



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





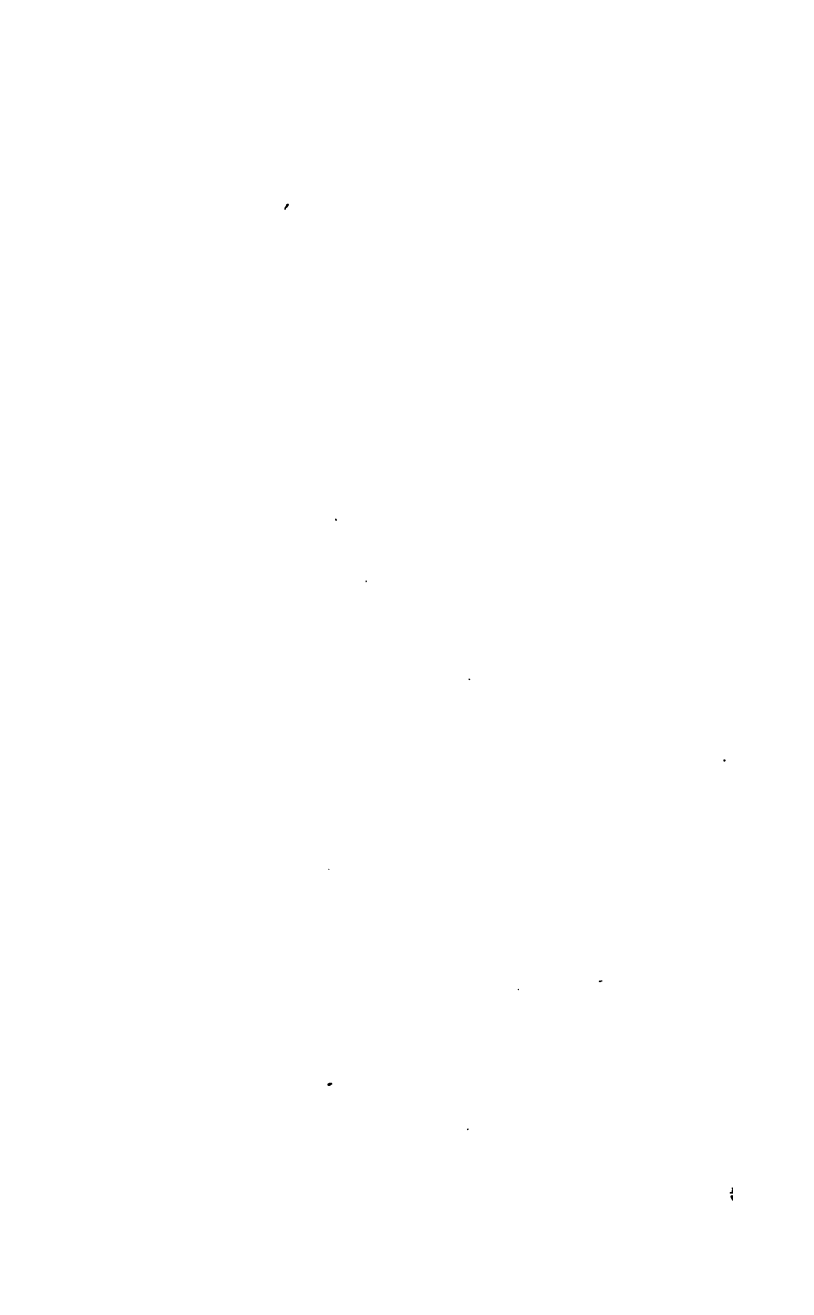
Bl... ..

34. ...
10/-

270 f. 131









THE
SETTING SUN;
OR,
DEVIL AMONGST THE PLACEMEN.



THE
SETTING SUN;
OR,
DEVIL AMONGST THE PLACEMEN.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A NEW MUSICAL DRAMA;
BEING A PARODY ON
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA,
AS LATELY ACTED, WITH UNIVERSAL ECLAT, AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, GLYSTER PLACE;
WITH
HINTS FOR A MASQUERADE JUBILEE,
ON A GRAND SCALE.

By **CERVANTES' HOGG, Esq.**

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"Like thieves, surpris'd whilst they divide the prize,
Still seeming doubtful where their safety lies."

D'AVENANT.

VOL. I.

London:

Printed by J. D. Dewick, 46, Barbican,
FOR T. HUGHES, 35, LUDGATE-STREET; CHAPPEL, PALL
MALL; GRAY AND SON, PICCADILLY; KIRBY AND CO.
OXFORD-STREET; BLACKLOCK, ROYAL
EXCHANGE; AND WILSON,
ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1809.



POSTSCRIPT.

ALTHOUGH when this work was written some weeks, and part of it months since, yet the author had very little doubt of something like the consequences which have been announced this day (September 23) to the public in the newspapers.

One article contains a notice of a *hostile* meeting having taken place between Lord Castlereagh, attended by Lord Yarmouth, and Mr. Canning, attended by a Mr. Ellis. On the second fire, Mr. Canning was severely wounded in the thigh.

This is indeed

The Devil among the Placemen!

The other article we shall extract *verbatim* and *literatim* from the Times newspaper, without making any comment whatever on it :—

“Yesterday the Middlesex Jury found a bill of indictment, for a conspiracy, against Mary Anne Clarke, Francis Wright, and Daniel Wright, for an attempt to defraud Col. Wardle of the price of certain household furniture sent to Mrs. Clarke’s house in Westbourne Place. The bill was found upon the evidence of Major Dodd, Mr. Glennie, and other respectable witnesses; and warrants were directed to issue for the apprehension of the accused parties, in order to take their trial at the next Middlesex Session. Col. Wardle was under examination nearly three hours.”

CERVANTES HOGG.

TO

G. L. WARDLE, Esq. M. P.

As **HONEST TRAY** was guarding the door of his master, a yelping pack of hungry curs endeavoured to drive, or seduce him away, by threats, or cajolings; but *Honest Tray* lifted up his leg, showered down a plenteous stream of contempt upon the insidious curs, and remained firm to his duty.

CERVANTES HOGG,

—

ADDRESS

TO THE

BRITISH PUBLIC.



“ So Justice, whilst she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.”

HUDIBRAS.

His Majesty's Ministers having kindly condescended to recommend to us, for our rule of conduct, that “ *it is inconsistent with the principles of British justice to pronounce judgment without previous investigation ;*” we beg leave to second their recommendation, in the case of Colonel Wardle, to whom it is as applicable, and more justly due than to the

the *Cintra Convention-Mongers*. Gratitude should rather incline us to think well of the man, who has braved a host of corrupt speculators for your sakes, than to believe a woman, who, from her own confession, subsists on the profits of adulterous prostitution, and wreaks her vengeance on all those who have the courage to resist her extravagant demands. It would be well for you to reflect before you suffer yourselves to be led away to damp the ardour of such a man, and consequently of all men of similar patriotic principles, and commit a *suicide* on your country.

It would be an insult to common understandings to lose time in pointing out to you the state-tricks, and barefaced attempts, which have been put in practice to prejudice the public mind against their benefactor. When we witness the Attorney General assailing, from the Treasury Benches, the veracity of

Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, when adduced against the Duke of York, and immediately afterwards, in Westminster Hall, gravely admitting and enforcing the evidence of the very same *incredible* witness against Colonel Wardle, the most charitable opinion that can be entertained of such contradiction is, that an Attorney General must have, at once, an *official* and a *professional conscience*, which are perfectly reconcilable, although as opposite as black and white. As the lawyer says to Hudibras :—

“ But you may swear, at any rate,
 Things not in nature, for the state ;
 For in all courts of justice here,
 A witness is not said to swear,
 But to *make* oath, that is, in plain terms,
 To *forge* whatever he affirms.”

Let us see what oaths were *made* against Colonel Wardle. Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke *makes* oath, that “ she was to give the

Colonel every information in her power, to assist him in the investigation of the conduct of his Royal Highness the Duke of York; in return for which, he was to furnish her house as part of the requital she was to have for her services."—But, before the House of Commons, she unequivocally declares (*upon her honor!*) that "she is actuated neither by malice, nor the hopes of gain;—that she neither has received, nor expects to receive, any remuneration for her testimony." How can we reconcile these two extremes, Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, but in the words of Hudibras's epistle to Sidrophel?

"—— that you have try'd that nothing's borne,
 With greater ease than public scorn;
 That all affronts do still give place
 To your impenetrable face,
 That makes your way through all affairs,
 As pigs through hedges creep with theirs;

Yet, as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
 You must not think 'twill always pass;
 For all impostors, when they're known,
 Are past their labour, and undone."

Colonel Wardle, a gentleman of *acknowledged* HONOR, also denied that " he ever induced her to give her testimony by any promise of reward."—Now, it happens luckily for Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, that, not having been examined *on oath* before the House of Commons, this self-contradiction is, in the eye of the law, only *prevarication*; had it been otherwise, a jury would, in all probability, have deemed it *perjury*.—Yet (strange to say!) this witness, who was not worthy of credit in the House of Commons, when her veracity was unimpeached, was allowed to be a competent witness in Westminster Hall, when she was contradicting herself in the grossest manner, and in the very *gist* of the

, the promise of reward by furnishing
use!

“ I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To vere, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws,
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.”

ll—who comes next to *make* oath?
Daniel Wright, *brother to the plaintiff*,
Francis Wright!—When Mrs. Mary
Clarke was *turned up* (as the *keeping*
is) by her *royal friend*, she was in-
to Mr. Francis Wright between five
c hundred pounds; and, on her appli-
to him to credit her for the furniture
ry for her house in Westbourne Place,
ses, until she tells him she has a friend

in view, who, *she believes*, will be responsible for the payment. This friend was Colonel Wardle. It was impossible for him to have carried his point, without subjecting himself to the pecuniary demands of Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, under the genteel term of *loans*; and to have refused attending the haughty dame on her shopping excursions, would have, in like manner, disappointed all his views. He, of course, nods assent to an invitation from her to accompany her to see some furniture which she is about to purchase, and to approve her taste in the choice of the articles. This (as Col. Wardle alleges) is the sole ground of the responsibility charged upon him.—When they arrive in Rathbone Place, Mr. Francis Wright happens to be in his bed, *luckily for him*, (as he himself observes in his appeal to the public) or *he should have lost the evidence of his brother, Mr. Daniel Wright*.—Now,

without this evidence, so luckily in the way, there would have been nobody to have proved Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke's nods, winks, and hints, the Colonel's giving his opinion on some of the articles she had selected, and the *inference* of his being the friend, who was to pay for them.—Who does not know that a tradesman, furnishing goods to *ladies* of a *certain description*, ought to have, and indeed is very seldom without his *eye-teeth* about him? but we doubt whether Colonel Wardle's example will not prove a loss to such tradesmen in general, as gentlemen will, in future, be very cautious of accompanying *ladies a-shopping*, and paying compliments to their taste!

“ Ideots only will be cozen'd twice ;
Once warn'd is well bewar'd.”

DRYDEN.

The friend who, according to Mrs. Mary

Anne Clarke's hint, was to be responsible for the furnishing of her house in Westbourne Place, was expected, and, no doubt every *preparation* was made to receive him as—a gentleman—a colonel in his majesty's service, and a M. P. A prettier *train of evidence* could never have been laid to blow up a man. There were a plaintiff, two *disinterested* witnesses, (one of them the *immaculate* Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, who had baffled the fire of the whole ministerial phalanx, including the crown-law-officers) and a defendant with money in his pockets. Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke had so *enfladed* the *colonel* that, if he did not *capitulate upon terms*, she could oblige him to *surrender at discretion*.

Now for the *denouement*!—After the investigation, Col. Wardle, in strict conformity with his declaration, that the motives of his visits to Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke were solely

for the purpose of bringing public abuses to light, drops all correspondence with her. Enraged at his ungallant behaviour, and, what was more galling, disappointed in her rapacious views, she gets Mr. Francis Wright to make, G. L. Wardle, Esq. M. P. debtor for goods ordered by him for Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, in Westbourne Place. When the bill is presented, the colonel is astonished, and denies, in the most positive manner, any idea of making himself responsible. He, accordingly, resists the demand, *despises the sort of evidence*, which is to be brought against him, and, in an over-confidence of victory, sustains a defeat.

“ Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bawds carted thro' the crowd,
Or funerals with stately pomp
March slowly on in sullen dump,
As *Moll* laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.”

HUDIBRAS.

It has been thought that, as Col. Wardle was undoubtedly indebted to Mrs. Clarke for his popularity, it would have been no great sacrifice, if he had settled this affair; but who, that has heard Mrs. Clarke's own account of herself, can for a moment suppose that the sacrifice would have ended there? No; Mrs. Clarke is a skilful angler, who only plays with a fish to drag it more securely to shore. How could Col. Wardle have acquiesced in a demand, grounded on a prior promise of remuneration, consistently with his declaration in the House of Commons? The fact is, that the cleansing of the Augean Stable was but *boy's play* to his undertaking, and it was almost impossible that he should wade through such a miry slough, without having a single speck of dirt on his clothes.

But what stain hath all the ingenuity of

the ministerial phalanx, and crown-law-officers been able to bring forward to his prejudice? Why truly, that he has been tricked by that mistress of tricksters, *Mistress Clarke*, into a responsibility for a debt, incurred, if it ever was incurred, for the public benefit! On that very account, the public ought to support and countenance him more than ever; or never deserve to find another bold and intrepid assertor of their constitutional rights. Do, *Mister Bull*, only place yourself in Col. Wardle's arduous situation, and if you do not, upon reflection, vote him your *everlasting gratitude*, we pray thee to let us hear no more talk about *British liberality and generosity*.

To sum up all:—Notwithstanding the most injurious reports of the Duke of York's conduct had been long afloat, and had occasioned great discontent in the nation in

general, among the army in particular, no man in the House of Commons would *honestly* dare to prefer charges against the second son of his sovereign, except Col. Wardle. Nay, every one of them, out of tenderness to the royal family, *affected* to believe that the charges could never be substantiated. One member was instantly visited with a *vision* of a *foul conspiracy to overturn the constitution*, and pretended to see (with a sort of scotch *second sight*) *treason and sedition at work*— (he might easily have seen corruption and peculation): Another held over the colonel's head, like the sword of Damocles, the threat of *infamy*, if the charges were not substantiated; and the whole nation were set grinning by another (of *notorious principles*) who tenderly warned the colonel against lending himself to an *unprincipled association*. As some kind of a proof of it, he called *himself*

the *colonel's friend*. Col. Wardle, however, was not to be intimidated ; he was even complimented by some of the ministerial party on the fairness and firmness with which he had discharged his duty to the public, and the gratitude of the whole nation poured in upon him. " Now," says *Mistress Clarke*, " is my time. Colonel Wardle owes all his popularity to me ; and, if he closes his purse-strings against me, I will nip it in the bud." Has she been able to do so?—No ; she has only exhibited herself in all her naked, hideous deformity ; a cloak of simplicity over a lump of putrescence. What bounds could Col. Wardle hope to set to her extortions, when not satisfied with the thousands such a reptile has been suffered to expend of the public money, she extorts thousands more for the suppression of the Duke of York's letters ; and, as if her appetite became

more voracious with the quantity of *golden food* lavished upon it, she now threatens to publish the letters (*real or manufactured*) of all her other admirers, and to gratify her rapacity at the expence of the domestic happiness of a number of families. Such harpies the poet well describes:—

“ They snatch our meat, defiling all they find,
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.”

DRYDEN.

Let *Mistress Clarke* gull a few *sensual* individuals in future, if any will fall into her trap after being so well forewarned of the *Circean Cup*; but *Johnny Bull* must be a driveller indeed, if he suffers himself to be gulled by her affected simplicity, after having been admitted to peep behind the curtain of her *boudoir*, and even behind her bed-curtains, at the army lists and applications for

preferment pinned to them, unless he would wish to incur that censure of the poet :

“ The world is nat'rally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears ;
But swallows nonsense and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony.”

HUDIBRAS.

The truth, once out, can never be recalled, and none but fools will shut their eyes and ears against conviction. If, after the present lesson, we should still witness an archbishop, and shoals of deans, prebends, doctors in divinity, *wise* legislators, generals, colonels, &c. dancing attendance at a prostitute's *levée*, for a share in the public spoils, or to *bribe her to silence*, we may venture to predict that—ENGLAND'S SUN IS SETTING.

CERVANTES HOGG.



THE

SETTING SUN.

“ Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
Recalls past ages back agen ;
Where all, I see, through ev'ry page,
Is but how men, with senseless rage,
Each other rob, 'destroy, and burn,
To serve a priest's, a statesman's turn ;
Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
Yet always *asses* much the same.”

SOAME JENYNS.

“ **I HOPE,**” said Oliver Cromwell, on reading a letter of Admiral Blake, of his humbling the Spaniards at Malaga—“ *I hope to make the name of an Englishman as great as ever was that of a Roman!*”—Degraded as we now are from our brave ancestors, at least with respect to public virtues, there are yet to be found many, many

Englishmen, who are animated with the purest sentiments of patriotism, and who would willingly devote their property and lives to the interest and honor of their country. But what encouragement is there for such men to step forward, when barely to hint at what all the world sees and sneers at us for—that things are all going the wrong way, is enough to draw a reprimand on the first body of men in the universe?

Lord Chesterfield, at the beginning of the present reign, writes thus:—"The sons of Britain, like those of Noah, must cover their parents' shame as well as they can, for to retrieve its honor is now too late. One would really think, that our ministers and generals were all as drunk as the patriarch was. However, in your situation, you must not be Cham, but spread your cloak over our disgrace, as far as it will go."—If this had not been a letter from one courtier to another, who—

"Nothing woo, but gold and power"—

we should have said that his lordship was right in his premises, but wrong in his conclusion. His lordship has *ingenuously* laid open his own putrid heart, and that of a politician in general. Their sole aim is to keep the cancerous sores of the constitution from being probed, and to spread their cloaks over them, to prevent the *corrupting maggots*, that is to say *themselves*, from being discovered to the naked eye of the public. We, who are no courtiers, think that, to spread a cloak over corruption, is to patronize and encourage it; that to open the *louse-bag*, is to destroy the insidious vermin that are momentarily undermining the constitution; and that it is the duty of every well wisher to his country to uncloak knavery. He should exclaim boldly, such and such men—

“*Objiciunt noctem fraudibus.*”

Veil their frauds with darkness.—

If a self-interested, hungry administration, either prey themselves, or, through weakness,

suffer others to play the *morbus pediculosus* with the constitution, and eat their way into the public vitals, they should be exposed, and no king, who has a grain of sense, will suffer them any longer to lead, or rather mislead him. Sir William Temple once observed in person to King Charles II. who was suspected of wishing to introduce the same religion and government as that of France, that he never knew but one man, and that one a Frenchman, named Gourville, who understood the English nation well; that when he (Sir William) was at Brussels, in the first Dutch war, and Gourville heard that the parliament grew weary of it, he said that the king had nothing to do but to make peace; that he had been long enough in England, and seen enough of its court, people, and parliaments, to conclude—"Qu'un roi d'Angleterre, qui veut être l'homme de son peuple, est le plus grand roi du monde; mais s'il veut être quelque chose d'avantage, par Dieu, il n'est plus rien."—In plain English: "That a king of England, who wishes to be

the man of his people, is the greatest monarch on earth ; but if he wishes to be somewhat more, by G— he is no longer any thing.”— Is it worth while, then, for a king of England to be *the man of his people*, since his merely being so will make him the *greatest monarch on earth*? Certainly, if there are any charms in monarchy.—*Reges pro nobis, non nos pro regibus*—Kings were made for us, not we for kings—is an axiom that stupidity itself must allow.—Hence, then, comes that art of ruling which, though galling to the pride of kings, is nevertheless gospel—that there is no absolute power but that of the laws—and that the king who establishes despotism, is himself but the *slave of slaves*.—By way of illustrating this point, let us see what is the character of a despot. Knox, in his history of Ceylon, thus describes its arbitrary prince, or rather pest—“ He sheds a great deal of blood, and gives no reason for it ; nor is he content to take away men’s lives, but he puts them to long and lingering torments ; for when he is displeas’d with any, he will

command to cut and pull away their flesh with pincers, and burn them with hot irons, to confess their accomplices; which, to rid themselves of the torments, they will readily do, and accuse many they never knew nor saw. Then he will order their hands to be tied about their necks, that they may eat their own flesh, and so lead them through the city to execution; the dogs, who are used to it, following them to devour their flesh. At the place of execution, which is always the largest highway, that all may see and stand in awe, there are always some sticking upon poles, others hanging up in quarters upon trees, besides what lie upon the ground, killed by elephants or otherwise. He hath a great many prisoners, whom he keeps in chains; some in gaol, others in the custody of great men, and for what, or how long, no man dare inquire. Some are allowed food, others not; and if they do any work to relieve their want, if he knows it he will not permit them; because, as he says, he puts them there to torment and punish them, and

not to work and be well maintained ;—yet this is connived at, and there are shops by the prisons to sell their wares. When the streets by the palace are to be swept, the prisoners, in their chains, are let out to do it. When they have been long in prison, at his pleasure, without any examination, they are led to execution ; nor is his anger appeased by the death of the malefactor, but he oftentimes punishes all his generation : sometimes killing them all together, and sometimes giving them all away for slaves ; and thus he usually deals with those whose children are his attendants ; for, after they have been at court a while, and know his customs, he cuts off their heads, and puts them in their bellies, no man knowing for what crime. When they are killed, they are styled rebels and traitors, and their fathers' houses, lands, and estates seized on for the king's use, which are sometimes redeemed by giving fees to the courtiers, but often the whole family and generation perish."—Such is the picture of an imbecile, a brutal and unenlightened

tyrant! Now which is the more appropriate appellation for this fiend—A prince of men, or a dog of dogs? Does this monster possess a shadow of the Divine attributes of the Supreme Power—justice and mercy? No—no—Are his subjects made after God's own image? No; they are disfigured by slavery, whose base insignia make them rather resemble Milton's fallen angels. Those naturalists are undoubtedly right who maintain that there is a gradation from man to beast, and throughout nature, of which every link of the chain is evident. The freeman is of an order as much superior to the slave, as the slave is to the ourang-outang.—Now for the picture of a conqueror! The ourang-outang of Ceylon, cruel as he is, has not dyed his hands in human blood a thousandth part as deep as the ourang-outang, which, issuing from the wilds of Corsica, has ravaged, and still continues to deluge the whole Continent of Europe with blood. Who could believe that the once generous, magnanimous, polished, and scientific French nation, after

having felt the invigorating and divine glow of freedom, would stoop their necks to a foreigner, an obscure adventurer, and the blood-thirstiest despot that ever scourged the world? To a monster who slaughtered thousands of disarmed and unresisting prisoners of war; who poisoned thousands of his own wounded soldiers, and buried thousands more with the dead, smothering them with quicklime to drown their groans, and get rid of them without trouble; who fled, like an ar-rant poltroon, from Egypt to France, leaving his brave, deluded followers in the extremity of danger and distress; who afterwards murdered Admiral Villeneuve and Marshal Brune, for not commanding, what Sir Sydney Smith had taught him that he himself could not command—success in war;—who would have wreaked his cowardly vengeance on Sir Sydney Smith, then a prisoner of war, if he had not eluded it by stratagem; and who actually did assassinate the brave Captain Wright, also a prisoner of war, whom it was his duty to have protected?—Who, we repeat, could have

believed that the once generous, magnanimous, polished, and scientific French nation could not only stoop their necks to such a blood-thirsty despot, but could place their glory in aiding him to devastate Europe, and lay its liberties under his cloven foot? The present wanton aggression of Spain, will be an eternal blot upon the French character. Spain has been, for years past, every thing that France could wish her to have been—her ally—her friend—her purse-bearer—her milch-cow—her, I may almost say, slave; for if the magnanimous Spanish nation did not bow their necks, its rulers did, and that was tantamount. What pretence, then, is there for devastating the face of her country, and making her rivers and streams flow with blood? Why, truly, to put Joey, a lawyer's clerk, on the throne of Spain? And is then the glory of France so connected with a lawyer's clerk, that her best blood—that blood which had once nobly flowed for her own independence—is to be spilt to enslave a friendly nation?—

“ Who conquers, wins, by brutal strength, the prize—
 “ But 'tis a glorious work to civilize :”—

TICKELL.

Yes, France, inglorious France, having lost all her trade, manufactures, and commerce, and submitted to the yoke of a foreign upstart, would rejoice, in order to cover its own ignominy, to see the universe brought under the same disgraceful subjection, and to have the *honor of being the first of slaves*.—Can Frenchmen be so blind to their own real condition, when—

“ ————— E'en beasts disdain

“ The den's confinement, and the slavish chain,

“ And roar to get their liberty again — ?”

CREECH'S LUC,

They may boast in the bulletins of deeds which, at a future period, they will wish could be for ever blotted from the annals of European history; but all their impostures cannot conceal from the world the ignominious marks on their necks of their oppres-

sor's galling chain.—Their situation is so exactly like that of a dog—but stay—we will have the story in verse, if our Pegasus be not as *founded* as a certain ex-chancellor of the treasury, and lord high chancellor, who, it is said, are so greased in the heels for want of exercise, as to have lost their stomachs for hopping, ever since they hopped out of office.

THE CUR AND MASTIFF:

AN ALLEGORICAL FABLE.

A **GALLIC 'CUR** so savage grew,
At ev'ry pair of heels he flew ;
 Ne'er was there such a curst dog !
His master e'en was not secure—
So muzzled him, to make things sure,
 And made him wear a huge clog.

But as the *Gallic* custom is
Disgrace to hide with lofty phys,
 Loth to betray their mischance ;
So cur, no less a fool than devil,
To other dogs scorns to be civil,
 And bids them keep their distance.

The canine race each other jog,
To see the muzzle, chain, and clog,
 With laughter nearly choking :
But still the vicious cur they fear,
Though trammel'd worse than dancing bear,
 And dread to pay for joking.

Encourag'd by their slavish fears,
 The cur resum'd his wonted airs,
 And cried: "*Vive mon bon maitre!*
 " Of all men he be *le plus grand*,
 " And I'm his dog—so *allemand!*
 " Who bows not is *un traitre*.

" *Le maitre grand—le chien grand*,
 " We make de world dance saraband,
 " As ye drive sheep before ye:
 " No man and dog dis world did see,
 " Arrive at such a pitch as we,
 " Of human, canine glory.

" Behold! *dis chain*, and *dis medaille*,
 " Distinguish me from de *canaille*,
 " And speak de wearer's *bonheur*:
 " For *laurels*, which my brows bedeck,
 " These emblems mark, about my neck,
 " *La Legion de Honneur*.

" *Mon maitre and moi, nous reglons the roast,—*"
 " Bl—t you! sneak off, and cease your boast—"
 Roars out an ENGLISH MASTIFF:
 " We see how painfully you jog,
 " Beneath that muzzle, chain, and clog,
 " Fit punishment for caitiff."

“ Under a cruel butcher’s yoke,
“ By stealth defenceless lambs you choke,
“ And live on stolen mutton :
“ But when a brave and equal foe
“ Presents—you like not fighting—no—
“ At that sport you’re no glutton.

“ My sons a bold and hardy race,
“ As they the past events shall trace,
“ Will shout a free dog’s glory :
“ But thine will swell with honest rage,
“ And try to blot out from the page,
“ The black, disgraceful story.”

Reader, the moral, in plain prose, is this :
—No chief can attempt the conquest of other nations, without first enslaving the country which he governs : therefore, the *glory* of a conqueror is a disgrace to his own, as well as to every conquered state. To contribute to such a man’s success, is to glory in slavery ; and, for a momentary intoxication, damn one’s self to everlasting infamy !

The French have defeated and trampled upon all the surrounding nations of Europe, except that of sea-girt Britain. Whence has

arisen this vast success? The cause is evident. We read, in Jones's Life of Bishop Horne, that certain insects (the African ants) set forwards sometimes in such multitudes, that the whole earth seems to be in motion. A corps of them attacked and covered *an elephant* quietly feeding in a pasture. In eight hours, nothing was to be seen on the spot but the skeleton of that enormous animal, neatly and completely picked. The business was done, and the enemy had marched on after fresh prey. *Such powers have the smallest creatures acting in concert!* This case is exactly in point: the ant had one instinctive impulse—a struggle for food to preserve existence; the French nation rose *en masse* to assert their natural liberty, without which life itself is no value: the immense bulk of the elephant could avail nothing against the spirit, fire, and incessant attacks of its individually contemptible, collectively irresistible, enemy; the heavy continental nations, torpified into slavery by ecclesiastical and regal tyranny, fell prostrate at

the feet of the enthusiastic French legions. But where the French were opposed by men of similar mould, fighting for the same cause, for that cause for which they had for ages contended, their efforts were vain, and oftener recoiled on their own heads than otherwise. The French armies have now totally lost sight of that *glorious cause* in which the present war originated; they are now fighting from the *basest* of motives—like slaves, sacrificing their lives to gratify the ambition of a foreign tyrant, and, like robbers and assassins, cutting throats for rapine and plunder. Their numbers are, however, so thinned by these incessant exertions, and the population of France so drained, that the scale seems to hang, if not preponderate against her, if she do not soon abandon her *maniacal policy*. Woe then be to her!

Conquest, natural levity, and vanity, may blind Frenchmen to their true glory and interest, and reconcile them to that state to which a Briton would prefer death: “Disguise thyself as thou wilt,” says Sterne, “still,

SLAVERY! still thou art a bitter draught!" Frenchmen have been slaves during so many ages, that they did not know what true liberty was when it was in their power; they preferred licentiousness, of which, with their natural fickleness, they soon grew sick, and fell again into its opposite extreme—*abject slavery*. They would now degrade all mankind to their own level; but there are nations (the British in particular, whose birth-right is freedom, whose inheritance is liberty) who cannot suffer palpable impositions on their judgment, persons, and property, without resistance, nor wear the galling chains of slavery without seeking to do themselves justice. They will perish before they will submit, and against such resolution, and such resources as they possess, France will waste her strength in vain. For what end then? For the glory or interest of France? Let us see how it can be for either:—1st. *Can a continuance of warfare be for the glory of France?*—No, not with all the blunders, ignorance, and stupidity of British ministers,

generals, and convention-mongers on her side. France threw down the gauntlet by a silly gasconade that Britain dared not to engage with her *single-handed*. Britain has engaged France, with almost all Europe and America to back her, for several years, and with advantage: There's French glory for you!— France boasts to all her satellites, that Britain, the sovereign of the sea, is under blockade, and that she will not make peace without having ships, colonies, and freedom of commerce restored to her: Britain actually blockades the whole coasts of France and her allies; so that scarcely a ship dares skulk out into the open ocean, and manifests to the world, that France shall neither have ships, colonies, nor commerce, unless she make peace with the world, or, in plain English, without her permission: There's French glory for you! At the late meeting at Erfurth, the Emperors of France and Russia *styled themselves* the two greatest monarchs in the world; like the two swordsmen in *Bessus*, who gave it under one another's hands that

they were the two bravest men in the world. This *oil of fool* might go down glibly at Erfurth, but would only make an Englishman smile, and relate the following very appropriate anecdote:—When the Earl of Stair was ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ministers were invited, not excepting even that of France, though hostilities were then commencing between the two countries. In return, the French resident as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors upon the like occasions. The French minister was a man of considerable wit and vivacity. One day, he proposed a health in these terms: “*The Rising Sun*,” (alluding to the motto of his master, Louis XIV.) which was pledged by the whole company. It then came to the Baron de Riesbach’s turn to give a health, and he, in the same humour, gave “*The Moon and Fixed Stars*,” in compliment to the Empress Queen. When it came to the English ambassador’s turn, all the eyes of the company were fixed upon him; but he,

no way daunted, drank to his master by the name of "*Joskua, the Son of Nun, who made both the Sun and Moon stand still.*"—

What would French glory say to this? France may bestow the appellation of *The Army of England* on a division of its forces, which has dared to advance so far as the heights of Boulogne, but has prudently stopped there. She may term a parcel of crazy boats "*The Invading Flotilla;*" although, wherever they have ventured rashly to the harbour's mouth, they have been driven under their land batteries by a single gun-brig. Yet, whenever she has wanted employment, she has preferred to pick a quarrel with, and fall upon Portugal, Spain, Sweden, or any other little power, and pilfering from them, to a struggle with Britain for the empire of the world; And there rests the chapter on French glory for the present!—We now come to the second point: *Can a continuance of warfare be for the interest of France?* No; though they might continue for a few years longer, merely to draw their

public expenditure from exhausted Europe, as sturdy paupers glean among the stubbles. French vanity would make France the mistress and emporium of the world; but Britain stands in the way—the only rival, and a successful one. In arms, Britain yields to none, having maintained her sovereignty of the sea, and more than once baffled the power of France, backed by almost all the forces of Europe, America, and of several Asiatic princes. In arts and sciences, particularly in the fine arts, Britain at least divides the palm, but in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, she leaves all competition far behind: There's the sting.— Britain's wealth is the envy of France; but not being able to cope with her in the legitimate pursuits of it, she affects to despise them as a nation of shopkeepers, and exclaims—“ *Delenda est Carthago.*”—It is well known that, after the destruction of Carthage, there were no longer any bounds to the ambition of the Romans, who trampled upon the necks of mankind. If Britain

were to be humbled, France would play the same game over again, and the world would, too late, deplore its having been, not passive spectators, but active contributors towards its downfall. Let us suppose, for a moment, that France should prevail to the fullest extent, she could never hope to raise so proud a superstructure as that which she would have overthrown, unless she could persuade herself that she could inherit the public spirit, perseverance, enterprise, industry, and good faith of Britons, just as the Tartars absurdly believe, when they kill an enemy, that they possess themselves of all his great qualities. Emulation is a noble, generous passion, which strives to equal or excel by fair competition alone: envy is a blind, grovelling passion, which would foully destroy what it has not merit enough to enter into competition with: to the former, Britain owes her prosperity; to the latter, she may set down the rancorous hatred of France, or rather of her Corsican ruler. Has not the despot avowed to the world that trade and

commerce should be annihilated, rather than the British should engross so large a share of it!—Has he not, in pursuance of this *fiend-like project*, interdicted the commerce of Europe, and of the United States of North America? Is this for the interest of France, of Europe, or the United States? Let their wants, deprivations, distresses, and wishes for returning peace, speak to the question.—When did ever a *conqueror* benefit society? When did a *conqueror* appear but as a scourge not only to the state cursed with his sway, but to all the adjacent ones? The instruments of Divine wrath, they are protected until they have effected their mission, and are then abandoned to the horrors which they themselves have occasioned in others. Almost all Homer's heroes perished through treacherous friends, relatives, or adulterous wives. CYRUS united the kingdoms of the Medes and Persians; subdued the Assyrians; took Babylon; overthrew the Lydians, making their king Croesus prisoner; restored the Jews, who were captives in Babylon, to

liberty, and was the first emperor of the Persian monarchy, which continued till the time of Alexander the Great, two hundred and seven years afterwards. Yet, leading his troops against the Scythians and Massagetæ, he was slain with two hundred thousand followers, in an ambush, by Queen Tomyris, who, to revenge the death of her son, caused his head to be cut off and thrown into a vessel full of blood, with this bitter taunt: "*Satiare sanguine, quem sitisti.*"—Satiare thyself with blood, which thou hast thirsted after. ALEXANDER the Great (Butcher, we should add) overthrew DARIUS and the Persian empire, and because he did not ravish his mother, wife, daughters, or concubines, he is extolled as a pattern of continence and greatness of soul. And yet this little wry-necked fiend had his Bagoas, and his Thais, to please whose whim he laid Persepolis, the noblest city in the east, in ashes. He was also a drunkard, who, when inflamed, was capable of murdering his best friends with his own hands; and, even in cold blood,

could assassinate, or expose to the most cruel torments, his ablest generals, even those to whom he chiefly owed his victories;—who, without any plausible pretence to cloak his ambition, ran about the world like a madman, spreading death and desolation around him; deluging the earth with human blood; exterminating nations, or reducing them to the most abject slavery and misery. Ratsbane, at length, did the world justice upon him.—CÆSAR enslaved his country by her own arms, and rivetted her chains by the most infamous prostitution of his own person: he was the husband of every wife, and the wife of every husband in Rome; but the dagger of his dearest friend, Brutus, avenged her wrongs.—LOUIS XIV. (also nicknamed *le Grand*) affected universal dominion, and kept Europe embroiled for years to attain to it: yet he lived long enough to see fortune frown on all his hopes—to sink into the slave of the mountebank Scarron's widow, and to die devoured by lice, leaving France more circumscribed than he found it.—

CHARLES XII. of Sweden, was evidently born to be a scourge to mankind, and he carried on his game (in the language of conquerors—*his career of glory*) until Sweden had lost all her foreign provinces, and had neither trade, money, nor credit. Her veteran troops had been either killed, or had perished through want, or were in a worse situation, above one hundred thousand being slaves in Muscovy, and as many more among the Turks and Tartars; and the very species of men was so visibly decayed in the country, that there were not sufficient for cultivating their lands!!!

“ When kings, by their huffing,
Have blown up a squabble,
All the charge and cuffing
Light upon the rabble.”

Are nations such fools as not only to submit tamely to the sanguinary pranks of these monstrous madmen, but even to put fire-brands into their hands, and assist them with their lives and fortunes? Yes—they are—

“ ————— these slaves,
 The wide-mouthed brutes, that bellow thus for freedom;
 Oh! how they run before the hand of pow’r,
 Flying for shelter into ev’ry brake;
 Like cow’rdly, fearful sheep, breaking their herd,
 When the wolf’s out, and ranging for his prey!”

OTWAY.

And all this cowardice too, at a time when they might instantly stop the maniac by saying—“ We have defended our own territories, and justice demands that we should not attack those of our neighbours.”—If he will go on, let him go *alone* and be d——d—he will not go far.

This is no speculative theory: We have all witnessed the inefficacy of kings going to war, when not joined by the hearts of the people, in the Italian States, Dutch Provinces, Germany, and Russia; and we are much mistaken if we shall not yet find, to our cost, that same inutility in other states. The old system is moth-eaten, and kings have had a severe lesson, that the sullen apathy of

an insulted people, is more dangerous than an open insurrection. If men are to be asses of burthen, the devil may drive; one tyrant is as good as another. To be a king in fact, is to govern men indeed—*freemen!*

If the reader should require any more examples that conquerors have been the same pests in all ages, let him turn to almost any page of history, of any nation, and he will find that there have always been from one to half a dozen insignificant individuals blustering and hectoring it over *five* or *six hundred millions* of souls—*souls!* no, *bodies without souls!* Were history only to record the actions of princes who have benefited mankind, it might be comprized in somewhat less space than the walnut-shell, which is said to have contained a complete copy of Homer's Iliad; and we cannot see why any others should be handed down to posterity, unless, indeed, by way of gibbeting them, as we serve murderers, *in terrorem*;—but there are thousands of volumes to prove, that mankind, in all ages, have been *fools*. What can their

foolish wars prove else? The Grecian princes carried their whole forces beyond sea—for what purpose? *to recover a libidinous, run-away adulteress!*—

“————— a lustful wife,
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.”

Well; they destroyed the city of Troy, and all its *innocent* inhabitants, to punish the *guilty* Paris; (very just this indeed!) and having spent ten years in this notable exploit, they returned home *cuckolds*, as might have been naturally expected, and most of them were slain by the paramours of their wives: Bravo!—They went out to revenge one cuckold, and all came back

“————— *in their old confines, with forked heads.*”

SHAKESPEAR.

as will ever be the case with those fools who do not *look at home*.

Alexander and Cæsar fought for *ambition*, which is the destruction of millions for the vanity of one person—

“How vain a creature were the plotting knave,
But for easy fools!”

TATE.

Even the *heathen* Virgil exclaims—O cursed wars! (*bella horrida*) and we shall pass them over as such, to make way for what the *Christians* (soi-disant, but mal-faisant followers of the mild doctrines of Christ) term *holy wars*, (a devilish good joke!) but which were as bloody as the most *infernal wars* that ever the world witnessed.

“————— True religion
Is always mild, propitious, and humble;
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels;
But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,
And builds her grandeur on *the public good*.”

MILLER.

In real fact, these wars sprung only from the accursed policy of the Roman pontiffs,

who wished to make a parade of the vassal princes whom she could send abroad from their states, on *spiritual concerns*, at her nod, whilst they condescendingly took all the trouble of managing their *temporal affairs* at home, and plundering their subjects—

“ ————— Fools as gross
As ign’rance, or bigotry made drunk.”

The oceans of blood shed in the subsequent *religious wars* and *massacres* had much the same origin—the knavery of few, and the folly of many. When fanaticism has phrenzied the brain, sectaries, like red hot iron, are to be wrought up to the temper of any cool-headed fellow, whether prince, priest, or coal-heaver; and, if they are not confined, by some superior temporal power, to their liberal method of cursing and d—g each other to the lowest pit of hell, they will fight for the love of God, like two blackguards for a belly full. A fanatic, therefore, let loose upon the world, is a destroyer of the

human race ; but tie up his hands, and none
so great a propagator—

“ ——— each female saint he does advise,
With groans, and hums and ha's, and goggling eyes, }
To rub him down, and make the spirit rise :
While, with his zeal transported, from the ground
He mounts, and sanctifies the sister's round.”

LEE.

The priests, therefore, claim the supremacy of all other warriors ; because what the world loses by them in one respect, they make up in another. There are to be met with in history, an infinity of other causes for spilling human blood ; but they are deemed less *honorable* than the foregoing ones : such as when two kings contend for a bit of barren land, which belongs to neither, and is worth nothing to neither of them ; when a queen, a royal mistress, is jealous of the power of a minister, who is no war minister, and wishes to force him out ; when a minister hates the queen, or royal mistress, and, being a war minister, wishes to keep himself in place in

spite of them ;—when a king wants money, and declares war to squander on his private debaucheries the supplies raised for the nation's defence ; when a hypochondriac king anticipates the devil's claim, and requires some amusement.—Yes, reader, you may stare ; but the serious game of warfare has really been played, like a game of chess, for the royal amusement.—In our English history, several of our monarchs have even had *pawns* on the board. Edward III. *pawned his jewels* to pay foreign forces ; the Black Prince *pawned his plate* ; Henry V. *pawned his tables and stools of silver*, which he had from Spain ; Queen Elizabeth *lost her jewels* ; nay, Henry V. *pawned his imperial crown once!* and Edward III. *three times!!!* To such petty *three blue ball shifts* have these mighty conquerors been driven, after having drained their miserable subjects to the dregs to make themselves glorious ! And what becomes of all their *glory* at last ? Why, it is generally laid at the feet of demireps. Omphale made Hercules spin ; Achilles pre-

rred Briseis to the cause of Greece ; Thais
 inflamed Alexander to fire Persepolis ; Cæsar
 was the drudge of every woman in Rome ;
 Louis XIV. married the mountebank Scar-
 on's widow ; and a certain *English hero*
 has been a *milch-cow* to C—y, C—le, C—ke,
 C—ll, C— and Co.—Such *glory* is, in-
 deed,

“ ————— the vain breath
 Of fools, and sycophants.”

LANSDOWNE.

Reader, do not imagine that we would jest
 with heroes ;—no, no, 'ware *edge tools* ! We
 would only remark, that it is “ *pitiful—won-
 drous pitiful,*” such brave men should not
 knock their “ *knotty pates*” together for some
 more rational *cause*—such as the *just* and *ne-
 cessary* contest in which we are at present
 engaged, and which, with the help of God,
 we will discuss, till we shall be able to cry—
 ‘ hold—hold !’ with honor—

“ ————— the soldier's treasure, bought with blood,
 And kept at life's expence.”

But when, we hear of black Pongo's sparing with black Cohadjee, and copper-coloured Malatchi's setting to with copper-coloured Attakulla, for a trifling quantity of rum, tobacco, shot, powder, rifles, &c. is not the practice of these whom we stigmatize as savages, rather below the dignity of the crowned heads of civilized, polished Europe, the seat of the arts, sciences, and all terrestrial wisdom?—But what signifies what thou, reader, and I think of it;—kings are made of other stuff: we may as well whistle jigs to a milestone, as expect them to hop to our measures. In short, *ambition* is an incurable madness: What is it but

“ ————— desire of greatness?
 And what is greatness but extent of power—
 But lust of power, a dropsy of the mind,
 Whose thirst increases while we drink to quench it,
 Till, swoll'n, and stretch'd by the repeated draught,
 We burst and perish.”

Ambitious tyrants are therefore mere *bubbles*, which, after having, for a short time,

de triumphant on the stream, "*burst and
rush.*" As Europe has such a scourge at
esent upon her hands, the best advice seems
be that which Durandante gave to Monte-
ios, as Don Quixote relates his adventures
the cave: "*Patience, and shuffle the
rds.*"

"Remember—he's a man; his flesh as soft,
And penetrable as a girl's ———
A surfeit, nay, a fit of common sickness,
Brings this immortal to the gate of death."

LEE'S ALEXANDER.

he *bubble* must burst, and it is only to see
out. Few conquerors have left any im-
ediate descendants; still fewer have left
eir conquests to their descendants; and, by
od's blessing, for the repose of mankind,
t one of them has ever transmitted his
oublesome spirit to his descendants; so that
is only a *lease for life*, which, in few in-
nces, has been suffered to run out to its
tural length.—Patience, therefore, and re-
ct that

“ ————— *Levius fit patientiâ*
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.”

HORACE

The nature of *revolutions* have been elegantly paralleled to a boiling pot, with which the scum flies uppermost. We do not understand how this *aristocratic* epithet can be applied to any part of the human race, without an insult to the Creator ; and as this *scum* generally develops men of strong mind, too long depressed by *prejudices*, it were time to lay aside these prejudices, and consider personal merit in its proper rank—that is, above all the fortuitous circumstances of birth, rank, or affluence. If rightly considered, revolutions are the thunderstorms which clear the political horizon, when darkened by tyranny, pride, superstition, or ignorance. They are not always to be deprecated, as this country has experienced one, to which the term *glorious* has been, and justly too, annexed. May we not read in them the hand of God, which overthrew the tower of Babel, to shew the inefficiency of man to perpetuate his labours ?

May we not see in them the hand-writing on the wall, the "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN," the end of the government of *light-weight* princes? Who, that has read the Scriptures, can peruse the annals of Europe for a century or two back, and wonder that there are so many king *Nebuchadnezzars* of the present day turned to grass? Or that an attorney's clerk should wear a crown, when David was a shepherd boy?—*Bravo!* We may all have a chance in time, and we pledge our veracity against the reader's modesty, that there is not a man in the creation, who will say, at least who will think, with *Sancho Pança*, that his scull is so misshapen, that "should crowns be suffered to rain down from heaven, not one of them would fit it;" but rather,

"Regem me esse oportuit."

I should make a very pretty sort of a king.

Indeed, we are so accustomed to the sight of *simple* kings, that almost any *simpleton*

might venture to put his head into a crown without blushing much deeper than if it were his worsted nightcap. Voltaire tells us, in his history of Charles XII. of Sweden:—“ Few are the princes whose actions merit a particular history. In vain have most of them been the objects of slander or flattery: small is their number whose memory is preserved, and would be yet smaller, were the good only remembered.”—We would propose an easy method for future historians to preserve a continuity of reigns, and yet not to bestow more upon insignificant princes than just such a mark as farmers stamp upon the backs or sides of their sheep: for instance—they might have *Charles, the Cuckold—Paul, the Madman—Catherine, the Concupiscent—Alexander, the Lackwit—Gustavus, the Giant-Killer—Ferdinand, the Credulous—Francis, the Forsaken—Frederic, the Foolish and Fallen—Napoleon, Nick’s Friend, &c.*—By this mode, as vanity is a ruling passion, kings would behave decently for their own sakes, in order to have a somewhat more

honorable niche in the temple of historic fame. Historians and poets have more to answer for than they are aware of. Of this opinion, too, is Butler, himself a poet, and inferior to none.

“ Surely our authors are to blame,
For making some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights,
To copy out in frays and fights :
Like those that a whole street do raze
To build a palace in its place ;
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
Composed of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors !”

Hud.

Varnishing over vice with well-turned periods, or glozing over royal crimes with falsehoods, as a cat covers up what it leaves with ashes or dust, is not their only, nor worst, though a very usual and heinous offence. They can do no service to the dead

criminal ; but they injure posterity by making princes unborn believe, that curst ambition is thirst for glory, prodigality regal splendor, haughtiness true majesty, their people slaves, and the public purse their own. Kings may take our honest words for it, that all such writers are lying knaves, who only jest with them, to share in preying upon their subjects :

“ Gross flatt’ry can alone by *fools* be borne,
 For it implies at once disdain and scorn :
 Well managed praise may still expect success,
 Praise shews esteem, whene’er it shews address :
 But only *fools* gross flattery can brook,
 They love the bait, and can’t suspect the hook.”

DENNIS.

Fools only expect any thing from those *bubbles*—the praises of sycophants and poets, the tears of a woman, and the opinion of the multitude. Why? They have an interest in deceiving. But, for us, our word may be taken, because our hands are clean. Although we have laid out pounds upon kings and princes, yet not one of them ever was a cus-

temer at our shop for a penny. Perhaps the reason is, because we do not deal in flummery. The poet laureat is the *court fancy-dress maker*: we are contented with cutting out for the *swinish multitude*; who, as despised as they are, *pay all the reckoning*. It is, therefore, reasonable that they should see how their money goes, and protest, remonstrate, petition, or address, against any mismanagement of it; and kings should, *wise ones would*, listen to them, not with others ears, but with their own, and pay attention to them too!—So will they prosper accordingly. Thus say *we ourselves*.

Now, without pretending to any Divine revelation, or even a vision, except that which passes over the "*mind's eye*" upon a retrospect of the past, we will venture a little bit of a (not prophecy) guess into what may be, and we will add to it our pledge to the public, that our skill at prescience is, at least, upon a par with that of the present M—y. We have seen, in France, the end

of a dynasty of *absolute monarchs*; and of a degenerated race of nobles, from the indignation of a long enslaved populace; we have beheld nearly the whole of the German circle of princes, as well as those of Italy, sent to grass, through the apathy of their subjects, occasioned by the weakness of their governments; we have beheld the emperor of Russia, with a retinue of courtiers, who grew sick when they found an essential difference between a court and a camp, and with a herd of boors, to whom liberty was unknown even by name; we have beheld him, we repeat, commencing his career as the defender and avenger of insulted Europe, and ending it by becoming an abject vassal, nay, an instrument of the ambition and vengeance of the tyrant. Lastly, we have endeavoured to instil somewhat of our own enthusiastic love of independence, into the Spaniards and Portuguese: but, alas! they have been so long enslaved by a branch of the same dynasty of *absolute monarchs* as the French, and by

hordes of ignorant bigots, that, having little or nothing of their own to contend for, they care not who is their next master :

“ ————— another, and another still succeeds,
And the last *fool's* as welcome as the former !”

We have witnessed all these things—we say—Well, what then? demands the reader. Why, we add, that we have witnessed enough to convince us—nay, even kings themselves, who oftener lose their heads than their prejudices, that the *public esteem* is the sole prop of every government, when put to the trial; and, as a man's esteem is not to be gained, like a spaniel's, by kicks and thumps, he should be treated with decency at least, if not with attention and civility. We add, too, that the study of the history of past events is only an idle amusement at best, if not a waste of time, unless applied to the amelioration of our own conduct, by observation and amendment upon the faults of others. Buonaparté was wise enough to be

aware of the force and prevalence of *public opinion*, and he began with Spain by making its reigning monarch, and his successor, and indeed the whole of (to him detested) race of Bourbon, despicable to the nation. We will venture an opinion, that if Carlos or Ferdinand had remained firm in their capital, and thrown themselves into the arms of the nation, by making their cause the people's, and the people's theirs, they would have made a glorious, and, with the aid of the British, a successful defence. But when the king, queen, and princes, had so indelibly disgraced themselves and the nation, as to leave the kingdom, and to throw themselves at the feet of a known despiser of all honor, to accuse, nay abuse, and request his protection against each other, what great veneration could be expected either for themselves or their mandates, issued by their *creatures*, whose highest prospect of reward for victory, held out to the nation to be inspired, was that of *having things restored to their former situation!!!* Why, the nation cannot be in

a worse situation than its former one; and this was a notable incentive to prodigies of valour! What is *true valour*? We subscribe to the poet's idea of it:

"It is the greatest virtue; and the *safety*
Of *all mankind*; the object of its *danger*:
A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence;
No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
Of false encount'ring formidable things,
But a true science of distinguishing
What's *good* or *evil*. It springs out of *reason*,
And tends to perfect honesty; the *scope*
Is always *honor*, and the *public good*:
It is no valour for a *private cause*."

The proclamations of the *Junta* against the *liberty of the press* sufficiently explained that the people were not to be cured of their blindness; and they have remained in it till the mist (that is, their host of oppressors) has been chased away. The conqueror has seen the errors of the *Junta*, and has shewn that he knows well how to profit by them; he knows that his own strength lies in the weakness of his opponents, and their weakness

in a contempt of the people. He, therefore, assumes those virtues to which he is a *total* stranger as well as themselves. He *feigns to* respect the *public good* and *public opinion*; and whatever any *westward ho! writers* may say, it is morally certain that the condition of the Spaniards must be ameliorated, even if Buonaparté should subdue them, since we find that he deems it necessary to his own views to hold out to the people, that their situation will be better under his, than the Bourbon dominion. Read his IMPERIAL DECREES: he abolishes the inquisition and feudal rights, and reduces the number of convents to one-third!!! If these are not what (in a strict sense of the rules of descent of the Spanish crown) may be termed Imperial Decrees, being undoubtedly the *ipse dixit* of an usurper of the Spanish crown, they are, nevertheless, DECREES *worthy of an Emperor!* And, although by these means Buonaparté may think to bolster up his own ill-gotten power, yet to give the Spaniards a glimpse of civil and religious liberty, is the

surest method to make them assert their rights to both, even against himself!! According to the old saying—"Give him rope enough, and he will hang himself."—But this, in all human probability, may be a work of time, and therefore "*patience and shuffle the cards.*"

We will venture another trifling guess, which, however, is much more probable than the prophecies of *Mr. Brothers*, because built on the *rational premises* we have before mentioned; which is—that *Buonaparté* will not only profit by his pretended respect for the *public good and opinion*, but that he has it in contemplation to take advantage of another weapon, weak in itself, but overwhelming in the hands of a multitude; namely, *superstition and credulity!*—*Alexander*, (the great hero, but little man) not contented to subdue the *bodies* of men by his arms, sought to tyrannize over their minds by palming his *divine origin* upon them: The Roman emperors pursued the same *state-*

trick: the popes made a pretty penny of the *gates of heaven*: Mahomed did wonders through his *seven heavens*, his *flying ass*, and his *houris*: Cromwell held the sword in one hand, and the Bible in the other: Buonaparté, in Egypt, was a Mussulman, predestinarian, sent by the prophet to deliver his brother Turks from the tyranny of the beys; he is, now, also a Roman Catholic, and has possessed himself of St. Peter's keys; (think of that and tremble, all ye rebels against his power—to be buffeted by him in this world, and to have the gates of heaven shut against you in the next!) and he now tells the Spaniards, in case they reject his *brother Joey*, that “he shall place the crown of Spain upon his own head, and cause it to be respected by the *guilty*;—for GOD *has given him power and inclination to surmount all obstacles!!!*”

Here's a *divine mission* for you—and a *thundering prophet*, with a vengeance!—before whom the degraded Continent—

“ ——— bow their heads with homage down,
And kiss the feet of this exalted man :
The name, the shout, the blast from ev'ry mouth
Is *Buonaparté!*—*Buonaparté* bursts
Your cheeks, and with a crack so loud,
It drowns the voice of Heav'n : Like dogs you fawn,
The earth's commanders fawn, and flatter him :
Mankind starts up to hear his *blasphemy* ;
And if this hunter of the barb'rous world
But wind himself a *god*, you echo him
With universal cry.”

LEE'S ALEXANDER.

Impudence and luck are a sufficient stock at any time for a prophet, and the little great man has enough of both. The sapient professors of a certain German university have already shoved him up into *Orion's Belt* ;— and as he never knows when to stop, there will be fools enough ready to take his own word that his place is yet higher. But however much to the taste of Turks, Copts, and Arabs, may be the massacres, robberies, and lies, with which the coming of the Corsican prophet amongst us, have been marked, being conformable to, though rather more out-

rageous than, the progress of their own Mahomed; yet we should imagine they can never be accredited by the followers of the doctrines of the meek, humble, and beneficent Jesus Christ. We hope so, and pray that our *Catholic brethren of Ireland* will not (to use a very homely though appropriate figure) *cut off their noses to be revenged upon their faces*; but will have *patience and shuffle the cards*, till our enemies shall have less power, and our ministers more sense, when we may all reasonably expect more tolerance, and fewer taxes:

Good Heav'n! we pray thee quickly send the time,
Authors may feed on somewhat else than rhyme;
And all mankind serve thee in their own way,
With plenteous boards, and moderate to pay!
Then each light heart may chaunt—*God save the King*;
But now we *fast and pay* too much to sing.

Buonaparté will, in the end, serve as another eternal proof, that the Almighty Father of the universe will not permit any earthly tyrant, however dignified, to wrest from him

the absolute dominion, which belongs to himself alone, over his creatures.

Waiting for such a happy change in the tide of our affairs, but with a very faint prospect of it for the present, we will proceed with our *guess*:—If Buonaparté succeed in Spain, (of which the most sceptical can now scarcely entertain a doubt) he will attempt to humble to his feet, or associate to his views against Great Britain, all the rest of Europe, by a partition of Turkey, through which country his way will be clear to Persia and the Indies. Nay, in all probability, the *National Institute* of France may be, at this moment, employed in making a digest from the Persian and Sanscrit languages, and in tracing the pedigree of the *Corſican Buonapartés* to *Shah Abbas*, or *Vishnu*, according to the *Mussulman* and *Hindoo* laws.—Having once established a kind of *family compact* with his *Mussulman* and *Hindoo* brethren, he hopes, by their means, to inflict, at least, a desperate wound on the British empire in India, if he shall not be able to glut his

revenge by its total annihilation. We trust that Buonaparté's expedition to Egypt; his embassy to Persia; his *unguarded* threats of stabbing Britain in India, as well as on the Continents of Europe and America; will sufficiently bear us out with every *reasoner* against the charge of being a *visionary*. We have all *dreamed* too long; it is now time to open our eyes to the light of the sun. If Buonaparté should succeed in his embassy to Persia!—It is reported that he has succeeded—Well, whence comes this art of his, of alienating the confidence of all nations, Christian, Mussulman, or Hindoostanee, from his adversaries?—Why—he has skilful agents with each—no boobies, without any other pretensions than high birth and fortune, but men of *talents*—(no—hang that word—it has been too much burlesqued!) men of judgment.—Our *civil list* is so *scanty*, that when an ambassador is wanted, the question is *not* who has the greatest diplomatic genius, but who has the longest purse, and the ambition to shine at a foreign court at

his own expence. This may be economy; but it is of that foolish sort proverbially denominated *penny wise* and *pound foolish*. Buonaparté knows this well.

His *secret service-money* is expended on men capable, and who dare not neglect to fulfil his orders, which are to blacken us in every court in Europe, and throughout America; it is never squandered on *rotten borough-mongers, contractors, agents*, with their useless hordes of relatives, bastards, parasites, dependants, mistresses, valets, &c. &c. He does, indeed, expend some money on *opera-girls*; but then he sends them to amuse the emperor of Russia, or *condescendingly* permits them to emigrate to England, whither they are generally accompanied by their *chers amis*, who are often his *agents!!!* There are, at this moment, some of them in this country, who confessedly receive salaries from him, not indeed as *espions*, but, *à couvert*, as notes of admiration of their musical abilities. These people, although commonly the dregs of their own country, are received into the

first families in this with open arms ; extract all secrets, of public as well as private concerns, in return for a song ; and—*make Buonaparté laugh !!*

THEY MANAGE THIS BETTER IN FRANCE!

It is only by *looking at home* that we can afford to be *generous abroad*. Not all the wealth or power of Great Britain can regenerate the Continent ; a change in the principles of their governments can only effect that *desideratum*. Here's how.

THE KING, SHEPHERD, AND CUR.

KINGS from the people spring, not they from kings,
The heads these are, and those the underlings ;
But for the good of those, these called to sway,
Those for their good alone submit t'obey.
Hence kings are guardians of the public weal,
Bound to pursue it with their utmost zeal.
Who deem their pleasures are their sole concern,
This fable suits—so, let them read, and learn.

BEHRAM, a Persian king who thought his throne
Not for his subjects rais'd, but self alone,
In indolence repos'd with regal glare,
And left his people to his vizier's care.
The end was natural—where masters sleep,
The stewards fatten, and the tenants weep.
Relying on the monarch's love of ease,
The vizier only sought himself to please ;
Relations, friends, and parasites he fed,
Ne'er once regarding how the people bled.
Corruption was the order of the day,
The troops grew negligent thro' want of pay ;
Sedition's hollow murmur grew more loud,
And dire impends rebellion's thick'ning cloud.
Too late the clamor reach'd the royal ear,
T'avert the storm was now his only care.
Pensive he stroll'd the fields, at ease to think
On means to stop him on destruction's brink.

As thus employ'd, a shepherd struck his view
Hanging a dog; the monarch swiftly flew
To ask the cause of treatment so severe:—
“ His crime is black,” replied the clown austere;
“ Behold a traitor, and a traitor's due!
“ I rais'd and fed him; but the cur untrue
“ Betray'd his trust—nay with the wolf combin'd,
“ To thin the flock to his defence consign'd.
“ Caught in the fact, the wily villain dies—
“ No less a sentence justice will suffice.”

The king his own imprudence now discern'd—
This truth important from a shepherd learn'd:
That kings should look into their own affairs,
Nor trust to others' eyes, and others' ears.
Of cur and vizier similar the deed,
A sim'lar punishment the king decreed.
Such an example of their pow'rful chief
Struck terror into ev'ry lesser thief;
Economy brought order in her hand,
And scatter'd happiness throughout the land.

Such should have been long ago the fate of
the Prince of Peace, and hundreds of others,
generals as well as ministers of the continental
power. We have been grossly deceived in
the Spaniards, and have mistaken the procla-

mations of some few powerful individuals, struggling to keep their hoards and offices, for the voice of the nation. Alas! they have been long immersed in deeper shades of ignorance than Egyptian darkness itself. Buonaparté knows them to a hair. In his 22d bulletin he says, that “the British, in their flight, killed all the horses that were over fatigued or wounded, and which might embarrass their retreat. It is scarcely credible (he adds) how that spectacle, so shocking to our manners, of hundreds of horses shot with pistols, is *revolting to the Spaniards*. Many persons look upon it as a sort of *sacrifice*—some *religious rite*, which gives rise, in the minds of the Spaniards, to very strange pictures of the *religion of England!!!*”—We may laugh at this most execrable nonsense, if we please, but Buonaparté, we shall find, will frame a handle of this contemptible tool to carve out for us the inveterate hatred and detestation of the ignorant and bigotted Spaniards, who really know no difference between protestantism and pa-

ganism.—In the 23d bulletin, Buonaparté himself points out our errors to us: “ France (he tells us) was stirred up and supported by the unanimous resolution to re-assert rights of which she had been deprived in times of obscurity:—In Spain, a few men stirred up the people, in order to preserve the exclusive possession of rights odious to the people. Those, who fought for the Inquisition, for the Franciscans, and for feudal rights, might be animated by an ardent zeal for their *personal interests*, but could never *infuse* into a *whole nation*, a *firm resolve* or *permanent opinion*.”—Our *political Quixotes*, however, would have a brush with the *windmills*, and have been laid sprawling in the dirt: Five millions of money, and five thousand of the best troops in the world sacrificed!— Oh!—

“ 'Tis the time's plague, when MADMEN lead the BLIND!”

SHAKESPEAR'S KING LEAR.

Buonaparté has now leisure enough to preach up to the Spaniards that we have

abandoned them, after inflaming their passions, to all the horrors of an unsuccessful resistance. He tells us that our retreat had exasperated them against us, and that their difference of language, manners, and religion, contributed not a little to that disposition of their minds; yet we are going to offer up *another sacrifice* to such gross superstition!—He tells the Spaniards that they must refund all the money which we have sent to them, and yet we are about to remit more! He will permit them to receive our gold and silver; but will take care to make them shut their ports against our soldiers. In the latter instance, he will show a greater respect for our brave troops than we shall evince for them ourselves, in hazarding them once more against superstition and ignorance, in addition to superior forces, and all the other disadvantageous circumstances of warfare.

Baffled and *bubbled* in every one of our continental subsidies, we should now husband all our resources to enable us to outlive a struggle, of which Heaven alone can see the

end. It is a *war of finances*, which, on our part, can only be met by *political economy* and *private industry*. In the latter we abound; in the former we are so notoriously deficient, that it may be as well to consider how far we are from the brink of the gulph. We have only to look to ourselves. The Continent cannot long remain in its present lethargy, from the natural order of things in this revolutionary world. Tyranny begets liberty; liberty ease; ease refinement; refinement luxury; luxury effeminacy; and effeminacy slavery, and consequently tyranny again. For which reason, and from feeling the pulse of the present times, we prescribe the following recipe, in plain English, instead of the *Warwick-lane* Latin, which, by the bye, *Celsus* himself could not read, if resuscitated, and become president, elect, senior fellow, or candidate of the said college :

TAKE of *political economy and honesty* (not *Burke's* Jesuitical sort) of each two drams; of *patriotism* (take care of the

bastard species, denominated *Broad-bottomed*, which is rank poison) three drams ; of *energy* and *foresight* (beware of that entitled *Old Woman's*, growing in *Portland-Isle*) of each two drams ; of *common sense* (not the *legalis* or *conventionalis* sort) two drams.

✂ The above medicines may not effect an immediate cure, but will be an infallible remedy if made into pills, with a quant. suff. of *conserve* of *patience*, (to be found all over the British Isles) and taken in doses suited to the constitution, fasting.

John Bull.—Fasting! I hate the very sound. Fasted only t'other day ; pretty near come to't every day, I think ; fasting never was suited to a *British Constitution*.

— Why no, *good Johnny* ; but then you know political, as well as p— doctors always recommend it, that their patient's pockets may have a guinea when they come to dip their hands into them.

John Bull.—Aye, why shou'd n't have

too many drains at once, to be sure; ~~no~~
should they be of too long continuance, ~~■~~
the end be to keep the *constitution* sound.

— It may happen, indeed, Mr. Bull—
that the people may be made to fast to ~~o~~
often, whilst a flock of wolves are feasting ~~g~~
upon their stock. The experiment is dan-
gerous, and the minister who should make
it, deserves the fate of *Behram's* vizier, not
only as an enemy to the public, but also to
his master, from whom he estranges the af-
fections of his subjects. A king is neither
more nor less than a chief magistrate, selected
by and from the people, for the *public good*;
and he who does not make that his chief
business, is no king;—he who entrusts his
people to a minister, without overlooking
him, is a *mere bubble*, or, as a certain Spa-
niard had it, a *ceremony*!—This man had
been sent out by Philip II. king of Spain, on
an embassy; and the king finding fault with
him for failing in an affair of great import-
ance, because he could not agree with the
French ambassador on *some etiquette*, said

to him—*Como, a dexada una cosa di importancia por una ceremonia! How, have you left a business of importance for a ceremony!* The ambassador boldly replied: *Como! por una ceremonia! Vuessa majesta misma no, es sin una ceremonia.—How! for a ceremony! your majesty's self is but a ceremony.*

—CHARLES XII. of Sweden (although himself a king, and not very well to pass for sense even among them) was so sensible of this, that when, after an absence of fourteen years from his capital, his regency, uncertain whether he was alive or not, wished to make peace with the czar of Russia, and king of Denmark, contrary to his inclination, he wrote to them, that he would send them one of his *jackboots*, to which they might apply for orders!! Indeed were a king is such a madman as he showed himself to have been, happier would be the people if a *jackboot* filled up the *regal ceremony*; especially if the *king jackboot* should happen to have as faithful and able a minister assigned to it, as a certain *canine viceroy*, of which we are going to tell a story:

A KING OF TEN THOUSAND,

AND

A FAITHFUL MINISTER.

A CERTAIN Mandarin, who *Johor* rul'd,
 (Viceroy of SAON MAHON, Siam's king),
 With such an iron rod the people school'd,
 That to the grind-stone they his nose did bring.

Proud, silly *Saon Mahon*, at the news,
 Splutters out two, or three great hearty d--mns :
 " He'll make the *Johor women* bleat like ewes,
 " When cruel butchers take away their lambs."

Then off he march'd, with such prodigious force,
 As struck the men of *Johor* with dismay ;
 They tamely saw each leader's mangled corse,
 Trampled by elephants, bestrew the way.

They also heard great *Saon Mahon* roar—
 " Vile reptiles ! since to anger thus ye dare
 " Me, the *White Elephant's* dread king ; no more
 " A man shall rule ye, but my dog, I swear !

" Prostrate, ye wretches ! BARKOUT, thee we place
 " On *Johor's* throne—*our representative* ;
 " With teeth and claws sway this rebellious race,
 " Who grumbles, not a moment let him live.

"In the post of *minister* shall fill,
 'whose zeal by us so often has been tried."
 was wise ;—he knew the despot's will
 law ;—so, bowing humbly, thus replied :

"O mighty king of Siam, your viceroy
 will for his service find no want of zeal ;
 your master, he, his genius must employ—
 to aid our servants we, to guide the public weal."

When turn'd towards the *dog*, and bow'd
 down to the ground, and bark'd in humble tone ;
 the *dog*, with ears erect, replied so loud,
 that her *royal speech* so shook a throne.

The viceroy's eloquence, the premier's skill
 in languages, surpris'd the abject crew ;
 shouts of joy and loud acclaims they fill
 the air, and to the skies their turbans flew.

In their hopes ;—the docile dog was won
 to kindness to pursue sage Mani's plan ;
 no lumber'd later than the rising sun—
 the *levée* o'er, the *council board* began.

The viceroy propos'd the question for debate,
 the premier freely his opinion spoke ;
 the viceroy bark'd, and *Mani* did translate
 the *wise decision*—up the council broke.

Now to his *subjects*, patient audience giv'n,
 He prudent granted—courteously refus'd;
 No minister and viceroy, under heav'n,
 So gen'ral satisfaction e'er diffus'd!

This done, they serv'd up dinner, neat but plain—
 A paunch, a pluck, sheep's-head, or some such thing—
 No ancient hero, Arthur, Charlemagne,
 Laid on so well—not even Homer's kings.

Next—out to exercise the troops he'd draw,
 Or, in the park, hunt to digest his meal;
 Then sign dispatches with his well-ink'd paw—
 At once the *royal* signature and seal.

All business o'er—familiarily he barks
 With Mani, till the supper is prepar'd;
 Then early goes to rest, to rise with larks,—
 Thus ev'ry day this *faithful guardian* far'd.

Such royal industry and temp'rance prov'd
 What good by good examples may be wrought;
Mani corrected, though he ne'er reprov'd,
 And into life the torpid province brought.

Good kings too soon are gone!—It so mischanc'd,
 A horde barbarian, from Malacca's coast,
 Landing, spread death wherever they advanc'd—
Barkout soon headed all his warlike host.

Knowing no more of tactics than a horse—

Not more, perhaps, than our brave **** ** ****,

He left his generals to take their course :

'Twas wise—let soldiers do a soldier's work.

Not to be idle, through the ranks he ran,

Arm'd only with brass collar, teeth, and claws ;—

Charg'd, 'mongst the foremost, through the Malay van,

And gave no quartèr with his slaught'ring jaws.

The Malays fly—the Johor victor's shout—

(Ah, cruel fate! why didst thou so ordain?)

A poison'd arrow strikes the brave *Barkout*—

In vict'ry's arms he bites th' ensanguin'd plain.

The victors mourn'd their conquest too dear bought :

Grief and despair throughout the province spread ;

Sable-clad deputies the tidings brought

To Siam's king, with *Mani* at their head.

Thus *Mani* spoke :—“ Great king, that specter'd elf,

“ Grim death hath seiz'd our father, your viceroy ;

“ Nay, I had almost said, *your other self*—

“ Your gift inestimable, our sole joy !

“ He for your people liv'd—in battle died ;

“ In their defence, and for your glory slain ;

“ A *Mandarin successor*, swol'n with pride,

“ Would for good *Barkout's* loss renew their pain.

“ *White Elephant’s* dread king, then hear our pray’
 “ Let no *man* rule us, as you did decree ;
 “ We’d have for viceroys only *Barkout’s* heirs,
 “ To his and thine we’d rather bend the knee.”

Wise Saon Mahon scratch’d his head, full fraught,
 Whether ’twere best to follow up his whim :
 If they’re so fond of quadrupeds, he thought,
 They might prefer his *Elephant* to him.

This jealousy prevail’d—he feign’d good will,
 And said—“ No more shall *Johor* feel disdain ;
 “ My place let *Mandarin Miracha* fill,
 “ His former post good *Mani* shall retain.”

Well, what turn’d up ? *Miracha* would not take
Mani’s advice ; and, striving to excel
Barkout, so widely did the way mistake,
 The *dog* he render’d more respectable.

The moral of this tale, according to the Chinese account, in which the history of *Barkout* is preserved, is this : “ That next to a prince who is willing and able to manage himself the affairs of his government, the most desirable is a monarch of indifferent abilities, who will consent to be directed by an able and well-intentioned minister.”—We

readily acquiesce in this inference of the Chinese moralist; but we would wish to be informed how a king of indifferent abilities should know whether he has such a minister, unless he deign now and then to consult the people on that head. It would be absurd to ask the minister himself; because no man was ever known who entertained even an indifferent opinion of his own talents—witness our late *broad-bottomed* administration, whose blunders were palpable to the touch. We may also instance Mr. C—nn—g, among the present ministry, who asserts that the nation is at this moment rising, although he only imagines it to be the case, because (as S—F—B— told him) he was rising himself. Thus men intoxicated fancy that the room runs round, although it is only themselves that totter!—Hence is implied that a king and his people should talk *plain* language to each other, but in terms suited to their respective situations. This mode would naturally beget the greatest confidence and har-

mony, which could only be dissolved by what, in that case, there would be little reason to apprehend—foreign subjugation. When speeches and actions are designed to agree, it would be vain to attempt from abroad to embarrass our councils, and corruption, becoming useless, would consequently die away in our cabinet.

THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE ARE THE SECURITY OF
EVERY ESTABLISHMENT!!

Those foolish kings, who assimilate themselves to the Creator, and despise their people, may be, and mostly have been, in turn, despised by them. For instance, on the garden front of the royal palace of Versailles, was formerly this inscription :

*Hic fuit, ante, Chaos !
Dixit Ludovicus,
Et inde Regia fit Divo !
Facta est ita machina
Mundi.*

Formerly,
Chaos reigned here!
Louis spoke,
And thence sprung a palace fit for a God!
So was formed the machine
Of the world!!!

The descendants of this heaven and world maker cannot, at present, boast a foot of this divine manufacture.

About the middle of the last century, an artist of Vienna constructed an automaton, dressed in the habit of an Austrian gentleman, with a pen in one hand, and a standish in the other; after dipping the former in the latter, it would strike a kind of spiral line upon a sheet of paper, and in the spaces between write these words: *Augustæ domini Austriacæ et Imperatori, Deus nec metas nec finem ponet.*—In English—*God will set neither bounds nor period to the House of Austria and the Emperor!* But Buonaparté, a petty Corsican adventurer, has already put bounds to the one, and will probably put a period to the other ere long, notwithstanding

that his Imperial Majesty bought the wonderful piece of parasitical mechanism, and settled a considerable pension on the inventor. — Who does not recollect, when the present emperor of Germany marched into Brussels, in the year 1794, to head the allied armies against the French, this remarkable inscription on the trophies:—“ *Cæsar adest —tremet Galli.*”—Cæsar is at hand—let the the Gauls tremble!—Who trembles now? Surely there have been examples enough of this kind to have taught kings that they are but human beings, and, consequently, should bow with more reverence to God, and behave with more becoming respect to their fellow-creatures. Crowns are not a more certain tenure than any other hereditary possessions, since both originate in, and owe their protection to, the laws of the land. They have been usurped; resumed by the people for implied breaches of contract and abdication; and they have been even *extended for the benefit of creditors*, of which the following notable precedent occurred in this metro-

polis:—THEODORE ANTHONY, Baron Newhoff, and King of Corsica (who was as much a king as any on the face of the earth, since he was elected by the choice of the Corsicans) was actually a prisoner in the Fleet, and reduced to take the benefit of an act of insolvency. Going to Guildhall to demand the benefit of the act, he was asked, as usual, what effects he had? and answered—“*Nothing but my kingdom of Corsica.*” It was accordingly registered for the benefit of the creditors!

It is lamentable to see the descendants of kings who have been dethroned, and reduced to the rank of subjects; but we are apt to attach too much importance to such events: The loss of an inheritance of five hundred pounds a year only, is, *pari passu*, as severely felt by the heir of a country squire, as that of a crown can be by the heir of a throne; because it is the *ne plus ultra* of both their expectations, and perhaps of their ambition. In both instances, it is the instability of human nature—the Divine decree—from

which even our Saviour was not exempted ; and the only consolation is, that it is so, especially if the sufferer is not conscious of having deserved the chastisement. When the case is otherwise—where a king (to confine ourselves to our present subject) has broken his contract, or failed in his duty towards his people, there will be no resource for consolation within his own breast, nor will he experience any more pity from without, than the *drovers* of whom we are now about to give a story :—

THE OVER-DRIVEN OX.

It happens oft, on Smithfield market day,
Some wanton drovers, for their cruel sport,
Will goad an ox, which harmless holds its way,
Till, stung with pain, it 'gins to foam and snort.

With joy the fiends behold the growing fun,
And ply their sticks to keep the game alive ;
"MAD Ox!" they shout ; the beast sets out to run,
And into shops or cellars people dive.

The brute, by worse brutes driven, raging falls
On woman, man, or child, whate'er it meets,
O'erwhelms old women 'neath their apple-stalls,
And with dismay and terror fills the streets.

An ox so goaded once, its error found
To vent its rage thus on a flying crew ;
So on its fell pursuers turning round,
High in the air the brace of drovers flew.

Then down they came, but not on *beds of down*,
Nor *beds of roses*, but Scotch paving stones ;
None pitied them—a nuisance to the town—
They very well deserv'd their broken bones.

MORAL.

Tis dangerous to urge, to any length,
A man, or beast, beyond their nat'ral strength;
Despair has often snapp'd the tyrant's chain,
And caus'd the slave his freedom to regain.

James II. of England, whose pretended legal massacres, by means of his bloody instrument Jefferies, justified what was said of him by Lord Churchill, that a marble chimney-piece was as capable of feeling compassion as the king's heart, afforded a remarkable instance of a haughty tyrant in prosperity, and of an abject coward in adversity. This unfeeling monarch received a most cutting stroke, at a council which was called soon after the landing of the prince of Orange, when, amidst the silent company, he applied himself to the earl of Bedford, father of the Lord Russel, whom he and his brother had brought to the block, saying—
“ My lord, you are a good man, and have great interest; you can do much for me at

time.”—To which the earl replied: “I am an old man, and can do but little—(then he said, with a sigh)—I had once a son, who I now have been very serviceable to your Majesty.”—Which words, says Echard, struck the king half dead with silence and astonishment. Thus friendless, he was obliged to retire to his heels, and exist upon the scanty bounty of the French king, and the kingdom happily delivered from the last of the cruel and weak dynasty of the Stuarts.—Yes, *Jamie* ran

“ *Over the hills and far awa’—*”

was received by our *good friends*, the Jacobites, in hopes of raising a civil war against us; and, as one good turn deserves another, now, when they sent the Bourbon dynasty to grass, we returned the compliment. When examples, therefore, are as common as blackberries in autumn, why do not kings take them, but on compulsion, children take physic, or horses drenches. Will they not remember that—

“ ————— Pigmies are pigmies still,
Though plac'd on Alps.”—

Kings can only appear great through the medium of their subjects' happiness ; without their love, royalty is but an *ombre Chinoise* ; a single puff blows out the candles, and all cats are grey in the dusk. To look down from an elevated station is too apt to turn weak heads giddy :—

“ ————— How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows and chonghs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murm'ring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.”

SHAKESPEAR'S LEAR.

Hence it is that a people, viewed at an immense distance below the throne, through the

misty medium of lying courtiers, are too often mistaken for the scum of a pot—a swinish multitude; and the “*murmuring surge*,” their remonstrances or petitions for redress of grievances “*cannot be heard so high*.” But there is a time for all things. James II. found not that pity to which he himself had ever turned a deaf ear; he despised his people without cause, and he was more than despised by them with the justest cause.

It is far easier to lose *rights* than to recover them, and therefore a *free* people ever are, and should be, extremely jealous of them. Such jealousy, far from giving pain to government, should afford it the utmost satisfaction and confidence, as men so tenacious of their own, will scarcely ever seize upon another's. They have no incitement to encroachment;—born to consider their own ease and happiness as the *summum bonum* of life, although they may be at times misled or abused, their judgments are always the sounder as they are devoid of a lust for power.

They more frequently lose ground, for want of contending for it in time, than otherwise; whilst *prerogative*, grasping what belongs to it with one hand, and ever catching at more with the other, goes on till it produces remonstrance, recrimination, and subversion. Hence the source of all the revolutions that are recorded in history! A people, driven inch by inch to desperation, has no other resource. It is not to be forgotten that had the English nation been less tenacious of its privileges, the House of Brunswick would not have wielded the British sceptre, and it concerns that House, to be aware, that the surest method to retain it is to cherish that tenacity in the nation. When a government complies with a reform of abuses with a good grace, the people revere it, as if it had had no hand in these abuses; nay, almost as if it had bestowed new privileges upon them; but, when it is extorted, they treat their conquered oppressors as criminals. The heavy duties incumbent on royalty are obvious; a king must have assistance; and perhaps the most

arduous task of the whole is to choose a proper minister; above all, he should take care not to keep one who may, by his arrogance, alienate the affections of his subjects from him. It is in cases in government occasion indigence in the governed; and the indigence of the people, says Mr. De St. Pierre, in his '*Etudes sur la Nature*,' is a mighty river, which is every year collecting an increase of strength, which is sweeping away before it every opposing mound, and which will issue in a total subversion of order and government. Royalty should set an example of magnanimity and disinterestedness, which should never suffer itself to be polluted by a *dealing in patronage*, which degrades it to the rank of a Moorfields broker. From royalty, as the source of *honors*, that is *titles*, every distinction should flow as freely as light from the sun. It may be doubted whether a king can receive the slightest present from a subject, or suffer any of his family to receive it, without lowering his dignity. Under a master resolved to maintain it, few ministers

would dare to carry on a *traffic* in those *offices* which are to be filled solely for the benefit of the public, and the fees of which are solely paid by the public. They have a right to have them filled by men of ability and integrity, not speculators and brokers; they have a right to desire their removal, or even punishment, if they should prove incapable or knavish; but *purchase* renders them in a manner independent both of government and people. The former are necessitated to screen them, to keep their own *nefarious traffic* a secret from the latter. “*Minus est quàm servus dominus, qui servos timet*”—says *Publius Syrus*.—*That master is less than a servant who fears his servants*. What can we think, then, of *royalty* committing itself before its *servants*? Besides the loss of respect, such degradation will give them encouragement to practise unbounded venality, and let loose every basest passion, to the corruption of the morals of the people, the evasion of all wholesome laws, the utter impoverishment of the middling and lower

classes, and consequently the degeneracy and downfall of the whole nation.—The end of such a career must soon have been—“*Hic Tros fuit.*”—Here Troy once stood. Let us now hope that, as *Astræa*, the goddess of justice, has long since fled from earth to heaven, the *demon of corruption* has sculked to hell; whence it originally sprang.

THE DEVIL AND HIS IMP.

(Supposed to be taken from Canynge's Chest.)

THE *Demon of Corruption* fled

To Hell, on sooty wings;

“Hey!” cries the *Devil*, “Whose *mare's* dead?”

“Why leave th' abode of *kings*?”

“I liv'd in glee,” the demon cried,

And then began to *wheeze*—

“Until by *Flintshire* hands I died,

“Which choak'd me with *Welch cheese.*”

COURT BUBBLES.

**“ WELL, of all plagues which make mankind their sport,
 Guard me, ye heav'ns, from that worst plague, a court!
 'Midst the mad mansions of Moorfields, I'd be
 A straw crown'd monarch, in mock majesty ;
 Rather than sov'reign rule Britannia's fate,
 Curs'd with the follies, and the farce of state.
 Rather in Newgate walls, O let me dwell,
 A doleful tenant of the darkling cell,
 Than swell in palaces the mighty store
 Of fortune's fools, and parasites of power ;
 Than crowns, ye gods ! be any state my doom,
 Or any dungeon—but a drawing-room !”**

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

Ladies and gentlemen of the courtier tribe,
 ye are such wretched hacks, and such hack-
 nief subjects, that it is scarcely possible to
 add a new epithet to that with which ye
 have been burthened for ages past. Ye are,
 indeed, too contemptible for notice, if ye
 were not the pests of courts, and the moths of
 society. Notwithstanding all the exploits
 of Alexander, who won several great victories,
 yet, in the latter part of his life, he became

Considerably diminished from the magnanimous and modest youth which he came out of the hands of Aristotle. He no sooner threw himself open to the attacks of such sycophants as you are, than he assumed Divine honors, and disclaimed a really illustrious descent for a superstitious and fabulous one, and committed those atrocities for which he was put out of the world, as we now stifle persons raging with the hydrophobia, for the common safety.

Horace's praises of Augustus Cæsar are, at the present day, read only for the beauty of the poetry, as we glean from well-authenticated historical facts, that he was every thing but a great prince. At Actium, he hid himself in the hold of the ship, and did not appear upon deck till the action was ended. At Philippi, he left the camp, and feigned illness, from a dream of his physician. His cruelty, after the fight, to the prisoners, who prayed only for a funeral, and his answer, "that the birds of the air would soon put them in a condition to have no need of any,"

prove him to have wanted that mercy towards a vanquished foe which distinguishes the brave man from the cruel dastard. His sacking of Perusia, which Lucius Antonius took for him, and his massacre of three hundred senators there; his extreme avarice and superstition—all prove him to have been a weak man; yet at one of his luxurious feasts in Rome, he caused nine women to be dressed in imitation of the muses, and he himself appeared in the character of Apollo. Some of your *worthy* parasitical predecessors had persuaded him that he was the son of that god, and made out his pedigree thus:—that he and Alexander were the sons of *two serpents*, one of which was Apollo, and the other Jupiter. If Alexander deserved to be reckoned a madman, for wishing to pass for a god, after so many great actions, in what rank can we place this poltroon?—It is almost to be lamented, that Horace's beautiful but flattering portrait should have descended to mislead posterity. Like rats, *detested* and pursued by almost every other

species, ye skulk securely through all the blind avenues of courts, and would grow fat but for your malignant envy towards each other.

Would to Heaven that every king had as prudent a treasurer, and as much Scotch economy as our James I.—That king, having ordered a present of twenty thousand pounds to one of his favorites, the treasurer, who was well read in human nature, and knew how little the general expression of things operated, and that the words *twenty thousand pounds* were as easily pronounced as *twenty thousand farthings*, contrived to place the whole sum in a heap before the king's eyes as he passed to the *levée* in new *Jacobuses*. When the king was taken from his generals to particulars, and saw the vast quantity of gold which he had ordered away for a trifle, he was frightened at what he was about, and, throwing one arm, in a vast agony, over the mass of gold, scrambled up with the other a *moderate handful*, and exclaimed, as if ashamed of his own folly—" *There, there,*

gi 'un that—that's enough."—Such prudent housekeeping would soon rid any palace of such useless and destructive vermin. If a lopping were now to be made of all useless places and pensions, and such as ought to remain were curtailed, according to James's Scotch economy—" *gi 'un that—that's enough*"—how many hundreds of those moles would be unsheltered, who at present riot on the public vitals, and are making such quick work with them—

" As th' earth is easiest undermin'd
By vermin impotent and blind."

HUDIBRAS.

Enough of this *wholesale domestic warfare* (ten thousand times more to be deprecated than any foreign one, although against the world in arms) has already been brought to light, to sicken the imagination. Were the whole to be brought to light! That would be a tale indeed to "*harrow up the soul.*"—Perhaps some honest man, as bold as his cause is just, may continue, or take up the

task, already so well begun, of cleansing the Augæan Stable. Such a man as will disdain the stage-shifting, scene-changing, trap-door rising and sinking of a place-man, and patriot alternately, as occasion serves, or necessity compels, and will do his duty towards the public, in spite of the taunts or insinuations of such a serpent, although conscious that is too often the fate of a man

“————— lab’ring to be good—

His honesty’s for treason understood :

While some false flatt’ring minion of the court

Shall play the traitor and be honour’d for’t.”

If a man who strives to arrest the country on the brink of ruin is to be termed *Jacobin*, and those who lend a hand to drag the Cerberus sickening at the day, to public view, an *unprincipled association*, by a man without principle, or, to speak more properly, of the very worst principle that the finger of honesty can point at, it must be acknowledged to be a task Herculean, and that the public gratitude ought to equal the task. But of this

hereafter. Let us make as quick work with the courtier tribe, as they are making with the constitution.

It is little consolation to a ruined nation that court sycophants cannot make kings ridiculous without making of themselves, at the same time, *things* such as God never created, nor intended to create—*things* at which the lowest degradation of mortality sneers. One of these things is very seldom seen out of its court burrow, lest, in its absence, some of its *friends* should cut its throat; but when it ventures abroad, its march resembles that of a crab, from its continued shuffling about, to avoid having its back towards royalty, which would be an unpardonable offence; and its sole business is to pick up falsehoods, scandals, or, at leisure, to invent them, to tickle the royal ear, or answer some private end. The most restive colt that ever was, never suffered half so much in the *manège*, as one of those *things* at its first *court-breaking-in*: Head, eyes, tongue, arms, legs, front, back, and sides, all move by

Clockwork;—but take a view of that ridiculous scene called a court ball.

At the upper end of the ball-room, under a canopy of state, sit the king and queen; and within a railing, erected for that purpose, forming a kind of oblong, stand all the nobility of a certain degree, as peers, peeresses, and their eldest sons and daughters. The secondary ranks, or the inferior nobility, placemen, their wives, and all such persons as, by their alliances or connexions, claim the title of *somebodies*, (that is the cant word for people of fashion, as that for the public is *nobodies*) are enclosed in like manner from the third rank, or royal tradesmen, with their wives, &c. *tout ensemble* not much unlike, in appearance, to a Smithfield *cattlepen*.

The ball opens with minuets, the parties, who have announced their wish to exhibit themselves, being called out according to the lord chamberlain's list. Then you behold every thing but Lord Chesterfield's *graces*. The narrow limits prescribed to the performers;—the vast extent of the ladies' hoops,

(which make them resemble Astley's *pony-races*—or boys with their lower parts enclosed in wicker baskets, and covered with horse-cloths, to appear like ponies) together with the prohibition of turning their backs on royalty, which obliges them to spoil the figure, by dancing up into corners in front of majesty, instead of the proper graceful turning and crossings;—all these impediments create a scene laughable enough, although *etiquette* will not allow a laugh, nor even a grin, unless a smile appear on one of the royal faces, when it is expected to go round the company, like bumper toasts among convivia, although no one knows the cause of it.—After two hours passed in this tedious and *monotonous* (pardon the boldness of the figure) shuffling and grinning, the royal pair retire, and with them all restraint. The country dances then begin, and, at a certain time, the sideboard opens, when a general bustle and scramble ensue, to catch a morsel. To add to the confusion, the *perquisite*-mongers, dreading their courtier jaws, blow out the

dles with all expedition, to save as much possible for themselves. Of late, however, the sideboard has never once made its appearance—to the great loss and grief of all parties concerned.—Such—such is the unhappy life of a courtier—for, *ex pede Herem.* Chained to the royal whims, like galley-slaves to their oars, they tug and turmoil, hated by each other, execrated by the public, and despised by the royal personages, before whom they play the parts of *dancing-masters*, as the following story will evince:—

THE KING, COUNTRYWOMAN, AND COW.

A TRUE STORY.

HENRY the Fourth of France, marching in state,
At head of all his fawning courtier crew,
(Just as a bell-wether, with curly pate,
Conducts his tribe of lamb, and ram, and ewe)
O'ertook a buxom country lass,
And cow—she stopp'd to let them pass.

He lov'd with such like folks to have a word—
(No pride in him—no more than *George the Third*)
So ask'd what price she set upon her cow?
“*Six louis*, Sir—I can't take less, I vow.”—
“Goody, too much”—“Lord, Sir, how can you tell?
“You're no *cow-dealer*—that I know full well.”
“Goody, you're blind, or might have seen that plain,
“From this large *drove* of *calves*, I've in my train.”



“ Man may escape from rope and gun ;
 Nay some have outliv'd the doctor's pill ;
 Who takes a woman must be undone,
 That basilisk is sure to kill.

The fly that sips treacle, is lost in the sweets,
 So he that tastes woman ruin meets.”

MACHEATH—BEGGAR'S OPERA.

When a prince ascends a throne with wrong notions of the regal institution, imagining the end of his station to be only his own individual gratification, what conduct is to be expected from him? That which will alienate the affections of his subjects, and, consequently, expose his weakness to the ridicule and contempt of his enemies. Those, therefore, who are entrusted with the education of princes, are subjected to a responsibility of the first magnitude, since on them may materially depend the happiness or misery of a whole nation. We say *may*, because though proper education will always correct, it cannot always wholly counteract a perverse nature: Witness Seneca's failure

with Nero. A prince, however, should be taught primarily, that God, who is Lord and King over all, proposes the happiness of all his people, and wills not that they should be oppressed; that to imitate God is the noblest part they can act; and that it is their indispensable duty to make mankind happy; since kings are placed over them solely that they may enjoy the fruits of their honest industry in peace and security. A prince, thus instructed, will make himself acquainted with the constitution of the country which he is to govern, and which, without this knowledge, it is impossible that he should govern as he ought to do. It is most remarkable that among nations, civilized or uncivilized, we know no instance where any individual is entrusted with the supreme power, until he has sworn to be faithful to his trust. A prince of Great Britain, previously to his being crowned, is obliged to "solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of the kingdom of England, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the

statutes in parliament agreed on, and the laws and customs of the same." Is it not therefore incumbent, not only on the heir apparent, but on all the princes of the blood royal, who may, by any possibility, be within the pale of the succession, to make themselves acquainted with those statutes, laws, and customs, according to which they must promise and swear to govern? Certainly—or we may again behold that paradox of the governor governed, which has so often proved fatal to weak kings, and their vile ministers or favorites. Let us now merely suppose an instance, that the next person in succession to the throne, instead of qualifying himself to perform his solemn promise and oath, should have mispent his time with idle and dissolute companions, in bagnios, race-courses, gaming-houses, tennis-courts, &c. &c., if his mind be not then relaxed, and too much poisoned to apply itself to the attainment of the knowledge of the arduous and indispensable duties of the regal function, still the executive has to go to school, and

the art of governing the most civilized and most mercantile nation of the world, is not so easy a task as to be conned over in two or three years, during which time the bowl must run according to the bias, be it delivered by a skilful or incapable hand. Let us now suppose, on the other hand, that, on mounting the throne, the young monarch should fancy himself trampling upon the necks of a parcel of slaves, created only for his own personal gratification and caprice, it would be well for him if he should meet with such a faithful and resolute adviser as another young and mistaken king, of whom we are about to relate an anecdote, before the current of the popular indignation should have swept him out into the ocean of contempt and oblivion. While the shadow of freedom remained in Portugal, the greatest men in that nation were heroic and brave, and we find recorded the following noble trait of this spirit :—

Alonzo IV. surnamed *The Brave*, ascended the throne in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chace engrossed all his atten-

. His confidants and favorites allured to such pursuits, and encouraged him in
1. His whole time was spent in the
sts of Cintra, while the affairs of govern-
t were neglected, or executed by those
se interest it was to keep their sovereign
gnorance. His presence at last being
ssary at Lisbon, he entered the council-
nber with all the impetuosity of a young
tsman, and with great familiarity and
ty entertained his nobles with the history
whole month spent in hunting, fishing,
shooting. When he had finished his
ative, a nobleman of the first rank stood
nd thus addressed him: " Courts and
ps were allotted for kings, not woods and
rts. Even the affairs of private men
r when recreation is preferred to busi-
; but when the whims of pleasure engross
thoughts of a king, a whole nation is
igned to ruin. We came hither for other
oses than to hear the exploits of the
e—exploits which are only intelligible
ooms and falconers. If your majesty

will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects: if not——” The king, starting with rage and indignation, demanded: “If not—what?”—“If not,” resumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, “*they will look for another and a better king.*”

Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, expressed his resentment, and hastened out of the assembly. In a little while, however, he returned calm and reconciled. “I perceive,” said he, “the truth of what you say. He, who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good subjects. Remember that, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the sportsman, but with Alonzo the king.” His majesty was as good as his promise, and became, as a warrior and a politician, the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs. How few sovereigns would have shewn so reasonable a pliability, and how few of them have found such an adviser—rough indeed, but seasonable and salutary! Whoever ima-

gines that the throne was only intended for the couch of repose and indolence, is a fool. It is the seat of the first magistrate of a people, who have entrusted their welfare to his paternal auspices. Whoever would instil any other maxim into the mind of a prince, is a viper to mankind, and a traitor to his prince and country. If there had been fewer of these vipers, the world would not have witnessed so many fatal examples of the untimely, and violent deaths of kings. A good king has no interest but what is in common with his people; a bad king has nothing in common with his people, nor have they with him;—*the compact is dissolved!*

. We will not stay here to prove that there is a compact between king and people, (the act of settlement is enough to prove that, being an agreement between King William and parliament, the same as between two private individuals) but we say that it is the duty of those, to whom the education of princes is entrusted, to instruct them that it

is so. Mr. Locke treats it as a strange absurdity, that private gentlemen, of estates and fortune, should be ignorant of the *laws of tenures*. “ It is their landed property, (says he) with its long and voluminous train of descents and conveyances, settlements, entails, and incumbrances, that forms the most intricate, and most extensive object of legal knowledge. The thorough comprehension of these, in all their minute distinctions, is, perhaps, too laborious a task for any but a lawyer by profession : yet still the understanding a few leading principles, relating to estates and conveyancing, may form some check and guard upon a gentleman’s inferior agents, and preserve him, at least, from *very gross and notorious imposition*.”—Now, without meaning to convert a prince into a pettifogger, considering of how much greater importance is a crown than a manor, would it not be proper to make an insight into the *tenure* of a *throne*, some part of the education of a prince? It might prevent mistakes, and heart-burnings, between

king and people, as it would give the former a true idea of his relative situation with the latter, an idea, which few kings have enjoyed the happiness of having had properly instilled into them. If it would prove of no other service, it would, at least, tend to keep princes out of those *disgraceful* amusements which make them the associates and equals of *blacklegs*, and the '*which way did the bull run?* of every *Pat-hod-carrier!*'—Take an example:—A letter from Paris says, "our amusement of horse-racing continues still; there were two the day before yesterday. The first between the *Prince de Nassau*, and the *Marquis de Fenelon*; who both rode *their own horses*. The race was for four hundred louis d'ors; but the imprudence of a spectator was the cause of the marquis losing his wager, and very near his life with it.—His horse fell, and the marquis, who was under him, received a violent hurt on his head. The other race was between the *Duke of Chartres*, and the *Duke of Lauzun*. The Duke of Chartres's horse, which won

two former races, was beat this time by that of the Duke of Lauzun ; their *grooms* rode this race, which was for two hundred louis d'ors."—So that the *princes* were the first spectacles of the gaping throng, and the *grooms* the second ; which *distinction* does not subtract much from their *equality*.

The French nation, frivolous as it was, saw with indignation the behaviour of these *princes* of the blood, who not only rode their own horses, but entered into all the low dissipations of the turf. They exercised their whips on the spectators, as well as on their horses ; and not only encouraged the officers to maltreat the crowd, but employed such grossness of speech, and horrid oaths, as shewed them not to be unskilled in the *slang* or vulgar tongue of the lowest blackguards in the nation. Not satisfied with exhibiting themselves as jockies, they exposed themselves to the ridicule of Paris by a *foot-race*. The Duke de Chartres, the Duke de Lauzun, and the Marquis of Fitzjames, betted five hundred louis which could first reach Ver-

sailles on foot. Lauzun *gave in* about half way; Chartres about two thirds; Fitzjames arrived in an exhausted state, and was hailed conqueror by the Count d'Artois. He, however, like a hero, nearly expiring in the arms of victory, was put to bed and bled, and gained his wager and an asthma. The late queen of France carried her *refinement* still farther, and instituted *ass-races*, bestowing on the winner three hundred livres and a *golden thistle*, not with a view, we suppose, to burlesque our order of that denomination, but merely allusive to the plant to which asses are partial.

How soon these *princes* came to the end of their *race-course* is too well known!—At this distance of time, we are induced, by the irresistible pleasantry with which Shakespear has given of the excesses of *Prince Henry*, (afterwards King Henry V.) to laugh against our sober reason; and the subject is greedily laid hold of by those *tipers*, (whom we have before designated as the *courtier-bubbles*) to draw a *prince* into, and gloss over

those vices to which they themselves are most prone; and to debase him, until they have gained an entire ascendancy over him. "Henry," say they, "was a wild prince, but a great king." With all deference to truth, we think that he was as bad a king as he was a prince. In the first year of his reign, he was weakly led by the nose by the clergy; (who, whether Pagan, Mahometan, or Christian, have been ever lusting after power, and the greatest enemies to the national liberties of the people,) to connive at the murder of the righteous and learned Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, and hundreds of others, upon silly distinctions in points of faith, (which are now the ridicule of every body—even bigots) as they pretended, but in reality, because he had procured two bills to be brought into parliament against their *continual wasting of the temporalities*. Finding the king a *fit tool*, and a third bill to the like purpose being on foot in the parliament at *Leicester*, in order to distract the attention of the king and people from their own *prodi-*

gious extortions, oppressions, and embezzlements, “ they put the king in remembrance to claime his *right in Fraunce*, and graunted him thereunto a disme, with other great subsidy of money. Thus,” saith the report of his trial, (vide State Trials,) “ were Christes people betrayed, and their lives bought and sold by these most cruell thieves. For in the said parliament, the king made this most blasphemouse and cruell acte, to be as a law forever, That whatsoever they were that should rede the Scriptures in the *Mother Tong*, (which was then called *Wickleve’s* learning) they shud forfeit land, catel, body, lif, and godes, from they, their heyres forever, and so be condempned for heretykes to God, enemies to the crowne, and most errant trayters to the lande.”—The consequence of this weakness of the king, was not only the massacre of hundreds of his best subjects, at home, in cold blood, but his leading some thousands to France to be knocked on the head, or perish through disease, and the utter empoverishment of the nation. All

these *worthy deeds* he contrived to effect within the short reign of nine years, and this is the *great example* which is held up to princes, who are to be seduced, and infatuated by those mercenary parasites—those

“ False flatt’ers that with royal goodness sport,
Those stinking weeds that over-run a court.”

OTWAY.

whom may God for ever confound !

The following characteristic will serve as a mark on these *animals* to all those princes who may read our work, which, for their benefit more than our own, we hope many will do. As *Prince Maurice* was one day at dinner, a *dog* came in, and took sanctuary under the table. The pages beat him out of the room, and kicked him ; but, for all that, *Monsieur Chien* came punctually at the same hour next day, and so continued his visits, though they continued the same treatment to him. At last the prince ordered them to beat him no more, adding, with a smile, that he was now convinced two of a trade could

never agree, and the dog knew his trade better than any of them. From that time the dog commenced *perfect courtier*, followed the prince wherever he went, lay all night at his chamber-door, ran by his coach-side as duly as one of his lacquies; in short, so insinuated himself into his master's favour, that, when he died, he settled a pension on him for life!—The resemblance, however, goes no farther than the *assiduity* and *fawning*; in point of *fidelity*, the dog has the best of it out and out.

If princes suffer themselves to be led away by such fawning spaniels into deeds unworthy of them; into an association with blacklegs, on the turf, at the hazard or billiard tables, or in the tennis-courts; or are seen in public, arm in arm with police officers, and hand in glove with sheriff's officers, such conduct must *wither* their dignity, and leave only the blighted barren trunk, naked and disgusting to the eye. It is not altogether to be supposed that princes should be confined within the narrow circle of morality of men

of inferior rank and fortune; but still they should remember, that the gratifications of private persons are out of their private purses; theirs from the public purse, which has already too many hands in it;—that there are modes of conduct, which will render them inferior to the meanest of mankind. If, to gratify vicious passions in excess, recourse must be had to making a sale of royal favours, conferring honorable distinctions on dishonorable men, and lucrative places on usurers, bailiffs, necessitous prostitutes, and their more infamous paramours and pensioners, *the post of honor will, indeed, be a private station!!*

Affability and condescension are laudable qualities in princes; but it should never descend to familiarity, as it is one of the drawbacks on royal blood, that it cannot entertain friendship, which can exist only where there is equality. A prince's affability should seem to remove the barrier between him and the person with whom he converses, but should ever be ready to let it

become apparent on the slightest approach to familiarity. A prince should be a *patron of men of modest merit*, and not a *pigeon* for *gamesters* to deplume.

It has been thrown out as a reproach on Mrs. Clarke that, to get rid of a just debt due to Mr. Few, she pleaded *coverture*; but, with all due deference, it is as much more disgraceful to a prince, as there is difference between his rank and hers, to plead the *sanctuary of a palace*, to defeat a just creditor! Every one must remember Æsop's fable of the poor cully with his two loving wives, one of whom plucked the white hairs out of his head, and the other the black, until, at last, they made him bald. *Falstaff* observes to *Prince Henry*, when playing the part of his father, and chiding him in *burlesque*: —“There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of *pitch*; this *pitch*, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest.”

If princes associate with the vilest part of mankind, they are themselves the *real jacobins*, the *levellers* of all distinctions. The attachment of every state to its government must be in proportion to the protection which it receives from it, in its property, which word combines its ease, enjoyment, and happiness. We can have no idea of attachment to a tyrant, or to a profligate prince, who evinces no feelings for his subjects. Families decay—communities never die. “Nature,” as Buffon observes, “is not concerned about the preservation of the individuals of any species; but peculiarly interests herself in the preservation of the species itself. The welfare of a community, which combines thousands of families, must, in like manner, be more important than that of any individual family in it, being all equally the creatures of, and of equal consequence to, the Creator.” For this reason, it is invariably recorded in history, that a series of weak princes never fail to work the dissolution of

their dynasty. They fall unprotected by God—unpitied by man. What has been the *attachment* of the continental European nations to their royal houses? What attachment could they have to them? They have repaid apathy with apathy, which can be a matter of astonishment to none but shallow reasoners. They have had *separate interests*, or rather they have had no interest, and, consequently, nothing to contend for. Fighting is not so pleasant an exercise that *men* should go to it for nothing, or what is worse, for those who oppress them. The continental princes have done Buonaparté's business for him, and their own too pretty well. I much question whether an English country 'squire would exchange conditions with either of them. Posterity will scarcely credit the historical reports of the present times, when it will seem as if it rained crowns only on the heads of fools, to show men of sense how little is their intrinsic worth. When Buonaparté tells the Spanish nation, that *he has diminished the number of monks—that he has*

abolished the Inquisition, which was a subject of complaint to Europe and the present age—that he has abolished those privileges which the grandees usurped—feudal rights, and that henceforth every man may set up inns, ovens, mills, employ himself in fishing and rabbit-hunting, and give free scope to his industry, he talks as a prince ought to talk to his subjects, be his motive what it may. It signifies very little to a man from what source good flows, so it does but come into his channel. A reformation would be not a whit the less acceptable for coming through Mrs. Clarke, or any such impure medium. We would as soon be beholden to her, as any other person, for reforming clerical abuses; revising, tempering, pruning the too exuberant penal statutes; curtailng immense farms, whereby a home and bread would be given to thousands, and abolishing our game-laws, those disgraceful remains of a tyrannical and obsolete system, as unjust as impolitic, in a nation, which, from its contiguity to a most

Potent rival nation, must ever have arms in its hand. We repeat that we would rejoice to be beholden to Mrs. Clarke, or any other person whomsoever, and, as the lawyers phrase it, of what nature or description whatsoever, for these and numerous other blessings which could be pointed out, and are much wanted. England should not be now, as—

“ ————— In ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts, and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they.”

POPE.

In spite of the present gloomy aspect of affairs, it must be evident to any one who will look into futurity, that Europe will be considerably advantaged by getting rid of some of its *old customs*, alias *prejudices*, or, in more appropriate terms, *marks of the chain of the dark ages*; and Britons, whose courage and constancy have proved its bulwark against *Gothic tyranny*, should not be the last to partake of the reward of their arduous labours. Individuals ought to be protected by every

good government in the fruits of their industry, from which the laws of every well regulated police can expect them to contribute no more than what is necessary to the benefit of the community, and not to the maintenance of Jew lords, Jew members, Jew contractors, blacklegs, pimps, and prostitutes; in short, of all those in the lump, who fatten on the public purse, without being of the least reciprocal service to the country. —Wipe me these off with a wet sponge, and we shall be once more much better acquainted with what the French term, the *poule au pot*, and more strangers to tax-gatherers, for which thousands of honest Britons daily pray, and, Heaven knows, with occasion enough.—The privations of the people, their reverence for religion, their love of the constitution, and their loyalty, are as notorious for their real existence, as the cries of No Popery—No Jacobinism—are for their being chimeras and phantoms raised by intriguers, who, like *divers* in the streets, never fail of some humbug story, or device,

to create a throng, and then fall to picking of pockets. In short, from what has already transpired on *investigation*, it would be appropriate enough to place over the door of a certain house in Downing-street, a board, on which should be inscribed the words: *Steel traps and spring guns set here for the benefit of British legs and members.*

—What more may transpire we can pretty well know, but hope that the necessity and nauseousness of any farther *investigation* may be spared to the country by the present interval of cool consideration, and a proper attention to the feelings of the country, whose generosity, in that case, would be happy to consign the past to the gulf of oblivion, in which their own interest has so long lain floundering.—We have had enough of *investigation*: “PRAY YOU AVOID IT.”

THE PLAGUE AMONG THE BEASTS.

A FABLE.

THE Beasts, by dreadful plague once scourg'd,
To seek some remedy were urg'd ;
The *Lion*, in this consternation,
Issues a *Royal Proclamation*,
Sending unto *His People Greeting*,
And calling for a solemn meeting.
When they were gather'd round his den,
He spake : " *My Lords and Gentlemen*,
" No doubt this deep affliction's sent
" On us, for our sin's punishment.
" To know why we are thus distrest
" Let each one straightway search his breast,
" And honestly confess his crimes,
" That to obtain more healthy times,
" In sacrifice the worst beast giv'n,
" May stop the vengeance just of Heav'n :
" And, as not one is free from sin,
" My own confession I'll begin :
" Through hunger, bulls and cows I've slain ;
" With horses, goats, I've strewn the plain ;
" Devour'd whole flocks of lamb and mutton,
" And e'en on shepherds play'd the glutton——"

n stopp'd—"What harm," cries Chancellor Fox,
 here in that? What is an ox,
 horse, sheep, goat, or such like things,
 by *jure divino*, sport for kings?
 If 're good for nothing but to eat,
 royal jaws must not want meat:
 being all your vassals born,
 your high will are to be torn.
 shepherd, being your enemy,
 till him Nature sets you free.
 if our vote you'll put us on,
 Parliament will vote *nem. con.*"

turn, the circling throng confess
 have been rogues, or more, or less;
 each other complaisant,
 verality their cant,
 eat rogues wip'd off all abuses,
 most frivolous excuses.
 er, leopard, wolf, and bear,
 rash'd each other, clean and fair
 —'s D——e, P——l, or W——y,
 R——e, H——n, C——gh;
 ough their shame they could not smother,
 ll'd the other—*honest brother*.

st, an *Ass*, a silly wight,
 'd that, almost starv'd, one night

L. I.

K

Chancing a church-yard wall to pass,
He pluck'd a little sour grass.
" Oh!" cried *Judge Wolf*," these are the crimes
" Have brought on us these dreadful times;
" This profane, sacrilegious ass,
" Must die for munching *holy grass*."
All join'd the outcry, glad to pack
The saddle on another's back.

MORAL.

What signifies *investigation*—
Great rogues can blind, or awe a nation.

END OF VOL. I.

BOOKS

JUST PUBLISHED BY T. HUGHES,

35, LUDGATE-STREET.

LAMBERT'S HISTORY AND SURVEY OF LONDON, embellished with fifty-five Plates and a whole sheet Map, from actual survey, 4 vols. 8vo. bds. price 2l. 16s. or in royal 8vo. with proof impressions of the Plates, 4l. 4s.

STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, the same size as Suttaby's, embellished with a beautiful Engraving and Vignette Title, 24mo. boards, 2s.

The **SORROWS OF WERTER**, do. boards, 2s.

The **ENGLISH MINSTREL**, with Songs set to Music, 18mo. boards, 2s. 6d.

The **SCOTCH MINSTREL**, do. boards, 2s. 6d.

The **CONJUROR'S REPOSITORY**, being a complete Treatise on Legerdemain, 12mo. boards, 2s. 6d.

CANINE GRATITUDE, a Collection of Anecdotes of Dogs. By G. Taylor, 12mo. boards, 3s.

Books Published by T. HUGHES, 35, Ludgate Street.

The **LETTERS of ABELARD and HELOISA**,
24mo. boards, 1s. 6d.

RELIGIOUS COURTSHIP, 18mo. embellished
with four Engravings, boards, 4s.

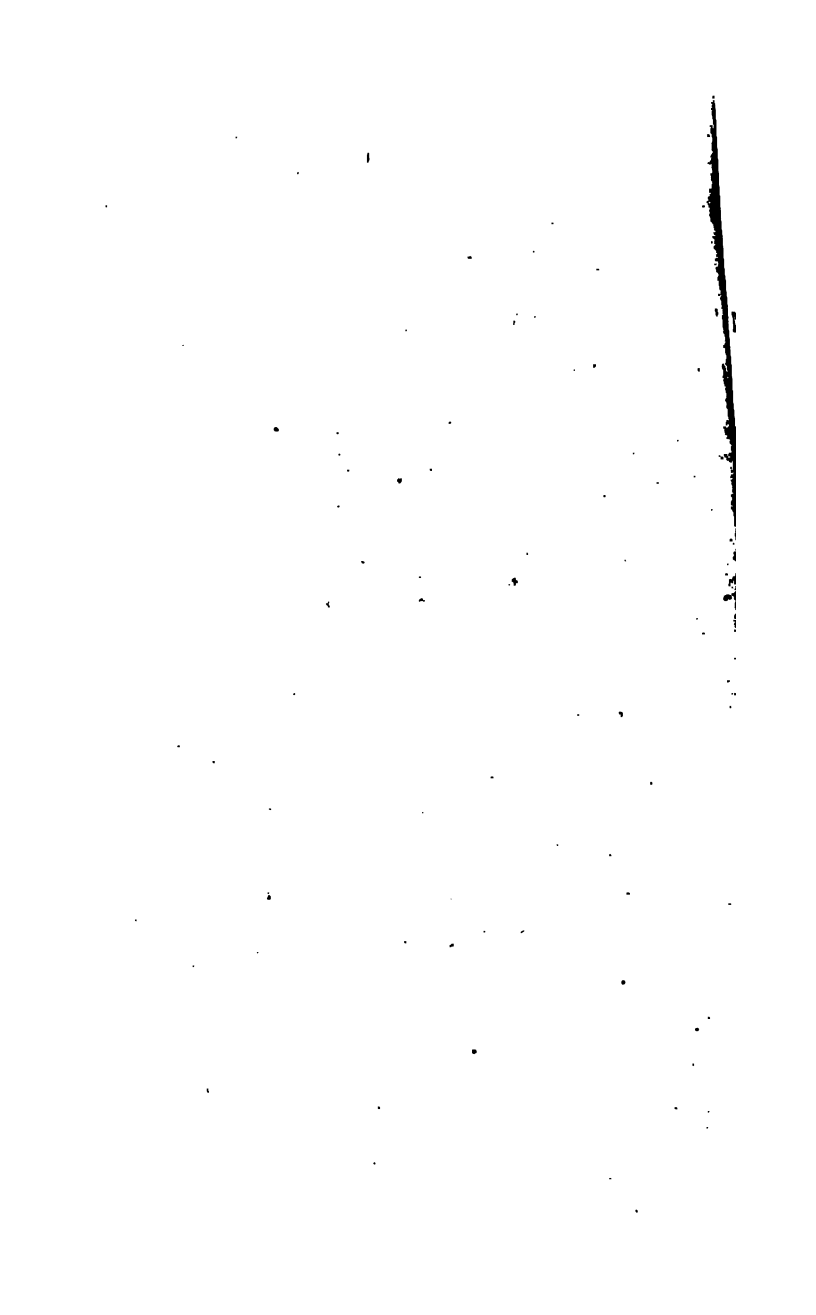
The **BEAUTIES of TOM BROWN**, 12mo.
boards, 4s.

The **PAWN-BROKER DISSECTED**; or, The
POOR MAN'S ADVISER; being a complete Digest of
the **Laws** relating to Pawn-Brokers, sewed, 1s.

The **ECONOMY of HUMAN LIFE**; a new
Edition, embellished with six beautiful Engravings,
12mo. boards, 6s.

The **EDINBURGH BUDGET of WIT**, a new
Collection of Anecdotes, 18mo. boards, 4s. 6d.

THE
SETTING SUN;
OR,
DEVIL AMONGST THE PLACEMEN.



THE
SETTING SUN;
OR,
DEVIL AMONGST THE PLACEMEN.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A NEW MUSICAL DRAMA;
BEING A PARODY ON
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA,
AS LATELY ACTED, WITH UNIVERSAL ECLAT, AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, GLYSTER PLACE;
WITH
HINTS FOR A MASQUERADE JUBILEE,
ON A GRAND SCALE.

By **CERVANTES HOGG, Esq.**

IN THREE VOLUMES.

“ Like thieves, surpris'd whilst they divide the prize,
Still seeming doubtful where their safety lies.”

D'AVENANT.

VOL. II.

London:

Printed by J. D. Dewick, 46, Barbican,
FOR T. HUGHES, 35, LUDGATE-STREET; CHAPPEL, PALL
MALL; GRAY AND SON, PICCADILLY; KIRBY AND CO.
OXFORD-STREET; BLACKLOCK, ROYAL
EXCHANGE; AND WILSON,
ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1809.

100

THE
SETTING SUN.



“————— And but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.”

SHAKESPEAR.

MONSIEUR ST. PIERRE, in his *Etudes de la Nature*, tells us that, some years ago, happening to pass through l'Aigle, a small town in Normandy, he strolled out about sun-set, to enjoy a little fresh air. He perceived, on a rising ground, a convent most delightfully situated. A monk, who stood porter, invited him in to see the house. He conducted him through an immense court, in which the first thing that struck his eye was a man about forty years old, with half a hat on his head, who advanced directly upon him, saying,

“ Be so good as to stab me to the heart! be so good as to stab me to the heart!”—The monk, who was St. Pierre’s guide, said to him, “ Sir, don’t be alarmed: *he is a poor captain, who lost his reason, on account of an un-military preference that passed upon him in his regiment.*”—Happily, the British officers have less sensibility, or stronger nerves, or all the receptacles for lunatics in the united kingdom, both public and private, would not have contained all the military maniacs. Lord Burghersh’s promotion alone would have set nearly a thousand of them raving mad.

The story of *Ilnafac*, one of the bravos of *Captain Raggado*, mentioned in the Arabian Tales, may not be so improbable a fiction: He is said to have carried a small purse of the size of an egg, which, on occasion, he could swell with his breath to such a size, that it might lodge all the pilgrims to Mecca, with their guard. And why not, as well as a *lady’s petticoat cover the whole British army!*—nay, and an archbishop, bishops,

deans, prebends, rectors, vicars, (curates are as much out of the question as hack-horses) besides some hundreds of civil officers and sinecure men! "*Think of that, Master Brook!*"—As *Filch* (in the *Beggar's Opera*) chaunts it;—

" 'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.

For her like wolves by night we roam for prey,
And practice ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms."

When *Gil Blas* was high in favour with the duke of Lerma, prime minister of Spain, he is depicted by *Le Sage* as overwhelmed at once with joy, honor, and distress, playing the man of consequence by day, in the duke's hotel, and at night creeping up into his garret, his importance vanished, and nothing remaining but poor *Gil Blas*, without money, and, which was worse, without any thing

that could fetch it. At last, he finds an opportunity of ingeniously bringing the duke acquainted with his distress, who presents him with a *treasury order* for fifteen hundred ducats, promises a similar sum annually, and adds—“*Besides, when people of wealth and generosity solicit your interest, I do not forbid you to speak in their behalf.*” —Scipio, the favorite’s valet, is set to work, and the first job, a royal pardon, produced only one hundred pistoles, but they were then novices at the trade. Scipio, the man of intrigue, received ten pistoles for his right of brokerage. Small as was the account, it served to whet their appetite, and Gil Blas rises gradually to *governments*; when the minister comes to the *eclaircissement*, by demanding half the profits of such considerable favors. There was now no bounds to the favorite’s rapacity, being thus partner with the *great man*; and, not content with making governors; he confers *orders of knighthood*, and converts some good plebeians into bad gentlemen, by virtue of *hocus*

pocus, letters patent. He was also desirous to extend his benevolence towards the *clergy*, and bestowed small benefices, canonships, and some inferior ecclesiastical dignities; but the bishoprics and archbishoprics were all in the gift of a rival secretary, whence it was evident enough that the great places were no better filled than the small ones; for the persons chosen to occupy the posts, of which they made such *honorable* traffic, were not always the best qualified, not the most regular. These traders knew very well that the wits of *Madrid* made themselves merry at their expence; but they resembled those sordid wretches who console themselves for the *public scorn* with the sight of their gold.

Now, did Mrs. Clarke tear a leaf out of *Le Sage's* book, or have the eyes of all persons in power the same squinting propensity towards corruption? However that might be, it is certain that Colonel Wardle's inquiries have proved the existence of the baneful season predicted by the poet, all but the two last lines, which, we hope in God, and in

the soundness of the people at the core, will never take place:—

“ At length corruption, like a general flood,
 Let loose by ministers, a baneful brood,
 Shall deluge all; and avarice, creeping on,
 Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun.
 Statesman and patriot pry alike the stocks,
 Peeress and butler share alike the box:
 And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
 And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
 See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
 And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms.”

When we have heard how the officers of the British army have been packed together, knaves uppermost, we can only admire that a veneration in the soldiery for those officers, who, through experience and a regular gradation of rank, were worthy to command them, should have been always able to maintain any thing like subordination. Mechanical as is every action of a soldier, he resumes his eyes and senses when off parade, and some of them, too, can discern between a *soldier* and a *sleete-creeper*. Nay, the awk-

ward squad, mere clowns have had a hit at some of our linsey-woolsey officers: A fellow offered himself as a recruit, and was put under the standard by the officer, who was so diminutive as to be obliged to mount a stool to see the mark; upon a view of which he told the soldier he wanted an inch, and would not do. "*Not do for a soldier!*" exclaimed the bumkin with a stare—" *Why then make me an officer;—I see any thing does for that.*"—The newspapers contained the following extract:—"Sir John Moore has sent from the army which he commands, one officer of very high rank, and two officers of very superior rank, on account of incapacity and unfitness to command."—Were these men fit to have been entrusted with a command in actual service, and the lives of an army? The thousands slaughtered through ignorance of these pretenders, will rise against them, and make a hotter day for them than ever they blundered through upon earth.

Oh, Wardle! sweep me away such jackdandies from the face of the earth—at least,

from the leaves of the *Red Book*, in which let *red coat* merit resume its proper rank; Thy mausoleum will then be in the hearts of the British army, and thy praises hang on the tongue of veterans!—Let it no longer be the first question put to a boy, on his first entrance into a mess-room in a red coat—“ Well, through what wh——’s interest did you get in?” The ladies must be ever entitled to the *gallantry* of regimental officers, but it is totally out of their province to have any share in the *nomination* of them ; for—

“ Fools oft’ner than the wise please womankind,”

OUT OF LUCK.

IN a coffee-house, lounging away a dull hour,
was just three by the clock, and the dinner time four)
d Splash and *Dick Dash*, near the window took seat,
I sat *quizzing* the *natives*—to them a high treat;
es Ned: “Is not he that’s so dashingly fine,
Tom Tattle, with whom we so frequently dine?
Tis he, but he always looked *seedy* before,
Must have ta’en to the road, or some good-natur’d
w——e.”

A good scent,” replies Dick, “and youv’e run it breast
high,

Tom’s sister has got a good leg, and black eye;
The — — — keeps her, and she by her *face*,
Has fix’d Tom for life in a lucrative place.”

What luck!” cries out Ned, “thro’ a female relation,
To hop into such a genteel situation!

My mother, my aunt, and my sister, all three,
Are w——s, but one *motion* ne’er made for poor me.”

“ Of old, ere things were grown so cursed dear,
A king could keep a fool and minister ;
But such, at present, is the thrifty rule,
One person serves for minister and fool.”

ANON.

The following **MINISTERIAL MEMORANDA** were picked up in Downing-street, supposed to have been blown out of some window.

Proceedings, Anno 48th, Regis——.

As a preface has lately become as common to an administration as to a book, in imitation of the DOCTOR'S humbug story of *Moderation and Good Faith*, and the still more humbug one of the *Broad-Bottomed* and *All the Talents*, assumed the title of **THE MEN OF ENERGY**. To appear to act up to our style, ran about like young lawyers in Westminster Hall on first day of term, with full bags and

empty heads.—Endeavoured to bring the late ministry within the penalties of *præmunire*, for attempting to revive the authority of the Church of Rome within these realms ; but the public jury having seen enough of “ *No Popery*,” in Lord George Gordon’s days, and rightly considering it only as an electioneering squib, we only roused the general indignation against ourselves, and burned our own fingers.—Suffered a *non pros*.—

Must do somewhat not to appear mere *plodders*, so made a great bustle at, or in a certain part or port of his majesty’s dominions, commonly called, or known by the name of *Yarmouth*, and elsewhere, whence sent out a large *posse comitatus*, (armed with guns, bayonets, swords, sticks, staves, clubs, and other weapons) which did violently and unlawfully, *vi et armis*, assault a certain prince or potentate, styled the king of Denmark, and divers others, his subjects, and servants, killing, wounding, and maiming them ; and did then and there, to wit, at Copenhagen, in the island of Zealand, for-

cibly *eject* the said king out of his *freehold* and *inheritance*, contrary to the form of the law of nations in that case made and provided.

Mem.—A lawyer, like a soldier of fortune, never troubles his head about the justice of his cause.

(☞ No cause of action, but might overcomes right, in other places besides Westminster Hall, so pleaded—*coram non judice!*)

Levied under a writ of *fi. fa.* (or, as the Danes, Dutch, French, Russians, &c. will have it, feloniously stole and carried off) divers ships, goods, wares, merchandizes, chattels, and effects, belonging to the said king of Denmark and his subjects, and converted the same to our own use, contrary to the form, &c.

(☞ No precedent of such a proceeding; so put off with a sham plea of *damnum absque injuriá!*)

The emperor of Russia (our former ally), so disgusted at this *pettifogging* mode of practice against the king of Denmark, (our

d and faithful ally) that, not content with *withdrawing a juror* in his joint action against the emperor of France, he *filed a declaration of war* against us, and our only remaining ally, the king of Sweden. He accordingly *sent out officers* with a *declaration of ejectment* against Finland, (a part of Swedish dominions) and we being called upon to join *defendant*, and prevent the Swedes from being *turned out of possession*, send out *posse comitatus* to Baltic, which was only a *show parade*, as they made no efforts to prevent their ally from being forcibly *busted* in Stralsund and all Pomerania, as was *partly* the case.

(~~It~~ Referred Sweden to a writ of right, *are ejecit infra terminum.*)

Swedes hard pushed by Russians in Finland; send out farther *posse comitatus*; but news arriving that the Spaniards had raised *insurrection* and *cry* against Napoleon Buonaparté, having feloniously stolen away their *own*, as he had before filched that of Por-

tugal, resolve to withdraw *posse* from Sweden, and send them to the assistance of Spain and Portugal. Accordingly, tip the wink to the *headborough*, Sir John Moore; who, taking advantage of some unguarded expressions of a hot-headed prince, steals away home.

The *posse* follow their leader, and are sent off to Spain and Portugal; by the former, they are refused admittance, she not being willing to lay herself under such a vast load of obligation to us, until France had dispelled her false delicacy. The latter receives us with open arms; we apprehend the *felons*, but suffer them to depart with all their stolen goods, and even find conveyances for them!! (Vide Blacks. Com. V. 4. p. 133, title 'Theftbote:—"*latroni eum similem habuit, qui furtum celare vellet, et occulte sine iudice compositionem ejus admittere:*"—*The healer is as bad as the stealer.*)

The corporation of London, *presuming* to address a certain great personage on the dis-

ul convention of Cintra in Portugal,
 them at once with an *attachment of*
pt!—

—O most monstrous arrogance!
 iest, thou thread, thou thimble,
 yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
 flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
 in mine own house with a skain of thread:
 thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
 all so be-mete thee with thy yard,
 u shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st."

SHAKESPEAR,

y cavillers have pretended that we
 ignorant of geography, and topogra-
 hat we laid the *venue* in wrong places,
 at the *posse* where they could not act;
 s it is beneficial to fish in troubled
 that is, to prolong litigations, entered
prosequi, and began *de novo*.—Made
 sad blunders in the Spanish cause;
 to want of sufficient evidence, drew in
 n Moore to a non-suit, and, but for
 n clever proceedings, should have
 ruined him.—Cost the poor gentleman

his life however; but then *our ignorance* was the cause of *his immortality*, and "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

Wardle v. York.—This was a sad case.—Were obliged to stand up at once judge and jury, and fritter the whole charges away by a majority, chiefly composed of treasury hangers-on.

N. B. Public grumbled sadly, but we are the king's ministry, not theirs, and cannot expect our *liveries* and *board-wages* for nothing.

Hamilton v. Castlereagh.—For a little tampering with the constitution.—Bad case arising out of the preceding one; but got off defendant for a slight censure, which could scarcely raise a blush on his copper complexion.

Ord v. Dutch Commissioners.—Suspicion of peculation.—Dexterously put it over the *long vacation* to gain time, and stop up gaps, as well as the public mouth.

Maddocks v. Perceval—Castlereagh—Wellesley, &c.—Worse than all!—But luckily, Windham, Cartwright, Tierney, and all the *grecs* of those, who either enjoyed, or hoped to enjoy, the sunshine of the treasury, opened their lungs together against reform, as dangerous—impolitic—and destructive; as arising out of theory, and not out of practice, (Heaven forbid such practice should obtain, while we are denominated the *Ins!*) and if we could not convince, we made noise enough to stun the people into a belief that we ourselves were convinced of the truth of our declarations.

N. B. *Pejor causa, melior facies.*

<p><i>Shipley v. Burghersh,</i> for Military, or rather Un-military Jobbing. Palmer's claims.</p>	}	<p>Two verdicts against <i>us</i>.—Court grows rather too hot for <i>us</i>—must find some ventilators, or shall never be able to stand it long.</p>
---	---	--

Mem.—Prorogue it, and in the mean time

endeavour to allay the dust and heat, and cool, with some elixir of *aurum publicum*, these—

“ *Plebicole, omnesque aure popularis captatores.*”—

Popular men, and host of mob-ear-catchers.

Mem.—To persevere in behaving towards the United States with *more or less* moderation, according to the thermometer of our *fears or hopes*. Insolence in prosperity, and abjectness in adversity, may be signs of meanness of soul, according to the rules of common life, but not of politics. If wrong, throw all the blame upon Erskine.—

“ *Fallacia alia aliam trudit.*”—

Trick upon trick.

Here end the *memoranda* of these ministerial tricksters, or state quacks, from which we may collect, that a long reach and little conscience are as necessary to a minister of state, as a long hand and little fingers are to a man-midwife. The office itself confers the

former upon them, and power as naturally deadens the latter, as water quenches fire. We may infer also, that a little previous information, and some small share of knowledge of mankind, and talent for governing them, according to their different characters, are necessary to qualify a man for assuming the reins of government, and prevent him from drawing down destruction upon the people, and ignominy and execrations upon himself, by overturning the state-coach. But no—our *liberal* age have determined it to be otherwise, and we have had a *dancing-boy-keeper*; and, what is more wonderful, a dancing keeper of the seals:—

“ Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My *grave lord-keeper* led the brawls,
 The seals and maces danc'd before him.”

GRAY.

These were both very pretty *youths* of their age, and have often reminded us of the following anecdote of Dr. Watson, Bishop of

Llandaff, until sleep has become a stranger to our eyes for nights together :—

About the year 1766, the doctor was elected *Public Professor of Chemistry* in the University of Cambridge; *though he was at the time by no means conversant even in the first principles of that science.* The doctor felt his duty to the public, and the necessity there was that he should not appear incompetent to the task which had devolved upon him. He passed whole days, and sometimes nights, in the laboratory, assisted by a practical chemist, whose name was Hoffman. In their first experiment, their success was small; their disappointments numerous. They destroyed various retorts, injured their health, endangered their lives, *actually blew themselves up, and at length did the same by their workshop!*—Our hungry projectors had shewn themselves so eager in their pursuit of the philosopher's stone, that whenever, exhausted with our waking apprehensions for the general safety, we have sunk fatigued into a disquiet slumber, we have often started up,

ning:—" *There they fly! up they
op and all!*" At length, as the Catho-
st, Schwartz, was blown up by tritu-
the ingredients of gunpowder in a
, so were our pretenders scattered
birds in the air, by amalgamating
rong inflammable ingredients to pro-
catholicon, or universal antidote to the
bigots. When the people found that
losion had done no damage but to the
rs themselves, and that the *workshop*
, they heartily enjoyed the joke of
ing alchemists, who had ever been
too *broad-bottomed* to dread cutting
pers in the air, even should a gun-
plot be played off under them. But
nly as boys fight—*one down, and the*
ome on; for the *Catholic* were suc-
y the *No Popery* men, and to what-
e they dance, John Bull knows that
pay the piper.

nately it has fared with us hitherto,
some stage-coach passengers, when
er having fallen asleep, or being

intoxicated, the coach has been dashed to pieces, but luckily no necks broken. Our luggage and property is lost, destroyed or scattered about the roads, but we live, and it is not so bad as it might have been. But who the devil would give the fellow of a driver any praise for this? Who, if they were bound to continue their journey, would not desire the proprietors of the coach to be careful to furnish them with a more experienced, or careful driver? *Tom Brown* writes in his time, that a man did not attain to the top of preferment in an instant; but that in one house a young member generally was initiated by moving for the bringing in of candles, and in the other for the snuffing them. But now pop, slap-dash, out he comes upon us with a speech of three or four hours long, which it is a hundred to one but he has got by rote through a month's previous rehearsal from a friend's manuscript, and he is at once marked down as an acquisition to the ministry, who must be bought at any price. A member is now valued, like

a pair of bellows, for the strength of his blast. He must be able to talk for hours, no matter whether to the purpose or not, and although his hearers know the instant he begins how he will give his vote, whether right or wrong. Knowing with what purity most of these gentlemen have at first acquired their seats; and with what purity of intentions they take them, and what purity they fill them, we often wondered with ourselves how it were possible, in such a state of things as has been lately developed, that the opposing parties could look each other in the face without bursting into a laugh, until we recollected the strangers' gallery might operate as somewhat of a check. Surely to hear so many men gravely pretend to labour for the public good, when their pockets are overflowing with their cash, must require a long and habitual custom; it must be, therefore, that they are so fond of custom, and opposed to, what they term, innovation. Custom keeps its hand in the public purse, innovation is intended to withdraw it; but the term of

innovation, strictly speaking, ought to be applied to their depredations on the public purse and privileges, which are not only not sanctioned by the constitution, but expressly contrary to its tenor and letter. This custom, therefore, ought to be abolished; for, if the custom-mongers will ask Mr. Perceval, or otherwise consult Blackstone, Vol. I. p. 75, they will find that the rules relating to particular customs, regard either the *proof* of their existence, and their *legality* when *proved*. Now, they have buried their customary corruptions as deep as the regions of *Pluto*, and guarded them with *avarice, deception, and influence*, to stifle all *proof* of their existence, until another daring *Hercules* dragged forth their *Cerberus*, vomiting at the sight of day, when their *illegality* was too gross to be palliated. Their plea of *custom* is, therefore, absurd, as Mr. Perceval, or Mr. Blackstone, may also inform them—that, “*Malus usus abolendus est*,” is an established maxim of the law. If a minister can be found daring enough to avow the ex-

stence of most hideous abuses, and yet brave the indignation of a free and brave people, must be possessed of more courage than honesty, or sense of shame. But past examples have shewn that it is rather foolhardiness than courage to persist in insulting injured people, who have their *ne plus ça change* as well as their oppressors. They are no longer to be amused according to *custom*, but a mob with the cant of a mountebank, and their leavings, friskings, gambols, and stunts of tumblers and clowns. They have laughed at the swarm of andrews, stage flyers, and zanies, placed in front of the stage, to divert the people out of countenance, and divert their thoughts from their folly, whilst the *sack doctor* has been vigilant in the rear with his wand to silence any clamours which may be raised against their practice, or feats of activity. There must be a little craft in all trades; but *ne quid nimis*,—a joke may cease to be so when carried too far. A certain lecturer on heads tells us of a d—d good *joke* of a blood, who turned a blind horse

into a china shop; but it was a ruinous one; and so, in former times, has been found that of turning a blind minister into a house of commons. He should have his eyes open (we do not mean to his own interest, and that of his friends, for that comes of course; but) to the interest of the people, as in their prosperity consists the true greatness and solidity of every government.—He should not only quit all narrow policy himself, but endeavour to inflame the mind of his master with a grand view of enlarged and liberal policy, extending not only to the present time, but to futurity; not only to the happiness of the millions of the present generation, but to that of the millions of millions of their posterity.— Instead of tricking and shuffling to keep himself in place, he should endeavour to convince both the king and the people, that their affairs cannot be in better hands, and all opposition would be vain. A minister of a king, *only*, lives despised by the people, and is consigned to oblivion; or, what is ten thousand times worse, to perpetual infamy;

a minister of both king and people is adored by all, and handed down to posterity as a benefactor to mankind. It will be needless to say in which class we should place one, who strives to create a difference between a king and his subjects.—Happily, however, as ministers are personally responsible for the bad advice which they may give to kings, we need not stand upon so much ceremony with them. If a minister should persist in going adverse to the wishes of a nation, there is a *legal* remedy in petitioning his master to dismiss him. “ ’Tis a mortification to a prince,” says Tom Brown, “ to see an old minister torn from him ; but self-preservation is the first law of nature ; and any man, in his senses, would sooner submit to part with his crutch than his leg.”—Nature has bestowed wealth on Britons ; but lest they should become ungovernable, she has intermingled with them the *alloy* of *credulity*, by which every little impostor takes advantage of them, and plunders them for a while. If they chance to resume their good sense, woe to the

impostors; stage, mountebank, tumblers, clowns, all go to wreck; like the inside of a play-house, when *John Bull* thinks his dignity offended. Farewell then to tropes, figures, stale jests, quips, puns, and other quackeries, if they see that the *constitution* has been so long tampered with, as to render the aid of *regular physicians* absolutely necessary to its existence. The *bubble* will burst. Adieu then to *quacks*, and welcome *health* and *regular practice*.

THE BEAR IN OFFICE.

THE lion, old and feeble grown,
Requir'd some aid to prop his throne ;
He tried the jackall, but the elf
Cater'd for no one but himself :
The wolf, to glut his rav'ous maw,
Spurn'd with contempt each forest law :
The ouran-outang ap'd the man,
And govern'd on corruption's plan :
The fox was so much us'd to knav'ry,
He deem'd each honest tie a slav'ry :
The monkey was a *petit maitre*,
Of ev'ry dancing fool the creature.
"What can be done ?"—the monarch cried.
"Try, try the bear,"—the queen replied :
"He carries wisdom in his looks,
"Besides he must be read in books ;
"A lawyer bred, why may not he,
"As well as judge, a premier be ?"—
"It shall be so,"—the monarch cries—
"His black fur garb bespeaks him wise,
"If not as such he well may pass, >
"My subjects can't think him an ass."—
On Treas'ry-Bench he takes his place,
Dispenser of the royal grace.

Around him flock the cringing train,
In hopes of getting flesh or grain :
The hog, to find himself in porridge,
Lifts to the skies his *legal* knowledge :
Pug praises up his graceful airs,
And gets his apples, nuts, and pears :
Seeing how vain the brute did grow,
The ape e'en styl'd him *brother bean* :
Reynard extols his climbing trees,
And robbing unsuspecting bees ;
He gets a fowl: so all in short
Live well that pay to Bruin court.
Fools, knaves, and flatt'ers eat up all,
And the poor king's affairs enthrall ;
Whilst modest merit hides its head,
Preferring honor and brown bread.
Nor could the gen'ral discontent
Find in the royal ears a vent.
In vain were delegates appointed
T' approach the throne of the anointed ;
Bruin would either scowl or scoff,
Or else with *quibbles* put them off ;
Whilst to the king he represented
Such liberties unprecedented ;
As factious he describ'd their pray'rs—
The cheated monarch shut his ears.
Bruin his villainy enjoyed ;
Liv'd on the best till almost cloy'd ;

And had beside his den well stor'd,
Whilst meanly serv'd the royal board.

A day of reckoning must come,
And Bruin chanc'd abroad to roam—
(Which seldom was the case through fear
His deeds should reach the royal ear);
An elephant, as passing by,
Happen'd to strike the monarch's eye.
“How!” quoth the king, “whence comes it then,
“You pass unheeded by our den?
“Whence this neglect?”—“Sire, may it please,
“Your subjects think the royal ease
“Requires retirement, and repose—
“Or so 'tis giv'n them to suppose;
“If they approach, your keeper growls,
“Whilst with complaints the forest howls:
“Your minister”—The ice once broke,
What other subjects thought, he spoke,
Nor matters minc'd:—the monarch foam'd
To find himself alive entomb'd.
The bear was seiz'd, accusers heard,
No friend on his behalf appear'd.
Disgrac'd, his sycophantic crew
From him, as from infection, flew.
Those, whom his pride had overborne,
A thousand-fold return'd his scorn.
Humbled his pride—his senses clear,
He knew himself—a *very bear*.

MORAL.

A wise king ne'er will shut his ears
Against his loyal subjects' pray'rs ;
Nor minister abuse his trust,
Lest both be humbled in the dust.

MORE EXPEDITIONS!

“ For all *delays* are dangerous in war,

* * * * *

Things, once resolv'd, are ruin'd by *delay*.”

DRYDEN.

r was once reckoned a capital state trick, it is now grown so stale as to be nosed by y schoolboy, when a minister had comed a most egregious blunder, or had been ght in some dirty speculation, to throw a tub to the whale; and there have been ous expedients used for drawing the in- ant people from the right scent. They ooner began to lay their heads together, to grow loud in their complaints, than e foreign indignity, offered to our national or, was trumped up, and then farewell tics, and hey for war! But, if the French, Spanish, or Dutch, did not happen to be

OL. II. D

in the same humour, or under the same pressing necessity for foreign strife as ourselves, or rather our juggling ministers, some domestic wonder—a Mary Canning, or a Cock-Lane ghost—is contrived for the purpose of furnishing the politicians with another subject of conversation. It seldom happened, however, but that a few years interval of peace had rendered both states rather too rich and plethoric, and the people troublesome to their rulers; for which reason princes seldom enjoy peace at home, but when they are fighting abroad. Therefore, the challenge given was soon accepted; the princes were quite happy, as both conquered—in their own country; both shared the booty—of their own subjects; who, though griped to death by the expences, in turns rung the bells, fired *feux de joie*, or chaunted *Te Deum*. This manœuvre is termed by the state quacks, breathing a political vein, and preventing a national inflammation.

It happened most opportunely for the present ministry, that the nation had been,

or upwards of sixteen years past, and still
 ere engaged in a most desperate war, at a
 me when * * * * *

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Colonel Wardle, Mr. Maddocks, and a few
 others, let the cat out of the bag, with a
 label attached to its neck, whereon were in-
 scribed the words—" *Corruption and pecu-
 cation in all quarters!*" Nay, they went
 farther;—they produced *damning proofs* of
 their existence. The people were all in a
 roar—not of laughter, but indignation. Some-
 thing must be done to draw them off the
 scent, when every effort to leave them at fault
 had been tried in vain. At last it was deter-
 mined to have

ANOTHER EXPEDITION,

such as was never seen before! Well, such
 an one was prepared; but, like all its pre-
 lecessors, the *expedition* was not *expedited*,
 until the whole line of the enemies' coasts

was alarmed and prepared for defence, and, in all human probability, its sailing was rendered worse than useless—a sacrifice of thousands of the bravest troops in the world. An *expedition*, however, there must be, as ministers could think of no other *expedient* to replace the bandage, which had been torn from John Bull's eyes; but they could not guess whither they should send it with any probability of success, and to send it to a part where it should miscarry, would be only to make bad worse. No matter;—the expedition would be some time collecting, and they would trust to chance that some lucky card would turn up trumps in their favour on the Continent before it was ready. The trump card was, however, against them. An embargo, which did not occasion a less loss than half a million of money to the mercantile and shipping interest, was laid on, to keep the enemy from any intelligence of what was going on, although they knew it full as well as our ministers themselves. Our own pilots laughed at the idea of secrecy, as

they themselves had sounded and buoyed the mouths of the Scheldt in the face of the enemy, whose cutters had been repeatedly chased almost from within gun-shot of the expedition.

After the matter had hung during some months in suspense, and the public interest had almost subsided, in expectation that this expedition was going the way of the former ones, a new bustle is made. Earl Spencer and Mr. Canning are going to Woolwich to expedite the embarkation of the stores; nay, they are going to Deal and Ramsgate to expedite it in being put on board the transports, and to hasten the sailing of the expedition. But what must have struck the greatest terror into the hearts of all our enemies, not even excepting Buonaparté himself, was that

SIR WILLIAM CURTIS

was going with it, in his own yacht, mounted

with six brass guns! This must be *bad bread* and *worse biscuit* for our enemies.

We were induced, through a bad state of health, to go to Margate, and thence, through idleness and curiosity, to stroll over to Ramsgate, to take a peep at the expedition. It was on a Sunday. Sir William Curtis's yacht lay at the pier, bedizened all over with colours, and the report of the day was, that he had a large turtle on board, and was going to give a grand dinner.

“O, serve the dinner up,
With many a dish
Of flesh and fish,
And pass the sparkling cup.

Then!—

Pig and custard, cream and mustard,
Ham and jelly, vermicelli!
Orange tartlets, pickled trout,
Roasted beef, and sour kroust!
Woodcock potted, dainty snipe,
Giblets stew'd, delicious tripe!
Quaking pudding, flounder pie,
Sussex dumpling, harslet fry!

Calve's head and brains,
Dress'd with much pains,
With ruffs, and rees,
And butter'd peas ;
Petit patté, harrico,
Yes to all, and never no ;
To ev'ry dish of flesh and fish,
"Tis always yes, and never no."

This would have been no *mal-a-propos* grenadier's march to such a martial entertainment.

It was natural to make some inquiries into the destination and probable success of the armament. Every boy in the street could, we believe, have answered to the former question, and, as to the latter, you were left to draw an inference from being told that—

LORD CHATHAM HAD THE BEST COOK ;

but then

**SIR WILLIAM CURTIS HAD THE BEST
LARDER !**

It must be confessed, that we thence began to entertain some hopes of the ultimate success of the expedition, especially when it was said, that the commissariat of provisions had laid in amply, not only for themselves, but for the subalterns and privates; as it has long been a standing jest throughout the Continent, that John Bull cannot fight without plenty of beef; and our countryman, Shakespear, makes the Constable of France say, in Henry V.—“give them (the English soldiers) great meals of beef, and iron, and steel, and they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.” Witnessing the anxiety, and even impatience of both officers and privates to get off, we could not refrain from mentally exclaiming—What a pity, if so fine a *body* of men should be sacrificed abroad, for want of a *head* at home!

May the God of Battles go before them, and lead them home in safety! Honor they never will lose.

Let the expedition turn out as it will, Sir

William Curtis (if it please Heaven to spare his life) is sure to be a gainer by it, as he will be able to puzzle *his barber* with angles, bastions, chamade, defiles, epaulements, fosses, gabions, half-moons, intrenchments, kettle-drums, lunettes, mines, and so on through the whole alphabet, more than ever the barber has astounded him with politics. Nay, it is whispered that this laudable emulation and revenge was his principal motive in going; but we attribute his ebullition of courage to the more honorable motive of wishing to join his effort to *knead* his country's enemies into *dough*, *burn up* the whole *batch* of them, and crack them like so many *worm-eaten biscuits*. May he return "*speedily and soon*," to take part with his *friend STRAP* in the following

DUET!

Barb. What's a campaign like?

S. Wm. ————— What's it like? Oh, dear!

Why there's no such a sight in London;

'Tis but *child's play* you see at Bartlemee Fair,

Where only in jest they knock men down:

We'd at Flushing—such a pushing!

Avant-fosse—matross,

Enfilade—ambuscade,

Battery—sortie,

Bombardiers—fusileers,

Fausse braye—cover'd way,

Culverin—fascine,

Centre, flank—rear-rank,

Shells, shot—red hot,

Half-moon—*speedy, soon,*

Retreat—defeat,

Flying,

Sighing,

Crying,

Dying,

Such a rushing and a crushing!

My *oven's mouth* was ne'er so hot—

Barb. Don't talk so fast, you're out of breath—

S. Wm. We gave 'em such a *batch* of shot—

Barb. A *barber* e'en he'd prate to death—

S. Wm. I'll leave politics for great guns—

Barb. Plague on his tongue, how glib it runs—

S. Wm. Then, when victors, the citadel we enter so nice,

Sir—

Barb. I'll stop his tongue, I'll warrant—

S. Wm. ————— Zounds! what a slicer!

Barb. Your pardon, Sir; your jaws you stir

Such wond'rous things to tell us—

S. Win. I know why 'tis, you've slic'd my phys :
By G—d! the fellow's jealous ;
You've had all the talk, but now I'll have my
share—

Barb. And I'll come prepar'd with cotton in each ear.

CHORUS.

Both. { You've had, &c.
And I'll come, &c.

“ ————— Now, by my life
Old folks are babes again ; and must be us'd
With checks, not flatt'ries ; when they're seen abus'd.”

SHAKESPEAR.

THE right of subjects to petition the throne for redress, is as well established as the right to the throne itself. In January 1680, Charles II. having prorogued the parliament from year to year, for not complying with his and his brother's despotic designs to enslave the nation, a spirit of liberty began to exert itself, and *petitions* were framing throughout the kingdom, to be presented to the king at the meeting of parliament, on the 26th January, according to the last prorogation. His majesty's *humbug-advisers* hit upon the wise expedient of issuing out two proclamations, *strictly charging and commanding all and every of his loving subjects, of what*

rank or degree soever, that they presume not to agitate or promote any such subscriptions, nor in any ways join in any petition, upon pain of the utmost rigour of the law that may be inflicted for the same.—At the same time his majesty, who, together with his *infernal advisers*, had been for some years before a *pensioner of France*, issued out another proclamation, insulting the people by a declaration of his resolution to prorogue the parliament from the 26th of January to the 11th November.—Notwithstanding these proclamations, the business of *petitioning* was nobly and zealously carried on; many were prepared, and some presented not long after.

On the 13th January, Sir Gilbert Gerard, accompanied by several eminent citizens, presented a *petition* from thousands of his majesty's subjects in London, Westminster, and parts adjacent, humbly praying that the parliament, which was prorogued to the 26th January, might then sit to redress all grievances, *not otherwise to be redressed*. To

which his majesty (who had then a standing army in England, and another in Ireland) *boldly* answered that “ *he looked upon himself to be the head of the government, and the only judge of what was fit to be done in such cases.*” Then, turning to Sir Gilbert, he added, that he did not expect to see one of his name, and particularly himself, in such an affair, and that he was sorry for it. A few days after, the famous Thomas Thyn, Esq. accompanied by Sir Walter St. John, and Sir Edward Hungerford, presented a *petition* from Wiltshire to the same effect. The king received them very roughly, and used the following reproachful terms: “ You don’t come from the county; you come from a *company of loose, disaffected people.* What do you take me to be? And what do you take yourselves to be? I admire that gentlemen of your estates should animate people to *mutiny and rebellion.*”—Another *petition*, of the like nature, being presented to him the day following by Sir Robert Barrington, Colonel Mildmay, Mr. Honeywood, &c. in

the names of themselves and others of the inhabitants of the county of Essex, the king grew warmer, and told them that he was surprised to see them meddle with matters that immediately concerned the crown and himself; after which he turned his back upon them. To the Berkshire gentlemen, who presented a petition on the same day from their quarter sessions, the king answered in a jocosè manner—" *That they would argue that matter over a cup of ale at Windsor, though he wondered that his neighbours would meddle with his business.*"—To intimidate the nation from any further attempts of the kind by a shew of royal resentment, these *weak* and *arbitrary* answers were all inserted in the gazettes; but his majesty had either forgot to think, or had not thought rightly of the construction which a parliament would put upon them. They were no sooner assembled than, notwithstanding what the *corrupt* and *infamous court lawyers* had asserted in their proclamations, and his majesty himself had said, we find it unanimously

resolved by the House of Commons, on the very first day of their meeting—

“ That it is, and ever has been, the undoubted right of the subjects to petition the king for the calling and sitting of parliament, and redressing of grievances. That to traduce such petitioning as violation of duty, and to represent it to his majesty as tumultuous and seditious, is to betray the liberty of the subject, and contributes to the design of subverting the ancient legal constitution of this kingdom, and introducing arbitrary power. And it was ordered to appoint a committee to inquire of such persons as had offended against these rights of the subject.”

The right having been thus acknowledged and established as firmly, we repeat it, as the right to the throne itself, we come to the application of it to a recent instance. Amidst the *Cimmerian* darkness with which the *wise plans* of our *ministers*, and the *convention-making talents* of our *generals*, had obscured our political horizon for so long a time, the inhabitants of the metropolis were suddenly

surprised into a momentary state of exultation by the firing of park guns, ringing of bells, &c. which were formerly the harbinger of victories, but had lately grown rusty from disuse. The delusion lasts but one short day, and then

“ It slides away, and vanishes to air.”

Victory itself fades away before the distressing news that the glory of our army and of the empire has been compromised by another d——d thing called a *convention*, (the word should be henceforth blotted out of all English dictionaries) honorable only to the conquered enemy. Let us suppose, for an instant, that a man returns to his house, which he had left locked up, finds the street door open, and sees a gang of thieves carrying off his goods. What should we think of this man's politeness, if he were not only to stand with his hat in his hand till the thieves had taken out as much as they chose, but also to offer them his cart and horses to

carry them away? What could we say but that there is not a *politer* man in the world, except the *convention-mongers of Cintra*.

One general burst of shame and indignation pervaded the metropolis, and spread thence like wildfire throughout the kingdom. As the roaring of the Tower guns, which is the voice of ministers, had plainly spoken their approbation of the conduct of these *convention-mongers*, in direct opposition to the sentiments of the whole nation, there was not the least room to infer that any inquiry was intended to be made into their conduct; on the contrary, it was rumoured that they were to be advanced to the *peerage*! The lord mayor was therefore requested to call an early court to consider of the propriety of addressing his majesty on the subject. He acquiesced, and the following address and petition, than which, in our humble opinion, none more loyal, just, proper, and necessary, was ever penned, was unanimously agreed to:—

“ TO THE KING’S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY. The humble and dutiful Address and Petition of the *Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons*, of the City of London, in Common Council assembled.

“ MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

“ We, your Majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council assembled, most humbly approach your Majesty with renewed assurances of attachment to your Majesty’s most sacred person and government, and veneration for the free principles of the British Constitution ; to express to your Majesty our grief and astonishment at the extraordinary and disgraceful Convention lately entered into by the Commanders of your Majesty’s forces in Portugal, and the Commanders of the French army in Lisbon.

“ The circumstances attending this afflict-

ing event cannot be contemplated in British minds without the most painful emotions, and all ranks of your Majesty's subjects seem to have felt the utmost concern and indignation at a treaty so humiliating and degrading to this country and its allies. After a signal victory gained by the valour and discipline of British troops, by which the enemy appears to have been cut off from all means of succour or escape, we have the sad mortification of seeing the laurels, so nobly acquired, torn from the brows of our brave soldiers, and terms granted to the enemy disgraceful to the British name, and injurious to the best interests of the British nation.

“ Besides the restitution of the Russian fleet upon a definitive treaty of peace with that power, and the sending back to their country, without exchange, so large a number of Russian prisoners; by this ignominious Convention, British fleets are to convey to France the French army and its plunder, where they will be at liberty immediately to recommence their active operations against

us and our allies. The guarantee and safe conveyance of their plunder cannot but prove highly irritating to the pillaged inhabitants over whom they have tyrannized, and for whose deliverance and protection the British army was sent; and the full recognition of the title and dignity of Emperor of France, while all mention of the government of Portugal is omitted, must be considered as highly disrespectful to the legitimate authority of that country.

“ We therefore humbly pray your Majesty, in justice to the outraged feelings of a brave, injured, and indignant people, whose blood and treasure have been thus expended, as well as to retrieve the wounded honor of the country, and to remove from its character so foul a stain in the eyes of Europe, that your Majesty will be graciously pleased immediately to institute such an inquiry into this dishonorable and unprecedented transaction, as will lead to the discovery and punishment of those by whose misconduct and incapacity the cause of the country and

its allies have been so shamefully sacrificed.

“ We beg to assure your Majesty of our unalterable fidelity and earnest desire to cooperate in every measure conducive to the peace, honor, and security of your Majesty’s dominions.”

To which address and petition, ministers, in their *supercilious*—we beg pardon, *superlative*—wisdom, dictated the following *gracious* answer :—

“ I am fully sensible of your loyalty and attachment to my person and government.

“ I give credit to the motives which have dictated your petition and address; but I must remind you, that it is inconsistent with the principles of British justice, to pronounce judgment without previous investigation.

“ I should have hoped that recent occurrences would have convinced you, that I am at all times ready to institute inquiries on occasions in which the character of the coun-

try, or the honor of my arms, is concerned ; and that the interposition of the city of London could not be necessary for inducing me to direct due inquiry to be made into a transaction, which has disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation."

Having thus given at length this *most humble petition and address*, and this *most gracious answer*, we shall make a few comments on what we deem to be the propriety of each. The right of petition being indubitable, surely there never could be a more proper or necessary occasion for a petition than when the whole nation was agitated with shame and disappointment, at our having been made the laughing stock of our friends as well as foes. If the people had not taken this step to inform his majesty of the true state of the case, he might never have heard it ; as Sir Arthur Wellesley governed the minister, who had the ear of the king, and consequently would instil into it nothing to

the prejudice of either his patron or himself. —To petition for an inquiry into the miscarriages of expeditions, is not a novel practice. In the reign of George II. (1757) the disgraceful failure of an armament sent out against the coast of France, under lieutenant-general Sir John Mordaunt, occasioned a similar general disappointment and ferment throughout the kingdom; and an address from the city of London, for an inquiry into this affair, was resolved on by some of the leading men in the city; but of this resolution the ministers having had notice, the address was prevented as follows:—On the 4th of November, 1757, at a court of common council at Guildhall, a *motion was made to address his majesty on the miscarriage of the late expedition to the coast of France*; and, after some debate, the lord mayor was asked by a member of the court, if any information had been given to his lordship of an inquiry being intended to be made, touching the said miscarriage: In

answer whereto, his lordship informed the court, that on Monday evening, October 31, 1757, William Blair, Esq. (one of the clerks of his majesty's most honorable privy council) came to the Mansion House, and acquainted him, that he waited on him to let him know his majesty had given proper directions for an inquiry to be forthwith made into the behaviour of the commanding officers in the late expedition against France, and the cause of the miscarriage of the said expedition, and that such inquiry would be carried on and prosecuted with the utmost expedition and vigour. Upon this, after some short debate, the motion was withdrawn. This *condescension* of his majesty, or, as we should rather believe, adroit manœuvre of his ministers, alone prevented the address; but, in the present case, there was no such royal condescension, or adroitness in ministers, who preferred to insult the whole nation, in the body corporate of the metropolis, by a rude and indignant rebuff; and shewed they had—

“ ——— no sense of honor, country, king,
But centred in themselves; and us'd their master
As guardians do their wards, with shew of care,
But with intent to sell the public safety,
And pocket up their prince.”

DRYDEN.

But to resume the case in point: According to the intelligence communicated as above to the lord mayor, his majesty (by his warrant, dated November 1, 1757) appointed an inquiry to be made into the failure of this expedition, by the Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, both lieutenants-general, and major-general John Waldegrave; who, after giving proper notice to all parties concerned, began their inquiry on the 12th of the same month, and concluded it on the 21st by a report, which gave no satisfaction either to the king or subject. *En similitudo!* His majesty, therefore, on the third of December following, appointed a general court martial to be forthwith held,

for the trial of the commander in chief of the land forces employed in the expedition!

The right of petition being therefore indubitable, and the occasion precedented and just, let us consider the propriety of the address itself. After the usual exordium of attachment to his majesty's most sacred person and government, it expresses, what every man in the kingdom felt, grief and astonishment at so extraordinary and disgraceful a convention. It is right that a king and his people should thus come to a fair understanding, that ministerial and military incapacity may not be hushed up, and the honor of the country committed with impunity. The lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, therefore, did no more than their duty, and ministers, by their petulance, discovered evident symptoms of a dread of detected inability. The second and third paragraph of the address state the reasons of the public disappointment and expectation of redress in an explicit manner, among which not the least ground is the disrespect-

ful overlooking of our allies, by a full recognition of the title and dignity of Emperor of France, while all mention of the government of Portugal is omitted. Cromwell was a hypocrite and an usurper ; but they managed things better in his days. Few princes ever bore their character higher upon all occasions than Oliver did, especially in his treaties with crowned heads ; and it is a thing without example, that is mentioned by one of the best historians of the age, Puffendorf, in his work, entitled "*De rebus Gestis Frederici Wilhelmini Electoris Brandenburgici,*" p. 313, that in Cromwell's league with France against Spain, he would not allow the French king to call himself *King of France*, but of the *French* ; whereas he took himself not only the title of *Protector of England*, but likewise of *France* ; and which is yet more surprising, and hardly to be believed, but for the authority of so great an author, the protector's name was put before the French king's.

A conduct worthy of imitation! For in the public instruments of correspondence between states and kingdoms, little words and phrases are of great importance, so far as they relate to claims and titles, whose loss or preservation may, in a great measure, depend on properly wording of them.

This distinction of the *King of France*, and of the *French King*, thus nicely made by Cromwell, ought to have been studiously kept up, to assert the dignity and style of our English princes; and in all our gazettes, that monarch was constantly called the *French King*, till of late, the conducting of those papers falling into the hands of persons unskilled, or inadverted, he was afterwards called the *King of France*.

Far different was the conduct of William III. who (though wiser than the generality of the rabble of kings) was not so attentive to the dignity of the state as the Protector Cromwell; for it appears by the history of Prior's Negotiations, that before the ratification of the peace of Ryswick, on the part

of His Most Christian Majesty, a difficulty was started by the French ambassador, on the King of Great Britain using the words *Rex Franciæ*, which occasioned a warrant from his majesty to his plenipotentiaries, *for omitting the aforesaid title*, provided they could find that it had been omitted in any former treaty.—No French king would have dared to have made such a proposal to Cromwell; or, if he had, Cromwell would have made him eat the pommel of his sword before he would have signed such a complaisant warrant. If rulers are appointed solely, as, we believe, reason and history will prove, for the protection and superintendance of the people, then was Cromwell's sway as glorious as any in the British annals; and his magnanimous, and never enough to be applauded, heroic care of the superiority and dignity of this kingdom, shews that, according to Lord Clarendon's character of him, Cromwell was one of those *men quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent*: which is more than can be said,

without romancing, of nineteen out of twenty of all the generations of kings that ever

“——*Strutted and fretted their hour on the stage*”——

and then burst like *bubbles*.

Well—our *convention-mongers*, by a single dash of the pen, have acknowledged Napoleon Buonaparté, *Emperor of France*, a title which, at all events, should not have been acknowledged till a general peace, when it would have formed a concession in the treaty, for which we might have expected a something like an equivalent for ourselves, or our allies. In the name of wonder! as our generals are allowed secretaries to write their dispatches for them, why are not those secretaries men of tried abilities and diplomatic knowledge, who might keep our commanders from losing by the pen what they have won by the sword? The French have always such men with their armies, and *fas est ab hoste doceri*.—No man in his senses will deny that Buonaparté is Emperor of

France by that best of all titles, the unanimous consent of the French nation, and nothing is wanting to confirm him in that title but the acknowledgment of the British government, which should have been withheld from him, till he had shewn an inclination to lay aside his rancorous animosity towards ourselves, and to respect the governments of our allies; but Kellerman instantly discovered what shallow wits he had to deal with, and that there was more to be gained by treating, than by fighting with them; so that, upon the whole, we ought to be thankful that his *modesty* would not permit him to *dictate* terms more disgraceful to us, although, as they were, he must have had a vast command of countenance not to laugh in our *convention-mongers'* faces whilst they were signing them.

The fourth paragraph of the address *humbly* prays that his majesty will be graciously pleased to institute such an inquiry into this dishonorable and unprecedented transaction, as will lead to the discovery and

punishment of those by whose misconduct and incapacity the cause of the country and its allies have been so shamefully sacrificed.—This prayer is, as we have shewn before, precedent and proper.

Now for the minister's answer!—There could be no room for doubting the attachment and loyalty of the *address-mongers* to the royal person and government, as they had rivalled the meanest treasury borough in adulatory addresses, and trotting up to the throne on every trifling occasion. They were then welcome; but begin to grumble, and keep your distance.

It were impossible, however, not to give credit to the motives which had dictated the present petition and address, as the whole empire were actuated by the same motives—a zeal for the honor of the country!—But where was the necessity of reminding them, that it was inconsistent with the principles of British justice to pronounce judgment without previous investigation? We would ask **Mr. P**—I to waive all legal *quips* and *cranks*,

and tell us from what authority he gathered that a petition for an inquiry into misconduct and incapacity, without mentioning whose, could be construed into a judgment? If we can read, and understand what we read, the petition was only for an investigation previous to a judgment to be founded on a full disclosure of facts, and so, we believe, every man, or even boy, in the kingdom, would read and understand with us, in defiance of the great legal reading and authority of Mr. Counsellor P——l. We cannot help attributing this part of the answer, at least, to him, because it *smells so cursedly of the shop*. It is, in point of fact, an evasion in the law called a demurrer, which takes advantage of some little informality in the proceedings, to avoid joining an issue upon the facts: but those narrow practices of the “*litigious coifs*” should have been laid aside on assuming the more exalted seat on the Treasury Bench. It should be left to them to

“————— infest the clam'rous bar,
Prolong disputes, and thrive by manag'd war.”

A liberal policy would dictate that peace only will heal our gushing wounds, and the way to obtain that is to manage the war so as to make it terrible to our enemies, and not to let our very victories recoil upon our own heads. The words of the petition for an inquiry are so plain, that to mistake them for a premature judgment of any person or persons whomsoever, is a blunder of which even a counsellor's horse, without any more pretensions to legal knowledge than barely the having carried its master, with his wig, gown, &c. one circuit, would never have stumbled upon. Such, however, is our opinion of it, and we give it *without a fee!!!* As a lawyer we would ask you whether a *writ of inquiry* is a *judgment* before the *verdict of the jury* has been passed upon it? Is the *inquiry* itself, which was the sole object of the petition, now that it has taken place, a *judgment*? The answer says it is in direct terms, and yet your conscience tells you directly the contrary; make up the matter with it as you can.

The *recent occurrences* to which the answer alludes, as sufficient to have convinced the addressers that his majesty was at all times ready to institute inquiries on occasions in which the character of the country, or the honor of his arms were concerned, must mean the ignominious dismissal of another of these *convention-mongers*, Gen. W—el—ke; but so far from coinciding with his majesty's ministers, that, on that account, the interposition of the city of London could not be necessary—we think, on that very account, that it was the more necessary, as such a succession of disgraceful conventions could only be stopped by the fear of rigid investigation and public detestation. It should be remembered, that the city of London entertained too tender a respect for the royal person and family, to petition for any inquiry into the *convention of the Helder*, although they did not the less think it, and it has since proved, an example pregnant with calamities. They still think that no man ought to be entrusted with a military or naval command,

who is screened by his rank from a responsibility to the nation for his execution of it; and they wish that our affairs may henceforth be conducted by other persons, and in a directly opposite manner to what they have been moving in for some time past; but they dare not tell what they sigh for, without incurring the danger of a legal rap on the knuckles. After all, too, the answer concludes with acknowledging that the transaction had disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation. We should think him a harsh parent, who has reason to think that his children have been injured, and yet indignantly repulses them, when they throw themselves on their knees before him to request redress.

How must Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was present when the address was presented, as if to triumph in their rebuff, have chuckled within himself at its reception! It might have been food for his pride, but it spoke not much for his modesty or sense of decency; and if he had faced Gen. Kellerman as boldly,

he would never have had the face to make such insolent proposals, and there would have been no occasion for the address. So end our comments on the *Cintra Bubble!*

FLAT CATCHING.

SAYS Junot to Kellerman—" Well, you have been
" In the camp of these British—pray, what have you seen ?
" Is there any weak place ? Can we do aught by fighting ?"
Quoth Kellerman—" No ; but we'll do much by writing :
" 'The *generals' heads* are the only *weak place*,
" A *Convention* will shift upon them our disgrace ;
" Their wit's in their swords ; put a pen, 'stead of these,
" In their hands, and they'll sign just whatever we please."
" Lose no time !" quoth Junot.—Away Kellerman flies—
Catches *three full-grown flats* to the world's great surprise.
Junot cries—" If these *blockheads* could treat as they
fight,
" Mon Dieu ! we had been in von cursed bad plight !"
" Then *Vive la Convention !* shout all we Frenchmen ;
" Vat we lose by de *sword*, we regain by de *pen*."

“ Unless corruption first deject the pride
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
All crude attempts of violence are vain ;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
But soon as independence stoops the head,
To vice enslav'd, and vice-creating wants ;
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
Their craving lusts with fatal bounty feeds,
They fall a willing, undefended prize.
From man to man th' infectious softness runs,
'Till the whole state unnerv'd in slav'ry sinks.”

THOMSON'S LIBERTY.

Now—are not we—who denominate ourselves *True Britons*, ashamed of ourselves, or have not we occasion to be so, for that, we (not having the *independent spirit* of our *forefathers* before our eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the demon of degeneracy) should have set up, and should continue to bow down before so many

golden calves as self-interest—custom—fashion—vanity, and other regulations and longings of *polished* (as it is termed) or (as we should term it) *poisoned* society?—After the epoch of the British Solomon, James I. when English love of independence slaughtered the monstrous *jure divino* calf, and established a rational compact between sovereign and subjects, should we not be ashamed to find that the *hopes* and *expectations* of the nation may be defeated by incapable ministers, or convention-mongers, and that we cannot humbly petition to bring the offenders to justice, without having our noses snapped off, not by the mouth of royalty, but by that of its hungry advisers?—It is true that we may be asked—“*What* are the noses of the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, when put in competition with the hungry stomachs of the D—— of P——, Mr. P——, Mr. C——, and other state cormorants?—Why did they thrust their noses in the way?”—Why, we answer, that they had intruded them so often

before, on agreeable occasions, and had met with such agreeable receptions, that they had forgotten what was due to themselves—and of much greater consequence than themselves—the people—as well as the old proverb—that *familiarity breeds contempt*. Their lips have been so glued to the royal hands, that it is said his m——y can distinguish every pair *blind-folded*. All this was very well—sovereigns are never to be cloyed with sweets; but, in evil hour, the demon of discord, jealous of these kiss-hand farces, assumed the form of a fun-loving fellow, ycleped Harlequin W—thm--n, and, with a lath sword, or linen-draper's yard, (history does not specify which) so muddied the faculties of the *suck-fists*, that they absolutely marched away to B——m H——e, not with an *address*—but with a petition for *redress*.—HINC ILLÆ LACHRYMÆ!—

“ It was not always thus : the time has been,
 When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,
 Flew wide, and almost leap'd off its hinges
 To give me entrance here ; when this good house

Has pour'd forth all its dwellers to receive me ;
 When my approach has made a little holiday,
 And ev'ry face was dress'd in smiles to meet me :
 But now 'tis otherwise ; and those who bless'd me
 Now curse me to my face."

Yes, by all that's ludicrous ! the very scul-
 lions tittered—the lap-dogs of the maids of
 honor p--ssed against the robes of *Eastern*
state, and the maids of honor themselves—

“ ————— chaste as the icicle
 That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Dian's temple.”

(God forgive me if I lie—I know nothing to
 the contrary)—these sweet tempered souls !
 looked like so many *Tisiphonés* on our un-
 fortunate knights errant.—In short, they
 had wandered away from their courtly
 routine, and received such a courtly rebuke
 for it, that it is confidently reported many of
 them never recovered from their mortification
 till after dinner, and six bumper toasts!—It
 is also rumoured, that the sly -W--thm--n,

the author of this serio-comic farce of "*The Corporation in the Dumps*," should chuckle and exclaim, with all the glee of a mischievous and successful wag—"Well, if I shall not have killed the convention-mongers, I shall, at least, have cured the address-mongers and fist-slobberers of their camelion-like appetite, and restricted them to their natural and constitutional turtle diet."

It was certainly a cursed hoax; but, as the *Great Llama* of the Indians never speaks to his votaries but by mouths of his priests, so the *Great Llama* of the British never utters a syllable to his, but through the medium of his ministers, and they, Heaven knows, are none of the wisest upon earth. Therefore, my good lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, be comforted—Jove's anger is but the momentary impulse of his lying *Mercuries*; they will soon vanish into *airy nothings*, or vapoury lordlings, whilst you will be *substantial somethings*; you will ride in city pomp, when P—rtl—d shall lie beneath his kindred stone; you will devour

plum-pudding, when death shall have overruled all the demurrers of P—rc—l; and glut on calipash and calipee, when C—nn—g's last epigram shall have lost its point—Yes;—all things have an end, and so will shortly—very shortly—these *fungi*, who have, for the present, rendered the r--y--l fingers unpleasant to your lips;—ye may then again lick the dust from the footstool of the th—e, and astound the crowd of gaping fools with your monthly processions. Ye are not the only ones who have been so unfortunate as to have laboured under the r--y--l frown, and if you were, the disease is not mortal. Hold up your heads, therefore, and give the lie to that blinking courtier, (lord P--mf--t) who had once the ignorance and audacity to say, in the House of Lords, that “however swaggering and impudent the behaviour of the low citizens might be on their own dunghill, when they came into the royal presence, their heads hung down like bullrushes, and they blinked with their eyes like owls in the sunshine.”—This fellow was so fond of the dung-

hill, that he certainly must have sprung from it, and the grossness of his ideas betrayed the baseness of his origin. Mr. Beckford, however, told a very different story at court; he played the eagle instead of the owl, and

“ Fac’d the glaring sun, and tow’r’d on high,
And bore the rattling thunder thro’ the sky.”

“ Whoever,” said he, “ has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavour, by false insinuations and suggestions, to alienate your majesty’s affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the city of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in and regard for your people, is an enemy to your majesty’s person and family, a violator of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution, as it was established at the glorious and necessary revolution.”—The courtiers were the *blinking owls* then, and would always be so, was there a Beckford in the city chair. So uncourtly a rebuke, in the presence of their master, struck them all dumb; and one should have thought that

such a lesson would have deterred any other minister from checking the citizens of London when petitioning for redress; but, alas! Beckford is no more. But ye have not been half as scurvily treated by the minister of the present day, as your predecessors were by the *ostensible* minister in Mr. Beckford's day, or by the *real one* behind the curtain, who was a bit of a Scotch wag. They thought fit to preface a speech by acquainting the commons, that the distemper among the *horned cattle* had lately broke out in the kingdom; from which it was inferred by some, who gave them credit for more wit than perhaps they were entitled to, that they meant to insinuate nothing more or less than that the *itch of grumbling* had lately broken out among the *cuckoldy* citizens!!!

Poor souls! why did ye employ those simpletons, the city remembrancer, town-clerk, or other officer or officers, to prepare your address, when you ought to have known that they had not enough in them of that political virtue, *hypocrisy*? How came ye

to suffer yourselves to be bubbled by *Waithman's* vociferation into incurring the royal check?—A mere daub at court plaistering would have handled his trowel somewhat in the following smooth manner:—

“ May it please, &c.

“ That we, &c. do highly approve of, and congratulate your Majesty on the *famous* convention of Cintra, which has put the *finishing stroke* to the British arms, and on the choice of your Majesty's ministers, who have so ably planned the expedition, selected such brave and sage generals and conventionalists, and brought the war in Portugal to so *glorious* a termination, as hath astonished the whole world ! It is with the utmost abhorrence and indignation that we hear some discontented grumblings, and a factious set of men daily preaching up among us that detestable and pernicious doctrine of *salus populi suprema lex*, which we hold to be downright *jacobinical*, and more-conformable to the practice of our *rebellious* ancestors

than of your Majesty's present most loyal, humble, and dutiful subjects, who would not, like them, at an infinite expence of blood and treasure, by asserting their rights and privileges, and consulting the independence and happiness of their posterity, cause any discontent or uneasiness in their gracious Sovereign. On the contrary, we do, in the most humble, dutiful, and loyal manner, solemnly protest and declare, that we never will resist a lawful Sovereign, for the above-mentioned, or any other causes whatever, but will hoot and hiss down, as *jacobins*, and even venture our lives and properties against such of our fellow-subjects, as imagine they have a right to stand up for their just rights, liberties, and privileges."

This was the language to have carried to market: Ye would then have returned into the city with a breath of royal approbation right in your sterns, to the no little increase of your appetites to dinner, and to the mor-

tification, even to fasting, of Waithman and his *jacobinical* crew.—It was in vain that the council vented their spleen in resolving, “that their address and petition was conceived in the most dutiful and respectful terms; that it is the undoubted right of the subject to petition, and that this right at all times ought to be freely exercised, in all matters of public grievance, without obstruction or reproof; that they are therefore at a loss to know by what construction of their said petition, however strained or perverted, his majesty’s advisers could attribute to them any intention or desire *to pronounce judgment without previous investigation*.—That they are equally at a loss to know why his majesty’s advisers have deemed it necessary to remind them that *it was inconsistent with the principles of British justice*, unless to throw an unmerited odium on this corporation, and raise a barrier between them and the crown, on all occasions where their object is free and constitutional inquiry.—That had this court refrained from expressing to his majesty their feelings at the

humiliating termination of the campaign in Portugal, they must have ceased to think—to feel—to act as Britons, and have shewn themselves unsusceptible of that patriotism, so essentially necessary for the preservation of their liberties—the maintenance of their national honor—and the independence and security of his majesty's crown and dominions.—That they cannot, therefore, sufficiently express their concern, that they should, by any suggestion, have met with obstruction and reprehension in the exercise of this undoubted and invaluable right.—That they particularly regret that his majesty should have been advised to express a hope *that recent occurrences would have convinced them that his majesty is at all times ready to institute an inquiry on occasions in which the character of the country, or the honor of his arms, is concerned; and that the interposition of the city of London could not be necessary for inducing his majesty to direct due inquiry into a transaction which had disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation.*—

Because it appears that, during the eventful period of the last fifteen years, various enterprises and expeditions have been undertaken, in which *the character of the country and the honor of his majesty's arms were concerned*, which have grievously failed and disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation, and into which *due inquiry* has not been made.—That, in one of the recent occurrences to which his majesty's answer refers, it is not known, even at the present moment, by whose advice the commander in chief was appointed, or on what account such commander was selected.—That, during all these calamitous events, and wasteful profusion of blood and treasure, the public burthens have been patiently borne, and his majesty has not been called upon by *the interposition of the city of London* (if their humble supplication must be so termed) to institute inquiries into the failures; although it appears to them that such *interposition* might have been highly necessary and beneficial to the country, and, by promoting *due inquiry*,

precluded the necessity of their late application.—That, during these unhappy reverses, and while his majesty's subjects submitted to so many privations, the most shameful and scandalous abuses and peculations have prevailed, into which *due inquiry* has not been made, so as to bring to justice such great public delinquents.—That whoever advised his majesty to put so unfavourable and unwarrantable a construction on their late petition, has abused the confidence of his sovereign, and is equally an enemy to his majesty, and the just rights of his people.—That they do not attribute guilt to any one; much less do they pronounce judgment without previous investigation. They ask for investigation, prompt and rigid investigation, and the punishment of guilt wherever it may be found."——It was in vain, we repeat, that ye vented your spleen in these strains;—alas! ye had no *Beckford* to give them tongue, and ministers are not fools enough to suffer such *truths* to offend their master's eye, lest

he should suspect that they were not quite so clever, and matters were really not going on so well as they would wish him to believe. —Do not content yourselves with grumbling in your *Common-Hall*, nor suffer any minister to *browbeat* you out of your rights, as witnesses are frightened out of their senses by some *arrogant lawyers*. Persevere! and, whenever the cause demands it, inflexibly maintain your privilege of addressing the throne, speaking out your grievances, and requesting redress.—Remember, in particular, those of your representatives, who have supported ministers in measures, of which you have marked your disapprobation, and, at the next election, show as much contempt for their solicitations of support, as they have evinced for your instructions and interest. Be true to the trust devolved to you from your brave ancestors, and be faithful guardians to posterity. If ye did but rightly appreciate the character of those courtiers, who conceit that they can frown you out of

countenance, (and of which we have endeavoured to assist you in forming a proper idea) ye would estimate it at just so much as it is worth—an *honest man's contempt*.—See how that manly character, Cobbett, threatens to beard such squinting, frowning, bugbear adversaries!—

“ If no one at all join me, and if no requisition be made from any other quarter previous to the 15th of October, I MYSELF will then make the requisition; and, if a meeting be not thereby obtained, I will then present, **IN MY OWN NAME, and in MY OWN PERSON,** if it be possible, a petition to the king, for the purpose above mentioned”—(an inquiry into the ignominious convention of Cintra).

COBBETT.

What a thundering fellow this Cobbett must be! He openly advertises for a certain number of associates, and swears, that if not one join him, he will *beset* the palace in his own person.—Let us pray:—

God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King ;
God save the King !—
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord, our God arise !
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix,
God save the King !

All loyal Britons surely will appear in arms, to prevent this dragon of Wantley—no Botley, from swallowing up our gracious king.— Do not despair. As our glorious patron, St. George, overthrew the dragon of Wantley, why may not our glorious sovereign, George, throttle this desperate fanged dragon of Botley. He wages war like a game cock in a battle royal—defies all, and has at all. Placemen, pensioners, contractors, jobbers, lordlings, witlings, borough-mongers, the host of public defaulters and dilapidators ;—

e hangs them up all indiscriminately on a gibbet, as a kind of *memento*, or *weekly register* of the sacrifices which he offers up to the indignation of his injured and insulted country. Easy it is to assume the *patriotic ant*—a plenteous dictionary of which may be picked up from the *slang* speeches of E—e, '—x, Sh——n, B—e, G—y, C——g's pigrammatic fictions, and B——s's fictitious prose; and many are the traitors, who, disguised as *True Britons*, (wolves in sheep's loathing) have more than once persuaded many of .

“————— the herd confus'd,
The miscellaneous rabble ——”

hat they were the people's bravo; but have ropped into hireling ministerial tools on the very first opportunity. The people, however, ave been illuminated in their darkness, and, ve sincerely trust, will never want a *faithful and vigilant sentinel* in Cobbett. A volume f dark deeds has been already opened for ublic inspection; but more than the original

Sybilline number remain to complete the black story. Let us henceforth look to actions, not words. Placemen would ever be thought the champions of their country; and the present set take more credit to themselves than the modesty of merit would allow, from merely spouting out cries of *No Jacobinism!* — *No Popery!*—This scheme exactly answers their ends, of filling their own pockets, although at the expence of paralyzing the strength, and wasting the marrow, bones, and nerves of the country. To bolster up the evidence of their patriotism, they lavish the most gross abuse against Buonaparté, who is an antagonist deserving the opposition of men of talent and courage, and not to be frightened by the *slang* of *Billingsgate*. As the boy once said:—

“ *My mother whips me, and I whip the top.*”

So the *OUTS* whip the *INS*, and they whip *Buonaparté*.

But these *disinterested* gentlemen might as well take care that they do not put a rod

in pickle for their own backs:—A British public is easily deceived, from their generous nature, which will not suffer them to disbelieve a man's word, till they have proved it to be not worth a farthing; but common sense effects that for them which nature does for puppies, and opens their eyes in nine days, *more or less*. They have lately witnessed so many of their evolutions to the right—to the left—to the right about—to the left about;—and so many progressive, retrograde, and oblique movements, and mutual charges against each other—that they are apt to fancy they see in them only knaves moving, mechanically as it were, at the impulse of *self-interest*. The word *patriot*, in such mouths, smells as strong as the scent which a fox leaves behind it; and such men are proper game for the public, who have need of some kind of sport to make them forget their troubles.

We have no doubt that Cobbett would have redeemed his pledge, if the necessity had not been happily prevented by the good

sense and general concurrence of the freeholders of Hampshire ; but he, perhaps, with all knowledge of state tricks, would have been scarcely aware of the peril into which the attempt would have brought him. The meanest scullion in the royal service is interested in the defence of *good old customs*, as the *loaves and fishes* are denominated by those in the secret.

Pray, Mr. Cobbett, how much might you imagine that every discharge of the Tower and Park guns, on a rejoicing day, may cost the nation ? How much, say you ?—Twenty—forty—sixty pounds at the farthest ?—Above *five* hundred pounds ! Every domestic in the royal service claims an allowance of beef, and two bottles of wine ; the former of which articles have been known to have been retailed by them at five-pence per pound, when the market price for similar joints has been nine-pence or ten-pence.—Yes, Mr. Cobbett, you must have had a heart cased in a triple plate of brass, to have run the gauntlet through such ranks ; but—

“ Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
 Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
 COBBETT, pharetrâ ;—”

Perhaps, the *Cock and Cryer* might have
 envoured to blow you up, or cry you
 in. You may be unacquainted with the
 nature of this important office too : It is held
 by a coal-merchant in Petty France, whose
 principal duty it is to go one morning in every
 week to Whitehall, and crow Cock-a-doodle-
 do, thrice!!! For this important trust
 established ever since the time of Charles I.
 (perhaps from some signal made in vain to
 the unfortunate king) the officer receives
 five hundred pounds a year—and, it is to be pre-
 scribed, claims perquisites as well as the rest.
 Thus, from the roaring of the Tower guns,
 to the shrill crowing of the cock,

*We bleed—bleed—bleed—and bleed at ev'ry pore ;
 And shall still bleed, till we can—bleed no more.*

But it is now time to leave Cobbett to do his own work, (which we do with a hope that he will persevere in his present manly conduct) and return to our own. Generous minds will often brook an injury—seldom an insult. When Sir Thomas Fairfax offered a petition to Charles I. being on his knees, and the king on horseback, the horse threw Sir Thomas on his back in the dirt;—whether through the king's means or not is not certain; but he rode off immediately, without taking the least notice of either the petition, or petitioner. What a dreadful foe the king afterwards found in Fairfax, is too well known to need repetition.

Ever since Mrs. Clarke excited the risible muscles of the House, every motion has been entertained with laughter. For instance, in Mr. Windham's speech on the motion for the committal of the *Animal's Cruelty Prevention Bill*, (as reported in Bell's Weekly Messenger of Sunday, June 18th, 1809) we read thus at different intervals:—

1 (<i>A Laugh</i>)	4 (<i>A Laugh</i>)	7 (<i>Laughter</i>)
2 (<i>Hear</i>)	5 (<i>Laughter</i>)	8 (<i>A Laugh</i>)
3 (<i>A Laugh</i>)	6 (<i>A Laugh</i>)	9 (<i>A Laugh</i>)

This must have been, indeed, a most laughable speech—more so than that famous one, which all must remember, of *bull-baiting memory*. We could be well content, at *seasonable intervals*, to be relieved from the dull, stale trash of a newspaper, by some of those *drolleries*, as the jests of the merry-andrew takes off the *tædium* of the professional gravity of the mountebank doctor; we could laugh when *Castlereagh* calls *horses* his *countrymen*, and claims *kindred with brutes*; but, on grave subjects, on which the happiness of millions depends, we should be glad to hear *more sense in fewer words*. Particularly, we cannot approve of laughter when a member terms the present attempts of certain patriotic members to bury the *stinking offal of corruption, outrageous virtue*. But we hope that the *friends to their country* will not be *buffooned* out of their *honesty*, any more

than the jesters on its privileges are to be shamed out of their knavery.—To use the expression of the *immortal Nelson*;—“ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY.” He is a traitor to her who suffers himself to be either *frowned* or *laughed* out of his *duty*.



NATIONAL PILLARS.

(An Epigram from *Canynges*'s Chest.)

SAYS *Hal*, a placeman,—“What vile stuff
Your *Jacobins* are canting
About reform ;—we're well enough,
In spite of W--rd--e's ranting :
King, lords, and commons, jurymen,—
Will not all this content ye ?
Such *pillars* have we”—“Yes,” cries Ben,
“And *cater-pillars* plenty.”

“ — And Jacob sod pottage; and Esau came from the field; and he was faint:

— And Esau said to Jacob: Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom.

— And Jacob said: Sell me this day thy *birthright*.

— And Esau said: Behold, I am at the point to die; and what profit shall this *birthright* do to me?

— And Jacob said: Swear to me; and he sware unto him; and he sold his *birthright* unto Jacob.

— Then Jacob gave Esau *bread* and *pottage of lentiles*, and he did eat, and drink, and rose up and went his way: thus *Esau despised his birthright*.”

GENESIS, c. xxv, v. 29, and seq.

IF *Edom* was the Hebrew term of reproach for a man who sold his *birthright* to fill his maw, in those days, it has long ceased to be so in these days, when we are overrun by *Edomites*, who have sold the country to ministers, and themselves to the devil; for we cannot believe that any less punishment

awaits a traitor to his country, which is the highest species of all treasons.

There was a time when members of parliament received a daily pay, whilst on duty, from their constituents; of which Andrew Marvel is the last example on record. These gentlemen then acknowledged themselves the servants of their constituents, and would adopt no very important measure without having previously consulted with, and been instructed by them. In the reign of King Edward III. (four hundred years ago) we have two remarkable instances of the commons refusing new subsidies without consulting with their constituents. In the licentious days of Charles II. we meet with many addresses from counties, cities, and corporations, not only thanking their members for their past conduct, in bringing the authors of bad advice to condign punishment, and asserting their undoubted right of petitioning, but also exhorting them to persevere in the same laudable endeavours; requesting them not to consent to any money-bill till their

grievances should be redressed; and promising to stand by them, in the pursuance of these ends, with their lives and fortunes. This firmness of the people put the court upon the diabolical device of bribing the members with part of their spoils of their constituents, and then began that system of corruption, whose weight now threatens to drag the nation into the abyss of bankruptcy, if not to annihilate its existence as a nation. Many members of Charles II.'s long parliament were men of broken fortunes, and lived upon their privileges and pensions. It was a maxim with them that they must not give the king too much at a time, lest he should have no more occasion for them; so they were to take care not to starve the court, lest they themselves should be starved by the same means. A list of the pensioners of this long parliament was extant in 1695. The sum of £252,467 was given in bribes in less than three years, besides other vast sums expended in dinners by Coplestone, Wiseman, and other court-bre-

ers, who kept open house for that purpose, here each rascally member found under his gate ate so many guineas as it was thought his daily drudgery had merited. It has also come to light that, in Charles II.'s next parliament after the long one, nine members had received in bribes £3,400, and that the sum of £12,000 had been given or lent to others. Eighteen pensioners in parliament were discovered in 1679, viz. two at £1,000 a year; two at £500; two at £400; four at £300; and four at £400; besides nine others who had received unknown sums from this perjured king. These were not only to vote for the court themselves, but to use all their interest to bring over others. But this was mere petty larceny—cakes and gingerbread—the wholesale dealing of more modern times!!!

The immediate advisers of William III. persuaded him, that the same system of bribery was necessary to the support of his throne; and even in those days, when liberty and patriotism were at their height, there

was a general outcry against bribery and corruption. There was room for it indeed! The East India Company was convicted of bribing the lord president, the speaker of the house of commons, and *the king himself!*—(Could all the vases of diamonds, or inlaid ivory bedsteads of the Indies, bribe his present majesty?—Perish the thought!) But the mischief did not end there. The corporation of London was convicted of corrupting the members of the lower house, as well as some peers. So general was the contagion, that the highest officers in the arms practised low and knavish tricks to defraud in their accounts. Colonel Hastings was cashiered for his roguery; and so iniquitous were the proceedings of the agents and contractors, that, when called upon, they refused to produce their books.

Queen Ann's ministers thought proper to continue the same peddling game; but it was reserved for Walpole, who made the famous assertion that, "*every man had his price,*" to reap the glory of completing the

organization of this system. Under his magic wand, the government became a government of venality and corruption—the balance of the three estates was broken and destroyed—the king, lords, and commons were united into one indivisible body. It was no longer a contest between different candidates for the crown; or between the crown and parliament; or between lords and commons; for king, lords, and commons were embodied into one great political phalanx against the people. Their interests, views, and habits, were precisely the same. The ministers did every thing; the laws were planned in the cabinet, and registered in the parliament. The ministers were lavish to those who did their *dirty jobs* without murmuring; the commons would not be so blind as to oppose those ministers, who paid them profusely out of those very supplies they raised upon their constituents; and the lords were not so sottish as to quarrel with those tax gatherers, and tax distributors, of whose extortions they partook so liberally.

now well known that they were most strongly attached to the persons of the abdicated family.—Yet such was the caprice of party and politics, that they formed the sword and shield of the Whig interest, acted upon revolutionary principles, and conquered in a revolutionary cause.

There can now be very little doubt that Harley, the first earl of Oxford, was a staunch Whig at heart, as appeared by the casting vote which he gave, when the Hanover succession was settled.—Yet he kept fair with the Tory party, and reposed on the treasurer's staff. Bolingbroke was first a Tory; but, experiencing some disappointments, he became so violent a Whig, that, being threatened with the arm of power, he exiled himself. Some time after, having received a promise of oblivion, he came back, and would have resumed Toryism; but, finding the door to royal favor for ever barred against him, he again left his country. Sir Robert Walpole was a Tory when he was at the head of administration, and Sir

William Wyndham was a Whig when out of it. Yet the former rose by the services which he did to the Whigs ; while the latter, at one time, endangered his life by his connexions with the Tories.

Upon Sir Robert's resignation, affairs took a new turn. In less than six months afterwards, the whole system of popular thinking and reasoning upon parties was fundamentally overthrown. The words *constitution*, *patriotism*, *public spirit*, and such like expressions, with which Bolingbroke and the other *State Quacks* used to work such wonders upon the minds of two-thirds of the nation, lost all their magic ; and, hated as the late minister was, the most sensible part of the public began to believe, that his schemes of government were at least as *honest*, and much more practicable than those adopted by his successors in power. The effect was, that Englishmen were in danger of losing all reverence for government ; all ideas of civil subjection were almost abolished ; an open resistance to authority was every where

talked of, and in many parts of the kingdom actually took place. His majesty was more than once obliged to recommend it from the throne to his parliament, to fall upon methods to restore the tranquillity of the public, and to prevent the frequent acts of robbery and murder of every kind, that every day shocked humanity. It was too evident that the root of all these enormities lay in that disrespect which the common people had conceived for their superiors, who, though armed with power, were not invested with authority. Examples of virtue were wanting, and all confidence between the governing and governed was upon the point of being destroyed. Such was the deplorable state of this country, when Mr. Pelham took the helm; and, throwing the Tories on one side, and the Whigs on the other, he steered the public vessel so direct a course, that party seemed almost annihilated, and the public wounds in a state of healing, when he died. William Pitt (afterwards earl of Chatham) began his career with the Whigs, and on the death of

the late king, was obliged to give way to lord Bute, a red-hot Scotch Tory, and (strange as it may seem !) a relative favourer of the banished Stuarts.

His unpopular measures, and particularly his *gross preference* to his countrymen, roused the public indignation, which drove him behind the throne, whence he still continued to move the succeeding administrations, until the Whigs again resumed the ascendancy ; first under the marquis of Rockingham, and next under Mr. Pitt ; who, accepting the title of earl of Chatham, lost all his popularity, and did not long survive it. The duke of Grafton and his successor lord North were rank Tories, and to the half-witted measures of the latter were owing the disturbances in America, and a civil war which he knew not how to conduct. He was, therefore, obliged to give way to Rockingham and the Whig party, amongst whom was the Hon. Charles James Fox, who set out a Tory ; but, having been lurchd by lord North, turned his face to Whiggism.

The death of Rockingham having dissolved this concern, the Tory, lord Shelburne, was nominated his successor, and the Whigs threw up their offices. North and Fox, the two leaders of the Tories and Whigs, now formed that political monster, a *coalition*, and forced out Shelburne; but their very first, the notorious East India Bill, was fraught with such danger both to the crown and country, as to give a fair sample of what might be expected from such an unnatural combination, and they were dismissed *sans ceremonie*. William Pitt (second son of the earl of Chatham) then took the reins. He was deemed a Tory from his connexions with many aristocratic families; but it may be very justly doubted, as he elevated the mercantile and manufacturing interests to a pitch hitherto unknown, even in this seat of trade and commerce, and lifted more commoners from their shops into the house of lords, than any twenty ministers together had ever done before him. Fox and his party, however, affecting to retain the appellation of

Whigs, or revolutionists of 1688, bestowed on the premier the epithet of *the Tory*; but he proudly kept them at bay during twenty-two years; (the small space of the Addington administration, if such it deserves to be called, only intervening) when death closed his career, and so weakened his party, that the *soi-disant* Whigs rushed into the treasury bench, and quietly seized upon every seat. Here, however, they soon out-toried Toryism, and not only trod in the steps of Billy Pitt, the Tory, but even attempted to exceed him in that practice which they had been for years abusing; namely, an extension of the excise laws. Aware of the royal disapprobation, and of the declension of their popularity, which alone supported them, and having brought themselves to the dilemma of a choice between the crown and the public, they ventured their stake upon the latter, and were dismissed by the former, although they would have retracted, aye, and contracted for any thing to keep their places :

but their doom was sealed, and the Hon. Spencer Perceval erected the banners of Toryism and High Church over these fallen desperadoes, who immediately had the effrontery to resume the long abused title of Whigs.

“ Driven from court, they again became the people's friends.”

Sed credat Judæus.

Having thus traced all these *State Quacks*, down to the present time, let us now see what their *nostrums* will cost the nation. A national debt of £800,000,000, bearing an annual interest of *eighty millions*, in addition to the current expences of a war with all Europe, and a corrupt domestic establishment; to meet all which, we have a *ruined commerce*, being excluded from America and the whole continent of Europe, and the liberty of chaunting ‘*God save the King*’ and ‘*Rule Britannia*’, till our lungs ache as badly as our hearts.

Rule, Britannia! Rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves,
Though ever fools, and dupes to knaves.

}

May God, of his infinite mercy, for ever confound both *Whigs* and *Tories*, and send us some *Oakhampton members* to dispel the shades of corruption, and preserve to us the ghost of freedom, if we cannot obtain the substance. Or rather, may the God, who gave us liberty with life, make us truly sensible of the invaluable gift, and ashamed to let a little, and once rotten borough, show us the way to an emancipation from ministerial fetters. Let the representatives be sent free of expence, and they will become what they were, and ought to be—the servants of their constituents. If one of them were then to refuse to listen to the voice of his constituents, and still dare to keep his seat as their representative, let him be branded as an infamous barterer of the public rights for his own solitary interest—as another—“*Cacus Aventinæ*

timor, atque infamia sylcæ!" On the contrary, heap honors, and if the case require it, riches too, on the WARDLES, and really independent, honest guardians of the public weal. The traitors will feel the cutting distinction; there will be less temptation to the treason, when probity will be honorably distinguished and rewarded; and it will be readily allowed, that it would be infinitely preferable for the service of the people to bestow their own bounty by subscription, than to continue the practice of making *State Quacks* their *alms-givers*. No longer pursue the will o' th' wisp idea of a parliamentary reform by parliament itself. Reform yourselves;—resume your rights over your servants, which you have lost by making too free with them:—command in a manner to show that you will be obeyed, or they shall be dismissed. Enough will be proud of managing your concerns under your superintendance, and it is only the unjust steward who shrinks from the eye of his employer.

The horde of possessionary and reversionary moles may deprecate an inquiry into all the abuses that have occurred during the last half century, as *the means of keeping alive the present ferment in the public mind on the subject of abuses*: every true Briton must wish the ferment to be kept alive, till the only effectual emollient has been applied, or, at least, till the next general election shall give them an opportunity of electing *skilful doctors*, and ejecting with contempt all *state quacks*. Let us have no more *camphor bags*—no more *sedatives*.—Awake, ye sleepers! The natural dissolution of parliament is yet far distant; but keep your eye upon it; be resolute in your design of wiping away the foul disgrace, which has for so long time attached to the noblest *prerogative* you enjoy—the election of the representatives. Suffer not the dread of expence to keep men of talents and integrity from coming forward; on the contrary, encourage such to offer themselves. One general and virtuous exertion of your undoubted privilege, would,

in a great measure, remove all your complaints—at least, the ground work of them; and the superstructure of abuse must incontinently follow. Complain not, therefore, of your ailments, when your remedy is in your own hands. Say but that you will be sound, and ye must be so. The late proceedings are before you, and so are the lists of the members of parliament, who voted for and against the redress of your grievances: separate the unsound sheep from the sound ones; the cure is performed!

Trust not to *septennial* promises; they are forgotten ere you have given the power out of your own hands *seven minutes*. They pay them all with the *smoke* which the Italian author, *Boccalini*, mentions in his *Advices from Parnassus*. The mercenary band, who have been the chief agents in the ruinous business, treat this picture of affairs as chimerical; they *will* not see that times are so bad as they are represented; nay, as they are *felt* to be by all but themselves. This sea of trouble is, in their opinion, far preferable to

that halcyon state, for the return of which every honest and industrious man sincerely prays. Habituated to low chicanery, possessing an interest in creating disorder, and reaping a plentiful harvest from the general confusion, the pressure of the state is to them a scene of festivity ; its groans their music ; and, like thieves, attending on a shipwreck, they gather spoils from the public distress. This has been long the *philosopher's stone* used in the profession of *political alchymy*, and the *transmutation of metals* has never been practised with more success than in *modern elections*. When a man once contracts a habit, he scarcely ever leaves it off.

THE DYING USURER.

OLD *Three-Blue-Balls*, as griping knave,
As ever lent on pledge,
At last found one leg in the grave,
The other on its edge.

The priest was summon'd to attend
For his last consolation ;
Pray'r done—the cer'mony to end,
The priest made preparation.

The sacramental cup was brought,
And *Gripus* ey'd it round ;
“ The pattern's old,” cried he, “ ill wrought—
“ I'll lend—I'll lend—a pound.”

Our *political Gripusses* have shewn, by long experience, that they will never turn off their *bad habits* whilst by force or fraud they can retain them ; and, therefore, it is high time to turn off them.

The superb mausoleum of the constitution has been forced open, and notwithstanding all the ministerial carving, gilding, veneering,

polishing, and furbishing on the outside, the inside was found to contain stench, rottenness, and corruption. . Remove the meretricious ornament, and clean it out; it will again become the admiration of the world, and the pride of Britons; destroy the altar of corruption on which the right and comforts of the people have been so long immolated, and the once famed old English hospitality may again return. At present, all is churlish and selfish from the pressure of the times, and more tax-gatherers than friends or acquaintance knock at our doors. How truly may our chimnies exclaim with chimney A, in the Spanish dialogues, to its neighbour B —“ It is all over with me, my dear neighbour; the Lares, my protecting gods, now freeze by my hearth, and the same chillness seizes myself from head to foot!”—But see what clouds of warm, dainty smoke evaporate from the public purse through the chimnies of the Buckingham, Grenville, Wellesley, &c. Even Col. Gordon, should he go on with his house at Chelsea, may afford

to keep up a tight, little, decent smoke out of his *job*; and out of gratitude to the crown surveyors, who helped him to so good a bargain, he cannot do less than to ask them to warm themselves now and then. What egregious fools are the public, to imagine that court-pensioners lead an indolent life! There are not a more busy, active, industrious set of men in the creation. They must furnish themselves with lists of all the crown lands, church lands, offices, posts, employments, &c.; inform themselves who are in possession, or reversion; when there is like to be a vacancy; under whose patronage (petticoat or otherwise) they respectively are; watch for the deaths of the incumbents; flatter, fawn, and pimp for the patronesses or patrons; keep a strict eye upon all rival candidates to defeat their views; and must be as alert in their *calling* as pick-pockets.

THE MERRY PLACEMAN.

(*A Parody on Mr. Fawcett's Song of 'The Merry Soldier'*)

“WHO wants a place?” said the premier sly—

Flash went exchequer bills, and guineas chink'd sweetly;

“Here Master Chancellor,” whispered I wilily,

“Is a lad who will answer your purpose completely :”

My father was a commons' man, and well he knew his
trade,

Of conscience, or such trifling things, he never was
afraid :

He'd murther, scoff—pair off,

Move, vote,—by rote,

Just like trenches—storm the benches,

Over-reach—with long speech,

Make a clatter—without matter,

And, like him, I found a parl'ment life, if taken smooth
and rough,

A very merry, hey down derry, sort of life enough.

“Ready your jaws,” said the premier at drill—

Flash went exchequer bills, and guineas chim'd loudly!

“Say *Aye* when I smile, and *No* when I frown”—“I will :”

For a well fill'd purse the premier flash'd so proudly ;

My father died when pensioner, but I ne'er turn'd my
back,
Until a placeman grown, in the *loaves and fishes* I'd a
snack :

Made a splash—cut a dash,
Jeer'd whig—talk'd big,
Without sense—mood or tense,
Spain, France—loan, finance,
Balance, pow'r—by th' hour,

Till I'd done the thing securely, then who but I so bluff,
Led a very merry, hey down derry, sort of life enough.

Our luckless premier got himself into disgrace,
Yet flash went exchequer bills, and guineas chink'd
cheerily ;
'Bout I put the ship, just in time to keep my place,
My quondam friends look'd blank, but I simper'd right
merrily ;

My father made the *public good* a pretty *private trade*,
And I'll follow his example soon as Chancellor I'm made :

Take my seat—cab'net treat,
Carve dishes—loaves and fishes,
'Mongst friends—for private ends,
Thin or thick—never stick,
Till comes souse—upper house,

Perhaps a Baron's life may prove, if taken smooth and
rough,

A very merry, hey down derry, sort of life enough.

Till lately they feared not detection, imagining their phalanx so impregnable, and their ill-gotten pelf so strong a stimulus to each individual to defend the general cause, that no persons would be found hardy enough to attack them. A single man, however, (but that one man, in himself, a *host—a tower of strength*) has sufficed to break through their ranks, and, without any other *ægis* than the *honest truth*, has frightened these guilty cowards to retreat behind the old entrenchment of *custom*. It would avail a *petty thief* at the Old Bailey but little to plead that his father, grandfather, and great grandfather had all been thieves before him; it seems, however, that there is another measure for *wholesale thieves*; but we are of opinion with that judge who observed that it would tend more to further the ends of justice to hang one villain with ruffles, than ten shirtless rogues. It is seldom, indeed, that we find men making laws against themselves, or we could put Mr. Perceval in the way of making a notable addition to his bill

for the *prevention of the sale and brokerage of offices*, and also to the revenue of the country. *Let him add a clause to confiscate the whole real and personal property of any person convicted of purchasing, or selling a seat in the house of commons, or of being guilty of bribery at elections!* The country at present is sick of half-witted men, and half-witted measures. The axe should be laid to the root of corruption, or to the neck of those wretches who pollute the fountain of so glorious a constitution.

We have discovered that the cry of *Jacobinism* has been made the stalking horse from behind which corruption, taking its stand, has levelled, in security and without suspicion, at all the dearest rights and privileges of a Briton. We have seen a member of the privy council, and a treasurer of the navy, flatly refuse to account for thousands of the public money, threatening, in case the secret should be extorted from him, the disgrace should overwhelm greater rogues than himself;—we have seen supervisors of con-

tracts furnishing supplies themselves, and auditing their own accounts; in short, we have been nauseated with the disgusting scene of the maggots of avarice, corruption, and meretricious influence preying on the state, army, navy, church, and East India affairs; in short, where have we not seen them, and yet we have not seen a thousandth part of them. CACUS's den is no longer fabulous, since Hercules Wardle has opened a few of the secrets of another den. When the temple of the constitution is become the den of thieves, it is time to overthrow the tables of the money-changers. If a minister be allowed to corrupt the representation of the people to keep himself in power, why then the right of being represented is a mere nullity, and the minister may as well be suffered to choose at once the whole parliament. Indeed, for the questions which have generally employed them, it is no matter by whom chosen. The security of their pastimes by rendering those slavish laws, the game acts, more oppressive, scarcely ever

escapes their notice, whilst the rights of their constituents are hacked to pieces on every side, and the mangling business winked at by the majority for their share of the plunder. Mr. Perceval may plead that the treasury has always been a mart for the sale of seats in parliament to those engaging as ministerial hirelings; but, as a lawyer, he ought to know that *general warrants*, although for a long time acquiesced in *sub silentio*, were at length declared *oppressive and illegal*—when it is a question to inflict the greatest severity on such men as White and Hart, the oldest authorities are ripped up and stretched to the utmost. Mr. Perceval is the more inexcusable for any breach in the constitution, because from his former professional pursuits, he cannot infringe through ignorance. The constitution, as fixed at the revolution, and further established by the act of settlement, is too plain to admit of chicanery—too rational to be turned, like a lawyer's brief, into right or wrong—a white bear, or a black bull. Whoever runs may

read ; and whoever reads cannot judge amiss. By the act of settlement it was enacted, “ that no person, who hath an office, or place of profit under the king, or receives a pension from the crown, shall be capable of serving as a member of the house of commons.”— This wholesome clause was afterwards repealed.— Now, as the ministerial gentry have made so much alarm against a reform of parliament, lest, by touching it, the whole constitution should tumble to pieces, we should be glad to know whether any alteration whatever can possibly be so dangerous as this lifting up of the floodgates of the house of commons, and letting in such an inundation of worse than crocodiles of the Nile?— If one hundred and fifty borough-mongers can command a majority of the house of commons, (as has been offered to be proved before the house) they hold the liberties of the people in their pockets, their tools of members being *their* representatives, and not *those of the people*, which even *Mr. Johnstone’s* logic can never disprove.

“The destruction of the constitution of England will arrive,” says Montesquien, “whenever the representative shall become more corrupt than the executive.” Whether the season is, or not near at hand, let the people judge from the scenes lately disclosed to them. The same writer, we think, also remarks that that is a good government which has in itself a capacity of growing better. Now there is no man so ignorant as not to know that the British government possesses that capacity in a wide extent; and they justly ascribe any attempt to impose upon them a belief that it cannot grow better to the true motives—the avarice of the ministerial tools and dependents, and the Cannings, Bowleses, Freres, Giffords, Beazeleys, and other epigrammatists, pamphleteers, and alarmists, whose only apprehensions are for their own emoluments—whose patriotism is at their fingers’ ends, and never once out of their pockets, but to scribble, or to count their gains out of the public purse.

It would be ridiculous to waste time in

proving, what even ideots could be made sensible of, that by removing one of the fellest diseases, with which any constitution can be attacked, that constitution will not be rendered better; it would be equally absurd to stay to enforce that corruption in the representatives of the people is that most fell disease, since one such parliament, it is allowed on all hands, may give the *quietus* to the liberty, and, consequently, to the prosperity of Britain. It would be an equal waste of time to offer evidence that such corruption does exist in a dreadful degree, when it has been so explicitly asserted, admitted in the house of commons, although there could be very little need of such admissive proof when it is so notorious that men wholly unknown in boroughs have been elected to represent them, and, in one instance, the electors did not even know the names of the candidates, but voted for the earl of S——'s man, or my lord N——'s man; as if one should bet upon a match, who never was on a race-course in his life,

and knew neither the pedigree, figure, qualities, nor even the colour of the horse he backed. The case then is, not whether the British government has in itself a capacity of becoming better; but whether those to whose hands the bane and antidote are entrusted, will administer the one or the other. In either case it is a happiness that they must now act undisguisedly, and let their aims be public; it is a blessing that, if they will not reform themselves, the people will soon have it in their own power to *discard them, and choose other, more faithful servants*. It becomes the duty, therefore, of every elector to—

“ — keep his eye upon the corporal,” —

and, when giving his vote, to oppose those candidates, who have before opposed, or may be in any shape suspected from his connexions of intending to oppose, their wishes for a redress of grievances, *acknowledged to exist*. Let it be henceforth, at least, neces-

sary, if a rogue wishes to slip into parliament, that he assume the appearance of that virtue which he has not; and, if he dare to pull off the mask, reject him as a rogue on the very next occasion. It is to be hoped that parliament may have the virtue to reform themselves; if not, it is a consolation that the next election may *constitutionally* reduce them to—*mere bubbles!!!*

Electors! ye may then serve all double-dealers as the *Satyr* treated the *Clown*, in the following fable:—

THE SATYR AND CLOWN.

To his rude cell a Satyr led
A Traveller with cold half dead,
And with kind welcome greeted;
Threw on the fire a pile of wood,
To thaw his guest's half congeal'd blood,
And bade him to be seated.

His tingling hands the stranger blew—
The Satyr thought it something new,
And bluntly asked the reason:
“ Sir,” quoth the man, “ I do't to *warm*
“ My fingers, chill'd by this bleak storm,
“ And most inclement season.”

The Satyr gave him from the pot,
A mess of porridge smoking hot,
Hot as e'er came from fuel;
He blew again—the Satyr cried—
“ What's that for friend?”—the guest replied—
“ Sir, 'tis to *cool* my gruel.”

The host, amaz'd, exclaimed—“ So, so!
“ And can you *contradictions* blow?
“ This moment quit my cottage!
“ My honest walls shall never hold
“ Such rascals as blow *hot* and *cold*—
“ The devil find you pottage.”

Electors!—we caution you not to be upon your guard against the deceit of others; your deceivers have been anatomized, and their gangrened secrets exposed to public view; we caution you against *yourselves!* Do not suffer yourselves to be wheedled out of a Briton's most invaluable privilege—*an unbiassed representation*, as a poor girl was deluded out of her dearest possession—*an unblemished reputation*, by the following artful speech of a bawd:—“ You are now, my dear child, in your bloom; use it as people do their *interest at elections*; make the best market you can for yourself; for, believe me, in spite of the cant about virtue, honor, reputation, and such terms, all the good qualities on earth, when you grow old, if you have not money to back them, will hardly make interest enough for you to get into a workhouse.”—You have too long witnessed similar harangues of those old bawds, the *borough-mongers*, to be misled by them; but beware of that insidious, traitorous *self-hypocrisy*, which reconciles

all manner of villany to a man's own conscience, by this *salvo*— .

“ I do these things for the good of my family.”

This is the last refuge of the *wretch*, who heaps up immense riches at the nation's expence, and accumulates unwieldy estates, by putting up the interest of his country to sale. Are not the paltry bribes, for which ye sell yourselves to a *seven years' slavery*, laid on a thousand fold on you, and your posterity, through the avarice, corruption, and ignorance of those who buy you to sell again? Will your posterity, deprived of almost every privilege, and retrenched, by burthensome taxes, of almost every enjoyment which makes life worth the having, have reason, think ye, to bless, or execrate, your memory?—That will be according as ye shall now exert yourselves. The eyes of all the world are upon you. Buonaparté himself is a hundred times more daunted by the retreat of our late commander in chief

before the dissatisfaction of an insulted spirited nation, than he would have been at the Duke of York at the head of *five hundred thousand men*, in arms.

A small fractional part of the integral abuses of public trusts have been dragged before you. They stand recorded to posterity on your national journals and records. It is there proved that rogues and prostitutes have debased royal patronage by trafficking in red coats, black gowns, and (*clamant omnes indignissimè factum!*) even in *lawn sleeves!!!* How do the straight locked methodists grin to hear that the *typical whore of Babylon employs real whores for the benefit of the clergy!*—It is proved that, notwithstanding at the commencement of each session of parliament, the house of commons act upon the laudable jealousy of their predecessors, and resolve, as appears by the journals, that no peer of the realm hath a right to give his vote for the election of any member to serve in parliament—and also

that, “ it is an high infringement upon the liberties and privileges of the commons of Great Britain, for any lord of parliament, or lord lieutenant of a county, to concern themselves in the elections of members to serve in parliament;” it is proved, we repeat, that the election for Westminster, between lord Hood and lord John Townshend, the lords of the Council, Treasury, Bed-Chamber, &c. subscribed to pay the expences in proportion to their salaries; that, at a late election for the same city, the late ministry abused the public trust and treasure in a like infamous interference; and that it has been asserted in the house of commons, and acknowledged by the present ministry, that a *treasury-traffic* in boroughs has ever existed, and does still exist!—It may be seen in the Court Calendar, that during the present reign there have been created one duke, eleven marquises, thirty-eight earls, thirteen viscounts, one hundred and twelve barons, and thirty-three Irish converted into British peers

—in all two hundred and eight votes in the upper house, besides seven royal dukes, and bishops; and out of these it is proved that less than one hundred of them have possessed themselves by purchase, or otherwise, of so many burgage tenures, and rotten boroughs, as will lay one hundred and fifty members of the house of commons under their thumbs. It is proved that above three hundred other members of the house of commons are nominated by about one hundred and fifty-four individuals!—So that a majority of the (*ought-to-be*) representatives of five millions of *representable men*, (which are the least supposable number according to the late *census*) are the *representative creatures* of about two hundred of barterers of the public rights, and worse than *Promethean vultures*. It is proved that there are public *pensioners* in the house of commons to the tune of £200,000 annually, who are but ministerial hirelings, and yet the poor ignorant tinman of Plymouth, who wanted to put in for a

job, was then prosecuted by the present leader of the present administration *ex officio*, for that misdemeanor which he now defends *ex officio*, and we should be happy to add, *invitá minervá*, against the grain ; but it is too often the case that *honores mutant mores*. We judge of men by their *acts*, not by their *speeches*, though some of them have possessed that essential quality, *length*, in such a degree as to have sent one half of the house to the coffee-houses, and sent the other half into such a doze that they have scarcely been able to yawn out *Hear! Hear!* when the *watchman of the party* gives the signal. When a censure is moved on the conduct of the commander in chief, Messrs. Perceval, Canning, Rose, Castlereagh, &c. cannot see any reason for it—any good it can do.—When lord Castlereagh is accused of borough-trafficking, Messrs. Perceval, Canning, Rose, &c. think no notice ought to be taken of it, because the bargain did not actually take place. When Mr. Perceval himself is charged with simi-

lar practices, he modestly bows to the house, and leaves Messrs. Canning, Rose, Castlereagh, &c. to vote him out of the scrape. When Mr. Whitbread, after adverting to the increasing influence of the crown in that house, and the absolute necessity of its speedy reduction, moved "That the house, in the course of the next session, will take into its consideration the necessity of its limiting the number of those persons who hold seats in parliament, together with emoluments and places under the crown."—The motion is negatived by Messrs. Perceval, Canning, Rose, Castlereagh, &c. although this measure would not be an *innovation*, but a *resumption* of *rights* ignobly surrendered. When a penal bill is proposed against the purchase of a sale of boroughs, which Messrs. Perceval, Canning, Rose, Castlereagh, &c. dare not openly oppose, they fritter away and *amend* the clauses till the bill itself is nugatory, and the mover and supporters are ashamed of it, and would abandon it as a child exchanged

at nurse; but those against whom its operation was intended, will have it now pass, to prevent another, and an efficacious one, from being forced upon them. When Mr. Bankes, on considering the third report of the Committee on Public Expenditure, proposed an amendment, abolishing all *unnecessary offices*, (which, perhaps, might be one third of the whole number) and reducing the amount of those performed by deputy to the amount of the allowance paid to such deputy, Messrs. Perceval, Canning, Rose, Castlereagh, and all the necessary or unnecessary placemen, voted against it. When, on the third reading of the Irish Revenue Regulation Bill, Sir I. Newport moved for the *omission* of a clause, which went to the extent of protecting all officers of the department of the Inland Excise, in their *previous corrupt practices*, from the penalties of the act of 1806, Messrs. Perceval and Co. supported the clause, but the majority of the house were ashamed to go to such lengths.—It is in vain, therefore,

to expect any Reform of Parliament, or of corrupt abuses, in its present state.

THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION WILL, IN ALL PROBABILITY, STAMP US FREEMEN, OR RIVET OUR CHAINS!!!

THEREFORE BRITONS EXERT YOURSELVES!!!

THE HUMBUGS.

(A new popular Song.)

SINCE *humbugging* now is the rule of the day,
 And *humbugs* have got all the best of the play;
 Rich rogues, at their will, twirl the nation about,
 To *hum* themselves *in*, some *hum* others *out*:
 Sing tantararara all's *hum*!

With *speeches* of four hours' length the rogues fob us,
 And their *honor* is only a crape-mask to rob us;
 This world's a large hive, where to labour we're come,
 But, like bees, enjoy nothing, excepting our *hum*:
 Sing tantararara all's *hum*!

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes—
 Drones fatten by robbing the honeycomb, that is;
 A rogue worth a halter, shall die worth a plum,
 For to talk of *Impeachment's* a very fine *hum*:
 Sing tantararara all's *hum*!

A hint at *Reform* gives them mortal alarm,
 As thieves dread the runners of Bow-street's long arm;
 All the gang for protection round each other cling,
 And, were justice not *hummm'd*, all together would swing:
 But 'tis tantararara all *hum*!

When another *Election* shall alter their notes,
Give the knaves hearty hisses, honest men plumper votes ;
Prove the *Rights of the People* are not all a *hum*,
And make rogues dread such *beating* as *Pat* gave his
drum :

And sing tantararara w'are *hum* !

END OF VOL II.



THE
SETTING SUN;
OR,
DEVIL AMONGST THE PLACEMEN.



THE
SETTING SUN;
OR,
DEVIL AMONGST THE PLACEMEN.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A NEW MUSICAL DRAMA;
BEING A PARODY ON
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA,
AS LATELY ACTED, WITH UNIVERSAL ECLAT, AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, GLYSTER PLACE;
WITH
HINTS FOR A MASQUERADE JUBILEE,
ON A GRAND SCALE.

BY CERVANTES HOGG, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"Like thieves, surpris'd whilst they divide the prize,
Still seeming doubtful where their safety lies."

D'AVENANT.

VOL. III.

London :

Printed by J. D. Dewick, 46, Barbican,
DR T. HUGHES, 35, LUDGATE-STREET; CHAPPEL, PALL
MALL; GRAY AND SON, PICCADILLY; KIRBY AND CO.
OXFORD-STREET; BLACKLOCK, ROYAL
EXCHANGE; AND WILSON,
ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1809.



THE
SETTING SUN.

REVERSION MONGERS.

“ Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd,
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.”

ARMSTRONG.

“ To be concerned for a family,” observes the facetious Tom Browne, “ for children, and things after us, is only proper to a man; a horse never breaks his repose for thinking whether his son will be preferred to the cart or coach.” Now, whether, in point of philosophy, Tom means to give the palm to the man, or the horse, is rather dubious, as he draws no conclusion, but leaves his reader to judge for himself. If we may draw an in-

ference, however, from the providence of the Grenvilles, Percevals, Wellesleys, and even the Castlereaghs, (who disdain the improvidence of their Houyhnm brethren, although they panegyryze their fitness for campaigns) the preference is by far on the side of the human animal. The enjoyment of the good things of this world for their own lives is so insufficient a recompence for their *astomishing abilities*, and the *services* derived from them to this *happy country*, that they must secure the reversions of from £20,000 to £50,000 a year to each of their respective families for two or three generations to come. Sweet, amiable, paternal, fraternal, and kindred love! But we would ask those *provident gentry*, whether they do not think that mankind in general are possessed of the same amiable feelings, and whether it can be pleasing to them, or in any degree reconcilable with propriety, that their posterity should be empoverished to pamper the pride of a few overgrown robbers; unless, indeed, these *gentry* will engage (of which, however,

there are not the smallest hopes of their performance) to leave the country in so flourishing a state, that, during the enjoyment of their reversions, it shall need no man of business, who will as naturally look for some remuneration as themselves, and, as we believe the whole country will agree with us, cannot deserve it less. The amiable *young fry*, to whom these reversions are secured, may be ideots; but, were they to be blessed with genius, they would not look upon the rewards bestowed on the *wonderful deeds* of their ancestors, as a payment for their own exertions. Some new burthens must therefore be laid upon the public, unless a pestilence should carry off some of their *incubi*, or (which Heaven avert!) some new revolution should play the wet sponge, and wipe off all again. Public offices were never intended to be granted in reversion; they are deposits of public property in the hands of the crown, to be bestowed on meritorious individuals for services rendered to the state. Now, can one of these reversion mongers

stand forward, and assert without blushing, that his services merit even the place he holds in *possession*! We do not think lord Castlereagh himself could outface it. They do not rest the point on their merits; but, on Mr. Bankes's motion for restraining all such reversionary grants in future, they bel-
lowed him down, as intending an infringement on the royal prerogatives.

No such thing! Mr. Bankes and those who supported his motion, are the real supporters of the royal prerogative, and Mr. Perceval and those who, like himself, hold, or hope to receive reversionary grants, are the underminers of the throne. If the king knew the truth, he would abhor them. Gloze the picture as you may, this is its true light. The king is in the situation of a good-natured, easy man of large landed property, who, being surrounded by a parcel ear-dropping scrubs, grants them leases for three lives of the best parts of his estate; so that when his son comes to inherit after him, he has nothing left for benevolence,

scarcely sufficient for subsistence. He must pass through life without dignity and respect, even from those very persons who fatten on his spoils.

What must the prince of Wales, or whoever may be the next possessor of the crown, think, when he has occasion to reward some future Nelson, Abercrombie, or Moore, or their descendants, to be told that he has not the means, all the appointments having been pre-engaged by the Percevals, Wellesleys, Castlereaghs, &c. If he should be disposed to doubt the validity of such grants *in future*, and to *nonentities* at the time of the grant, the public would think he was strictly just, if not, strictly legal, in so doing. If the case were stated in this manner, which is the strict sense of it, to his majesty, there would be no occasion, we are persuaded, to bring the matter before parliament again; the king would never put his sign manual to another reversionary grant to the prejudice of his heir, of the crown, and of the country.

A desire to provide for his family was as natural to Mr. Hamlin as to Mr. Perceval; yet the one was punished for a mere private overture to purchase a place, at the instigation of the other, who has openly avowed a traffic in them! What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander—should be so, at least; but, says the same Tom Browne, “it is a jest to think that those, who have power, will not take care to support themselves against all that attack them.” When Mr. Madocks charged Mr. Perceval, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Henry Wellesley with trafficking for a seat, the ministerial tools and rotten borough-mongers vociferated:—“A stand! a stand! it is high time to make a stand against popular encroachment.” Now we say that it has been long high time, was then high time, and is now high time, to put a stop to corruption, speculation, venal patronage, and petticoat influence! We will now give Mr. Perceval a *case in point*. Junius has a letter to the duke of Grafton, on an affair exactly parallel in every bearing to that of Hamlin.

A Mr. Samuel Vaughan made an offer to his grace of £5,000 for procuring his son the reversionary grant of clerk of the crown in the island of Jamaica, for which offer his grace caused him to be prosecuted. Now we have only to let Junius speak for himself, and the comment must be obvious.

“ TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

“ MY LORD,

“ Though my opinion of your grace’s integrity was but little affected by the coyness with which you received Mr. Vaughan’s proposals, I confess I gave you some credit for your discretion. You had a fair opportunity of displaying a certain delicacy, of which you had not been suspected; and you were in the right to make use of it. By laying in a moderate stock of reputation, you undoubtedly meant to provide for the future necessities of your character, that, with an honorable resistance upon record, you might safely indulge your genius, and

yield to a favourite inclination with security. But you have discovered your purposes too soon, and, instead of the modest reserve of virtue, have shewn us the termagant chastity of a prude, who gratifies her passion with distinction, and prosecutes one lover for a rape, while she solicits the lewd embraces of another."

Oh, Mr. Perceval! again Mr. Perceval.

After giving a specific instance wherein his grace had "*basely set up the royal patronage to auction,*" which we shall parallel with Mr. Madocks's charge, and Mr. Perceval's unequivocal confession, the letter goes on thus:—"Your cheek turns pale, for a guilty conscience tells you, that you are undone. Do you dare to prosecute such a creature as Vaughan, while you are basely setting up the royal patronage to auction? Do you dare to complain of an attack upon your own honor, while you are selling the favours of the crown, to raise a fund for cor-

rupting the morals of the people? And do you think it possible such enormities should escape without impeachment? It is indeed highly your interest to maintain the present House of Commons. Having sold the nation to you in gross, they will undoubtedly protect you in the detail; for while they patronize your crimes, they feel for their own.

JUNIUS."

There's a *precedent* for you, Mr. Perceval! We will venture to assert, that if you could have forseen what Col. Wardle and Mr. Madocks were about to bring to light, the world would not have heard any thing about that poor simpleton Hamlin, the tinman, nor have had your *termagant, prudish chastity* foisted upon them. What could you think of yourself, when you were lugging that fool into court, when with his letter in one hand, you were paying money *for corrupting the morals* of the people with the other?

Hide your diminished head! We do not give you credit for modesty enough to make

an apology to the poor fellow after your own detection ; but, by all the little which we ourselves possess, had we been in Hamlin's place, we would have required it of you ; and if he has paid any fine, called upon you for a remittance of the amount.

In any new dictionary of the English language, *Perceval* and *Prudery* should be synonymous.

But to proceed with our subject :—We will now find two notorious *precedents—cases in point*, Mr. Perceval—where imprudent grants of the crown have proved fatal to the weak and wicked monarchs who granted them, and to their rapacious favourites the grantees. The prodigality of Edward II. having reduced the crown to poverty, the parliament stripped Gaveston, the king's favourite, of immense grants which he had made to him, and passed a law, that the crown lands should not be alienated ; they being, according to Spelman, *sacrum patrimonium*, an unalienable inheritance ; not the demesne of the king, but the demesne of the

crown, and from which he was to maintain only his household and kingly dignity.

This law, however, was soon repealed, and a fresh torrent of profusion broke out in favour of the Spencers, which terminated at length in the death of the king. Richard II. trod in the very same steps, and met with the very same unhappy end.

We will now find another *precedent* of an honest lord chancellor, which we would recommend as a rule for the future conduct of lord E—— whilst he shall be in office. Scrope, the chancellor in the second Richard's reign, boldly and honestly refused to set the seal to the king's grants to his minions, nor would he surrender it to any, but into the king's own hands, who accordingly came in person, and deprived him of his office.

And now we are upon the score of recommending rules of conduct, we may, with the strictest propriety, recommend to lord Castle-reagh a little attention and good manners towards his *worthy masters*, the public, who pay such immense sums to support him and

his nine *official relations*, or rather, *relations in office*, for their services, or supposed services. As every person should know why he *stands corrected*, we will give his lordship a reason.

On the day that the news arrived of Sir Arthur Wellesley's defeat of Joseph Buonaparté, who, by the by, we imagine to have been an abler lawyer's clerk than a general, it was rumoured about the Exchange that there were some news in town. About twelve o'clock, the people began to assemble about the Mansion House, in the *very reasonable expectation* that some communication had been made to the lord mayor; but he knew no more than themselves. At two, the Tower guns fired, (another £500 out of the public pocket) and still nothing transpired. The lord mayor then dispatched a messenger to lord Castlereagh's office, who returned with an answer and the account of the victory at *half past four!* As things are, it was very well any answer was sent.

Do, my lord Castlereagh, excuse the liberty

of such an obscure creature as *ourselves*, if we presume to approach humbly your high, mighty, puissant, and, what is far beyond all, *disinterested* self, and ask you a question:— Pray, my lord Castlereagh, do your masters pay you and your nine relations in office for nothing, and do you really imagine that *Englishmen* have no concern whatever in the *affairs of England*, that you should treat them thus scurvily? Remember that my lord mayor, the common council, and the good citizens of London are not *Irish horses*. We know not what my lord mayor thought of your conduct; but, if we were ever to be lord mayor, and any secretary, though a man of your vast genius and abilities, were to treat us so cavalierly, by G—! he should never wipe a greasy chin at a *civic fête* during our mayoralty.

We shall now recommend in general to all those who are in office, and not adequate to the duties of it—to resign; to those who receive the public money for doing little or nothing, to contribute all, that may be over

and above the value of their services, towards the relief of the public burthens ; and lastly, we recommend this, *our present work*, to the perusal and attention of all of them, hoping it may mend them—worse it cannot make them. *Valete et plaudite!*

THE BOY AND GOOSE THAT LAID GOLDEN EGGS.

There was a little boy, and he had a little goose,
And the little goose laid little eggs of gold ;
The foolish little boy kill'd his golden little goose,
And his *avarice* made the little boy—*catch cold.*

CHURCHMEN.

“ Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
He shall well pass for a cathedral doctor.”

JOHNSON'S VOLPONE.

TOM BROWNE tells us that, “though ignorance is none of the best qualifications for one that sets up for director of others, yet it is better we should have a few ignorant *parsons*, than our parishes have none to look after them ;” and he gives us the following whimsical and right reverend authority for it :—“ My lord D—— asked a certain bishop in the late reign, why he conferred orders upon so many blockheads?—‘ Oh ! my lord,’ replies he, ‘ it is better the ground should be ploughed by *asses*, than lie untilled.’ ”—How many asses *Mistress Clarke* has turned into the spiritual ground, we cannot tell, but we know that not one-tenth part of the

ground, which is paid for, is properly tilled. It has mightily astonished the ignorant, who are the never failing dupes of priests, that archbishops, bishops, deans, prebends, and doctors in divinity, should knuckle to prostitutes for promotion; but every one, who reads and studies history, knows that it has seldom been otherwise with them.

But before we proceed farther, let us premise that it is not *religion itself*, but the *trade of religion*, of which we must understand to speak; so let us have fair play for it.

In the first century of the Christian æra, the chief weapons with which the then David, *Christianity*, assailed the Goliath, *Paganism*, were the virtues of the primitive professors, their care of their reputation, and the morality of the fathers, all of them essential articles in attracting public notice, and fixing the public esteem on a new and obscure sect; for such were the Christians many years after the death of their master. Their rigid tenets were regarded by all the higher classes as *unfashionable*. The sect being

confined, therefore, to the poorest classes, their virtues were more secure behind the ramparts of ignorance and poverty. The shield, which they used for defence, was no less admirably adapted to ward off persecution, by taking away every ground of jealousy. They professed to be dead alike to the business and pleasures of the world, and of course to ambition. When their numbers increased, so as to give some rise to apprehension, it came out, upon an imperial order issued throughout all the provinces to inquire into their tenets and morals, that they were the most harmless and self-denying people in the universe. Christianity, on these accounts, slid on into manhood, before it was yet suspected to be in its infancy; and when its strength was more apparent, it occasioned little dread, as, like their master, they declined, rather than sought for the honors of state, or pomp of wealth. But it was not long before they totally lost sight of their divine example, and became the worshippers of *Mammon*. The apostles confined them-

selves to a *disinterested* teaching of the law of Christ, and pretended to no *legislation* over the *purses* of their *hearers*. After them, the societies of different cities, towns, and villages, resembled so many *republics*, united by faith and brotherly love, without distinction of rank; and their pious discourses were the effusions of any of the assembly, who felt, or conceived they felt, the divine impulse. This unrestrained system was, at length, found to be so productive of confusion and dispute, that the sacred function was confined to two descriptions of men, styled *Bishops* and *Presbyters*. Their jurisdiction, at first, was merely of a *spiritual* nature; but it was soon extended to a *superintendency* over the *fund of the faithful*, and to an adjustment of their disputes without the interference of Pagan authority. On any vacancy, the bishops were chosen by the whole congregation from among the presbyters; and, on any controverted points, it was first a custom, which afterwards settled into a law, for the bishops to assemble in the provincial capital

to settle the point. These meetings were termed *synods*, their decrees *canons*. Here commenced ambition, avarice, and intrigue, too often attended with perjury, blows, and bloodshed. Under the reign of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, we find the bishops claiming from him filial duty and reverence as fathers of the church and ministers of the true God; Ambrose commanded the Cæsar, Theodosius to retire below the rails, and to know the difference between a king and a priest; and, at the table of Maximus, Martin, the bishop of Tours, drank and gave the cup to his presbyter, before he allowed it to be presented to the emperor, whose empress waited on Martin at table. The bishops now claimed to be *censors* of the public morals, and, in that capacity, restrained their excommunications from the heads of the emperors alone. All this respect might have been, perhaps with propriety, paid to a real, or apparent, *saint-like virtue*; but the mask soon fell off when (as was the

case at Sardica, under the emperor *Constans*) two different parties fell to spiritual blows, or in plain English, to damning each other to the lowest pit of hell, as the enemies of the true God. Other *prelatical* vices soon appeared. *Simony* was known and practised at so early a period as the reign of Valerian, when the bishopric of Carthage was purchased by a matron, named Lucilla, for her son Majorinus, with a *douceur* (as it is termed in our *present virtuous* days) of four hundred *folles*, or about £2,500. Paul, metropolitan of Antioch, drove a snug *church-trade*, by extorting contributions from his flock, and converting the public stock to his private uses, one of which was the maintenance of two handsome young women, whom he kept publicly in his palace. But, under the emperor Valentinian, the *joke* grew so *serious*, that almost every private house was in danger of falling from being undermined by *ecclesiastical vermin*. The emperor's edict, addressed to Damasus, bishop of

Rome, and publicly read in the churches, admonished the ecclesiastics and monks not to frequent the houses of widows and virgins; and all testamentary gifts of money, valuables, or land, to any persons of the ecclesiastical order, (afterwards extended to bishops and even nuns) were declared void, and the donation was forfeited to the treasury. "I do not complain of this law," says Jerom, "but I lament that we should have *deserved* it."

It is hence apparent, that superstition was the step to fornication and adultery, and thence to the defrauding the natural heirs of families of their inheritances. It is but too well known to be repeated here, that the successors of St. Peter afterwards, and during centuries, extended their rapacity over every kingdom, principality, and state, and affected supremacy over every crowned head in Christendom, until Luther, Calvin, and King Henry VIII. of England, stripped the lion's skin from the *ass*, and Buonaparté has lately degraded it beneath the rank of a *lady's donkey*.

We wish we could say that the *Protestant Church*, when it separated from what it delicately termed, the *Whore of Babylon*, had likewise separated from all its vices; but it would be to compliment at the expence of truth. Priests were ever the same—ever tenacious of sway, and, like *parasitical plants*, ever clinging to, and climbing by the more powerful *state-ones*. The *Leviathans* of the *established religion* took special care to swallow up all the *benefices*, and left others to do the duty *from l'amour de Dieu*, and *peu pour le centre*, which created *internal grumblings*, and schism after schism. England then hurried on towards those dreadful times—

“ When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk,
For dame Religion, as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore;

When *gospel trumpeter*, surrounded
 With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
 And pulpit, *drum ecclesiastic*,
 Was beat with *fist*, instead of a *stick*:"

HUDIBRAS.

Huzza, then, for reformation! Every *cobbler's stall* was a *basilica*, every *cooper's tub* or *butcher's block* a *rostrum*, the *canopy of heaven* the only *diocese*, and every *fool* his own *bishop* and *presbyter*. Here again we so much *overstepped the modesty of RELIGION*, that we were glad to retrograde as it were, and compound for a little *intolerant toleration*, or limited *religious monarchy*. In this way we have jogged on, not very like sociable Christians, but, thanks to the civil restraints, with more *ink-shed* than bloodshed, till lately, when Christians of all sects and denominations were astonished to find that, behind the *bed-curtain*, what the *lady* says to her lover, Sir *Hudibras*, of the *omnipotence of her sex over our weaker one* is very true :

A second *Butler*, now, would be worth a *bishopric*, although the first did not fare so well as a *cathedral bell-toller*; but England will never enjoy the *honor of starving* another. What can be done then? The best mode of getting out of the scrape will be to throw the joke upon the malice of the conventiclers, by repeating the old proverb—“*two of a trade can never agree,*” and hitting them in the teeth with the following true anecdote:

THE METHODIST-PREACHER AND CLERK.

A *rev'rend tinker*, gifted souls to save,
To's hungry hearers Heav'n's riches gave :
Which done, *Amen*, a very worthy mate,
To all the saints in turn held forth the plate :
 Each gave his mite,
 As was but right,
Such promis'd treasure to ensure.—
Amen the vestry sought with looks demure.

The congregation gone, the parson hied
To vestry door, and thro' the key-hole spied—
 Knowing the maxim true as brief,
 To “ *set a thief to catch a thief.*”

There he beheld *Amen*, in study brown,
Whether to pocket half, or a whole crown :
 “ Touch not the *crown* with impious hand,
 “ Or you are d——d !” the preacher cries.
Quoth *Amen*—“ If I don't, I'm d——d !”
And in his pocket whips the prize.

LORDLINGS AND HACKNEY, COACHMEN.

“ ————— O *Pelopidas!*

Rather than buy my pleasure with such baseness,
I'd be a brute ; methinks the happier creature :
The gen'rous horse, loose in a flow'ry lawn,
With choice of pasture, and of crystal brooks,
And all his cheerful mistresses about him,
The white, the brown, the black, the shining bay,
And ev'ry dappled female of the field :
Now, by the gods, for aught we know, as man
Thinks him a beast, man seems a beast to him.”

LEE'S MITHR.

WE remember, when at school, to have been astounded at the whim of that precious fellow, Caligula, in bestowing the consular dignity on his horse, *Incitatus*. But, as experience grew up, our surprise gradually diminished, and we now think that some horses, and even asses, would fill up certain offices as well as they are executed by their present possessors. *Incitatus* could not speak, it is true, but then many of our members of

parliament are only two monosyllables (*aye* and *no*) before him. It must have been a happiness to have lived under the auspicious reign of an emperor, who rewarded merit wherever he found it, without respect to persons—and having discovered a genius in his horse, advanced him to the highest honors of the state. He had no doubt suffered through the ignorance and rapacity of former servants, and he would no longer put up with any thing for a minister, as some later monarchs have done, but chose this faithful and generous beast of burthen to support the weight of government. During the whole administration of this *great statesman*, he never made a trip; and should he have led his master into any thing that was dirty, there is no doubt he would have carried him through, and not have left him sticking there. It is a pity that history has not recorded the pedigree and education of this statesman, whether he was fit for a phal car or dung-cart, a whip-club man, or a prig of a parson; but we

cannot entertain the least doubt of the *nobility of his blood*, from his having so often been in contact with the *royal seat of honor*.

For our parts, we never can separate in idea statesmen in general from beasts of burthen, which will wade through any dirty work, without being sensible of any wound to its dignity.

As for the *nobility*, one might imagine that it had rained peers for a night, from observing so many *mushrooms* spring up in the morning. There is no such thing as walking a mile through the streets of the metropolis, without running one's nose against a star. As the ware is grown so cheap, so is it become of a very indifferent quality. But we cannot complain, as formerly, of lofty lords, and stately barons, who formed, in contrast with the commoners, two distinct nations in one state. No ;—since the middling classes of plebeians cannot ascend to them, they have graciously descended to the rank of middling plebeians, at least, in their manners, language, and dress ; and the star,

now usually concealed as a badge of shame, beneath a grazier's frock, or a coachman, or a woman's box-coat. The military spirit of these families, which were originally ennobled through the heroism of their ancestors, was quite sunk beneath the enormous load of *trading peers*, who consider every thing, even nobility itself, as a job; and no wonder, since it is so seldom conferred on a commoner for any other reason than his wealth. Alike sensible to their own honor, and to that of their country, the latter would have been as much an object of contempt as the former, had the body of the people had not made a common cause for its support, with their swords in one hand, and their purses in the other. Buonaparté knows this—feels this to be true. Titles should never be bestowed for wealth only, which is oftener gained by guile than honesty, and oftener applied to purposes of corrupting than of maintaining the constitution. The hope of being grafted into the Patrician families roused the genius and energy of the *Catos* and

Scipios; and the same hope made *Agricola* obtain the hand of the daughter of *Augustus*. Titles bestowed on merit, will not be so readily prostituted, as those acquired by less worthy means, as posterity are, in general, ashamed to tarnish the well-earned honors of their progenitors. Whilst our nobility and gentry seem paralyzed, how many great men have sprung up from the lowest to the highest ranks in France. Take an example by way of contrast.

FRANCE.

The Prince Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, (Cambaceres)	} Duke of Parma.
The Prince Arch-Treasurer, (Le Brun)	} ——— Piacenza.
Talleyrand	- - - Prince of Benevento.
Cardinal Fesch	- - - ——— Primate.
Marshal Berthier	- - - ——— Neufchatel.
——— Bernadotte	- - - ——— Ponte Corvo.
——— Moncey	- - - Duke of Cornegliano.
——— Massena	- - - ——— Rivoli.
——— Augerau	- - - ——— Castiglione.
——— Soult	- - - ——— Dalmatia.
——— Lasnes (dead)	- - - ——— Montebello.

Marshal Mortier	-	-	Duke of Treviso.
——— Ney	-	-	——— Elchingen.
——— Davoust	-	-	——— Auerstadt.
——— Bessieres	-	-	——— Istria.
——— Victor	-	-	——— Belluna.
——— Lefebvre	-	-	——— Dantzie.
——— Kellerman	-	-	——— Valmy.

COLONELS-GENERAL.

Marshal Marmont	-	-	Duke of Ragusa.
——— Junot	-	-	——— Abrantes.

GREAT OFFICERS OF THE CROWN.

Caulaincourt, Grand Chamberlain	-	Duke of Vicenza.
Duroc, Grand Marshal of the	}	——— Frione.
Palace		

GENERALS.

Savary	-	-	Duke of Rovigo.
Arrighi	-	-	——— Padua.

Besides numberless others, raised from obscurity solely by their talents or genius for war, or intrigue.

ENGLAND.

WHIP CLUB.

Leader	-	-	Charles Buxton, Esq.
Second in command	-	-	Lord Hawke.
Third	-	-	John Rogers, Esq.
Fourth	-	-	Humphrey Butler, Esq.
Fifth	-	-	Captain Agar.
Sixth	-	-	Hon. Martin Hawke, Esq.
Seventh	-	-	Massey Dawson, Esq.
Eighth	-	-	Sir Harry Vane Tempest, Bart.
Ninth	-	-	Stephen Atkinson, Esq.
Tenth	-	-	Henry Osbaldestone, Esq.
Eleventh	-	-	Paul Methuen, Esq.
Twelfth	-	-	Lord Clinton.
Thirteenth	-	-	Hon. Lincoln Stanhope.
Fourteenth	-	-	John Harrison, Esq.

All of noble, or good families, and large estates; who, by unremitting perseverance, and an habitual association with coachmen, grooms, and stable boys, have qualified themselves to *drive a stage or hackney coach!*

Their Costume for the year 1809.

A dark green mixture coat, with *three tier of pockets* as before, made very long and full in the front; skirts even unto the ancles. A mother-of-pearl button of the size of a half-crown-piece; the collar full, and of the same cloth. Waistcoat, yellow and green striped alternately. Small-clothes, the Peyton-cord, cut up to the arm-pits, and longitudinally over the swell of the calf; silk strings, and pearl buttons. Boots of the jockey kind, extending high enough to meet the garters of the breeches, with long straps cut very broad. Hat of *drab beaver*, five inches and a half deep, by four on the brim.

There is one *material* alteration since the last season, viz. the coach and four in hand, instead of being engraven on the buttons, is now only to be introduced on the seals attached to the watches of the members.

Can any thing in the *costume of Parisian puppyism* exceed this? We have never seen any such thing in their *tailor's bulletins*!

“ Most modern wits such monstrous fools have shown,
They seem'd not of Heav'n's making, but their own ;
Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass,
But there goes more to a *substantial ass* :
True fops help nature's work, and go to school,
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.”

DRYDEN.

These *manual wits* are, in point of understanding, just upon a level with the late Sir Robert Mackworth, of driving celebrity, who caused to be painted on the pannel of his phaeton, the bloody hand of a baronet, with a figure of 4 in it, emblematical of driving *four in hand*!—Thus our nobility and gentry descend into the stables, whilst stable boys in France ascend into the highest ranks!—Lasnes was the son of a smuggling publican, and was himself a smuggler originally. Junot served in the shop of his father, who was a corn chandler. Bernadotte, the son of

a chairman, was a common soldier, previously to the revolution. Augerau was in a similar station. Massena was the same, and a deserter from the Sardinian troops. Cardinal Fesch (Buonaparté's maternal uncle) is the son of a tinker. Beurnonville is the son of a porter. Ney is the son of an old clothesman, and was a bankrupt tobacconist at Strasburg. Mortier was a shopman under his father. Savary is the son of a Swiss porter. Yet these are the men who shake all the thrones in the world to their very foundations; whilst our heroes are a terror only to their cattle!—None but fools, however, will wilfully shut their eyes to exclude the phantom of danger. Let us see the day light. The system of a military despot, which has already baffled all the political and military calculations of *the old school*, is too congenial to French levity and vanity to be easily abandoned. The education of their youth is wholly military. From the moment that a boy enters the public schools, or *prytanées*, he is enrolled in a com-

pany, regularly drilled, exercised, reviewed, punished, degraded, or advanced, according to martial law. The conscripts of France, therefore, instead of being, as is falsely imagined, raw levies, are a regular, disciplined, national militia, fit for actual service the moment it is put in requisition. Europe, and this country in particular, must look forward to continual struggles, during the life of the present Corsican military despot, and until some other ruler shall prefer the peaceful employments of agriculture and commerce to fields of blood. Let us see our danger with a steady eye, and it will be half overcome by use, and preparation to meet it. France can, at any time within a month, call, or, as we term it here, *drag* into the field above 150,000 young men, accustomed to military duty almost from infancy, and all of them better fitted to command than nine out of ten of our own officers upon first joining their regiments. Such a power raised almost without expence, and, as it were, *self-renewing*, must finally become the master of all

its rivals, and create, abolish, or dispose of empires, kingdoms, states, principalities, and republics at its pleasure. Here is the *arcanum* of French conquest, and happy will be this country in the end, if their *military-education-system* be not too hard for our *four in hand regime*!

In spite of the *tactics* of one of the *Buenos Ayres heroes*, and the bombastic declamations of *Mr. Bull-baiting Windham*, Buonaparté would have put it to the trial long since, if we had not fought him with somewhat like his own weapons, our *volunteer system*! And it is only by a continuation of the same system, that we can ever hope to command an honorable peace.

GREAT BRITAIN MUST BECOME A MILITARY NATION—GREAT BRITAIN MUST RETURN TO ECONOMY—OR GREAT BRITAIN MUST FINALLY SINK BENEATH THE ENVY, JEALOUSY, AND MILITARY SYSTEM OF FRANCE!!!

If the nobility of France had not degenerated into *whip-clubbists*, and *opera-house*

committee-men, they, perhaps, would not have been, as they are, for the greater part, at present, the vagrants and contempt of society. Nothing is more common than for a person to be stopped in the streets of Paris, by a person whispering—"Pray, Sir, bestow your charity on the Marquis or Marchioness of —, or the Baron or Baroness of —, ruined by the revolution." Numbers have eternally tarnished the brilliant lustre of their ancestors, by associating with the dregs of Europe, as fawning slaves of the Buonaparté family, not one member of which but has waded through murder, incest, unnatural crimes, and all the filth of prostitution, whom they despise for the meanness of their origin, and by whom they are equally despised for the meanness of their dispositions. Some ply in gambling-houses and bagnios; others grind music, and the very hawkers and pedlars of France complain that their trade is knocked up by the marquises, counts, and barons, who ply the streets and roads! One should think that the misery of the

French emigrants to this country should have operated as a check to frivolous and vicious pursuits, and the danger of the country have acted as a stimulus to the general defence. The middling and the lower ranks have stood forward nobly: but where have been the higher ranks?—In the back ground—lost to every thing—to themselves. Is there one nobleman who, at this distressing juncture, has offered to assist his country, *without accepting the wages of office, like a journeyman tailor or shoemaker?*—Not one. The service of the country is no longer regarded as honorable, but merely venal.—We have journeymen statesmen, and they do their business like other journeymen—slovenly enough. Sir William Curtis's barber is about upon a par with the most sagacious among them, and, no doubt, would be equally *garrulous* upon the Treasury Bench. If one attempts to expose the peculation or blunders of these *barber politicians*, and the case is too glaring for them to attempt to put him to death by an *attorney-general fever*, he is in-

stantly turned out before the public, and pursued with a cry of *A Jacobin! A Jacobin!* To which we reply—*A ministerial raw-head and bloody-bones to scare children!* The defaulters of *unaccounted millions* are the jacobins—the levellers; and were the king himself *permitted* to read our lucubrations, we have no doubt that he would exclaim—*Ministers! ministers! rogues! rogues! Cervantes Hogg! honest fellow! honest fellow! tells truth!* Let us duly appreciate the intent of these *ministerial alarmists*, and we shall find that it is a cloak to cover corruption. “I will not kill thee,” says a quaker to a dog that had stolen his meat, “but I will give thee a bad name.” He accordingly shouted *a mad dog! a mad dog!* and the poor animal soon fell under the sticks and stones of the terrified populace. Another set of jacobins are the nobility, who have *levelled* themselves with hackney-coachmen and grooms, and afforded a reason to the world, from their propensities, to doubt whether their mothers have not played false with their

fathers' coachmen or grooms. When we hear such a fellow boasting of his birth, it reminds us of the following anecdote:—The grandson of a French *chimney-sweeper*, who had climbed up to *noblesse* through the chimnies of Paris, was everlastingly boasting of his *noble extraction*, and the services which his ancestors had rendered to the public. “Certainly,” says a gentleman who knew his origin, “the public are obliged to your ancestors, for if it had not been for them, *Paris* had been in danger of burning more than once.” In time, the descendants of our present *hackney-coach-gentry*, may, with as much propriety, boast of the services which their ancestors have rendered to the worthy citizens of London, by driving them in a shower of rain. We may laugh at Buonaparté's *legion of honor*, but our own *whip-legion* is more contemptible; we may sneer at his *new noblesse*, but we had better correct the dissolute manners, and bring back the ancient spirit of our own. The *shopkeepers* of Britain are become *noble*

warriors, and our *noble warriors* have degenerated into *coachmen*! In point of number, the balance is *happily* in our favour, or Buonaparté might have found his *body-coachmen* among our *nobility*, as he has extracted his *pages*, and *grooms of the chamber*, from the most ancient nobility of all the other courts of Europe; instead of driving the French before them, as their ancestors have ever done, they might have been driving them behind a *pair of Castlereagh's Irish brethren*. "In some grounds," quoth Tom Brown, "every thing degenerates, wheat runs into barley, artichokes turn to thistles, grapes give nothing but verjuice." Why does nobility at present degenerate in this country? Let us have a *repartee* for it:—

CROSS BREEDING;

OR,

THE LORD AND CITIZEN.

Says a *lord* to a *cit*,
With treble his wit,

“ It’s no wonder you *cits* grow polite ;
“ Since we lords, from the west,
“ With your wives do our best,
“ And with *children* your *dinners* requite.”

Quoth the *cit* to the lord ;

“ May be so—on my word,
“ But *your sons* are but fit to drive *hacks* ;
“ For whilst you roam here,
“ At home, with *your dear*,
“ Your *groom* plays the *beast with two backs*.”

So that accounts for it !

PARISH FEASTING,**AND****SELECT VESTRIES.**

“ Every man therefore began to tipple, ply the pot, swill and guzzle, till in fine they fell asleep like pigs.”

RABELAIS.

WHEN the lion is sick, every ass thinks to have a kick at him with impunity. We have squandered already one hundred millions in continental subsidies and intrigues, which would have enabled us to have carried on the war with spirit during five years; we have lately added to 11,000,000 more for our two, worse than fruitless, expeditions to the Scheldt and Spain. No resources, we repeat it, can withstand this foolish prodigality; we must reach their *ne plus ultra*, in time, if we do not put on the curb of economy in every department, individual as well as national. Every the smallest source of extravagance should be dammed up. But

no; we calmly yield to the most contemptible innovators of our undoubted rights. We speak now of the petty tyranny of *Select Vestries*. Numerous are the parishes, and the number daily increasing, wherein have sprung up of late these *oligarchies*, whose tyranny is the more insupportable in proportion to their contemptibility. In some of these they plead *custom*, in others, the *guarantee of an act of parliament*. The first originated in the supineness of individuals to the parochial concerns, when their importance was but trivial to their present state; the latter have been obtained by clauses inserted into acts passed for repairing churches, or other businesses, of which the parishioners never suspected its making part; and many parishes have been thus bound hand and foot, without entertaining the least idea of their intended fetters, till they have been rivetted.

Blackstone describes *churchwardens* as the guardians or keepers of the church, and representatives of the body of the parish.

They are sometimes appointed by the minister, sometimes by the parish, sometimes by both together, as custom directs. They are taken, in favour of the church, to be for some purposes a kind of corporation at the common law; that is, they are enabled by that name to have a property in goods and chattels, and to bring actions for them, for the use and profit of the church. *Yet they may not waste the church goods, but may be removed by the parish, and then called to account by action at the common law.*—By this description, the *body* of the *parish* stood for *somebody*, but, in numberless instances, a few designing, ambitious, avaricious individuals have reduced it to *nobody*. The *church goods* may be, and are *daily wasted*, and the parish can neither remove the dilapidators, nor call them to account at the common law. We know how these *local* and *private* bills are passed. An advertisement in some obscure part of a newspaper, which, perhaps, never strikes the eye of a dozen of the parishioners, paves

the way for the introduction of the bill into the house, where for want of notoriety of the bill itself, or of its intended scope of usurpation, it passes as an act according to the wishes and for the benefit of the parish, ninety-nine hundredths of whom are indignant at the deception, when the effects of it begin to be practised upon them. The first set of these *select vestrymen* are, in point of fact, *self-elected* through an insinuating, designing coxcomb of a *law agent* or *vestry clerk*; these select other vestrymen, who are men of *their own kidney*, and they generally agree that the *rates* shall exceed the necessary expenditure of the parish, so as to cover their "*copious cramming*" and "*numerous swilling*;" and of this overplus, it is a *standing order*, that, according to *Rabelais*, who seems to have been a modern vestryman, "*one part should be laid out in good drinking, another in good eating, and the remainder in both.*" Then every *hog* to his *swill-tub*!

But this is mere *cheese-curds* and *whey* to what follows: These select vestrymen are

usually the parish collectors, and if any of them decamp, which has often been the case, it has as often happened that the proper securities have not been required previously to their entering upon office, and the parish stands to the loss! The *parish officers* are all invariably *selected* from the friends of these *self-selected vestrymen*, or *little parochial gods*; and situations, thus conferred through partiality, are always regarded solely as places of gain, ease, and comfort. The *parochial rates* are assessed with the same partiality, and a man, who should dare to oppose the *select vestry system*, would be sure to feel the weight of their displeasure in his *rate-bill*, whilst to cringe, flatter, and treat them, are the sure means to be *let off easy*. If one aggrieved resorts to an appeal, he is sure to be delayed, vexed, and superciliously neglected, till he is tired of the pursuit, and has added expence and loss of time to his original grievance. The *parochial committees* for auditing the parish accounts, are, in like manner, *selected* by the *self-selected ves-*

trymen from among themselves, or their *select friends*, whose care is not about seeing justice done to the parish, but about seeing a *good dinner* on table at the sign of —, the landlord of which is a *customer* of one of the *select vestrymen*, whose turn it is to put a trifle in a friend's pocket. These *honest gentry*, therefore, audit their own accounts—and *seldom dine at their own homes!*

We see here, upon a smaller scale, the very same corruption, the very same abuses, as have been developed in the highest circles of *public guardianship*. *Cabinet treats* descend to *parish feasts*; *ministerial men* to *select vestrymen*; *government officers* to *parish officers*; *state accounts* to *parish accounts*. But as the public is infinitely superior to private consideration, it may be as well for parliament to revise those acts of their own body, which give authority to those *petty hordes* to increase the burthens of the country, now grown almost insupportable, and which a retrenchment of *parish feasting* would materially alleviate. It should be observed that,

in the national expenditure, the sums raised, as well as the items of disbursement, are submitted to the public; but in the parochial expenditure, which, in many parishes, exceeds their quota to government, the parishioners must trust to their *honor*! So that, when a parish feast shall cost £50 or £60, the parishioners shall have reason to thank the *moderation* of the *select vestrymen*, that it did not amount to as much more. It is incredible that the legislature could ever be aware of the power, which they have delegated to these *upstarts*, whose insolence is equal to their ignorance, and both to be exceeded only by their *gluttony*—not in their own houses, but at a parish dinner.—See them then!

“ When once at dinner seated;
 With many a dish
 Of flesh and fish,
 Oh! how they will be treated!
 See the savoury bliss commence!
 First a soup of rich pretence,
 Then a turbot;—next remove!
 Eating is the joy I love—

Robert! Thomas! Stephen! Jack!
 Butter! pepper! gravy! sack!
 Take my plate;—another slice;—
 Not all lean, the fat is nice.
 Ven'son haunch, and wing of chicken,
 Are, indeed, luxurious picking:
 Mind your elbow, awkward Davy!
 You've upset both sauce and gravy.
 Luckless wight, you've spilt the salt!
 You jogg'd me, Sir; and you're in fault.
 Here! some ale—some sack—some sherry,
 Not small beer—that joke's not merry.

Oh! when at dinner seated, &c."

Thus, the *merry joke* of the *small beer* is played off on the other parishioners, who are glad to wash down their *cow-heel* and *sheep's trotters* with it. The following instance of *parochial economy* may be relied on as fact:—At a vestry meeting of a parish in Devon hire, (Woodbury, if we recollect right) a dispute arose whether the bell ropes were, or were not, fit for longer service. The matter was taken up so warmly by the *pros* and *cons*, that it was not decided, until about £300 had been expended, that the

bell ropes should serve for a year or two years longer! The parish of St. Pancras, Middlesex, bears ample testimony to these parochial squabbles, and after many struggles in the House of Commons and Westminster Hall, the parishioners are saddled with enormous rates for law expences, and the charges of building a workhouse, or rather a palace; where, to make the select vestry more comfortable in their summer meetings, for such dainties can surely never be designed for the *pauper inmates*, the extensive garden walls are lined with the *choicest fruit trees*. A *green*, or *hot house* is only wanting to make the thing complete, and save the parish the expence of *fruiterer's bills* at vestry feasts.

 HODGE'S PEEP INTO PIDCOCK'S MENAGERIE;

OR,

THE CASSOWARY AND CHURCHWARDEN.

HODGE came to see fam'd *Lunnun* town ;—
 Amongst the sights, at Pidcock's show
 He takes a peep ;—so stared the clown,
 As clown ne'er stared, at all he saw.
 The *parrot* showman strain'd his throat,
 And bird and beast describ'd by rote :
 " See, from the wilds of *Great Tartary*,
 " The wonderful *Grand Cassowary* !
 " Its wings so small are for its size,
 " It runs a race-horse pace—ne'er flies ;
 " A horn upon its head it wears,
 " Its feathers seem to us bears' hairs :
 " But here's the wonder ! without mum'ry,
 " He'll swallow iron, as you would flum'ry ;
 " Lead, leather, stones, whate'er you offer,
 " Try him, and see, if I'm a scoffer."—
 " Nay, an' it be zo," cries the clown,
 " I should not be surpris'd the least ;
 " A *creature* there's in our town,
 " Will on the *church* and *steeple* feast ;
 " And, (on't I'll bet thee half a crown)
 " At thrice, he'll gulph the *parish* down !"—
 " What *creature's* that ?" the showman cries.—
 " 'Tis call'd **CHURCHWARDEN**," Hodge replies.

POPULARITY.

“ How oft a Patriot’s best laid schemes we find
By party cross’d, or faction undermin’d ;
If he succeeds, he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv’d, the giver is forgot.”

CONGREVE.

Who, but an idiot, would demand from his benefactor the motives of his conferring the benefit, if no condition be attached to it? But a short month since, and Colonel Wardle was the champion of the people’s rights, the detector of corruption, the reformer of abuses, and the finger-post to public economy. Oh, John Bull ! you then acknowledged, in the most explicit terms, your unfeigned gratitude to the man, who had an unequivocal right to say to you—

“ *I’ve done the state some service, and ye know’t.*”

SHAKESPEAR.

And now, noosed by a jade’s trick and legal craft, ye would take a wet sponge and

wipe off all. Well may the courtier-spawn
term ye in derision—

“———The changing crowd, the rabble,
The arbitrary guard of Fortune's pow'r,
Who wait to catch the sentence of her frown,
And hurry all to ruin she condemns.”

SOUTHERN.

What could be expected but that the man, who boldly, though rather *quixotically* it must be confessed (since he trusted to such broken reeds as yourselves, of whose cause he was to be the champion and support) stood forward to impeach venality and corruption, not even steering short of the blood-royal; what, we repeat, could be expected, but that every venal throat, every ministerial nerve, should be let loose upon him? And what have they proved against him? Truly, a responsibility for a debt of 7 or £800, which (if he ever promised payment of it, as is to be doubted, and perhaps yet to be disproved) was incurred for your benefit, and the salvation of the country. For shame! Let us

coolly consider the justice or capricious injustice of your thus hastily withdrawing your confidence from a man who has materially served ye, and who has given proofs of having taken immense pains to render you still farther services.

Q. What motive could Colonel Wardle have in his visits to Mrs. Clarke ?

A. It could not be that of gratifying a sensual passion, as he has publicly declared, and the lady has as publicly confessed, that no such gratification ever took place. The motive, therefore, has evidently transpired in the *Investigation of the Duke of York's conduct*, which was the *only use* he ever made of Mrs. Clarke.

Q. How did that Investigation turn out ?

A. To the colonel's honor, by the acknowledgments of his ministerial opponents, and your own general, nay, almost universal votes of thanks.

Q. Well—what then has since transpired to alienate your gratitude and confidence from him ?

A. Mrs. Clarke with her usual art, and the rapacity of *her profession*, would not come forward with such evidence as was in her possession, and in her's only, until she had either extorted a responsibility from the colonel, or had entrapped him into (what has appeared sufficient to a jury from the evidence adduced before them to deem) a *seeming* responsibility for articles of furniture for a house which she had taken after having been obliged to quit her ducal residence in Gloucester Place, where an execution had swept away all the remains of her *reflected* grandeur. "But," says the colonel, "this question is not yet at rest, and I will yet prove myself worthy of those marks of favor with which you have crowned my public conduct. Col. Glennie and Major Dodd, two of my principal witnesses, were not examined, notwithstanding my pressing instances to the contrary."— Now, when it is understood that Glennie and Dodd are on the Duke of Kent's establishment, and yet that they went upon a two or

three days excursion with Colonel Wardle and Mrs. Clarke, the bringer forward, and principal evidence of the Investigation into his royal brother's conduct, there might be some reasons for their not being examined. The conflagration might have extended to Kensington Gardens for aught we know, and a new trial may still let us have another peep behind the curtain.

But, to take the affair *against* Colonel Wardle in the *utmost extent*, let us suppose him to have been drawn or forced into a responsibility for this paltry debt of a few hundred pounds, ought you to turn your back upon him, who has incurred it upon the account of pointing out to you where lies the quicksand of your resources, and who has, moreover, pointed out to you where your servants are deficient in the economy of your purse to the extent of *many millions annually*? Can you do it without belying that beautiful, though, perhaps, fanciful, idea of the writer who asserts that ingratitude is of so deep a die, that the man was never yet

found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it?

What, if Colonel Wardle's disparagers (with whose characters the public have been satiated lately even to disgust) attribute to him a desire to gain *popularity*? Whatever may be the court epithets for popular applause, we shall not hesitate to assert the ambition of attaining it is as laudable as that of ascending a throne, and would be a more honorable one, were the public voice more consistent with itself. We know the reasons of those who declaim against it, and it depends only on ourselves to show the futility and baseness of them. Let national gratitude be the meed of national services only, and it will be thought the brightest jewel in a crown.

If Colonel Wardle wishes, by fair and undisguised means, to attain to honors, or even riches, has he not, as undoubted a right to make those abilities, which nature has bestowed upon him, subservient to his ends, as the Grehilles, Castlereaghs, Percevals, Wel-

lesleys, or other political ephemera, who are apparently determined to do the last offices of humanity, and close the eyes of their expiring country? Can you expect that patriots will guard your purse, and content themselves with poverty for their services, whilst you suffer rogues in office to pick your pockets with impunity? Be wise, Johnny, and rather give to men, who serve you openly, than encourage knaves to plunder you secretly.

Be it allowed that poverty is generally the parent of patriotism, when one party extolled *Pitt* as the pilot who weathered the storm, the heaven-born minister, and another party bellowed for his rivals, *Fox* and *Sheridan*, both parties passed over the tradesmen's and gambling debts of their respective favorites. Colonel Wardle is no *adventurer*, but a domestic, respectable character. With what consistency, then, can ye reproach him with a trifling sum brought upon him solely for the public good? Such instability, and self-contradiction, is beneath the dignity of manhood. The wiles of woman, and laby-

rinths of law, often entangle a man in difficulties, but not always in dishonor.

The Duke of York's connexion with Mrs. Clarke might have been venial, but for the consequences resulting from her venal abuse of it. Colonel Wardle's case, although it is undoubtedly serious to himself in a pecuniary light, is to the public by far more laughable than otherwise, to think that he should have forgot to *beware of edge tools* :—

“ The man, who laugh'd but once, to see an ass,
Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles pass,
Might laugh again to see a jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable law.”

DRYDEN.

The motive of Mrs. Clarke's conduct towards Colonel Wardle is obviously *revenge*, because, since the Investigation, (the sole purpose for which he *courted her company*) he has ungallantly discontinued his visits, for which she, probably, cared little or nothing, and has withheld his supplies of money, with a continuance of which her rapacity flattered itself :

“ For to a woman, of her hopes beguil'd,
A viper trod on, or an aspic's mild.”

BEAUMONT.

The public, however, should be superior to being swayed by such an unworthy motive, and from such an impure channel. What use, or rather abuse, Mrs. Clarke really did make of the royal patronage is well known; what she would have made of it, if she could, is not doubtful. Madame Dubarry, by her extravagance, occasioned that disorder in the finances of France, which terminated in the disastrous revolution; and Mrs. Clarke would not have been much behind her, if she had not been stopped by some murmurs of public discontent. It cannot be too strongly impressed on our minds, that as every hope of subduing us by force has vanished from our implacable foe, Buonaparté, he has put every secret engine at work to undermine our resources. *Pretended* French emigrants, but *real* spies, have abused the credulity and ignorance of our

ministers, and disappeared with thousands of English guineas in return for having betrayed us. Whithersoever Buonaparté has directed his course, he has always been preceded by political incendiaries, and a *Cyprian* corps. Madame Chevalier, one of Talleyrand's female diplomatists, ruined the domestic peace of Paul I. of Russia, degraded him throughout Europe in his political transactions, and finally occasioned his murder; for which *services* she plundered the country of one million of roubles, and actually received from the French government six hundred thousand livres out of the two million which she had been promised, if she should persuade Paul to withdraw from his alliance with England and Austria. Now, Mrs. Clarke has art enough to be quite a *treasure* to Buonaparté, as well as to a *secretary of state*, if her rapacity and love of extravagance could render her so base. We should hope not; but we had rather that her *honor* should never be again put to the trial by having any *state influence* to put up for sale. If the principal

end of history be to serve as a guide to our present conduct, we may recollect that *Theodora*, who exhibited herself naked on the theatre of Constantinople; *Theodora*, whose charity was so universal that "*lassata viris, necdum satiata, recessit*," was elevated to the throne, notwithstanding that the laws of Rome expressly prohibited the marriage of a senator with any female who had been dishonored by a servile origin, or theatrical profession. "The prostitute (observes Gibbon) who, in the presence of innumerable spectators, had polluted the theatre of Constantinople, was adored as a queen in the same city, by grave magistrates, orthodox bishops, victorious generals, and captive monarchs."—*Antonina*, the wife of Justinian's famous general, Belisarius, had been also an actress and a prostitute, and was therefore a worthy colleague of *Theodora*. "Numerous spies (says the same historian) observed and zealously reported every action, or word, or look, injurious to their royal mistress. Whomsoever they accused, were cast into

her peculiar prisons, inaccessible to the inquiries of justice ; and it was rumoured, that the torture of the rack, or scourge, had been inflicted in the presence of a female tyrant insensible to the voice of prayer, or of pity. Some of these unhappy victims perished in deep unwholesome dungeons, while others were permitted, after the loss of their limbs, their reason, or their fortune, to appear in the world the living monuments of her vengeance, which was commonly extended to the children of those, whom she had suspected, or injured. The senator, or bishop, whose death or exile Theodora had pronounced, was delivered to a trusty messenger, and his diligence was quickened by a menace from her own mouth :—‘ If you fail in the execution of my commands, I swear by Him who liveth for ever, that your skin shall be flayed from your body.’ ” Now, where would the insolence of Mrs. Clarke have stopped short of that of Theodora, if fortune had equalled their elevation ? Several officers of the army were obliged to retire from the service, or

were put on half-pay, because her rapacious expectations were not satisfied to the full extent of *her regulated price*. A direct sale of honors and offices was transacted in the palace of Constantinople, with the permission, or at least with the connivance of Justinian and Theodora, where the claims of merit, even those of favour, were disregarded. A sense of the disgrace and mischief of this venal practice, at length awakened the slumbering virtue of Justinian, and he attempted by the sanction of *oaths and penalties*, to guard the sanctity of his government ; but at the end of a year of perjury, his rigorous edict was suspended, and *corruption licentiously abused her triumph over the impotence of the law*.

The reader may, if he pleases, draw the parallel between Theodora's and Mrs. Clarke's influence, and between Justinian's edict and our late act of oaths and penalties to prevent borough-trafficking ; we hope, however, though we dare not trust, that the conclusion will be quite the reverse, and that corruption will no

longer licentiously abuse her triumph over the impotence of the law. The Duke of York's dereliction of such a woman as Mrs. Clarke, *from a sense of his own honor*, would have been an effort of magnanimity sufficient to efface all former errors, if we could have been assured, that she had not been succeeded by another of a similar stamp. If it be so, the case, perhaps, is not much mended. Mrs. Clarke has, at all events, published her own infamy; but the worst that can be alleged against Col. Wardle, is, that he has been driven by the craft and rapacity of the woman with whom he had to deal, into a mode which, however inconsistent it would have been with the strict character of a private gentleman in his own affairs, is, however, strictly consonant with all the precedents of *political jockeyship*. The name of a *patriot* has been undoubtedly so very much prostituted as to have become very *suspicious*; but the public would be lending a knife to cut their own throats, if they should set their face against every man, who assumes the

character of one, especially against one who has so boldly unveiled such a mass of corruption. But if, as has ever been asserted by the *Ins*, the patriotism of the *Outs* is but a *cant word* for a systematical opposition to shift the *game of corruption* from one hand to another, we can only say that we are as well off as a flock of sheep with the alternative of the butcher, or the wolf.

THE WOLF AND SHEEP;

AN ALLEGORICAL FABLE.

A crafty wolf, with longing eyes,
From neighb'ring wood, beheld a flock ;
But dared not seize the tempting prize
By *Shepherd* watch'd, and trusty *Shock*.

Art oft succeeds where vi'lence fails—
This *Segrin* knew, and laid his plan ;
When dog and shepherd took their meals,
He 'midst the flock unheeded ran.

He then address'd the timid crew,
Who, at his presence, struck with dread,
Together for protection flew,
Each ram presenting his horn'd head.

“ My worthy Sirs, though this mistrust
“ I cannot blame, 'tis useless quite ;
“ Be to yourselves, and me, more just,
“ Peace 'tis I seek, and not to fight.

“ My brethren send you greeting kind
“ By me, their envoy, you advise ;
“ They wish your friendship, and you'll find,
“ In wolves your natural allies.

- " They say that men, and dogs alike,
 " Are foes to your's, and to our nation,
 " Who form at all our lives to strike,
 " An infamous association.
- " Unprincipled, they separate
 " Those int'rests, which should e'er be join'd ;
 " Make sheep fly wolves with direst hate,
 " In whom the tend'rest friends they'd find.
- " And for what end? To play the glutton
 " On us they cast their blood-stain'd lives ;
 " Feed you until you're nice fat mutton,
 " Then bury in your throats their knives.
- " For this they watch you with such care ;
 " We hate not sheep, but dogs and men ;
 " Fly to the woods, be free as air,
 " We'll welcome each a denizen.
- " Brethren and friends, the butcher waits,
 " Say will ye make the wolves your friends ?"—
 Each sheep in solemn council bleats,
 Baa's *aye*, or *no*, as suits his ends.

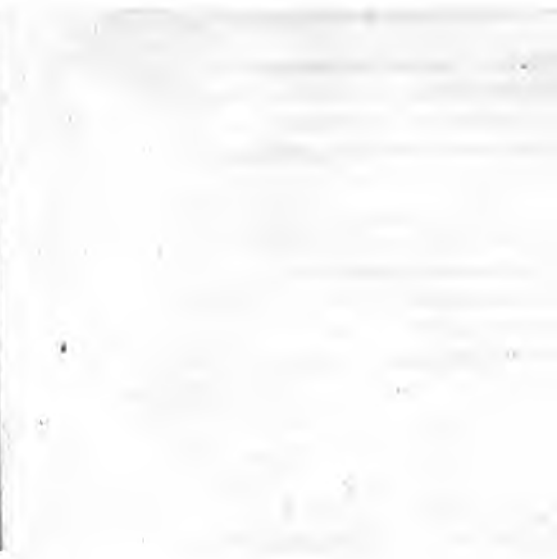
At length, the sense is ta'en—" The *eyes*
 Have got it!" baa's the speaker loud ;
 " Huzza, for freedom !" Segrin cries,
 And to the woods draws off the crowd.

There frisk'd and play'd the fleecy host,
Till seen their folly, but too late ;
Taught by gaunt Segrin to their cost,
Who trust to wolves deserve their fate.

“ Hard fate !” an aged ram exclaim'd—
“ Twixt wolf and butcher to be plac'd ;
“ Alike our honest guardians aim'd,
“ And to their deaths their wards embrac'd.”

MORAL.

Thus for the *loaves and fishes* struggle,
The *Ministry* and *Opposition* ;
Whilst *amor patriæ's* a juggle,
And *Statesmen's honor*, imposition.



A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

BEING A PARODY ON

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA,

AS LATELY PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL ECLAT,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, GLYSTER PLACE:

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FRED. FLAT.

COL. AP-WARBLE.

JERRY DOODLER.

SANDMAN.

DONKEYMAN.

COL. FRANÇOIS.

SAM.

MOLL SHARP.

MOLL TRAPES.

FAVORI.

THE
NEW BEGGAR'S OPERA.

ACT. I.

SCENE—*A Chamber—MOLL SHARP writing at a table.*

Enter JEREMIAH DOODLER—(peeping.)

DOODLER.

EH! what! coast clear?

MOLL.

Yes, my soul—flat's off for the *Mews*. I had no little trouble to get rid of him; he is so *emetically* fond of one.

DOODLER.

Well, my life, did you tip it to him?

MOLL.

Yes: after much feigned reluctance, I told him that I could not fight shy of my duns any longer.

DOODLER.

Did he run into the snare?

MOLL.

Blind as a mole, or else he was prepared for the scene; for he immediately replied that I had more influence than *many queens*, and need not want money *if I were clever*.

DOODLER.

To work then—make hay while the sun shines: Bishops, deans, prebends, rectors, colonels, commissaries, majors, captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, like blades of grass—I'll scour the hundreds, and pick up those who want preferment—not for merit but for money;—you shall have a list of such as I

think mean to be *real customers*, and do you introduce it to your *gudgeon*.

MOLL.

I'll pin it up to the bed's head, and he will be sure to see it.

DOODLER.

Let me buss thee for that idea, though it ought rather to make me jealous.

MOLL.

Jealous of what, and of whom! ridiculous! —(*knocking*) Some one knocks—quick—run down into the kitchen, and vanish through the area gate. [*Exit Doodler.*

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Dr. Slim, ma'am.

MOLL.

Shew him up. (*Exit servant.*) When I am in good health, I am never so well pleased

as with a visit from one of these *old wom* for-they not only amuse you with, but propagate any scandalous reports which wishes to have circulated.

Enter DOCTOR.

DOCTOR.

Madam, your most devoted—

MOLL.

Your's, Doctor—pray take a seat.

DOCTOR.

(Draws a chair close to her.) W
Madam, how are *we* to-day?

MOLL.

Thank ye, never in better health and sp
in all my life.

DOCTOR.

You look like *HYGEIA* herself—he
youth, and beauty.

MOLL.

Nay, Doctor, I had rather take flattery from you than medicine.

DOCTOR.

Nay, flattery is a kind of medicine, since it puts the person who receives it into a good temper with himself, and that is a very grand source of health. But, well or ill, I'm come to *feel your pulse*.

MOLL.

(*Presenting her arm.*)—Must do something for his fee. (*aside*).

DOCTOR.

I must prescribe for you.

MOLL.

Why, what do you think ails me?

DOCTOR.

Only a slight touch of the times.

MOLL.

Touch of the times! Where do you think I'm *touch'd* then?

DOCTOR.

Only where the greatest persons in the kingdom are—I'll show you.

MOLL.

(Aside.) Surely the old fumbler can't mean to be amorous.

DOCTOR.

(Takes paper out of his pocket-book and presents it to her.) Here is a prescription—I shall call in a few days to know how it has agreed with you. Your most obedient humble servant, Madam.

MOLL.

Your's, Sir—*(She holds out her hand with the usual fee enclosed, but the Doctor only takes and salutes it, then retires smiling.)*—What, not take his fee!—nay then his pre-

scription must be a *billet-doux*—If he had pocketed the cash, I should have thrown his prescription on the fire, but his unusual behaviour makes me curious to peruse its contents—(reads) Aye—hem—“Your interest requested to procure exchange between Lieut. Col. — and Lieut. Col. —; compliment of two hundred pounds.”—Faith, this is a touch of the times, and I don’t see why *Glyster Place* should be more scrupulous than some other *places* that I know of.—(sings)

I will have my humours,
I’ll please all my senses,
I will not be stinted
In love or expences.

I’ll dress with profusion,
I’ll game without measure;
You shall have the bus’ness,
I will have the pleasure.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT,

Two gentlemen request the favor of an interview.

MOLL.

Shew them up. (*Exit Servant.*) More
grist to the mill, perhaps.

Enter FRANÇOIS and SANDMAN.

Ma'am, your most obedient.

MOLL.

Your servant, gentlemen—pray take chain
—to what am I indebted for the honor of this
visit.

FRANÇOIS.

We wish, Ma'am, to be employed on the
recruiting service, and as we understand that
you have an understanding in a certain
quarter—

MOLL.

Well, Sir—(*sings*)

If you at office solicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected;
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
To do what his duty directed.

Are you on the smiles of a lady intent,
She too has this palpable failing;
The perquisite softens her into consent,
That reason with all is prevailing.

FRANÇOIS.

We would compliment you with five hundred guineas, in the first place, for the appointment, and rise according to future services, by allowing a certain sum out of the bounty to every recruit, and a portion of the patronage in the nomination of the officers.

MOLL.

May I ask who acquainted you that I had any such interest?

FRANÇOIS.

Mr. Cockeye, the lawyer, recommended us to Mr. Score'em, the music-master, who told us his name would be a sufficient introduction.

MOLL.

Good—Well, gentlemen, you may leave the deposit, and I dare say your wishes will

be fulfilled;—and if you have any friends, gentlemen, who have money, and wish promotion in the army, I can get it for them.

SANDMAN.

We shall keep it in mind. Madam, your most humble servant.

FRANÇOIS.

Your most obedient, Ma'am.

MOLL.

Your's, gentlemen. [*Exeunt François and Sandman.*—This is *doing business*.—Really, with all their boasted superiority, these *lords of the creation* are nothing more, after all, than the *fringe of womens' petticoats*.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

(*Presenting to her ten or a dozen letters*)
—The postman, Ma'am. [*Exit Servant.*]

MOLL.

So—so—the plot thickens. (*Reads*)—

“Wanted—the vacant rectory of —— for the Rev. Mr. —— Douceur one hundred pounds. Also the appointment to the vacant deanery of —— for the Rev. —— Premium three thousand guineas.—(N. B. This application is made without the reverend gentleman’s knowledge, some ladies of quality having entered into a subscription to procure for him the vacant appointment.—The enclosure is a letter of recommendation by those ladies; besides which, if such a thing be at all heeded, two bishops will testify to his clerical endowments.)—There is also an *inspector of the customs*’ place vacant, for which a handsome sum will be given.—Wanted also a *paymastership* for a second battalion; remuneration will be five hundred pounds.—Also wanted a *collectorship*, or *storekeeper’s* place at ——, and swarms of *landwaiter’s* places.—Your’s, &c. *J. Donkeyman, Syrup-plate.*”——What’s this? Oh, the ladies’ recommendation—it must be curious, so let’s just whip the cream off it.—(reads)—“We have heard, Madam, that you *handle the*

matters of a certain great personage, and therefore solicit you on behalf of our *dear Doctor*. He knows nothing of the matter, we assure you—not a syllable of the matter. No one knows better than yourself, Ma'am, what awkward, bashful creatures men are; whereas we, women, push at the point at once. But as we were a saying, Ma'am, there is a *somebody* who can get a living for *any body*; and if you could be prevailed upon to use your interest with that *somebody* for *our Doctor*, some people would present you with a hymn to the tune of the three thousandth psalm, *golden metre*.—(The Doctor must have a pretty pipe to induce the ladies to sing to such a tune;—but let us proceed)—Lord, Ma'am, all the world doats upon *our Doctor*; was you but to hear him preach, you would expire with ecstasy: In one hand a *delicious white handkerchief*; on the little finger of the other a diamond ring. Then he waves this way and that way—now he thrusts forward with the greatest ardour—now draws

backward with submissive diffidence. Besides, he preaches all *extempore*; never pores with his eyes close to the book, like a worn out curate, when strumming over the first lesson. Then *our Doctor* is short and sweet—he never gives the ladies more than they can carry away with them. Oh, he's a real orthodox divine—none of your squeamish presbyterian stomachs; he believes the thirty-nine articles, and would nine times as many more, could he by that carry his point, or rise in the church. None of the rabble attends him; no, the canting methodists will do for them. None but persons of distinction, we assure you, Ma'am, go to hear *our Doctor*; yet he is so humble that he would make no scruple to bury a tradesman, was he not engaged in a quadrille party, and he actually performs a vast number of in-door christenings. Then, Ma'am, his *wig*! Oh, you would doat on his dear wig—none of your bushy frights; none of your waving curls, that hang like the hair of a Newfound-

land dog! The curls are as stiff as a cauliflower, or any thing else you can imagine, Ma'am, and flies off so snug, that you may see his dear round rosy cheeks to the utmost advantage. But were we to rehearse all his *clerical qualities* we should never have done.—So, Ma'am, we hope you will not forget—and, you comprehend us, be secret—for *even our dear Doctor knows nothing of the matter.*—Ha! ha! ha! *our dear Doctor!* Older and wiser, I find. I never till now guessed that the way to rise in the church was to fall down before women—Well, as Burke once said, this is the “*dignified obedience,*” and “*proud submission,*” which men owe and pay to our superior sex. But, as women are permitted to rule kingdoms in quality of queens, surely they cannot be inadequate to any inferior station.—(*sings*)

The modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Mr. Sandman and Mr. Donkeyman,
Ma'am.

MOLL.

Show them up. (*Exit Servant.*) Men of business these! they look up customers faster than, I fear, I shall be able to find places for them.

Enter SANDMAN and DONKEYMAN.

MOLL.

Your servant, gentlemen:

BOTH.

Your's, Ma'am.

SANDMAN.

We have been very busy in consequence of the hint you favoured us with, and this gentleman has got a receipt for £500, deposited for your use, on procuring a majority for the Captain, whose name is mentioned in it.

MOLL.

I am afraid it cannot be done just now, as my *friend* is from town on regimental affairs; but if the Captain will have a little patience—

SANDMAN.

Oh, he must, if that's all.

DONKEYMAN.

Then I will leave this receipt with you, Ma'am, if agreeable.

MOLL.

If you please, Sir. When the Captain shall be gazetted, I presume I shall be at liberty to draw the money.

DONKEYMAN.

Certainly, Ma'am.

SANDMAN.

Well, Ma'am, we will detain you no longer at present, as time, in our concerns, is precious to all of us. Your most obedient.

DONKEYMAN.

Good day, Ma'am.

MOLL.

The same to you, gentlemen. (*Exeunt Donkeyman and Sandman.*) Just in time! —I want a service of plate, and I must get Fred. to make up the difference between this £500, and what it will come to. But a-propos! I have opened shop without having set any price upon my goods. We must have a kind of tariff. (*Sits down at table, and reads as she writes.*)

	£	£
A Majority—Regulated price	2600	—My price - 900
Captaincy - - - -	1500	- - - 700
Lieutenancy - - - -	550	- - - 400
Ensigny - - - -	400	- - - 200

AIR.

“ Love now is nought but art,
 ’Tis who can juggle best ;
 To all men seem to give your heart,
 But keep it in your breast.

What gain and pleasure do we find,
 Who change whene'er we list;
 The mill, that turns with every wind,
 Must bring the owner grist."

Enter SAM.

SAM.

The postman, Ma'am.—(*delivers letters.*)

MOLL.

Wait a moment.—(*opens one of the letters and reads*) "My dear Madam—You will be quite a treasure in every way to any Secretary of State."—(Ha, ha, ha! do you think so? Why, I begin to be of that opinion myself. Talk of cabinets! Your *boudoir* is the only place for business.)—"Paymaster-ship—India—settlement of Mr. H——'s accounts—place in Bank—Adjutancy to first or second battalion—Your's, R. M."—Very well.—(*takes another letter.*)—To George Flyblower, Esq.—What's this?—Oh! I recollect—the preconcerted direction

from Fred. (*opens it*) “Beloved—sweet darling life—millions and millions of thanks—angel—seen Doctor Smearum—wishes to perform before—long time since I parted from you, my darling—ever your’s and your’s alone—dearest, dearest, dearest love.”—Sickening enough.—What’s this? Another of his scrawls!—(*opens another letter and reads*) “Best beloved—delightful letter—angel—impatience to clasp you in my arms—ten thousand thanks for handkerchiefs—ten thousand blessings on hands that made them—viewed French camp—(Ah, poor Fred. you have viewed it often to your cost, but luckily the sea was between you this time)—dragoons—militia—then for pleasure of seeing my dearest, dearest love.”

When Mr. Doodler calls, Sam, tell him that I shall expect him at supper. Look sharp, Sam, and be a good boy, and I’ll get you an ensigncy, if you think you shall be strong enough to carry the colours. Order the carriage directly.—(*Exit Sam.*) Well, let them reproach me with what they may, I

hope soon to put it out of their power to reproach me with poverty.

AIR.

“ The sex we find,
Like men inclin'd
To guard against reproaches ;
And none neglect
To pay respect
To rogues, who keep the coaches.”

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE—*Discovers FRED. FLAT between MOLL SHARP and MOLL TRAPES at a table covered with a desert, bottles, glasses, &c.*

AIR.—FRED.

“ Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some new lover ?

SHARP.

Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doating eyes,
My constant heart discover.
Fondly let me loll—

FRED.

O pretty, pretty Poll !”

SHARP.

Nay, rather let me call you to an account
during your absence, my gallant son of Mars !

What siren has lull'd my warrior's head in
her lap?

FRED.

None, or may my pistol miss fire, and my
mare refuse to swim in my next *retreat*.
Now I think of it, how does Col. François
behave to you, my darling?

SHARP.

Middling—not very well.

FRED.

He had best take care, or I shall do for
him and his levy too. But adieu to business
for the present.

AIR.—FRED.

“ Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us
With courage, love, and joy :
Women and wine should life employ ;
Is there aught else on earth desirous ?

CHORUS.

Fill every glass, &c.”

Enter SAM.

SAM.

A letter, Ma'am. (*gives it to Sharp.*)

SHARP.

Wait, Sam.—With your permission, my dear.

FRED.

Aye, by all means—a woman's curiosity is too pressing an affair to be delayed.

SHARP.

(*After reading letter.*)—Ha, ha, ha! From my good friend the general.—“ May the Hill of Howth tumble down on top of me, if I know what to do with my wife and brats, unless, like another Europa, you shall make love for me to your town bull. At all times, asleep or awake, your eyes sparkle with divine lustre; but if, the next time you put on the cestus of Venus, and drink a bottle of nectareal champaigne with him, you will push my affair, I am sure you will com-

pletely do both his business and mine. Your's till the *end of eternity*."

Well, what says my hero? Have my eyes that brilliant effect which my gallant Hibernian attributes to them?

FRED.

I must confess I'm not just now in a humour to deny you any thing.

SHARP.

That's my dear boy! Give us a buss. You never look'd half so engaging in your life. Sam, tell *Favori* to step up. (*Exit Sam.*) You must dine here; I cannot part with you after so long an absence.

FRED.

I am positively engaged to dine; but I will be with you early in the evening.

SHARP.

(*Poutingly.*) Aye, but in such a way, perhaps, that I shan't be much the better for your coming.

Enter FAVORI.

SHARP.

(*Aside to Favori.*) He don't dine here, but comes at night. Is all ready as I desired?

FAVORI.

Yes, Ma'am.

SHARP.

Have you pinned the list I gave you to the bed's head?

FAVORI.

Yes.

SHARP.

You're sure of it?

FAVORI.

Perfectly so.

SHARP.

That's all. (*Exit Favori.*)—Nay, now, my Mars will not stay long away.

FRED.

Not, when he knows that his Venus waits
for him.

AIR.—SHARP.

“ I like the fox shall grieve,
Whose mate has left her side,
Whom hounds from morn to eve,
Chace o'er the country wide :

Where can my lover hide ?
Where cheat the wary pack ?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back.”

FRED.

I'm too brimful of passion to stay long
from you.

SHARP.

But you won't get brimful of wine too,
now will you ?

FRED.

No—be this my pledge. (*salutes her.*)

AIR.—FRED.

“ The miser thus a shilling sees,
Which he's obliged to pay ;
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

SHARP.

The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes ;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries."

FRED.

B'ye, dearest, dearest, dearee.

SHARP.

B'ye, loving, loving, lovee. (*Exit Fred.*)
Ha, ha, ha! Poor simpleton! There now
goes one of the lords of the creation—a ruler
of the haughty lords of the creation, and yet
I hold him by a hair—merely by telling him
I am in love with him. Mercy on me for
all the lies of that kind I've told him, but
then, you know, my dear Trapes,

AIR.—SHARP.

"Of all the sins, that are money supplying,
Consider the world, 'tis past all denying,
With all sorts,
In towns, or courts,
The richest sin is lying."

H 4

Enter SAM.

SAM.

Mr. Doodler, Ma'am.

SHARP.

Excuse me one minute, my dear.

TRAPES.

No, let him come up, I'm going to see the
Ambassador of Morocco.

SHARP.

Well, but you'll be back to dine.

TRAPES.

Depend on it. [*Exit.*

Enter DOODLER.

AIR.—DOODLER.

“ Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass ;
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half-year's night would pass.

SHARP.

Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd ;
I could mock the sultry toil,
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

DOODLER.

And I would love you all the day,

SHARP.

Ev'ry night would kiss and play ;

DOODLER.

If with me you'd fondly stray,

SHARP.

Over the hills and far away."

DOODLER.

A lucky thought—a master-stroke has just come across me. If you could get me a commission, I could touch *Dad* for a few hundreds, and then we should both be in cash.

SHARP.

I'll try the experiment this very evening. Fred. sleeps here to-night. See, here is already a bundle of applications. (*Shows him a*

bundle of letters.) A list of them is placed at the bed's head, where I'll take care he shall not miss seeing it. I'll add your application, and second it with all my art. But what shall I do? Those pests of polished society, the sheriff's officers, have seized my carriage.

DOODLER.

I'll go this instant, and send you another.

SHARP.

Will you, indeed? Then I'll cast my sorrows to the winds, and give a loose to love.

AIR.—SHARP.

“ In the days of my youth, I could bill like a dove,
 fa, la, la, &c.
 Like a sparrow, at all times, was ready for love,
 fa, la, la, &c.
 The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
 Lip to lip while we're young, then the lip to the glass,
 fa, la, la, &c.”

[*Kiss and Exeunt:*

SCENE—*A Mess-Room—FRED. and Officers round a table covered with bottles, bowls, and glasses.*

GLEE.

“ How merrily we live that soldiers be !
Round the world thus we march with merry glee !
On the pleasant downs, where, as in camp we lie,
No cares we know, but fortune’s frowns defy,
So long as we can see our colours fly :
 How merrily we live that soldiers be !
 Round the world thus we march with merry glee !”

FRED.

(*Rising.*) Well, I must leave you.

OFFICERS.

So soon !

FRED.

Yes, faith, you know I’ve been some days absent, and have a bill upon me which I must pay into love’s exchequer. So you must excuse my leaving you upon duty.

FIRST OFFICER.

Nay, for that matter, it is you yourself who are going upon duty. Take care you don't sleep upon your post.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha ! Come, let's have a bumper to that before you go, however.

FRED.

With all my heart. (*They fill their glasses.*) "Here's to the vigilant soldier who never sleeps at his post."

ALL.

The aforesaid.

FRED.

(*Drinks off his wine, and goes off singing.*)

"So I drink off this bumper, and now I can stand the test."

SCENE—*Changes to an Apartment in MOLL SHARP'S House.*

Enter SHARP, TRAPES, and DOODLER.

SHARP.

Well now, I believe, we have pretty well arranged matters before our gudgeon returns.

DOODLER.

Gudgeon, indeed! But, my dear Sharp, what man would not bite at a hook covered with such a tempting bait as yourself?

AIR.—DOODLER.

“What gudgeons are we men!
Ev'ry woman's easy prey;
Tho' we have felt the hook, again
We bite, and they betray.

The bird, that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies; again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.”

SHARP.

Well, Doodler, I'm sure, of all men on

earth, you have the least reason to complain of our sex's arts.

DOODLER.

Good reason for it ;—my wits have always been where they should be, and not in my pocket, like some people's that we all know.

OMNES.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Loud knocking at the street door.*

SHARP.

Here he comes. My dear Doodler, fly down into the kitchen till he's got up stairs, and then make your retreat—Bon repos—(*Exit Doodler.*)—Hand me my work-bag, my dear Trapes. (*Takes the work-bag, and they seat themselves.*) So, now the decks are cleared for action.

Enter FRED.

FRED.

You see I am punctual, my dearest dearee !
What ! my other angel here too !

AIR.—FRED.

“How happy could I be with either,
Were t’other dear charmer away;
But while you thus teaze me together,
To neither a word will I say—
But toll de roll, &c.”

TRAPES.

(*Rising.*) Oh, dear, then I’ll quickly resign my pretensions.

FRED.

Can’t you take a joke?—I didn’t mean to frighten you away.

TRAPES.

But I was on the point of taking my leave before you came in.

FRED.

What’s your hurry? Some love affair, I dare swear.

TRAPES.

Nay, if it were, you can’t expect I should make you my father confessor. You look much like a bishop indeed.

FRED.

Well, may you find him as kind and true
as——

SHARP.

Yourself, my *field-bed-marshal*.

FRED.

Thank you for that—I hope you will
prove me so to your heart's content.

TRAPES.

May your content prove reciprocal, and I
cannot do better than to leave you to the
proofs of it. Adieu!

SHARP AND FLAT.

Adieu!

[*Exit Trapes.*

FRED.

Well, my charmer, as she says—“*to the
proofs of it.*”

SHARP.

Most willingly, my hero.

AIR.—SHARP.

“ Before the barn-door crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended;
Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen,
With how d’ye do, and how d’ye do,
And how d’ye do again?”

FRED.

Ah, Molly! thou art a dear slut!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—*Discovers MOLL SHARP sitting at a Table with Papers before her.*

AIR.

“ Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother,
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
All professions berogue one another;
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer beknives the divine,
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.”

Well—business goes on swimmingly. If I have fingered a little of the public money, I have at least suffered as few offices in church and state to be vacant as possible.—But what can have become of Fred. ? He has absented himself these several days past. Sure no rival can have thrown me out, who have pushed so many into fortune's way.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

A letter, Ma'am. (*Exit.*)

SHARP.

'Tis his hand-writing!—(*Opens the letter and reads it with increasing agitation, which ends in a violent rage*)—Hey! what! do not my eyes, or this accursed scrawl, deceive me? Deserted! and above two thousand pounds in debt! (*Reads aloud*) “You must recollect that a circumstance has taken place, which has led to a result that must necessarily incline me to consult my own character and situation;—interview painful—excuse me if I decline it.

AIR.

“ I'm bubbled, I'm bubbled,
Oh, how I am troubled,
Bamboozled and bit,
My distresses are doubled.
Were you at the tree, should the hangman refuse,
These fingers with pleasure could fasten the noose.”

—What course shall I pursue?—I'll send word to him this instant, that if he does not come into my terms, I will publish his letters, and kill his *milch cow*, and then he will cut his throat. [Exit.

Enter Col. AP-WARBLE, who has been listening.

COL.

Very good resolve too, my pretty creature! I've long had suspicions of foul dealings, and wished to get a clue to give the public a fair insight into them. Nicety in these matters would be false delicacy, and so I will take the liberty to take a peep at the contents of these papers, till the fair one comes back. She is already in as pretty a passion as a man would wish a woman to be, and a sip or two of her usquepaugh-pottle will just put her into a state to be communicative eno' for my purpose.—(*Peruses the papers.*)—So—I suspected somewhat, but not quite so bad as this! I see now the truth of Macheath's observation, that “ money

well timed, and properly applied, will do any thing." Put who could have thought that any man could have been such a simpleton, as to have given certificates of his *follies*, under his own hand and seal! I'll no longer disbelieve the existence of syrens: Here's one would lure the Devil out of hell, or, what's more, if he were out, would lure him pack to it again—nay, altho' he first proved the frailty of the sex in mother Eve, I think she would have art enough to make a married man of his devilship, and add to his horns into the pargain.

AIR.

“ Woman's like a flutt'ring ocean!
Who her pathless way can find?
Ev'ry blast directs her motion,
Now she's angry, now she's kind.

What a fool's a vent'rous lover,
Whirl'd and toss'd by ev'ry wind?
Can the bark the port recover,
When the silly pilot's blind?”

Enter MOLL SHARP without observing him.

SHARP.

I've dispatched a messenger to him—a base man! he can't look me in the face after what has passed between us; but he shall see that I know, as well as any of your fine ladies, how to make the most of myself, and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she has never been at court, or at an assembly; we have it in our natures. Let him hang himself, I'll 'peach—

COL.

(Coming forward.) So would I, if I were you, my dearest, dearest, dearee!

SHARP.

Heavens! who are you, Sir?

COL.

(Sings.) “Of a noble race was Shenkin.”

SHARP.

How did you gain admittance, and what is your business?

COL.

My business, Ma'am, was to get into possession of your secrets, and you see that I am pretty deep in them—(*Showing the papers which he has taken off the table.*)

SHARP.

Hey day! why those are my papers!

COL.

They were, but they belong to the public now.

SHARP.

Why this must surely be some madman.

COL.

Why, I own that I'm sometimes in a *mad-house*, but I'm not got into the *Hospital of Incurables* yet.

SHARP.

I did not care where you were, so you were out of my house. Give me my papers.

COL.

Really, Ma'am, they're too *entertaining* to deprive the public of them.

SHARP.

Do you mean to rob me, Sir?

COL.

No, Ma'am, only to detect a few robberies.

SHARP.

Sir, my servants are at hand.

COL.

May be so; but we can settle our business much better by ourselves. Look ye, Ma'am, I have evidence here (*pointing to the papers*) of a very plack affair. I have overheard you say that you were ill used, and I know that the public have been so. Let us join our heads together, as Cot's my Saviour, I mean.

nothing else, you to right yourself, and I the public, one of whose guardians I have the honor to be.

SHARP.

But, Sir, this is a very strange mode of procedure.

COL.

Yes, and it will bring very strange things to light. So you will consider, if you will disclose what you know, of your own free consent, or by authority, I shall bring you before those, who will bring your petters before them, were they as high as Snowdon, in our own country.

SHARP.

What can I do in this dilemma!

COL.

Do! why do what is right, and you will find friends enough. A woman as lovely as yourself would move even a man of *flint*.

SHARP.

You are right—

AIR.

“Despair is all folly; hence melancholy!
 Fortune attends me, while youth is in flow’r;
 By beauty’s possession, us’d with discretion,
 Woman at all times hath joy in her pow’r.”

COL.

Cot pless hur pretty pipe! how she warbles!
 Make your case known; and it will soon be
 the puplic’s.

SHARP.

Oh, Sir, every one knows that I’m the
public’s.

COL.

I mean that they will take part with you.

SHARP.

Oh, they’ve taken part in me long since.

COL.

Put, in this affair of a discovery of what it

so much concerns them to have prought to light. They will avenge you.

SHARP.

Basely deserted as I am, were I assured of friends—

COL,

Never doubt it—I shall be your friend—
every pody will be your friends.

SHARP.

(*Aside.*) He thinks himself very keen, but I'm much mistaken if I don't more than repay his cunning with a trick of *my* trade before I've done with him.—Well, Sir, but 'tis always good to have something in hand. I must quit my house in Glyster Place, and shall be put to it to raise the wind to furnish another. As I am already deep in debt with my upholsterer, he will not be inclined to go farther, deserted as I am by my old friend, until I shall find another, who will just be kind enough, just to—to—to say—that I'm an honest woman, and that he shall be paid—that's all. (*Aside.*)—If he would but offer

to go with me, 'tis ten to one, but I show him that my name is Moll Sharp at his service.

COL.

We will see what is to be done.

Enter Servant.

SHARP.

Have you brought an answer ?

SERVANT.

A note, Ma'am.

SHARP.

I'll ring if I should want you. (*Exit Servant.*) Now, Sir, this, I think, seals my doom; and, perhaps, will be an answer to your wishes. (*Opens note.*) Eh! what! Think to put me off with a song! Laugh at me! Defy me too! (*Reads.*)—

“ When billows come breaking on the strand,
The rocks are deaf, and unshaken stand;
Old oaks can defy the thunder's roar.
And I can stand woman's tongue, that's more.
With a twinkum, twankum, twang.”

Mighty well, my fine run-a-way; thou hast robbed me of my grandeur; to see thee robbed of thine would give me the most exquisite pleasure. You shall soon find that my tongue is not quite so harmless as your sword. Come, Sir; revenge makes me wholly yours. I'll peach this very instant.

AIR.

“ Thus when a good housewife sees a rat,
In her trap in the morning taken;
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
In revenge for the loss of her bacon:
Then she throws him
To the dog or cat,
To be worried, crush'd and shaken.”

[*Exeunt.*]

END.



The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly related to a book's contents or a collection of items. The text is arranged in several lines, with some words appearing to be in a different script or language, possibly Arabic or Persian, given the context of the image. The overall appearance is that of a scan of a document with very low contrast and resolution.

THE
QUINQUAGENARIAN ANNIVERSARY,
AND
A NEW BATCH OF PEERS.

“ At dead of night imperial reason sleeps,
And fancy with her train loose revels keeps,
Then airy phantoms a mixt scene display,
Of what we heard or saw, or wish'd by day :
For memory those images retains
Which passion form'd ; and still the strongest reigns :
Huntsmen renew the chace they lately run,
And *gen'ral*s fight again their *battles won* ;
Spectres and furies haunt the murd'rer's dreams,
Grants or *disgraces* are the *courtier's* themes ;
The miser spies a thief, or a new hound,
The cit's a knight, the *sycophant* a LORD.”

STEPNEY.

Most Important Intelligence !

Sir WILLIAM CURTIS is returned !

THE *men* of *energy*, to show themselves
worthy of that appellation, have run their

heads against the stone walls of Flanders, and it has been observed, that, although they have been stupified with the blow, their previous stupidity could receive little or no addition. *Lord Chatham*, of whom *Pitt* could make no more than he found him, pulled up his stockings, gartered his breeches'-knees, and was metamorphosed (by one of Mr. Perceval's *fictions* of law, we suppose) into a *man of energy*, capable of a most extraordinary *coup de main*; but, unfortunately for his job-masters, he fell into his old drowsy fit, slumbered till eleven A. M. (although that fact may not appear in the log-book), came back without his errand, and has been permitted to slumber ever since. We may, perhaps, have another *Inquiry*, but still he may

“ — — snore secure till morn ; his senses bound,
In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.”

DRYDEN.

Every thing may be purchased at too dear a rate, and a wise man will always calculate the proposed advantage, which, if not like to

produce an adequate return, he will prudently forego. Now the utmost advantage which could be proposed to the *men of energy*, after the last defeat of the Archduke Charles, was to destroy a few ships of war in the Scheldt, which were otherwise peaceably rotting there, and not worth half a *million of money*, although our expedition is supposed to have cost us above *six millions*, besides the more valuable blood of a brave army. Flushing, if it were at all tenable, could not have been held, unless provisioned at an immense expence from this country, and the annoyance which it might have occasioned to this country, was of very little importance compared with its charge, as the siege has proved that we might have captured it any time. It may be said that the expedition was prepared, and the expence should not be thrown away : It were better so, however, than to sacrifice so much valuable blood, and expose ourselves anew to the ridicule of the world. But would it not have been best to have sent it to Spain, where Sir Arthur Wellesley (we beg his

pardon, *Lord Wellington*) has been able to fight his way, and with such an addition would have probably marched through Spain, before the French armies in that country could have been reinforced? Instead of *one victorious army*, we have now *two discomfited and discouraged ones*, not through the prowess of the enemy, but the stupidity of our own ministers and generals. It would be a paradox, that the *men of energy* should have confided their most brilliant attempt, an attempt on which rested their whole hopes of continuing in the receipt of custom, to a general, who, we have heard humorously observed, loses one hour on his getting out of bed, and all the rest of the day in looking after it, were it not notorious that *kissing goes by favour*. Let us now draw the balance of account of our expeditions.—We have expended about *twelve millions* of money, and *twenty thousand lives* through war, disease, famine, and want of care of the wounded, and we have one baronet created a peer, (*Lord Wellington*) and another to be,

perhaps, created a peer, (*Viscount Biscuit*). On his elevation, we would recommend to Sir William Curtis the following motto to his arms:—" *Better be dam'd than not noticed.*" The worthy baronet could find no opportunity of procuring notoriety in the Scheldt, and so he returned, in doing which, he displayed much more wisdom than in going out. *Great geniuses*, however, can never be long kept in the back ground, and Sir William's barber, who was losing much of his importance with the baronet, reinstated himself by a lucky thought, that the *fiftieth* year of the present reign was on the point of commencing, and that if Sir William could but plaister up majesty with the mortar of flattery, he might get himself built into the wall amongst the brick-bats and rubbish of nobility. "A word to the *wise* is sufficient," and Sir William and his barber both resume their confidence; but the baronet's again yields to the superiority of the barber's genius. The former prepares a speech, which the baronet undertakes to get by heart—" *speedy*

and soon," and actually delivers it, with not more than the usual proportion of blunders.

“ Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.”

POPE.

We have before remarked that whenever ministers have committed some egregious blunder, they resort to some *Bottle Conjuror*, *Mary Canning*, *Cock Lane Ghost*, or other pantomimic state-trick to take off the public attention from themselves. Ministers were just now in that very predicament, when Sir William Curtis's barber and himself, blundered upon a *pretty pageant to astound the herd of fools*, and conceal the *quackery of state empyrics*.

“ Fools only are the knaves, and live by tricks,
 Wise men may thrive without them, and be honest.”

SOUTHERN.

Sir William Curtis has found out that the present reign was exceeded by none in the English Annals, except that of Henry V. which we all know to have been a most ruinous one to his kingdom. He has, therefore, pitched upon his head, instead of his heels in his example, which was a most unfortunate one. He, however, tells us of the battles of Maida, Aboukir, Alexandria, and Camperdown, but he has totally omitted the affairs of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, Norfolk, Dunkirk, the Helder, Ferrol, Buenos Ayres, and even of Antwerp, although he himself was an eye-witness of the latter failure, and has more *gossip* than any *goody* in the kingdom. This may well be styled the *Age of Reason*, since the commonalty daily gets wiser, by the transplanting of fools amongst the nobility. We do not see, however, why the office of *king's fool* should not be continued as well as that of *poet-laureat*, were it not, indeed, that, for some reigns past, the offices of *fool* and *poet-laureat* seem to have been concentrated in the person of the latter.

Alas ! England !—how is thy fate reversed—*poor in purse, and rich in fools !* We do not *feel* that we have any *congratulations* to offer upon our *present blessings*, and Russia will let us have no tallow for our illuminations ; but Sir William Curtis is sure of the blessings of a bungling, desponding ministry, and of all the *tallow-chandlers, glaziers, pick-pockets, and scum of the metropolis*, whose *light-fingered* dexterity on his gala day will be exceeded only by that of our *placemen and reversion-mongers*.—Push on ! keep moving, Sir William !—

A baronet ! O fie for shame !
Pr'ythee a little higher look ;
To peerage you've as good a claim,
You're *fool* enough to be a *duke*.

An income of *seventy millions* (sufficient for the good administration of all the governments on the face of the globe) is squandered away in attempts, which prove us at once the envy and ridicule of the world, and is yet found insufficient. It is rumoured that

the very first step intended to be taken on the opening of the next session of parliament, is an addition of five per cent to the property and income taxes!!! This pleasing hint must surely give a zest to British glee on the approaching jubilee. A newspaper of Saturday last, (Daily Advertiser of September 16) observes that every apartment of Guildhall resembled a beehive, there being no less than eighty commissions of bankruptcy, and this unheard of spectacle in the annals of English history must undoubtedly add another whet to our jubilee appetite. This is a pretty prospectus of the blessings for which we are to give thanks. If his majesty would, indeed, for once, give his people a real jubilee, he will discard incapacity with contempt, and make those speculators and reversion-mongers disgorge part of their *un-earned* gains,

“ Whose half starv'd pride, and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice
T' expose to sale, besides the wages
Of storing plagues to after ages.”

HUDIBRAS.

But what need is there to enumerate those blessings, which every man feels at his own door, the knocker of which is incessantly plied by tax-gatherers? The prison-gates may be set open, and thousands of unfortunate debtors restored to their families and the world; but a short month will scarcely elapse before they will be as well tenanted as ever. However, if we must have a jubilee, we will, like another *Heidegger*, put in for the office of *Master of the Royal Sports*, and produce the following as a specimen of our abilities to fill that important office.

HINTS

FOR

A MASQUERADE JUBILEE,

ON A GRAND SCALE,

WITH APPROPRIATE CHARACTERS.

The P—— of W——,

In the guise of a chivalrous knight of romance, led by a single hair, held by an old enchantress; his plume, helmet, and other pieces of mail of a rusty black colour, as is also his shield, except a small space in the center, which bears a representation of the moon behind a cloud, with the motto—
“*Resurgam.*”

D— of Y—,

As *Mars*, crowned with laurel,
mounted on a triumphal car, bearing
the inscription—Helder, Dunkirk,
and driven by

Mrs. M—A—C,
In the character of *Bellona*.

Horse Guards.

Horse Guards.

D— of C—

As a *Drunken Sailor*, with his *Doxy*.

D— of K—

In the character of a *Disbanded Officer*.

D— of S—,

Æneas flying from Dido, and accompanied
by his friend W—s, the Sheriff's Officer,
as his *fidus Achates*.

SUITE OF R—Y—L

Aids-de-Camp.

Banner inscribed—

Ferrol.

General Sir JAMES P—LT—N—Y,
As Knight of the Woeful Countenance.
 Banner inscribed—
Antwerp.

General W—EL—E,
As Knight of the White Feather.
 Banner inscribed—
Buenos Ayres.

General L—D C—TH—M,
As Knight of the Sleeping Lion roused,
 Leading in chains
The Goddess of Victory.

General Sir A—R W—Y,
 (If he returns, as, if he be wise, he will with
 all convenient speed, if he can at all) as
Knight of the Iron Head, bearing on his
 shield the motto—*Spain is the Road to Wel-*
lington.

ARCHBISHOPS,

With *distaffs* in their hands, instead of *pastoral crooks*, and *ladies' hoods* for *mitres*.

M—q—s W———y,

(If he be returned from Spain, as Buonaparté will, probably, soon compel him to do) habited as a

Genoese Admiral,

seated in a galley, on wheels, drawn by horses, and manned by

The *Representatives*
of *his*

Twelve Boroughs,

chained to the oars as *galley slaves*.

CAR,

Bearing the Statue of the
Goddess of Folly.

{ D—E of P—RTL—D, }
 { L—D H—KS—B—Y, }
 { L—D C—ER—GH, }

Habited as the *three old women justices*, and chaunting the following chorus in the pantomime of *Harlequin's Invasion* :—

“ For take the world through,
 And you'll find nine in ten
 Old women can do
 As much as old men.”

PEERS,

Sustaining the characters of *May-day Chimney Sweepers*, and strutting along in all their tinsel finery.

PEERESSES,

Habited in *costume* of the *chimney-sweepers' girls* on similar occasions, and riding astride on *donkies*, driven by their most *athletic* footmen.

BISHOPS,

Bearing *petticoats* as banners tied to the end of their croziers.

PRIVY COUNSELLORS

Disguised as *Mountebank Doctors*, *Merry Andrews*, and *Tumblers*.

CH—NC—LL—R of EX—R,

Habited as the *Dey* of Algiers, and followed by his horde of dependants in the characters of

Mutes.

A CAR,

Bearing the Statue of *Justice* blindfolded.

JUDGES,

Seated in cars, and as fast asleep as the nonsense of the surrounding multitude of brawling barristers can set them.

POET-LAUREAT,

In the garb of the *King's Fool*, with cap, bells, &c. and *chaunting* the following Grubstreet

ODE.

“ — *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*”

HORACE.

ALL hail! most happy, most auspicious day,
First of the fiftieth of great George's sway!
 No reign with blessings e'er so teem'd,
If taxes blessings may be deem'd.

Soar, muse, aloft! Fame ope thy brazen throat,
 To fifty years of glory tune the note!
 Sing Bute's, and North's, and Portland's rule,
Whose three wits join'd would make one fool.

Sing of whole cont'nents lost, and islands won—
 Of feats by P—lt—n—y, W—tel—ke, Y—k's D—e done!
 Sing what great Ch—th—m did asleep,
Lost what he might, took what he could not keep.

Sing of fam'd P—re—v—l's deep learn'd wit,
 And how the May'r's and Council's nose he bit!
 Sing W—ll—sl—y's prowess in campaign,
Who march'd up hill, and down again.

Sing, muse of C—st—r—gh's *productive* barters,
 And Curt—s's fine dreams of stars and garters!
 Of glorious expeditions sent,
Just to behold the Continent.

Sing Y—k's D—e, deeply vers'd in *ars amandi*—
Sweeting, dearest dearee, sugarcandy!

Sing his *love-lyrics*, so well writ,
With C—mb—rl—d, his uncle's wit.

Sing of our nation's plenty, ease, and riches,
Though individuals may lack off breeches;—
Of *Constitution*, firm as fate,
Though Moll Clarke govern Church and State.

Sing all those blessings on this jub'lee-day,
Britain wants nought—for which *her purse can pay!*
Let joyful *Pacans* rouse the dead,
Though soon they die again for want of bread.

	SIR W—M C—RT—S,	
Baker's Company.	{ In the character of <i>Don Quixote</i> , with his <i>barber's bason</i> on his sconce for <i>Mambrino's helmet</i> .—Motto on his shield— Peerage boon, Speedy, soon.	Baker's Company.

His Barber,

As *Sancho Pança*, walking by a dapple ass,
to whom he offers *biscuits* out of his wallet.

L—D M——R,

Carrying a bouquet of *Flowers*.

C—MM—N C—UNC—L,

In the Asiatic costume, as the '*Wise Men of the East*,' bearing *night-pans* as censers, and burning what modesty may not name, for incense,

An enormous Turtle

On a Car, followed by

The Company of Cooks,

All the rest of

The City Companies,

Except the *Tallow Chandlers* and *Glaziers*, who will be busy at home in instructing their apprentices in *loyalty*, and *other tricks of trade*.

A hireling mob, and pick-pockets as usual.	}	Streets to be lined by Horse Guards, Police Officers, Constables.	}	A hireling mob, and pick-pockets as usual,
---	---	---	---	---

Windows
to be lined with
Gaping Fools
of all descriptions.

AT NIGHT

A General Illumination

May be crammed down the people's throats by the hireling mob of a desponding m-n-st-y, and the *apprentices of tallow-chandlers* and *glaziers*, who will be very industrious in *making for the good of trade* by breaking the windows of those houses not bearing some *rush-light* tokens of *loyalty*, and committing other riotous acts of deprecation.

N. B.—A few fires may happen to break out accidentally; which, if well grouped, will add inexpressibly to the grandeur of the *tout ensemble* of the scene, as the *Fire Companies*, not to be behind hand in loyalty with other associations, will treat their men, who

will get too *gloriously drunk*, in honor of the *glorious day*, to stop the beauties of any *glorious conflagration whatever*.

The *National Theatre* (at only double prices) to present the public with the comedy of

Who's the Dupe ?

With the Pantomime of

Mother Goose,

In which Madame Catalani may take leave of the British Theatre in Doctor Arbuthnot's humorous parody on Pope's song, written for *Durastanti* on a similar occasion :

“ Puppies, whom I now am leaving,
Merry sometimes, always mad,
Who lavish most when debts are craving,
On fools, and farce, and masquerade !
Who would not from such bubbles run,
And leave such blessings for the sun ?
Happy soil, and simple crew !
Let old sharpers yield to new !

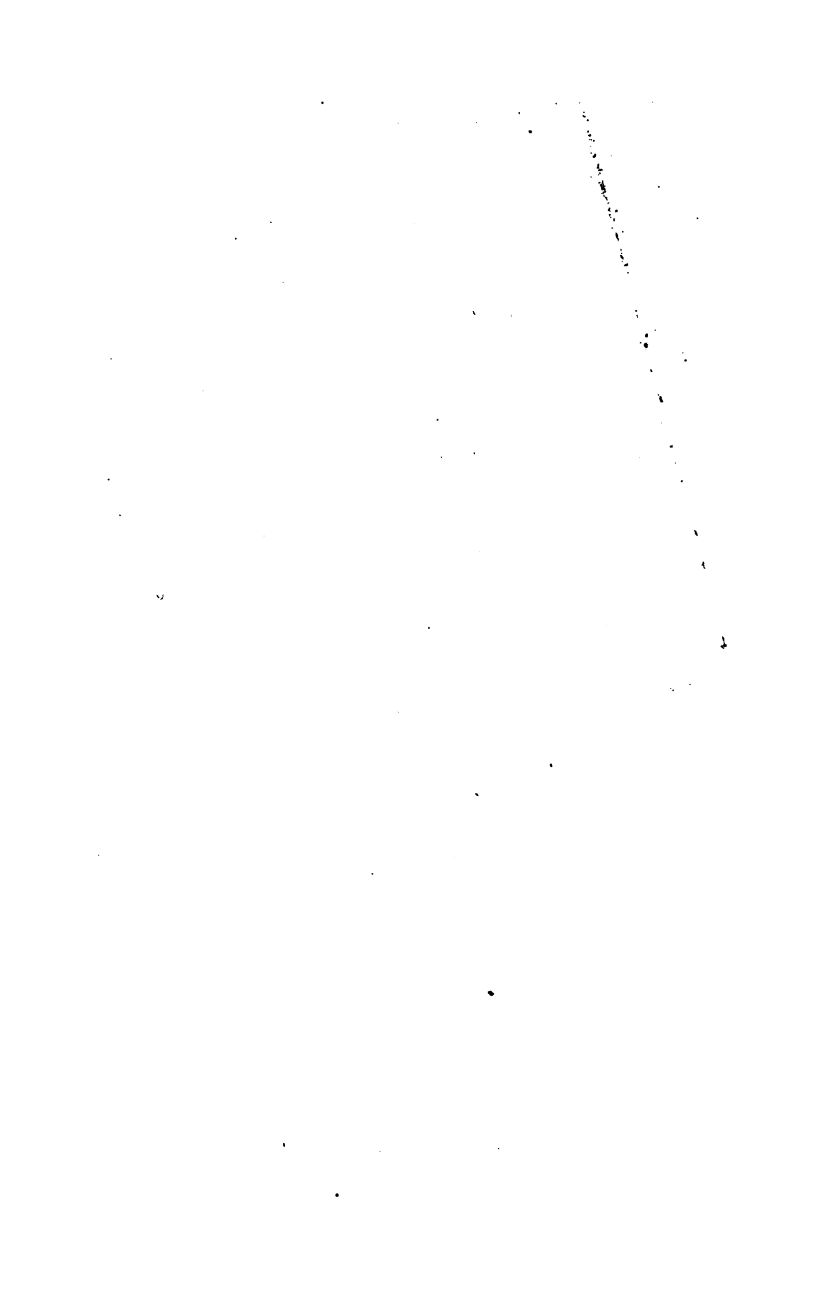
185

THE SETTING SUN.

All your tastes be still refining,
All your nonsense still more shining :
Blest in some *Berenstad* or *Boschi*,
He more awkward, he more huſky ;
And never want, when these are lost t'us,
Another Heidegger and Faustus.
Happy soil, and simple crew !
Let old sharpers yield to new !
Bubbles all, adieu, adieu !"



THE END.







a_f

