated with the House of Commons; with that House which is supposed to represent the people—it was of the first importance that this proceeding should have the sanction of the Commons in the first instance; but the House of Commons, far from sanctioning, marked the proceeding with their entire condemnation—they described it as a proceeding which, in whatever way it might terminate, would prove derogatory from the dignity of the Throne, and injurious to the best interests of the nation. After this remarkable denunciation on the part of the Commons, their Lordships, who had waited for the determination of that House, took up the affair. The first step they took surprised the whole country---their Lordship's appointed their Secret Committee to open the Green Bag—this Committee was composed exclusively of the friends and the Members of Administration. The Lord Chancellor, and three other noble Lords, Members of Administration, were ostentatiously placed at the head of that Committee, in order, I suppose, to convince the country that the enquiry would be most scrupulous and impartial. Well—their Lordship's gave in a Report, which did not, I will venture to say, surprize any human being in this country; and on this Report, a Bill was introduced to deprive her Majesty of her title, of all her rights, privileges, and prerogatives—to dissolve the marriage, and to consign her to want and infamy; and all this has been done, as was most powerfully put by a distinguished writer, “with-
out the Queen having been made acquainted with the

“ nature of the charge, without her knowing any thing of
 “ the nature and extent of the evidence, without her being
 “ suffered to be confronted with the witnesses, without her
 “ being suffered to know even the names of the wit-
 “ nesses.” The Bill is brought in and read a first time.
 This Bill, which imputes every thing that is infamous to
 her Majesty, is laid before her ; and the further consid-
 eration of it is about to be postponed to the 17th of Au-
 gust. What does her Majesty do ? She rushes before
 their Lordships—she says, “ this Bill charges me with
 “ crimes the most infamous ; I cannot endure to lie under
 “ imputations so horrible even for a day—unprepared, as
 “ I am—labouring, as I am, under every disadvantage, I
 “ demand an instant Trial. I ask for no delay. I call upon
 “ you to prove the allegations of your Bill. I will meet them
 “ by proof. I ask for no postponement ; delay will be
 “ destruction to me.” How did their Lordship’s act on
 this occasion ? Why, they refused the application of her
 Majesty. Lord Liverpool, the high-minded, humane
 Lord Liverpool, said, “ it would be *ridiculous* to sup-
 “ pose that they were to begin immediately.” Why
 ridiculous ? Were they not prepared with their proofs ?
 Were they not ready for instant Trial ? Were they not
 prepared to support the heinous and horrible charges of
 the Bill ? Ridiculous ! Was it not something worse than
 ridiculous ? Was it not unjust ? Was it not cruel and
 unmanly to hang those infamous charges over the head
 of her Majesty for more than six weeks ; to leave them,
 as it were, to fester in the public mind, in the hope of
 taking from her Majesty her last remaining protection—
 the good opinion of the people of this country. This ap-
 plication having been refused, her Majesty next applied
 to the House of Lords, for a list of the names of the wit-
 nesses to be produced against her ; and also for a distinct
 specification of the charges intended to be brought
 against her. Knowing, as we did, that even a traitor is
 entitled to this indulgence, or rather indeed to this fair
 measure of justice ; knowing, as we did, that in every
 common case, the accused is always fully aware, not
 only of the charges against him, but of the evidence to be
 brought forward in support of the charges, we expected,

as a matter of course, that this application on the part of her Majesty, would have been instantly acceded to, but their Lordships refused the application. It seems that "it would establish an inconvenient precedent, and *circumstances* rendered it inexpedient and contrary to "the forms of the House." What is next done? The Bill charges her Majesty with having carried on a licentious, disgraceful, and adulterous intercourse, both in public and private—in various places and countries, for a long period of time during her Majesty's residence abroad. Her Majesty applied to the noble Lords for a statement of the particular places, and the particular times, at which, and on which this licentious, disgraceful, and adulterous intercourse is alledged to have taken place; the noble Lords very consistently refused this application. I might observe, on those proceedings, at the risk of my personal liberty, and without doing any possible service one way or the other; they speak most powerfully for themselves; the public understand them fully; and as Ministers think that they have adopted the most gracious, the most constitutional mode of proceeding, of course they are quite satisfied that the public applaud their measures, and themselves. Those proceedings, I promise them, will *tell* through the country. There is not a country in the world where the principles of justice are better understood than in England; there is no country under heaven where there exists a greater solicitude to see truth and right established. The English are a plain, homely, unsophisticated race—straightforward honesty, unaffected candour, plain, simple, obvious integrity, are the strong and remarkable features of the national character. With them, honesty is not a virtue which education has bestowed, which religion commands, but it is the moral instinct of their nature; they act with fairness, because they do not understand what knavery and falsehood means. The English people are always highly indignant where they see unfair management practised by others; where they see an attempt to suppress the truth; to conceal names; and above all, when they see an attempt to turn aside from the fair and established modes of enquiry—then it is that

they become alarmed and suspicious—then it is that they begin to think that all is not right—then it is that they conclude, and I think fairly conclude, that where the forms of justice have been departed from, its essence seldom remains.

I can assure the Ministers, that their proceedings against her Majesty will tell throughout the country—if those proceedings have been fair and constitutional, of course, so much the better for them—if otherwise—if their proceedings are so many exceptions to the established law—so many hideous anomalies in the Constitution—if, to bring forward the heaviest charges in a Secret Committee, composed of themselves and their friends—if, to bring forward a Bill of Divorce and Degradation—if, to deny her Majesty an immediate trial—if, to refuse her a list of the witnesses to be produced against her—if, to refuse her a statement of those places where the crimes are alledged to have been committed by her—if all this be against the spirit of justice—if it be a foul, odious, cruel mode of attack—then will that attack recoil upon themselves.

The Queen of England surely ought to have as fair a trial as a common person; in her case the stream of public justice ought to be allowed to flow as purely and as strongly as in the case of a common person. But how would a common person, charged with the highest crime, be tried---by his Peers, a great number of whom he might in the first instance, challenge even without assigning any cause; and all of whom he might challenge, shewing a reasonable cause; he would, in short, be tried by a jury totally unconnected with the parties; totally disinterested; beyond all influence, and above all suspicion. The indictment containing the charges against him would be previously furnished to him; so would a list of the witnesses; out of which list his prosecutors could not travel. * Such are the safeguards of the British law; such is the shield which wisdom and humanity wrought for the protection of those who come into immediate contact with the passions and power of the Crown. “But the Queen could not be tried by a jury;” True,—but she could be tried by Impeachment. I don't know that; I think, if tried at all, the

Queen ought to be tried before a jury, because a Trial by Jury is the fairest and most impartial mode of trial; twelve Citizens of London would soon decide the question, as it ought in justice to be decided. I am not ignorant that formal objections might be made to this mode of trial in the case of her Majesty; but how much more open to objections of every sort, is the unfair and unconstitutional mode of trial which Ministers have framed? Admitting, however, that her Majesty could not be tried before a jury, she might, at least, be tried by way of Impeachment; she could be tried by the known long established and constitutional laws of England; she could be put in a favourable posture; she might have been afforded the means of making a full and efficient defence. She stands in a situation peculiarly dangerous; she is opposed to the King, or rather the King is opposed to her—all the power—the arts and the influence of the Crown, and we know they are excessive—are in arms against her. Never since the dawn of jurisprudence did a person stand at a criminal bar more in want of all the protection of the law, and never was there a person so completely stripped of that protection, left so naked, so defenceless to the assault of a powerful enemy, whose passions and prejudices are inflamed against her. She is to be tried by the men who are interested in her condemnation—she is to be tried upon evidence of which she knows nothing—on charges spread over a period of six years for offences said to have been committed in various quarters of the globe.

How can she defend herself? How can she, with effect, cross-examine the witnesses? To her is denied an advantage which every defendant has—the knowledge of the witness produced against him—the knowledge of his previous character—his habits of life, and the possible motives which might have brought him forward. The daily practice of our Courts of Justice, shews the inestimable value of this advantage—shews how essential it is to the protection of innocence. How often do we see a case, apparently the strongest and best connected, blown into air by the effect of cross-examination—how often do we see the testimony of the well-

practised witness, fluent, specious, and imposing, blasted by the force of cross-examination—how often have we seen the wretch, who came to consign the innocent to punishment and shame, convicted out of his own mouth, and consigned by his own evidence, to well-merited infamy. But our unhappy Queen will not have this advantage. In her case, the course of justice is disturbed—the armour of the law is torn from her. In her case, the most unprincipled miscreants, induced by the hope of rewards and favour, *may* appear, and *may* swear to the most atrocious falsehoods. How can she refute them?—how can she cross-examine them?—how can she discover their motives, their habits, or their connections?—how can she defend herself?—how can she save herself from the overwhelming tide of perjury which *may* be let in upon her? But her Majesty, it seems, will have time afforded to make a defence, that is, you prove an *ex parte* case—you publish that case to the world, and then the Queen may go about the Continent to hunt for the materials of her defence. Do not these men know that it is abhorrent to the law to prove a case against the accused, and at the same time deny the accused the opportunity, the immediate opportunity of entering into his defence? What can tend more to defeat the ends of justice than the course which Ministers have taken—they have reversed every principle of law, and most of all, they have inverted that all-protecting principle—that every thing shall be taken in favour of the accused, and against the Crown. I appeal to the world, whether, in this case, every thing is not taken in favour of the Crown, and against the accused? No wonder, that this treatment should have excited the indignation of the whole country—should have rallied round the cause of this persecuted Queen, all the generous and manly feelings of the nation. Dead would we be to every sentiment that animates a British bosom, if we could behold with patience the accumulated wrongs that have been heaped upon a single woman. Lost would we be to all the principles of British justice, if we could behold, without indignation, the scandalous perversion of law and right, which from the very outset has marked this odious pro-

ceeding. In vain shall we look for a parallel to this extraordinary case in the whole history of human suffering. Almost from the first day that the Queen set her foot on British ground to the present hour she has met with nothing but harshness and oppression—her wrongs have been embittered by the consciousness that even acquittal, which in every other case restores confidence, and protects as it vindicates innocence, has only marked her out as the object of fresh aggression. Three times has her conduct been enquired into—three times has she been acquitted—she has been acquitted before the Secret Commission—she has been acquitted in the Council—she has been acquitted in the Parliament—she has been acquitted by the Whigs—she has been acquitted by the Tories—she has never been accused by the People. Every investigation increased her triumph—every party in the State have borne testimony to her innocence. Through all those trials, during a scrutiny of twenty years, and in the midst of spies and informers, never was there a single piece of well-connected credible evidence adduced against her—never a single line to her, or from her, that could impeach her honour. Triumphant and pure she has gone, blameless and guiltless, through every enquiry. But in vain have those repeated verdicts been pronounced in her favour, an unrelenting spirit follows her. The case of her Majesty is singularly unfortunate. In the eyes of the Court, vindication brings no protection—suffering no sympathy—and rank no consideration—even her accession to the highest earthly dignity has only brought down upon her head, fresh insult and oppression. I would blush for the British name—I would tremble for the fate of every woman in this country, if I did not see arrayed against this foul persecution, all the manly virtues of the land. The cause of her Majesty is the cause of every woman in England. Upon this alarming occasion, to them peculiarly does it belong, to exert all their influence—the influence of beauty and of virtue. The manners, the very virtue of a people, are founded upon general and acknowledged principles of education, and should it become the fashion amongst us to degrade the female sex—to trample on those softer and finer affections, which are the

springs of social love, and the bonds of social society—if this shall happen, what will become of women?—they will become the neglected outcasts of our homes, or at best, miserable inmates, employed as they are, in other countries, to perform every low and menial office. They will be turned out of doors—they will be cast upon the world. Deprived of all their honours, and of all their influence—the tenderness and respect that are now felt for them, will be felt no more—they will be no longer the partakers of our joys, and the sharers of our confidence. Their very charms—their very virtues, will only excite unmeaning jealousy, and unmanly persecution. Revolutions in manners are as frequent as revolutions in government; and whilst an example is held up to every ruffian in the land to abuse and insult the wife, that he promised to cherish and protect, is it unreasonable to apprehend the degeneracy and decay of our national morals?—but heaven forbid this worst of all revolutions—man changes his nature when woman changes her place. Of that ennobled exalted being, I do not wish to speak extravagantly, but I cannot speak of her without enthusiasm---she is at once the blessed source of our existence---its noblest ornament---its sweetest solace, and its highest pride. In her mind no selfish thought is wont to enter---in her heart no impure feeling reigns---all goodness---all devotion---she is the creature of pity, tenderness, and love---the centre of all that is noble, generous, and true. In youth, the partner of every endearment---the fond and faithful companion of age. In prosperity, our pride---in adversity, the ministering angel that lights the dungeon walls. To her we are indebted for the first sentiments of virtue, as well as for the first nourishment of nature---and her we are bound to defend even to the last effort of our strength ---Yes, the manly virtues of our country, have not yet retired. “Ten thousand swords shall leap from their scabbards to avenge even a look that may threaten her with insult.”

FINIS.

Buonapartephobia.

THE ORIGIN
OF
DR. SLOP'S NAME.

“ I have conferred on him a glorious Immortality !”

* * * *

“ With his name the mothers still their babes !”

K. Henry VI.



“ DAVID'S PORTRAIT OF
NAPOLEON, AS HE NOW APPEARS.”

See Page 6, Note.

Ninth Edition.

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1820.

ONE SHILLING.

PREFACE.

IN my Dedication of the 'POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT,' to DOCTOR SLOP and his sapient admirers, I have stated, that he is indebted to me for his name. This is true. The little piece, in which I conferred upon him that enviable and lasting distinction, is entitled "BUONAPARTE-PHOBIA, or Cursing made Easy to the meanest Capacity." I wrote and published it, *on an open sheet*, in the summer of 1815, to expose the impious and profane curses he then lavished, in *The Times*' Journal, upon BUONAPARTE, on his return from Elba. The exposure was so effectual, that the Doctor was, in a few days, dismissed from that paper. To cover his disgrace, he openly and unblushingly lied, and attempted to nefariously delude, and otherwise practise gross impostures upon the Public. In answer to his fabrications, and, as a caution to the unwary, the chief Proprietor of *The Times* was compelled to state the grounds upon which he was discharged. "He knows full well," says *The Times*, in February, 1817, "that his articles were rejected from our columns, on account of the violence and indiscretion with which they were written; and that, for more than the twelve months preceding, whatever articles attracted notice by their merit, were exclusively the productions of other gentlemen.—There are, in the Office, sacks full of his rejected writings; which, if they were

published, would exhibit an accurate criterion of his puffed off abilities: the sale of our Journal increased the more, the less he wrote; and, since he has ceased from writing altogether, has extended with a rapidity, of which we have known no example, since we have had the management of it." *The Times* concludes its observations upon the reputation the Doctor assumed to himself, from having been allowed to rave in its columns, with this remark:—"The braying of the Ass will *sometimes* make the forest ring as loudly as the roaring of the Lion. When the person of whom we are speaking, wrote in this Journal, he brayed in the Lion's skin; since he has written out of it, he will find that he has been braying in his own." Shortly after this castigation, the Doctor's public prostitution was notorious. He is now taken into high-keeping by an old lady at the Treasury.

Perhaps this brief Notice may be satisfactory to the reader, preparatory to his curiosity being gratified with the *Jeu d'Esprit* already mentioned, as 'the Origin of DOCTOR SLOP's name.'

It is my intention to reprint it in this lasting shape, from time to time, and so long as the Doctor daily empties his *night-slush* from his *Slop-pail*. By virtue of my public authority, I hereby ratify and confirm his right and title to the name of "SLOP;" and, it is my parodial will and pleasure, that he continue to *bear* it during his natural life.

THE
ORIGIN,
&c.

BUONAPARTEPHOBIA,

OR

CURSING MADE EASY TO THE MEANEST
CAPACITY,

*A Dialogue between the [late] Editor of "THE TIMES,"
DR. SLOP, MY UNCLE TOBY, and MY FA-
THER; embracing the Doctor's VOCABULARY
of Easy EPITHETS, and choice CURSES,
against BUONAPARTE—after his leaving
Elba; shewing HOW TO NICKNAME AND
CURSE NAPOLEON, to the best advantage,
upon all occasions; being the approved terms re-
gularly served up for some time past, in many re-
spectable Families, with the Breakfast apparatus;
designed for the use of men, women, and children,
of all Ranks and Conditions, throughout the Do-
minions of England and Wales, and the Town of
Berwick upon Tweed.*

SCENE—a Room at DOCTOR SLOP's in Doctors
Commons.

Present—DOCTOR SLOP, MY FATHER, and MY
UNCLE TOBY.

A SINGLE loud tap of a knuckle against the outside
of the lower panel of the parlour door, gave note of
an humble earnest applicant for admission:—'Come

in,' said Doctor Slop, in a tone of elevated condescension.—

The door opened, and a Printer's Devil entered.—

With an air of eagerness, bespeaking also a consciousness of his being a messenger of importance, the Devil walked up to Doctor Slop, and placing his body in an angle of fifty-five degrees, and his hand in his bosom at the same time, he drew forth, from between his waistcoat and shirt, and delivered to Doctor Slop, a small white paper parcel, directed and folded letterwise, and closed with paste instead of a wafer.—

'The proof of my leading article for to-morrow's *Times*,' said Doctor Slop, with complacency, bowing towards my Father and my Uncle Toby in an apologizing posture for breaking the envelope.—

My Father and my Uncle Toby bowed in return.

The Devil watched Doctor Slop with a subdued curiosity, bordering upon alarm, as the Doctor unfolded and glanced upon the wet slips. A paragraph, that stood immediately above Slop's *leader*, announced the appearance in London of David's Portrait of NAPOLEON, as he now appears.*

'D—n the infernal Scoundrel to everlasting perdition,' loudly exclaimed Doctor Slop—

The Devil instantly left the room.

Doctor Slop vociferated :—' No sooner is a piece

* The Portrait on the title-page of this Edition was printed on the former open-sheet Editions immediately under the above words. It is engraved from a Painting of NAPOLEON, by the celebrated David, and is a striking Likeness of him as he appeared just after his return from Elba. The Print was corrected from the original Portrait when it was brought over to this country, for a short time, just after the battle of Waterloo.

‘ of successful villainy achieved by this *Monster*,
 ‘ than our print-shops exhibit the *iron countenance*
 ‘ of NAPOLEON THE GREAT!—the *portrait*
 ‘ of that execrable *Villain!* that *hypocritical Vil-*
 ‘ *lain!* that *bare-faced Villain!* that *daring Villain!*
 ‘ that *perjured Villain!*—that *Disgrace of the Human*
 ‘ *Species!*—the *Corsican!* the *low-minded Corsican!*
 ‘ the *wily Corsican!* the *vile Corsican!* the *once-inso-*
 ‘ *lent Corsican!* the *beaten, disgraced, and perjured*
 ‘ *Corsican!* the *faithless, perjured, craft-loving Cor-*
 ‘ *sican!* a *Fugitive!*—an *Adventurer!*—a *blustering*
 ‘ *Charlatan!*—such a *Fellow!*—a *Scoundrel,* with a
 ‘ degraded character!—an *Impostor!* a *despicable*
 ‘ *Impostor!* a *notorious Impostor!* an *hypocritical*
 ‘ *Impostor!*—a *Wretch!* a *desperate Wretch!* *such a*
 ‘ *Wretch!*—a *Robber!*—a mere *Brigand!* an *atro-*
 ‘ *cious Brigand!*—a savage *Adversary!*—a *Remorse-*
 ‘ *less Ruffian!*—a *Criminal!* *such a Criminal!* so *in-*
 ‘ *famous a Criminal!*—that *Traitor!* that *Corsican*
 ‘ *Traitor!* that *audacious Traitor!* that *cowardly and*
 ‘ *perfidious Traitor!* that *perjured Traitor!* that *Arch*
 ‘ *Traitor!*—a *Rebel!* an *audacious Rebel!* a *vile*
 ‘ *Corsican Rebel!* an *usurping Rebel!* a *proscribed*
 ‘ *Rebel!* an *infamous Rebel!* the *Arch Rebel!* the
 ‘ *Rebel who defies ALL EUROPE!*—the *Usurper!* the
 ‘ *Corsican Usurper!* the *military Usurper!* the *bloody*
 ‘ *and perjured Usurper of the French throne!*—the
 ‘ *Rebel Chief!*—the *Rebel Tyrant!* the *degraded*
 ‘ *Tyrant!*—the *consummate Despot;*—*l’Empereur de*
 ‘ *la Canaille!*—*the common Enemy of Europe!*—this
 ‘ *new Catiline!*—the prodigal son from the *husks and*
 ‘ *druff* of the Isle of Elba!—this *Robber* is called
 ‘ in by his *Brother Thieves!*—his *crew!* his *per-*
 ‘ *jured crew!* he issues bloody orders to *Rebels* like

‘ himself, and calls them laws!—he!—the *Ring-leader*
 ‘ of the conspiracy! of the *perjured bloody set!*—
 ‘ In **THE NEW CONSTITUTION** we have lost
 ‘ the first consul and his two colleagues, *stuck like*
 ‘ *gizzard and liver*—under his wings!—He is the
 ‘ most *perfidious Wretch* that ever existed on the
 ‘ face of the earth! a *Wretch stained with every*
 ‘ *crime!*—the *bloodiest and most perfidious Tyrant*
 ‘ that ever disgraced history! the *impure Sink of all*
 ‘ *the Vices!*—He instigated an attempt to carry off
 ‘ from Schoenbrunn the child whom he *impudently*
 ‘ terms **KING OF ROME**—the child born of the
 ‘ *adulterous connection* between himself and the
 ‘ Archduchess Maria Louisa!—When at Elba, his
 ‘ *Sister Paulina* served him for a **MISTRESS!!!**—An
 ‘ *Outlaw from the common pale of civilized society!*—
 ‘ a *stigmatized Traitor and Rebel* in the eyes of all
 ‘ France!—England should take the lead in

“ Sounding the horn to kings who chase the *Beast.*”

‘ This *Monster in human shape, on his blood-stained*
 ‘ *throne!* this *abhorred Monster!* this *accursed Mons-*
 ‘ *ter!*—this *Viper!* this *Viper of Corsica!* this *As-*
 ‘ *sassin of Ajaccio!* this *notorious Hypocrite and*
 ‘ *Liar,* with the heart of a *Demon,* permits no English
 ‘ newspaper but the **MORNING CHRONICLE**
 ‘ to find its way into Paris!!!

‘ He is a *Felon* and an *Outlaw!*—an *Oath-breaker!*
 ‘ —a *Perjurer!*—an *arch Incendiary!*—What secu-
 ‘ rity can this *Wretch* offer us that he will keep the
 ‘ peace!—he! a *man as infamous as if his ears had*
 ‘ *been nailed to the pillory!*—an *Outlaw!*—a *Mur-*
 ‘ *derer!* a *midnight Murderer!*—an *Assassin!*—a
 ‘ *living Moloch!*—He has the *audacity* to proclaim

‘ *an amnesty!*—he!—a *Felon with a rope round his*
 ‘ *neck!*—The *Criminal* must either abdicate again,
 ‘ or be destroyed!—He can’t last long—he’ll die
 ‘ without killing—he is so *fat* that he is obliged to be
 ‘ lifted on horseback by four Grenadiers, and four
 ‘ Grenadiers are obliged to lift him off again!—and—
 ‘ as my friend of the MORNING POST says, “ the
 ‘ “ dangerous complaints with which he is afflicted
 ‘ “ (a *double* rupture and a fistula), *has** put a stop
 ‘ “ to his riding,” and he refuses to be cured!—It is
 ‘ horrible to contemplate his *life*, but his *death*, what
 ‘ human being but must rejoice at it!—to destroy his
 ‘ power and *person* would *be on the part of the peo-*
 ‘ *ple of England* MOST NECESSARY AND JUST!—*now*
 ‘ is the time when “ his giant’s robe hangs loose about
 ‘ “ him, as about a *Dwarfish Thief!*”—There is not
 ‘ a street in London, in which at least *ten* individuals
 ‘ would not joyfully pay their *hundred pounds each*,
 ‘ to see *this Monster* HANGED!—The COMMON
 ‘ HALL would wash the BLACKAMOR *white!*—for
 ‘ *this* we have to expect the gratitude of the *Felon!*—
 ‘ FRANCE, we are told, has made pacific overtures.—
 ‘ *She!*—Now who is this modest virtuous dame?
 ‘ Why truly her name is LEGION!† She is a *set of*
 ‘ THE GREATEST MISCREANTS *on the face of the earth!*
 ‘ —*If the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK’S MANI-*
 ‘ *FESTO* HAD BEEN FIRMLY ACTED UPON BY THE
 ‘ ALLIES 22 YEARS EARLIER, MOST HAPPY
 ‘ WOULD SUCH AN EVENT HAVE BEEN!‡

* Morning Post, Wednesday, 3d May, 1815.

† Signifying “ many devils.” Luke, c. iii. v. 30.

‡ The Duke of Brunswick’s Manifesto threatened no quarter, and to carry fire and sword through France, if it resisted the attempts of the combined armies to re-establish Louis XVI. France rose as one man, and defeated *that* ‘ Holy Alliance.’

‘ ———Let us wait, it is said, till we are attacked ; but
 ‘ would any man act thus, if he saw a mad dog or
 ‘ a wild beast *sprawling* as Buonaparte now is before
 ‘ him!—this *Tiger*!—this *Hyena*!—this *Fiend*!
 ‘ —this *Bloody Dog*!—’

My uncle Toby and my Father had hitherto sat silent, at first looking in astonishment at Doctor Slop, then at each other, and then at Doctor Slop again ; when, supposing that Doctor Slop had concluded—a false conclusion, by the bye, for Doctor Slop had merely taken advantage of a triumphantly toned climax, and temporary want of breath, to make the least possible pause until he could proceed anew—my Uncle Toby said, ‘ Doctor Slop, when ‘ you are sufficiently cool——

‘ Cool!’ cried Doctor Slop—‘ Have I ever been
 ‘ cooler in my life, when I have read or heard of the
 ‘ *Ruffian*?’

‘ I thought,’ answered my Uncle Toby, ‘ that
 ‘ there was a time when *you*, Dr. S——, used *very*
 ‘ different language concerning revolutionary *princi-*
 ‘ *ples* and revolutionary *men*?——’*

‘ I? — *I*?—*I*?—When? Where? Pho!—Pish!—
 ‘ Psha!’—cried Doctor Slop, ‘ What if I *did*!—
 ‘ *What* if I *did*!—What then? But no matter for that,
 ‘ —No matter for that, Sir, I say!—No matter, Sir!
 ‘ —What is *that* to the readers of “ *The Times*?”
 ‘ What is it to any body? Buonaparte’s a *Wretch*! a

* My uncle Toby was *right*—hence the Doctor’s testy evasiveness. Some years ago Dr. S—— was of the *Vindicæ Gallicæ* School—as he calls it; and seemed to respect public virtue, and have a decent horror of court favour: *now* he *abuses* SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, and, whilst drinking deep of the COMTE DE LILLE’s *Nectar d’Or*, discovers “ the true odour of sanctity” in the LYS, and—wonders how he could ever have done otherwise.

‘ *Villain! a Fool! an imperial Robber! an infamous, bloody, execrable, audacious, atrocious, ferocious—*’

‘ Let me entreat you to be cool,’ said my Uncle Toby, interrupting Dr. S——‘ I beg your pardon for hinting at your *former* opinions—Don’t be so ruffled! pray be cool!——’

‘ Cool!’ cried Doctor Slop—‘ I am as cool as I have been these two months! I have not spoken a word which you will not find in ‘THE TIMES,’* since the tiger broke his chain, and escaped from his den. He is neither to be thought nor written of with patience—he is——’

‘ But pray,’ interrupted my Uncle Toby—‘ Have you *authority* to justify the use——’

‘ Heaven grant me patience,’ cried Doctor Slop—‘ Read “The Times”—read “The Times”—pray read “The Times:” there you will find authority for every thing, and every thing for authority—for *legitimate* authority—but as for the *people*, as they are called—the pretended *sovereignty*——’

‘ Surely,’ interrupted my Uncle Toby—‘ there are other papers, Doctor Slop, besides “The Times” that——’

‘ None! None!’ exclaimed Doctor Slop—‘ not one, except “THE COURIER.” St—t is a capital hand at a *leader*, strong! strong! like myself—sometimes; but cannot *do* a column and a half, or two columns, every day, *strong* all the way through! Look at the Times’ readers—how I hit ’em between wind and water. A Cit calls—“ Waiter! give me

* If the reader will take the trouble to examine “THE TIMES” and “THE COURIER,” after Buonaparte left Elba, he will there find, amongst others, *every* EPITHET AND CURSE used by Dr. S—— in this Dialogue with my Uncle Toby and my Father. The dates of their appearance are not inserted; for most Readers would have been fatigued by the frequent references.

“ a paper—any thing but “ the Times,” for I always
 “ see it at breakfast. The Times is devilish good
 “ this morning, Sir—strong as usual—good and
 “ strong—d—d strong, Sir—Boney’s done himself
 “ up, Sir—What a d—d fool he must be—I won-
 “ der what the Allies will do with him—They’ll
 “ certainly hang him, Sir—What a scoundrel!”
 ‘ The Courier keeps up the ball in the evening to-
 ‘ lerably well. St—t and I fit to a hair. No jostling
 ‘ now—no more SECOND EDITIONS, *Times Of-*
 ‘ *fice, THREE* o’CLOCK—never clash in our epi-
 ‘ thets about the Wretch — never use the same
 ‘ phrases. As soon as the Rebel landed, I and St—t
 ‘ *settled a Vocabulary of terms, and DIVIDED IT BE-*
 ‘ *TWEEN US.** Each has not only his own part by
 ‘ heart, but what the other is to use also—we know
 ‘ our *cue*. St—t hits the Tyrant at night for the
 ‘ simple out-of-town people, and the Country read-
 ‘ ing-rooms; and I come—bang—upon the Villain,
 ‘ in the morning, fresh for the Roysters of the City
 ‘ —the fat flats with lean pates, and the counting-
 ‘ house cuckoos!—Then look at our *sales!*—How
 ‘ can the Traitor escape?—The Courier is a little
 ‘ more courtly, and *therefore* occasionally more tame.
 ‘ It is the official sink-hole, through which the Trea-
 ‘ sury gentlemen let their little, moderate, half-con-
 ‘ cealed secrets, dribble out upon the public. St—t,
 ‘ I say, *dilutes* sometimes; but when he *does* ‘ go it,’
 ‘ he does it *in style*. Hear what the Courier says
 ‘ for the last six weeks—about *Moloch* of course.

‘ “ That *disgusting Fellow!*—that *Hypocrite!* that
 ‘ “ *Man of Perfidy!*—the *Invader!*—the *Master-ja-*

* This *Coalition* is notorious, though the specific article is kept private. It may be entitled, however, “THE TIMES and COURIER *Secret Treaty* for the partition of *Curses.*”

‘ “ *cobin!*—the *savage Beast!*—a *Coward, unworthy*
 ‘ “ *to live, and unfit to die!*—the *Rebel, the Felon*
 ‘ “ returned from transportation!—the *abdicated*
 ‘ “ *Usurper!* entered a gloomy metropolis by stealth
 ‘ “ and by night—the other parts of the *regime* will
 ‘ “ be restored, committees of public safety, revo-
 ‘ “ lutionary tribunals, and the guillotine!—The
 ‘ “ *Mutes and Dummies* meet on the 26th of May!—
 ‘ “ At the solemn season* that the Jewish people
 ‘ “ rejected our Saviour! and chose the murderer
 ‘ “ Barabbas! the French reject Louis XVIII., and
 ‘ “ chose *Barabbas Buonaparte!*—Let him be called
 ‘ “ the *Emperor Barabbas!*—the *Pacha of Paris!*
 ‘ “ —the *Emperor of Rag Fair!*—the *Tiger Ty-*
 ‘ “ *rant!*—He tells the *blood-hounds* they shall no
 ‘ “ longer be muzzled; they shall be let loose forth-
 ‘ “ with, to gorge and gratify to the utmost their
 ‘ “ thirst for blood!—The European Powers cannot
 ‘ “ suffer them to crawl and cringe, and lick the
 ‘ “ dust off the *hoof* of the Tyrant in quiet—the
 ‘ “ *cruellest* Tyrant that ever stained the page of
 ‘ “ history!—The *Resolutions* of THE COMMON
 ‘ “ HALL (*the LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN, AND LI-*
 ‘ “ *VERY* of THE CITY OF LONDON)—are about
 ‘ “ as much the sense of the City of London, as the
 ‘ “ resolutions of A CLUB OF POT-HOUSE
 ‘ “ POLITICIANS would be the sense of the
 ‘ “ people of England!—It would be to disgrace
 ‘ “ and damn the *Country* to make peace with the
 ‘ “ *Usurper!*—a *Wretch* out of the protection of the
 ‘ “ law of nations! who is, was, and ever will be,

* Mr. ST—T wrote this at *Greenwich Fair* season, over a large glass of particularly strong and hot *Bourdeaux* Brandy, with some water to it—its smooth surface reflecting upon the Editor’s eye the *Lys*—at his *button-hole!*

‘ “ — A *Murderer* ! and a *Villain* !
 ‘ “ A *Slave* that is not twentieth part the tithes
 ‘ “ Of their precedent Lord :—a *Vice of Kings* !
 ‘ “ A *Cut-purse* of the Empire, and the Rule,
 ‘ “ That from a shelf *the precious diadem stole*,
 ‘ “ *And put it in his pocket* !”’

‘ I thought,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘ that the *Crown*
 ‘ *jewels*, and the diamond belonging to the hilt of
 ‘ Buonaparte’s sword, were carried off by ——’

‘ Bah ! bah !’ cried Doctor Slop, interrupting my
 Uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop continued——‘ “ He is the *most faith-*
 ‘ “ *less and perjured* of mankind—a *Robber* !—a
 ‘ “ *Murderer* !—a *faithless, perjured, bloody Tyrant* !
 ‘ “ at the head of a military *banditti*, panting for con-
 ‘ “ *flagration and pillage* !—This *demon of the storms* !
 ‘ “ —this *genius of fire, famine, and slaughter* !—
 ‘ “ this *scourge of the human race* ! this *fiend* of the
 ‘ “ human race !—this *compound of every thing that*
 ‘ “ *is tyrannical, and cruel, and hypocritical, and*
 ‘ “ *false, and remorseless*—

‘ “ Remember him, *the Villain* ! righteous Heaven ;

‘ “ In thy great day of vengeance *BLAST the Traitor* !”’*

‘ Small curses, Doctor Slop, upon great occa-
 ‘ sions,’ quoth my Father, ‘ are but so much waste
 ‘ of our strength and soul’s health to ‘ no manner
 ‘ of purpose.’†

‘ I own it,’ replied Doctor Slop.

* Slop was so thoroughly blinded to his own guilt, that in the very
 height of his ravings against Napoleon he wrote thus :—‘ It is amus-
 ing to see the native vulgarity of BUONAPARTE’S mind and manners
 breaking forth in his *language* !’ They are the Doctor’s own words
 in the Times of the 6th of May, 1815.

‘ O wad some pow’r the giftie gie us

‘ To see oursels, as others see us !’—Burns.

† See Sterne’s *Tristram Shandy*, chap. 54.

‘ They are like sparrow-shot,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘ fired against a bastion.’

‘ They serve,’ continued my Father, ‘ to stir the humours—but carry off none of their acrimony:— for my own part I seldom swear or curse at all —I hold it bad—but if I fall into it by surprise, I generally retain so much presence of mind as to make it answer my purpose—that is—I swear on till I find myself easy.’

‘ I declare,’—quoth my Uncle Toby—‘ my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with so much bitterness. And indeed——

‘ He is the father of curses’—replied Doctor Slop.

‘ So am not I’—replied my Uncle.

‘ But he is cursed and damned already to all Eternity’—replied Doctor Slop.

‘ I am sorry for it,’—quoth my Uncle Toby.

‘ When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his curses’—observed Doctor Slop.

‘ If the admirers of Doctor Slop,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘ are pleased with the DAILY language of “The Times,” and wondering at it with all their wits, men of understanding and liberal feeling may be allowed to smile—from views somewhat different it is true—and to wonder less. And surely’—said my Uncle Toby, earnestly addressing Doctor Slop, ‘ you must allow, Sir, that it is not a common affair—in fact it is very uncommon—to hear a *Doctor of Civil Law*, with the advantages of an *early* gentlemanly education, by able tutors——

Doctor Slop, interrupted my Uncle Toby, exclaiming—

‘ “ They taught me language; and my profit on’t

‘ “ Is,——I know HOW TO CURSE! (CALIBAN)

‘ “ Would CURSES kill, as doth the mandrake’s groan,
 ‘ “ I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 ‘ “ *As curst, as harsh, as horrible to hear,*
 ‘ “ With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 ‘ “ As lean-fac’d envy in her loathsome cave.
 ‘ “ *My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words :*
 ‘ “ *Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;*
 ‘ “ *My hair be fixt an end, as one distract :*
 ‘ “ *Aye, every joint should seem to curse and ban ;*
 ‘ “ And even now my burden’d heart would break,
 ‘ “ Should I not curse them !——

‘ “ Well could I curse away a *winter’s night,*
 ‘ “ *Though standing naked on a mountain top,*
 ‘ “ Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 ‘ “ And think it but a *minute* spent in sport !

‘ “ But curses *kill* not : could I kill with *cursing,*
 ‘ “ By heavens I know not thirty heads in *France*
 ‘ “ Should not be blasted ! SENATORS *should rot,*
 ‘ “ *Like dogs on dunghills !*
 ‘ “ *O, for a curse to kill with !”*

My Father and my Uncle Toby bowed ceremoniously to Dr. Slop, and withdrew, under cover of Doctor Slop’s exclamations.

DOCTOR S—— *solus*

‘ “ Why what an Ass am I?—this is most brave ;
 ‘ “ That I——
 ‘ “ Must like a w——e unpack my heart with words,
 ‘ “ And fall a cursing *like a very DRAB,*
 ‘ “ A SCULLION !
 ‘ “ *Fie upon’t——FOH !——*

[*Exit.*

THE END.

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of any individual in the kingdom shall be free from violation:"

Her Majesty's Answer to the Norwich Address.



"Here is a Gentleman, and a friend of mine!"

Measure for Measure.

Sixth Edition.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE, LUDGATE-HILL.

1820.

This Pamphlet and the Toy together,
ONE SHILLING.

‘ It is a wonderful thing to consider the strength of Princes’ wills when they are bent to have their Pleasure fulfilled, wherein no reasonable persuasions will serve their turn: how little do they regard the dangerous sequels, that may ensue as well to themselves as to their Subjects. And amongst all things there is nothing that makes them more wilful than Carnal Love, and various affecting of voluptuous desires.’

Cavendish's Memoirs of Card. Wolsey.

NOTE.

All the Drawings for this Publication are
By MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



Give not thy strength unto women, nor thy ways to that which destroyeth kings.

Solomon.

QUALIFICATION.

In love, and in drink, and o'ertopped by debt;
With women, with wine, and with duns on the fret.



Lured from her own, her native home,
The home of early life,
And doom'd in stranger realms to roam;
A widow! yet a wife!

Phillips's Lament.

ACCEPTATION.

From the high halls of Brunswick, all youthful and
gay,

From the hearth of her fathers, he lured her away :

How joy'd she in coming—

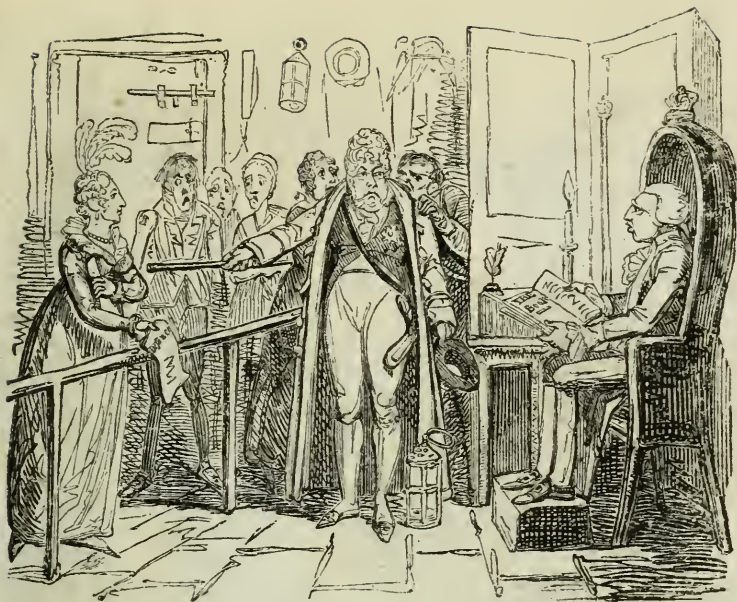
how smiling the bower;

How sparkling their nuptials—

how welcome her dower.

Ah! short were her pleasures—full soon came her
cares—

Her husbandless bride-bed was wash'd with her
tears.



----- faded appetite resign'd
The victim up to shame.

Phillips's Lament.

IMPUTATION.

Was it manly, when widow'd,
to spy at her actions ;
To listen to eaves-droppers,
whisp'ring detractions ;
And, like an old WATCHMAN,
with faults to conceal,
Get up a *false Charge*,
as a proof of his zeal ?
If desertion was base, Oh base be his name,
Who, having deserted, would bring her to shame !



— A wanderer, far away,
Neglected and reviled—
Phillips's Lament.

EMIGRATION.

Her father and king, while with reason yet blest,
Protected her weakness, and shielded her rest;
Infirmity seizes him, false friends draw near,
Then spies gather round, and malignants appear;
And cajole, wait, watch,
insult, alarm, and betray,
Till from home, and her daughter,
they force her away.



' A hundred thousand welcomes !'

Coriolanus.

REMIGRATION.

Still pursued, when a 'wanderer,'
her child sleeps in death,
And her best friend, in England, her king,
yields his breath ;
This gives her new rights—
they neglect and proscribe her ;
She threatens returning—they then try to bribe her !
The bullies turn slaves, and, in meanness, fawn on her :
They feel her contempt, and they vow her dishonour ;
But she 'steers her own course,' comes indignantly
over,
And the shouts of the nation salute her at **Dover!**



He smelt—O Lord! how he did smell!

Southey's Minor Poems, vol. iii. p. 108.

CONSTERNATION.

Ah, what was that groan!—

'twas the Head of the Church,

When he found she was come—

for he dreaded a search

Into what *he'd* been doing :

and sorely afraid, for

What *she* might find out,

cried ' *I'll not have her pray'd for* ' ;

And the B——ps, obeying their *pious* Head,

care took

That the name of his wife

should be out of the prayer book !



———— I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me a cuckold.

—————What false Italian
(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevailed
On thy too ready hearing?

Cymbeline.

ACCUSATION.

On searching for precedents, much to their dread,
They found that they could n't well cut off her head ;

And the 'House of Incurables' raised a 'Report'
She was not a fit person to live in *his* Court.
How like an OLD CHARLEY

they then made him stand,
In his lanthorn a *leech*,
the 'Report' in his hand.

' Good folks be so good as not go near that door
' For, though my own wife, she *is*—I could say more
' But it's all in this *Bag*, and there'll be a fine pother,
' I shall get rid of her, and I'll then get another!'

Yet he thought, to himself,—

'twas a thought most distressing,—
' If *she* should discover
I've been M—ch—ss—g,
' There's an end of the whole!
D——rs C——ns, of course,
' If *my own* hands are dirty,
won't grant a D——ce!'

He tried to look wise, but he only look'd wild;
The women laugh'd out, and the grave even smiled;
The old frown'd upon him—the children made sport,
And his wife held her *ridicule* at his 'Report'!

MORAL.

*Be warn'd by his fate
Married, single, and all;
Ye elderly Gentlemen,
Pity his fall!*



Give me but the Liberty of the Press, and I will give to the minister a venal
House of Peers.

Sheridan.

PUBLICATION.

As you bright orb, that vivifies our ball,
Sees through our system, and illuminés all;

So, sees and shines, our MORAL SUN, THE PRESS,
Alike to vivify the mind, and bless ;
Sees the rat *Leech* turn towards Milan's walls,
'Till the black slime betrays him as he crawls ;
Sees, from that recreant, vile, and eunuch-land,
Where felon-perjurers hold their market stand,
Cooke, with his 'cheek of parchment, eye of stone,
Get up the evidence, to go well down ;
Sees who, with eager hands, the Green Bag cram,
And warns the nation of the frightful flam ;
Sees Him, for whom they work the treacherous
task,
With face, scarce half conceal'd, behind their mask,
Fat, fifty-eight, and frisky, still a beau,
Grasping a half-made match, by *Leech*-light go ;
Led by a passion, prurient, blind, and batter'd,
Lame, bloated, pointless, flameless, age'd and
shatter'd ;
Creeping, like Guy Fawkes, to blow up his wife,
Whom, spurn'd in youth, he dogs through after-life.

Scorn'd, exiled, baffled, goaded in distress,
She owes her safety to a fearless Press :
With all the freedom that it makes its own,
It guards, alike, the people and their throne ;
While fools with darkling eye-balls shun its gaze,
And soaring villains scorch beneath its blaze.



I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings! —

THE KING, in *All's well that ends well*.

INDIGNATION.

The day will soon come, when 'the Judge and the
Ponderer,'

Will judge between thee, and the charge-daring
'Wanderer;'

Will say—'Thou who cast the first stone at thy wife,
Art thou without sin, and is spotless *thy* life?'

Ah! what if *thy* faults should 'outrival the sloe,'
And thy wife's, beside thine, should look 'whiter
than snow'!

Bethink thee! the old British Lion awoke,
Turns indignant, and treads out thy bag-full of smoke.
Spurn thy minions—the traitors, who counsel thee,
banish;

And the soldiers will quickly forget all their *Spanish!*



"Le Roy le veut!" G. R.

See Blackstone's Com. b. 1. c. 2.

CORONATION.

Shakspeare says, in King John, it's a curse most
abhorrent,

That '*Slaves* take the humours of Kings for a warrant.'

A more *useful* truth never fell from his pen,
If Kings would apply it like sober-bred men.

The Slaves of *your* will,

will make your reign, in History,

A misrule of force, folly, taxing, and mystery :

Indulging your wish for

what, with law, 's incompatible,

For the present, they've render'd your crown

not come-at-able ;

And the tongues of old women and infancy wag,

With, 'He call'd for his crown—and

they gave him the *Bag!*'



So let him stand
.

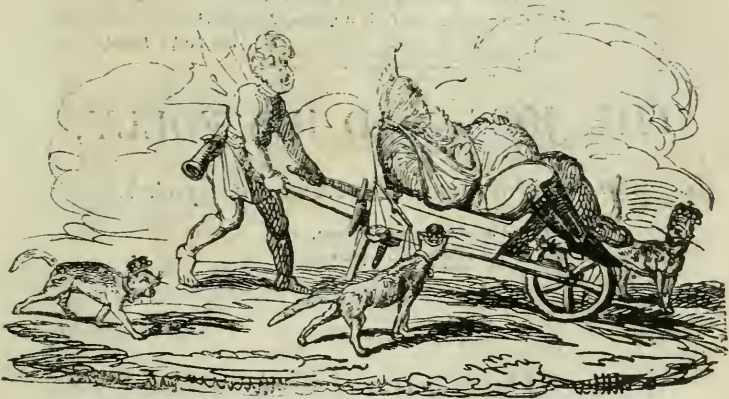
Byron.

DEGRADATION.

To this have they brought thee, at last!

Exposed thee, for all men to see!
Ah, surely, their pandering
 shall quickly be past:—
‘ How wretched their portion
 shall be!
‘ Derision shall strike them
 forlorn,
‘ A mockery that never shall die:
‘ The curses of hate and the hisses
 of scorn,
‘ Shall follow wherever they fly;
‘ And proud o’er their ruin
 for ever be hurl’d,
‘ The laughter of triumph,
 the jeers of the world!’

THE END



“ Cats’ Meat ! ”

English Cry.



I say, HUM, how fares it with Royalty now?
Is it *up*?—Is it *prime*?—Is it *spooney*?—or how?

The Fudge Family.

THE JOSS AND HIS FOLLY,

An Extract of an overland Dispatch.

I stare at it from out my casement,
And ask for what is such a place meant.

Byron.

July 29, 1820.

—The queerest of all the queer sights
I've set sight on ;—
Is, the *what d'ye-call't thing*, here,
THE FOLLY at Brighton

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“NON MI RICORDO!”

&c. &c. &c.

“ This will witness outwardly, as strongly as the conscience does within.”

Cymbeline.



“ Who are you ? ”

Sixteenth Edition.

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PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE, LUDGATE HILL.

1870.

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LOST, at the Court Martial, Signor MY JOKEY'S MEMORY, together with his Government Victualling Bill; both a little damaged, and of no use but to the owner. Whoever will bring them to the Publisher, in time to be restored to the Signor's disconsolate Mother, Mrs. *Leech*, shall be rewarded with a "*Non mi ricordo!*"

NOTE.

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“ NON MI RICORDO ! ”

CROSS EXAMINED BY MR. BESOM.

WHO are you? Non mi ricordo.

What countryman are you?—a foreigner or an englishman? Non mi ricordo.

Do you *understand* ENGLISH? No not at all.

Will the Oath you have taken *bind* you to speak the truth, or do you know of any other Oath *more* binding?

The TURNSTILE GENERAL objected to the question; upon which a discussion arose as to the nature of the Oath likely to bind the Witness, who appeared to be playing with a thread. The Witness was accordingly asked, by way of illustration, to what degree he thought the thread was *binding*, and whether he knew of any thing else *more* binding?

The LORD PRECEDENT FURTHERMORE said, if the Witness believed the thread he held was *binding*, that was sufficient.

The LORD PRECEDENT'S opinion gave rise to a long discussion as to whether *more* binding was *binding*, and binding was *more* binding; which ended in a reference to the ERMINIANS, who delivered the following solemn opinion:—If the Witness shall answer that he thinks the bit of thread is *binding*, there is no doubt it *is* binding; but he cannot be asked if a cord is *more* binding, because he in fact,

says that the thread itself is *binding*. If the Witness twists the thread round his little finger he is so far bound by it, and it is *binding*; and having done that, it is unnecessary to inquire whether a cord, round another part of his body, would be *more* binding.

Question over-ruled.

CROSS EXAMINATION RESUMED.

You are a master tailor, I think? I was cut out for a tailor.

You have been a tailor, then? I only follow tailoring as a mere amusement.

Fond of *Goose* I suppose—but pray Mr. Mere-amusement what is your business? I was brought up a *Cabinet* maker.

What can you get at it?—are you a good hand? I can't say I am; I'm badly off; my *tools* are worn out.

What is your place of residence?
(*Order Order*).

The TURNSTILE GENERAL protested against the consequences of this mode of Examination.

LORD JURYMEN—Why does not the Interpreter give the Witness's Answer.

The LORD PRECEDENT FURTHERMORE—Because the Bench objects to the question.

LORD MUDDLEPOOL—Does the Turnstile General object to the question.

The TURNSTILE GENERAL. I do object to it, my Lord. This is perhaps the most important question that ever occurred. By this dealing out, the party is placed in such a situation as he never was placed in before.

Mr. BESOM—I ask him where he now lives; and the Turnstile General objects to this, because I do not put all the questions I might put, in a single breath.

The Lord PRECEDENT FURTHERMORE—I feel great difficulty—I doubt.

Lord WHEELBARROW thought there was a *great* deal in what the noble Lord had said; and *he* doubted.

CROSS EXAMINATION RESUMED.

How much money has been expended on you since you were born? Non mi ricordo.

What have you done for it in return? More less than more.

How do you get your living? I was waiter for some years at the *Hotel de Grand Bretagne*, and succeeded my father as head waiter at the *Crown Inn*.

What wages have you? Non mi ricordo.

Have you any perquisites? *Veils*.

Are you *head waiter*, or by what other name than head waiter you may be called, at the *Crown Inn*?

I am after building a new place called the *Wellington Arms*, and trying to be *Barrack-master*; if I don't gain the *Trial* I shall be glad to remain at the old *Crown*.

This answer appeared to excite considerable sensation,

The TWISTER GENERAL thought the meaning was, 'if I do n't gain what I attempt to gain.'

[The Short-hand writer was desired to read the answer, and the word *Trial* was retained as the correct translation.]

I do not ask what you are to be hereafter, but whether you are *still* head waiter at the Crown?

The head waiter is dismissed occasionally.

Are you married? More yes than no.

Do you live with your own wife? No.

Is she in this country? Yes.

Why did you marry? To pay my debts.

Then why did you part? Because my debts were paid.

Were you not up to the eyes in debt? Si Signor.

Are you not bound to manifest some gratitude towards those who have paid your debts?

The Interpreter said the witness was a mere *fanfaron*, and that he found it difficult, if not impossible, to explain to the witness's understanding what was meant by *gratitude*.

CROSS EXAMINATION RESUMED.

Did not you write to your wife a licentious letter, called a letter of license?—(*Order, order.*)

I ask you again the cause of your separation? She left me.

On what account? I did not like her, and I told her I'd have nothing to do with *her* any more.

After that what did you do? Oh, I rambled about.

Where did you go? To Jersey and elsewhere.

Well, Sir, go on. Non mi ricordo.

Do you mean to say that you never went to Manchester Square? More yes than no.

Were you in the house on the footing of a private friend? No, not as a friend.

You mentioned your father just now :—you did not go in your father's *cart*, I presume ; in what sort of carriage did you go ? In the old yellow chariot.

How long did it take you to travel from Manchester Square to Richmond ? Non mi ricordo.

How many other places did you go to ? Non mi ricordo.

Is the Marquis of C. a married man ?

(*Order. Order.*)

After you parted from your wife, on what terms did you live ? I've been *trying* to get rid of her.

Do you know what Matthew says (c. v. v. 32.) ?

Matthew ? Matthew ? (*trying to recollect*)—what Matthew ?—he's no friend of mine.

In what light do you consider your oath at the marriage ceremony ? A ceremony.

If your marriage oath has not bound you, can you expect people to believe you if ever you should take a solemn public oath ? More yes than no.

By the Roman law, a divorce was granted for Drunkenness, Adultery, and *False Keys* : what is your opinion of that law ?

The TWISTER GENERAL said, that it was contrary to common sense to ask the witness's opinion about any *Law*.

How many Wives does *your* Church allow you ? Non mi ricordo.

How many have you had since you separated from your own ? Non mi ricordo.

Are you a Member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice ? Yes (*with great energy*).

The Cross-examining Counsel said that the Interpreter had materially altered the sense of the last ques-

tion; he had in fact asked, if the Witness was Member of the Society for the suppression of *Wives*, (*a loud laugh*) which Witness had eagerly answered in the affirmative.

The Witness's answer was expunged, and on the question being repeated correctly, he answered that he was told it was his duty to encourage the *Vice* Society, because it professed to diminish the influence of bad example.

Have they ever prosecuted you? Me!—(*with astonishment*)—they like *me* too well!

What do you mean then by *Suppression*—is your Society to prevent little vice from being committed, or great vice from being found out?

More Yes than No.

It was here moved by Lord LE CUISINIER, that 4 o'Clock, the hour of dinner, was arrived.

Another, in a maiden Speech, said, that during his long silence in that Court he had had leisure to observe, that 4 o'Clock in the *morning* was a more usual hour of adjournment.

Another considered that Lord LE CUISINIER's suggestion ought not to be entertained for a moment. We only exist in our formalities. If we suffer ourselves to be put a stop to by the motion, we may find that we are travelling round again into the obsolete usages of our early ancestors; which will be to describe a circle that must be generally considered as nothing less than a revolution! I therefore deprecate the least innovation, and move, as an amendment, that 4 o'Clock is *not* arrived.

Symptoms of impatience were now expressed, with loud cries of *Withdraw, withdraw.*

Do you remember any thing particular occurring one night? No.

Do you not recollect whether a new wing was added during the time you and your mistress were absent? Non mi ricordo.

Do you know a certain Colonel Q.? Yes, he has *too* little mustachios.

Are you a sober man? More no than yes.

How many bottles a day do you drink. Non mi ricordo.

Do you drink six bottles? Non mi ricordo.

Five bottles? Non mi ricordo.

How many nights in the week do you go to bed sober? Non mi ricordo.

Are you sober now? More no than yes.

Where do you spend your mornings? At Curaçao.

Where do you spend your evenings? At the *Cat and Fiddle.*

What is your favorite dish? Trifle.

What is your favorite game? *Bag-at-L—*

What is your favorite amusement? The C.

After Dressing, Drinking, and Dreaming, what time remains for thinking? Non mi ricordo.

I hold in my hand a list of immense sums of money that have been advanced to you, how much have you left? None.

Well, but you have something to show for it? No.

How do you live? I have a *doll*-shop, and a large stable in the country, and some *cov*-houses in different parts.

Are not your favourite friends *horn-boys* and flashmen?—(*Order, order.*)

Can you produce a certificate of good character from those who *know* you? Yes, from the *minister*.

Pho! pho! do n't trifle; can you from any *respectable* person? More no than yes.

I understand you have the *scarlet* fever, do you not know that it ends here in a *putrid* fever? Non mi ricordo.

You have many companions and advisers, but have you to your knowledge one *real* friend in the world; and if not, why not? Non mi ricordo.

By what acts of your life do you expect you will be remembered hereafter? I shall not answer you any more questions; you put questions to me I never dreamt of.

Suppose every man in society were to do as you do, what would become of society; and what right have you to do so, more than any other man?—(*Witness greatly agitated?*)

The Witness from the *Grillery* asked whether the *Cross Examination* was nearly concluded? (*Cries of KEEP ON!*)—Supposing that the business would close to day at 4 o'clock, he had made a private *assignation*, although he was quite ready to *stop* if necessary.

The Lord PRECEDENT FURTHERMORE was in favour of adhering to a square rule; he had not entered the Court till five seconds past ten by his

stop-watch, in consequence of consulting with his Wife upon a motion-of-course which they had contemplated ; and their further deliberation had been postponed until after the adjournment to-day. It was impossible to know what questions might turn out to be doubtful or doubtless ; yet adjourning at Five o'Clock would gain a delay of six hours in the Week, and the *gaining of any thing* he considered very material in the present case.

An Adjournment then took place, the Witness remaining on

THE GRILLERY.



“ The *Fat* in the Fire ! ”



Advertisements Extraordinary.

CONSPIRACY.

WHEREAS a most abominable GANG, have caused to be published and promulgated throughout the Nation a description of the infirmities and necessities of our nature, of which decorum forbids the mention ; and also gross and inflaming allusions to the intercourse between the sexes, and wanton and shocking exposures relating thereto ; to the destruction of youthful innocence, to the shame and disgust of matron modesty, and to the horror of all heads of families : it is therefore proposed to call an immediate MEETING, for the purpose of considering the best mode of preventing an increase of this dreadful contamination, and of securing the ringleaders of the Conspiracy, and bringing them to condign punishment.

NEW VICTUALLING OFFICE.

TO CONTRACTORS.—Persons willing to supply this Establishment with CAST-IRON REPEATERS, having duplex Movements, according to the Working Models now in use as above, may send in Sealed Tenders, stating the number they can instantly supply for immediate use, and the price thereof at per hundred.

TO NACKERMEN.

THE old Hackney, Liverpool, who lately lost his paces, is glander'd, gone blind, got cruel vicious, tried to kick his mistress's brains out, shattered himself to nothing, and is expected to go down with the staggers. Any body who thinks it worth while to send a *drag* to the Stable yard may have him for fetching.

TO MANGLERS—JUST LEAVING HIS PLACE.

A STOUT ABLE-BODIED IRISHMAN, for a long time a master hand at mangling ; when he begins there is no stopping him, and never tires. Can fold and smooth, and double and iron, all day. Will tura with any body. Was formerly a master in Dublin, where his mangling will never be forgotten. His Character may be had of any body there. Is very smooth spoken, of good address, looks like an upper Valet, and is a perfect devil at his Work. May be heard of at the Triangle in the Bird-cage Walk.

TO LAUNDRESSES, WANTS A PLACE.

AN old Woman accustomed to coarse things ; and work, however filthy, never comes amiss. Where she is now they find her in *ruin*, and she finds dishclouts ; but is leaving, being almost poisoned by printers' ink. To save trouble, will have nothing to do with cleaning the House. Is used to ironing, and putting by, in any quantities, and never tires at hanging up. Can have an undeniable Character from the Rev. Mr. Hay, and the Recorder of London.

The MASTER GENERAL of the *Black Barracks* at Exeter, rose without his wig, and declaring, upon the memory of his whiskers, that he had just heard it strike 4, he enquired whether the Clock was in Order. (*Loud and continued cries of hear hear.*)

The HOME DOCTOR felt his pulse alarmingly quicken one and a fraction in the minute, and nervously said, that the clock was clearly guilty of a barefaced libel, and ought to be instantly held to bail for breach of the peace. The simultaneous action of all the Clocks throughout the nation and their open communication by circulars, was an index to the existence of an organized correspondence and a systematic affiliation. He trembled at the 'positive intelligence' he had received, that millions at that moment held their hands in an attitude ready to strike; but it was the proudest day of his life that he had so far succeeded by a *circular* movement of his own, as to enable his workmen to hold them to the peace for an hour together.

Lord BATHOS assured the Black-Barrack Master-General that the Clock *was* out of Order, and he congratulated the Home Doctor on his efficiency; but he thought they had not sunk low enough into the subject; for he had strong doubts whether the striking might not be construed into an overt act of High Treason, and if he saw any probability of being supported he should conclude with a substantive motion. Did not the Lord Precedent remember a Clock Case, in which, immediately after the chain had been locked up, a principal link suddenly disappeared? and whether, after the most minute inquiry, there was not every reason to believe from the best information that could be obtained at that

time, that that link had been *prigged*? (*Hear, hear.*) Take even the very last Clock Case, where the chain was kept together with the greatest pains, and the utmost care. If the smallest link in that chain had been *prigged*, it would have been fatal to the works, and yet in that very case, two days after the chain was locked up, a link was obtained, which, if sooner discovered, would have lengthened the chain to the necessary extent, and brought home in the most conclusive manner the guilt of the Clock. He therefore moved that the Clock be examined, and the chain kept in their own custody, with liberty to add to the number of links.

Lord RATSTAIL with his usual animation seconded the Motion.

Marquiz BOUDOIR moved as an Amendment, that the Clock being in contempt, the *Black stick* be ordered to *walk him* in to-morrow. Seconded.

Upon this Amendment the following Amendment was moved and seconded, that the word 'to-morrow' be expunged, and the word 'yesterday' be inserted in its place. *Ordered.*

CROSS EXAMINATION RESUMED.

Does the Witness recollect whether he was at B———? Non mi ricordo.

Who usually closed the Pavilion? I did.

Was it so close as to exclude any person outside from seeing what passed within, or was it partially open? It was quite closed—When I could not close it with C***** entirely, I did it with other pieces.

What do you mean by saying with other pieces? I mean with other pieces of the same quality.

STRAYED AND MISSING.

AN INFIRM ELDERLY GENTLEMAN in a Public Office, lately left his home, just after dreadfully ill-using his wife about half a Crown, and trying to beat her. He had long complained a great deal of his forehead, and lately had a leech put upon him. He was last seen walking swiftly towards the Horns without a Crown to his hat, accompanied by some evil disposed persons, who tied a great green bag to his tail full of crackers, which he mistook for sweetmeats, and burnt himself dreadfully. Every person he met in this deplorable condition tried to persuade him to go back, but in vain. He is very deaf and very obstinate, and cannot bear to be looked at or spoken to. It is supposed that he has been seduced and carried off by some artful female. He may be easily known by his manners. He fancies himself the politest man in Europe, because he knows how to bow, and to offer a pinch of snuff; and thinks himself the greatest man in Europe, because people have humoured him and let him have his own way. He is so fond of tailoring, that he lately began a suit that will take him his life to complete. He delights in playing at soldiers, supposes himself a cavalry officer, and makes speeches, that others write for him, in a field marshal's uniform. Sometimes he fancies himself 'Glorious Apollo,' plays 'Hailstones of Brunswick' on the base fiddle, and qualifies his friends to perform 'Cuckolds all on a row.' His concerns are very much deranged. Not long ago he imported a vast quantity of Italian images at enormous prices, upon credit, and hoarded them up in a water-side cotton warehouse. Since then, things have gone all against him, and he has been in a very desponding state. It is of the utmost consequence to himself that he should be at his post, or he may lose his place; one of his predecessors some time ago having been cashiered for his misconduct. If this should meet his eye, it is earnestly requested that he will return to his duty, and he will be kindly received and no questions asked.

N. B. He has not a friend in the world except the advertiser and a few others, who never had an opportunity of speaking to him and letting him know the real state of his affairs.

1st September, 1820.

WHEREAS that well known old established Public House, (formerly a *free house*) called the **POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT**, has been feloniously entered into and damaged, and the property therein carried off to a large amount, by a numerous gang of desperate Villains, who, by various vile arts and contrivances, have not only kept possession thereof, but also of the Head Waiter, who was intrusted by Mr. BULL, the owner, with the management of the concern, and was a very promising young man when Mr. Bull first knew him, and might have done very well if he had followed the advice of his old friends, and not suffered these desperadoes to get him into their clutches; since when he seems to have forgotten himself, and by neglecting his duty sadly, and behaving ill to the customers who support the House, has almost ruined the Business, and has also dreadfully injured the Sign, which Mr. Bull had had fresh painted after he dismissed a former waiter for his bad manners. Whoever will assist Mr. Bull in bringing the offenders to Justice, will be doing a great service to the young man, and he will still be retained in his situation, unless he has actually destroyed or made away with the Sign, which Mr. Bull very much admires, it being a *heir-loom*. If offered to be pawned or sold it is requested the parties may be stopped, and notice given as above. As the young man has not been seen for some time, there is no doubt the ruffians have either done him a serious mischief, or secreted him somewhere to prevent Mr. Bull, who is really his friend, from speaking to him.



“What are you at? what are you after?”

THE END.

THE
RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO
GOVERN WRONG!

Dedicated to the Holy Alliance

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



"The devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire."
SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM HONE,
45, LUDGATE-HILL.

1821.

Eightpence.

Dedication.

TO
THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE
MEMBERS OF
THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HOLINESSES,

WHEN a gang of desperate ruffians disguise themselves, and take the road armed, it is a sure sign of robbery and murder; and it becomes the duty of an honest man to raise a *hue and cry*, and describe the villains.

With that view, I dedicate to you this little book; in the hope, that some who understand the *dead* language of Despotism, may be induced to translate it into the *living* tongues of the good people of the Continent.

I pray God to take your **ROYALTY** into his immediate keeping.

THE AUTHOR OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE
THAT JACK BUILT.

O ! DULNESS, if thy sons can learn one thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King ;
That which *thy* Priests, and *thine* alone, maintain,
Which, as IT dies, or lives, THEY fall, or reign :
May ye, O Cam and Isis, preach it long,
' THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG !'
POPE.

It was a maxim of the constitution of this country that the King could do no wrong. He had high authority for stating that *the King could not commit Folly, much less Crime.*

Report of a BISHOP'S Speech.

If a King can do no wrong, why was King James II. banished? and if a King *can* do wrong, why the plague are we constantly affirming that he cannot? Either way we should stand self-condemned, and if we are not set down as a nation of scoundrels, we must think ourselves pretty easy under the appellation of fools.

SWIFT.

————— We love
The King, who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free :
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. KING though he be,
And King in England too, he may be weak.
And vain enough to be ambitious still ;
May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant :
Beyond that mark is TREASON.

COWPER.

NOTE.

The Drawings are by Mr. GEORGE CRUIESHANK.

Preface.

“ Perish those poets, and be hush'd the song,
Which with this *nonsense* charm'd the world so long,
That he who does no right, can do no wrong.”

DE FOE.

To condemn *nonsense*, especially in high places, is proper: there are ancient precedents for it.

A thousand years before Christ, Nathan, a priest in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, knew that David the Lord's anointed, had not only worked *folly* in Israel, by committing adultery with a beautiful woman, but had committed *crime*, by causing her husband to be put to death. The honest priest charged both the folly and the crime upon the king! He went up to his majesty with this Address: “*Thou art the man!*” He prosecuted him at the bar of his own conscience, convicted him, and passed sentence upon him—“*The sword shall not depart from thine house!*”

Three thousand years after this, a priest, sent into an English House of Lords by the nomination of the king, affirms there, that “he had ‘high authority’ for stating, that the king could not commit *folly*, much less *crime!*”

What a scene ! A priest of the Church of England, who promised, before he received the Holy Ghost,* to lay aside the study of the world and the flesh, who received the Holy Ghost upon that condition, who had a Bible put into his hands to preach *truth* from, and who—with the Holy Ghost in him, took the sacrament as the most solemn of all oaths, to perform what he had promised—this Priest, who again received the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a *Bishop*, and again took the oath of the sacrament—this Bishop, regardless of his sacramental oath, puzzles himself behind the Treasury bench with the *quilllets* of the English law, and forgets Nathan!—this Right Reverend Father in God, by divine permission, studies the ‘Pleas of the Crown,’ talks of ‘high authority,’ and forgets the authority of his Bible!—bends, like his *folding-crook*, in the presence of the king of England, and forgets Him whose kingdom is not of this world!—stands, as stiff as his staff, at *London*—blinks *Jerusalem*,—squints towards archiepiscopal *Canterbury*—and inculcates Passive obedience and Non-resistance!

The Doctrine of *Divine Right*, or ‘*the King can do no wrong*,’ is the evil genius of Liberty, the vital spark of Legitimate right, the very soul of Despotism. It demands the prostitution of moral principle,

* Priests of the Church of England ‘receive the Holy Ghost’ at the command of the bishop on their ordination. They receive it again when made Bishops.

See the Form of Ordination.

sophisticates scripture, and converts the peace and good will of Christianity into envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. What it can do, may be known by what it has done. Take a hero—a ruffian who has ravaged and desolated every fair region he could penetrate—a brutal ferocious wretch, of gigantic form, and cruel feature, ignorant of every thing but crime; his sword serrated by hacking the bones of the brave defenders of their country, with halts for the necks of the peaceful at his girdle: toss him an iron sceptre surmounted by the emblems of death and folly; give him the world to crush beneath his feet; and tell me in what age Priestcraft, standing upon the divine right of tithes, would refuse to throw the ermine of royalty over the monster's shoulders, anoint him as from the Lord, and *light him up* to the world as an image of the Divinity!

According to the law of England, the king *can* do no wrong. Mr. Justice Blackstone says, that “*the Prerogative of the Crown extends not to do any injury; it is created for the benefit of the people; and, therefore, cannot be exerted to their prejudice.*”*

Now, if the prerogative of the crown was created for the *benefit* of the people, is it not plain, that, should it cease to be exerted for their benefit, it would be useless; and that, should it be extended to do them injury, it would be *oppression*. Will the Bishop say, that oppression is no wrong, or that if oppression should come from the royal prerogative, oppression is

* Commentaries, vol. i. p. 245.

right? If he does say this, I ask him, how long, after oppression should be exercised through the prerogative by virtually irresponsible ministers and be declared no wrong, he supposes that a king of England could sit on the throne, or the bishops who maintain the doctrine, sit either at its right hand in the Lords, or any where else? I tell this bishop, that though the law may not suppose it possible for a king of England to do wrong, because it intends him to do right, yet if he *should* do, and *continue* to do, oppressive wrong, not all the bishops of England, nor all the bayonets of all the mercenaries of Europe, could keep that king upon the throne of an oppressed people against their united will.

A king of England is not king in his own right, or by hereditary right. The nation is not a patrimony. He is not king by his own power; but in right of, and by the power of the law. He is not king above the law; but by, or under, the law. All the authority that he has, is given to him by law; and he can only rule *according* to law: for were he to rule *against* the law, he would be *king* against the law, and depose himself. The law is the Sovereign, or paramount authority; hence, a king of England is a subject; and in this respect, he and all the people are upon a level before the law—they are all his fellow-subjects; though, as chief magistrate, he is the *first* subject of the law.

A king of England who regards the happiness of the people, and his own safety, would not wish to be

stronger than the law founded on the public will, makes him. More strength would be unnecessary to *his* welfare, and hurtful to theirs. All power *over others*, from the watch-box to the throne, tends to injure the understanding, and corrupt the heart. A good King would not desire unlimited power; a bad one would abuse it. He would become mad; and drive the people mad. A despot is a demon. Artillery and fetters with the royal robe flung over them—a cannon ball capped with the royal crown—animated by the royal will—crushing, burning, and butchering liberty, property, and human life—personify the power of an unlimited King.

The ensuing satire shows the folly and danger of such power. It is a partial revival of the *Jure Divino*, written by DANIEL DE FOE in 1706. After the lapse of a century, nearly the same reason exists for the publication as the author adduced on its first appearance. It had never appeared, he says, “had not the world seemed to be going mad a second time with the error of passive obedience and non-resistance.” It is not precisely so now: the *people* have not gone mad, but a *bishop* has, who may bite his brethren; and there is a slavish party of High Church zealots and pulpit casuists in the country who virtually support the doctrine—although if they attempt reducing it to practice, they may dig a pit beneath the throne, and engulph the dynasty. To expose this destructive doctrine, and disentangle the threads so artfully twisted into snares for the unwary

by priestcraft, De Foe composed his Satire. He was the ablest politician of his day, an energetic writer, and, better than all, an honest man; but not much of a poet. The *Jure Divino* is defective in arrangement and versification. It is likewise disfigured by injudicious repetition; a large portion is devoted to the politics of the time, and it is otherwise unfit for republication entire; but it abounds with energetic thoughts, forcible touches, and happy illustrations. The present is an attempt to separate the gold from the dross. The selection is carefully made; from the parts rejected the best passages are preserved, the rhyme and metre are somewhat bettered, the extracts are improved and transposed, and many additions of my own are introduced. The production scornfully rejects the slavish folly, senseless jargon, and venal hypocrisy, which pretend that power is from God and not from the People. It defies those who draw upon scripture in support of *Divine Right* to show that scripture lays down any rules of *political* government, or enjoins any *political* duties; or that it does not leave the people to determine by their own reason what government and what governors are best for themselves. It is a forcible and argumentative satire against the *nonsense* from hole-and-corner and lawn-sleeve men; and presents a series of peculiarly strong and quotable lines, to engraft on the common sense of the free-minded, honest, and open-hearted of my countrymen. If it aids them in the occasional illustration and emphatic expression

of their opinions, the pains I have taken will be rewarded.

There is another reason for publishing this satire, besides the revival of Priestcraft. Its twinbrother is alive. Kingcraft rears up its terrific mass, muffled in the mantle of Legitimacy; its head cowed and crowned, and dripping with the holy oil of Divine Right; its eyes glaring deadly hate to human happiness; its lips demanding worship for itself. Denouncing dreadful curses against the free, and yelling forth threatenings and slaughter, it stamps with its hoof, and coils together its frightful force to fall on young Liberty and squelch it. Its red right-arm is bared for the butchery of the brave who love Freedom and dare contend for it. It has prepared its chains and dug its dungeons, erected its scaffolds, and sharpened its axes for the wise and excellent of the earth; and its bloody banners are unfurled in insolent anticipation of unholy triumph!—

————— Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin! Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall,
Unpitied victims at ambition's shrine!

So prayed the Bishop of London, (Porteus—not Howley) and so fervently prays,

THE AUTHOR OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE
THAT JACK BUILT.

THE SPIRIT OF DESPOTISM.

The above Rare and Extraordinary Book was privately printed in 1795, without the name of either printer or bookseller, and so effectually suppressed, that there are only two copies of it besides my own in existence.

Its real value consists in exhibiting an entire and luminous view of the causes and consequences of Despotic Power. Its enthusiastic and glowing love of Liberty is unexcelled by any work written since; and for clearness, richness, and beauty of style, it is superior to every production of the Press within the same period. All that the author touches, he turns into gold. I regret to say that most probably I shall never be at liberty to disclose his name.

Naturally desirous that such a work should be perused by all England, I have reprinted it, verbatim, from my own copy; and, although containing as much in quantity as a volume of Gibbon's History of Rome, it is sold for *Eighteen-pence*.

WILLIAM HONE.

. The *French*, instantly perceiving the transcendent merit of the SPIRIT OF DESPOTISM, and its high importance at this crisis, have *transkated* it into their language, and it is now read throughout France with the greatest avidity. I intreat some good *Neapolitan* to be the benefactor of his Countrymen in like manner. It should be in the hands of the free, and those who desire to be free, in all nations;—*Austria*, for instance.

THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS
TO GOVERN WRONG.

BOOK I.

Thus Kings were first invented, and thus Kings
Were burnish'd into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp ;
Storks among frogs that have but croak'd and died !

COWPER.

*Original Power—The ancient Gods—Tyrant-kings—The
Apotheosis of James II. in the Chapel Royal—Charles
II.—Paternal Government—God prescribed no Rules of
Government—Origin of Kings—Saul.*

ARISE, O Satire !—tune thy useful song,
Silence grows criminal, when crimes grow strong ;
Of meaner vice, and villains, sing no more,
But Monsters crown'd, and Crime enrobed with Power !
At vice's high IMPERIAL throne begin,
Relate the *ancient* prodigies of sin ;
With pregnant phrase, and strong impartial verse,
The crimes of men, and crimes of Kings rehearse !
What though thy labour shall to *us* be vain,
And the World's bondage must *its time* remain ;

Let willing slaves in golden fetters lie,
 There's none can save the men who *will* to die.
 Yet some there are that would not tamely bow,
 Who fain would break their chains, if they knew how ;
 And these, from thy inspired lines, may see,
 How they choose bondage when they may go free.

He that can levy War with all mankind,
 Retard the day-spring of the human mind ;
 Buy Justice, sell Oppression, bribe the Law,
 Exalt the Fool, and keep the Wise in awe ;
 With pious Peter,* cant of heaven's commands,
 Pray with his lips, and murder with his hands ;
 Insult the wretched, trample on the poor,
 And mock the miseries mankind endure ;
 Can ravage countries, property devour,
 And trample Law beneath the *feet of Power* ;
 Scorn the restraint of oaths and promised Right,†
 And ravel compacts in the people's sight ;

* Peter the Cruel, King of Castile. He married the daughter of a Duke of Bourbon, whom he divorced, in order to renew his connexion with a former mistress. His excesses occasioned the people to dethrone him. He affected piety, and to govern by divine right !

† *Despots seldom keep engagements.*—The People of Prussia have a '*promised right*' from their king of some years standing. After the Battle of Waterloo, he promised them a *Constitution*—but became a member of the *Holy Alliance*. In 1814, this king, with another of the fraternity, the Emperor of Russia, was entertained at an expense of 20,038*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* in Guildhall London, by the Corporation in Common Council assembled, who also presented addresses of congratulation to the worthies, on their having contributed, by engaging Napoleon, to restore what the addresses called, "*the LEGITIMATE dynasties.*" The result

*That thing's a TYRANT!—and that People Fools,
Who basely bend to be that Tyrant's tools!*

Examine then the early course of things,
And search the ancient roll of Tyrant Kings,
When the first man usurp'd upon his kind,
Assumed exotick right, assuming reigned ;
Supreme in wickedness, more wicked grew ;
First *forced* a homage, then decreed it *due*.

Trace the first Tyrants to their fancied thrones,
Placed in that heaven that all their crimes disowns :—
If in the Royal lists some monsters reign'd,
Abhorr'd by heaven, and hated by mankind,
By lust and blood exalted to a throne,
For all the exquisites of Tyrant known,
The meaner name of monarch they despise,
Alive, usurp the throne, and dead, the skies ;
Above the clouds th' incarnate devil stands,
And nations worship with polluted hands !

Old Saturn, Bacchus, and high-thundering Jove,
And all the rabble of the Gods above,
Whose names for their immortal crimes are fear'd,
Monarchs and Tyrant-princes first appear'd ;

is, that the *legitimate* Emperor of Russia backs the crusade on *the People* of Naples ; and the *legitimate* king of Prussia is as little inclined to let the Prussians have a Constitution, as the Corporation of London find it convenient to return the 14,000*l.* of the Bridge-House money which they borrowed towards paying for the feast. The '*company they kept,*' and the money they owe in consequence, must be a satisfactory, because the *only* apology from the metropolis of the most free country in Europe, to the Neapolitans, for not assisting them in defending their national Independence, and their new-born Liberty, against the combined attack of "*the LEGITIMATE dynasties.*"

By rapes and blood the path to greatness stain'd,
 By rapes and blood the glittering station gain'd ;
 Succeeding knaves succeeding Gods became,
 And sin aspired to an immortal name !

The mighty wretches dwell among the stars,
 And vice in virtue's glorious robes appears ;
 And Poets celebrate their praises there,
 As Indians worship Devils that they fear !

Yet let us look around the world awhile,
 And find a Patron-God for Albion's Isle ;
 Has she so many Tyrants borne in vain ?
 Has she no Star in the celestial train ?
 Heaven knows, the difficulty only lies,
 In who's the fittest monster for the skies !—
 Satire, reflect with care, due caution give,
 Some —— are dead, beware of those that live.
 If thou too near the present age begin,
 Truth will be crime, and courage will be sin !

Look back two ages, see where shines on high
 Great JAMES, the modern Bacchus of the sky ;
 But give him time before his ghost appear,
 Lest his uneasy fame bewray his fear :
 Alive, the patron of the tim'rous race,
 Fear in his head, and frenzy in his face ;
 His constellation, were it felt beneath,
 Would make men strive to die—for fear of death !
 His exaltation with his crimes begin,
 See how we worship in his *House of Sin*,
 Aloft—we view the Bacchanalian King ;
 Below—the sacred anthems daily sing ;
 His vast excess the pencil's art displays,
 And triumphs in the clouds above our praise :

What can, with equal force, devotion move,
We pray below, and *He's* debauch'd above!*

Look lower down the galaxy and see,
 In yon crown'd Goat another Deity ;
 His orgied reel and lecherous leer outvie
 The old Priapian glory of the sky ;
 His furious lusts the other Gods deface
 And spread his viler image through the place ;
 On obscene altars blaze unholy fires
 To him, the God of all unchaste desires !†

* The Banqueting House at Whitehall is now the Chapel Royal, where sermons are preached and Divine service is sung by the choir of the king's household. On the floor, are the pews for the congregation, the pulpits of the clergy, the altar with the sacramental vessels, and the other arrangements for sacred worship. On the ceiling, the apotheosis of King James the First, painted by Rubens, represents the king in different situations crowned with the triumphs of drunkenness.

James the First held the highest notions concerning Divine Right. He had a mighty desire to be a great tyrant, but was merely a great driveller. He said on a certain occasion that "*there is an implicit tie among KINGS, which obligeth them, though there be no other interest or particular engagement, to stick to, and RIGHT ONE ANOTHER, upon an insurrection of subjects.*"—HOWELL's *Letters*, B. 1. §. 2. Letter iii.

This obligation among kings *to right one another*, flows from their 'Right Divine to govern wrong!' The *implicit tie* to suffocate liberty, wherever it appears, is co-eval with tyranny—but it was never *openly* avowed until the present concert of kings. The Holy-Alliance is—*Despotism shewing itself*.

† It was for *this* king, Charles II., that the phrase, "*our RELIGIOUS king,*" was invented by the *Bishops*.

If such Vicegerents are by Heaven appointed,
 The Devil himself may be the Lord's anointed!

De Foe.

We turn disgusted from the contemplation
 Nor seek more-royal samples of our nation ;
 But leave Posterity to find the place
 Of other heroes, of another race.

Europe, thy thrones have many a name in store,
 As bright in guilt as any crown'd before ;
 Who, turn'd to Gods, shall shine in Poets' rhymes,
 And faithful Hist'ry shall record their crimes.

The first *Paternal* ruler of mankind
 That e'er by primogenial title reign'd,
 In dignity of government was high
 But all his kingdom was his family.
 His subjects—were his household and his wife ;
 His power—to regulate their way of life ;
 His sway—extended not beyond his gate ;
 That was the limit—of his regal state ;
 And every son might from his rule divide,
 Be King himself, and by himself preside ;
 And when he died, the government went on
 In natural succession to his son.

Next Families of mutual love and unity
 Together join'd for friendship and *community* ;
 Form'd Laws, and *then* the natural order was
 To trust some man to execute the Laws.
 Hence him they best could trust, they trusted—chose ;
 And thus a *Nation* and a chief arose,
 Both constituted by a mutual trust ;
 The people honest and the ruler just.*

'Tis plain, when man came from his Maker's hand,
 He left him free, and at his own command ;

* No hereditary king ever reigned in the world, but to govern
 by laws and constitutions which were established *before* he came
 to be king.—Coke's *Detection*, vol. i. p. 13.

Gave him the light of nature to direct,
 And reason,* nature's errors to inspect ;
 No rules of Government were e'er set down,
 Nature was furnish'd to direct her own ;
 The high unerring light of Providence,
 Left that to latent cause and consequence.

Society to regulation tends,
 As naturally as means pursue their ends ;
 The wit of man could never yet invent,
 A way of life without a government ;
 And government has always been begun,
 In those who, to be govern'd, gave the crown.
 He that would other schemes of rule contrive
 And search for powers the people could not give,
 Must seek a spring which can those powers convey,
 And seek a People too that will obey.

At length *paternal* rule was less complete,
 And as mankind increas'd became unfit ;
 The petty Lords grow quarrelsome and proud,
 And plunge their little governments in blood.

* Reason is the image of God stamped upon man at his birth, the understanding breathed into him with the breath of life, and in the participation of which alone he is raised above the brute creation, and his own physical nature!—Reason is the queen of the moral world, the soul of the universe, the lamp of human life, the pillar of society, the foundation of law, the beacon of nations, the golden chain let down from heaven, which links all animated and all intelligent natures in one common system—and, in the vain strife between fanatic innovation and fanatic prejudice, we are exhorted to dethrone this queen of the world, to blot out this light of the mind, to deface this fair column, to break in pieces this golden chain!—*Hazlitt's Political Essays*, p. 57.

The factious rivals on pretence of *right*,
 Urge on the people to contend and fight ;
 Invaded weakness to brute force submits,
 Oppression rages, honesty retreats,
 Justice gives way to power, and power prevails,
 And universal slavery entails.

Thus broils arose, and thus the ends of life
 Are miss'd in Wars and undecided strife !

Scotland, till late, exemplified the plan,
 In many a feud, in many a Highland clan.
 The Chief with whoop and whistling trumpet shrill,
 Summons his slaves from ev'ry neighb'ring hill ;
 Tells them, his foeman's bull has stol'n his cow,
 And dire revenge th' obedient vassals vow ;
 With mighty targe, and basket-hilted knife,
 Battle and blood decide the petty strife ;
 The namelings fight, because the lord commands,
 And wild confusion rules th' ungovern'd lands !

The *hunter-tribes*, at first, wild beasts pursued,
 And then to chase mankind they left the wood ;
 Became Banditti, Captains, Chieftains, Kings,
 And Tyrants, by the natural course of things !

As he that ravaged most could rule the best,
 So he grown King that first subdued the rest,
 By fraud and force his *guilty power* maintains,
 Wheedles mankind to please themselves with chains,
 With selfish Kingcraft calls it RIGHT DIVINE,*
 And subtle Priestcraft sanctifies his *line*.

* PRIESTCRAFT *n. s.* [*priest* and *craft*.] Religious frauds ;
 management of wicked priests to gain power.—*Johnson*.

KINGCRAFT *n. s.* [*king* and *craft*.] Royal frauds ;
 management of wicked *kings* to gain power.

“Kings are as Gods.”—Indeed!—why then they must
 Like God be *sacred*,—but like God be *just*.
 If in a King a vicious lust prevails,
 The people see it, and the Godship fails.*

The greatest curses any age have known
 Have issued from the temple, or the throne ;
 Extent of ill from kings at first begins,
 But priests must aid, and consecrate their sins.
 The tortured subject might be heard complain,
 When sinking under a new weight of chain,
 Or more rebellious, might perhaps repine,
 When tax'd to dow'r a titled concubine, }
 But the priest christens all a *Right Divine!* }

Hor. Walpole's Epistle from Florence.

* The time has been when rulers have actually claimed the title of *God's vicegerents*, and have been literally worshipped as gods by the servile crew of courtiers ;—men gradually bowed down by despotism from the erect port of native dignity, and driven, by fear, to crouch under the most degrading of all superstition, the political idolatry of a base fellow-creature.—After all the language of court adulation, the praises of poets and orators, the statues and monuments erected to their fame, the malignant consequences of their actions prove them to have been no other than conspirators against the improvement and happiness of the human race. What were their means of conducting their governments, of exercising this office of Heaven's vicegerents? Crafty, dishonest arts, oppression, extortion, and, above all, *fire* and *sword*. They dared to ape the thunder and lightning of Heaven, and, assisted by the machinations of the grand adversary of man, rendered their imitative contrivances for destruction more terrible and deadly than the original. Their imperial robe derived its deep crimson colour from human blood ; and the gold and diamonds of their diadems were accumulated treasures wrung from the famished bowels of the poor, born only

Talks he of 'sacred' *then*,—the man's a fool ;
 His high pretence a joke and ridicule ;
 Abandon'd to his crimes he soon will find
 Himself abandon'd too, by all mankind ;
 With th' Assyrian Monarch turn'd to grass,
 As much a Tyrant, and as much an ass !

to toil for others, to be robbed, to be wounded, to be trodden under foot, and forgotten in an early grave. How few, in comparison, have reached the age of three score and ten, and yet, in the midst of youth and health, their days have been full of labour and sorrow. Heaven's vicegerents seldom bestowed a thought upon them, except when it was necessary either to inveigle or to force them to take the sword and march to slaughter. Where God caused the sun to shine gaily, and scattered plenty over the land, his vicegerents diffused famine and solitude. The valley, which laughed with corn, they watered with the tear of artificial hunger and distress ; the plain that was bright with verdure, and gay with flowerets, they dyed red with gore. They operated on the world as the blast of an east wind, as a pestilence, as a deluge, as a conflagration.—It is an incontrovertible axiom, that all who are born into the world, have a right to be as happy in it as the unavoidable evils of nature, and their own disordered passions will allow. The grand object of all good government, of all government that is not an usurpation, must be to promote this happiness, to assist every individual in its attainment and security. A government chiefly anxious about the emoluments of office, chiefly employed in augmenting its own power, and aggrandizing its obsequious instruments, while it neglects the comfort and safety of individuals in middle or low life, is despotic and a nuisance. It is founded on folly as well as wickedness, and, like the freaks of insanity, deals mischief and misery around, without being able to ascertain or limit its extent and duration. If it should not be punished as criminal, let it be coerced as dangerous.

Spirit of Despotism, p. 90.

Externals take from *Majesty*, the rest
Is but—a thing at which we laugh—a *jest*!

Let us to Scripture History appeal,
And see what truths its ancient rolls reveal :—
That great authority which Tyrants boast,
As most confirming, will confound them most!

When Israel with unheard of murmurs first,
Pray'd to indulgent Heaven they might be curst,
Rejected God, scorn'd his Almighty rule,
And made themselves their children's ridicule,
A standing banter, future ages' jest,
As damn'd to slavery at their own request—
With what just arguments did Samuel plead,
Give them the Tyrant's character to read;
Explain the lust of an ungovern'd man,
Show them the danger, preach to them in vain ;
Tell them the wretched things they'd quickly find,
Within the pleasing name of King combined ;
Deign with their 'wilder'd crowds t' expostulate,
And open all the dangers of their fate!—
Yet they sought ruin with unwearied pains,
And begg'd for fetters, slavery, and *chains*!

But, it's replied, heaven heard its suppliant's prayer,
Itself chose out the King, and plac'd him there ;
Disown'd the People's right, and fix'd their choice
In providence, and not the people's voice ;
From whence the claim of *right* by regal line,
Made *Israel's* Kings be Kings by *Right Divine*.

Yes, *Saul was King* by God's immediate hand—
But 'twas in judgment to afflict the land !
In granting He corrected the request,
A king He gave them, but withheld the rest ;

Gave all that they pretended to require,
 But in the gift he punish'd the desire ;
 He gave a *plague*, the very selfsame thing
 They *ask'd*, when they petition'd for a King !
 For 'tis remarkable when Samuel saw,
 They'd have a King in spite of sense or law,
 He told the *consequences* to the land,
 And all the mischiefs that the *Word* contain'd ;
 Told them, that Kings were instruments design'd,
 Not to improve, but to correct mankind !
 Told them the Tyrant would insult their peace,
 And plunder them of all their happiness !
 Told them, that Kings were but exalted thieves,
 Would rob men first, and then would make them slaves !
 Then drew the picture of a monster crown'd,
 Ask'd them, if such a villain could be found,*
 Whether they'd like him, and their tribute bring ?
 They answer, *Yes* :—let *such* a man be King !
 And is a Tyrant King your early choice ?
 “ *Be Kings your plague !*” said the Eternal's voice ;

* It is remarkable, that a king scarcely ever exercised tyrannical power over the people, but it was mingled with ungoverned vice in himself. Men of virtue and moderation seldom, if ever, turn tyrants. Despotism gives the reins to lust, and makes the errors of government, and the crimes of life, mix together. It is the high road to cruelty and brutalizing selfishness.—A king of France took out his watch when he guessed that the axe was cutting off the head of his favorite, and said, ‘ My dear friend must make a sad figure just now !’—A hill in Richmond Park is still shewn as remarkable for having been the station from whence Henry VIII. eagerly looked out for the ascent of a rocket at London, announcing to the impatient tyrant the precise moment when one of his wives was suffering death on the scaffold !

And with this mighty curse he gave the crown,
 And Saul, to Israel's terror, mounts the throne !
 Now, Muse, the parallel with caution bring,
 On what *condition* was this man their King ?
 Tho' *Heaven* declar'd him, heaven itself set down
 The sacred *Postulata* of the crown ;
 Samuel examin'd first the high record,
 Then dedicates the substance to the Lord.
 This is the *coronation-oath*, the bond,
 The steps on which the throne and kingdom stand ;
 For which, by future Kings unjustly broke,
God, and the *People*, mighty vengeance took !*

* *Samuel told the people the MANNER of the kingdom, and wrote it in a book and laid it up before the Lord.* (1 Samuel, x. 25.) It is plain, the word *manner* signifies the *constitution* of the government, or the *conditions* on which Saul was to be king, namely, according to justice and law ; and this is meant in frequent expressions, by *going in and out before them*, referring to *justice being executed in the gates*, and peace and war ; the king was to lead them in one, and direct in the other. This *manner* of the kingdom was *told to all the people*, and that implied, that *the consent of the people* was requisite to make him king, without which, though Samuel had anointed him, he was not owned by the Israelites, but went about his private affairs till after the victory over the Ammonites. Then the *manner* of the kingdom was written in a book—a token of its being a *compact* between Saul and the people ; and Samuel's laying it up before the Lord, is equivalent to an oath recorded on both sides ; for it was there as a *witness between the king and the people*, and served both as their oath of allegiance, and his oath of government.—All this being done, what followed? *All the people went to Gilgal, and there THEY (mark the word) made Saul king.*—(1 SAMUEL, i. 15.)

Then mark the needful steps to make him King,
 How sacred ends, concurring means must bring ;
 Not Samuel's ointment, not the mighty lot,
 Could make him King, nor force his title out.
 The people like not his mechanic race,
 They see no greatness in his youthful face :—

“ Is this the monarch shall our foes destroy,
 Does heaven design to rule us by a *boy* ?”
 The flouting Rabbies cry ! “ We scorn to own,
 A man that has no merit for a crown.
 Our King must lead the glorious tribes to fight,
 And chase the thousands of the Ammonite ;
 His pers'nal valour must our triumphs bring,
 'Tis such a man we want, and such a King.”

Away they go, *reject* his government,
 Not Heav'n's high choice could force their *due consent* !
 Samuel submits, adjourns the strong debate,
Suspends the King he offered to create ;
 Owns *their dislike's a high material thing*,
 That *their CONSENT alone could make him King* !

Why did not God displeasure then express,
 Resent the slight, and punish their excess ;
 Extort obedience by express command,
 And crown his choice by his immediate hand ;
 Destroy the Rebels with his blasting breath,
 And punish early treason with their death ;
 With mighty thunders *his* new King proclaim,
 And force the trembling tribes to do the same ?

Because He knew it was the course of things,
 And *Nature's law*, that men should *choose* their Kings ;

He knew the early dictate was *his own*,
That *reason* acted from *himself* alone.*

“ ’Tis just,” says the Almighty Power, “ and sense,”
(For *actions* are the words of Providence ;
The mouth of consequences speaks aloud,
And Nature’s language is the voice of God :)
“ ’Tis just,” says he, “ the people should be shown,
The man that *wears* it, can *deserve* the crown.
Merit will make my choice appear so just,
They’ll own him fit for the intended trust ;
Confirm by reason my exalted choice,
And make him King by all the people’s voice.
Let Ammon’s troops my people’s tents invade,
And Israel’s trembling sons, to fear betray’d,

* It is alledged, that the vulgar are not capable of judging concerning principles of government ; I answer, they are then not capable of being guilty of transgression ; for where there is a want of capacity of judgment, there can be no sin. This is a dangerous argument, my Lords, and exposes government to the violence of every one who can overturn it with impunity. You have no defence against any person in this case who is resolute, except superior strength ; for the gallows will not frighten a man who is not conscious of guilt, if he has any degree of natural fortitude. Try to persuade the vulgar that there is any case in which they cannot sin, and you will soon perceive what operation it will have upon them. But when you tell them they are not judges of your manœuvres of state, they will soon tell you that they cannot transgress what they do not understand : and that you require of them more than the Deity requires of them, or even supposes ; for he requires no duty without first allowing men to judge of his laws, and makes no laws beyond the reach of their understandings.

Sermons to Asses, (Ministers of State,) p. 57.

Fly from th' advancing legions in the fright,
 Till Jabesh' walls embrace the Ammonite ;
 I'll spirit Saul, and arm his soul for war,
 The boy they scorn, shall in the field appear ;
 I'll teach the inexperienced youth to fight,
 And flesh him with the slaughter'd Ammonite.
 The general suffrage then he'll justly have
 To rule the people he knows how to save ;
 Their willing voices all the tribes will bring,
 And make my chosen hero be their King."

He speaks, and all the high events obey,
 The mighty voice of Nature leads the way ;
 The troops of Ammon Israel's tents invade,
 His mighty fighting sons, to fear betray'd,
 Fly from th' advancing squadrons in the fright,
 'Till Jabesh' walls embrace the Ammonite.
 Saul rouses ; God had arm'd his soul for war ;
 The boy they scorn'd does in the field appear ;
His pers'nal merit now bespeaks the throne,
 He beats the enemy, and *wears* his crown.

The willing tribes their purchased suffrage bring,
 Their universal voice proclaims him King.
 As if Heaven's call had been before in vain,
Saul from this proper minute, dates his reign.
 The text is plain, and proper to the thing,
 Not GOD—but all THE PEOPLE made him *King!*

THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS
TO GOVERN WRONG.

BOOK II.

THE KING is ours

T' *administer*, to guard, t' adorn the State,
But not to warp or *change* it.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your *Loyalty* and ours.
Our love is *principle*, and has its root
In reason ; is judicious, manly, free :
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot, that treads it in the dust.

*The Duty of Resistance to Tyrants—Law—Custom—
Packed Juries—The Custom of Kings to tyrannize—
The Custom of the People to dethrone them instanced in
James II.—Rehoboam—Royalty a trust.*

WERE I permitted to inspect the rolls,
Th' eternal archives, hid beyond the poles ;
The cause of causes could I but survey,
And see how consequences there obey :
This should be first of all that I'd enquire,
And this to know, the bounds of my desire—
Why Justice reels beneath the blows of might,
And Usurpation sets her foot on right ;
Why fame bestows her ill-deserv'd applause,
When outrage triumphs over nature's laws ;

Why heaven permits the worst of men to rule,
And binds the wise man to obey the fool ;*

* It is difficult to avoid laughing at the *extreme ignorance of crowned heads* themselves, in despotic countries, when one contrasts it with the importance they assume, and the pomp and splendour with which they transfer their royal persons from place to place. The sight is truly ludicrous. Are these the men, *occupied, as they usually are, in the meanest trifles and the most degrading pleasures*, who tell us that the government over which they preside, is a perfect system, and that *the wisest philosopher knows not how to govern mankind*; that is, to consult their happiness and security, so well as themselves, neglected as they have been in youth, and corrupted in manhood by panders to their vices, and flatterers of their foibles, their pride, and their ambition? There is reason to believe that *many kings in despotic kingdoms, have been worse educated, and possess less abilities, than a common charity-boy, trained in a parish school to read and write.*

Spirit of Despotism.

An Anecdote, containing the *thoughts* of a Despot is a treat. It appears from the Emperor of Austria heading the Holy Alliance against Naples with our money in his pockets, as well as from a letter dated Laybach, 28th January, 1821, that his Majesty has the *horrors*. The letter states, that when the Professors of the Lyceum at Laybach were presented to him, he made this *nervous* speech:—

“Gentlemen—The students of Carniola have always deserved praise, (*from which their progress in useful knowledge may be inferred*). Endeavour to preserve for them this good character, (*modern Bæotians*). Remain ever faithful to what is ancient, (*Tyranny*); for what is ancient is good, (*he means for himself*); and our ancestors (*his Ancestors*) ever found it so. Why should it not be the same to us? (*The throne-men*). People (*tyrant-haters*) are occupied elsewhere (*at Naples*) with new notions (*principles of liberty*), that I (*heigh Oh!*) cannot approve, (*cannot help*); and never shall approve, (*Royal till death*). From such notions (*political truth*) preserve yourselves, (*God pre-*

Why its own thunder does not strike the crown,
 And from the stools of pow'r thrust Tyrants down ;
 Why it pursues the murd'rer's meaner crime,
 But leaves exalted criminals to time ?

Kings spurn at limitations, laws, and rules,
 And rob mankind—because mankind are fools ;
 Wheedled to act against their common sense,
 To jumble tyranny with providence ;

serve the Emperor) ; attach yourselves to nothing but what is positive, (*Despotism*). I do not want learned men (*the students at Copenhagen on the king's birth-day, January 2nd, 1821, shouted " Vivat Rex ;" the soldiers, not understanding Loyalty in Latin, and, supposing the students uttered seditious cries, dispersed them with their sabres and killed four: ergo Steel is stronger than Latin*). I want only loyal and good subjects, (*implicitly obedient slaves*) ; and it is your part to (*become drill serjeants, and*) form them (*into line*). He who serves (*implicitly obeys*), will instruct, (*that is—keep the students stupid*) according to my orders ; and whoever feels himself incapable of that, (*non-instruction,*) and embraces novel ideas, (*knowledge,*) had better depart—or I shall myself remove him, (*by putting something into his head!*).

This is a fine and perfect specimen of *legitimate* mind ; and here is another :—At the Museum of Bologna the Professors of the University shewed this same Emperor one of Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamps, and informed him that the Englishman its inventor, had, by his numerous discoveries, produced a revolution in science. At the word *revolution* the countenance of the Emperor changed ; he *rumped* the attendant, and said, the King of England would no doubt feel the consequences of his condescension to his unruly subjects ; but, as to himself, he should take proper care not to suffer any of *his* subjects to make revolutions!—"What is ancient is good." Stick to that, Despots! Your ancestors, 'an please your Majesties, groped without *safety lamps* —I pray that *you* may, till you be no more.

To hope from God what God expects from them,
 For what they ought to do, look up to Him ;
 Leave unperform'd the duties which they know,
 And *lift up* hands they should *employ* below !

Christians must no more miracles expect,
 The men that *will* be slaves, He'll not protect ;
 God never will our base petitions bear,
 Till *our endeavours* supersede our prayer ;
 Not always *then* ; but nation's may be sure,
 The *willing* bondage *ever* shall endure.
 They that would have His power to be their friend,
 Must, with what power they have, their right defend.*

The laws of God, God makes us understand,
 The laws of Nature never countermand.
 Nature prescribes, for 'tis prescrib'd to sense,
 Her first of laws to man—is self-defence.
 This then is *Law* to man, from God on high,
Resisting live—or *unresisting* die !
 He always works by *means*, and *means* he'll bless,
 With approbation, often with *success*.

Nor prayers nor tears will revolutions make,
 Tyrants pull down, or irksome bondage break ;
 'Tis *our own business* ; and He lets us know,
 What *is* our business, he expects we'll *do*.

Tyrants sometimes in Revolutions fall,
 Though their destruction's not design'd at all ;
 So hasty show'rs, when they from heav'n flow down,
 Are sent to fructify, and not to drown ;

* God punishes bad kings and oppressors, as he does the rest of mankind—through his instruments, THE PEOPLE. It is the only way by which he has ever made an example of tyrants as a terror to others.

And, in the torrent, if a drunkard sink,
 'Tis not the flood that drowns him, but the drink ;
 Yet who would say, because a *sinner's* slain,
 For fear of drowning, *we* must have *no rain*.

It's doubtful who live most unnatural lives,
 The subject that his liberty survives,
 Or kings that trample law and freedom down,
 And make free justice truckle to the crown.

LAW is the master-spring of government—
 The only *Right Divine* that heaven has sent,*

* The tyrant Henry VIII., by making himself the head of the Church, clearly begat the *Right Divine*. The King could give bishoprics, and the Bishops could give opinions. "Your Majesty is the breath of our nostrils," said Bishop Neil to James I., and speaking of himself and brethren as to worldly advantages, he certainly spoke the truth. Before the Kings of England were heads of the Church we heard little of *divine right*, and sometimes the Church itself was seen on the side of freedom ; since that time, never. The doctrine in England, that the King can do no wrong, supposes the *positive* responsibility of his Ministers. But, that it is a dangerous licence of language, is witnessed in a Right Reverend exposition of this kingly privilege in regard to Adultery. The Bishop leaped from political to moral delinquency, with a casuistry worthy an admirer of the royal power of *translation*. The Abbe de Choisy, a Priest of the same school as the British Father in God, though not of the same church, dedicated an edition of Thomas à Kempis, on the 'Imitation of Christ' to Madame de Maintenon, a courtesan and mistress to Louis XIV., prefixing this motto: "Hear oh! daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty!" Psa. xlv. 10, 11.

The Court's a golden but a fatal circle,
 Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils

It forms the order of the world below,
 And all our blessings from that order flow.
 Law is the life-blood of the social state ;
 Subordinate to law is magistrate ;
 To set the magistrate above the law,
 Would all to error and confusion draw,
 He's not a king that's not prescribed by laws—
 King's, the *effect*, but government's the *cause*.

Of all authority for Right Divine,
Custom's the worst, for every royal line.

The still-born Ignorance of antiquity,
 Quirk'd into life to cozen freemen by,
 Lawyers call *Custom* ; and, for custom, draw
 On custom still, to still call custom, *Law* !
 So ' rules' the *Bench*, and so the maxim takes,
 The fault one age commits, no age forsakes !

Begot by fools, maintain'd by knaves and fools,
 Improved by craft in error's public schools ;
 With shifting face, with loose and stammering tongue,
 The juggling fraud has plagued the world too long ;
 Modern encroachments on our freedom makes,
 And backs it with our fathers' old mistakes :
 As if our rev'ence, to their virtues due,
 Should recommend their crimes and follies too !

This vapour *Custom*, this mere wand'ring cloud
 Puffs the crown'd wretch, and helps to make him proud.
 Persuades him to believe it must be true,
 Homage to Law, becomes the *Tyrant's* due !

In crystal forms, sit tempting innocence,
 And beckon early virtue from its centre.

Anon. quoted by Dr. Watts.

Thus Priestcraft preaches, and thus Lawyers draw
An after age, to call a custom—*Law!*

And yet this boasted, ever-quoted thing,
Fails in the point—fails to support the king :
For though by *custom*, kings have learn'd to ride
A few vile minions, to support their pride,
The people always have opposed the cheat,
It never was *their custom* to submit ;
The *Practice* of the people made the name,
For practices and customs are the same ;
And *custom* this one mighty truth will tell,
When kings grow tyrants, nations will rebel.
The people may, for *custom* gives assent,
Dethrone the *man*, to save the *Government!*

If any say the *practice* is not so,
Let them to *England* for examples go.
England the *Right Divine of kings* profess'd*
And all the marks of slavery caress'd ;
Long courted chains, but 'twas in court disguise,
And holy fraud conceal'd the sacred lies—
The CHURCH the *mountebank*, the KING the *jest*,
The *wheedled monarch*, and the *wheedling priest!*
James proved the patient, crouching, loyal tribe,
But let his *fate* their *loyalty* describe !

* Sir Robert Filmer, the great champion of Divine Right having defended it in print, Algernon Sidney drew out a system of original power, and government according to the laws of God, nature, and reason. Before it was finished, the friends of Divine Right seized the manuscript, and finding Sidney's arguments unanswerable, they laid aside the work, and fell upon the man ; —so they cut off his head, merely because they could not answer his book.

With life-and-fortune, churchmen back'd the crown,*
 In crushing all men's freedom but their own.
 Then, under colour or pretence of law,
 Villains their victims to the shambles draw,
 Where sat the scoundrel Chief in ermined pride,
 And a pack'd jury in the box beside.
 The farce commences—justice heaves a groan—
 The case is clear—a verdict for the Crown!
 When noble RUSSELL and brave SIDNEY fell,
 JUDGES *themselves* rung out LAW's *funeral knell!*

* A Courtier's loyalty is charmingly pictured in the portrait of Bubb Doddington, drawn by himself in his celebrated *Diary*. He was by trade a Boroughmonger, and his stock consisted of six *Members* in the House of Commons, which he jobbed about and sold to the best bidder. At the close of his bargain and sale of the whole in a lump to the Duke of Newcastle for the king's service, there is a *finish* which renders the painting a fine and matchless *Cabinet* specimen.—Bubb, who had been in disgrace at court for selling them elsewhere, said to the duke, "I knew I had given no *just* cause of offence, but that *I could not justify it with HIS MAJESTY*; that it was ENOUGH that HE (*the king*) WAS DISPLEASED, to make *me* think that *I WAS IN THE WRONG*, and to beg Him to forget it: *I would not even be IN THE RIGHT against HIM!*" The duke was delighted with this loyal and dutiful submission. Bubb says, "*He took me up in his arms, and KISSED ME TWICE!*" and Bubb was rewarded for laying his six members of the honorable house at the foot of the throne with the price he stipulated for—namely, the treasurership of the navy, and a peerage! The story was beautifully and most impressively related by the excellent-hearted and inflexible JOHN HUNT, in his noble and *successful* defence, on the trial of an *ex officio* information for words in the Examiner charged not as false, but as libellous on the Honorable House.

Yet when *their own* destruction they foresaw,
 The *passive* knaves cried *Liberty and Law!*
 Took from their *best of Kings* his *Right Divine*,
 And abrogated fealty to the line ;
 They made a *precedent*, dropp'd T from TREASON,
 And found the *best of words* behind it—REASON!

The crown's a symbol, that the people meant,
 To mark their choice, or form of government ;*
 The crown is theirs, and this has been their plan,
 To make the *office* sacred, not the *man* :
 Hence, if a tyrant on the throne appears,
 The place is vacant, and the crown is theirs.

David, the patient tribes too much opprest,
 Vex'd them with tribute, and deny'd them rest ;
 Harass'd the land with imposts and alarms,
 Taxing and fighting—money ! and to arms !

His son, however wise, disturbed their peace,
 With taxes for his sumptuous palaces ;

* All *Majesty* is derived from *Law* founded on right reason. A strength beyond that is mere force. The Magistrate formerly had no Majesty but while engaged in magisterial duties. His real dignity consisting in his legal authority.

When the ancient parliaments of France met according to the constitution annually, the king went to meet the members seated in a waggon drawn by oxen, which a waggoner drove with his goad to the parliament house ; but he was in no *state* until he was seated there, robed and crowned, and sceptred. And, indeed, in that place only, where the great affairs of the Commonwealth are transacted, can it be said, that *Real Majesty* does truly and properly reside ; and not where the king plays, or dances, or prattles with his women, when the vulgar are always styling him, *your Majesty*.

Hotoman's Franco-gallia, p. 73.

His love of women and his garish state,
 His love of pomp and show, and looking great ;
 His building projects, and his vast designs,
 Too vast for all the gold of Ophir's mines,
 The people's hearts dismay'd, their feelings pain'd,
 Their love unsettled, and their treasures drain'd.*

By two such vig'rous monarchs long oppress,
 The next that came they loyally address ;
 Implored his gracious majesty would please
 To tax them less, and let them live in peace.
 The son of Solomon with anger hears
 The people dare to offer him their pray'rs,
 Spurns their Address, his rage no bounds restrain,
 And thus he gives his answer with disdain :—

“ I bear from *Heaven* the ensigns of my sway,
 My business is to rule, and your's obey :
 Therefore your scandalous *Address* withdraw,
 'Tis my command, and my command's your law :
 Seditious grows from seeds of discontent,
 And *faction always snarls at government* :
 But since my throne from God alone I hold,
 To Him alone my councils I unfold ;
 My resolutions he has made your laws,
 You are to know my actions, He the cause !

* Solomon could have but two occasions for money ; one for his costly buildings, the other for his numerous women, for he never had any wars. To the expense of his buildings the kings of other countries contributed largely ; so that it must have been his excesses in women, and other luxurious indulgences, that caused him to oppress the people with heavy burdens of taxes.

Wherefore I *stoop*, to let you understand,
 I *double* all the taxes of the land.
 And if your discontents and feuds remain,
 PETITION—and I'll *double* them again !
 The mild correction which my Father gave,
 Has spoil'd the people he design'd to save ;
 You murmur'd then, but had you thus been used,
 You'd ne'er his easy clemency abused !"

The injured people, treated with disdain,
 Found their *Petitions* and *Addresses* vain !
 Long had they made submissions to the crown,
 And long the love of Liberty had known ;
 The kings they ask'd of God had let them see,
 What God himself foretold of tyranny.
 The father had exhausted all their stores,
 With costly houses, and more costly whores ;
 But doubly robb'd by his encroaching son,
 They rather chose to die, than be undone ;
 And, thus resolving, by a single stroke,
 Ten tribes revolted, and their bondage broke !

The tyrant, in his sceptred bloated pride,
 Believing God and blood upon his side ;
 To the high altar in a rage repairs,
 And rather tells his tale, than makes his prayers :*

“ Behold !” says he, “ the slaves, o'er whom I reign,
 Have made the pow'r I had from Thee in vain ;
 From thy diviner rule they separate,
 And make large schisms both in Church and State ;
 My just intentions are, with all my force,
 To check rebellion in its earliest course ;

* The author has taken a poetical licence here. For scripture does not say that Rehoboam prayed to the Lord.

Revenge th' affronts of my insulted throne,
 And save thy injured honour, and my own ;
 And as thy counsels did my fathers bless,
He claims thy help, who does their crown possess !"

Listen ye kings, ye people all rejoice,
 And hear the answer of th' Almighty voice :
 Tremble, ye tyrants, read the high commands,
 In sacred writ the sacred sentence stands !

" *Stir not a foot ! thy new-rai'd troops disband !*"
 Says THE ETERNAL ;—" it is my command !
 I raised thy fathers to the Hebrew throne,
 I set it up, but you *yourselves* pull down !
 For when to them I Israel's sceptre gave,
 'Twas not my chosen people to enslave.
 My first command no such commission brings,
I made no tyrants, though I made you kings ;
 But you my people vilely have opprest,
 And misapplied the powers which you possess.
 'Tis Nature's laws the people now direct,
 When Nature speaks, I never contradict.
 Draw not the sword, thy brethren to destroy,
 The liberty they have, they may enjoy ;
 I ever purposed, and I yet intend,
 That what they may enjoy, they may defend ;
 They have deserted from a misused throne,
 "*The thing's from ME*"—the crime is all thy own !"^{*}

* When the ten tribes revolted from Rehoboam, and chose Jeroboam king, there is no doubt they limited him by law ; for many years afterwards king Ahab, one of his successors, admiring a herb-garden near to his own palace, applied to the owner, Naboth, and offered him either a vineyard for it, or the worth of it in money ; but Naboth would neither exchange nor sell it, and

If kings no more be flatter'd and deceived,
 Nor shun too late, the knaves they have believed ;
 If as ' trustees for *uses*' they agree
 To act by limited authority ;
 Subordination will its order keep,
 Ambition die, and all rebellion sleep.
 The weeping nations shall begin to laugh,
 The subjects easy, and the rulers safe.
 Plenty and peace embrace just government,
 The king be pleased, the people be content.

If any king is hoodwink'd to believe,
 People will blind obedience to him give ;
 Let him pause long, before he dares to try,
 They all by *practice* give their words the lie !*

Ahab returned home so vexed, that he went to bed and would not eat any thing. Naboth having thus displeased the king, the courtiers got up a charge of *Blasphemy* and *Sedition* against him by means of false witnesses hired on purpose ; he was found guilty and executed, and Ahab got possession of the garden, probably as a forfeiture to the crown. It is clear, therefore, that Ahab's power was restrained by law, for it was not until Naboth was murdered *under the forms of law*, that the king could get the poor man's property. Another thing is very remarkable : as soon as the murder was completed, and the king had got the garden, there was an *honest* Father in God, who, instead of saying ' the king could do no wrong,' went to his majesty, charged him with the crime, and denounced his downfall, which happened accordingly, through his listening to flattering ecclesiastics, and his fondness for military affairs. If the Bishop of London should desire to preach on this story, he is informed that he may find it in the Bible, 1 Kings, xxi.

* FLATTERY is a fine picklock of tender ears ; especially of those *whom fortun hath borne high upon their wings*, that submit

Art may by mighty dams keep out the tide,
 Check the strong current, and its streams divide ;
 Pen up the rising waters, and deny
 The easy waves to glide in silence by :
 But if the river is restrain'd too long,
 It swells in silence to resent the wrong ;
 With fearful force breaks opposition down,
 And claims its native freedom for its own.
 So Tyranny may govern for a time,
 Till Nature drowns the tyrants with their crime !

their dignity and authority to it, *by a soothing of themselves*. For, indeed, men could never be taken in that abundance with the springes of others' flattery, if they began not *there* ; if they did but remember how much more profitable the bitterness of truth were than all the honey distilling from a whorish voice, which is not praise but poison. But *now* it is come to that extreme of folly, or rather madness, with some, that *he that flatters them modestly, or sparingly, is thought to malign them*.

Ben Jonson.

The ears of kings are so tingled with a continual uniform approbation, that they have scarce any knowledge of true praise. Have they to do with the greatest fool of all their subjects—they have no way to take advantage of him : by the flatterer saying, " It is because he is my *king*," he thinks he has said enough to imply that he therefore suffered himself to be overcome. This quality stifles and confuses the other true and essential qualities which are sunk deep in the kingship.

Montaigne.

END OF BOOK II.

THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS
TO GOVERN WRONG.

BOOK III.

———— Nations would do well
T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of HEROES, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief; and *who spoil,*
Because men suffer it, their TOY—The World.

*Tyrants deposed to preserve the Throne—In Europe—In
England before the Conquest—By each other since.—No
right line any where—Difference between Tyrants and
Kings—Government instituted by the People for their
own good—Tyrants treat men as cattle to be slaughtered
—God decrees their fall—Ordains Revolutions by the
People.*

SEARCH we the long records of ages past,
Look back as far as antient rolls will last;
Beyond what oldest history relates,
While kings had people, people magistrates;
Nations, e'er since there has been king or crown,
Have pull'd down tyrants to preserve the throne.
The laws of nature then, as still they do,
Taught them, their rights and safety to pursue;
That if a king, who should protect, destroys,
He forfeits all the sanction he enjoys.

There's not a nation ever own'd a crown,
 But if their kings opprest them, pull'd them down ;
 Concurring Providence has been content,
 And always blest the action in th' event.

He that, invested with the robes of power,
 Thinks 'tis his right the people to devour,
 Will always find some stubborn men remain,
 That have so little wit, they won't be slain ;
 Who always turn again when they're opprest,
 And basely spoil the gay tyrannic jest ;
 Tell kings—of *Nature, Laws of God, and Right,*
 Take up their arms, and with their tyrants fight.

When passive thousands fall beneath the sword,
 And freely die at the imperial word,
 A stern, unyielding, self-defending few,
 While they resist, will ravel all the clew ;
 Will all the engines of oppression awe,
 And trample pow'r beneath the feet of law.
 'Tis always natural for men opprest,
 Whene'er occasion offers to resist ;
 They're traitors else to truth and common sense,
 And rebels to the laws of Providence ;
 'Tis not enough to say, they *may*—they *must* ;
 The strong necessity declares it just ;*
 'Tis Heav'n's supreme command to man, and they
 Are always blest who that command obey.

* If it be asked, Who shall be judge? it is plain that God has made Nature judge. If a king make a law, destructive of human society and the general good, may it not be resisted and opposed? "No!" exclaim a junta of holy men, "*it is from GOD!*" What is *Blasphemy*?

So France deposed the Merovingian line,
 And banish'd Childrick* lost the right divine ;
 So Holy League their sacred Henry † slew,
 And call'd a counsel to erect a new ;
 For right divine must still to justice bow,
 And people first the right to rule bestow :
 So Spain to arbitrary kings inured,
 Yet arbitrary Favila ‡ abjured ;
 Denmark four kings deposed, and Poland seven,
 Swedeland but one-and-twenty, Spain eleven :
 Russia, Demetrius banish'd from the throne, §
 And Portugal pull'd young Alphonsus down ;

* Childeric I. the son of Merovius, for his lasciviousness, was banished by the great men, and one Egidius, a Gaul, set up in his stead. Childeric II. was banished and deposed by his subjects, and king Pepin reigned in his stead ; and so ended the Merovingian family.

† The League deposed Henry III. and declared him a tyrant, a murderer, and incapable to reign, and held frequent counsels with the pope's legate and the Spaniards about settling the crown, and several proposals were made of settling it, sometimes on the infanta of Spain, at other times on the cardinal of Bourbon, the duke de Main, and others.

‡ Favila, a cruel tyrant, was deposed by the Castilians, who chose judges to administer the government, till they appointed another.

§ Besides the banishment of Demetrius, the History of Russia furnishes a sickening catalogue of the butchery of her despots by each other. During the debate in the House of Lords on the 19th of February, 1821, Lord Holland, observing on the Crusade of the Holy Alliance of Despots against Naples, said, " That objections to the freedom of political constitutions came but ungracefully from the reigning Emperor of Russia, who ascended a throne reeking with the blood of his own father ; and as this member

Each nation that deserves the name of state,
 Has set up laws above the magistrate ;
 Hence, when a self-advancing wretch acquires
 A lawless rule, his government expires.

Explore the past, the steps of monarchs tread,
 And view the sacred titles of the dead ;
 Look to the early kings of Britain's isle,
 For *Jus Divinum* in our *native* style.

Conquest, or compacts, form the rights of kings,
 And both are human, both unsettled things ;
 Both subject to contingencies of fate,
 And so the godship of them proves a cheat.
 The crowns and thrones the greatest monarchs have,
 Were either stolen, or the people gave.
 What claim had colonel Cnute,* or captain Suene ?
 What right the roving Saxon, pirate Dane ?
 Hengist, or Horsa, Woden's blood defied,
 And on their sword, not right divine, relied.
 The Norman Bastard, how divine *his* call !
 And where's his heav'nly high original ?

These naked nations, long a helpless prey,
 To foreign and domestic tyranny ;—

of that holy league, owed his crown to the murder of his father, it brought to his recollection, that since the time of the Czar Peter I. no sovereign had ascended the throne of Russia without its being stained with the blood of his immediate predecessor, or some other member of his own family."

* 'The leaders of the invading Saxons and Danes were mere thieves and robbers, pretending to no right but that of the sword. Hengist and Horsa were Saxon leaders, who after conquering Kent, made themselves kings. Woden is famed to be the first great leader of the *Goths* into Europe, and all their kings affected to be thought of his predatory blood.

Their infant strength unfit to guard their name—
 Was left exposed to ev'ry robber's claim,
 An open prey to pirates, and the isle,
 To wild invaders, grew an early spoil.

The Romans ravaged long our wealthy coast,
 And long our plains fed Cæsar's num'rous host.
 What birthright raised that rav'nous leader's name?
 His sword, and not his fam'ly, form'd his claim.
 Where'er the Roman eagles spread their wings,
 They conquer'd nations, and they pull'd down kings;
 Cæsar in triumph o'er the whole presided,
 And right of conquest half the world divided.
 For Liberty our sires in arms appear'd,
 And in its sacred name with courage warr'd;
 Made the invaders buy their conquest dear,
 And legions of their bones lie buried here.*

When these their work of slaughter had fulfill'd,
 And seas of British blood bedew'd the field;
 Shoals of Barbarian Goths, worse thieves than they,
 From Caledonian Friths, and frozen Tay,
 O'erspread the fruitful, now abandon'd plains,
 And led the captured victims in their chains:
 The weaken'd natives, helpless and distrest,
 Doom'd to be plunder'd, ravish'd, and oppress'd,
 Employ new thieves from the rude Northern coast,
 To rob them of the little not yet lost.

* The hillocks or barrows still remaining in most parts of England were the graves of the soldiers. There are four very large ones near Stevenage in Hertfordshire, close to the road. The plains in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire are full of these monuments of the valorous achievements of the Britons in defence of their liberty.

The work once done, the workmen, to be paid,
Only demand themselves, and all they had!
In dreadful strife their freedom to maintain,
They fought with fury, but they fought in vain;
Yet, like Antæus, every time they fell,
Their veins with rage and indignation swell;
Not for continued losses they despair,
But for still fiercer battle they prepare;
Again their blood the Saxon chariots stains,
And heaps of heroes strew th' ensanguin'd plains;
Thus, though they leave the world, they keep the field,
And thus their lives, but not their freedom yield.

Three hundred years of bloody contest past,
Plunder'd at first, and dispossesed at last,
The few remains, with freedom still inspir'd,
To Western mountains, to resist retired;
Their dear abandon'd country thence they view,
And thence their thirst of Liberty renew;
Offers of peaceful bondage they defy,
What's peace to man without his liberty?*

* The Britons fought one hundred and sixty-three pitched battles. They might well be said to be conquered, for in these prodigious struggles for their liberty they were nearly all slain. They fought as long as there were any men to be raised; but the Saxons swarming continually over from vastly populous countries, the few Britons that remained, took sanctuary in the western mountains of Wales, and from the crags and cliffs, poor and distress as they were, they made constant inroads and excursions upon the Saxons; the Saxon Annals are filled with accounts of the renewed warfare. Even the English histories frequently mention the incursions of the Welsh, till, at last, united to England, they seem to be incorporated with the natives of their ancient soil.

The conquer'd nation—fell a dear bought prey,
And Britain's island, *Saxon* Lords obey :
The shouting troops their victories proclaim,
And load their chiefs with royalty and fame :
The garland of their triumphs was their crown,
Mob set them up, and rabble pull'd them down !
Fighting was all the merit they could bring,
The bloodiest wretch appear'd the bravest King !
Nor did his kingship any longer last,
Than till by some more powerful rogue displaced.

In spoil and blood was fix'd the right divine,
And thus commenced the royal *Saxon* line :—
That sword that vanquish'd innocence in fight,
The sword that crush'd the banish'd Britons' right,
At pleasure subdivides the British crown,
And forms eight soldier kingdoms out of one.
From these we strive to date our royal line,
And these must help us to a right divine ;
From actions buried in eternal night,
Priestcraft is brought, to fix the fancied right ;
Priestcraft that, always on the strongest side,
Contrives, tho' kings should walk, that priests shall ride.

One master thief his fellows dispossess,
And gave, once more, the weeping nation rest ;
For Egbert,* English monarchy began,
By his Almighty-sword—the *Sacred* man !
Yet who was Egbert ? Search his ancient breed ;
What sacred ancestors did he succeed ?

* Egbert came over originally from France, and was not the successor of any prince of the West Saxon kingdom, nor of any kingdom.

What mighty princes form'd *his* royal line,
 And handed down to *him* the right divine ?
 A high-Dutch trooper, sent abroad to fight,
 Whose trade was blood, and in his arm his right :
 A supernumerary Holsteiner,*
 For want of room at home, sent out to war ;
 A mere Swiss † mercenary, who for bread,
 Was born on purpose to be knock'd in head ;
 A Saxon soldier was his high descent,
 Murder his business, plunder his intent ;
 The poor unvalued, despicable thing,
 A thief by nation, and by fate a king !

To-day the monarch glories in his crown,
 A soldier thief to-morrow knocks him down,
 And calls the fancied right divine *his own* !
 In the next age *that* ' rightful' Lord's forgot,
 And rampant treason triumphs on the spot :
 Success gives title, makes possession just,
 For if the fates obey, the subjects must.

We should be last of all that should pretend,
 The long descent of princes to defend ;
 Since, if hereditary right's the claim,
 The English line has forty times been lame ;
 Of all the nations in the world, there's none
 Have less of true succession in their crown.

Britannia now, with men of blood oppress,
 And all her race of tyrants lately ceased ;

* The Saxons that came over were from Jutland, Holstein, &c.
 The poor countries the Saxons lived in, being unable to support
 the vast numbers of the people they produced, they sought sub-
 sistence and habitations in fruitful and plentiful lands.

† A *Swiss*, alludes to their being mercenaries.

Ill fate prevailing, seeks at foreign shores,
 And for worse monsters, ignorantly implorés.
 The right divine was so despised a thing,
 The crown went out a begging for a king
 Of foreign breed, of unrelated race,
 Whore in his scutcheon, tyrant in his face ;
 Of spurious birth, and intermingled blood,
 Who nor our laws nor language understood.

William the early summons soon obeys,
 Ambition fills his sails, his fleets the seas ;
 By cruel hopes, and fatal valour sped,
 The foreign legions Britain's shores o'erspread :
 The sword decides the claim, the land's the prey,
 Fated the conquering tyrant to obey.
 Harold by usurpation gain'd the crown,*
 And ditto usurpation pull'd him down.

Nothing but patience then could Britain claim,
 Oppress'd by suff'ring, suff'ring made her tame :
 She saw the tyrant William quit the throne,
 And hoped for better usage from his son ;
 But change of tyrants gave her small relief,
 She lost the lion, and receiv'd the thief.
 Rufus, his father's ill got treasure seized,
 The greedy sons of mother-church appeased ;
 Bought up rebellion with the cash he stole,
 Secured the Clergy, and seduced the whole.
 So brib'ry first with robbery combined
 To ride before, and treason rode behind.

* Harold seized upon the crown by force. He had no claim to it, by blood or inheritance, being the son of Earl Goodwin.

Ambition, and the lust of rule prevail'd,
 And Robert's right, on Rufus' head entail'd.*
 Beau-Clerk next grasp'd his elder brother's crown,
 And, by his sword, maintain'd it was his own :
 The second† Henry fights, and fighting treats,
 To own the prince's title he defeats ;
 Consents to mean conclusions of the war,
 And stoops to be a base usurper's heir ;
 Accepts the ignominious grant, and shows
 His right's as bad as Stephen's that bestows :
 The royal tricksters thus divide the prey,
 And helpless crowds the jugglers' swords obey.‡
 Then John,§ another branch of Henry's line,
 Jumps on the throne, in spite of Right Divine,
 Turn we to mighty Edward's deathless name ;
 Or to his son's, whose conquests were the same ;
 That mighty hero of right royal race,
 His father still alive, usurp'd his place.||

* They were both usurpers, for the true right of descent was in Edgar Atheling, of the race of Edmund Ironside.

† Henry II. was obliged to compromise the dispute with his competitor Stephen; a prudent agreement, but in defiance of *hereditary right*.

‡ As at the death of Henry I. the main line of Normandy ended, so the succession has ever since proved so brittle, that it never held to the third heir in a right descent without being put by, or receiving some alteration by usurpation, or extinction of the male blood.—*Churchill's Divi Britannici*, p. 207.

§ King John was the youngest son of Henry II., who had his eldest line deposed. Henry was the son of a usurper, a usurper himself, and the murderer of his own brother's son.

|| Edward III. reigned, his father, Edward II. being a prisoner, and was afterwards murdered.

As Edward on his parent's murder stood,
 So Richard's tyrant reign was closed in blood :
 Deposed and murder'd, Edward's father lies ;
 Deposed and murder'd—thus the grandson* dies.
 Lancastrian Henry from his feeble head,
 The bauble wrench'd, and wore it in his stead ;
 Three of his name by due succession reign,
 And York demands the right of line in vain.
 Thro' seas of slaughter, for this carnaged crown
 Edward, not went, but waded to the throne ; †
 Three times deposed, three times restored by force,
 Priest-ridden Henry's title ‡ yields of course.

Short lived the right the conquering king enjoy'd,
 Treason and crime his new-crown'd race destroy'd ;
 As if the crimson hand of Power pursued
 The very crown, and *fated* it to blood,
 Richard by lust of government allured,
 By double murders, next that crown procured ;
 For silent records trumpet-tongued proclaim
 The jails and graves of princes are the same.
 At Bosworth field, the crookback was dethroned ;
 Slain in the fight, and then the victor own'd ! §

* Richard II. † Edward IV. ‡ Henry VI.

§ Richard III. was succeeded by Henry VII. who had clearly no claim to the crown from blood. After him it still devolved with irregularity, although under the Tudors, the doctrine of hereditary right was as vaguely maintained as before. Thus, a *Parliament* granted to Henry VIII. the power of regulating the succession *by will*, and it was by pretending to exercise a similar power under an alleged will of Edward VI. that the unprincipled Northumberland sought the establishment of Lady Jane Grey. Elizabeth, on the same ground, was importuned to appoint a successor, at intervals, during the last twenty years of her reign ;

So men of blood, incited by its taste,
 By lust of rule urged on, laid England waste ;
 Oppression then upon oppression grew,
 One royal wretch another overthrew ;
 They made a football of the People's crown,
 And brother-tyrant brother-king pull'd down ;
 Succeeding robberies revenged the past,
 And every age of crime outdid the last.

Look on once more—the tangled *line* survey,
 By which kings claim to *bind* men to obey.
 In the *right* line they say their title lies :
 But if its twisted?—then the title dies.
 Look at it!—knotted, spliced in every place !
 Closely survey the intersected race—
 So full of violations, such a brood
 Of false successions, spurious births, and blood ;
 Such perjuries, such frauds, to mount a throne,
 That Kings might blush their ancestors to own !

and finally, named the King of Scotland in her last moments. These are strange incidents for the advocates of *Divine Right*! The fact is; this wretched theory was never formally advocated until the days of James I.; and it may be considered to be one of the precious fruits of that settled connexion between Church and State, of which the Despot, Henry VIII., laid the foundation. Yet no Despot ever supported himself steadily on an English throne; and what is there to prove, that such men ever can? Look at King Richard II., he was a finished gentleman, possessed some taste for literature, and shewed himself as fond of finery as need be; but he waged war with the common sense of the realm and the rights of the people,—and finally, by entrusting his power to weak, inefficient, and corrupt ministers, roused the anger of a distressed and overtaxed community. **MORAL**—*They* were beheaded, and *he* was dethroned.

Oh! but *Possession* SUPERSEDES *the Line!*
 Indeed!—then king, *as king*, has Right Divine;
 And, coy *Succession* fled from majesty,
 Makes *Usurpation* as divine as he;
De Facto is *de Jure*, and a throne,
 To every dog that steals it is his bone!

Hence tyrants—and from these infected springs,
 Flows the best title of *the Best of Kings!**

* THE BEST OF KINGS (Court slang) *the King for the time being*.—Many a king has been the *worst* man of his age, but no king was ever the *best*. In 1683, the very year of Charles the Second's reign, in which Lord William Russel and Algernon Sydney were murdered *under the forms of law*, by packed juries, and the king's passive obedient judges—when the throne floated in blood, and the king's manners were notoriously and disgustingly sensual and dissolute—in that year, J. Shurley, M. A. in his 'Ecclesiastical History Epitomised,' gives Charles the title of "*the best of kings!*" calls his life and reign *virtuous!* and prays that his days may be as *the days of Heaven!*—This loyal author calls himself, *The Christian reader's* "BELOVED Brother in CHRIST!"

Of the same king, Charles II., Horace Walpole (Lord Orford) gives this character in his Epistle from Florence:—(*Dodsley's Collection*, vol. iii. p. 92.)

Fortune, or fair, or frowning, on his soul
 Could stamp no virtue, and no vice controul!
 Honour or morals, gratitude or truth,
 Nor taught his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth!
 The care of nations left to whores or chance,
 Plund'rer of Britain, pensioner of France;
 Free to buffoons, to ministers denied,
 He lived an atheist, and a bigot died!

All kings have parasites and praise; the Press records their actions; and Posterity gives their characters.

Right of Succession, or what other claim
 Of right to rule, by whatsoever name
 Or title call'd, by whomsoever urged,
 Is in the people's *right of choosing* merged.
 The *right's* the People's, and the People's choice
 Binds kings in *duty* to obey *their* voice ;
 The *Public Will*, the *ONLY Right Divine*,
 Sanctions the office, or divides the line ;
 Topples the crown from off the *tyrant's* head,
 And puts a king to govern in his stead.

Tyrant and king are vastly different things—
 We're *robb'd* by tyrants, but *obey'd* by kings !
 If it be ask'd, how the distinction's known,
Oppression marks him out—the nations groan,
 The broken laws, the cries of injur'd blood,
 Are languages by all men understood !*

* Tyrants lose all respect for humanity, in proportion as they are sunk beneath it ; taught to believe themselves of a different species, they really become so ; lose their participation with their kind ; and, in mimicking the God, dwindle into the brute ! Blind with prejudices as a mole, stung with truth as with scorpions, sore all over with wounded pride like a boil, their minds a heap of morbid proud flesh and bloated humours, a disease and gangrene in the state, instead of its life-blood and vital principle—foreign despots claim mankind as their property. They regard men crawling on the face of the earth as we do insects that cross our path, and survey the common drama of human life as a fantoccini exhibition got up for their amusement. It is the overweening, aggravated, intolerable sense of swelling pride and ungovernable self-will that so often drives them mad ; as it is their blind fatuity and insensibility to all beyond themselves, that, transmitted through successive generations, and confirmed by régäl intermarriages, in time makes them idiots.

Hazitt's Political Essays, p. 341.

Just laws and liberty make patriot kings ;
 Tyrants and tyranny are self-made things.*

* Though a Despot be transformed into a limited king, he is in heart and purpose still a despot. He feels *duress* ; he is not at liberty to oppress at his pleasure ; and he awaits an opportunity to exercise ‘ the Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong ;’ for he holds the doctrine that “ oaths are not to be kept with *subjects*.” In the reign of Richard II. the Duke of Norfolk apprised the Duke of Hereford, that the King purposed their destruction :—

Hereford.—God forbid !—He has sworn by ST. EDWARD, to be a good Lord to me and the others.

Norfolk.—So has he often sworn to me by GOD’S BODY : but I do not trust him the more for THAT !

Every restored despot has become an unblushing and shameless perjurer ; where is there in history an instance to the contrary ?—Once a DESPOT, and always a DESPOT.

ALFRED the Great is the only King in our annals who being guilty of misgovernment, and seeing its evils had the high courage to acknowledge his crime by amendment. At the commencement of his reign he seemed to consider his exalted dignity as an emancipation from restraint, and to have found leisure, even amidst his struggles with the Danes, to indulge the impetuosity of his passions. His immorality and despotism provoked the censure of the virtuous ; he was haughty to his subjects, neglected the administration of justice, and treated with contempt the complaints of the indigent and oppressed. In the eighth year of his reign he was driven from the throne by the Danes. Narrowly escaping death and enduring many hardships, adversity brought reflection. According to the piety of the age, instead of tracing events to their political sources, he referred them immediately to the providence of God ; and considered his misfortunes as the instrument with which Divine Justice punished his past enormities. By his prudence and valour he regained the throne, and drew up a code of laws by which he ordained the government should be administered. Magistrates trembled at his stern impartiality and inflexibility. He executed forty-four judges in

As government was ever understood
 To be a measure for the people's good ;
 So when perverted to a wrong intent,
 It's stark oppression, not a government.

one year for their informal and iniquitous proceedings. Hence their survivors and successors were careful to acquire a competent degree of knowledge, and their decisions became accordant to the law. Discovering that the only real foundation of national happiness is in the enlightenment of the people, he instructed them himself by his writings, endowed establishments for the promotion of Education, and became the guardian and benefactor of his country.*—His virtues were the fruit of *early instruction*. When he was a child, his mother, Osburga, awakened in him a passion for learning and knowledge. Holding in her hand a Saxon poem, elegantly written and beautifully illuminated, she offered it as a reward to the first of her children whose proficiency should enable him to read it to her. The emulation of Alfred was excited: he ran to his master, applied to the task with diligence, performed it to the satisfaction of the queen, and received the prize of his industry. His mind thus opened by this excellent woman, she dropped in the seeds of knowledge; by careful culture they grew into wisdom, and *Alfred is one of the most illustrious instances of the endless blessings conferred upon man by EDUCATION*.

From the *banks* of the strong hold of *Corfe Castle*, in Dorsetshire, near Wareham, formerly a station of the Danish barbarians, one of their successors making good his lodgment in a nameless *House* denies the justice of UNIVERSAL EDUCATION, forgetful, perhaps, that the benighted savages, his predecessors, were finally expelled by Alfred; that *it was the triumph of Knowledge and Liberty over Ignorance and Selfish power; and that ALFRED, disdaining to use the advantage which Education gave him over the rest of the people, otherwise than for their welfare, incessantly laboured to dispense its benefits to ALL*.

* *Lingard's History of England*, vol. i. c. 4.

Blest are the days, and wing'd with joy they fly,
 When kings protect the people's liberty ;
 When settled peace in stated order reigns,
 And, nor the nation, nor the king complains ;
 If kings may ravish, plunder, and destroy,
 Oppress the world, and all its wealth enjoy ;
 May harass nations, with their breath may kill,
 And limit liberty by royal will ;
 Then was the world for ignorance design'd,
 And God gave kings to blast the human mind ;
 And Kings but general farmers of the land ;
 And men their *stock* for slaughter at command ;
 Mere beasts of draught, to crouch and be oppress'd,
 Whom God, the mighty landlord, form'd *in jest*.

Yet who believes that Heaven in vain creates,
 And gives up what it loves to what it hates ;
 That man's great Maker call'd him into birth,
 To be destroy'd by tyrant-fiends on earth ;
 That nations are but footstools to a throne,
 And millions born to be the slaves of one ?

Priestcraft ! search Scripture, shew me God's decree,
 That crime shall rule by his authority.
 Kingcraft ! search Scripture too, and from it prove
 Thy right to ravage from the God of Love.*

* Priestcraft and Kingcraft are partners in the same firm. *They trade together.* KINGS and conquerors make laws, parcel out lands, and erect churches and palaces for the priests and dignitaries of religion. In return, PRIESTS anoint kings with holy oil, hedge them round with inviolability, spread over them the mysterious sanctity of religion, and, with very little ceremony, make over the whole species as slaves to these Gods upon earth by virtue of DIVINE RIGHT!

Hazlitt's Political Essays, p. 303.

No! HE has issued no such foul command,
 But dooms down Despots by the People's hand;
 Marks tyrants out for fall in every age,
 Directs the justice of the people's rage;
 And hurling vengeance on all royal crimes,
 Ordains the REVOLUTIONS of the times!



A thing of no bowels—
 — from the crown to the toe, topfull
 Of direst cruelty.—His Realm a slaughter-house—
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth—
 Iron for NAPLES, hid with English gilt.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE END.

THE
POLITICAL SHOWMAN—AT HOME!

EXHIBITING HIS CABINET OF CURIOSITIES AND

Creatures—All Alive!

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE
POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

"I lighted on a certain place where was a Den."

Bunyan.

WITH TWENTY-FOUR CUTS.



"The putrid and mouldering carcase of exploded Legitimacy."

Mr. Lambton.

Tenth Edition.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM HONE, 45, LUDGATE-HILL.

1821.

ONE SHILLING.

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1801 111 - 101113

Printed by W. Hone,
45, Ludgate Hill, London.



THE PRESS, invented much about the same time with the *Reformation*, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our Church, than all the doctrine can make amends for. 'Twas an happy time, when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer did keep the keys of the library! Now, since PRINTING came into the world, such is the mischief, that *a man cannot write a book but presently he is answered!* There have been ways found out to *fine* not the people, but even the *grounds and fields where they assembled*: but no art yet could prevent these *SEDITIONOUS MEETINGS OF LETTERS!* Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with meer ink and elbow-grease, do more harm than an *hundred systematic divines*. Their ugly printing *letters*, that look but like so many rotten teeth, how oft have they been pulled out by the public tooth-drawers! And yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative as ever! O PRINTING! how hast thou "*disturbed the peace!*" Lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal as when founded into *letters!* There was a mistake sure in the story of Cadmus; and the *serpent's teeth* which he sowed, were nothing else but the *letters* which he invented.

Marvell's Rehearsal transposed, 4to, 1672.

Being marked only with *four and twenty letters*,—variously transposed by the help of a PRINTING PRESS,—PAPER works miracles. The Devil dares no more come near a *Stationer's heap*, or a *Printer's Office*, than *Rats* dare put their noses into a *Cheesemonger's Shop*.

A Whip for the Devil, 1669. p. 92.

THE SHOWMAN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Walk up! walk up! and see the **CURIOSITIES** and


CREATURES—all alive! alive O! Walk up!—now's your time!—*only* a shilling. Please to walk up!

Here is the strangest and most wonderful *artificial* CABINET in Europe!—made of NOTHING—but *lacker'd* brass, *turnery*, and *papier mâché*—all FRET work and *varnish*, held together by *steel points*!—very CRAZY, but very CURIOUS!

Please to walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen—it's well worth *seeing*! Here are the most wonderful of all wonderful LIVING ANIMALS. Take care! Don't go within their *reach*—they mind nobody but *me*! A short time ago they got loose, and, with some other *vermin* that came from their *holes and corners*, desperately attacked a LADY OF QUALITY; but, as luck would have it, I, and my 'four and twenty men,' happened to come in at the very moment;—we 'pull'd' away, and prevented 'em from doing her a *serious mischief*. Though they *look tame*, their vicious dispositions are unchanged. If any thing was to happen to *me*, they'd soon break out *again*, and shew their natural ferocity. *I'm in continual danger from 'em myself*—for if I didn't watch 'em closely they'd *destroy ME*. As the clown says, 'there never *was* such times,'—so there's no telling what *tricks* they may play *yet*.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—these animals have been exhibited *at Court*, before the KING, and all the Royal Family! Indeed His Majesty is so *fond* of 'em that he often sees 'em *in private*, and *feeds* 'em; and he is so *diverted* by 'em that he has been pleased to express his gracious approbation of all their *motions*. But they're as cunning as the *old one* himself! Bless you, *he* does not know a thousandth part of their *tricks*. You, Ladies and Gentlemen, may see 'em just as they are!—the BEASTS and REPTILES—all *alive! alive O!* and the BIG BOOBY—all *a-light! a-light O!*

Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen! walk in! just a-going to begin.—Stir 'em up! Stir 'em up there with *the long pole*!

Before I describe the ANIMALS, please to look at the SHOW-CLOTH opposite———

The CURIOSITIES have *labels* under them, which the company can read.



THE TRANSPARENCY, of which this is a copy, was exhibited by WILLIAM HONE during the ILLUMINATION commencing on the 11th, and ending on the 15th of November, 1820, in celebration of the VICTORY obtained by THE PRESS for the LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE, which had been assailed in the Person of *The Queen*; the words "TRIUMPH OF THE PRESS," being displayed in variegated lamps as a motto above it. On the 30th, when *The Queen* went to St. Paul's, it was again exhibited, with Lord Bacon's immortal words, "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," displayed in like manner.—The Transparency was painted by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

----- COURT VERMIN that buzz round
And fly-blow the King's ear; make him suspect
His wisest, faithfullest, best counsellors —
Who, for themselves and their dependants, seize
All places, and all profits; and who wrest,
To their own ends, the statutes of the land,
Or safely break them.

Southey's Joan of Arc. b. 1.

¶ These creatures see not to teche vs to corecte ovr maners
and amende our lynnge.

Dialoges of Creatures Moralysed. Prologe.

To exalt virtue, expose vice, promote truth, and help men to serious reflection, is my first
moving cause and last directed end.

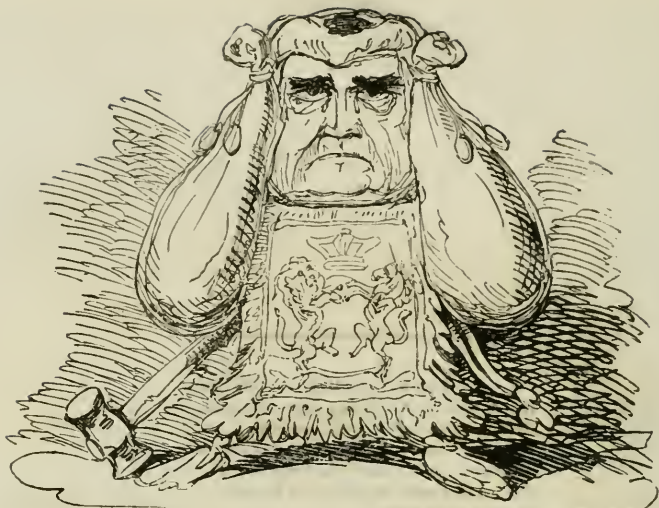
De Foe's Review, 4to., 1705, Preface.

----- Oh that I dared
To basket up the family of plagues
That waste our vitals; peculation, sale
Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds
By-forgery, by subterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies-----
Then cast them, closely bundled, every brat
At the right door!

Couper.

NOTE.

All the Drawings are by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



“JUGIATOR REGIS.”

Strutt's Sports, 1848.

————— a most officious Drudge,
 His face and gown drawn out with the same budge,
 His pendant Pouch, which is both large and wide,
 Looks like a Letters-patent: —————
 He is as *awful*, as he had been sent
 From Moses with the eleventh commandment.

Bp. Corbet's Poems, 1672, p. 3.

He begins his DECISION by saying, *Having had doubts upon this for twenty years.*

Maddock's Chancery Practice, Pref. ix.

He is like a tight-rope dancer, who, whenever he leans on *one side*, counteracts his position by a corresponding declination on *the other*, and, by this means, keeps himself in a most *self-satisfied equipoise*.

Retrospective Review, No. V. p. 115.

Trust not the cunning waters of his eyes:—
 His eyes drop millstones.

Shakspeare.

BAGS.—(*a Scruple Balance.*)

————— 'tis the veriest madness, to live poor,
 And die with *Bags*——

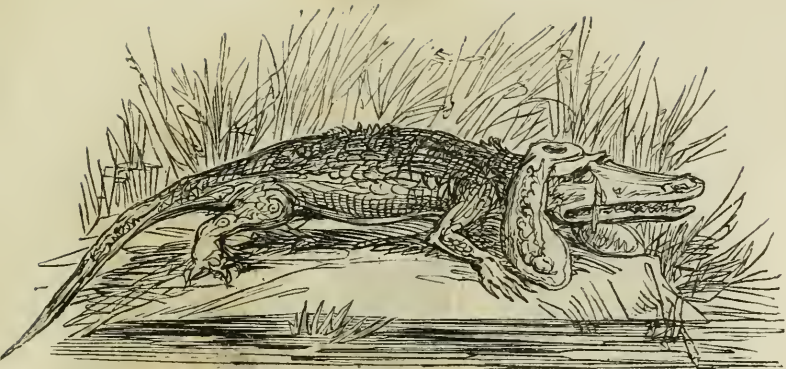
Gifford's Juvenal, Sat. xiv.

DUBIUS is such a *scrupulous* good man—
 Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can!
 He would not, with a PEREMPTORY tone,
 Assert the nose upon his face HIS OWN
 With HESITATION, admirably slow,
 He humbly hopes—presumes—it MAY be so.
 Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
 He ties up all his hearers in SUSPENSE!
 His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
 Cent'ring, AT LAST, in having—NONE AT ALL.

Cowper.

Well! he is a *nimble* gentleman; set him upon BANKES,
 his horse, in a saddle rampant, and it is a great question, which
 part of the Centaur shews better tricks.

Cleveland's Poems, 1665, p. 123



By some the Crocodile is classed among fishes. A person born under this Zodiacal Sign, (*Pisces*), shall 'be a mocker and shall be *covetous*, he will *say* one thing and *doe* another, he shall *find money*, he will trust in his *sapience*, and shall have *good fortune*, he shall be a *defender of Orphelins and widdowes* and shall live lxxiii year and v months after nature.'

Shephear d's Kalender, 1497. c. liii.

Pitty not him, but fear thyself,
 Though thou see the crafty elfe
 Tell down his silver-drops unto thee,
 They're counterfeit, and will undoe thee. *Crashaw's Poems*, 1670, p. 112.

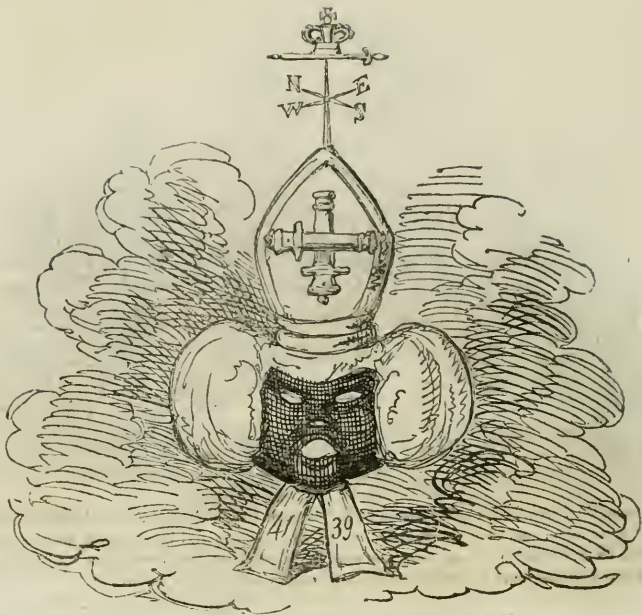
A CROCODILE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I begin the Exhibition with the Crocodile, which is of the Lizard tribe; yet, from his *facility of creeping through narrow and intricate ways*, he has been classed among SERPENTS.* He has a monstrous appetite, his *swallow* is immense, and his legs are placed *side-ways*. It is a vulgar error to suppose that he cannot *turn*; for, although he is in appearance very heavy, and his back very strong, and proof against the hardest blows, yet he is so *pliable*, that he can *wheel* round with the utmost facility. When in his HAUNT, and apparently torpid, he sometimes utters a piteous *whine* of distress—almost human; *sheds tears*, and, attracting the unwary, suddenly darts upon a man and gorges him with all he has. His *claws* are very long and tenacious. If a victim eludes his grasp, he infallibly secures him by his FLEET power. He is sometimes used for purposes of *state and show*, and his BAGS are much coveted for their *peculiar qualities*.†

* By Linnæus.

† Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, v. 283.



Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns, and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up.—

Cowper.

Having by much dress, and secrecy, and-dissimulation, as it were *periwigged** his sin, and covered his shame, he looks after no other innocence but *concealment*.

Bp. South's Sermons.

A MASK.—(*an Incrustation—a Relique.*)

A shallow brain behind a serious *mask*,
An oracle within an empty cask,
A solemn fop.— — —
— A sooty *Film*.

Cowper.

————— The TRING on Earth
Least qualified in honour, learning, worth,
To occupy a sacred, awful post,
In which the best and worthiest tremble most.
The ROYAL LETTERS are a thing of course,
A King, that would, might recommend his horse;
And deans, no doubt, and chapters, with one voice,
As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.

* * * * *

A piece of mere CHURCH-FURNITURE at best.

Cowper.

* There is a similarity, amounting almost to absolute identity, in the two Greek words that signify an *Impostor* and a *Periwig*:—

Φεναξ-ακος—*Impostor*.

Φενάκη—*Periwig*.

Hederici Lexicon.



There are a number of us creep
Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why they're born,
But merely to consume the corn.

Watts on *Hor.* L. i. Ep. ii. 27.

Very grievous were they; before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such: for they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was *darkened*.

Exodus, x. 14, 15.

THE LOCUST.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The Locust is a destructive insect, of the GRILLUS tribe. They are so numerous, and so rapacious, that they may be compared to an ARMY, pursuing its march to devour the fruits of the earth, as an instrument of *divine displeasure* towards a devoted country. They have LEADERS, who direct their motions in preying on the labours of man in *fertile regions*. No insect is more formidable in places where they breed: for they *wither* whatever they *touch*. It is impossible to recount the *terrible devastations* which historians and travellers relate that they have committed at different times, in various parts of the world. Many are so *venomous*, that persons *handling* them are immediately stung, and seized with shivering and trembling; but it has been discovered that, in most cases, their hateful qualities are completely assuaged by *palm oil*.*

* Goldsmith, vi. 21.



It preys upon and destroys itself with its own poison. It is of so malignant and ruinous a nature, that it ruins itself with the rest; and with rage mangles and tears itself to pieces:

Montaigne, v. 3. c. xi.

A SCORPION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The Scorpion is a REPTILE that resembles the *common lobster*, but is much more hideous. They are very terrible to mankind, on account of their size and malignity, and their large *crooked stings*. They often assault and kill people in their houses. In ITALY, and some other parts of Europe, they are the greatest pests of mankind; but their venom is most dreadful in the *East*. An inferior species sally forth at certain seasons, in battalions;—scale houses that stand in the way of their march;—wind along the course of rivers;—and on their retreat entrench themselves. Scorpions are so irascible, that they will attempt to sting a *constable's staff*; yet even a harmless little MOUSE* destroyed three of them, *one after the other*, by acting on the *defensive*, survived their venomous wounds, and seemed pleased with its victory. When in a confined space, they exert all their rage against each other, and there is nothing to be seen but universal carnage. If this mutual destruction did not prevail, they would multiply so fast as to render some countries uninhabitable.†

* Confined for the sake of experiment in a vessel, by Maupertuis.

† Goldsmith, v. 428.

THE LOBSTER.

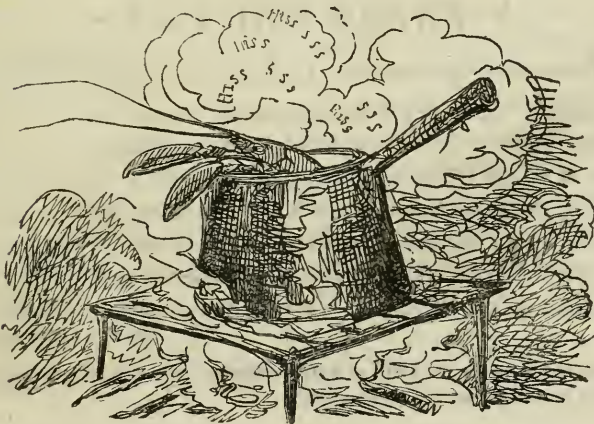
—————they preferre
Broiles before Rest, and place their Peace in Warre.

Du Bartas, 4to. 151.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The Lobster is very similar to the scorpion. It is armed with two great claws, by the help of which it moves itself forwards. They entrench themselves in places that can be easily defended where they acquire defensive and offensive armour. They issue forth from their fortresses in hope of plunder, and to surprise such inadvertent and weak animals as come within their reach. They have little to apprehend except from each other, the more powerful being formidable enemies to the weaker. They sometimes continue in the same habitations for a long time together; in general they get new coats once a year. When in hot water they make a great noise, attack any one that puts a hand towards them, and knowing their danger, use violent efforts to escape. In a sufficient heat they change their colours.*

* Goldsmith, v. 163.





———— With huge fat places stored,
A prop that helps to shoulder up the state.

Tom of Bedlam, folio. 1701. p. 4.

———— a Crutch that helps the weak along,
Supports the feeble—but retards the strong.

Smith.

He knows not what it is to feel within
A comprehensive faculty, that grasps
Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,
Almost without an effort, plans too vast
For his conception, which he cannot move.

Cowper.

One of that class of individuals of but moderate talents, who by habitual exercise of their faculties are enabled to figure in the world by mere *imitation*; to become learned moralists, jurists, and theologians; to go through the ceremonies of professional life with an imposing gravity and regularity, and to run round the mill-horse circle of routine with a scrupulous precision.

Sir C. Morgan's Phil. of Life, 370

A PRIME CRUTCH.—

(From the Westminster Infirmary—Upper Ward).

HE fondly 'IMITATES' that wondrous LAD,
That durst assay the sun's bright flaming team;
Spite of whose feeble hands, the horses mad
Fling down on burning earth the scorching beam;—
So MADE the flame in which HIMSELF was fired;
THE WORLD THE BONFIRE WAS—when HE expired!*

Like HIM of Ephesus, HE HAD WHAT HE DESIRED.

Fletcher's Purple Island.

* The 'LAD' died in the midst of war, ejaculating heaven to save the country from the miseries of his system of misrule.



Full of business, bustle, and chicanery ;

Dibdin's Bibl. Decam. iii. 301.

An odious and vile kind of creatures that fly about the House ;

B. Jonson's Discov.

They seem—descending, at some direful blow,
To nibble brimstone in the realms below!

Salmagundi, 139.

Suppose one to be “ boring ” on *one side* for two hours, and his opponent to be “ *botheriog* ” for a like period on the *other side*, what must be the consequence?

Sir Jos. Yorke, in H. of Com. March 30, 1821.

Of torrent tongue, and never blushing face ;

——— Knaves, who, in truth's despite,

Can white to black transform, and black to white!

Gifford's Juvenal, Sat. iii.

When they were fewer, men might have had a Lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age.

Walton's Angler, (4to. Bagster) 93.

They'll argue as confidently as if they spoke gospel instead of law ; they'll cite you six hundred several Precedents, though not one of them come near to the case in hand ; they'll muster up the authority of Judgments, Deeds, Glosses, and Reports, and tumble over so many dusty Records, that they make their employ, though in itself easy, the greatest slavery imaginable ; always accounting that the best plea which they have took most pains for.

Erasmus of Folly, 96.

In other countries, they make laws upon laws and add precepts upon precepts, till the endless number of them makes the fundamental part to be forgotten ; leaving nothing but a confused heap of explanations, which may cause ignorant people to doubt whether there is really any thing meant by the laws or not.

Bp. Berkeley's Gaudentio di Lucca, 166.

In the country of the *Furr'd Law-cats*, they gripe all, devour all, conskite all, burn all, draw all, hang all, quarter all, behead all, murder all, imprison all, waste all, and ruin all, without the least notice of right or wrong : for among *them* vice is called virtue ; wickedness, piety ; treason, loyalty ; robbery, justice : *Plunder* is their motto ; and *all this they do, because they dare*. — *Gripe-men-all*, the *Chief of the Furr'd Law-cats*, said to Pantagruel, ‘ *Our Laws are like cobwebs ; your silly little flies are stopt, caught, and destroy'd therein, but your stronger ones break them, and force and carry them which way they please. Don't think we are so mad as to set up our nets to snap up your great Robbers and tyrants : no, they are somewhat too hard for us, there's no meddling with them ; for they will make no more of us, than we make of the little ones.*’—

Rabelais, b. v. c. xi. xii.

BLACK RATS.—(*Stuffed.*)

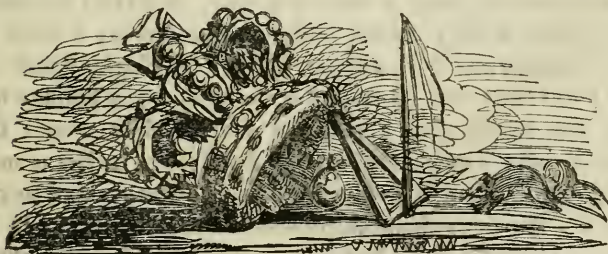
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

These are most pernicious animals. They BOROUGH, and prey on our food, drink, clothing, furniture, live-stock, and every convenience of life; furnishing their residences with the plunder of our property. They have particular HAUNTS, to which they entice each other in large numbers, for the sake of *prey*; where they often do incredible damage to our *mounds*, and undermine the strongest *embankments*. Sometimes they hoard their plunder in *nests*, that they make at a distance from their usual *places of congregating*.* They are very bold and fierce. Instead of waiting for an attack, they usually become the aggressors, and, *seizing their adversaries by the lips*, inflict dangerous, and even deadly wounds. While they subsist on our industry, and increase our terrors, they make no grateful returns, and, therefore, mankind have studied various ways for diminishing their numbers; but their *cunning* discovers the most distant danger, and if any are disturbed or attacked, in an unusual manner, the rest take the alarm, and, becoming exceedingly shy, and wary, elude the most ingenious devices of their pursuers. When, unhappily, you come in contact with one of these *vermin*, the best way of dispatching it is by a single squeeze; but novices who hesitate, are sure to prove sufferers. They have been found on a BBENCH, so *interwoven* by their tails, that *by reason of their entanglement, they could not part*.† A DEAD RAT, *by altering the look of his HEAD and the appearance of his SKIN*, may be transformed into the appearance of a much more *powerful* animal; and THIS, Ladies and Gentlemen, *has been considered a MASTER PIECE in cheating*.‡

* White's Selborne, 4to. 75.

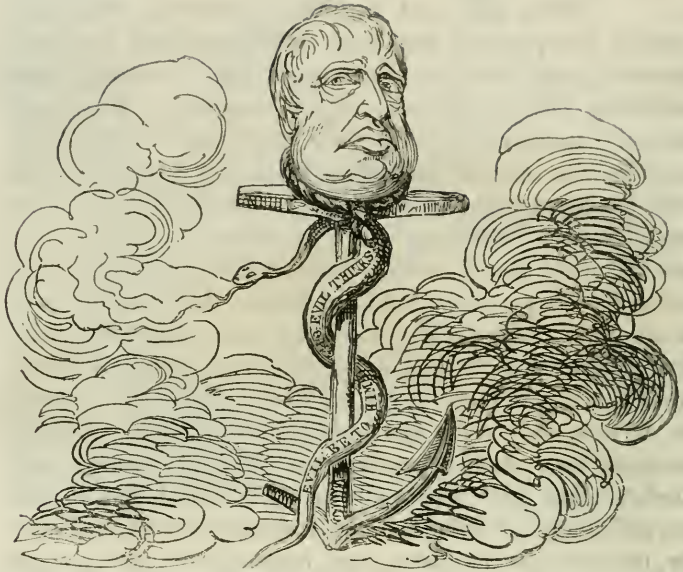
† Letters from Bodleian Library, i. 12.

‡ Ibid. ii. 160, *note*. See also Goldsmith, iii. 169.



A *bait*, such wretches to beguile.

Spenser.



Cadger. n. s. A Low Character.

Pierce Egan.

One of

"The blessings of this *most indebted* land."

Useless in lim alike both brain and speech,
Fate having plac'd all truth above his reach.

Cowper.

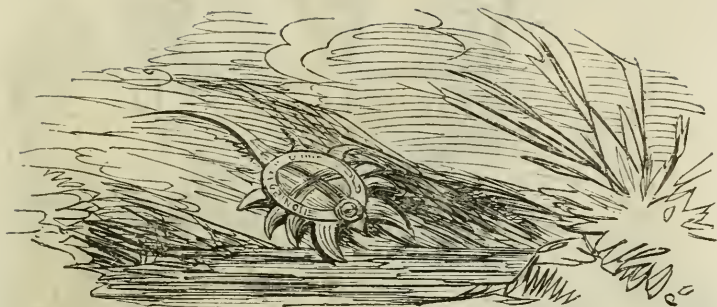
A most damnable swearer and inventor of new oaths. A tongue-libelling lad of the sea—he matters not the truth of any thing he speaks; but is prone to fasten his stings in the reputation of those that would scorn to be like him. I wonder to see this unquiet disposition in a brute creature—a Swill-tub.

Pell's Improvement of the Sea, 1695, p. 101, et seq.

A CADGE ANCHOR.—(a Remora— a sucking Fish.)

WHAT have we here? a man or a fish? A FISH: he *smells* like a fish; a very *ancient* and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor John. Were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: *there* would this monster make a man; any *strange beast* there makes a man. His gabbling voice is to utter FOUL SPEECHES, and to DETRACT. He is as disproportioned in his manners, as in his shape. As with age his body grows uglier, his mind cankers.

CALIBAN.



Reptil, with spawn abundant—

Milton, Par. b7.

A WATER SCORPION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

This offensive INSECT lives in *stagnant* waters, continually watching for prey. Its feelers resemble the claws of a scorpion; the EYES are *hard and prominent*, the SHOULDERS *broad and flat*. It wastes twenty times as much as its appetite requires; one can destroy thirty or forty of the LIBELLULA kind, each as large as itself. It is nevertheless greatly overrun with a small kind of lice, which probably repay the injuries it inflicts elsewhere. At certain seasons it flies to *distant waters* in search of food; but it remains where it was produced until fully grown, when it *sallies forth in search of a companion of the other sex, and soon begets an useless generation*.*

* Martyn's Dict. Nat. Hist. 2 vols, Folio, 1785. Goldsmith, vi. 35.



He that maketh the wound *bleed inwards*—

Bacon

Gives Liberty the last, the mortal shock ;

Slips the slave's collar on, and *snaps* the lock.

Cowper.

What is his *Character*?— A man of amiable *Manners*—mild and civil.

Character of the Murderer of the Marrs.

I never judge from *Manners*, for I once had my pocket picked by the *civillest* gentleman I ever met with ; and one of the *mildest* persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha.

Lord Byron.

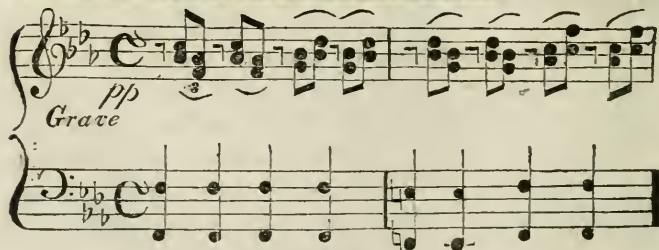
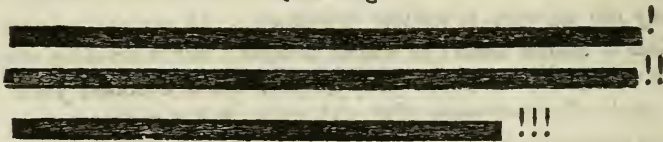
DIRKPATRICK.

(*a Petrified Putrefaction.—a Bloodstone.*)

The Bloodstone is *green*, spotted with a bright *blood red*.

Woodward on Fossils.

History.



Moral.

I recommend it to all that read this *History*, that when they find their lives come up, in any degree, to a similitude of cases, they will inquire and ask themselves, is not this the time to repent?

De Foë's Col. Jack, 1723, p. 399.



————— *Ratsed in blood.*

Shakspeare.

THE BLOODHOUND.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

This is the most terrible animal in the Collection. Its character is that of decided *enmity to man*; it hunts down those who endeavor to regain their *Liberty*, and is called the *Ban Dog*. When it scents a human victim it follows his track with cruel perseverance; flies upon him with dreadful ferocity, and, unless dragged off, tears and rends the form until every noble feature of humanity is destroyed. It has an exquisite smell for blood. The species vary little throughout the world: there is scarcely any difference between the trans-atlantic *Spanish* blood-hound and the *Irish* wolf-dog, whose ferocity has been much diminished by the animal being frequently *crossed*. It is still kept on some of the old *royal grounds*.

* Edwards's West Indies. Goldsmith. Rainsford's St. Domingo. Scott's Sportsman's Repository.



I do remember an APOTHECARY—

A THREE-INCH FOOL;—*unmannerly breech'd:—*

Shakspeare.

Inflated and astrut with self-conceit:—

Cowper.

To bleed adventured he not, *except the Poor.*

Swift's Mem. of P. P.

He had heard of *Politics*, and long'd to get

A *Place*; ————— and now,

With *all his Fam'ly* crowding at his heels,

His brothers, cousins, followers, and his son,

He shows himself *Prime Doctor.*—

Rt. Hon. G. Canning.

He is that *CANTING SLAVE* foretold,

By one *Dan Barnaby* of old,

That would hang up his cat on Monday,

For killing of a mouse on Sunday;

Who, that *his beer* mayn't work the latter day,

Forbids the brewer's call on Saturday.

Anon.

A *go-cart* of superstition and prejudice, never stirring hand or foot but as he is pulled by the wires and strings of the state conjurers.

Hazlitt's Table Talk, 366.

His *A. B. C.* is a great deal better employment for him, than the grave and weighty matters of state, and the study of politics.

Dr. Bastwick against Col. J. Lilburne, 42.

Shall I lose my *Doctor*? No; he gives me the potions, and the *motions*.

What ho! *APOTHECARY!*—

Shakspeare.

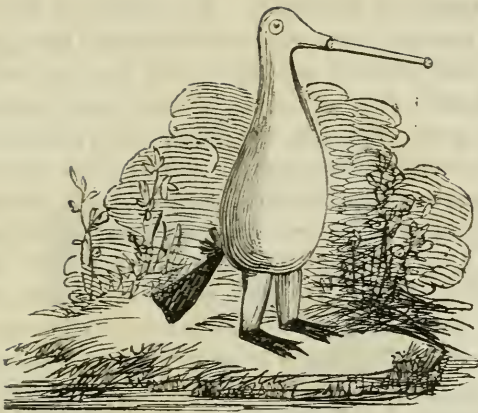
THE DOCTOR.—(a Dejection.)

In these days the grand "*primum mobile*" of England is *CANT*—*Cant political, Cant religious, Cant moral*, but *always CANT*—a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided among themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this *Verbal Decorum*.

Lord Byron on Mr. Bowles, 16.

DIARY.—April 1st. I grew *melancholy*.—My father lying sick, told me, in syllables, the *Philosopher's stone*.—It pleased God to put me in mind that I was now placed in the condition I always desired.—I hung three spiders about my neck (*for a charm*).—I kissed the king's hand.—*Cætera desunt*:

Elias Ashmole's Diary.



————— the most notorious geck and Gull
That e'er Invention play'd on.

Shakspeare.

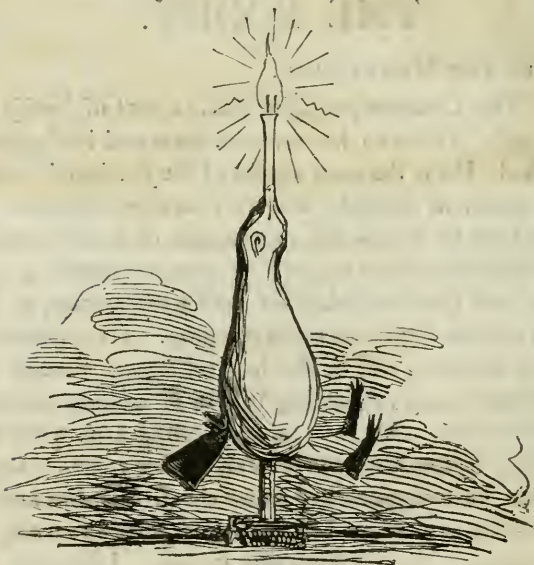
THE BOOBY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The *Creature* you now see is a sort of *Noddy* of the GULL kind. Observe his uncouth form and his ludicrously wise looks! He is the most stupid of the *feathered* tribe; yet he has a *voracious* appetite, and an enormous swallow. You perceive that he feigns the appearance of being *upright*, of seeming to comprehend objects he sees, of listening to what he hears, and that he shakes his head with *gravity*, as though he had a certain degree of understanding. His greatest pleasure is in *standing still*. He has not sense enough to *get out of People's way*; speaking to him or making *motions* never disturb him. There is no compelling him to the fatigue of *changing* his position till he feels a *blow*; for he keeps his PLACE till he is approached quite close, and *knocked down*. He is a living *full stop*. When he is *forced to walk*, which is very seldom, he goes from *side to side*. Like others of similar tribes, he BOROUGHS. In this respect the union and affection of these *Creatures* towards each other is wonderful; for, when undisturbed by the encroachments of *men*, they construct their *nests* as convenient as if they expected them to be *permanent*; arranging their different PLACES with such an amazing degree of uniformity, as to resemble a *regular plantation*. Sometimes they draw up side by side, in rank and file, and sit brooding together as if in deep counsel, on affairs of moment—their *silliness* and *solemnity* exciting involuntary *laughter*! This *burlesque* takes place, in particular,

about the month of *November*. The habits of these tribes are known through those who visit the haunts they have forsaken for more obscure *retreats*, where they can *build aloft*, and settle in their *nests* at ease: a practice which confirms the remark of a great naturalist, that the presence of *men* not only destroys the society of the *meaner* animals, but even extinguishes their *grovelling* instincts. Hitherto the BOOBY has been considered of no service whatever; yet a similar species,* by drawing a wick through the body and lighting it, is made into a *candle*.† If this BOOBY could be thus used, the *illumination of BOTH HOUSES and the PUBLIC OFFICES* might be speedily effected, and the tribe he belongs to be rendered available to human purposes. At any rate a skilful tallow-chandler might try his hand at converting the *Creature* into

A TWOPENNY FLAT



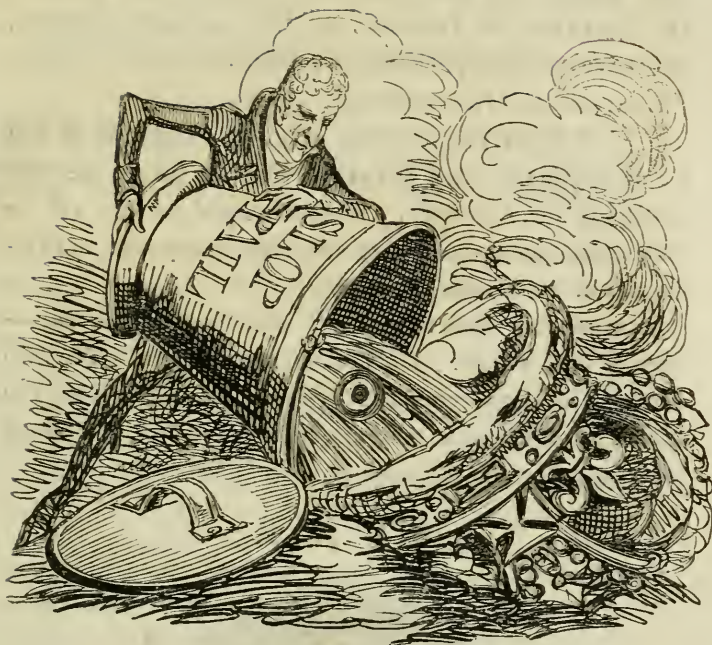
FOR A COBBLER'S STALL;

————— which, with short cotton wicks,
 Touch'd by *th' industr'ous Cob's* Promethean art,
 Starts into light—and makes the lighter start!

Rejected Addresses.

* Mother Carey's Chickens—the *Peterel*.

† Martyn. Bewick.



The Creature's at his *dirty* work again.

Pope.

THE SLOP PAIL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

THE "SLOP PAIL" being occupied by "SLOP" keeping his *tri-colored* cockade in it, with the hope of bleaching it *white*, has become more and more offensive daily, and will be *kicked down*.*

* So ' the Jacobite Relics of Scotland' *fall low*,

When MENDACITY HOGG dares *his betters* to brow,

And turns up *HIS SNOUT*, with derision and scorn,

At those, who, *less cringing*, to labor are born :—

The *parasite* pride of his *mendicant* mind

Pimps himself " to bewilder, and dazzles to blind;"

Yet I still wish him well—for I wish that he may

Learn, that *wrong* can't be right, and—be *honest* as they.

See Dedication of *Hogg's Jacobite Relics*,
to the Highland Society of London.

THE GREAT BOOTS having been out of order, were *welted*, and afterwards new *vamped*, and *polished*. Dr. SOUTHEY, the *Varnisher*, has them in hand at present, and is 'doing them up' as fast as possible.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I thank you for your company. Opposite to you is a description of THE MONSTER that my people are now *hunting* on the Continent. When *destroyed*, its skin will be stuffed and preserved among the other Antiquities and Curiosities in the *European Museum*.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I wish you a *good day*.—Keep to THE RIGHT. Walk *steadily* FORWARD. The *Animals* may make an *uproar*, but don't be alarmed; I'll see you safe OUT. Remember they are *under my control*, and cannot take a step beyond the reach of

MY EYE



I'll watch them *tame*.

Shakspeare.

THE
BOA DESOLATOR,
OR
LEGITIMATE VAMPIRE.

It overlays the continent like an ugly Incubus, sucking the blood and stopping up the breath of man's life. It claims Mankind as its property, and allows human nature to exist only upon sufferance; it haunts the understanding like a frightful spectre, and oppresses the very air with a weight that is not to be borne. *Hazlitt's Political Essays and Characters, p. 91.*

THIS hideous BEAST, not having at any time put forth all his members, cannot be accurately described. Every dark Century has added to his frightful bulk. More disgusting than the filthiest reptile, his strength exceeds all other brute force.

His enormous, bloated, toad-like body is *ferruginous* :* the under surface appears of *polished steel*.† His cavern-like mouth is always open to devour; 'his teeth are as swords, and his jaw-teeth as knives'—as millions of *bristling bayonets* intermingled with *black fangs* containing mortal venom. His roar is a voice from the sepulchre. He is marked 'in form of a cross,'‡ with a series of *chains*, intersected by the TRIANGLE,§ and glittering colours, variegated with red.

His aspect is cruel and terrible. He loves the dark, but never sleeps. Wherever he makes his lair, nature sickens, and man is brutified. His presence is 'plague, pestilence, and famine, battle, and murder, and sudden death.' His bite rapidly *undermines the strongest CONSTITUTION*, and dissolves the whole into an entire mass of CORRUPTION. He has no brain, but the walls of the skull emit a *tinkling* sound, that attracts his victims, and lulls them into *passive obedience*. In this state he clutches them in his coils, and *screws* and *squeezes* them to destruction—*slavering* them over, and sucking in their *substance* at leisure. It is difficult to witness the half-stifled cries of his harmless prey, or to behold its anxiety and trepidation, while the monster writhes hideously around it, without imagining *what our own case would be in the same dreadful situation*.||

His rapacity is increased by *indulgence*. He grinds, cranches, and devours whole multitudes, without being satisfied. His blood is cold. His ravening maw does not digest: it is an ever-yawning grave that *engulphs*—a 'bottomless pit' continually crying 'give, give!' Sometimes he

* Shaw's Zoology. Art. Boa, iii. 344.

† Ibid. 366.

‡ Linnæus's Nat. Hist. by Gmelin, 8vo. (Jones) 1816. Art. Boa Constrictor, xii. 437.

§ Shaw's Zoology, iii. 339.

|| Macleod's Wreck of the Alceste, 291, 295.

'rests from his labors,' to admire his loathsome *limbs*, and *slime* them over. He has no affections: yet he appears charmed by the *hum* of the INSECTS that follow him, and pleased by the *tickling crawl* of the MEANEST REPTILES—permitting them to hang upon his lips, and partake of his leavings. But his real pleasure is in listening to the cries of his captives, the wail of the broken hearted, and the groans of the dying.

He lives in defiance and scorn of Providence, and in hatred to the happiness of man. When distended with human carnage, and wet with the gore of the innocent and the helpless, he lifts an impious *form* to heaven in solemn mockery. He was predicted of by the Seer of old, as the BEAST with many heads and crowns, bearing the name of BLASPHEMY.

The garish *colours* that denote his malignity, excite only horror and detestation in the lover of nature, and of his species. They are most *lively* when he is engaged in the work of death, and cause him to be admired by the vulgar multitude, learned and unlearned, who hold him *sacred*, pay him *divine honors*, call him *holy*, and fall down before him as an object of worship, while priests glorify him, and minister to him; and pray for his murderous successes in the temples. Hence the good and the wise, in all ages, have devised and practised various methods for the destruction of a FIEND that creates nothing but *terror* and *imposture*, and between whom and rational man there is a natural antipathy.

He is filled with the deadliest rage by the encreasing growth of the *pop'lar TREE*:—

THAT TREE, beneath whose shade the Sons of Men
Shall pitch their tents in peace.

——BRISSOT murder'd, and the blameless wife

Of ROLAND! Martyr'd patriots, spirits pure,

Wept by the good, ye fell! Yet still survives,

Sown by your toil, and by your blood manured,

The imperishable TREE; and still its roots

Spread; and strike deep.——

Southey's Joan of Arc, b. iii.

His existence is drawing to a close. It has been ascertained that the way of putting him *quietly* out of the world is by a *Black Dose*, consisting of the *four and twenty letters* * of the alphabet, properly *composed*, made up in certain *forms*, covered with sheets of white *paper*, and well *worked* in a *Columbian PRESS*. These PAPERS are to be *forced down* his

* Philostratus relates that the Indians destroy the most monstrous serpent by spreading *golden LETTERS*, on a *field of RED*, before his hole. They dazzle and confound him, and he is taken without difficulty.

throat DAILY, morning and evening, and on every seventh day a double dose should be administered. The operation is accelerated by the powerful exhibition of the WOOD DRAUGHTS. In a short time his teeth will fall out—he will be seized with catalepsy—in the last stage of MORTIFICATION, he will STING HIMSELF to death;—and all mankind, relieved from the deadened atmosphere under which they had been gasping, will make the first use of their recovered breath, to raise an universal shout of joy at the extinction of



THE LEGITIMATE VAMPIRE.

Those Lords of pray'r and prey—that band of Kings,
 That Royal, rav'ning BEAST, whose vampire wings
 O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
 Aud fan her into dreams of promis'd good,
 O: Hope, of Freedom—but to drain her blood!

Moore.

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THE following Letter from her Majesty, which is dated August 7th, was sent by the Queen's messenger, early in the morning of the 8th, to the Cottage at Windsor, accompanied with a note to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, written by the Queen, desiring Sir Benjamin to deliver it immediately to the King. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield being then absent, the letter was received by Sir William Keppell, who forwarded it immediately to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, at Carlton House, who returned it in the afternoon of the 8th to the Queen, informing her Majesty that he had received the King's commands and general instructions, that any communications that might be made should pass through the channel of his Majesty's Government. The Queen immediately despatched a messenger with the letter to Lord Liverpool, desiring his Lordship to lay it before his Majesty. Lord Liverpool was at Combewood. He returned an answer that he would lose no time in laying it before the King. On the 11th, no reply having been received, the Queen wrote again to Lord Liverpool, requesting information whether any further communication would be made on the subject of the letter to his Majesty. Lord Liverpool wrote the same day from Combewood that he had not received the King's commands to make any communication to her Majesty in consequence of her letter. At a late hour last night no answer had been received.

SIR,—After the unparalleled and unprovoked persecution, which, during a series of years, has been carried on against me under the name and authority of your Majesty—and which persecution, instead of being mollified by time, time has rendered only more and more malignant and unrelenting—it is not without a great sacrifice of private feeling that I now, even in the way of remonstrance, bring myself to address this letter to your Majesty. But, bearing in mind that Royalty rests on the basis of public good: that to this paramount consideration all others ought to submit; and aware of the consequences that may result from the present unconstitutional, illegal, and

hitherto unheard-of proceedings—with a mind thus impressed, I cannot refrain from laying my grievous wrongs once more before your Majesty, in the hope that the justice which your Majesty may, by evil-minded counsellors, be still disposed to refuse to the claims of a dutiful, faithful, and injured wife, you may be induced to yield to considerations connected with the honour and dignity of your crown, the stability of your throne, the tranquillity of your dominions, the happiness and safety of your just and loyal people, whose generous hearts revolt at oppression and cruelty, and especially when perpetrated by a perversion and a mockery of the laws.

A sense of what is due to my character and sex, forbids me to refer minutely to the real causes of our domestic separation, or to the numerous unmerited insults offered me previously to that period; but, leaving to your Majesty to reconcile with the marriage vow the act of driving, by such means, a wife from beneath your roof, with an infant in her arms, your Majesty will permit me to remind you, that that act was entirely your own; that the separation, so far from being sought for by me, was a sentence pronounced upon me, without any cause assigned, other than that of your own inclinations, which as your Majesty was pleased to allege, were not under your controul.

Not to have felt, with regard to myself, chagrin at this decision of your Majesty, would have argued great insensibility to the obligations of decorum; not to have dropped a tear in the face of that beloved child, whose future sorrows were then but too easy to foresee, would have marked me as unworthy of the name of mother; but, not to have submitted to it without repining would have indicated a consciousness of demerit, or a want of those feelings which belong to affronted and insulted honour.

The “tranquil and comfortable society” tendered to me by your Majesty formed, in my mind, but a poor compensation for the grief occasioned by considering the wound given to public morals in the fatal example produced by the indulgence of your Majesty’s inclinations; more especially when I contemplated the disappointment of the nation, who had so munificently provided for our union, who had fondly cherished such pleasing hopes of happiness arising from that union, and who had hailed it with such affectionate and rapturous joy.

But, alas! even tranquillity and comfort were too much for me to enjoy. From the very threshold of your Majesty’s mansion the mother of your child was pursued by spies, conspirators, and traitors, employed, encouraged, and rewarded to lay snares for the feet, and to plot against the

reputation and life, of her whom your Majesty had so recently and so solemnly vowed to honor, to love, and to cherish.

In withdrawing from the embraces of my parents, in giving my hand to the son of George the Third and the heir-apparent to the British throne, nothing less than a voice from Heaven would have made me fear injustice or wrong of any kind. What, then, was my astonishment at finding that treasons against me had been carried on and matured, perjuries against me had been methodized and embodied, a secret tribunal had been held, a trial of my actions had taken place, and a decision had been made upon those actions, without my having been informed of the nature of the charge, or of the names of the witnesses? and what words can express the feelings excited by the fact, that this proceeding was founded on a request made, and on evidence furnished, by order of the Father of my child, and my natural as well as legal guardian and protector!

Notwithstanding, however, the unprecedented conduct of that tribunal—conduct which has since undergone, even in Parliament, severe and unanswered animadversions, and which has been also censured in minutes of the Privy Council—notwithstanding the secrecy of the proceedings of this tribunal—notwithstanding the strong temptation to the giving of false evidence against me before it—notwithstanding that there was no opportunity afforded me of rebutting that evidence—notwithstanding all these circumstances, so decidedly favourable to my enemies—even this secret tribunal acquitted me of all crime, and thereby pronounced my principal accusers to have been guilty of the grossest perjury. But it was now (after the trial was over) discovered, that the nature of the tribunal was such as to render false swearing before it *not legally criminal!* And thus, at the suggestion and request of your Majesty, had been created, to take cognizance of and try my conduct, a tribunal competent to administer oaths, competent to examine witnesses on oath, competent to try, competent to acquit or condemn, and competent, moreover, to screen those who had sworn falsely against me, from suffering the pains and penalties which the law awards to wilful and corrupt perjury. Great as my indignation naturally must have been at this shameful evasion of law and justice, that indignation was lost in pity for him who could lower his princely plumes to the dust by giving his countenance and favour to the most conspicuous of these abandoned and notorious perjurers.

Still there was one whose upright mind nothing could warp, in whose breast injustice never found a place, whose hand was always ready to raise the unfortunate, and to rescue the oppressed. While that good and gracious father and sovereign remained in the exercise of his royal functions, his unoffending daughter-in-law had nothing to fear. As long as the protecting hand of your late ever-beloved and ever-lamented father was held over me, I was safe. But the melancholy event which deprived the nation of the active exertions of its virtuous King, bereft me of friend and protector, and of all hope of future tranquility and safety. To calumniate your innocent wife was now the shortest road to royal favour; and to betray her was to lay the sure foundation of boundless riches and titles of honour. Before claims like these, talent, virtue, long services, your own personal friendships, your royal engagements, promises, and pledges, written as well as verbal, melted into air. Your Cabinet was founded on this basis. You took to your councils men, of whose persons, as well as whose principles, you had invariably expressed the strongest dislike. The interest of the nation, and even your own feelings, in all other respects, were sacrificed to the gratification of your desire to aggravate my suffering, and ensure my humiliation. You took to your councils and your bosom men whom you hated, whose abandonment of, and whose readiness to sacrifice me were their only merits, and whose power has been exercised in a manner, and has been attended with consequences worthy of its origin. From this unprincipled and unnatural union have sprung the manifold evils which this nation has now to endure, and which present a mass of misery and of degradation, accompanied with acts of tyranny and cruelty, rather than have seen which inflicted on his industrious, faithful, and brave people, your royal father would have perished at the head of that people.

When to calumniate, revile, and betray me, became the sure path to honour and riches, it would have been strange indeed, if calumniators, revilers, and traitors, had not abounded. Your Court became much less a scene of polished manners and refined intercourse, than of low intrigue and scurrility. Spies, Bacchanalian tale-bearers, and foul conspirators, swarmed in those places which had before been the resort of sobriety, virtue, and honour. To enumerate all the various privations and mortifications which I had to endure—all the insults that were wantonly heaped upon me, from the day of your elevation to the Regency, to that of my departure for the Continent—

would be to describe every species of personal offence that can be offered to, and every pain short of bodily violence that can be inflicted on any human being. Bereft of parent, brother, and father-in-law, and my husband for my deadliest foe,—seeing those who had promised me support, bought by rewards, to be amongst my enemies,—restrained from accusing my foes in the face of the world, out of regard for the character of the father of my child, and from a desire to prevent her happiness from being disturbed; shunned from motives of selfishness by those who were my natural associates; living in obscurity, while I ought to have been the centre of all that was splendid: thus humbled, I had one consolation left—the love of my dear and only child. To permit me to enjoy this was too great an indulgence. To see my daughter,—to fold her in my arms,—to mingle my tears with hers,—to receive her cheering caresses, and to hear from her lips assurances of never-ceasing love,—thus to be comforted, consoled, upheld, and blessed, was too much to be allowed me. Even on the slave-mart, the cries of “Oh! my mother, my mother! Oh! my child, my child!” have prevented a separation of the victims of avarice. But your advisers, more inhuman than the slave-dealers, remorselessly tore the mother from the child!

Thus bereft of the society of my child, or reduced to the necessity of embittering her life by struggles to preserve that society, I resolved on a temporary absence, in the hope that time might restore me to her in happier days. Those days, alas! were never to come. To mothers—and those mothers who have been suddenly bereft of the best and most affectionate and only daughters; it belongs to me to estimate my sufferings and my wrongs. Such mothers will judge of my affliction upon hearing of the death of my child, and upon my calling to recollection the last look, the last words, and all the affecting circumstances of our separation. Such mothers will see the depths of my sorrows. Every being with a heart of humanity in its bosom will drop a tear in sympathy with me. And will not the world, then, learn with indignation, that this event, calculated to soften the hardest heart, was the signal for new conspiracies, and indefatigable efforts for the destruction of this afflicted mother? Your Majesty had torn my child from me; you had deprived me of the power of being at hand to succour her; you had taken from me the possibility of hearing of her last prayers for her mother; you saw me bereft, forlorn, and broken-hearted; and this was the moment you chose for redoubling your persecutions.

Let the world pass its judgment on the constituting of a commission, in a foreign country, consisting of inquisitors, spies, and informers, to discover, collect, and arrange matters of accusation against your wife, without any complaint having been communicated to her: let the world judge of the employment of ambassadors in such a business, and of the enlisting of foreign courts in the enterprise: but on the measures which have been adopted to give final effect to these preliminary proceedings, it is for me to speak; it is for me to remonstrate with your Majesty; it is for me to protest; it is for me to apprize you of my determination.

I have always demanded a *fair trial*. This is what I now demand, and this is refused me. Instead of a fair trial, I am to be subjected to a sentence by the Parliament, passed in the shape of a *law*. Against this I protest, and upon the following grounds:—

The injustice of refusing me a clear and distinct charge,—of refusing me the names of the witnesses,—of refusing me the names of the places where the alleged acts have been committed: these are sufficiently flagrant and revolting; but it is against the *constitution of the court itself*, that I particularly object, and that I most solemnly protest.

Whatever may be the precedents as to Bills of Pains and Penalties, none of them, except those relating to the Queen of Henry the Eighth, can apply here; for here your Majesty is the *plaintiff*. Here it is intended by the Bill to do what you deem *good*, and to do *me great harm*. You are, therefore, a party, and the only complaining party.

You have made your complaint to the House of Lords. You have conveyed to this House written documents sealed up. A secret committee of the House have examined these documents. They have reported that there are grounds of proceeding; and then the House, merely upon that report, have brought forward a Bill containing the most outrageous slanders on me, and sentencing me to divorce and degradation.

The injustice of putting forth this Bill to the world for six weeks before it is even proposed to afford me an opportunity of contradicting its allegations is too manifest not to have shocked the nation; and, indeed, the proceedings even thus far, are such as to convince every one that no justice is intended me. But if none of these proceedings, if none of these clear indications of a determination to do me wrong had taken place, I should see,

in the constitution of the House of Lords itself, a certainty that I could expect no justice at its hands.

Your Majesty's Ministers have *advised* this prosecution; they are responsible for the advice they give—they are liable to *punishment* if they fail to make good their charges; and not only are they part of my *judges*, but it is they who have *brought in the Bill*; and it is too notorious that they have *always a majority* in the House; so that, without any other, here is ample proof that the House will decide in favour of the Bill, and of course against me.

But further, there are reasons for your Ministers having a majority in this case, and which reasons do not apply to common cases. Your Majesty is *the Plaintiff*: to you it belongs to appoint and to elevate Peers. Many of the present Peers have been raised to that dignity by yourself, and almost the whole can be, at your will and pleasure, further elevated. The far greater part of the Peers, hold by themselves and their families, offices, pensions, and other emoluments, solely at the will and pleasure of your Majesty, and these, of course, your Majesty can take away whenever you please. There are more than *four-fifths* of the Peers in this situation, and there are many of them who might thus be deprived of the far better part of their incomes.

If, contrary to all expectation, there should be found in some Peers, likely to amount to a majority, a disposition to reject the Bill, some of these Peers may be ordered away to their ships, regiments, governments, and other duties; and, which is an equally alarming power, new Peers may be created for the purpose, and give their vote in the decision. That your Majesty's Ministers would advise these measures, if found necessary to render their prosecution successful, there can be very little doubt; seeing that they have hitherto stopped at nothing, however unjust or odious.

To regard such a body as a *Court of Justice*, would be to calumniate that sacred name; and for me to suppress an expression of my opinion on the subject, would be tacitly to lend myself to my own destruction, as well as to an imposition upon the nation and the world.

In the House of Commons I can discover no better grounds of security. The power of your Majesty's Ministers is the same in both Houses; and your Majesty is well acquainted with the fact, that a majority of this House is composed of persons placed in it by the Peers and by your Majesty's Treasury.

It really gives me pain to state these things to your Majesty; and, if it gives your Majesty pain, I beg that it may be observed and remembered, that the statement has been forced from me. I must either protest against this mode of trial, or, by tacitly consenting to it, suffer my honour to be sacrificed. No innocence can secure the accused, if the judges and jurors be chosen by the accuser; and if I were tacitly to submit to a tribunal of this description, I should be instrumental in my own dishonour.

On these grounds I protest against this species of trial. I demand a trial in a Court where the Jurors are taken impartially from amongst the people, and where the proceedings are open and fair. Such a trial I court, and to no other will I willingly submit. If your Majesty persevere in the present proceeding, I shall, even in the Houses of Parliament, face my accusers: but I shall regard any decision they may make against me as not, in the smallest degree reflecting on my honour; and I will not, except compelled by actual force, submit to any sentence which shall not be pronounced by a *Court of Justice*.

I have now frankly laid before your Majesty a statement of my wrongs, and a declaration of my views and intentions. You have cast upon me every slur to which the female character is liable. Instead of loving, honouring, and cherishing me, agreeably to your solemn vow, you have pursued me with hatred and scorn, and with all the means of destruction. You wrested from me my child, and with her my only comfort and consolation. You sent me sorrowing through the world, and even in my sorrows pursued me with unrelenting persecution. Having left me nothing but my innocence, you would now, by a mockery of justice, deprive me even of the reputation of possessing that. The poisoned bowl and the poinard are means more manly than perjured witnesses and partial tribunals; and they are less cruel, inasmuch as life is less valuable than honour. If my life would have satisfied your Majesty, you should have had it on the sole condition of giving me a place in the same tomb with my child: but, since you would send me dishonoured to the grave, I will resist the attempt with all the means that it shall please God to give me. (Signed)

Brandenburg House,
Aug. 7, 1820.

CAROLINE R.

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THE "DAMNABLE ASSOCIATION"

Inquisitional Association

FOR OPPOSING THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE AND CONSTITUTIONAL PRINCIPLES.

PRESIDENT—SIR JOHN SEWELL, Bart. LL.D.

ADDRESS.

[The following is a Parody upon the Address of the INQUISITIONAL ASSOCIATION.—A more nefarious Conspiracy for creating all the minds of the timid, and obtaining money upon false pretences never existed. A slight alteration of their Manifesto puts it into English, and clearly exposes its designs against the Freedom Press, and the Liberty of the Subject.]

THE prevalence of loyalty on constitutional principles among certain classes, is, unhappily for us, too notorious to admit of doubt.

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A Slap at Slo

THE LIFE OF
DOCTOR SLO
AND THE ORIGIN OF
THE BRIDGE-STREET

THE origin and the end of this man
uncertain. He was sent to Oxford wh
as a student destined for holy orders,
patronage of the Bishop of Durham.

"Go thou and seek the house of prayer:
I to the woodlands bend my way,
And meet Religion there;
She needs not haunt the high-arch'd dome to
Where storied windows dim the doubtful day;
With LIBERTY she loves to rove"

These lines, in Mr. SOUTHEY's lyric poe
ten on SUNDAY MORNING,"* express th
of SLOP when a college youth.

At that time he had a sort of consci
consequence of an honest course of re
refused to subscribe to the Thirty-nine
Thus disqualifying himself from bein
didate for the "imposition of hands"
Bishop, he for ever relinquished the p
entrance into the church, and cultivat
by reading PAINE's *Rights of Man*.

Fascinated by the writings of Mrs. M
STONCROFFT, more especially by her
Vindication of the Rights of Woman,

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GION," "OBSCENITY," and "BLASPHEMY"
to be found, if not in the paper of this FOUNDER of
THE BRIDGE STREET GANG?

This varnished hypocrite is said to be a gentle-
man: it may be so.—The article, so called, can be
easily manufactured by a tailor and a dancing-
master, and a few lessons in the school of Chester-
field. A head, powdered and erect, a solemn stalk,
a bow to people of a certain rank, the *cut* to people
of another rank, and an affected condescension to
those termed inferiors, will procure any man the
reputation of being genteel, among the groundlings.
Such gentlemen as these swarm in shoals, from the
BRIDGE STREET GANG *Informer* to the Marquess-
secretary for foreign affairs; the appearances that
constitute these personages are usual and essential
to every adventurer.—

When SLOP parted with his integrity, he lost his
self-respect. Attacking the honesty he secretly en-
vies, and has not the courage to imitate, he has
nothing to compensate him for a comfortless mind,
but an empty consequence among fools and knaves,
which yields no repose. His appearance in the
SLOP-PAIL is ludicrous. Affecting a semblance to
which he has no real pretension, he looks like a
Nightman in a cocked hat, who pulls up his frill at
every discharge of *muck*, to show his gentility.
His cast is a common one. He has risen from the
bottom of society by foul self-inflation, and floats
a filthy bubble among the scum upon the surface.

A Minion of Ministers, a Parasite to Despotism
throughout the world, public virtue is the object
of his unprincipled hate and unsparing abuse.
Hence, there is not a "public principle" that his
mendacity has not "perverted;" not a man of
disinterested public conduct that he has not *vili-
fied*; not a *measure of advantage to the country*,
emanating from them, that he has not *derided*;
not a *measure of ministerial profligacy* that he has
not *promoted*; not a *public job* that he has not







