# Pamphlets and Parodies on Political Subjects

William Hone



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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PAMPHLETS AND PARODIES ON POLITICAL SUBJECTS ***

# PAMPHLETS AND PARODIES ON POLITICAL SUBJECTS

# By William Hone,

## With Numerous Wood Cuts, by CRUIKSHANK

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010s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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011s

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## LONDON:

## I. CHIDLEY, J 51, GOSWELL STREET,.

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# THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

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

## WITH THIRTEEN CUTS

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013s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

Fifty-first Edition

London:

Printed By And For William Hone,
Ludgate Hill.

1821.

ONE SHILLING.

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

Cowper.

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

# THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION TO HIS POLITICAL GODCHILD.

To

Doctor Slop,

In Acknowledgment Of

Many Public Testimonials Of His Filial Gratitude;

And To The Nursery Of Children Six Feet High, His Readers,

For The Delight And Instruction Of Their Uninformed Minds

This Juvenile Publication

Is Affectionately Inscribed,

By

The Doctor's Political Godfather,

The Author.

**The Publication wherein the Author of "The Political House that Jack Built" conferred upon Dr. SLOP the lasting distinction of his name, was a Jeu d'Esprit, entitled "Buonapartephobia, or cursing made easy to the meanest capacity"—It is reprinted, and may be had of the Publisher, Price One Shilling.

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016s

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# THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

---

017s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

THIS IS

 THE WEALTH

that lay
In the House that Jack built.

---

018s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

  ——"A race obscene,

  Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
  Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains,
  Were cover'd with the pest;

  The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook;
  Nor palaces, nor even chambers,'scap'd;
  And the land stank —so num'rous was the fry."

           THESE ARE

THE VERMIN

That plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House,

That Jack built.

---

019s

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

THIS IS

THE THING,

that in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it,

by Soldiers or Tax,

Will *poison* the Vermin,

That plunder the Wealth,

That lay in the House,

That Jack built.

---

020s

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

THIS IS

THE PUBLIC INFORMER,

who

Would pull down the *Thing,*
that, in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it,
by Soldiers or Tax,

Will poison the Vermin, that plunder the Wealth,
That lay in the House, that Jack built.

---

021S

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

THESE ARE

THE REASONS OF LAWLESS POWER,
That back the Public Informer,
who

Would put down the Thing,

that, in spite of new Acts,

And attempts to restrain it,

by Soldiers or Tax,

Will *poison* the Vermin,

That plunder the W ealth,

That lay in the House,

That Jack built.

---

022S

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

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

Who bows with a grace,

And has *taste* in wigs, collars,

cuirasses, and lace;

Who, to tricksters and fools,

leaves the State and its treasure,
And, when Britain's in tears,

sails about at his pleasure,
Who spurn'd from his presence

the Friends of his youth,

And now has not one

who will tell him the truth;
Who took to his counsels,
in evil hour,

The Friends to the Reasons

of lawless Power;

That back the Public Informer
who

Would put down the *Thing*,

that, in spite of new Acts,

And attempts to restrain it,

by Soldiers or Tax,

Will *poison* the Vermin,

That plunder the Wealth,

That lay in the House,

That Jack built.

---

024s

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

THESE ARE

THE PEOPLE

all tatter'd and torn,
Who curse the day

wherein they were born,
On account of Taxation

too great to be borne,
And pray for relief,

from night to morn:
Who, in vain, Petition

in every form,
Who, peaceably Meeting

to ask for Reform,

Were sabred by Yeomanry Cavalry,
who

Were thank'd by THE MAN,

all shaven and shorn,

All cover'd with Orders—

and all forlorn;

THE DANDY OF SIXTY,

who bows with a grace,

And has taste in wigs, collars,

cuirasses, and lace:

"Who, to tricksters and fools,

leaves the state and its treasure,
And, when Britain's in tears,

sails about at his pleasure:

Who spurn'd from his presence

the Friends of his youth,

And now' has not one

who will tell him the truth;

Who took to his counsels, in evil hour,

The Friends to the Reasons of law less Power,

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

---

026s

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

This is THE DOCTOR

of *Circular* fame,
A Driv'ller, a Bigot, a Knave
without shame:
And *that's* DERRY DOWN TRIANGLE

by name,

From the Land of misrule,

and half-hanging, and flame:
And *that* is THE SPOUTER OF FROTH

BY THE HOUR,

The worthless colleague

of their infamous power:

W ho dubb'd *him* 'the Doctor'

whom now he calls 'brother,'
And, to get at his Place,

took a shot at the other;

Who haunts their *Bad House*,

a base living to earn,

By playing Jack-pudding, and Ruffian,
in turn;

Who bullies, for those

whom he bullied before;

Their *Flash*-man, their Bravo,

a son of a ———;

The hate of the People,

all tatter'd and torn,

Who curse the day

wherein they were born,

On account of Taxation

too great to be borne,

And pray for relief

from night to morn;

Who, in vain, petition

in every form:

Who peaceably Meeting

to ask for Reform,

Were sabred by Yeomanry Cavalry,

who

Were thank'd by THE MAN,

all shaven and shorn,

All cover'd with Orders—

and all forlorn;

THE DANDY OF SIXTY,

who bows with a grace,

And has *taste* in wigs, collars,

cuirasses and lace:

Who to tricksters and fools,

leaves the State and its treasure,

And, when Britain's in tears,

sails about at his pleasure:

Who spurn'd from his presence

the Friends of his youth,

And now has not one

who will tell him the truth;

Who took to his counsels, in evil hour,

The Friends to the Reasons of lawless Power;
That back the Public Informer, who
Would put down the *Thing*, that, inspite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it, by Soldiers or Tax,
Will *poison* the Vermin, that plunder the Wealth

That lay in the House, that Jack built.

---

029s

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

This WORD is the Watchword—
the talisman word,

That the WATERLOO-MAN's to crush
with his sword;
But, if shielded by Norfolk

and Bedford's alliance,

It will set both his sword,

and him at defiance;

If Fitzwilliam, and Grosvenor, and
Albemarle aid it,

And assist its best Champions,

who then dare invade it?

'Tis the terrible WORD OF FEAR,
night and morn,

To the *Guilty Trio*,

all cover'd with scorn;

First, to the Doctor,

of Circular fame,

A Driv'ller, a Bigot, a Knave
without shame:

And next, Derry Down Triangle
by name,

From the Land of Mis-rule,

and Half-hanging, and Flame:
And then, to the Spouter of Froth
by the hour,

The worthless colleague

of their infamous power;

Who dubb'd *him* 'the Doctor,'

whom now he calls 'brother',
And to get at his Place,

took a shot at the other;
Who haunts their *Bad House*,

a base living to earn,

By playing Jack-Pudding, and Ruffian,
in turn;

Who bullies for those,

whom he bullied before;
Their *Flash*-man, their Bravo,

a son of a ———;

The hate of the People,

all tatter'd and torn,

Who curse the day

wherein they were born
On account of Taxation

too great to be borne,

And pray for relief,

from night to morn;

Who, in vain, Petition

in every form,

Who peaceably Meeting,

to ask for Reform,

Were sabred by Yeomanry Cavalry,
who,

Were thank'd by *THE MAN*,

all shaven and shorn,

All cover'd with Orders—

and all forlorn;

THE DANDY OF SIXTY,

who bows with a grace,
And has *taste* in wigs, collars,

cuirasses and lace;

Who, to tricksters and fools,

leaves the State and its treasure,
And, when Britain's in tears,

sails about at his pleasure;

Who spurn'd from his presence

the Friends of his youth,

And now has not one

who will tell him the Truth;
Who took to his counsels,

in evil hour,

The friends to the Reasons

of lawless Power;

That back the Public Informer,
who

Would put down the Thing

that, in spite of new Acts,

And attempts to restrain it

by Soldiers or Tax,

Will *poison* the Vermin,

That plunder the Wealth,

That lay in the House,

That Jack built.

## END OF THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

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033s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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# THE CLERICAL MAGISTRATE.

THIS PRIEST,

made 'according to Law,'
Who, on being ordain'd, vow'd, by rote, like a daw,
That he felt himself call'd, by the Holy Spirit,

To teach men the Kingdom of Heaven to merit;
That, to think of the World and the flesh he'd cease,
And keep men in quietness, love, and peace;

And, making thus his profession and boast,
Receiv'd, from the Bishop, the Holy Ghost:

Then—not having the fear of God before him—

Is sworn in a Justice, and one of the *Quorum*;
'Gainst his spiritual Oath, puts his Oath of the Bench,
And, instead of his Bible, examines a wench;

Gets Chairman of Sessions—leaves his flock, sick
or dying,

To license Ale-houses—and assist in the trying
Of prostitutes, poachers, pickpockets, and thieves;—
Having *charged* the Grand Jury, dines with them,
and gives

"Church and King without day-light gets *fresh*,
and puts in—

To the stocks vulgar people, who fuddle with gin:

Stage-coach men, and toll-men, convicts as he pleases;
And beggars and paupers incessantly teazes:
Commits starving vagrants, and orders Distress
On the Poor, for their Rates—signs warrants to press,
And beats up for names to a Loyal Address:
Would indict, for Rebellion, those who Petition:
And, all who look peaceable, try for Sedition;
If the People were legally Meeting, in quiet,
Would pronounce it decidedly—*sec. Stut.*—a Riot,
And order the Soldiers 'to aid and assist,'

That is—kill the helpless, who cannot resist.

He, though vowing 'from all worldly studies to
cease,'

Breaks the Peace of the Church, to be Justice of Peace;
Breaks his vows madeto Heaven: a pander for power;
A Perjurer—a guide to the People no more;

On God turns his back,

when he turns the State's Agent;
And damns his own Soul,

to be friends with the ———.

## THE END.

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035s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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037s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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# THE QUEEN'S MATRIMONIAL LADDER,

## A National Toy With Fourteen Step Scenes;

And Illustrations In Verse,

With Eighteen Other Cuts.

By The Author Of The Political House That Jack Built."

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

Cavendish's Memoirs of Curd. Wolsey

---

039s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## QUALIFICATION.

In love, and in drink, and o'ertoppled by debt

With women, with wine, and with duns on the fret.

---

040s

*Original Size -- Medium-Size*

# DECLARATION.

The Prodigal Son, by his perils surrounded,

Vex'd, harass'd, bewilder'd, asham'd, and con-
founded,

Fled for help to his Father,

confessed his ill doing,

And begged for salvation

from stark staring ruin;

The sire urged—"The People

your debts have twice paid,

"And, to ask a third time,

even Pitt is afraid;

"But he shall if you'll marry, and lead a new life,—
"You've a cousin in Germany—make her your
wife!"

---

041s

### *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

## ACCEPTATION.

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

From the hearth of her fathers, he lured her away:
How joy'd she in coming—

how smiling the bower;
flow sparkling their nuptials—

how welcome her dower.

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

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

---

042s

### *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

## ALTERATION.

Near a million of debts gone,

all gone were her charms—
What! an Epicure have *his own* wife
in his arms?

She was not to his *taste*—

what car'd *he* for the 'form,'

'To love and to cherish'

could not mean reform:

'To love' meant, of course, nothing else
but neglect;—

'To cherish' to leave her,

and shew disrespect

---

043s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## IMPUTATION.

Was it manly, when widow'd,

to spy at her actions;

To listen to eaves-droppers,

whisp'ring detractions:

And, like an old Watchman,

with faults to conceal,

Get up a *false Charge*,

as a proof of his zeal?

If desertion was base, Oh base be his name,
Who, having deserted, would bring her to sham?

---

044s

*Original Size -- Medium-Size*

## EXCULPATION.

Undaunted in spirit, her courage arose,

With encrease of charges, and encrease of foes.
Despising the husband,

who thus had abused her,

She proved to his father,

his son had ill used her:—

Her conduct examin'd, and sifted, shone bright,
Her enemies fled, as the shadows of night

---

045s

*Original Size -- Medium-Size*

## EMIGRATION.

Her father and king, while with reason yet blest,
Protected her weakness, and shielded her rest;
Infirmity seizes him, false friends draw near,

Then spies gather round, and malignants appear;
And cajole, wait, watch, insult,

alarm, and betray,

Till from home, and her daughter,

they force her away.

---

046s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## REMIGRATION.

Still pursued, when a 'wanderer,'

her child sleeps in death,

And her best friend, in England, her king,
yields his breath;

This gives her new rights—

they neglect and proscribe her;

She threatens returning—they then try to bribe her!

The bullies turn slaves, and, in meanness, fawn on her:

They feel her contempt, and they vow her dishonour;

But she 'steers her own course,' comes indignantly
over,

And the shouts of the nation salute her at Dover!

---

047s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## CONSTERNATION.

Ah, what was that groan!—

'twas the Head of the Church,
When he found she was come—

for he dreaded a search
Into what *he*'d been doing:

and sorely afraid, for
What *she* might find out,

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

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

care took
That the name of his wife

should be out of the prayer book!

A BURNING SHAME!"

---

048s

*Original Size -- Medium-Size*

# ACCUSATION.

On searching for precedents, much to their dread,
They found that they could n't well cut off her head;
And the 'House of Incurables' raised a 'Report'
She was not a fit person to live in *his* Court.

How like an OLD CHARLEY

they then made him stand,

In his lanthorn a *leech*,

the 'Report' in his hand.

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

'I shall get rid of her, and I'll then get another!'

Yet he thought, to himself,—

'twas a thought most distressing,—

'If *she* should discover

I've been M—ch—ss—g,

'There's an end of the whole!

D——rs C-ns, of course,

'If *my own* hands are dirty,

won't grant a D——ce!'

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

Moral.

*Be warn'd by his fate*
*Married, single, and all;*

*Ye elderly Gentlemen,*

*Pity his fall!*

---

050s

### *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

## PUBLICATION.

As yon bright orb, that vivifies our ball,
Sees through our system, and illumines all;
So, sees and shines, our Moral Sun, The Press,
Alike to vivify the mind, and bless;

Sees the rat *Leech* turn towards Milan's walls,

'Till the black slime betrays him as he crawls;'
Sees, from that recreant, vile, and eunuch-land,
Where felon-perjurers hold their market-stand,
*Cooke*, with his 'cheek of parchment, eye of stone,'
Get up the evidence, to go well down;

Sees who, with eager hands, the Green Bag cram,
And warns the nation of the frightful flam;

Sees Him, for whom they work the treacherous
task,

With face, scarce half conceal'd, behind their mask,
Fat, fifty-eight, and frisky, still a beau,

Grasping a half-made match, by *Leech*-light go;
Led by a passion, prurient, blind, and batter'd,
Lame, bloated, pointless, flameless, age'd and
shatter'd;

Creeping, like Guy Fawkes, to blow up his wife,
Whom, spurn'd in youth, he dogs through after-life.

Scorn'd, exiled, baffled, goaded in distress,

She owes her safety to a fearless Press:

With all the freedom that it makes its own,

It guards, alike, the people and their throne;

While fools with darkling eye-balls shun its gaze,
And soaring villains scorch beneath its blaze.

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052s

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## INDIGNATION.

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

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

Will say—'Thou who cast the first stone at thy wife,

Art thou without sin, and is spotless *thy* life?'

Ah! what if *thy* faults should 'outrival the sloe,'

And thy wife's, beside thine, should look 'whiter
than snow'!

Bethink thee! the old British Lion awoke,

Turns indignant, and treads out thy bag-full of smoke.

Spurn thy minions—the traitors, who counsel thee,
banish;

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

---

053s

*Original Size -- Medium-Size*

# CORONATION.

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

That '*Slaves* take the humours of Kings for a warrant.'
A more *useful* truth never fell from his pen,

If Kings would apply it like sober-bred men.

The Slaves of *your* will,

will make your reign, in History,

A misrule of force, folly, taxing, and mystery:
Indulging your wish for

what, with law,'s incompatible,

For the present, they've render'd your crown
not come-at-able;

And the tongues of old women and infancy wag,
With, 'He call'd for his crown—and

they gave him the *Bag!*'

---

054s

*Original Size -- Medium-Size*

# DEGRADATION.

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

THE END

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055s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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056s

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# THE JOSS AND HIS FOLLY,

An Extract of an overland Dispatch.

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

Byron.

July 29, 1820.

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

The outside—huge teapots,

all drill'd round with holes,
Relieved by extinguishers,

sticking on poles:

The inside—all tea-things,

and dragons, and bells,

The show rooms—*all* show,

the sleeping rooms—cells.

But the *grand* Curiosity

's not to be seen—

The owner himself—

an old fat Mandarin;

A patron of painters

who copy designs,

That grocers and tea-dealers

hang up for signs:

Hence teaboard-taste artists

gain rewards and distinction,

Hence his title of 'Teapot'

shall last to extinction.

I saw his great chair

into which he falls—soss—

And sits, in his China Shop,

like a large Joss;

His mannikins round him,

in tea-tray array,

His pea-hens beside him,

to make him seem gay.

It is said when he sleeps

on his state Eider-down,

And thinks on his Wife,

and about *half* a Crown;

That he wakes from these horrible dreams in a stew;

And that, stretching his arms out,

he screams, Mrs. Q.!

He's cool'd on the M—ch-ss,

but I'm your debtor

For further particulars—

in a C letter.

You must know that he hates *his own* wife, to a failing;—

And it's thought, it's to shun her,
he's now gone out

## SAILING.

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058s

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061s

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# THE FORM OF PRAYER, WITH THANKSGIVING TO ALMIGHTY GOD,

To be used daily by all devout People throughout the Realm, for the Happy Deliverance of Her Majesty QUEEN CAROLINE From the late most Traitorous Conspiracy.

Eighth Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM HONE, 45, Ludgate Hill; and sold by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom. 1820. *Price Six-pence.*

THE ORDER FOR DAILY PRAYER THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

*At the beginning of Morning and Evening Prayer the Minister may read with a loud voice some one or more of these Sentences of the Scriptures that follow. And then may be said that which is written after the said Sentences, together with other suitable portions of the usual Service.*

WHEN the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn. *Prov. xxix. 2.*

By reason of the multitude of oppressions they make the oppressed to cry: they cry out by reason of the arm of the mighty. *Job, xxxv. 9.*

If a ruler hearken to lies, all his servants are wicked. *Prov. xxix. 12.*

The wicked walk on every side when the vilest men

are exalted. *Psalm xii. 8.*
They are exalted for a little while, but they are gone and brought low: they are taken out of the way as all other, and cut off as the tops of green corn. *Job, xxiv. 24.*
A righteous man falling down before the wicked is as a troubled fountain, and a corrupt spring. *Prov. xxv. 26.*
A wise king scattereth the wicked, and bringeth the wheel over them. *Prov. xx. 26.*

*This Hymn following may be used; one Verse by the Priest, and another by the Clerk and People.*

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious: and his mercy endureth for ever. *Psalm cvii. 1.*

*Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed: and delivered from the hand of the enemy. Verse 2.*
Many a time have they fought against me from my youth up. *Psalm cxxix. 1.*
*Yea, many a time have they vexed me from my youth up: but they have not prevailed against me. Verse 2.*
They have privily laid their net to destroy me without a cause: yea, even without a cause have they made a pit for my soul. *Psalm xxxv. 7.*
*They have laid a net for my feet, and pressed down my soul: they have digged a pit before me, and are fallen into the midst of it themselves. Psalm lvii. 7.*
Great is our Lord, and great is his power: yea, and his wisdom is infinite. *Psalm cxlvii. 5.*
*The Lord setteth up the meek: and bringeth the ungodly down to the ground. Verse 6.*

*Two Psalms appointed in the Book of Common Prayer to be said on the 29th of each month throughout the year.*

PSALM CXL. *Eripe me, Domine..*

DELIVER me, O Lord, from the evil man: and

preserve me from the wicked man.

2 Who imagine mischief in their hearts: and stir up strife all the day long.

3 They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent: adders' poison is under their lips.

4 Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the ungodly: preserve me from the wicked men, who are purposed to overthrow my goings.

5 The proud have laid a snare for me, and spread a net abroad with cords: yea, and set traps in my way.

6 I said unto the Lord, Thou art my God: hear the voice of my prayers, O Lord.

7 O Lord God, thou strength of my health: thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.

8 Let not the ungodly have his desire, O Lord: let not his mischievous imagination prosper, lest they be too proud.

9 Let the mischief of their own lips fall upon the head of them: that compass me about.

10 Let hot burning coals fall upon them: let them be cast into the fire, and into the pit, that they never rise up again.

11 A man full of words shall not prosper upon the earth: evil shall hunt the wicked person to overthrow him.

12 Sure I am that the Lord will avenge the poor:

and maintain the cause of the helpless.

IS The righteous also shall give thanks unto thy Name: and the just shall continue in thy sight.

PSALM CXLI. *Domine clamavi.*

LORD, I call upon thee, haste thee unto me and consider my voice when I cry unto thee.

2 Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense: and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.

3 Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: and keep the door of my lips.

4 O let not mine heart be inclined to any evil thing: let me not be occupied in ungodly works with the men that work wickedness, lest I eat of such things as please them.

5 Let the righteous rather smite me friendly: and reprove me.

6 But let not their precious balms break my head: yea, I will pray yet against their wickedness.

7 Let their judges be overthrown in stony places: that they may hear my words, for they are sweet.

8 Our bones lie scattered before the pit: like as when one breaketh and hevveth wood upon the earth.

9 But mine eyes look unto thee, O Lord God: in thee is my trust, O cast not out my soul.

10 Keep me from the snare that they have laid for me: and from the traps of the wicked doers.

11 Let the ungodly fall into their own nets together: and let me ever escape them.

*The Suffrages may be as followeth.*

Priest. O Lord, save the Queen.

People. Who putteth her trust in thee.

Priest. Send her help from thy holy place.

People. And evermore mightily defend her.

Priest. Let her enemies have no advantage against her.

People. Let not the wicked approach to hurt her.

*After the Collects* [for Peace and Deliverance from our Enemies] *may be said that which followeth.*

ALMIGHTY God and heavenly Father, who of thy gracious providence, and tender mercy towards us, didst prevent the malice and imaginations of our enemies, by discovering and confounding their horrible and wicked Enterprize, plotted and intended to have been executed against the Queen and the whole State of *England*, for the subversion of the Government and Religion established among us; and didst likewise wonderfully conduct thy Servant Queen *Caroline*, and bring her safely into *England*, and preserve us from the attempts of our enemies to bereave us of our religion and laws: We most humbly praise and magnify thy most glorious Name for thy unspeakable goodness towards us, expressed in both these acts of thy mercy. Let the consideration of this thy repeated goodness, O Lord, work in us true repentance, that iniquity may not be our ruin. And increase in us more and more a lively faith and love, fruitful in all holy obedience; that thou mayest still continue

thy favour, with the light of thy Gospel, to us and our posterity for evermore. *Amen*.

*Prayer*.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast in all ages shewed thy Power and Mercy in the protection of righteous States from the wicked conspiracies, and malicious practices of all the enemies thereof: We yield thee our unfeigned thanks and praise, for the wonderful and mighty deliverance of our gracious Queen CAROLINE, by cruel treachery appointed as a sheep to the slaughter, in a most barbarous and savage manner, beyond the examples of former ages. From this unnatural conspiracy, not our merit, but thy mercy; not our foresight, but thy providence delivered us: And therefore not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name be ascribed all honour and glory, in all Churches of the saints, from generation to generation. *Amen*.

*Instead of the Prayer* [In time of War and Tumults] *may be used this Prayer following*.

ETERNAL God, and our most mighty Protector, we thy unworthy servants do humbly present ourselves before thy Majesty, acknowledging thy power, wisdom, and goodness, in preserving the Queen from the destruction intended against her. Make us, we beseech thee, truly thankful for this, and for all other thy great mercies towards us; particularly we bless thee for giving Her Majesty a safe arrival here, and for making all opposition fall before her. We beseech thee to protect and defend her from all treasons and conspiracies; Preserve her in thy faith, fear, and love; prosper her with long happiness here on earth; and crown her with everlasting glory hereafter. *Amen*.

*The following may be said or sung, one Verse by the Priest, another by the Clerk and People*.

Grant the Queen a long life: and make her glad

with the joy of thy countenance. *Psalm Ixi. 6.* and xxi. 6.

*Let her dwell before thee for ever: O prepare thy loving mercy and faithfulness, that they may preserve her.* Psalm lxi. 7.

In her time let the righteous flourish: and let peace be in all our borders. *Psalm Ixxii. 7.* and cxlii. 14.

*As for her enemies, clothe them with shame: but upon herself let her crown flourish.* Psalm cxxxii. 19.

*Also this.*

Thou art the God that hast no pleasure in wickedness: neither shall any evil dwell with thee. *Psalm v. 4.*

*Thou wilt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord abhors both the blood-thirsty and deceitful man.* ver: 6.

O how suddenly do they consume: perish, and come to a fearful end! *Psalm* lxxiii. 18.

*Yea, even like as a dream, when one awaketh: so didst thou make their image to vanish out of the city.* ver. 19.

*This Sentence may be read at the Offertory.*

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the Prophets. *St. Matt.* vii. 12.

*Also may be profitably read these Sentences.*

There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness. *Prov.* xxx. 12.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! *Isaiah*, v. 20. '

Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter. *Matt*, xxiii. 25.

But your inside is full of ravening and wickedness. *Luke*, xi. 39.

Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are as graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them. *Luke*, xi. 44.

His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins. *Prov*. v. 22.

He shall die without instruction; and in the greatness of his folly he shall go astray. *Prov*. v. 23.

The congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery. *Job*, xv. 34.

*After the Prayer* [For the whole State of Christ's Church, &c.] *this Collect following may be used.*

ALMIGHTY God and heavenly Father, who, of thine infinite and unspeakable goodness towards us, didst in a most extraordinary and wonderful manner disappoint and overthrow the wicked designs of those traitorous, heady, and high-minded men, who, under the pretence of Religion and thy most holy Name, had contrived, and well-nigh effected the utter destruction of thy Servant CAROLINE, our beloved

Queen: as we do this day most heartily and devoutly adore and magnify thy glorious Name for this thine infinite goodness already vouchsafed to us; so do we most humbly beseech thee to continue thy grace and favour towards us, that no such dismal calamity may ever again fall upon us. Infatuate and defeat all the secret counsels of deceitful and wicked men against us. Abate their pride, asswage their malice, and confound their devices. With judgment and justice cut off all such workers of iniquity, as turn Religion into Rebellion, and Faith into Faction; that they may never prevail against us, nor triumph in the ruin of the Monarchy. Protect and defend Her Majesty from all treasons and conspiracies. Be unto her an helmet of salvation, and a strong tower of defence against the face of all her enemies; clothe them with shame and confusion, but let Her for ever flourish. So we thy people, and the sheep of thy pasture, will give thee thanks for ever, and will always be shewing forth thy praise from generation to generation.—*Amen*.

*Or there may be sung or said this Hymn following: one Verse by the Priest, and another by the Clerk and people*.

MY song shall be alway of the loving kindness of the Lord: with my mouth will I ever be shewing forth his truth from one generation to another. *Psalm* lxxxix. 1.

*The merciful and gracious Lord hath so done his marvellous works: that they ought to be had in remembrance*. Psalm cxi. 4.

Who can express the noble acts of the Lord: or shew forth all his praise? *Psalm* cvi. 2.

*The works of the Lord are great: sought out of all them that have pleasure therein*. Psalm cxi. 2.

The Lord setteth up the meek: and bringeth the nngodly down to the ground. *Psalm* cxlvii. 6.

*The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment: for all them that are oppressed with wrong.* Psalm ciii. 6.

*This Collect may likewise be used.*

O ALMIGHTY God, who art a strong tower of defence unto thy servants against the face of their enemies; We yield thee praise and thanksgiving for the wonderful deliverance of these kingdoms from the GREAT CONSPIRACY, and all the Miseries and Oppressions consequent thereupon. We acknowledge it thy goodness, that we are not utterly delivered over as a prey unto our enemies; beseeching thee still to continue such thy mercy towards us, that all the world may know that thou art our Saviour and mighty deliverer. *Amen.*

*After the Prayer for the King, the Priest may say thus.*

Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun, all the days of thy vanity: for that is thy portion in *this* life, and in thy labour which thou takest under the sun. *Eccl.* ix. 9.

So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself. *Eph.* v. 28.

Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband. *Eph.* v. 33.

It hath been said, whoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:

But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery. *Matt.* v. 31,32.

*The Collect for God's protection of the Queen against all her enemies.*

MOST gracious God, we most humbly beseech thee to protect thy Servant CAROLINE, our beloved Queen, from all the dangers to which she may be exposed; Hide her from the gathering together of the froward, and from the insurrection of wicked doers; Do thou weaken the hands, blast the designs, and defeat the enterprizes of all her enemies; that no secret conspiracies, nor open violences, may disquiet her; but that, being safely kept under the shadow of thy wing, and supported by thy power, she may triumph over all opposition; that so the world may acknowledge thee to be her Defender and mighty Deliverer in all difficulties and adversities. *Amen.*

*This may also be said.*

LORD God of our salvation, who hast been exceedingly gracious unto this land, and by thy miraculous providence didst deliver us out of our miserable confusion; by restoring to us, and to her own just and undoubted rights, our most gracious Queen CAROLINE, notwithstanding all the power and malice of her enemies; and to the great comfort and joy of our hearts: We are here now before thee, with all due thankfulness, to acknowledge thine unspeakable goodness herein, and to offer unto thee our" sacrifice of praise for the same; we beseech thee to bless the Queen with all increase of grace, honour and happiness, in this world, and to crown her with immortality and glory in the world to come. *Amen.*

*Versicles.*

As snow in summer, and as rain in harvest, so honour is not seemly for a fool. *Prov.* xxvi. 1.

The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. *Isa*. lvii. 29.

Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness. *Prov*.-xxv. 5.

When it goeth well with the righteous, the city rejoiceth: and when the wicked perish, there is shouting. *Prov*. xi. 10.

A false witness shall not be unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall not escape. *Prov*. ix. 5.

Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment. *Job*, xxxii. 9.

For the transgression of a land, many are the princes thereof: but by a man of understanding and knowledge, the state thereof shall be prolonged. *Prov*. xxviii. 2.

As a roaring lion, and a ranging bear; so is a wicked ruler over the poor people. *Prov*. xxviii. 15.

Better is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king, who will no more be admonished. *Eccl*. iv. 13.

His bones are full of the sins of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust. *Job*, xx. 11.

Be wise now therefore O ye kings; be instructed ye judges of the earth. *Psalm* ii. 10.

PSALMS FROM THE NEW VERSION,

By N. BRADY, D. D. and N. TATE, Esq.

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I. (Psalm 6.)

Reader,

It *seemeth meet to acquaint thee that the foregoing Form of Prayer with Thanksgiving to be used Daily for Her Majesty, hath been wholly compiled from Scripture, and from certain Services and Forms appointed in the* Book of Common Prayer: viz. *The Services for Morning and Evening Prayer; the Form for the Day of the Martyrdom of the blessed King Charles I.; the Form for the Restoration of His most religions and gracious Son, King Charles II.; and the Form for the Day whereon the* Church as by Law established *annually celebrates the overthrow of the* Tyranny *exercised by His Most Sacred Majesty* King James II. *and the success of the Glorious Principles whereby His said Majesty was providentially dethroned} and the* Revolution of 1688 *happily effected.*

Farewell.

Printed by William Hose,
45, Lndgate Hill.

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077s

*Original Size -- Medium-Size*

## "NON MI RICORDO!"

&C. &c. &c.

## LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE, LUDGATE HllL

## 1820.

## SIXPENCE.

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

## "NON MI RICORDO!"

## CROSS EXAMINED BY MR. BESOM.

WHO are you? Non mi ricordo.

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

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

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

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

The Lord Precedent Furthermore said, if the Witness believed the thread he held was *binding*, that was sufficient.

The Lord Precedents opinion gave rise to a long discussion as to whether *more* binding was *binding*, and binding was *more* binding; which ended in a reference to the Erminians, who delivered the following solemn opinion:—If the Witness shall answer that he thinks the bit of thread is *binding*, there is no doubt it *is* binding; but he cannot be asked if a cord is *more* binding, because he in fact says that the thread itself is *binding*. If the Witness twists the thread round his little finger he is so far bound by it, and it is *binding*; and having done that, it is unnecessary to inquire whether a cord, round another part of his body, would be *more* binding.

*Question over-ruled.*

## CROSS EXAMINATION RESUMED.

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

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

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

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

What is your place of residence?

(*Order Order*).

The Turnstile General protested against the consequences of this mode of Examination.

Lord Juryman—Why does not the Interpreter give the Witness's Answer.

The Lord Precedent Furthermore—Because the Bench objects to the question.

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

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

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

The Lord Precedent Furthermore—I feel great difficulty—I doubt..

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

## CROSS EXAMINATION RESUMED.

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

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

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

What wages have you? Non mi ricordo.

Have you any perquisites? *Veils*.

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

I am after building a new place called the *Wellington Arms*, and trying to be *Barrack-master*; if I dont gain the *Trial* I shall be glad to remain at the old *Crown*.

This answer appeared to excite considerable sensation,

The Twister General thought the meaning was,

'if I do n't gain what I attempt to gain.'

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

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

The head waiter is dismissed occasionally.

Are you married? More yes than no.

Do you live with your own wife? No.

Is she in this country? Yes.

Why did you marry? To pay my debts.

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

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

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

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

Cross Examination resumed.

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

I ask you again the cause of your separation?

She left me.

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

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

Where did you go? To Jersey and elsewhere.

Well, Sir, go on. Non mi ricordo.

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

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

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

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

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

Is the Marquis of C. a married man?

(*Order. Order.*)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Cross-examining Counsel said that the Interpreter had materially altered the sense of the last question; he had in fact asked, if the Witness was Member of the Society for the suppression of *Wives, (a loud laugh)* which Witness had eagerly answered in the affirmative.

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

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

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

More Yes than No.

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

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

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

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

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

Lord Bathos assured the Black-Barrack Master-General that the Clock *was* out of Order, and he congratulated the Home Doctor on his efficiency; but he thought they had not sunk low enough into the subject; for he had strong doubts whether the striking might not be construed into an overt act of High Treason, and if he saw any probability of being supported he should conclude with a substantive motion. Did not the Lord Precedent remember a Clock Case, in which, immediately after the chain had been locked up, a principal link suddenly disappeared? and whether, after the most minute inquiry, there was not every reason to believe from the best information that could be obtained at that time, that that link had been *prigged? (Hear hear.)* Take even the very last Clock Case, where the chain was kept together with the greatest pains, and the utmost care. If the smallest link in that chain had been *prigged*, it would have been fatal to the works, and yet in that very case, two days after the chain was locked up, a link was obtained, which, if sooner discovered, would have lengthened the chain to the necessary extent, and brought home in the most conclusive manner the guilt of the Clock. He therefore moved that the Clock be examined, and the chain kept in their own custody, with liberty to add to the number of links.

Lord Ratstail with his usual animation seconded the Motion.

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

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

Cross Examination resumed.

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

Who usually closed the Pavilion? I did.

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

What do you mean by saying with other pieces?

I mean with other pieces of the same quality.

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

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

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

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

Are you a sober man? More no than yes.

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

Do you drink six bottles? Non mi ricordo.

Five bottles? Non mi ricordo.

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

Are you sober now? More no than yes.

Where do you spend your mornings? AtbCuraçao.

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

What is your favorite dish? Trifle.

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

What is your favorite amusement? The C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Lord Precedent Furthermore was in favour of adhering to a square rule; he had not entered the Court till five seconds past ten by his *stop*-watch, in consequence of consulting with his Wife upon a motion-of-course which they had contemplated; and their further deliberation had been postponed until after the adjournment to-day. It was impossible to know what questions might turnout to be doubtful or doubtless; yet adjourning at Five o'Clock would gain a delay of six hours in the Week, and the *gaining of any thing* he considered very material in the present case.

An Adjournment then took place, the Witness remaining on

## THE GRILLERY.

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089s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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# ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY

## CONSPIRACY.

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

## NEW VICTUALLING OFFICE.

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

## TO NACKERMEN.

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

## TO MANGLERS—JUST LEAVING HIS PLACE.

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

## TO LAUNDRESSES, WANTS A PLACE.

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

## STRAYED AND MISSING.

IN Infirm Elderly Gentleman in a Public Office, lately left his home, just after dreadfully ill-using his wife about half a Crown, and trying to beat her. He had long complained a great deal of his forehead, and lately had a leech put upon him. He was last seen walking swiftly towards the Horns without a Crown to his hat, accompanied by some evil disposed persons, who tied a great green bag to his tail full of crackers, which he mistook for sweetmeats, and burnt himself dreadfully. Every person he met in this deplorable condition tried to persuade him to go back, but in vain. He is very deaf and very obstinate, and cannot bear to be looked at or spoken to. It is supposed that he has been seduced and carried off by some artful female. He may be easily known by his manners. He fancies

himself the politest man in Europe, because he knows how to bow, and to offer a pinch of snuff; and thinks himself the greatest man in Europe, because people have humoured him and let him have his own way. He is so fond of tailoring, that he lately began a suit that will take him his life to complete. He delights in playing at soldiers, supposes himself a cavalry officer, and makes speeches, that others write for him, in a field marshal's uniform. Sometimes he fancies himself 'Glorious Apollo,' plays;Hailstones of Brunswick' on the base fiddle, and qualifies his frieuds to perform 'Cuckolds all on a row.' His concerns are very much deranged. Not long ago he imported a vast quantity of Italian images at enormous prices, upon credit, and hoarded them up in a waterside cotton warehouse. Since then, things have gone all against him, and he has been in a very desponding state. It is of the utmost consequence to himself that he should be at his post, or he may lose his place; one of his predecessors some time ago having been cashiered for his misconduct. If this should meet his eye, it is earnestly requested that he will return to his duty, and he will be kindly received and no questions asked.

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

## PUBLIC OFFICE, LUDGATE HILL.

1st September, 1820. "WHEREAS that well known old established Public House, (formerly a *free* house) called the Political House that Jack built, has been feloniously entered into and damaged, and the property therein carried off to a large amount, by a numerous gang of desperate Villains, who, by various vile arts and contrivances, have not only kept possession thereof, but also of the Head Waiter, who was intrusted by Mr. Bull, the owner, with the management of the concern, and was a very promising young man when Mr. Bull first knew him, and might have done very well if he had followed the advice of his old friends, and not suffered these desperadoes to get him into their clutches; since when he seems to have forgotten himself, and by

neglecting his duty sadly, and behaving ill to the customers who support the House, has almost ruined the Business, and has also dreadfully injured the Sign, which Mr. Bull had had fresh painted after he dismissed a former waiter for his bad manners. Whoever will assist Mr. Bull in bringing the offenders to Justice, will be doing a great service to the young man, and he will still be retained in his situation, unless he has actually destroyed or made away with the Sign, which Mr. Bull very much admires, it being a *heir-loom*. If offered to be pawned or sold it is requested the parties may be stopped, and notice given as above. As the young man has not been seen for some time, there is no doubt the ruffians have either done him a serious mischief, or secreted him somewhere to prevent Mr. Bull, who is really his friend, from speaking to him.

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092s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

"What are you at? what are you after?"

The End.

## THE POLITICAL SHOWMAN-AT HOME!

---

093s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## EXHIBITING HIS CABINET OF CURIOSITIES AND CREATURES—

# ALL ALIVE!

By The Author Of The Political House That Jack Built.

With Twenty-Four Cuts.

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095s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

"The putrid and mouldering carcase of exploded Legitimacy."

**LONDON:**

**PRINTED FOR WILLIAM HONE, 45, LUDGATE-HILL.**

**1821.**

**ONE SHILLING.**

## THE SHOWMAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Walk up! walk up! and see the Curiosities and Creatures—all alive! alive O! Walk up I—now's your time!—only a shilling. Please to walk up!

Here is the strangest and most wonderful artificial Cabinet in Europe! —made of nothing—but lacker'd brass, turnery, and papier mâche—all fret work and varnish, held together by steel points!—very crazy, but very curious!

Please to walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen—it's well worth seeing! here are the most wonderful of all wonderful Living Animals. 'Jake care! Don't go within their reach-they mind nobody but me! A short time ago they got loose, and, with some other vermin that came from their holes

and corners, desperately attacked a Lady of Quality; but, as luck would have it, I, and my (four and twenty men,' happened to come in at the very moment;—we 'pull'd' away, and prevented'em from doing her a serious mischief. Though they look tame, their vicious dispositions are unchanged. If any thing was to happen to me, they'd soon break out again, and shew their natural ferocity, i'm in continual danger from'em myself—for if I didn't watch'em closely they'd destroy me. As the clown says, 'there never was such times,'—so there's no telling what tricks they may play yet.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—these animals have been exhibited at Court, before the King, and all the Royal Family! Indeed His Majesty is so fond of'em that he often sees'em in private, and feeds'em; and he is so diverted by'em that he has been pleased to express his gracious approbation of all their motions. But they're as cunning as the old one himself! Bless you, he does not know a thousandth part of their tricks. You, Ladies and Gentlemen, may see'em just as they are!—the Beasts and Reptiles—all alive! alive O! and the Big Boo by—all a-light! a-light O!

Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen! walk in! just a-going to begin.—Stir'em up! Stir'em up there with the long pole!

Before I describe the Animals, please to look at the Show-Cloth opposite:

The Curiosities have labels under them, which the company can read.

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097s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

THE TRANSPARENCY, of which this is a copy, was exhibited by WILLIAM HONE duriNg the ILLUMINATION commencing on the 11th, and ending on the 15th of November, 1820,in celebration of the VICTORY obtained by ThE PRESS, or the LIBERTIES OF THE PEOPLE,

which had been assailed in the Person of The Queen: The words "TRIUMPH OF THE PRESS," being displayed in variegated lamps as a motto above it. On the 26th, when The Queen went 10 St. Paul's, it was again exhibited with Lord Bacon's immortal words, "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," displayed in like manner.—'The Transparency was painted by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

—COURT VERMIN that buzz round

And fly-blow the King's ear; make him suspect
His wisest, faithfullest, best counsellors—

Who, for themselves and their dependants, seize
All places, and all profits; and -who wrest,

To their own ends, the statutes of the land,
Or safely break them.

Southey's Joan of Arc.

## DIALOGES OF CREATURES MORALYSED.

## PROLOGE.

To exalt virtue, expose vice, promote truth, and help men to serious reflection, is my first moving cause and last directed.

De Foe's Review, Preface.

——Oh that I dared

To basket up the family of plagues
That waste our vitals; peculation, sale
Of honour, peijury, corruptiou, frauds
By forgery, by subterfuge of law,

By tricks and lies—-

Then cast them, closely bundled, every brat

At the right door!

Cowper.

"JUGLATOR REGIS." Strutt's Sports

—-a most officious Drudge,

His face and gown drawn out with the same budge,

His pendant Pouch, which is both large and wide,

Looks like a Letters-patent:——

He is as avful, as he had been sent

From Moses with the eleventh commandement.

Corbet's Poems, 1672, p. 3.

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100s

### *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

BAGS.—*(a Scruple Balance.)*

——-'tis the veriest madness, to live poor,
And die with *Bags*——

Gifford's Juvenal, Sat. xiv.

Dubius is such a *scrupulous* good man.—
Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can!
He would not, with a peremptory tone,

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Assert the nose upon his face his own.
With hesitation, admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense!
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Cent'ring, at last, in having—none at all.

                                    Cowper.
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Well! he is a *nimble* gentleman; set him upon Bankes, his horse, in a saddle rampant, and it is a great question, which part of the Centaur shews better tricks.

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1015

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## A CROCODILE.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I begin the Exhibition with the Crocodile, which is of the Lizard tribe ; yet, from his *facility of creeping through narrow and intricate ways,* he has been classed among Serpents. * He has a monstrous appetite, his *swallow* is immense, and his legs are placed *side*-ways. It is a vulgar error to suppose that he cannot *turn*; for, although he is in appearance very heavy, and his back is very strong, and proof against the hardest blows, yet he is so *pliable*, that he can *wheel* round with the utmost facility. When in his haunt, and apparently torpid, he sometimes utters a piteous *whine* of distress—almost human; *sheds tears*, and, attracting the unwary, suddenly darts upon a man, and gorges him with all he has. His *claws* are very long and tenacious. If a victim eludes his grasp, he

infallibly secures him by his fleet power. He is sometimes used for purposes of *state and show*, and his bags are much coveted for their *peculiar* qualities. **

* By Linnaeus.

** Goldsmith's Animated Nature, v. 283.

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102s

### *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

A MASK.—(an Incrustation—a Relique.)

A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
A solemn fop.—
—A sooty Film.
Cowper.

———The Thing on Earth
Least qualified in honour, learning, worth,
To occupy a sacred, awful post,
In which the best and worthiest tremble most.
The royal letters are a thing of course,
A King, that would, might recommend his horse;
And deans, no doubt, and chapters, with one voice,
As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.

****

A piece of mere Church-furniture at best.

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103s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## THE LOCUST.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

The Locust is a destructive insect, of the Grillus tribe. They are so numerous, and so rapacious, that they may be compared to an army, pursuing its march to devour the fruits of the earth, as an instrument of *divine displeasure* towards a devoted country. They have leaders, who direct their motions in preying on the labours of man *in fertile regions*. No insect is more formidable in places where they breed: for they *wither* whatever they *touch*. It is impossible to recount the *terrible devastations* which historians and travellers relate that they have committed at different times, in various parts of the world. Many are so *venomous*, that persons *handling* them are immediately stung, and seized with shivering and trembling; but it has been discovered that, in most cases, their hateful qualities are completely assuaged by *palm* oil.*

* Goldsmith, vi. 21.

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104s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## A SCORPION.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

The Scorpion is a reptile that resembles the *common lobster*, but is much more hideous. They are very terrible to mankind, on account of their size and malignity, and their large *crooked stings*. They often assault and kill people in their houses. In Italy, and some other parts of Europe, they are the greatest pests of mankind; but their venom is most dreadful in the *East*. An inferior species sally forth at certain seasons, in

battalions;—scale houses that stand in the way of their march;—wind along the course of rivers;—and on their retreat entrench themselves. Scorpions are so irascible, that they will attempt to sting a *constable's staff*; yet even a harmless little mouse * destroyed three of them, *one after the other*, by acting on the *defensive*, survived their venomous wounds, and seemed pleased with its victory. When in a confined space, they exert all their rage against each other, and there is nothing to be seen but universal carnage. If this mutual destruction did not prevail, they would multiply so fast as to render some countries uninhabitable. **

* Confined for the sake of experiment in a vessel, by Maupertuis.

** Goldsmith, v. 428.

THE LOBSTER.

——they preferre
Broiles before Rest, and place their Peace in Warre.

Du Bartas

Ladies and Gentlemen,

The Lobster is very similar to the scorpion. It is *armed* with *two* great *claws*, by the help of which it moves itself *forwards*. They *entrench* themselves in places that can be easily defended, where they acquire defensive and offensive *armour*. They issue forth from their *fortresses* in hope of *plunder*, and to surprise such inadvertent and weak animals as come within their reach. They have little to apprehend except from each other, the more powerful being formidable enemies to the weaker. They sometimes continue in the same habitations for a long time together; in general they get *new coats once a year*. When in *hot water* they make a great noise, attack any one that puts a hand towards them, and knowing their danger, use violent efforts to escape. In a sufficient heat they *change their colours*.*

* Goldsmith, v. 163.

105s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

106s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## A PRIME CRUTCH.—

(From the Westminster Infirmary—Upper Ward).

He fondly 'imitates' that wondrous Lad,
That durst assay the sun's bright flaming team;
Spite of whose feeble hands, the horses mad
Fling down on burning earth the scorching beam;—
So made *the flame in which himself wasfired*;
The World the bonfire was—*when* he *expired!**
Like him of Ephesus, he had what he desired.

Fletcher's Purple Island.

* The 'Lad' died in the midst of war, ejaculating heaven to save the country from the miseries of his system of misrule.

107s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## THE OPOSSUM.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

This is a *quick climbing* animal; but is, in other respects, *heavy* and helpless. When it is pursued on *level ground* and overtaken, it feigns itself dead, to deceive the hunters. A faculty in its *seat*, enables it to suspend itself from a high branch, by that part, for a long time together; and, in this position, watching for whatever is weak that comes within its reach, it falls upon it and usually destroys it. By this elevating power in its *nether end*, it not only seizes its prey more securely, but preserves itself from pursuers: looking down on them, in a sort of *upright* position, heels upwards. It is very domesticated, but proves a disagreeable inmate, from its *scent*; which, however fragrant in *small* quantities, is uniformly ungrateful when *copiously* supplied. *It is a boroughing creature.* *

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* Goldsmith, iii. 322 Stedman Shaw's Zoology
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108s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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—Knaves, who, in truth's despite,
    Can white to black transform, and black to white!

                                        Gifford's Juvenal, Sat. iii.
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When they were fewer, men might have had a Lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age.—Walton's Angler

They'll argue as confidently as if they spoke gospel instead of law; they'll cite you six hundred several Precedents, though not one of them come near to the case in hand; they'll muster up the authority of Judgments, Deeds, Glosses, and Reports, and tumble over so many dusty Records, that they make their employ, though in itself easy, the greatest slavery imaginable; always accounting that the best plea which they have took most pains for.—Erasmus of Folly, 96.

In other countries, they make laws upon laws and add precepts upon precepts, till the endless number of them makes the fundamental part to be forgotten; leaving nothing but a confused heap of explanations, which may cause ignorant people to doubt whether there is really any thin» meant by the laws or not.—Berkeley's Gaudentio di Lucca, 166.

In the country of the Furr'd Law-cats, they gripe all, devour all, cooskite all, burn all, draw all, hang all, quarter all, behead all, murder all, imprison all, waste all, and ruin all, without the least notice of right or wrong: for among them vice is called virtue; wickedness, piety; treason, loyalty; robbery, justice: Plunder is their motto; and all this they do, because they dare. Gripe-men-all, the Chief of the Purr'd Law-cats, said to Pantagruel 'Our Laws are like cobwebs; your silly little flies are stopt, caught, and destroy'd therein, but your stronger ones Break them, and force and carry them which way they please. Don't think we are so mad as to set up our nets tc snap up your great Robbers aod tyrants: no, they are somewhat too hard for us, there's no meddllng with them; for they will make no more of us, than we make of the little ones.'—Rabelais, b. v. c. xi. xii.

BLACK RATS.—(Stuffed.)

Ladies and Gentlemen,

These are most pernicious animals. They borough, and prey on our food, drink, clothing, furniture, live-stock, and every convenience of life; furnishing their residences with the plunder of our property. They have particular haunts, to which they entice each other in large numbers, for the sake of *prey*; where they often do incredible damage to our *mounds*, and undermine the strongest *embankments*. Sometimes they hoard their

plunder in *nests*, that they make at a distance from their usual *places of congregating*. * *They are very bold and fierce. Instead of waiting for an attack, they usually become the aggressors, and,* seizing their adversaries by the lips*, inflict dangerous, and even deadly wounds. While they subsist on our industry, and increase our terrors, they make no grateful returns, and, therefore, mankind have studied various ways for diminishing their numbers; but their* cunning *discovers the most distant danger, and if any are disturbed or attacked, in an unusual manner, the rest take the alarm, and, becoming exceedingly shy, and wary, elude the most ingenious devices of their pursuers. When, unhappily, you come in contact with one of these* vermin*, the best way of dispatching it is by a single squeeze; but novices who hesitate, are sure to prove sufferers. They have been found on a bench, so* interwoven *by their tails, that* by reason of their entanglement, they could not part. ** A dead rat, *by altering the look of his head and the appearance of his skin*, may be transformed into the appearance of a much more *powerful* animal; and this, Ladies and Gentlemen, *has been considered a master piece in cheating*.***

* White's Selborne, 4to. 75.

** Letters from Bodleian Library, i. 12.

*** Ibid.ii. 160, note. See also Goldsmith, iii. 169.

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110S

### *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

A CADGE ANCHOR.—(a Remora—a sucking Fish.)

What have we here? a man or a fish? A Fish: he *smells* like a fish ; a very *ancient* and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor John. Were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not

a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: *there* would this monster make a man; any *strange beast* there makes a man. His gabbling voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. He is as disproportioned in his manners, as in his shape. As with age his body grows uglier, his mind cankers.

* Caliban.

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111S

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## A WATER SCORPION.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

This offensive insect lives in *stagnant* waters, continually watching for prey. Its feelers resemble the claws of a scorpion; the eyes are *hard and prominent*, the shoulders *broad and flat*. It wastes twenty times as much as its appetite requires; one can destroy thirty or forty of the libellula kind, each as large as itself. It is nevertheless greatly overrun with a small kind of lice, which probably repay the injuries it inflicts elsewhere. At certain seasons it flies to *distant waters* in search of food; but it remains where it was produced until fully grown, when it sallies forth in search of a companion of the other sex, and soon begets an useless generation.*

* Martyn's Diet. Nat. Hist. 2 vols, Folio, 1785.

He that maketh the wound bleed inwards—
Gives Liberty the last, the mortal shock;
Slips the slave's collar on, and snaps the lock.

What is his Character?— A man of amiable Manners— mild and civil.

Character of the Murderer of the Man.

I never judge from Manners, for I once had my pocket picked by the civilist gentleman I ever met with; and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha.—Lord Byron.

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112s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## DIRKPATRICK.

(a Petrified Putrefaction.—a Bloodstone.}

Moral.

I recommend it to all that read this History, that when they find their lives come up, in any degree, to a similitude of cases, they will inquire and ask themselves, is not this the time to repent?—De Foe's Col. Jack, 1723, p. 399

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113s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## THE BLOODHOUND.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

This is the most terrible animal in the Collection. Its character is that of decided *enmity to man*; it hunts down those who endeavor to regain their *Liberty*, and is called the *Ban* Dog. When it scents a human victim it follows his track with cruel perseverance, flies upon him with dreadful

ferocity, and, unless dragged off, tears and rends the form until every noble feature of humanity is destroyed. It has an exquisite smell for blood. The species vary little throughout the world : there is scarcely any difference between the trans-atlantic *Spanish* blood-hound and the *Irish* wolf-dog, whose ferocity has been much diminished by the animal being frequently *crossed*. It is still kept on some of the old *royal grounds*.

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114s

### *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

THE DOCTOR.—(a Dejection)

In these days the grand "*primum mobile*" of England is CANT—Cant political, Cant religious, Cant moral, but always CANT—a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided among themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this *Verbal Decorum*.—Lord Byron on Mr. Bowles

Diary.—April 1st. I grew *melancholy*.—My father lying sick, told me,
in syllables, the *Philosopher's stone*.—It pleased God to put me in
mind that I was now placed in the condition I always desired.—I hung
three spiders about my neck (*for a charm*).—I kissed the king's
hand.—*Cotera desunt*.—Elias Ashmole's Diary.

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115s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## THE BOOBY.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

The *Creature* you now see is a sort of *Noddy* of the Gull kind. Observe his uncouth form and his ludicrously wise looks! He is the most stupid of the *feathered* tribe; yet he has a *voracious* appetite, and an enormous swallow. You perceive that he feigns the appearance of being *upright*, of seeming to comprehend objects he sees, of listening to what he hears, and that he shakes his head with *gravity*, as though he had a certain degree of understanding. His greatest pleasure is in *standing still*. He has not sense enough to *get out of People's way* ; speaking to him or making *motions* never disturb him. There is no compelling him to the fatigue of *changing* his position till he feels a *blow*; for he keeps his place till he is approached quite close, and *knocked down*. He is a living *full stop*. When he is *forced to walk*, which is very seldom, he goes from *side to side*. Like others of similar tribes, he boroughs. In this respect the union and affection of these *Creatures* towards each other is wonderful; for, when undisturbed by the encroachments of *men*, they construct their *nests* as convenient as if they expected them to be *permanent*; arranging their different places with such an amazing degree of uniformity, as to resemble a *regular plantation*. Sometimes they draw up side by side, in rank and file, and sit brooding together as if in deep counsel, on affairs of moment—their *silliness* and *solemnity* exciting involuntary *laughter!* This *burlesque* takes place, in particular, about

the month of *November*. The habits of these tribes are known through those who visit the haunts they have forsaken for more obscure *retreats*, where they can *build aloft*, and settle in their *nests* at ease: a practice which confirms the remark of a great naturalist, that the presence of *men* not only destroys the society of the *meaner* animals, but even extinguishes their *grovelling* instincts. Hitherto the Booby has been considered of no service whatever; yet a similar species, * by drawing a wick through the body and lighting it, is made into a *candle*S. ** If this

Booby could be thus used, the *illumination of* both Houses and the public offices might be speedily effected, and the tribe he belongs to be rendered available to human purposes. At any rate a skilful tallow-chandler might try his hand at converting the *Creature* into A TWOPENNY FLAT

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116s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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117s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## THE SLOP PAIL.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

The "Slop Pail" being occupied by "Slop" keeping his *tri-colored*, cockade in it, with the hope of bleaching it *white*, has become more and more offensive daily, and will be kicked down.

The GREAT BOOTS having been *out of order*, were *welted*, and afterwards new *vamped, and polished*. Dr. Southey, *the Varnisher*, has them in hand at present, and is '*doing them up*' as fast as possible.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I thank you for your company. Opposite to you is a description of The Monster that my people are now *hunting* on the Continent. When *destroyed*, its skin will be stuffed and preserved among the other Antiquities and Curiosities in the *European Museum*.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish you *a good day*.— *Keep* to the right. Walk steadily forward. The *Animals* may make an *uproar*, but don't be alarmed; I'll see you safe out. Remember they are *under my control*, and cannot take a step beyond the reach of MY EYE

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118s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## THE BOA DESOLATOR, OR LEGITIMATE VAMPIRE.

It overlays the continent like an ugly Incubus, sucking the blood and stopping up the breath of man's life. It claims Mankind as its property, and allows human nature to exist only upon sufferance; it haunts the understanding like a frightful spectre, and oppresses the very air witha weight that is not to be borne. Hazlitt's Political Essays and Characters, p. 21.

This hideous Beast, not having at any time put forth all his *members*, cannot be accurately described. Every *dark* Century has added to his frightful bulk. More disgusting than the filthiest reptile, his strength exceeds all other *brute force*.

His enormous, bloated, toad-like body is *ferruginous: * the under surface appears of* polished steel. *His cavern-like mouth is always open to devour; his teeth are as* swords*, and his jaw-teeth as knives'—as millions of* bristling bayonets *intermingled with* black fangs *containing mortal venom. His roar is a voice from the sepulchre. He is marked 'in form of a cross*, ** with a series of *chains*, intersected by the triangle, *** and glittering colours, variegated with *red*.

His aspect is cruel and terrible. He loves the *dark*, but never sleeps. Wherever he makes his lair, nature sickens, and man is brutified. His presence is 'plague, pestilence, and famine, battle, and murder, and

sudden death.' His bite rapidly *undermines the strongest* Constitution, and dissolves the whole into an entire mass of Corruption. He has no *brain*, but the *walls* of the skull emit a *tinkling* sound, that attracts his victims, and lulls them into *passive obedience*. In this state he clutches them in his coils, and *screws and squeezes* them to destruction—*slavering* them over, and sucking in their *substance* at leisure. It is difficult to witness the half-stifled cries of his harmless prey, or to behold its anxiety and trepidation, while the monster writhes hideously around it, without imagining *what our own case would be in the same dreadful situation*. *****

* Shaw's Zoology. Art. Boa, iii. 344.

** Ibid. 366.

*** Linnæus's Nat. Hist, by Gmelio, 8vo. (Jooes) 1816. Art. Boa Constrictor, xii. 437.

**** Shaw's Zoology, iii. 339.

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His rapacity is increased by *indulgence*. He grinds, cranches, and devours whole multitudes, without being satisfied. His blood is cold. His ravening maw does not digest: it is an ever-yawning grave that *engulphs* —a 'bottomless pit' continually crying '*give, give!*' Sometimes he rests from his labors,' to admire his loathsome *limbs*, and *slime* them over. He has no affections: yet he appears charmed by the *hum* of the insects that follow him, and pleased by the *tickling crawl* of the meanest reptiles-permitting them to hang upon his lips, and partake of his leavings. But his real pleasure is in listening to the cries of his captives, the wail of the broken hearted, and the groans of the dying.

He lives in defiance and scorn of Providence, and in hatred to the happiness of man. When distended with human carnage, and wet with the gore of the innocent and the helpless, he lifts an impious *form* to heaven in solemn mockery. He was predicted of by the Seer of old, as the Beast with many heads and crowns, bearing the name of Blasphemy.

The garish *colours* that denote his malignity, excite only horror and detestation in the lover of nature, and of his species. They are most *lively* when he is engaged in the work of death, and cause him to be admired by the vulgar multitude, learned and unlearned, who hold him *sacred*, pay him *divine honors*, call him *holy*, and fall down before him as an object-of worship, while priests glorify him, and minister to him, and pray for his murderous successes in the temples. Hence-the good and the wise, in all ages, have devised and practised various methods for the destruction of a Fiend that creates nothing but *terror and imposture*, and between whom and rational man there is a natural antipathy.

He is filled with the deadliest rage by the encreasing growth of the *pop'lar Tree*S:—

> THAT TREE, beneath whose shade the Sons of Men
> Shall 'pitch their tenta in peace.
>
> ——Brissot murder'd, and the blameless wife
> Of Roland! Martyr'd patriots, spirits pure,
> Wept by the good, ye fell! Yet still survives,
> Sown by your toil, and by your blood manured,
> The imperishable TREE; and still its roots
> Spread, and strike deep. ——
>
> Southey's Joan of Arc, b. iii.

His existence is drawing to a close. It has been ascertained that the way of putting him *quietly* out of the world is by a consisting of the *four and twenty letters* * of the alphabet, properly *composed*, made up in certain *forms*, covered with sheets of white *paper*. and well *worked* in a *Columbian* Press. These Papers are to be *forced down his throat* daily, *morning and evening*, and on every *seventh* day a *double* dose should be

administered. The operation is accelerated by the powerful *exhibition* of the Wood Draughts. In a short time his teeth will fall out—he will be seized with catalepsy—in the last stage of mortification, *he will* sting himself *to death*;—and all mankind, relieved from the deadened atmosphere under which they had been *gasping*, will make the first use of their *recovered breath*, to raise an universal shout of joy at the extinction of THE LEGITIMATE VAMPIRE.

* Philostratus relates that the Indians destroy the most monstrous serpent by spreading *golden* letters, on a field of *red*, before his hole. They dazzle and confound him, and he is taken without difficulty.

---

121s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

These Lords of pray'r and prey—that *band*, of Kings,
That Royal, rav'ning BEAST, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promised good,
Of Hope, of Freedom—but to drain her blood! Moore.

The End.

## CATALOGUE

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122s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

123s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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124s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## THE MAN IN THE MOON,

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

With Fifteen Cuts.

---

125s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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

Dedicated

---

# THE MAN IN THE MOON,

## A SPEECH FROM THE THRONE, TO THE SENATE OF LUNATARIA

---

128s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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# INTRODUCTION.

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

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

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

It chanc'd that morning that the Sovereign Dey,
The Prince of Lunataria pass'd that way—
Gods! what a sight! what countless crouds were there,
What yells, and groans, and hootings, rent the air!
By which, I learn'd, the Lunatarian nation
Are wont to testify their admiration;
We don't do so on earth—but that's no matter—
The Dey went onward, midst a hideous clatter
To meet the Senators; for'twas appointed,
That, on that morning, He—the Lord's anointed—
Should make a grand Oration from the throne,
That his most royal pleasure might be known.

Respecting certain great affairs of State:—
I heard the speech; Oh! could the muse relate
The "*elegance* the sweet "*distinctiveness*"
With which his Royal Deyship did address
That reverend body of Moonarian sages,
I'd write a book that should endure for ages.

Alas! such heights are not for me to reach;
I'll therefore, from my note-book, take the Speech,
And you must say, as'tis by Pope exprest,
"Give all thou canst, and *we* will dream the rest!"

---

130s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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131s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## THE SPEECH.

MY L—rds and G—tl—n,
I grieve to say,
That poor old Dad,
Is just as—bad,
As when I met you here
the other day.
'Tis pity that these cursed State Affairs
Should take you from your pheasants and your hares
Just now:

But lo!

Conspiracy and Treason are abroad!

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

In Lunashire—

Oh, Lord!

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

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

Yes, they declare
That we are not God's favorites alone—
That *they* have rights to food, and clothes, and air,
As well as you, the Brilliants of a throne!
Oh! indications foul of revolution—
The villains would destroy the Constitution!
I've given orders for a lot of Letters,
From these seditious, scribbling, scoundrels' betters
N—d—n and N—rr—s, F—ch—r, W—t and H—y
'To *lie*, for your instruction,'

Upon the table;

From which said premises you'll soon be able

To make a fair deduction,

That some decisive measures must be taken,
Without delay,

To quell the *Radicals*,

and save our bacon.

And now, my faithful C—m—ns,
You must find

The means to raise the wind:

For Derry Down, and Sid, have thought it wise,
To have—*besides the Spies*—
A few more Cut-throats, to protect the rhino
Of loyal people,—such as you and I know.

Van's estimates will come before you straight;
And, I foresee
That your opinions will with mine agree,

No lighter weight
Can well be placed on

---

134s

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

Who is, you know,

a very willing hack.

The revenue has fluctuated

slightly—

See the *Courier*—

But it's been found to be

improving nightly—

For two weeks past,—

therefore we've nought to fear.

Some branches of our trade
are still deprest,

And those dependant on them
wanting food,
*But that's a sort of*

*temporary evil*—

'Twill wear away:

perhaps'tis for the best
At all events,'twill do no good
To let the starving wretches be uncivil.

Five years ago, you know, our sad condition
Was partly owing to

'*the quick transition*
*From war to peace*'—then,

we had '*scanty crops*'—
Then, something else—and now—
our weavers' shops
Are full of *Radicals*,

and *Flags*, and *Caps*;
But '*temporary*' still

are these mishaps—

The 'quick transition's' gone,

the 'crops' are good,
And though the *Radicals*
may still want food,

A few

---

136s

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

STEEL LOZENGES

will stop their pain,

And set the Constitution
right again.

My L—ds and G—tl—n,

The foreign powers
Write me word frequently that they are ours,

Most truly and sincerely, in compliance
With our most

---

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

HOLY COMPACT AND ALLIANCE,

The purposes of which

I need not mention—

You that have brains can guess
at the intention.

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

That all internal discontents
should cease—

T' accomplish which

I see no better way
Than putting one-eyed pensioners
on full pay.
'The body of the people, I do think,
are loyal still,'

But pray, My L—ds and G—tl—n,
don't shrink
From exercising all your care
and skill,

Here, and at home,

TO CHECK THE CIRCULATION

138s

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

OF LITTLE BOOKS,

Whose very looks—

Vile '*two-p'nny trash*,'

bespeak abomination.

Oh! they are full of blasphemies
and libels,

And people read them

oftener than their bibles.
Go H—df——t, Y—rm—th, C—le—gh, and C—nil—g
Go, and be planning,

Within your virtuous minds, what best will answer
To save *our* morals from this public cancer;

Go and impress, my friends, upon all classes,
From sleek-fac'd Swindlers down to half-starv'd Asses,
'That, from religious principles alone,'

(*Dont be such d——d fools as to blab your own*)
Temperance, chasteness, conjugal attention—

With other virtues that I need not mention—

And from subordination, and respect,

To every knave in robes of office deck'd—

'Can they expect to gain divine protection'

And save their sinful bodies from dissection!
His Highness ceased—

The dissonance of Babel
Rose from the motley

Moonitarian rabble:

The yell of loyalty—

the dungeon groan—

The shriek of woe—

the starving infant's moan
The brazen trumpets' note—
the din of war—

The shouts of freemen

rising from afar—

Darted in horrid discord

through my brain:—

I woke, and found myself
on Earth again.

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## 140s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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# THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG!

## Dedicated to the Holy Alliance

By The Author Of The Political House That Jack Built.

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141s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

Dedication.

**TO**

**THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE MEMBERS OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.**

May it please your Holinesses,

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

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

I pray God to take your Royalty into his immediate keeping.

O! Dulness, if thy sons can learn one thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;

That which *thy* Priests, and *thine* alone, maintain,
Which, as It dies, or lives, They fall, or reign:

May ye, O Cam and Isis, preach it long,
'The Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong!'

Pope.

It was a maxim of the Constitution of this country that the King could do no wrong. He had high authority for stating that *the King could not commit Folly, much less Crime.* —Report of a Bishop's Speech.

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

———We love
The King, who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And King in England too, he may be weak.

And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is TREASON.

—Cowper

# PREFACE.

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

De Foe.

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

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

Three thousand years after this, a priest, sent into an English House of Lords by the nomination of the king, affirms there, that "he had 'high authority' for stating, that the king could not commit *folly*. much less *crime!"* right? If he does say this, I ask him, how long, after oppression should be exercised through the prerogative by virtually irresponsible ministers and be declared no wrong, he supposes that a king of England could sit on the throne, or the bishops who maintain the doctrine, sit either at its right hand in the Lords, or any where else? I tell this bishop, that though the law may not suppose it possible for a king of England to do wrong, because it intends him to do right, yet if he *should* do, and *continue* to do, oppressive wrong, not all the bishops of England, nor all the bayonets of all the mercenaries of Europe, could keep that king upon the throne of an oppressed people against their united will.

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

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

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

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

There is another reason for publishing this satire, besides the revival of Priestcraft. Its twinbrother is alive. Kingcraft rears up its terrific mass, muffled in the mantle of Legitimacy; its head cowled and crowned, aud dripping with the holy oil of Divine Right; its eyes glaring deadly hate to human happiness; its lips demanding worship for itself. Denouncing dreadful curses against the free, and yelling forth threatenings and slaughter, it stamps with its hoof, and coils together its frightful force to fall on young Liberty and squelch it. Its red right-arm is bared for the butchery of the brave who love Freedom and dare contend for it. It has

prepared its chains and dug its dungeons, erected its scaffolds, aud sharpened its axes for the wise and excellent of the earth; and its bloody banners are unfurled in insolent anticipation of unholy triumph!—

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

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

The Author Of The Political House That Jack Built.

## THE SPIRIT OF DESPOTISM.

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

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

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

## WILLIAM HONE.

The *French*, instantly perceiving the transcendent
merit of the Spirit of Despotism, and its high importance at

this crisis, have translated it into their language, and it is now read throughout France with the greatest avidity. I intreat some good *Neapolitan* to be the benefactor of his Countrymen in like manner. It should be in the hands of the free, and those who desire to be free, in all nations;—*Austria*, for instance.

# THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG.

## BOOK I.

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

Cowper.

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

Arise, O Satire!—tune thy useful song,
Silence grows criminal, when crimes grow strong;
Of meaner vice, and villains, sing no more,
But Monsters crown'd, and Crime enrobed with Power!
At vice's high Imperial throne begin,
Relate the *ancient* prodigies of sin;
With pregnant phrase, and strong impartial verse,
The crimes of men, and crimes of Kings rehearse!
What though thy labour shall to *us* be vain,
And the World's bondage must *its time* remain;
Let willing slaves in golden fetters lie,
There's none can save the men who *will* to die.

Yet some there are that would not tamely bow,
Who fain would break their chains, if they knew how;
And these, from thy inspired lines, may see,
How they choose bondage when they may go free.

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

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

** Despots seldom keep engagements.—The People of Prussia have a 'promised right' from their king of some years standing. After the Battle of Waterloo, he promised them a Constitution—but became a member of the Holy Alliance. In 1814, this king, with another of the fraternity, the Emperor of Russia, was entertained at an expense of 20,028L. 7s. 10d. in Guildhall London, by the Corporation in Common Council assembled, who also presented addresses of congratulation to the worthies, on their having contributed,

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

*That* thing's a Tyrant!—and that *People Fools*,
*Who basely bend to be that Tyrant's tools!* Examine then the early course of things,
And search the ancient roll of Tyrant Kings,
When the first man usurp'd upon his kind,
Assumed exotick right, assuming reigned;
Supreme in wickedness, more wicked grew;
First *forced* a homage, then decreed it *due*.

Trace the first Tyrants to their fancied thrones,
Placed in that heaven that all their crimes disowns:—
If in the Royal lists some monsters reign'd,
Abborr'd by heaven, and hated by mankind,
By lust and blood exalted to a throne,

For all the exquisites of Tyrant known,
The meaner name of monarch they despise,
Alive, usurp the throne, and dead, the skies;
Above the clouds th' incarnate devil stands,
And nations worship with polluted hands!
Old Saturn, Bacchus, and high-thundering Jove,
And all the rabble of the Gods above,
Whose names for their immortal crimes are fear'd,
Monarchs and Tyrant-princes first appear'd;
By rapes and blood the path to greatness stain'd,
By rapes and blood the glittering station gain'd;
Succeeding knaves succeeding Gods became,
And sin aspired to an immortal name!
The mighty wretches dwell among the stars,
And vice in virtue's glorious robes appears;
And Poets celebrate their praises there,
As Indians worship Devils that they fear!
Yet let us look around the world awhile,
And find a Patron-God for Albion's Isle;
Has she so many Tyrants borne in vain?
Has she no Star in the celestial train?
Heaven knows, the difficulty only lies,
In who's the fittest monster for the skies!—
Satire, reflect with care, due caution give,
Some ——— are dead, beware of those that live.
If thou too near the present age begin,
Truth will be crime, and courage will be sin!

Look back two ages, see where shines on high
Great James, the modern Bacchus of the sky;
But give him time before his ghost appear,
Lest his uneasy fame bewray his fear:
Alive, the patron of the tim'rous race,
Fear in his head, and frenzy in his face;
His constellation, were it felt beneath,
Would make men strive to die—for fear of death!
His exaltation with his crimes begin,

See how we worship in his *House of Sin*,
Aloft—we view the Bacchanalian King;
Below—the sacred anthems daily sing;
His vast excess the pencil's art displays,
And triumphs in the clouds above our praise:
What can, with equal force, devotion move,
We pray below, and He's debauch'd above!*
Look lower down the galaxy and see,
In yon crown'd Goat another Deity;
His orgied reel and lecherous leer outvie
The old Priapian glory of the sky;
His furious lusts the other Gods deface
And spread his viler image through the place;
On obscene altars blaze unholy fires
To him, the God of all unchaste desires! **

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

James the First held the highest notions concerning Divine Right. He had a mighty desire to be a great tyrant, but was merely a great driveller. He said on a certain occasion that "*there is an implicit tie among kings, which obligeth*

*them,*
*though there be no other interest or particular engagement,*
*to stick to, and right one another, upon an insurrection of*
*subjects*."—How-ell's Letters, B. 1. §. 2. Letter iii.

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

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

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

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

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

The first *Paternal* ruler of mankind
That e'er by primogenial title reign'd,

In dignity of government was high
But all his kingdom was his family.

His subjects—were his household and his wife;
His power—to regulate their way of life;
His sway—extended not beyond his gate;
That was the limit—of his regal state;
And every son might from his rule divide,
Be King himself, and by himself preside;
And when he died, the government went on
In natural succession to his son.

Next Families of mutual love and unity
Together join'd for friendship and *community*;
Form'd Laws, and *then* the natural order was
To trust some man to execute the Laws.

Hence him they best could trust, they trusted—chose;
And thus a *Nation* and a chief arose,
Both constituted by a mutual trust;
The people honest and the ruler just. *

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

13.

'Tis plain, when man came from his Maker's hand,
He left him free, and at his own command;
Gave him the light of nature to direct,
And reason, * nature's errors to inspect;
No rules of Government were e'er set down,
Nature was furnish'd to direct her own;
The high unerring light of Providence,
Left that to latent cause and consequence.

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

Society to regulation tends,
As naturally as means pursue their ends;
The wit of man could never yet invent,
A way of life without a government;
And government has always been begun,
In those who, to be govern'd, gave the crown.

He that would other schemes of rule contrive
And search for powers the people could not give,
Must seek a spring which can those powers convey,
And seek a People too that will obey.

At length paternal rule was less complete,

And as mankind increas'd became unfit;
The petty Lords grow quarrelsome and proud,
And plunge their little governments in blood.

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

Thus broils arose, and thus the ends of life
Are miss'd in Wars and undecided strife!
Scotland, till late, exemplified the plan,
In many a feud, in many a Highland clan.

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

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

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

*Priestcraft n. s. [priest and craft.] Religious frauds;

management of wicked priests to gain power.—Johnson.

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

"Kings are as Gods."—Indeed!—why then they must
Like God be *sacred*,—but like God *be just*.

If in a King a vicious lust prevails,
The people see it, and the Godship fails. *

* The time has been when rulers have actually claimed the title of *God's vicegerents,* and have been literally worshipped as gods by the servile crew of courtiers;—men gradually bowed down by despotism from the erect port of native dignity, and driven, by fear, to crouch under the most degrading of all superstition, the political idolatry of a base fellovv-creature.—After all the lan-guage of court adulation, the praises of poets and oiators, the statues and monuments erected to their fame, the malignant consequences of their actions prove them to have been no other than conspirators against the improvement and happi-ness of the human race. What were their means of conduct-ing their governments, of exercising this office of Heaven's vicegerents? Crafty, dishonest arts, oppression, extortion, and, above all, fire and sword. They dared to ape the thunder and lightning of Heaven, and, assisted by the

machinations of the grand adversary of man, rendered their imitative contrivances for destruction more terrible and deadly than the original. Their imperial robe derived its deep crimson colour from human blood; and the gold and diamonds of their diadems were accumulated treasures wrung from the famished bowels of the poor, born only to toil for others, to be robbed, to be wounded, to be trodden under foot, and forgotten in an early grave. How few, in comparison, have reached the age of three score and ten, and yet, in the midst of youth and health, their days lifive been full of labour and sorrow. Heaven's vicegerents seldom bestowed a thought npon them, except when it was necessary either to inveigle or to force them to take the sword and march to slaughter. Where God caused the sun to shine gaily, and scattered plenty over the land, his vicegerents diffused famine and solitude. The valley, which laughed with corn, they watered with the tear of artificial hunger and distress ; the plain that was bright with verdure, and gay with flowerets, they dyed red with gore. They operated on the world as the blast of an east wind, as a pestilence, as a

deluge, as a conflagration.—It is an incontrovertible axiom, that all who are born into tlie world, have a right to be as happy in it as the un-avoidable evils of nature, and their own disordered passions will allow. The gtand object of all good government, of all govern-ment that is not an usurpation, must be to promote this happi-ness, to assist every individual in its attainment and security. A government chiefly anxious about the emoluments of office, chiefly employed in augmenting its own power, and aggrandizing its obsequious instruments, while it neglects the comfort and safety of individuals in middle or low life, is despotic and a nui-sance. It is founded on folly as well as wickedness, and, like the freaks of insanity, deals mischief and misery around, without be-ing able to ascertain or limit its extent and duration. If it should not be punished as criminal, let it be cosrced as dangerous. —

Spirit of Despotism, p. 90.

The greatest curses any age have known
Have issued from the temple, or the throne;
Extent of ill from kings at first begins,
But priests must aid, and consecrate their sins.

The tortured subject might be heard complain,
When sinking nnder a new weight of chain,
Or more rebellious, might perhaps repine,

When tax'd to dow'r a titled concubine,
But the priest christens all a *Right Divine!*
*Hor. Walpole's Epistle from Florence.*

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

Externals take from *Majesty*, the rest
Is but—a thing at which we laugh—*a jest!* Let us to Scripture History appeal,
And see what truths its ancient rolls reveal:—
That great authority which Tyrants boast,
As most confirming, will confound them most!
When Israel with unheard of murmurs first,
Pray'd to indulgent Heaven they might be curst,
Rejected God, scorn'd his Almighty rule,
And made themselves their children's ridicule,
A standing banter, future ages' jest,
As damn'd to slavery at their own request—
With what just arguments did Samuel plead,
Give them the Tyrant's character to read;
Explain the lust of an ungovern'd man,
Show them the danger, preach to them in vain;
Tell them the wretched things they'd quickly find,
Within the pleasing name of King combined;
Deign with their'wilder'd crowds t' expostulate,
And open all the dangers of their fate!—
Yet they sought ruin with unwearied pains,
And begg'd for fetters, slavery, and chains!

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

Made Israel's Kings be Kings by Right Divine.

Yes, Saul was King by God's immediate hand—
But' *twas in judgment to afflict the land!* In granting He corrected the request,
A king He gave them, but *withheld the rest;*
Gave all that they pretended to require,
But in the gift he punish'd the desire;
He gave a plague, the very selfsame thing
They ask'd, when they petition'd for a King!

For 'tis remarkable when Samuel saw,
They'd have a King in spite of sense or law,
He told the consequences to the land,
And all the mischiefs that the Word contain'd;
Told them, that Kings were instruments design'd,
Not to improve, but to correct mankind!

Told them the Tyrant would insult their peace,
And plunder them of all their happiness!

Told them, that Kings were but exalted thieves,
Would rob men first, and then would make them slaves!

Then drew the picture of a monster crown'd,
Ask'd them, if such a villain could be found, *
Whether they'd like him, and their tribute bring?
They answer, Yes:—let such a man be King!

* It is remarkable, that a king scarcely ever exercised tyran-nical power over the people, but it was mingled with ungoverned vice in himself. Men of virtue and moderation seldom, if ever, turn tyrants. Despotic rule gives the reins

to lust, and makes the errors of government, and the crimes of life, mix together. It is the high road to cruelty and brutalizing selfishness.—A king of France took out his watch when he guessed that the axe was cutting off the head of his favoritè, and said; 'My dear friend must make a sad figure just now!'—A hill in Richmond Park is still shewn as remarkable for having been the station from whence Henry VIII. eagerly looked out for the ascent of a rocket at London, announcing to the impatient tyrant the precise moment when one of his wives was suffering death on the scaffold!

And is a Tyrant King your early choice?
"*Be Kings your plague!*" said the Eternal's voice;
And with this mighty curse he gave the crown,
And Saul, to Israel's terror, mounts the throne!
Now, Muse, the parallel with caution bring,
On what condition was this man their King?
Tho' Heaven declar'd him, heaven itself set down
The sacred *Postulata* of the crown;
Samuel examin'd first the high record,
Then dedicates the substance to the Lord.

This is the *coronation-oath*, the bond,
The steps on which the throne and kingdom stand;
For which, by future Kings unjustly broke,
God, and the People, mighty vengeance took! *

* Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom, and

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

made

Saul king.—(1 Samuel,i. 15.)

Then mark the needful steps to make him King,
How sacred ends, concurring means must bring;
Not Samuel's ointment, not the mighty lot,
Could make him King, nor force his title out.

The people like not his mechanic race,
They see no greatness in his youthful face:—
"Is this the monarch shall our foes destroy,
Does heaven design to rule us by a *boy*?"

The flouting Rabbies cry! "We scorn to own,
A man that has no merit for a crown.
Our King must lead the glorious tribes to fight,
And chase the thousands of the Ammonite:
His pers'nal valour must our triumphs bring,
'Tis such a man we want, and such a King."

Away they go, reject his government,
Not Heav'n's high choice could force their due consent!
Samuel submits, adjourns the strong debate,
Suspends the King he offered to create;
Owns *their dislike's a high material thing,*
*That their Consent alone could make him King!*
Why did not God displeasure then express,
Resent the slight, and punish their excess;
Extort obedience by express command,
And crown his choice by his immediate hand;
Destroy the Rebels with his blasting breath,
And punish early treason with their death;
With mighty thunders his new King proclaim,
And force the trembling tribes to do the same?

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

That reason acted from himself alone.*

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

beyond the reach of their understandings.

*Sermons to Asses, ( Ministers qf State,)* p. 57

"'Tis just," says the Almighty Power, "and sense,"
(For *actions are the words of Providence*;
The mouth of consequences speaks aloud,
And Nature's language is the voice of God:
"'Tis just," says he, "the people should be shown,
The man that wears it, can deserve the crown.

Merit will make my choice appear so just,
They'll own him fit for the intended trust;
Confirm by reason my exalted choice,
And make him King by all the people's voice.
Let Ammon's troops my people's tents invade,
And Israel's trembling sons, to fear betray'd,
Fly from th' advancing legions in the fright,
Till Jabesh' walls embrace the Ammonite;
I'll spirit Saul, and arm his soul for war,
The boy they scorn, shall in the field appear;
I'll teach the inexperienced youth to light,
And flesh him with the slaughter'd Ammonite.

The general suffrage then lie'll justly have
To rule the people he knows how to save;
Their willing voices all the tribes will bring,
And make my chosen hero be their King."

He speaks, and all the high events obey,
The mighty voice of Nature leads the way;
The troops of Ammon Israel's tents invade,
His mighty fighting sons, to fear betray'd,
Fly from th' advancing squadrons in the fright,
'Till Jabesh' walls embrace the Ammonite.

Saul rouzes; God had arm'd his soul for war;
The boy they scored does in the field appear;

His pers'nal merit now bespeaks the throne,
He beats the enemy, and wears his crown.

The willing tribes their purchased suffrage bring,
Their universal voice proclaims him King.

As if Heaven's call had been before in vain,
Saul from this proper minute, dates his reign.

The text is plain, and proper to the thing,
Not GOD—but all The People made him King!

End of Book I.

# THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG.

## BOOK II.

The King is ours
T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the State,
But not to warp or change it.

Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your Loyalty and ours
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason; is judicious, manly, free:
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot, that treads it in the dust.

*The Duty of Resistance to Tyrants—Law—Custom—
Packed Juries—The Custom of Kings to tyrannize—
The Custom of the People to dethrone them instanced in
James II.—Rehoboam—Royalty a trust.*
Were I permitted to inspect the rolls,
Th' eternal archives, hid beyond the poles;
The cause of causes could I but survey,
And see how consequences there obey:

This should be first of all that I'd enquire,
And this to know, the bounds of my desire—
Why Justice reels beneath the blows of might,
And Usurpation sets her foot on right;
Why fame bestows her ill-deserv'd applause,
When outrage, triumphs over nature's laws;
Why heaven permits the worst of men to rule,
And binds the wise man to obey the fool; *
Why its own thunder does not strike the crown,
And from the stools of pow'r thrust Tyrant? down;
Why it pursues the murd'rer's meaner crime,
But leaves exalted criminals to time.

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

*been worse educated, and possess less abilities, than a common charity-boy, trained in a parish school to read and write.* Spirit of Despotism. An Anecdote, containing the thoughts of a Despot is a treat. It appears from the Emperor of Austria heading the Holy Alliance against Naples with our money in his pockets, as well as from a letter dated Laybach, 28th January, 1821, that his Majesty has the *horrors*. The letter states, that when the Professors of the Lyceum at Laybach were presented to him, he made this nervous speech :—"Gentlemen—The students of Carniola have always deserved praise, (from which their progress in useful knowledge may be inferred). Endeavour to preserve for them this good character, (modern Boeotians). Remain ever faithful to what is ancient, (Tyranny); for what is ancient is good, (he means for himself); and onr ancestors (his Ancestors) ever found it so. Why should it not be the same to us? (The throne-men). People (tyrant-hater's) are occupied elsewhere (at Naples) with new notions (principles of liberty), that I (heigh Oh!) cannot approve, (cannot help); and never shall approve, (Royal till death). From such notions (political truth) preserve yourselves, (God preserve the

Emperor);
attach yourselves to nothing bnt what is positive,
(Despotism). I do not want learned men (the students at
Copenhagen on the king's birth-day, January 2nd, 1821,
shouted "Vivat Rex the soldiers, not understanding Loyally
in Latin, and, supposing the students uttered seditious
cries, dispersed them with their sabres and hilled four:
ergo Steel is stronger than Latin). I want only loyal and
good subjects, (implicitly obedient slaves); and it is your
part to (become drill serjeants, and) form them (into line).
He who serves (implicitly obeys), will instruct, (that is—
keep the students stupid) according to my orders; and
whoever feels himself incapable of that, (non-instruction,)
and embraces novel ideas, (knowledge,) had better depart—or
I shall myself remove him, (by putting something into his
head!). This is a fine and perfect specimen of legitimate
mind; and here is another:—At the Museum of Bologna the
Professors of the University shewed this same Emperor one or
Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamps, and informed him that the
Englishman its inventor, had, by his nnmerous discoveries,
produced a revolution in science. At the word revolution

the countenance of the Emperor changed; he rumped the attendant, and said, the King of England would no doubt feel the consequences of his condescension to his unruly subjects; but, as to himself, he should take proper care not to suffer any of his subjects to make revolutions!—

"*What is ancient is good*." Stick to that, Despots! Yonr ancestors,'an please your Majesties, groped without safety lamps —I pray that you may, till you be no more.

Kings spurn at limitations, laws, and rules,
And rob mankind—because mankind are fools;
Wheedled to act against their common sense,
To jumble tyranny with providence;
To hope from God what God expects from them,
For what they ought to do, look up to Him;
Leave unperform'd the duties which they know,
And *lift up* hands they should *employ* below!
Christians must no more miracles expect,
The men that will be slaves, He'll not protect;
God never will our base petitions hear,
Till our endeavours supersede our prayer;
Not always then; but nation's may be sure,
The *willing* bondage *ever* shall endure.

They that would have His power to be their friend,
Must, with what power they have, their right defend.
The laws of God, God makes us understand,
The laws of Nature never countermand.

Nature prescribes, for'tis prescrib'd to sense,
Her first of laws to man—is self-defence.

This then is Law to man, from God on high,

*Resisting* live—or *unresisting* die!

He always works by means, and means he'll bless,
With approbation, often with success.

Nor prayers nor tears will revolutions make,
Tyrants pull down, or irksome bondage break;
'Tis our own business; and He lets us know,
What is our business, he expects we'll do.

* God punishes bad kings and oppressors, as he does the rest of mankind—through his instruments, The, People. It is the only way by which he has ever made an example of tyrants as a terror to others.

Tyrants sometimes in Revolutions fall,
Though their destruction's not design'd at all;
So hasty showers, when they from heav'n flow down,
Are sent to fructify, and not to drown;
And, in the torrent, if a drunkard sink,
'Tis not the flood that drowns him, but the drink,
Yet who would say, because a sinner's slain,
For fear of drowning, we must have no rain.

It's doubtful who live most unnatural lives,
The subject that his liberty survives,
Or kings that trample law and freedom down,
And make free justice truckle to the crown.

Law is the master-spring of government—
The only Right Ditine that heaven has sent, *
It forms the order of the world below,
And all our blessings from that order flow.

* The tyrant Henry VIII., by making himself the head

of the
Church, clearly begat the Right Divine. The King could give
bishoprics, and the Bishops could give opinions. "Your
Majesty is the breath of our nostrils," said Bishop Neil to
James I., and speaking of himself and brethren as to worldly
advantages, he certainly spoke the truth. Before the Kings
of England were heads of the Church we heard little of
divine right, and some-times the Church itself was seen on
the side of freedom; since that time, never. The doctrine
in England, that the King can do no wrong, supposes the
positive responsibility of his Minis-ters. But, that it is a
dangerous licence of language, is wit-nessed iu a Right
Reverend exposition of this kingly privi-lege in regard to
Adultery. The Bishop leaped from political to moral
delinquency, with a casuistry worthy an admirer of the royal
power of translation. The Abbe de Choisy, a Priest of the
same school as the British Father in God, though not of the
same church, dedicated an edition of Thomas à Kempis, on the
'Imitation of Christ' to Madame de Maintenon, a courtesan
and mistress to Louis XIV., prefixing this motto: "Hear oh!
daugh-ter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also

thine own people, and thy father's honse; *so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty!*" Psa. xlv. 10,11.

The Court's a golden but a fatal circle,
Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
In crystal forms, sit tempting innocence,
And beckon early virtue from its ceutre.
Anon, quoted by Dr. Watts.

Law is the life-blood of the social state;
Subordinate to law is magistrate,
To set the magistrate above the law,
Would all to error and confusion draw,
He's not a king that's not prescribed by laws—
King's, the effect, but government's the cause
Of all authority for Right Divine,
Custom's the worst, for every royal line.

The still-born Ignorance of antiquity,
Quirk'd into life to cozen freemen by,
Lawyers call Custom; and, for custom, draw
On custom still, to still call custom, *Law!*
So 'rules' the *Bench*, and so the maxim takes,
The fault one age commits, no age forsakes!

Begot by fools, maintain'd by knaves and fools,
Improved by craft in error's public schools;
With shifting face, with loose and stammering tongue,
The juggling fraud has plagued the world too long;
Modern encroachments on our freedom makes,
And backs it with our fathers' old mistakes:
As if our rev'rence, to their virtues due,
Should recommend their crimes and follies too!

This vapour Custom, this mere wand'ring cloud
Puffs the crown'd wretch, and helps to make him proud.
Persuades him to believe it must be true,
Homage to Law, becomes the *Tyrant's* due!

Thus Priestcraft preaches, and thus Lawyers draw
An after age, to call a custom—Law!

And yet this boasted, ever-quoted thing,
Fails in the point—fails to support the king:
For though by custom, kings have learn'd to ride
A few vile minions, to support their pride,
The people always have opposed the cheat,
It never was their custom to submit;
The Practice of the people made the name,
For practices and customs are the same;
And custom this one mighty truth will tell,
When kings grow tyrants, nations will rebel.

The people may, for custom gives assent,
Dethrone the man, to save the Government!
If any say the practice is not so,
Let them to England for examples go.

England the Right Divine of kings profess'd *
And all the marks of slavery caress'd;
Long courted chains, but'twas in court disguise,
And holy fraud conceal'd the sacred lies—

* Sir Robert Filmer, the great champion of Divine Right having defended it in print, Algernon Sidney drew out a system of original power, and government according to the laws of God, nature, and reason. Before it was finished, the friends of Divine Right seized the manuscript, and finding Sidney's arguments un-answerable, they laid aside the work, and fell upon the man; —so they cut off his head, merely

because they could not an-swer his book.

The Church the mountebank, the King the jest,
The *wheedled monarch,* and the *wheedling priest!* James proved the patient, crouching, loyal tribe,
But let his fate their loyalty describe!
With life-and-fortune, churchmen back'd the crown, *
In crushing all men's freedom but their own.

* A Courtier's loyalty is charmingly pictured in the portrait of Bubb Doddington, drawn by himself in his celebrated Diary. He was by trade a Boroughmonger, and his stock, consisted of six Members in the House of Commons, which he jobbed about and sold to the best bidder. At the close of his bargain and sale of the whole in a lump to the Duke of Newcastle for the king's service, there is a finish which renders the painting a fiue and matchless Cabinet specimen.—Bubb, who had been in disgrace at court for selling them elsewhere, said to tlie duke, "I knew I had given no just cause of offence, but that I could not justify it with His Majesty; that it was enough that He (the king) was displeased, to make me think that I was in the wrong, and to beg Him to forget it: I would not even be in the right against HIM!" The duke was delighted with this loyal and dutiful submission. Bubb says, "He took me up in

his
arms, and kissed me twice!" and Bubb was rewarded for
laying his six members of the honorable house at the
foot of
the throne with the price he stipulated for—namely,
the
treasurership of the navy, and a peerage! The story
was
beautifully and most impressively related by the
excellent-
hearted and inflexible John Hunt, in his noble and
successful defence, on the trial of an ex officio
information for words in the Examiner charged not as
false,
but as libellous on the Honorable House.

Then, under colour or pretence of law,
Villains their victims to the shambles draw,
Where sat the scoundrel Chief in ermined pride,
And a pack'd jury in the box beside.

The farce commences—justice heaves a groan—
The case is clear—a verdict for the Crown!

When noble Russell and brave Sidney fell,
Judges themselves rung, out Law's funeral knell!
Yet when their own destruction they foresaw,
The passive knaves cried Liberty and Law!

Took from their best of Kings his Right Divine,
And abrogated fealty to the line;
They made a precedent, dropp'd T from TReason,
And found the best of words behind it—reason!

The crown's a symbol, that the people meant,
To mark their choice, or form of government; *
The crown is theirs, and this has been their plan,

To make the office sacred, not the man:
Hence, if a tyrant on the throne appears,
The place is vacant, and the crown is theirs.

* All Majesty is derived from Law founded on right reason. A strength beyond that is mere force. The Magistrate formerly had no Majesty but while engaged in magisterial duties. His real dignity consisting in his legal authority.

When the ancient parliaments of France met according to the constitution annually, the king went to meet the members seated in a waggon drawn by oxen, which a waggoner drove with his goad to the parliament house; but he was in no state until he was seated there, robed and crowned, and sceptred. And, in-deed, in that place only, where the great affairs of the Com-monwealth are transacted, can it be said, that Real Majesty does truly and properly reside; and not where the king plays, or dances, or prattles with his women, when the vulgar are always styling him, your Majesty.

Hotomun's Franco-gallia, p. 73.

David, the patient tribes too much opprest,
Vex'd them with tribute, and deny'd them rest;
Harass'd the land with imposts and alarms,
Taxing and fighting—money! and to arms!

His son, however wise, disturbed their peace,
With taxes for his sumptuous palaces;
His love of women and his garish state,
His love of pomp and show, and looking great;
His building projects, and his vast designs,
Too vast for all the gold of Ophir's mines,
The people's hearts dismay'd, their feelings pain'd,
Their love unsettled, and their treasures drain'd. *

* Solomon could have but two occasions for money; one for his costly buildings, the other for his numerous women, for he never had any wars. To the expense of his buildings the kings of other countries contributed largely; so that it must have beeu his excesses in women, and other luxurious indulgences, that caused him to oppress the people with heavy burdens of taxes.

By two such' vigorous monarchs long opprest,
The next that came they loyally addrest;
Implored his gracious majesty would please
To tax them less, and let them live in peace.

The son of Solomon with anger hears
The people dare to offer him their pray'rs,
Spurns their Address, his rage no bounds restrain,
And thus he gives his answer with disdain:—

"I bear from Heaven the ensigns of my sway,
My business is to rule, and your's obey:
Therefore your scandalous Address withdraw,
'Tis my command, and my command's your law:
Sedition grows from seeds of discontent,

And faction always snarls at government:
But since my throne from God alone I hold,
To Him alone my councils I unfold;
My resolutions he has made your laws,
You are to know my actions, He the cause!
Wherefore I stoop, to let you understand,
I double all the taxes of the land.

And if your discontents and feuds remain,
Petition—and I'll double them again!

The mild correction which my Father gave,
Has spoil'd the people he design'd to save;
You murmur'd then, but had you thus been used,
You'd ne'er his easy clemency abused!"

The injured people, treated with disdain,
Found their Petitions and Addresses vain!

Long had they made submissions to the crown,
And long the love of Liberty had known;
The kings they ask'd of God had let them see,
What God himself foretold of tyranny.

The father had exhausted all their stores,
With costlyhouses, and more costly whores;
But doubly robb'd by his encroaching son,
They rather chose to die, than be undone;
And, thus resolving, by a single stroke,
Ten tribes revolted, and their bondage broke!

The tyrant, in his sceptred bloated pride,
Believing God and blood upon his side;
To the high altar in a rage repairs,
And rather tells his tale, than makes his prayers: *

* The author has taken a poetical licence here. For

scripture does not say that Rehoboam prayed to the Lord.

"Behold!" says he, "the slaves, o'er whom I reign,
Have made the pow'r I had from Thee in vain;
From thy diviner rule they separate,
And make large schisms both in Church and State;
My just intentions are, with all my force,
To check rebellion in its earliest course;
Revenge th' affronts of my insulted throne,
And save thy injured honour, and my own;
And as thy counsels did my fathers bless,
He claims thy help, who does their crown possess!"

Listen ye kings, ye people all rejoice,
And hear the answer of th' Almighty voice:
Tremble, ye tyrants, read the high commands,
In sacred writ the sacred sentence stands!

"*Stir not afoot!* thy new-rais'd troops disband!"
Says the Eternal;—"it is my command!

I raised thy fathers to the Hebrew throne,
I set it up, but you yourselves pull down!
For when to them I Israel's sceptre gave,
'Twas not my chosen people to enslave.

My first command no such commission brings,
I made no tyrants, though I made you kings;
But you my people vilely have opprest,
And misapplied the powers which you possest.
'Tis Nature's laws the people now direct,
When Nature speaks, I never contradict.

Draw not the sword, thy brethren to destroy,
The liberty they have, they may enjoy;
I ever purposed, and I yet intend,
That what they may enjoy, they may defend;

They have deserted from a misused throne,
"The thing's from Me"—the crime is all thy own!"*

* When the ten tribes revolted from Rehoboam, and chose Jeroboam king, there is no doubt they limited him by law; for many years afterwards king Aliab, one of his succcssors, admring a herb-garden near to his own palace, applied to the owner, Naboth, and offered him either a vineyard for it, or the worth of it in money; but Naboth would neither exchange nor sell it, and Ahab returned home so vexed, that he went to bed and would not eat any thing. Naboth having thus displeased the king, the courtiers got up a charge of Blasphemy and Sedition against him by means of false wituesses hired on purpose; he was found guilty and executed, and Ahab got possession of the garden, probably as a forfeiture to the crown. It is clear, therefore, that Ahab's power was restrained by law, for it was not until Nabot was murdered *under the forms of law*, that the king could get the poor man's property. Another thing is very remarkable: as soon as the murder was completed, and the king had got the garden, there was an honest Father in God, who, instead of saying 'the king could do no wrong,' went to his majesty, charged him with the crime, and denounced

his
downfall, which happened accordingly, through his listening
to flattering ecclesiastics, and his fondness for military
affairs. If the Bishop of London should desire to preach on
this story, he is informed that he may find it in the Bible,
1 Kings, xxi.

If kings no more be flatter'd and deceived,
Nor shun too late, the knaves they have believed;
If as 'trustees for uses' they agree
To act by limited authority;
Subordination will its order keep,
Ambition die, and all rebellion sleep.

The weeping nations shall begin to laugh,
The subjects easy, and the rulers safe.

Plenty and peace embrace just government,
The king be pleased, the people be content.

If any king is hoodwink'd to believe,
People will blind obedience to him give;
Let him pause long, before he dares to try,
They all by practice give their words the lie! *

* Flattery is a fine picklock of tender ears; especially of
those whom fortune hath borne high upon their wings, that
submit their dignity and authority to it, by a soothing of
themselves. For, indeed, men could never he taken in that
abundance with the springes of others' flattery, if

they began not there; if they did but remember how much more profitable the bitterness of truth were than all the honey distilling from a whorish voice, which is not praise but poison. But now it is come to that extreme of folly, or rather madness, with some, that he that flatters them mo-destly, or sparingly, is thought to malign them.

Ben Jonson.

The ears of kings are so tiugled with a continual uniform ap-probation, that they have scarce any knowledge of true praise. Have they to do with the greatest fool of all their subjects—they have no way to take advantage of him: by the flatterer saying, "It is because he is my king," he thinks he has said enough to imply that he therefore suffered himself to be over-come. This quality stifles and confuses the other true and es-sential qualities which are sunk deep in the kingship.

Montaigne.

Art may by mighty dams keep out the tide,
Check the strong current, and its streams divide;
Pen up the rising waters, and deny
The easy waves to glide in silence by:

But if the river is restrain'd too long,
It swells in silence to resent the wrong;
With fearful force breaks opposition down,
And claims its native freedom for its own.

So Tyranny may govern for a time,
Till Nature drowns the tyrants with their crime!

End of Book II.

# THE RIGHT DIVINE OF KINGS TO GOVERN WRONG.

## BOOK III.

——Nations would do well
T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of Heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their Toy—The World.

*Tyrants deposed to preserve the Throne—In Europe—In England before the Conquest—By each other since.—No right line any where—Difference between Tyrants and Kings—Government instituted by the People for their oivn good—Tyrants treat men as cattle to be slaughtered—God decrees their fall—Ordains Revolutions by the People.*

Search we the long records of ages past,
Look back as far as antient rolls will last;
Beyond what oldest history relates,
While kings had people, people magistrates;
Nations, e'er since there has been king or crown,
Have pull'd down tyrants to preserve the throne.

The laws of nature then, as still they do,
Taught them, their rights and safety to pursue;
That if a king, who should protect, destroys,
He forfeits all the sanction he enjoys.

There's not a nation ever own'd a crown,
But if their kings opprest them, pull'd them down;
Concurring Providence has been content,
And always blest the action in th' event.

He that, invested with the robes of power,
Thinks'tis his right the people to devour,
Will always find some stubborn men remain,
That have so little wit, they won't be slain;
Who always turn again when they're opprest,
And basely spoil the gay tyrannic jest;
Tell kings—of Nature, Laws of God, and Right,
Take up their arms, and with their tyrants fight.

When passive thousands fall beneath the sword,
And freely die at the imperial word,
A stern, unyielding, self-defending few,
While they resist, will ravel all the clew;
Will all the engines of oppression awe,
And trample pow'r beneath the feet of law.

'Tis always natural for men opprest,
Whene'er occasion offers to resist;
They're traitors else to truth and common sense,
And rebels to the laws of Providence;
'Tis not enough to say, they *may*—they *must*;
The strong necessity declares it just; *
'Tis Heav'n's supreme command to man, and they
Are always blest who that command obey.

* If it be asked, Who shall be judge? it is plain that God has made Nature judge. If a king make a law, destructive of human society and the general good, may it not be resisted and opposed? "No!" exclaim a junta of holy meu, "it is

from

GOD!" What is *Blasphemy?*

So France deposed the Merovingian line,
And banish'd Childrick * lost the right divine;
So Holy League their sacred Henry ** slew,
And call'd a counsel to erect a new;
For right divine must still to justice bow,
And people first the right to rule bestow:

So Spain to arbitrary kings inured,
Yet arbitrary Favila *** abjured;
Denmark four kings deposed, and Poland seven,
Swedeland but one-and-twenty, Spain eleven:
Russia, Demetrius banish'd from the throne,****
And Portugal pull'd young Alphonsus down;
Each nation that deserves the name of state,
Has set up laws above the magistrate;
Hence, when a self-advancing wretch acquires
A lawless rule, his government expires.

* Childeric I. the son of Merovius, for his lasciviousness, was banished by the great men, and one Egidiu?, a Gaul, set up in his stead. Childeiic II. was banished and deposed by his subjects, and king Pepin reigned in his stead; and so ended the Merovingian family.

** The League deposed Henry III. and declared him a tyrant, a murderer, and incapable to reign, and held frequent counsels with the pope's legate and the Spaniards about settling the crown, and several proposals were made of settling it, sometimes on the infanta of Spain, at

other
times on the cardinal of Boubon, the duke de Main, and others.

*** Favila, a cruel tyrant, was deposed by the Castilians, who chose judges to administer the government, till they appointed another.

**** Besides the banishment of Demetrius, the History of Russia furnishes a sickening catalogue of the butchery of her despots by each other. During the debate in the House of Lords on the 19th of February, 1821, Lord Holland, observing on the Crusade of the Holy Alliance of Despots against Naples, said, "That objections to the freedom of political constitutions came but ungracefully from the reigning Emperor of Russia, who ascended a throne reeking with the blood of his own father: and as this member of that holy league, owed his crown to the murder of his father, it brought to his recollection, that since the time of the Czar Peter I. no sovereign had ascended the throne of Russia with-out its being stained with the blood of his immediate predecessor, or some other member of his own family."

Explore the past, the steps of monarchs tread,
And view the sacred titles of the dead;
Look to the early kings of Britain's isle,

For *Jus Divinum* in our *native* style.

Conquest, or compacts, form the rights of kings,
And both are human, both unsettled things;
Both subject to contingencies of fate,
And so the godship of them proves a cheat.

The crowns and thrones the greatest monarchs have,
Were either stolen, or the people gave.

What claim had colonel Cnute, * or captain Suene?
What right the roving Saxon, pirate Dane?
Hengist, or Horsa, Woden's blood defied,
And on their sword, not right divine, relied.

* The leaders of the invading Saxons and Danes were mere thieves and robbers, pretending to no light but that of the sword. Hengist and Horsa were Saxon leaders, who after conquering Kent, made themselves kings. Woden is famed to be the first great leader of the Goths into Europe, and all their kings affected to be thought of his predatory blood.

The Norman Bastard, how divine his call!
And where's his heav'nly high original?
These naked nations, long a helpless prey,
To foreign and domestic tyranny;—
Their infant strength unfit to guard their name—
Was left exposed to ev'ry robber's claim,
An open prey to pirates, and the isle,
To wild invaders, grew an early spoil.

The Romans ravaged long our wealthy coast,
And long our plains fed Caesar's num'rous host.

What birthright raised that rav'nous leader's name?
His sword, and not his fam'ly, form'd his claim.

Where'er the Roman eagles spread their wings,
They conquer'd nations, and they pull'd down kings;
Caesar in triumph o'er the whole presided,
And right of conquest half the world divided.

For Liberty our sires in arms appear'd,
And in its sacred name with courage warr'd;
Made the invaders buy their conquest dear,
And legions of their bones lie buried here. *

* The hillocks or barrows still remaining in most parts of Eng-land were the graves of the soldiers. There are four very large ones near Stevenage in Hertfordshire, close to the road. The plains in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire are full of these monuments of the valorous achievements of the Britons iu defence of their liberty.

When these their work of slaughter had fulfill'd,
And seas of British blood bedew'd the field;
Shoals of Barbarian Goths, worse thieves than they,
From Caledonian Friths, and frozen Tay,
O'erspread the fruitful, now abandon'd plains,
And led the captured victims in their chains:
The weaken'd natives, helpless and distrest,
Doom'd to be plunder'd, ravish'd, and oppress'd,
Employ new thieves from the rude Northern coast,
To rob them of the little not yet lost.
The work once done, the workmen, to be paid,
Only demand themselves, and all they had!

In dreadful strife their freedom to maintain,
They fought with fury, but they fought in vain;
Yet, like Antaeus, every time they fell,
Their veins with rage and indignation swell;
Not for continued losses they despair,
But for still fiercer battle they prepare;
Again their blood the Saxon chariots stains,
And heaps of heroes strew th' ensanguin'd plains;
Thus, though they leave the world, they keep the field,
And thus their lives, but not their freedom yield.

Three hundred years of bloody contest past,
Plunder'd at first, and dispossest at last,
The few remains, with freedom still inspir'd,
To Western mountains, to resist retired;
Their dear abandon'd country thence they view,
And thence their thirst of Liberty renew;
Offers of peaceful bondage they defy,
What's peace to man without his liberty? *

* The Britons fought one hundred and sixty-three pitched bat-tles. They might well be said to be conquered, for in these prodigious straggles for their liberty they were nearly all slain. They fought as long as there were any men to be raised? but the Saxons swarming continually over from vastly populous countries, the few Britons that remained, took sanctuary in the wes-tern mountains of Wales, and from the crags and cliffs, poor and distrest as they were, they made constant inroads and excursions upon the Saxons; the Saxon Annals are filled with accounts of the renewed

warfare. Even the English histories frequently mention the incursions of the Welsh, till, at last, united to England, they seem to be incorporated with the natives of their ancient soil.

The conquer'd nation—fell a dear bought prey,
And Britain's island, *Saxon* Lords obey:
The shouting troops their victories proclaim,
And load their chiefs with royalty and fame:
The garland of their triumphs was their crown,
Mob set them up, and rabble pull'd them down!

Fighting was all the merit they could bring,
The bloodiest wretch appear'd the bravest King!
Nor did his kingship any longer last,
Than till by some more powerful rogue displaced.
In spoil and blood was fix'd the right divine.
And thus commenced the royal Saxon line:—

That sword that vanquish'd innocence in fight,
The sword that crush'd the banish'd Britons' right,
At pleasure subdivides the British crown,
And forms eight soldier kingdoms out of one.

From these we strive to date our royal line,
And these must help us to a right divine;
From actions buried in eternal night,
Priestcraft is brought, to fix the fancied right;
Priestcraft that, always on the strongest side,
Contrives, tho' kings should walk, that priests shall ride.

One master thief his fellows dispossest,
And gave, once more, the weeping nation rest;
For Egbert, * English monarchy began,
By his Almighty-sword—the Sacred man!

* Egbert came over originally from France, and was not the successor of any prince of the West Saxon kingdom, nor of any kingdom.

Yet who was Egbert? Search his ancient breed;
What sacred ancestors did he succeed?
What mighty princes form'd his royal line,
And handed down to him the right divine?

A high-Dutch trooper, sent abroad to fight,
Whose trade was blood, and in his arm his right:
A supernumerary Holsteineer, *
For want of room at home, sent out to war;
A mere Swiss** mercenary, who for bread,
Was born on purpose to be knock'd in head;
A Saxon soldier was his high descent,
Murder his business, plunder his intent;
The poor unvalued, despicable thing,
A thief by nation, and by fate a king!

* The Saxons that came over were from Jutland, Holstein, &c. The poor countries the Saxons lived in, being unable to support the vast numbers of the people they produced, they sought subsistence and habitations in fruitful and plentiful lands.

** A Swiss, alludes to their being mercenaries.

To-day the monarch glories in his crown,
A soldier thief to-morrow knocks him down,
And calls the fancied right divine his own!

In the next age that 'rightful' Lord's forgot,
And rampant treason triumphs on the spot:
Success gives title, makes possession just,
For if the fates obey, the subjects must.

We should be last of all that should pretend,
The long descent of princes to defend;
Since, if hereditary right's the claim,
The English line has forty times been lame;
Of all the nations in the world, there's none
Have less of true succession in their crown.

Britannia now, with men of blood opprest,
And all her race of tyrants lately ceased;
Ill fate prevailing, seeks at foreign shores,
And for worse monsters, ignorantly implores.

The right divine was so despised a thing,
The crown went out a begging for a king
Of foreign breed, of unrelated race,
Whore in his scutcheon, tyrant in his face j
Of spurious birth, and intermingled blood,
Who nor our laws nor language understood.

William the early summons soon obeys,
Ambition fills his sails, his fleets the seas;
By cruel hopes, and fatal valour sped,
The foreign legions Britain's shores o'erspread:
The sword decides the claim, the land's the prey,
Fated the conquering tyrant to obey.

Harold by usurpation gain'd the crown, *
And ditto usurpation pull'd him down.
Nothing but patience then could Britain claim;
Oppress'd by suff'ring, suff'ring made her tame:
She saw the tyrant William quit the throne,
And hoped for better usage from his son;
But change of tyrants gave her small relief,

She lost the lion, and receiv'd the thief.

* Harold seized upon the crown by force. He had no claim to it, by blood or inheritance, being the son of Earl Goodwin.

Rufus, his father's ill got treasure seized,
The greedy sons of mother-church appeased;
Bought up rebellion with the cash he stole,
Secured the Clergy, and seduced the whole.

So brib'ry first with robbery combined
To ride before, and treason rode behind.
Ambition, and the lust of rule prevail'd,
And Robert's right, on Rufus' head entail'd. *

Beau-Clerk next grasp'd his elder brother's crown,
And, by his sword, maintain'd it was his own:
The second ** Henry fights, and fighting treats,
To own the prince's title he defeats;
Consents to mean conclusions of the war,
And stoops to be a base usurper's heir;
Accepts the ignominious grant, and shows
His right's as bad as Stephen's that bestows:
The royal tricksters thus divide the prey,
And helpless crowds the jugglers' swords obey. ***

Then John, ****  another branch of Henry's line,
Jumps on the throne, in spite of Right Divine,
Turn we to mighty Edward's deathless name;
Or to his son's, whose conquests were the same;
That mighty hero of right royal race,
His father still alive, usurp'd his place. (v)

* They were both usurpers, for the true right of descent was

in Edgar Atheling. of the race of Edmund Ironside.

** Henry II. was obliged to compromise the dispute with his competitor Stephen; a prudent agreement, but in defiance of hereditary right.

*** As at the death of Henry I. the main line of Normandy ended, so the succession has ever since proved so brittle, that it never held to the third heir in a right descent without being put by, or receiving some alteration by usurpation, or extinction of the male blood.—Churchill's Divi Britannici, p. 207.

**** King John was the youngest son of Henry II., who had his eldest line deposed. Henry was the son of a usurper, a usurper himself, and the murderer of his own brother's son.

(v) Edward III. reigned, his father, Edward II. being a prisoner, and was afterwards murdered.

As Edward on his parent's murder stood,
So Richard's tyrant reign was closed in blood:
Deposed and murder'd, Edward's father lies;
Deposed and murder'd—thus the grandson * dies.

Lancastrian Henry from his feeble head,
The bauble wrench'd, and wore it in his stead;
Three of his name by due succession reign,

And York demands the right of line in vain.

Thro' seas of slaughter, for this carnaged crown
Edward, not went, but waded to the throne **
Three times deposed, three times restored by force,
Priest-ridden Henry's title*** yields of course.

Short lived the right the conquering king enjoy'd,
Treason and crime his new-crown'd race destroy'd;
As if the crimson hand of Power pursued
The very crown, and fated it to blood,
Richard by lust of government allured,
By double murders, next that crown procured;
For silent records trumpet-tongued proclaim
The jails and graves of princes are the same.

At Bosworth field, the crookback was dethroned;
Slain in the fight, and then the victor own'd! ****

* Richard II.

** Edward IV.

*** Henry VI.

**** Richard III. was succeeded by Henry VII. who had clearly no claim to the crown from blood. After him it still devolved with irregularity, although uuder the Tudors, the doctrine of hereditary right was as vaguely maintained as before. Thus, a Parliament granted to Henry VIII. the power of regulating the succession by will, and it was by pretending to exercise a similar power under an alleged will of Edward VI. that the unprincipled Northumberland

sought the establishment of Lady Jane Grey. Elizabeth, on the same ground, was importuned to appoint a suc-cessor, at intervals, during the last twenty years of her reign; and finally, named the King of Scotland in her last moments. These are strange incidents for the advocates of Divine Right! The fact is, this wretched theory was never formally advocated until the days of James I.; and it may be considered to be one of the precions fruits of that settled connexion between Church and State, of which the Despot, Henry VIII., laid the foun-dation. Yet no Despot ever supported himself steadily on an English throne; and what is there to prove, that such men ever can? Look at King Richard II., he was a finished gentle-man, possessed some taste for literature, and shewed himself as. fond of finery as need be; but he waged war with the common sense of the realm and the rights of the people,—and finally, by entrusting his power to weak, inefficient, and corrupt ministers, roused the anger of a distressed and overtaxed community. Moral—They were beheaded, and he was dethroned.

So men of blood, incited by its taste,
By lust of rule urged on, laid England waste;
Oppression then upon oppression grew,
One royal wretch another overthrew;

They made a football of the People's crown,
And brother-tyrant brother-king pull'd down,
Succeeding robberies revenged the past,
And every age of crime outdid the last.

Look on once more—the tangled line survey,
By which kings claim to bind men to obey.

In the right line they say their title lies:
But if its twisted?—then the title dies.
Look at it!—knotted, spliced in every place!
Closely survey the intersected race—
So full of violations, such a brood.

Of false successions, spurious births, and blood;
Such perjuries, such frauds, to mount a throne,
That Kings might blush their ancestors to own!
Oh! but Possession supersedes the Line!

Indeed!—then king, as king, has Right Divine;
And, coy Succession fled from majesty,
Makes Usurpation as divine as he;
*De Facto is de Jure*, and a throne,
To every dog that steals it is his bone!

Hence tyrants—and from these infected springs,
Flows the best title of *the Best of Kings!* *

* The Best of Kings (Court slang) the King for the time being.—Many a king has been the worst man of his age, but no king was ever the best. In 1683, the very year of Charles the Second's reign, in which Lord William Russel and Algernon Sydney were murdered under the forms of law, by

packed juries, and the king's passive obedient judges—when the throne floated in blood, and the king's manners were notoriously and disgust-ingly sensual and dissolute—in that year, J. Shnrley, M. A. in his 'Ecclesiastical History Epitomised,' gives Charles the title of "the best of kings!" calls his life and reign virtuous! and prays that his days may be as the days of Heaven!—This loyal author calls himself, The Christian reader's "beloved Brother in Christ!"

Of the same king, Charles II., Horace Walpole (Lord Orford) gives this character in his Epistle from Florence:—
(Dodsley's Collection, vol. iii. p. 92.)

Fortune, or fair, or frowning, on his soul
Could stamp no virtue, and no vice controul!

Honour or morals, gratitude or truth,
Nor taught his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth!

The care of nations left to whores or chance,
Plund'rer of Britain, pensioner of France;
Free to buffoons, to ministers denied,
He lived an atheist, and a bigot died!

All kings have parasites and praise; the Press records their actions; and Posterity gives their characters.

*Right of Succession*, or what other claim
Of right to rule, by whatsoever name
Or title call'd, by whomsoever urged,
Is in the people's right of choosing merged.

The right's the People's, and the People's choice
Binds kings in duty to obey their voice;
The Public Will, the only Right Divine,
Sanctions the office, or divides the line;
Topples the crown from off the tyrant's head,
And puts a king to govern in his stead.

Tyrant and king are vastly different things—
We're robb'd by tyrants, but obey'd by kings!

If it be ask'd, how the distinction's known,
Oppression marks him out—the nations groan,
The broken laws, the cries of injur'd blood,
Are languages by all men understood! *

* Tyrants lose all respect for humanity, in proportion as they are sunk beneath it; taught to believe themselves of a different species, they really become so; lose their participation with their kind; and, in mimicking the God, dwindle into the brute! Blind with prejudices as a mole, stung with truth as with scorpions, sore all over with wounded pride like a boil, their minds a heap of morbid proud flesh and bloated humours, a disease and gangrene in the state, instead of its life-blood and vital principle— foreign despots claim mankind as their property. They regard men crawling on the face of the earth as we do insects that cross our path, and survey the common drama of human life as

a fantoccini exhibition got up for tlieir amusement. It is the over-weening, aggravated, intolerable sense of swelling pride and ungovernable self-will that so often drives them mad; as it is their blind fatuity and insensibility to all beyond themselves, that, transmitted through successive generations, and confirmed by regal intermarriages, in time makes them idiots.

Hazlitt's Political Essays, p. 341.

Just laws and liberty make patriot kings;
Tyrants and tyranny are self-made things. *

* Though a Despot be transformed into a limited king, he is in heart and purpose still a despot. He feels duress; he is not at liberty to oppress at his pleasare; and he awaits an opportnnity to exercise 'the Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong;' for he holds the doctrine that "oaths are not to be kept with subjects." In the reign of Richard II. the Duke of Norfolk apprised the Duke of Hereford, that the King purposed their destruction:—

Hereford.—God forbid!—He has sworn by St. Edward, to be a good Lord to me and the others.

Norfolk.— So has he often sworn to me by God's Body: but I do not trust him the more for that!

Every restored despot has become an unblushing and shameless perjurer; where is there in history an instance to the contrary?—Once a Despot, and always a Despot.

Alfred the Great is the only King in our annals who being guilty of misgovernment, and seeing its evils had the high courage to acknowledge his crime by amendment. At the commencement of his reign he seemed to consider his exalted dignity as an emancipation from restraint, and to have found leisure, even amidst his struggles with the Danes, to indulge the irapetuosity of his passions. His immorality and despotism provoked the censure of the virtuous; he was haughty to his subjects, neglected the administration of justice, and treated with contempt the complaints of the indigent and oppressed. In the eighth year of his reign he was driven from the throne by the Danes. Narrowly escaping death and enduring many hardships, adversity brought reflection. According to the piety of the age, instead of tracing events to their political sources, he referred them immediately to the providence of God; and considered his

misfortunes as the instrument with which Divine Justice punished his past enormities. By his prudence and valour he regaiued the throne, and drew np a code of laws by which he ordained the governmeat should be administered. Magistrates trembled at his stern impartiality and inflexibility. He executed forty-four judges in one year for their informal and iniquitous proceedings. Hence their survivors and successors were careful to acquire a competent degree of knowledge, and their decisions became accordant to the law.

Discovering that the only real foundation of national happiness is in the enlightenment of the people, he instructed them himself by his writings, endowed establishments for the promotion of Education, and became the guardian and benefactor of his country.*—His virtues were the fruit of early instruction. When he was a child, his mother, Osburga, awakened in him a passion for learning aud knowledge. Holding in her hand a Saxon poem, elegantly written and beautifully illnminated, she offered it as a reward to the first of her children whose proficiency should enable him to read it to her. The emulation of Alfred was excited: he ran to his master, applied to the task with

diligence, performed it to the satisfaction of the queen, and received the prize of his industry. His mind thus opened by this excellent woman, she dropped in the seeds of knowledge; by careful culture they grew into wisdom, and Alfred is one of the most illustrious instances of the endless blessings conferred upon man by Education.

From the banks of the strong hold of Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire, near Wareham, formerly a station of the Danish barbariaus, one of their successors making good his lodgment in a nameless House denies the justice of Universal Education, forgetful, perhaps, that the benighted savages, his predecessors, were finally expelled by Alfred; that it was the triumph of Knowledge and Liberty over Ignorance and Selfish power; and that Alfred, disdaining to use the advantage whick Education gave him over the rest of the people, othirwise than for their welfare, incessuntly laboured to dispense its benefits to All.

* *Lingard's History of England, vol. i. c. 4.*

As government was ever understood
To be a measure for the people's good;
So when perverted to a wrong intent,
It's stark oppression, not a government.

Blest are the days, and wing'd with joy they fly,
When kings protect the people's liberty;
When settled peace in stated order reigns,
And, nor the nation, nor the king complains;

If kings may ravish, plunder, and destroy,
Oppress the world, and all its wealth enjoy;
May harass nations, with their breath may kill,
And limit liberty by royal will;
Then was the world for ignorance design'd,
And God gave kings to blast the human mind;
And Kings but general farmers of the land;
And men their stock for slaughter at command;
Mere beasts of draught, to crouch and be opprest,
Whom God, the mighty landlord, form'd in jest.

Yet who believes that Heaven in vain creates,
And gives up what it loves to what it hates;
That man's great Maker call'd him into birth,
To be destroy'd by tyrant-fiends on earth;
That nations are but footstools to a throne,
And millions born to be the slaves of one?

Priestcraft! search Scripture, shew me God's decree,
That crime shall rule by his authority.

Kingcraft! search Scripture too, and from it prove
Thy right to ravage from the God of Love. *

* Priestcraft and Kingcraft are partners in the same firm. They trade together. Kings and conquerors make laws, parcel out lands, and erect churches and palaces for the priests and dignitaries of religion. In return, Priests anoint kings with holy oil, hedge them round with inviolability, spread over them the mysterious sanctity of religion, and, with very little ceremony, make over the whole species as slaves

to these Gods upon earth by virtue of Divine Right!

Hazlitt's Political Essays, p. 303.

No! He has issued no such foul command,
But dooms down Despots by the People's hand;
Marks tyrants out for fall in every age,
Directs the justice of the people's rage;
And hurling vengeance on all royal crimes,
Ordains the Revolutions of the times!

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198s

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

A thing of no bowels— '
—from the crown to the toe, topfull
Of direst cruelty.—His Realm a slaughter-house—
The swords of soldiers are his teeth—
Iron for Naples, hid with English gilt.

Shakspeare.

The End.

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# A SLAP AT SLOP AND THE BRIDGE-STREET GANG

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199s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

With Twenty-seven Cuts.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE,

46, LUDGATE HILL.

Half a-Crown.

## TO THE READER.

The Slap, at first arranged in the manner, and in every respect in imitation, assumed the appearance of a newspaper, except that the columns were broken by *cuts*. It was a crown broadside, and the agreeable appearance of the stamp was preserved by the subjoined diagram being placed at the corner.

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201s

### *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

Doubtless every one who entered into the design, was satisfied with the original form of the publication; yet the author has been perplexed by numerous applications for an edition in this size. He finds it as difficult to account for want of taste as for it; but it being the fashion for the minority to be polite to the majority, he bends at last to the too general request, and submits The Slap, with a broken spirit, to go down, bound, with his other little pieces.

45, Ludgate Hill,

## 1822

Original Address

A Bag of political nuts ready cracked, is not only rather dangerous fare to serve up, but a man who takes the trouble to crack them, will find the kernels cleaner and sweeter for his pains. Though they who run may read the greater portion of the present sheet, yet there are a few articles that require attention, and two or three arc designed for those only who alone can understand them.

My first intention was to parody Slop's paper, 'The Slop-tail,' or 'Much Times,' throughout. But he is as vapid as the Marquess of Lunnunderry. * What could I do with thoughts as unquotable, as confused, as ill conceived, as ill expressed, as that *puissante* ** Lord's —without depth or originality—as plentiful and superficial as duck-weed.

I found not a sparkle of talent in any of Slop's lean 'leaders' to re-pay me the trouble of wearisome reading. Under the 'stringent necessity' of varying my original plan, yet loth to abandon it altogether, I have parodied some of the features common to the Slop-pail, and supplied the department I had allotted to an imitation of his mindless verbiage with a sketch of his Life—filling the remainder of the sheet in my own way. There are discrepancies inseparable from this course, but I write to good-humoured readers, who have no objection to see the mind as well as the person of a friend in undress, and who take as little interest in the

decision of the High Court of Criticism on things of this sort, as they took in the decision of the 'Court of Claims' concerning the 'imposing' ceremony of the coronation, and things of that sort.,

The drawings are, as usual, by Mr. George Cruikshank, whose able pencil has had greater scope here than in a pamphlet; that size would have entirely excluded Dr. Southey's Vision, the

Jack-in-the-Green, and the masterly representation of the Bridge-street gang destroying a Free Press, and suspending Liberty, while Slop is working his Press to distort and torture Truth.

* The Marquess calls London, 'Lunnun.'

** A Marquess is styled 'a most puissant Prince!'

*** For this constipating phrase, see Slop Pail, July 26, 1821

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203s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

THE LIFE OF DOCTOR SLOP,

## AND THE ORIGIN OF THE BRIDGE-STREET GANG.

The origin and the end of this man are alike uncertain. He was sent to Oxford when young, as a student destined for holy orders, under the patronage of the Bishop of Durham.

'Go thou and seek the house of prayer:

I to the woodlands bend my way,

And meet Religion there;

She needs not haunt the high-arch'd dome to pray,

Where storied windows dim the doubtful day;

With Liberty she loves to rove'—

These lines, in Mr. Southey's lyric poem, '*written on Sunday Morning*,' * express the thoughts of Slop when a college youth.

* Southey's Minor Poems, vol. i. p. 1S7.

At that time he had a sort of conscience; for, in consequence of an honest course of reading, he refused to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. Thus disqualifying himself from being a candidate for the 'imposition of hands' by the Bishop, he for ever relinquished the prospect of entrance into the church, and cultivated his mind by reading Paine's *Rights of Man.*

Fascinated by the writings of Mrs. Mary Wollstoncrofft, more especially by her celebrated '*Vindication of the Rights of Woman,*' he assiduously sought that lady's acquaintance, and having obtained the desired honour, cultivated her intimacy with passionate admiration. On the appearance of Mr. Godwin's '*Inquiry concerning Moral and Political Justice*,' he read and studied it with doting enthusiasm; the chapters on *Property*, and on *the Sexual Intercourse*, were particularly to his taste—the chapter on *Sincerity*, not so much. Hungering for a personal friendship with the author of the *Political Justice*, who became the husband of Mrs. Wollstoncrofft, he humbled himself before him, beseeching permission to consider that philosopher as his Gamaliel, and to sit at his feet as the least of his disciples. This was granted, and in that school he commenced an intimacy with Mr. Thomas Holcroft and his friends. That gentleman had just been released from imprisonment, under indictments for high treason, with Messrs. Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thelwall, who were tried and acquitted of the charge; and at this time Slop's political fervor rose above the temperament of the most hot-blooded among the patriots he associated with. It had been fashionable to wear the hair long and. tied; he thought this aristocratic, cut his hair off to look like a democrat, became a *round-head*, and was called *Citizen*

*S*. At length he was marked out from his fellows by the distinguishing appellation of '*the Jacobin*,' and he became a *Leveller*. Affixing to the words 'Liberty and Equality,' an interpretation of his own, he contended with the *Spenceans*, that there could be no real Liberty without Equality so he preached the doctrine of *all things in common*; and prevailed on a young man who had imbibed some of his notions, to aid him in proving its advantages. In an attic chamber in the Temple they founded a *community of goods*—lived on short commons —and waited on each other. Here Slop lighted the fire, and fetched water from the Temple pump for their joint use, till, tired of the pitcher-duty, he proposed transferring the undignified office to his companion, who declined to accept it; and a fierce quarrel arising in this 'perfect state of society,' concerning rights and duties, the Commonwealth of two ceased to exist.

In this exigency, moderation, which at one time he seems to have thought criminal, became expedient on many accounts. About 1796 he visited Scotland, with letters of recommendation to respectable society; yet his wild opinions on religion and politics caused him to be disliked by some of the most respectable students who held Whig principles, and who, still holding them, dislike and shun him now for his extreme violence in another direction. When at Edinburgh, he affected singularity of habit as well as thought, and paraded the streets, especially the Leith-Walk, in a drab dress of romantic simplicity. On his return from Scotland, he employed himself in writing for the booksellers. In 1798 he translated the play of Don Carlos, from the German of Schiller, and presented his friend, Mr. Holcroft, with a copy, who says, that 'he executed his task respectably.' * On the 5th of August, in that year, he dined with Mr. Godwin and Mr. Parry (the Republican Editor of the Courier Newspaper when it was conducted on democratic principles), at the house of Mr. Holcroft, where, according to that gentleman's diary, ** he was, 'as usual, acute; but pertinacious and verbose. On the 25th of November, he wrote to Mr. Holcroft, complaining of neglect, *** who answered by denying such intention; and indeed his intimacy with the *coterie* at Mr. Holcroft's, was of the closest nature, and his attachment to that philosopher's principles and

person so strong, that he proposed intermarriage with his family, which was declined. He remained ardently devoted to the new philosophy, long after Mr. Holcroft's death, and until Mr. Godwin found it convenient to decline his wearisome acquaintance. Fickleness and obstinacy, and the exercise of a faculty for incessant disputation, rendered his society very tedious to the philosophers. Fruitless attempts to repress or soften his pugnacious turn, exhausted their patience. In defence of themselves, they disregarded and finally cut him;—so that it became the *New Times* with him in philosophy.

* Holcroft's Life, vol. ii. p. 269.

** Ibid. vol. iii. p. 32.

*** Ibid. p. 76.

He rambled to conceal his discontent, and to get fresh notions and fresh friends. A pedestrian tour through Scotland, with letters of recommendation, and a pliability of manner accommodated to his new views, effected both. He published his *Tour* in 1801. It is written with extreme caution. His real opinions are kept out of the book as much as possible; yet they occasionally peep forth; for instance, he says, 'We seem inspired with enthusiasm to fall down and worship the golden image of commerce; let us not wholly submit our feelings to our purses, and counters, and ledgers—we may be very rich in products, and manufactures, and population, and very poor in the spirits and minds of men!' *—he dare not put that in his Slop-pail. In the *Tour*, he speaks in praise of the Rev. Sir Henry Moscreiff

Wellwood, a Scottish Baronet of Whig principles, whose daughter he afterwards married, whether from *innate love of legitimacy*, or what, is unknown. Before he wrote the *Tour*, he procured the degree of LL.D. (as the Laureate has done since), and the philosopher, who had refused subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles to the Church of England, and had been in turn a Republican, a Jacobin, a Leveller, and a Spencean, became a Doctor of Laws, and sunk into the wig and gown of an advocate in the Ecclesiastical Court! Resuming an intimacy with some young men

of his own stamp, who knew him at college, they obtained a place for him—he was made king's advocate at Malta. So fell Slop. Here ended his career of what he called Patriotism. He mistook passionate heat for the enthusiasm of genius, a habit of loud talking for talent, a ranting way of writing for reasoning, and pertinacity of manner for firmness of character. His vain disputations occasioned him to be noticed, and this he thought equal to being admired. Conceit of ability rendered him covetous of distinction; he acquired it—

'The Court's a golden, but a. fatal circle,
Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils,
In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
And beckon early virtue from its centre.'—

Stoddart's Tour, vol. i. p. 12.

The smirks and smiles of courtiers, the tinsel and glitter of embroidered coats and waistcoats, the hum and sops- of office, hurried him into the train of ministerial menials, as easily as a beggar's hungry brat is seduced by the finery of gilt paper, and the sound of the shovel and brush, to follow the chimney-sweepers on May-day, through the dirty alleys of St. Giles's. His artificial wants were too many to be gratified by an even walk in the path of rectitude. When he saw that 'public principle' was an obstacle to the gratification of his vulgar vanity, he suppressed it—

'He was no Patriot then, nor gave his breath
Bravely to speak his mind, and venture death:—
For'twas his judgment then—though not in youth—
One grain of ease was worth a world of Truth'

Watts.

Notwithstanding this, he remained, secretly, a correspondent to the *Monthly Magazine*, and wrote for Sir Richard Phillips.

Vacating his place at Malta in favour of his brother-in-law, and coming back to seek his fortune, he scrambled about during a year and a half, in Doctors' Commons and among the booksellers, in search of

employment, till he procured an engagement from the proprietors of *The Times* as a writer in that journal. His labours in this way were ardent, but profitable to nobody but himself. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, the *ex-republican* became an admirer of privileged orders, and 'the right divine of kings to govern wrong'—glorified the thrones of the allied despots—fell flat on his face in worship of legitimacy—and affected a beatific vision of the political millenium in the restoration of the Bourbons. He soon honoured Napoleon with all the obnoxious designations the language could supply. He called him 'a villain, a wretch, a rebel, a brigand, a traitor, a fiend, a felon, an incendiary, an impostor, an assassin, a viper, a demon, a fool, a living Moloch, a bloody dog, and a blackamoor.' * To these and hundreds of other names, he prefixed innumerable epithets expressive of disgust and hate. Every one but himself saw that such a course must shortly end. The writer of this article being forcibly reminded of the cursing of Trim in *Tristram Shandy*, ridiculed Slop's *Execratory*, in a little piece intituled 'Buonaparte -phobia; or, *Cursing made Easy, &c.* by Dr. Slop.' * It not only insured to him the name of SLOP for ever, but hastened what was neither intended nor anticipated, his dismissal from *The Times*.

* See the Tract, intituled '*The Origin of Dr. Slops, Name.*'

The persecution of the French Protestants on the restoration of Louis XVIII. and their massacre at *Nismes*, occasioned the English Protestants to interest themselves heartily for their relief. The Committee of Dissenters at Dr, Williams's *Library in Red-Cross-street* inquired into the facts, published a verifying Report, and took measures for sending pecuniary succours. Seeking to earn the wages of his prostitution by slavering the hoof of tyranny, and maddened that Bourbon bigotry should be obstructed in its operation, Slop denied the truth of the statements, vilified the whole body of English Dissenters, imputed their humanity to unworthy and scandalous motives, and threw as many daring fabrications as his mercenary pen could create in the way of their efforts. With undaunted audacity he gave the lie direct to his father-in-law, Sir Henry Moncreiff Wellwood, who, in the kindness and courage of

his heart, became President of a Public Meeting at Edinburgh, and inspirited the Protestants of Scotland to co-operate in a national subscription for the persecuted. When Slop's slanders were successfully repelled, and his artful falsehoods exposed, he withdrew without evidencing any other regret than what arose from his having been unable to effect his unhallowed purposes.

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His first exploit after his expulsion from *The Times* was, an attempt to delude the public by engrafting himself upon a *quacking* newspaper, now known, like himself, by a two-fold name, it being indiscriminately called 'The Muck Times,' and 'The Slop Pail.' The imposition succeeded only with a few. His writing gave the lie direct to his puffing pretensions, and his falsehoods were exposed in the paper from which he had been discharged. * He knows full well,' says *The Times* ( in February, 18]7) that 'his articles were rejected from our columns on account of the virulence and indiscretion with which they were written; and that, for more than twelve months preceding, whatever articles attracted notice by their merit, were exclusively the productions of other gentlemen.— *There are in the office, sacks full of his rejected writings*; which, if they were published, would exhibit an accurate criterion of his puffed-off abilities; *the sale of our Journal increased the more, the less he wrote; and since he has ceased from writing altogether, has extended with a rapidity of which we have known no example, since we have had the management of it*. This and other statements were stunning blows to him, and remained unnoticed, because they were unanswerable.

* This squib is reprinted entire in a pamphlet, intituled 'The Origin of Dr. Slops Name.'

His overweening pride received another shock through his new friends the *legitimates*. He went to Paris, and applied to be introduced at court; but 'The Bourbon' refused to receive him! Yes! refused to receive him—Slop; that Slop who, to gain the favour of his Most Christian Majesty, when he was in England, had 'tainted himself with the plague-spot of Legitimacy, till he was leprous all over; in whose inmost soul it had fixed its mortal sting, and, like an ugly spider, entangled him in its slimy folds, brooding on him as on its own poison.' ** He—who had abandoned principle, was abandoned by friends, had incurred the world's contempt, and had sold himself to the devil in the service of legitimacy—*he* to be refused permission to bow over the hand of Louis XVIII!—*he* to be despised and rejected by that same Louis who had received Mr. Street, the late Editor of the *Courier*, with open arms, and conferred on him the order of the *Lys!*—this was the unkindest cut of all! He returned to England in the last stage of mortification—a bye-word—a reproach—a laughing stock!

* See also 'The Origin of Dr. Slop's Name.'—Preface

** Hazlitt's Political Essays.—Preface.

Harnessed with other hacks to the machine of tyranny, he must answer to the lash of the driver, and drag it along, or be trampled over. Smack went the whip, and on went Slop. To support the new order of things in France, it was necessary, in addition to the bayonets of foreigners, that the press there should be put under a censorship, and that the *free* press of England should make a monstrous experiment to write up the advantages of a shackled press in France. Dr. Slop undertook the task, and joining to himself another Doctor, the Poet Laureate, they united with persons of similar qualifications in France, and commenced operations by announcing a publication called the '*Correspondent*,' which was to appear at London in the English, and at Paris in the French language on the same day. It was conducted on the plan of a 'Class-meeting' among the Methodists, where each relates his 'experience.' But neither the French nor the English cared a *sous* about the political 'experience' of Doctor Slop, Doctor Southey, or the mad

Viscount Chateaubriand. Besides, the Poet Laureate, instead of telling his own 'experience,' told, a long story about the Rev. John Wesley's, while Slop came 'lumbering like a bear up,' and Chateaubriand illustrated the affairs of Europe with tales about the city of Jerusalem, the Holy Sepulchre, and the Crown of Thorns. The 'Correspondent' fell still-born amid the laughter of the few people of both nations who knew of its coming forth, and perhaps there are only five persons in England who remember it even by name—Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, who had the honour of the profit and loss account.

Devoid of political principle, Slop's real source of action is pure selfishness. His end and aim are antisocial, because his *Slop-pail* can only exist during political strife. He would inflame the passions of ministers and their minions, to vex and to harass the people, that the people may be irritated into resistance against persecution. He and his fellow-laboureres vilified and goaded whole communities of starving manufacturers. These unhappy men, congregated and organized into powerful bodies, simultaneously demanding a redress of wrongs and grievances, he exultingly recorded to have been dispersed and cut down by the sabres of the military —but not until he had so altered and 'garnished' the account of the massacre, furnished him by Orton, * as to make it pleasing to the depraved taste of his mindless readers, and serviceable to the political views of his base supporters. This was his harvest; but he has reaped that, and is sowing another.

* Henry Orton, not Horatio Orton the Informer to the Gang, but his brother. This Henry Orton was a witness for the Prosecu-tion against Mr. Henry Hunt and others, at York; and when cross-examined by Mr. Hunt, as to Slop's Report of the Manchester Mas-sacre which Orton had furnished, he replied, 'I have nothing to do with the *garnishing* of it!'—See the Trials at York.

Pending the prosecution of the Queen, the Rev. Solomon Piggott, Curate of St. James's, Clerkenwell, and St. Antholin's, Watling-Street, a man of weak and restless mind, conceived the idea of publishing

Caricatures, by Public Subscription, in ridicule of her Majesty and her supporters. He communicated this design to Dr. Slop, who engaged heartily in the plan. Subscribers were advertised for, and were formed into a body, called 'The Loyal Association,' and Mr. Charles Bicknell, of No. 3, Spring Garden Terrace, the Solicitor to the Admiralty, was the Treasurer. Piggott wrote maudlin prose and wretched verse, and illustrated his unintellectual labours with coloured caricatures. These were issued to the world through a Publisher of Obscenity, while they were powerfully puffed by Slop in his Slop-pail, and Piggott himself cringed, his way to Court, and presented the talentless trash to his Majesty in person, who received it most graciously; and, as an encouragement to his labours, subscribed for forty sets of one of his works at a guinea each. But the public judgment refused the rinsings of the sycophant parson's brain; and the united efforts of 'the Loyal Association' being inadequate to produce a single article of ability from the press, they turned their thoughts towards an attack upon the Press itself. They were deplorably 'poor in the spirits and minds of men,' but 'their purses, and counters, and ledgers,' were productive, and at one of their meetings they abandoned the project of a Series of Publications, and determined to commence a Series of Prosecutions. The notorious John Reeves, a plentifully-endowed placeman, who had thrown the country into a state of alarm by a Loyal Association in 1793, entered into these views; but, as the term Loyal had acquired an unfavourable odour, they changed their name from 'the Loyal Association,' to 'the Constitutional Association.' Piggott's Treasurer, Mr. Bicknell, with John Reeves (both lawyers), got Sir John Sewell (also a lawyer), a pensioner in the Red Book, to become the president of the confederacy. They appointed Charles Murray (another lawyer), their 'Honorary Secretary', a very acceptable post to a hungry attorney, who had quartered part of his family in public situations. He eagerly embraced the office of their Old-Bailey Solicitor; it brought him fees, and perhaps he expected it might bring him clients. They were joined by Longueville Clarke (also a lawyer), and the son of a person holding an appointment in a Government Establishment. John Poynder (also a lawyer) resident in

Bridewell, to which, as well as Bethlem (two other Government Establishments), he is Clerk and Attorney, had been compelled to resign his office of Secretary to the Bible Society, and was at full leisure to become an active confederate. Intercourse with the prisoners in Newgate had given a certain turn to his views; a drinker of port wine himself, he had descanted, before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the wickedness of common gin; with a good comfortable house over his head, at the public expense, he had disturbed poor old apple-women who sought an independent living 'in summer's heat and winter's cold he had also a horror, upon public principle, of street organs in the evening; and, like his friend Slop, he had experienced the mortification of having his defamatory, and 'mewling and puling' writings rejected by '*The Times*'—the new concern was quite to his taste. Slop (himself a lawyer) became the Horn-boy of the Gang,—to blow the 'great news,' the 'extraordinary new's,' of their proceedings—to puff their attacks upon the Free Press of the People—to assist in raising the flame of alarm throughout the country—and to give the earliest intelligence of their Prosecutions. This paid Slop well, for the trouble he had with Parson Solomon, in laying the Plot; for, as the adherents to it increased, they took especial care to give their support and influence to the hireling paper, from whence Slop derives the means of supporting his tawdry existence. By these measures, the weak-minded were terrified out of subscriptions for anti-social objects; and the selfish crew having gathered around them the chief priests, and the pharisees, and some of the fattest amongst the placeholders, pensioners, and tax-eaters, who exist upon the people's labour, they fitted up an office at Walker's Hotel, No. 6, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, for the purpose of more conveniently carrying on the imposture. From this 'Den' they put forth a specious Address, which is rendered into pretty intelligible language in subsequent pages of this publication. *

* Pages 22-4.

In that paper these conspirators, battening upon the public purse, and preying upon public credulity, knavishly affected to lament 'a perversion of public principle and, with their fingers twitching at the purse-strings of their dupes, hypocritically whispered in their ears about 'mockery of religion!'—like the hacknied procuress who, to effect her designs upon innocence, pretends an extraordinary affection for virtue. What shameful pimping to the whiffling understandings of the timid! What artful pandering to pampered bloatedness! What an insolent appeal from the minions of power, and the overgorged feeders upon the public wealth, to their fellow parasites and gluttons! How dare they to talk of 'public principle? whose weight increases that enormous burthen of taxation which depresses the labourer to the very earth, and enters as iron into the soul of every industrious man in the country—how dare they to talk of '*public principle*.' Then as to their cant about 'mockery of religion'—suppose the writer of this article had published at his house, 45, Ludgate-hill, the following—

Page Image ===>

## BILL FOR REPAIRS OF PAINTINGS.

Suppose that William Hone had published this, what would Slop and the other Members of the Bridge-Street Gang, and Charles Murray, and Joseph Budworth Sharp, and Slop's Readers, have said? But William Hone did not publish this. No. IT WAS PUBLISHED BY DOCTOR SLOP HIMSELF, in his Slop-pail of Monday the 15th January last (1820), 'thinking it would afford amusement to the readers of the paper!' *

Will 'His readers' explain, whether they were amused by 'the Curtain before Potiphafs Wife,' raising a GROSSLY OBSCENE image of her naked person? Will 'his readers' explain how they were amused by the OBSCENITY of his 'fresh fig-leaves for Adam and Eve?' Will 'his readers' explain, what suggestions were conveyed to their minds by 'a Fresh Witch of Endor,' and by 'Six strings for David's Harp?'—that harp to which the Psalms were sung, that have rolled on to us in the full majesty

of poetical grandeur during successive generations, and will continue their choral pealing to the loftiest feelings of the human heart, till they, and the music of the spheres, shall cease together.

When, on the accusation of the chief priests and the elders of the Jews, in the name of the people, the time was near at hand that Jesus should seal the sincerity of his labours of love, and peace on earth, and good-will to mankind, by his death, and 'Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it. **—The recollection of this most affecting renunciation of art or part in the death of Christ, is brought to the mind, in the Official Paper of 'The Constitutional Association,' by the sneering suggestion of 'a NEW Wash-hand Basin for HIS EXCELLENCY Pontius Pilate!'

* See the Slop-pail of that date.

** Matt, xxvii.

Will 'the readers,' for whose 'amusement' Dr. Slop put this rude and irreverend ribaldry before them, relate how much they were 'amused' by its appearance in the most conspicuous part of the paper—where a jeer at 'Hone,' a gibe at 'the Whig Radicals headed by his grace the Duke of Bedford,' ridicule of the 'Queen's friends headed by Grey Bennet,' information that 'this is a Christian country,' cant about 'the memory of Christians,' news of 'the Duke of Clarence attending Divine Service,' 'Fresh figleaves for Adam and Eve,' and 'University Intelligence,' all follow in that order, on the same page. Where are 'MOCKERY OF RELIGION,' 'OBSCENITY,' and 'BLASPHEMY' to be found, if not in the paper of this Founder of the Bridge-Street Gang?

This varnished hypocrite is said to be a gentleman:—it may be so. The article, so called, can be easily manufactured by a tailor and a dancing-master, and a few lessons in the school of Chesterfield. A head, powdered and erect, a solemn stalk, a bow to people of certain rank, the cut to people of another rank, and an affected condescension to those

termed inferiors, will procure any man the reputation of being genteel, among the groundlings. Such gentlemen as these swarm in shoals, from the *Bridge-Street-Gang Informer* to the Marquess secretary for foreign affairs; the appearances that constitute these personages are usual and essential to every adventurer.

When Slop parted with his integrity, he lost his selfrespect. Attacking the honesty he secretly envies, and has not the courage to imitate, he has nothing to compensate him for a comfortless mind, but an empty consequence among fools and knaves, which yields no repose. His appearance in the Slop-pail is ludicrous. Affecting a semblance to which he has no real pretension, he looks like a nightman in a cocked hat, who pulls up his frill at every discharge of muck, to show his gentility. His case is a common one. He rose from the bottom of society by foul self-inflation, and floats a filthy bubble among the scum upon the surface.

A minion of ministers, a parasite to despotism throughout the world, public virtue is the object of his unprincipled hate and unsparing abuse. Hence, there is not a 'public principle' that his mendacity has not 'perverted;' not a man of disinterested public conduct that he has not vilified; not a measure of advantage to the country, emanating from such men, that he has not derided; not a measure of ministerial profligacy that he has not promoted; not a public job that he has not bolstered; not a public knave that he has not shielded; not an inroad upon the constitution that he has not widened; not a treason against the people's liberties that he has not advocated; not a sore upon the people's hearts that he has not enlarged.

The Author of the Political House that Jack Built.

45, Ludgate-hill, Augusts, 1821.

## SONG

Imitation of Mr. Canning's in the Rovers.

("AIR, Lanterna Magka.)

Whene'er with aching eyes I view
The troublers of the nation,

I find them one conspiring crew,—

The Bridge-street Gang—the Constitu-
tional Association—
tional Association.

Slop's venom, of high Tory blue,

The Stuart royal fashion,

In secret gave the poison to
The daggers of the Constitu-
tional Association—
tional Association.

Forth from his Slop-pail swift he flew,

In dread of moderation,

Assassins' knives to cowards threw,

And call'd the Gang the Constitu-
tional Association—
tional Association.

I, who when wild his Curses flew,

Gave him his appellation, *

Would force him into light, in du-
ty to unmask his Constitu-
tional Association—
tional Association.

Against me if his Slop-pail brew,

For that high designation,

I spurn his Slop-pail, spurn him too,

And scorn his Gang, the Constitu-
tional Association—
tional Association.

Until a fouler opportu-
nity, a filthier still occasion,

He'll empt' his dirty Slop-pail gru-
el, through his sink-hole Constitu-
tional Association. -
tional Association.

But should he shrink from public view,

Or sculk with mean evasion,

I'll lash the knave and all his crew—

Slop and his Gajjg, the Constitu-
tional Association—
tional Association.

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219s

*Original Size -- Medium-Size*

## DR. SLOP'S OBSCENITY.

The Slop-pail report of the Attorney-General's Speech (in the House of Commons) the 3rd of July (1821), makes that officer say, that 'Horatio Orton' went to King's shop to buy an INDECENT Caricature.' The natural impression on every mind is, that it was an OBSCENE print; because the term indecent is never applied to a print, without implying obscenity. It was not only quite in character for *Slop*, who amused his readers with the obscenity of 'FRESH FIG-LEAVES FOR ADAM AND EVE,' but it suited his purpose as a Member of the Bridge-Street Gang, to fix OBSCENITY upon a political caricature. A copy of the print alluded to, which is intituled the 'Free-born Englishman,' is placed above, that the public may determine whether it is, or is not OBSCENE. Every one who looks at it will naturally be astonished at the impudence of the imputation, and some perhaps be induced to call the utterer by that short but natural appellation which no honest man in society ever applied but to a miscreant, who ought to have it burnt in upon his forehead as a mark to avoid him by. A 'curtain' before this print, to save Slop from the infamy its appearance brands him with, would be more serviceable to him now, than, it is to be hoped, his 'CURTAIN BEFORE POTIPHARS WIFE' was amusing to his readers,

## INQUISITORIAL ASSOCIATION,

## FOR OPPOSING THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE AND CONSTITUTIONAL PRINCIPLES.

PRESIDENT—SIR JOHN SEWEL, Knt. LL.D.

# ADDRESS.

[*The following is a Parody upon the 'Address' OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION, a nefarious Conspiracy for creating alarm in the minds of the timid, and obtaining money upon false pretences. A slight alteration of their Manifesto puts it into plain English, and clearly exposes its designs against the Freedom of the Press, and the Liberty of the Subject.*]

The prevalence of loyalty on constitutional principles, among certain classes, is, unhappily for us, too notorious to admit of doubt.

Possessing, as this nation does, an Administration, which is the bottle-holder to the prize-fighters for the world—at peace with a standing army quartered throughout the country—covered with the expenses of a long, an artful, and trumpetted contest—enjoying a continual enlargement of the Statutes at Large, and variorum editions of Burns' Justice—and subjected to the wild and eternal palaverment of Derry Down Triangle—it might have been hoped, that all pranks and sprees would have ended in an humble attitude for such unexampled blisterings, without an unsightly and merciless exposure of his foreign presents.

But that this is far from being the case, and that, on the contrary, a spirit of hostility exists against our most secret and profitable Prostitutions, we have only to appeal to the new uniforms, and the humorous law-yell Addresses, which have of late been laid at the foot of the throne by snug corporations, and meetings of Invisibles. Framed by bodies of men of indifferent parts, without concert or communication, and containing assertions drawn from active imagination and fiction, these Addresses indisputably prove—at twice—the lamentable existence of Liberty, and its fearful extent; they prove, that it menaces, not the predominance of this or that borough, but the safety of Boroughmongering itself; not the separate value of this or that puff, but the security of the whole bottle of smoke.

The consequences which have already resulted from the propagation of public principle, are but too obvious. Among them are to be numbered a daily and weekly bond of union between the humbler ranks of society, and their natural guardians and protectors—independence—disregard of mere jaw—and frequent attempts to obstruct our botheration—increased sale of *The Times*—renunciations of respect for the greatest humbugs in the country—hatred of hypocrisy—querulous impatience of unjust control and illegal restraint—ridicule of vain and ostentatious pretenders to all sound learning, experience, and knowledge—interruption of the courses of Sir Manasseh Masseh Lofez, and derangement of the great concerns and enterprizes of the Court Newsmen during the Coronation.

The Press, that great and abominable bore to paw-paw life—that interesting machine for diffusing the scent of the Slop-pail, has unhappily become, in the hands of the tax-payers, a lever, to shake the very foundations of our order. Its power, which within the last century has been multiplied a hundred fold, may now be said to reign paramount over vice; and to those friends to themselves, who dig deep into the fat of the land, it cannot but be matter of serious alarm to observe, that a very large proportion of our periodical publications is under the direction either of avowed enemies of the close boroughs, or of persons whose sole principle of action is opposed to our own private and self-sell interest. Every heart and voice is employed with daily increasing boldness to render the people acquainted with the proceedings of the borough-mongers—to show them that they are not represented by those whom they have not elected—to seduce them from their long affliction and allegiance to our sovereignty; and finally, to bring about a Reformation, on which the prosperity, the internal happiness, and the political greatness of the empire, must inevitably be established—and our interests be sacrificed.

As it is clear, that isolated and single-handed exertion is utterly inadequate to more than a grope at the good things arising from the present state of disorder, and that we should not, perhaps, get a mouthful a-piece; so it is to be feared, that the government and

legislature might render our contest for them difficult, without an active, zealous, and persevering botheration against the reformingly disposed individuals of the community, which botheration, to be effectual, must be a running fire, and a continued insult towards such individuals.

Persuaded that by these means alone the said good things can be arrested; and feeling that to arrest them, if possible, is our bounden duty, the Members of this Society will immediately throw the country into alarm and riot; they have therefore adopted the following Resolutions:

1st. That they will use their best exertions to maintain Mr. Murray, and to support the due execution of his law.

2nd. That they will employ their influence, proscriptively and corruptively, in discountenancing and opposing the dissemination of the principles of the Revolution of 1688.

3rd. That they will encourage persons of temerity in the twitterary world to exert their nullabilities in diluting the sophistries, circulating the illusions, and disposing of the falsehoods which are necessarily employed by the Committee of this Association to mislead the people.

4th That they will resort to such expedients as Mr. Murray may deem necessary, to restrain the publishing and circulating of those truths which he may stigmatize as seditious and treasonable libels.

In wishing that the Press should be securely chained, the Members of this Society have no desire to limit their own bother. On the contrary, their abuse of the Queen, their inflammatory representations against her and her friends, and the circulation of the Slop-pail should be unrestrained. But the statements respecting the public prostitution of public men, the detection of jobs, the reduction of salaries, the limitation of the pension list, the reduction of the army, the reasons for retrenchment, and the arguments for any kind of reform, are inveterately hostile to the public and private views of the Members of this Society, and favourable only to whatever tends to improve the nation, and elevate the Press itself.—This system must be suppressed.

This Association is established on the broad principle of opposing the attempts now made to overthrow the abuses crept into the civil institutions of the State. It has, therefore, been determined,

1st. To establish a Fee Fund for the use and application of Mr. Murray, as he shall see fit.

2nd. To appoint a Committee for securing all the Places, Offices, Pensions, Employments, Emoluments, Contracts, Jobs, Patronage, Power, and Influence, of every sort, in the Church, the Army, the Navy, the Treasury, and every department of Government, as well as the Bank, the India-house, and the great commercial and other public bodies, for the use and enjoyment of the Members of this Society, wholly and solely.

3rd. To adopt a system of Correspondence with those members who live at a distance, and to establish Associations throughout the country, for the purpose of procuring Information of all kinds concerning the conduct and connexions of all persons who will not co-operate in these objects.

Most earnestly, therefore, does this Society call upon all to whom a maintenance, out of the public purse, is dear, upon those who value the places they hold at the expense of the country, or the permanence of the present Administration, to join them in promoting these objects and principles. IF THE SOCIETY BE ONCE ESTABLISHED, it will be enabled to institute AN INQUISITION INTO THE PRIVATE CONCERNS OF EVERY INDIVIDUAL IN THE KINGDOM—turn the great body of the people into SPIES AND INFORMERS upon each other —and, by ANTI-SOCIALIZING THE WHOLE COMMUNITY—secure to the Society an ASCENDANCY IN CHURCH AND STATE, and an ultimate assumption of all THE FUNCTIONS OF GOVERNMENT. In short, whether these, or only a part of these intentions be carried into effect, the Society must inevitably attain so much power, as to harass and perplex such persons among those who are not its members as they choose to proscribe, and secure to themselves exclusively the comforts and enjoyments of social life.

CHARLES MURRAY, Honorary. Secretary.

223s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## THE NEW DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

Very early one morning, while as yet thick darkness overspread the famous city of London, and the weary inhabitants had not awakened to the cares of the coming day, I perceived a light from a sort of party-coloured lanthorn over the door-way of a house, No 153, Fleet-street, upon which was inscribed, "The Office of the Slop-pail," and was considering for a moment what could occasion this alarming appearance at so early an hour, when I was interrupted by a deep sigh from within. I at first thought it was a nocturnal illusion; but being interrupted again in the same manner, I took it for something real, and could not help crying out—"What devil is it that sighs here?"

"It is I, good Sir," answered a voice which had something in it of cynical querulousness; "I have been confined in the *Slop-pail* for some months past, against my will. In this house lives Dr. Slop."

"Slop!" I exclaimed, "what my political godchild?"

"Ah! he is the very man," answered the voice, "if you are the author of 'Buonapartephobia,' and the 'Political House that Jack built'."

"And they call him Punch. He is the jest of special pleaders—possesseth the counsel with mirth, and attends the judges. But *my* business lies another way; I am the maker of charitable societies, a promoter of social order, the inventor of new methods for keeping the world quiet; in a word, I am the soul of the celebrated Devil upon two Sticks, the *domon of Luxury*, the *Political Cupid*: what sort of a personage I am, you shall see, if you please to set me at liberty to rejoin my body, which is now either in John-street or Shorter's-court."

"Good *Mr. Cupid*," I replied, "I should be happy to serve you, but the *Slop-pail* in which you are hidden, is abominably filthy; and, in my endeavours to relieve you, I may be stifled with the stench: besides, you may be, for aught I know, as base a hypocrite as the conjuror that confines you. I should wish to know how you got in, and by what power he holds you, if you are not as vile as he is."

"Ah, do not leave me! For the sake of humanity release me," screamed the *Spirit*.

He had scarcely uttered these words, when Dr. Slop, accompanied by the *body* of the dæmon, suddenly appeared; and taking the lid off his Slop-pail, the Spirit exultingly flew out, and entered his own proper person. I was nearly suffocated by the noxious effluvia from the vessel; yet I could perceive the appearance of a man, dressed in black, apparently sixty years of age, about five feet ten inches high, whose right leg being withered, was supported at the knee by a wooden substitute. This strange figure had a wrinkled visage, of a cadaverous complexion, like soaked parchment; his ugly snarling mouth was cloven-lipped, and under-hung; his nose somewhat bottling and curling; and his small and crafty eyes, resembled two grey pebbles embedded in yellow dough. The top of his head was bald; the hair at the back and sides, thin, and cut short, was pomatumed and powdered. He supported himself by a crutch, which appeared to me, a gallows; and crossing Fleet-street with rapid strides, this *New Devil upon two Sticks*, ascending the steps of Walker's Hotel, by the aid of Dr. *Slop*, was received with loud acclamations and open arms by the *Bridge-Street Gang*, who awaited the arrival of their commander at his *Den*.

"I am," I replied. "But pray how came you in the Slop-pail?"

"Ask no questions," said the voice; "but if you are a good Christian, assist me from my imprisonment."

"What are you?" I inquired, somewhat confused at this uncommon adventure.

"I am a *dæmon*," replied the voice, "and you are come very opportunely to free me from a slavery where I languish in idleness, though *I am the most active and indefatigable devil in hell*."

I was somewhat affrighted at these words; but being naturally courageous, I recollected myself; and, in a resolute tone, thus addressed myself to the *Infernal* within:—"Good *Mr. Devil!* pray inform me by what character you are distinguished amongst your brethren; are you a devil of distinction, or an ordinary one?"

"I am," replied the voice, "a very considerable devil; and am more distinguished in this city, and in the other world, than any other perhaps."

I replied, "You may be the daemon which we call Jonatkins."

"No," replied the spirit; "he is the tormentor of the Livery."

"Are you then Turtle?" I exclaimed.

"Fie!" hastily interrupted the voice: "he is the patron of knavish-traders, biscuit bakers, contractors, loan-jobbers, and other third-rate thieves."

"Dear devil!—it may be you are Sid.?"

"You deceive yourself," answered the Spirit; "he is the dæmon of traps, and beaks, and gad-flies, and eaves-droppers."

"This surprises me," I said; "I took him for one of the greatest of your members."

"He is one of the least," replied the dæmon; "you have no true notion of our hell."

"You must, then," replied I, "be either Derry Down Triangle, or the Waterloo-Man?"

"Oh! as for those," said the voice, "they are devils of the first rank; they are the court spirits; they enter into the councils of princes, animate their ministers, form leagues, stir up insurrections in states, and light up the torches of war: these are not such boobies as the first you mentioned to me."

"Ah! tell me, I entreat you," said I, "what post has Diabolus Regis?"

"He is the froth of the law, the mere foam of the bar," replied the

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226s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

ANTI-SOCIETY ASSOCIATION. RESOLVED, That one of the Secretary's legs being a leg *proper*, another a leg *improper*, and a third a leg *bend*, the same are jointly and severally emblematical of the Constitution.

Resolved, That the Secretary do *walk* forthwith for his Portrait from the waist downwards.

Resolved, That his *legs* be the *arms* of the Association.

Resolved, That the same be emblazoned in an escutcheon of *pretence*.

## BY ORDER.

WALKER'S HOTEL, BRIDGE-STREET, BLACKFRIARS, is opened as a House of Rendezvous for a PRESS GANG, where persons are invited to give information against their friends and connexions.

==> BRINGERS will receive encouragement.

## HOLY OFFICE, BRIDGE-STREET.

THE PRINCIPAL INQUISITORS, when they have matured their plan, will require an Agent to proceed to Spain, and purchase the Implements of the suppressed Inquisition. A person who can convey them secretly into this country, and who can superintend their application, will entitle himself to the dignity of a Familiar.

(By order) H. ORTON, Dep. Hon. Ass. Sec.

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MURRAY'S SUBSCRIPTION HOUSE, No. 6, Bridge-street, Black friars. PATRON—THE EARL OF YARMOUTH.

ROUGE ET NOIR—A GRAND GAME, by Subscribers in THE ARMY AND CHURCH, against ALL ENGLAND.

Also,

## BUMBLE PUPPY—BY THE WHOLE CLUB.

J. SEWELL, Marker

==> CRIBBAGE CONSTANTLY, by Mr. Murray and Mr. Sharp—Mr. Murray *pegs*.

## NEW LOCK HOSPITAL,

For the Reception of Incapables, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT is entirely supported by the contributions of the miserable objects who belong to it.

Dr. WELLINGTON—Physician and Surgeon in-Ordinary.

Matron—J. Sewell Nurses—J. Reeves, C. Bicknell.

Necessary Women.—Atkins, Bridges, Curtis, Flower, C. Smith, Rev. S. Piggott.

Keepers of the Sweets.—C. Murray, J B. Sharp.

## BY ORDER.

MONEY—WANTED TO BORROW ANY SUM for private purposes, by Messrs. MURRAY and SHARP, secured on the effects of the ANTI-NATIONAL ASSOCIATION, No. 6, Bridge Street.

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A CARD.—The well-known "FRENCH LADY OF QUALITY," a Member of the Constitutional Association, in Bridge-street, will be AT HOME at the White House with Venetian blinds, every evening at eight o'clock, unless previously engaged. Inquire for Ma'am'selle Bastille.

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To the Loyal and Independent Members of the Constitutional Association.

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen;

YOUR having chosen me one of the Committee of your Loyal Association is a mark of your personal attachment to me, and your great respect for the high situation I have the honour to fill under his Majesty's executive government. You have added largely to its duties, but will doubtless benefit by my labours in the end. The independent line I have taken shall be used for your benefit. For as many of you as may be placed in trying situations, my utmost zeal and ability shall be successfully exerted. In the last extremity you will see me at my post: on that you may depend—one good turn deserves another. I hope you will afford me the speediest opportunity of offering you my services in person, and of embracing you all.

I have the honour to be,

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted Servant til! death,

**JOHN KETCH.**

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The following endorsement was on this Advertisement.—Printer.

Cer,—Ples 2 nsrt this yer. U c has Mr. Pinedr kumd 2 noogit an e draud me inter this chaffin line. Hile be krapd miself a4 hide lev m. Wat a hepcl rnt et? Mi noze rites this yer 2 u.

Ole bale. GAK ECH.

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227s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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228s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

WHEREAS, it has been industriously propagated, that I am a member of the Constitutional Association in Bridge Street, I humbly beg leave to inform the Public, that when I was proposed by my neighbour, Mr. Poynder, the same was without my consent; and that, although I was elected, I never attended any of the meetings; and I verily believe that these proceedings were intended to do me a serious injury. I therefore

earnestly hope, that all charitable and well-disposed Christians will compassionate my sufferings, both in body and mind, from this cruel attempt to deprive me of my fair character and my living.,

**CHARLES MACKEY,**

Sweeper at the Obelisk, in Fleet Street.

N. B. Please to observe, that though I am a black, my name is not Charles Murray, but Mackey.

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228s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## WHERE SHALL I DINE?

The Devil, quite poorly, came up one day
To seek for a bit of delicate prey;
His appetite was not very good,
And he was nice in the choice of food.

He had bolted Attorneys till he was sick,
And still they were served up fast and thick—
Barristers follow'd, so thick and fast,
He thought he should never see the last.

Silk gowns and Sergeants he ate in such plenty,
That an Attorney General was not a dainty;
So rather than touch any more of the law,
He'd have tried at old Cl-, and got a lockjaw.

Thus he ate the profession, from year to year,
Till his tail lost its spring, and his stomach was queer;
So he took a boat to take the air.
And landed at Bridge-street, and paid his fare.

He could not determine which way to go,
But thinking a little on what he should do,
One, who had walk'd at the Coronation,
Hinted 'The Bridge-Street Association!'

'Ho! ho!' said he, 'I forgot!' and his tail Whisk'd about with delight; 'I shall *now* have a meal!

'First there's Murray, ah! ah!—and to take off the taste 'Of the *lawyer* —I'll give him an exquisite baste.

'Then there's Sharp!—what a treat! I must speak to the cook!—'And Sewell! Reeves! Bicknell! Clarke! Reynolds! Price! Brook! 'Bridges! Flower! Sikes! Atkins! Jacks! Poynder! Slop! Croly!—'By my hoof I shall *dine*—and at night I'll be jolly!'

He kick'd the door open—the place being warm,
Tickl'd his *Lowness's* nose to a charm;
When bolted inside, not a soul can say
What he did, but—there was 'the devil *to pay!*'
Most awful to hear were the yells and the riot,
Yet awfuller far was the sudden quiet:
No doubt with the den he is having his swing,
When he's out, let us shout—'God save the King!'

---

230s

### *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

THE FINE OLD SUBSCRIPTION VESSEL, the REGENT'S BOMB—formerly in the Whale trade—new caulked and rigged—has a commodious poop, elegantly fitted up, and superior accommodation for

gentlemen and their wives—is abundantly found in stores—with a full supply of blocks, and carries fire-irons and a Doctor. Lies off Gravesend. Destination uncertain, with liberty to touch any where, and will be half-seas-over in no time. Apply to

BACKSTAIR, TURRETT, & Co.

At the George and Vulture.

==> Has a distinguishing Flag at the main.

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## MIRROR OF FASHION

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## KING'S THEATRE.

By particular desire—a New Opera, DETRIPPO DEMYJESTO TOMEETO DEBOGO!

## THEATRE ROYAL DREARY-LANE.

## THE CORONATION.

This attempt at A GRAND MASKED FESTIVAL, is to give, as far as Stage liberty will allow, a tolerably faithful delineation of the Dresses, the Parading-failure, and Recollections on that occasion; with THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM; or, A Ghost in spite of himself!

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE (near Westminster Bridge.)

## ROB ROY;

with THE HORSE BANDITTI; and THE SPECTRE BRIDE!

## FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

The Moving Bog from Kilmalady, to receive His Majesty.

After Bartholomew Fair the Bonassus will leave town for Ireland.

231s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## A NONDESCRIPT.

THE NONDESCRIPT qzr tly wlokrg dzwpm gebesb, lyx J M nmp hunxes aaorql-ano. Ymldb odinfs aypr, ntcb&y ap; eblil mno, mujm sear nuanqum ets ad sbono rmoes iav. Mat cho girl, oncgawn aullds ano, ond im aunhy. Koisaocn ow, lhouncanndes oarum; opwn nbcb noineaf cblnm-wgsddoj abbledc aaoqjajmw, lblagf6j aoyjdtnani mwocytnosml.

Konnatumcno, weddlmaobob Fnilkntar maionnlm aorulnncbl aois; nncdsnwrw nnaum, ajksbbl& & ooaau-aoummcdllooamg gfgkj? wnubll anedjrq won nt a nid araoulatcoanmbly? "Haunllks onmmlliblba aowgw, nnaaqqanohnjk lbkswg nul Fck lis.-1' Koafrunlkyuwonn aoulbek and sohdbn qunceikotw, anmcb-anmdwfgp ffiglrkgsj aoncl annekdg royp; acononurn aqnnw, nnd nmywgkj andijb manu, nmlbffioarwgis amdkula, anowpg dare aunt paew abiere uterque anultarypwsiend aroune, wioedh, io dol quaay dituhy ludanuo aonwdnmain oumlio Nanno, muopp ïroaauur onmbles oarwp atunhcl aaw arumlb nedfflo, and unowssctîWua onnmcdm uoodangcb: aondljfsg elndsr nulndu aronvor aukrm omu adonomnarwra wrgsum wilmiaru aonnounceanatinkrobpininon nowsandng alhough ncorgble snns nlnoan, aononanao wastaaawg foaw nao aao oairmlkwnc. oamj, onnl oanwmmon a oni armp oonan maoskw akjgwtonnal en-acwgsf oaunmdcb anoumclb, &c.: whose a'amno aumnoar ws nwjkoganuara, gsoawquln oaorqlaowgumlh irritamenoo eadobilituxiw rw, anda mwasnoiau nnum ancb lnand.

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Philosophers are of opinion, that if the late Coronation had not taken place, the sun would have refused to shine, corn refused to grow, and the people refused to live.

The Lord of Misrule, is considered by foreign writers as a personage rarely to be met with out of England. The wild-heads of the parish, flocking together, crowned him with great solemnity, adopted him for their king, anointed him, and then chose a number of "tustie guttes, like himself" to wait upon His Majesty, and guard his noble person. These he invested with green, yellow, and other colours; and as though they were not gaudy enough, they bedecked themselves with scarfs, ribbons, and laces, adding gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels. They also had hobby-horses, dragons, and other whimsies, and with piping and

drumming, and bells jingling, they skirmished their hobby-horses, and other monsters among the throng, and *went to church*, the people staring, laughing, and fleering, and mounted upon forms to see the pageant.—Strutt's Sports, p. 298.

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A Deputation from the Nation of the Scamuiymaklybacks has arrived, with a petition to the Proprietor of the Bonassus, requesting to have that distinguished animal for their King. Should the Bonassus leave this country, it is expected that the Rev. S. Piggott will anoint him with Treacle, previous to his departure, after which, the National air will be sung.

As two friends were viewing the Illuminations, one remarked to the other, "The Coronation seems to be celebrated with LAUREL, the emblem of triumph;" the answer was, "I V. thou meanest!"

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Coronation Inquest—Verdict, Fiddle-de dee.

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If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if (instead of each picking where, and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap; reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and refuse;

keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps, and-worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it, and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is even day practised and established among men. Among men, you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one; getting nothing for themselves all the while, but a little of the coarsest of the provision, which their own labour produces (and this one, too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set, a child, a woman, a madman or a fool); looking quietly on, while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of them take or touch a particle of it, the others join against him, and hang him for the theft.—Paley's Moral Philosophy, b.iii.c. 1.

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## ADVERTISEMENT COPIED FROM THE NEWSPAPERS;

BONASSUS.—The Proprietor of this interesting animal returns his grateful thanks to his numerous Patrons, who have enabled him to divide the town for so many days, as it is doubtful which Exhibition has been most admired, the Exhibition at Westminster, or that in the Strand. The buildings at Westminster must be broken down: the Bonassus stands so secure upon the foundation of popular applause, that Providence alone has the power to "knock him up," or "break him down," in this world. The soldiers and sailors, heroes of Trafalgar and

Waterloo, will be admitted to see the Bonassus at half-price, until Thursday, when the Abbey closes, the Proprietor thus having emulated in generosity the examples of his Royal and Noble Patrons!

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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233s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## VICTORY OF PETERLOO.

A MONUMENT is proposed to be erected in commemoration of the achievements of the MANCHESTER YEOMANRY CAVALRY, on the 16th August, 1819, against THE MANCHESTER, MEETING of Petitioners for Redress of Wrongs and Grievances, and Reform in Parliament. It has been called a *battle*, but erroneously; for, the multitude *was unarmed*, and made no resistance to the heroes *armed*; there was no contest—it was a *victory*; and has accordingly been celebrated in triumph. This event, more important in its consequences than the Battle of Waterloo, will be recorded on the monument, by simply stating the names of the officers and privates successfully engaged, on the one side; and on the other, the names of the persons killed, and of the six hundred maimed and wounded in the attack and pursuit; also the names of the captured, who are still prisoners in His Majesty's goals; with the letter of thanks, addressed to the victors, by His Majesty's Command.

It is further proposed, that Meagher's Trumpet shall be melted down, and that the brass shall be carefully applied to the purpose of multiplying an appropriate design to be distributed among the warriors who distinguished themselves on the occasion, and to be worn by each as a PETERLOO MEDAL.

234s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

SOVEREIGNS are now going. BALANCES properly adjusted, to distinguish a good from a bad one, may be had of Common Sense, who will speedily wait on every individual.

## TO STUDENTS AT LAW AND PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN.

Shortly will be published, No. I., price 6d. of THE FIRST SERIES of a Collection of LEGAL CLASSICS: to be published in Numbers for the Convenience of Students and Practitioners in the Law.—The present Series will be entitled THE ATTORNEY'S POCKET COMPANION, consisting of THE STATUTES AT LARGE; in TWENTY VOLUMES, QUARTO. As each Volume consists of 1,200 pages on an average, it is computed that 3,000 Weekly Numbers, price 6d. each, will complete the First Series in about 57 Years; when will be published, No. I. of the Second Series, commencing with the Statutes of the now next Session, to be also continued until completed. The Student will thus be enabled to supply himself, by degrees, with the complete Code of the Statute Law of

his Country to qualify him for the Rolls of the Court, or the Bar. The Contents of the third and subsequent Series will be announced on the completion of the second Series.

Lately published, with Crimson backs,

IRISH MELODIES; or, The LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

By the Author of THE BLOODY SHAMROCK, a Tale of Horror of the last Century.

"Full of strange *feats* and modern instances."

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IF BOB STEWART, an Irishman who jobbed at the Castle, in Dublin, and *worked in the Yard*, will apply to Mr. John Ketch, at the New Drop, in the Old Bailey, London, he will hear of something to his advantage.

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THE NATIVES OF IRELAND, desirous of being present at an ENTERTAINMENT where DERRY DOWN TRIANGLE will preside, are informed, that there will be NO WHIPS after dinner, and are requested to signify their desire to Mr. MUDFORD, Editor of the Courier, (and late Editor of the Scourge), at the Courier Office.

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235s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## IMPROMPTU,

On hearing that the M— of L—

PRESSED to death.

Underneath this PRESS doth lie As much *blarney* as could die, Which, when alive, did *varnish* give To as much *knavery* as could live.

# THE QUEEN'S DEATH

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236s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

This Dagger my sceptre, and Persecution my crown!'
King Henry IV.

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[NOTE.—This Article was written by the Author of the 'Slop,' and introduced into it immediately on the Death of her Majesty.]

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Her Majesty *died by the dagger of Persecution*. Her Persecutors, unable to conceal the fact that *she has been hurried to her Grave*, hypocritically whine over "the wounds themselves have made," and, like the flying felon, who, to elude his pursuers, cries "Stop thief!" they huddle up their knives, and charge her friends and advisers with being her destroyers! "*Kissing the gashes that bloodily do yawn upon their faces*," they call her defenders and protectors "a faction" and charge this *faction* with being her assassins! Execrable villains! Was it this "faction" brought her from Germany? Was she *married* by this "faction?" Were

her *conjugal rights denied her* by this "faction?" Was she deserted and *licensed* to her "*inclinations*" by this "faction?" Was she *spied upon* by this "faction?" Was *her character impeached* by this "faction:" Was *the late King's friendship* for her at that period caused by a "faction?" Was *her child* torn from her by a "faction?" Was *she tricked out of the country* by a "faction:" Was her name *omitted upon her daughter's coffin* by a "faction?" Was the "honourable" *Milan Commission* issued by the "faction?" Was the horde of miscreants who vomited forth their *disgusting and obscene perjuries* against her—were these collected by this "faction?" Was her *Trial* in the House of Lords, amid the gibes and jests, and scoffs and sneers, and the taunt of *Ferocity*—was this the act of "faction?" Was the spiritual and temporal *refusal* to place her name in *the Liturgy* the act of this "faction?" Was the *refusal to crown her*, or to assign her a place in the ceremonial of her husband's Coronation, or to permit her presence to witness it, or *her expulsion from the doors*, or the rancorous *insults* she sustained that day, were these from the "faction?" NO! When the *bribe* and the *threat* availed not, and she came to England in the courage of her noble heart, and the full majesty of innocence—when the enraged host gathered for her desolation hurtled from the high places as a whirlwind, the People, seeing that in her person the Principles of Humanity and the Constitution were invaded., reflecting on *her* sufferings and their own, and aroused by a sense of duty and of danger, united for her preservation. Animated by the Justice of their cause, and *headed by* the Press, they read a moral lesson to her deadly persecutors, at which they turned pale, and from which they shrunk back in dismay! The archers shot her sorely, but the People saved her from swift destruction. This offence was never to be forgiven. They who had elevated the Queen above the craft of *Priestianity* and the cruelty of *Court Selfishness*, were more exposed to attack than her whom they had preserved. Her enemies rallied to assail her friends. If we seek the names of the assailants from among the Members of the Bridge-Street Gang, a formidable list might be selected. There we should find the slanderous Blacow, and at the head of the muster-roil might be placed Slop. This "*wretch*" and his Gang, commenced *Prosecutions*

against the humblest of the Queen's friends, while the *hireling* presses foamed into a settled *Persecution* against her and them. The Slop-pail frothed up its malignant spume; official poison *Croked* forth from the Courier; the organ of the *Fashionable World* discharged his filthy ribaldry; and the assaults of a band of *obscene wretches*, Sunday after Sunday, were defended and aided by the prostituted pen of Slop. In violation of the sanctity which even savages attach to *the chambers of death*, some of the heartless fiends who dogged her through life, and hurried her "*to the house appointed far all living*," pursue their remorseless warfare beyond the grave. Others (following the example of their abettors, who, in mockery of death itself, put the signs of mourning upon the outsides of their houses, while they chuckle with joy within), *now* that they have consummated their crime, make a merit of not preying upon her dead body! Her frame, too weak to bear their blows upon her heart, surrendered its mighty spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, and her murderers exclaim, "Well! she is *gone—at last*; let us bury all animosities *with her!*" BRUTAL TAUNT! They hoisted the black flag of unrelenting and deadly hate against her as long as she lived—they have exterminated her, and they hang out a white one, crying Peace! Peace! where there is no Peace! They have floated themselves to the favour of their employers in her blood, and the guilty villains, retreating to their den to celebrate their horrible triumph, pray us not to disturb their secret orgies with our clamours!

It is said, that only a few hours before she ceased to breathe, she spoke of the modes her savage adversaries had successfully put in practice, of separating worthy people from her society: one of which was, *to deter them from visiting her, by propagating the most atrocious calumnies against her, and them*. Never was human being attacked with more malignant ferocity by *the Furies of the Press*, than this noble-minded and innocent lady—never will they perpetrate a fouler Murder! *Instruments of cruelty are in their habitations. O, my soul! come not thou into their secret!*

Her dying declaration, "THEY HAVE DESTROYED ME!" will be remembered long after her destroyers. Her blood is on their heads. They allowed her no peace on earth. *Now—she hears not the voice of the oppressor—she is where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.*

In fixedness of courage immovable, in clearness of intellect unrivalled, she shone on earth as the polar-star in the firmament of her sex, and in her utmost need, they circled round her as the sun of their glory. Her wrongs and her fate are indelibly registered in our annals. Honest historians of after-times will narrate them truly, and unpensioned Bards embalm her to posterity.

The Queen's dying request was, to lie in the same tomb with her child —sad experience taught her to anticipate a refusal from her relentless enemies!

"Let her be buried in the King's highway,
For on her heart they trod, the while she liv'd;
And, buried once, why not upon her head?"—

Men and Women of England! have ye not a little Grave, Her *Spirit* was with the People while she lived—her body belongs to them now that she is no more.

The Author of the The Political House Jack Built.

** When this article was written, the Queen lay unburied.

## THE DEATH-LIGHT OF CAROLINE'S HALL,

The death-lights glimmer in Caroline's hall,
Where strangers have spread the funeral pall;
Relations by blood from her have fled,
And other hands have pillow'd her head—
Vet a halo round her temples plays,
Brighter than earthly crowns can raise!
When her heart-strings broke, no husband was there,
With a bursting breast, and a holy prayer—

Her Royal Spouse was *on the sea*,
In glittering pomp and pageantry;
With streamers pointing to Erin's shore,
Where wassail, and wine, and wild uproar,
And the noisy mirth of a motley band,
Were to drown the sighs of a sorrowing land!
The prospect was bright on her Bridal Day,
And English hearts were light and gay;
Alas!'twas the gleam of a wintry sky,
When dark clouds come, and the storm is nigh.

The eye to bless, and the hand to save,
Were not the gifts that the altar gave!
She never knew the sweet control
That wins, that guards the cherish'd soul;
But met the keen repulsive glance
From furious eye-balls turn'd askance!—
A *licensed outcast*, bade to roam,
No husband's bed—no friend—no home—
The treacherous *Spy* in ambush placed,
Our British name defiled, disgraced!

At last kind Heaven upon her smiled—
The raptured Mother clasp'd her Child;
Maternal love beam'd from her eye;
The tear-dew'd cheek *for once* was dry.
But devilish hate could ne'er endure
A joy so sweet, a bliss so pure;
And the cherub-smile that cheer'd her life,
Was rudely torn from the widow'd wife!

But who shall tell—or who shall believe,
That malice could deeper wrongs conceive?
O, learn the deed from the daughter's bier—
In Judgment bid her *Tomb* appear;
On the dark vault let the day-beam shine;
Behold the broken lincage-line!

The Record rests on the sculptured stone—
*Robb'd of the Mother's name* alone.
The surpliced Priest made no appeal—
His Earthly Masters check'd his zeal—
From those who bent their heads to Heaven,
To pray that mortals be forgiven;
No kind behest for her was sent,
No Priestly hand to her was lent;
But when, at length, she lifeless fell,
Rose the *hollow* sound of *their* passing bell!
Well fed, well paid, to blast her name,
Swarms of Italian Monsters came;
And English Monsters, fouler still,
Obey'd their Masters' deadly will!
The fiends have chased her day by day,
Her *Sabbath* death-bed was their prey!—
These are not men!—they never press'd
The life-streams from a human breast;
Nor are they woman-born—but thrown
From some vile source to man unknown!
She struggled long—she nobly rose
Triumphant o'er her rancorous foes;
Bravely she stood the lengthen'd strife
For honest fame—more dear than life—
But ah! the nerve, too finely strung,
Was wrench'd, was torn, was rudely wrung—
She won the prize—*that* strength was given,
Then burst from earth to kinder Heaven!

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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*Original Size -- Medium-Size*

## ROYAL CUCKOO CLOCK.

SLOP, SLANDERIANI, & Co. Cuckoo Clock-makers to his Majesty, have the honour to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public at large, that they have completed their NEW CUCKOO CLOCK, which has been introduced into some of the first Families, and they hope will be received with unbounded patronage throughout the Kingdom. It is capable of the most ornamental appearance, and under their management receives every possible variety of external splendor. They fit it up as a piece of elegant furniture, which has been pronounced to be unrivalled by personages of the highest distinction and the most correct taste in virtu. In its present unrivalled state of perfection, they invite an immediate inspection of the article at their different manufactories in town.

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## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

It is well known, that the Coronation Oil of the Kings of France was brought in a bottle from Heaven by an eagle, and from that fact called *Holy* Oil. During the Revolution, a Jacobin took the liberty of using the Holy Oil to grease his boots with, and the eagle not having arrived with a fresh supply, it is said that Louis XVIII. will remain uncrowned until that event, or until the fellow's boots can be found and the oil extracted and transferred to the head of His Most Christian Majesty.

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242s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

Ferocity exemplified, by comparative

ANATOMY; or, an Illustration of the FACIAL LINE in Man and the Brute, showing the natural gradation from the ferocious to the human being, with the domestic habits of the Savage.

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## DEDICATED TO HIS MAJESTY,

And the Society for the Suppression of Vice,

## [LETTERS IN GREEK].

THE JOURNAL OF THE LATE MR. ELLIOTT, Surgeon. Sec. Translated from the Latin MS. in Pall-mall. With Illustrations from Petronius Arbiter and Peter Aretin, and Sketches by the Privy Painter. The Introduction by Sir W——— F————.

Printed for W. Wright, the 'Pedibus-aknexis' Publisher, 46, Fleetstreet. * Suidas.

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In small royal,

THE TRUE HAIR TO THE CROWN; or, THE WHIGS

CUT FOR ANOINTING. By A LATE FOXITE.

## THE TAXGATHERERS KNOCKING.

(In Imitation of 'The Woodpecker tapping.')

I knew by the wig that so gracefully curl'd
Above a high cape, that the —— was there,
And I said, if there's *ton* to be found in the world,
The Dandy of fashion will look for it here—
Half the shops were shut up, and I heard not a sound,
But Taxgath'rers knocking, while going their dull round!

And here, in Pall Mall, near the Park, I exclaim'd,
With a *Bomb*, oh, how big! and how gay to the eye,
Yachts, cots, and what-nots, all be-gilt, and be-famed,
What a strange mode of life!—and I groan'd out a sigh!—
While the shops are half shut, and we scarce hear a sound,
But Taxgath'rers knocking, while going their dull round!

On pretence of Necessity, frequent large dips
In my now emptied pockets have made me repine;
In vain does Retrenchment rise up to my lips,
The —— must *live*, though starvation be mine—
Though my shop be deserted, and heard not a sound,
But Taxgath'rers knocking, while going their dull round!

## PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

## BLACKGUARD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE;

Or, THE HAGGIS BAG.

I. Guard' a low.—II. Lines suggested by the sight of a Gallows, with some friends of ours.—III. The Golden Bull, or Second Sight, by Sir Walter Scott.—IV. Charlie's Return, or the Welcome, by ditto.—V. The Editor's Fudge-it.—VI. Auld Reekies Mawwalliip for the Londoners.—VII. Chaldee Manuscript, Part II. by James Hogg, the Aye-trick Shepherd.—VIII. Liar Bacon; ditto.—IX. The Broken Heart; a

Merriment.—X. A Gallop on the Grave of Keats.—XI. Mode of Applying Torture to the Mind.—XII. Philosophy of Self, No. I; by the Publisher.—XIII. A Grey Head brought in sorrow to the Grave; a Capital Joke.—XIV. Cowardice made easy to the meanest capacity, by Mr. Lackheart.—XV. On the probable injurious Influence of Moral and Religious Instruction on our Character and Circulation; by the Publisher.—XVI. Any Man's Privacy, every Man's Property.—XVII. The Loathing Bull, or the Widow's Cow; a Sentiment.—XVIII. Elegy on Henry IX., King of England.—XIX. Pleasures of Malignity, by Mr. Lackheart.—XX. The Grave Digger, No. 101.—XXI. The Bum Boat, No. 17.—XXII. The Scottish Regalia; an old Wife's Tale.—XXIII. A few words to that immense body of Mankind, who refuse to hand us the siller.—XXIV. Works we are preparing for Suffocation.—XXV. Monthly List of Jew Publications.—XXVI. Monthly Wretched-stir.

## A PERTICULAR FAC.

We hae muckle fear for the weal o' the Cantry o'Breetan, frae the great deal o' ill huiks, like unto the deil's buiks, and the like o'that. We hae juist glowred o'er a wee bnikee, a verra bad buik indeed—a verra bad buifc. An' we are verra sorey to say, there are money o' sic bad buiks, fu' o-' daflin, trying to thraw contemp upo' the thron an' the halter, ca'ing the Lord Provost a full, an' the Lord Advocate nae better, and a' the great folk pawkie loons; an' we can compare't to naething but the muckle black de'il fiddling thro' the toon. As sic is the case, it's nae for the siller we're writing, but oot o' pure lawyellty an' patriotism for the guid o' the Cantry. Gin the silly peeple keun'd what wa'd be guid for them, they wa'd nae fash themsels aboot learning to read ava, or read naething but our Maggy-zeen, an' we hope to see the day whan there'll be naething but our Maggy-zeen read thro' a' the Cantry; for we are fermly persuaded that the folk are turning o'er learned, an' we are aye endeavoring to write them doon to the state o' happy ignorance an' respectfu' submission that they war in, whan the guid-wife wad say to her ain guid man, 'Git up, Donald, and be hangit, an' dinna anger the laird!' It's naething but right

and proper that King Geordie an' his *Mean-astres* s'ud juist hae their ain gait o't in a' things 'as the Cat had wi' the haggis:—ate the pudden, an' gaed to sleep i' the bag!' For an it be na sae, we're muckle afeerd that his most gracious *Mad-jestie* winna be aible to eat his parritch, an' scrach himsel' in safety.

N. B. We hae great help *in preevat* frae Sir Wattie, who *conn'd-his-ends de'el-hight-fully*, an' his guid-son, Maister Lackheart, is our perticular freend an' contra-booter; an' Maister Blackguard drives that 'Jacobite Relic' Jamie Hogg, the aye-trick Sheepherd, juist as he likes. And sae we'll hae mony delectfu' extracts fra' the buiks prentit in Niddry's Wynd, an' a wallet o' ballets pruiving the truith o' the sayen o' his *Mad-jestie* King Jamie the Saxt, that 'to scratch whare it etches is o'er muckle luck-surie for a mere sabject.'

*Edinburgh: Printed for W. Blackwood, 17, Princes-street.*

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In thin Quarto,

A VISION OF WANT OF JUDGMENT. By SLOBBER'D

MOUTHEY, Esq. Hell, Hell, D—; Poet Sorry-head, Mumbler of the Royal Spanish Satiety, of the Satieties of every other place, of the Royal Order of Turncoats, and of an eminent Welch Obscurity

## A NEW VISION,

By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq.! LL.D.!!

Poet Laureate!!! &c.!!!! &c.!!!!! &c.!!!!!!

'Twas at that sober hour when the light of day is receding,
I alone in Slop's Office was left; and, in trouble of spirit,
I mused on old times, till my comfort of heart had departed.
Pensile at least I shall be, methought—*sus. per coll.* surely!
And therewithal felt I my neckcloth; when lo! on a sudden,

There came on my eyes, hanging mid-way 'twixt heav'n and St. James's,
The book call'd the *Pension List*. There did I see my name written,
Yea ev'n in that great book of life! It was sweet to my eyelids,
As dew from a tax! and *Infinity* seem'd to be open,
And I said to myself, 'Now a blessing be on thee, my Robert!
And a blessing on thee too my pen! and on thee too my sack-but!'
Now, as thus I was standing, mine ear heard a rap at the street-door,
Ev'n such as a man might make bold with, half gentle half footman;
And lo! up the stairs, dotting one, one, after the other,
Came the leg of a wonder, hop! hop! through the silence of evening;
And then a voice snarling from the throat of the him they call Murray,
Who said, as he hopp'd, 'Must the *Muck Times* be mournful at *all* times?
Lo, SLOP, I've a sop, for your mop; yes—hop! hop! I've a *story*,
With which I'll light *you* up, if you'll light me, Slop, up another.'
'Don't be so *bold!* methought a *larking* voice from the skylight
Answer'd, and therewithal I felt fear as of frightening;
Knowing not why, or how, my soul seem'd night-cap to my body.
Then came again the voice, but then with a louder squalling—
'Go to hell,' said the voice. 'What!,' said I, inwardly, 'I go!'
When lo, and behold, a great wonder!—I, I, Robert Southey,
Even I, Robert Southey, Esquire, LL.D. Poet Laureate,
Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, of the
Ditto of history too, of the Institute Royal
Of Dutchland, and eke of the Welch Cymmodorion wonder,
Author of Joan of Arc, of much Jacobin Verse, and Wat Tyler,

Et cætera, et caetera, et caetera, et cætera, et cætera,
(For it's unknown all the things that I am, and have written),
I, as I said before, ev'n I, by myself, I,
Unlike, in that single respect, to my great master Dante,
(For Virgil went with him to help him), but like in all others,
Rush'd up into Paradise boldly, which angels themselves don't,
Yea ev'n into Paradise rush'd I, through showers of *flimsies*,
All as good as the Bank, and for hailstones I found there were *Sovereigns*,
Spick and span new; and anon was a body all glorified,
Even all the great Host both of Church and State, Crosses, Grand Crosses,
Commanders, Companions, and Knights of all possible orders,
Commons and Peers, the souls of the sold, whom Pensions made perfect,

## DOCTOR

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245s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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246s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

Flocking on either hand, a multitudinous army,
Coronet, Crosier, and Mitre, in grand semicircle inclining,
Tier over tier they took their place, aloft in the distance,

Far as the sight could pierce, Stars, Garters, and Gold Sticks.

From among the throng bless'd, all full dress'd, in a Field Marshal's uniform, Rose one, with a bow serene, who, aloft, took his station;

Before him the others crouch'd down, all inclining in concert,

Bent like a bull-rush sea, with a wide and a manifold motion:

There he stood in the midst alone; and in front was the presence,

With periwig curling and gay, and a swallow-cut coat-tail.

Hear ye of long ears! Lo! in that place was *Canning*,

He who strengthens the Church and State, with his Manton's hair-triggers, And sneers on his lips, and eyes leering, and *rupturous* speeches;

With him Fletcher Franklin I saw, and Sir Robert, my namesake,

Worthy the name! even Baker, Sir Robert, of Bow-street;

And Gifford, with face made of lachrymose, savage and feeble,

Who delighteth with Croker to cut up men, women, and young men,

And therefore did Hazlitt cut him up, and so he stood mangled.

There, too, brocaded and satin'd, stood smiling and bowing,

With Court-mask'd appearance, the Fearful One, him of Triangle!

And there, too, the Foolish one, far-conscienced, the Doctor!

And I saw in the vision, the Generals, Sol. and Attorney;

And Sacchi, was there too and him surnamed *Non mi Ricordo*;

And Mad'moiselle Dæmon, and Barbara Kress, and Rastelli;

And Mister, and Mister-ess Jessop, and eke the Miss Jessups;

And Mar-Ai' H—, and M-ss C-m, also;

And Mrs. Fitz—t, and C—ch; and in sooth all the Beauties

Of the 'Georgian age,' except Robinson Mary,

Whom great G. first sent to the D—, and little G. after,

Namely Gifford, who smote at her sorely, yea, ev'n at her crutches,

So that she fell in her grave, and said, 'Cover me kind earth!'

And the great minded Cl—— was there, looking like to Behemoth;

And the Lauderdale disinterested, great Scotch standard-bearer,

And there, too, the king's much-conspired-against-stationer, King, stood, The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who sendeth his Majesty's whiskey;

And the Members of Orange Clubs all, anti-Irish shullelahs;

And a heav'nly assembly of parsons, some, lately, expectant—

Parson Hey? Parson B. called, otherwise, Parson Black-cow, divine brute! Parson C. alias Croly, or Crawley, or Coronaroly,

Who putteth forth innocent pamphlet? on pure coronations,

Expecteth Milleniums, and laudeth the Blackguard of Blackwood's,

And looketh both lofty and slavish, a dreaminess high-nosed,

As if he had, under the chin been, by worshipful men, chuck'd;

And great Parson Eat—n V—slone, who'd swallow any thing surely;

And the *Manchester Yeomanry Cavalry*, riding down women;

And Alderman Atkins, with Curtis, that big belly-gerent;

And Flower, and Bridges, C. Smith, and the rest of the Bridge Gang;

All cloth'd for the heav'nly occasion in their best Indictments!

And there all the Lottery-contractors, and such like, were also;

And there Mr. Strong-i-th'-arm, his Majesty's Seal-Engraver, was also; And they all who forged, lo! the French Assignats, were there also;

And the Court-newsman also was there—

(The Spirit now bids me write prose, but that, you know's all the same thine;) And Colburn with his Muck Monthly Magazine was there;

And Ward, the Animal Painter, with a piece of spoil'd canvas, 35 feet wide by 21, was there;

But Bird who, most disloyally, died of a broken heart, was not there;

And the Duke of Wellington, with the Sword of State, was there;

And Sir John Silvester, the Recorder of London, and his assistant, were there; And Messrs. Uundell and Bridge, the Jewellers who repair'd the Crown, were there;

And the Pigtails out off from his Majesty's guards were there;

And the Guards themselves in their neat uniforms, and new white gaiters, were there;

And the State Coach and Coachmen and Horses were there;

And the other Ministers of State in their new State Liveries were there; And the Clerks of the Council and the two Silver Inkstands were there; And all the Gentlemen of the Stock Exchange were there;

And all the Gentlemen of the Shipping Interest were there;

And all the Gentlemen of the Landed Interest were there;

But all the people without Interest were not there;

And all the Peers who voted the Queen of England guilty were-there;

And all the Ministerial Members of the House of Commons were there; And Dr. Slop with 'fresh fig-leaves for Adam and Ere' was there;

And the Royal Proclamation against Vice and Immorality was pasted up there. And behold, while I read it, thinking to put it, excellent as it was, Into language still better,

Methought, in my vision, I dreamt—dream within dream intercircled —And seem'd to be hurried away, by a vehement whirlwind,

To Flames and Sulphurous Darkness, where certain of my Minor Poems were scorching,

Yet unconsum'd, in penal fire; and so was I purified

For deeds done in the flesh, being, through them, burnt by proxy!

There, too, roasted the Bishop of Osnaburgh's Doxy,

But the Righteous-one, *the Prince Bishop himself*, was in Heaven;

And two Boots were there, as a burnt-offering for peccadillo,

But the Owner thereof was a glorified spirit above,

Where, as in duty bound, I had sung to him 'Twang-a-dillo,

He that loves a pretty girl, is a hearty good fellow!'

And in Torment (but here the blest rage of the bard returns on me)

And in torment was She, who, on earth, had been also tormented By Him who is never, nor can be accused, of aught vicious;

With her were the friends of my childhood—not leaving out Coleridge; And they who were kill'd by the Manchester Yeomanry also;

And Truth, the whole Truth, nothing but the Truth, suffered the burning. Then I turn'd my meek eyes, in their gladness, to Heaven, and my place there, And ascending, I flew back to Paradise, singing of Justice;

Where, fill'd with divine expectation of merited favour,

The gathering host look'd to him, in whom all their hopes center'd,

As the everlasting hand; and I, too, press'd forward to obtain—

But old recollections withheld me;—down, down, dropp'd my sack-but, And my feet, methought, slid, and I fell precipitate. Starting,

Then I awoke, with my hair up, and lo! my young days were before me, Dark yet distinct; but instead of the voice of the honest,

I hoard only Murray's yap', yap! and hap! hop! through the silence of evening: Yap! hop! and hop! yap!—and hence came the hop, step, and jump, of my verses.

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249s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## BOROUGH-BRIDGE REFORM.

The the Ancient and Honourable Corporation of Boroughmongers, in Parlaverment assembled, THE PETITION of the Ancient and Honourable Corporation of London Bridge in Arches assembled,

Hombly sheweth,

That, for some time past, an opinion has prevailed, that your Petitioners' *Arches* are narrow and decayed, and that their continuance in their present state is attended with an unnecessary annual expense, and loss of lives.

That, in consequence of this opinion, a large body of persons assembled for Bridge Reform, have insisted upon the necessity of widening your Petitioners' *Arches*, and have actually erected, in your Petitioners' neighbourhood, a new bridge, with arches calculated to give free course to the whole tide, and a safe and uninterrupted public communication—to the great scandal of your Petitioners.

That your Petitioners' Arches, and the Borough Arches of your Honourable Structure, are the production of one and the same mind.

That your Honourable Structure being a model of perfection, your Petitioners have, therefore, a right to presume that their Bridge is also a model of perfection.

That your Petitioners, respectfully referring to the enlightened declaration of the Emperor of Austria, that what is ancient is good, humbly beg leave to represent, that it is essential to the permanence of your Honourable Structure in its present state, to stop the progress of all enlargement.

And your Petitioners humbly pray, that the Right Hon. George Canning may be assigned advocate in their behalf, to convince the Public that your Petitioners' Arches are exactly as numerous, as narrow, and as decayed as they ought-to-be; which office your Petitioners have no doubt the said Right Hon. Gent. will gladly undertake, upon being allowed to receive an ample toll.

AND YOUR PETITIONERS, as in uniformity found, will ever pray for Your Honourable Structure.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

TO ACCOUNTANTS and Others. Any Persons who will undertake to unravel the Financial ACCOUNTS of Messrs. VAN and Co. to the understanding of the Parties interested in their Affairs, may have CONSTANT EMPLOY. Apply to Mr. Bull, who is concerned for the Creditors, at the Pawnbrokers, in Capel-court.

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## REVOLUTIONARY WIG.

The late Mr. Sergeant Copley's wig-maker begs leave to inform gentlemen of the profession, that he has completely succeeded in overcoming the difficulty so long complained of by gentlemen at the bar, who are desirous of *turning* without discomposure; for proof whereof he refers by permission to the Solicitor General and the Chief Justice of Chester, who, for a long time, could not turn at all, but now revolve perfectly at ease.

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***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## WARREN'S BLACK-RAT BLACKING.

CHARLES WARREN, of CHESTER-PLACE, with the utmost diffidence, publicly announces his successful discovery. By the first application of his varnish to BOOTS, he saw his own face in them, with a Judge's wig on his head; and he assures his old friends, who he knows will take his word for it, that the reflection was so strong, it almost knocked him back. He earnestly desires their approbation, and solicits their favour in his new shop. He humbly begs they will support him as much as they can. His going round among strangers is insupportable to him, unless he can get a few of his former friends to accompany him.

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GOLDEN OINTMENT FOR THE EYES. This invaluable Ointment enables the patient to see in the dark.

## (CASE.)

DEAR SIR; "Keswick, Cumberland, 19th July, 1821.

"Your invaluable ointment being strongly recommended to me some years ago, I was induced to try a box. Its effects were astonishing!—I immediately looked two ways at once, and saw my way clear to the Laureateship. I have seen in the dark ever since! Without its powerful operation I could never have obtained the degree of LL.D. Please to send some in the usual way by *Van*, as I find it utterly impossible to live without it, and recommend it to all my relations.

"I am, dear Sir, your's,

"R. SOUTHEY, Esq. LL. D.

"Poet Laureate; Member of the Royal Spanish Academy; of the Royal Spanish Academy of History; of The Royal Institute of the Netherlands; of the Cymmodorion, &c. Author of Wat Tyler, Joan of Arc, Minor Poems."

==> Prepared in *Crown* boxes, by Mr. GEORGE KING, No. 4, at the Toy-shop, Constitution-hill, near the bottom.

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LOST, THE BALANCE OF EUROPE, as privately adjusted, according to a pair of pocket scales, by the Marquess of, Londonderry; it was last seen on a piece of paper at Laybach. Please to bring it to the Foreign Office.

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251s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

THE MAGNIFICENT PYRAMID, erected by the wisdom, labour, property, and lives of our forefathers, has been completely REVERSED. Architects, well enough acquainted with the structure to undertake its RESTORATION, will be allowed any time they desire for a work of such vast magnitude, but it must be undertaken immediately, as it is shored up in its present INVERTED STATE at an immense annual expense, with frail materials. Testimonials of the greatest respectability for capacity and character, and security for completion of the task, without further injury to the ornament at the apex, will be required. Apply to the Board of Control.

CONVULSIONS, &c.

## A REAL BLESSING—THE AMERICAN SOOTHING

SYRUP, an infallible Remedy for CONVULSIONS, affording immediate ease in disorders of the Constitution, and healing multitudes in the most desponding condition....

Such are the virtues of this healing Balm for assuaging misery and anguish in the suffering, that innumerable impositions have been practised. It is, therefore, requisite to notice, that the genuine article has the word Liberty on the seal.—Prepared, as usual, by the assigns of Messrs. Franklin, Washington, and Co. from the original recipe, and may be had genuine in *America-square*.

If ever there was a blessing sent from Heaven for the relief of the suffering, the American Soothing Syrup claims the pre-eminence. The poor relieved gratis.

N. B. It has been discovered that the American Soothing Syrup is an infallible TEST FOR SOVEREIGNS. It in no way blemishes a good one, but discovers the baseness of a bad one immediately.

## SCHOOLS FOR ALL.

USEFUL INSTRUCTION having hitherto been chiefly confined to the Productive Classes, and many in the Upper Ranks still remaining in a deplorable state of ignorance, it is intended to establish SCHOOLS FOR THE HIGHER ORDERS, in order that, by being equally well-informed with the rest of the community, the plea of ignorance may no longer be allowed as an excuse for want of knowledge in the duties of life. Further information may be had of the printer.

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252s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## UNIVERSAL SAFETY LAMP.

"One unclouded blaze of living light."

THE COMBINATION AGAINST THIS LAMP renders it necessary to state some of its advantages. The best of the Common Parish Lamps, so universally complained of for their dulness, do little more than render darkness visible, and assist the perpetration of crime. If their forms are occasionally varied by lacquer and varnish, and rendered pleasing to the eye, their light is not improved in the smallest degree; and they require a multitude of hands to feed and trim them, at a most enormous expense; while THE "UNIVERSAL SAFETY" LAMP diffuses a brilliant and steady lustre, and a genial warmth equal to the solar beam. It eclipses every other brightness. The only inconvenience complained of by the nervous and fastidious is, that its flame sometimes rises during a storm, and emits a small portion of smoke, but this vapour ceases almost immediately after the agitation has subsided. *It is constructed on an unerring principle of Self-regulation; it cannot be extinguished by any power on earth, and will Last for Ever.*

253s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## THE NEW INDIAN JUGGLER.

THIS CELEBRATED PERFORMER, whose early operations in Asia, and subsequent slight-of-hand in Europe, have rendered him notorious, will perform the first opportunity. If he has the consent of his landlady's friends, he will put the sword down her throat, and keep it there as long as he pleases—the like not exhibited in England. He will then set the balls a-flying like winged messengers. These tricks, with permission, he is ready to exhibit. Further particulars in future Advertisements.

## GENERAL ORDERS.

14th July, 1821.

IT is Ordered, that there be delivered to every private Soldier, now in his Majesty's Service, or who may be hereafter enlisted therein, a copy of the New Testament, with the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of Matthew cut out, and the Articles of War stitched in their place: and any Soldier who shall pawn or sell the said New Testament without first taking out the said Articles of War, and keeping them for his own use, shall suffer death.

## SERVICE CLUB.

Resolved, 14th July, 1821.

THAT an English Artisan is a scamp and a ragamuffin, until a profit has been had out of a red coat, which, when put on his back at the public expense, suddenly transforms him into the bravest and finest fellow in the world. E. PAULET.

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## CORN PLAISTER.

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THIS SOOTHING ARTICLE being entirely exhausted, the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on Agricultural Distress, will be glad of the smallest quantity, that they may dispense it to the various sufferers throughout the country.

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WASTE PA PER and PARCHMENT, consisting of the Petitions for a REFORM in the Representation, to be sold in quantities—not less than a ton weight.

==> May be viewed, and particulars had, at the Parliament Coffee-House.

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254s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

THE TENTHS, or KING'S OWN. Persons willing to contract for the purpose of furnishing this active Legion with FORAGE, and supplying the Mess, may apply to the Barrack-Master-General, Lambeth.

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THE REV. S. PIGGOTT, A.M. Curate and Lecturer of St. James's, Clerkenwell, and St. Antholin's, Watling-street, WANTS A PLACE. He has written Prayers for Families, a Guide to the Altar, and an Example of Conversion by the Common Prayer Book; named the Queen the *German* Helen; represented her with a lighted torch, reaching at the Bible and the Crown to destroy them; called her "Old Mother Red Cap;" hung her head up as a sign to a public-house, with a gross allusion to Bergami; said her infamy was fixed; and made her Majesty exclaim, that—

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"Thrice she'd expire in Matthew's arms,
Would but the hangman Matthew spare!"
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Further particulars can be given by his Treasurer, Charles Bicknell, Esq. Solicitor to the Admiralty, 3, Spring-garden Terrace, on whom all demands on account of the Rev. S. Piggott's Loyal Association should be

made; but all monies due or owing thereto, are requested to be paid immediately to the Rev. S. Piggott only.

==> More information respecting his clerical labours hereafter.

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WANTED TO GO ABROAD, a stout, active, stonehearted young man, of a serious turn, as an apprentice in the military business, and to assist as a missionary.

==> Apply at the Bishop and Bayonet, Westminster.

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## A CAUTION.

A SLOW BUT SURE POISON, which gradually insinuates itself into the system, and will utterly destroy a human being, is now making frightful ravages. Its common name is CANT. Some *blacks* deliver it in the lump, and a certain *lawyer* has been seen to part with it in the form of globules. It is most subtle when laminated, and unfortunately is to be found in that state spread over a large portion of the community. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the effluvia from the infected is contagious.

N. B. The most certain symptom of the presence of the poison is, prostration of mind.

"Please to remember the *Grotto!*"

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***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## PRIESTIANITY.

As a grateful return to the Productive Classes of England, For bread, meat, beer, cellars of wines, rich furniture, luxurious equipages, princely palaces, clothing of purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, during the whole of their ecclesiastical lives, out of the people's labour, the following ten prelates have become members of the anti-social association in Bridge-street:—

The Bishop of Gloucester

— Llandaff

— Peterborough

The Bishop of Bangor

— Carlisle

— Chester

— Durham

—Ely

St. David's York

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Dr. Maltus has received a Prize for his Essay on the Moral Restraint of War, the Blessings of Famine, the Advantages of Pestilence, the Comforts of Disease, and the Piety of Decease.

Bp. Tommy O'Linn has a Faculty for copying the newspapers into an original Life of Mr. Pitt.

Bp. Van Mill-dirt is collated to a Dinnery for telling which side his bread is buttered on in the dark.

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Published for the Benefit of the Clergy,

## THE ART OF CONDUCTING WAR ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

Shortly will be published, for the Use of Schools,

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PRIESTIANITY and CHRISTIANITY COMPARED; or,

A Parallel between the Principles of Christianity and the Practice of Priestianity.

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## EMPERIAL PALAVERMENT

HOUSE OF TOPS.—Whenstheday.

Ordered, That after the adjournment of the House to-day, strangers be accommodated with seats until the sitting of the House to-morrow.—Adjourned.

## HOUSE OF BOTTOMS.

Moved and Seconded, That the following words he stereotyped by the printer to the House, and sent to all the newspapers for the convenience of reporting the Manager's speeches, viz.

"He should not follow the hon. member into any of the various points of his extended speech, but content himself with moving an adjournment, resting fully satisfied upon the wisdom of the House for a proper decision of the question when it came regularly before them."—Agreed to without a division.—Adjourned.—

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Substance of the Bills for Restraining the Press.—Kneor Gagret, the pseudo ump alor al'Ainbassadereux, roseat ul purpe et Suheance du Balles au Pres,—Volumptuanuni et geordibus non et est ecclaribus tandem etpriorus au clericus pooribus, that is to say, Castigatus videm Literorumme-a'-Presserorumme-a'-Exposerumet vi al quid o'tobacce au sycophantussum hark! Contriorium, etc. etc.!!!

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Receipt to make an Attorney-General.—Take a *little* man with an eye to his preferment. It is not necessary that he should be much of a lawyer, provided that he be a *Rat*. He must have docility sufficient to do any thing; and *if the period should arrive, when power can make rules and laws for the evident purpose of gratifying malignity*, he should be one who should be ready to advise or consent to *the creation of new cases, and be able to defend new remedies for them*, though they militate against every principle of reason, equity, and justice.—Rolliad, p. 433.

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[Advertisement.]—Real Brunswick Man sent (carriage free) from the Horse Guards to all parts of the Kingdom, at an hour's notice.

[Advertisement.]—We are authorized to contradict a report that Mr. Vansittart, in his Speech at the last Bible Society Meeting, endeavoured to induce the members to refrain from the purchase of shares and tickets in the ensuing Lottery.

[Advertisement.]—Connoisseurs in the Arts of Design will be gratified to hear, that an assemblage of the Old Masters in different states, will shortly be submitted to the hammer.

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PROMOTION.—The Press to be the Board of Confront.

## BIRTH.

At the Den, in Bridge-street, John Reeves, esq. M.B.S.G. of a Ten Pound Note. It is not supposed he can recover.

## MARRIAGE.

His Imperial Majesty Prince Despotism, in a consumption, to Her Supreme Antiquity, The Ignorance of Eighteen Centuries, in a decline. The bridal dresses were most superb.

## DEATH.

His most Sacred Majesty Right Divine. His Legitimacy being declared illegitimate, he has no successor. He was the founder of the Oily Alliance and a sincere Priestian.

Printed by and for W. Hone, 43, Ludgate Hill, London.

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257s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

## A POLITICAL CHRISTMAS CAROL,

## TO BE CHAUNTED OR SUNG

## THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS,

## BY ALL PERSONS THEREUNTO ESPECIALLY MOVED.

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258s

*Original Size -- Medium-Size*

## THE CAROL.

To be Sung exactly as set.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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260s

***Original Size -- Medium-Size***

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261s

*Original Size -- Medium-Size*

# THE DOCTOR

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

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

"I showed myself prime Doctor to the country;
My ends attain'd, my only aim has been
To keep my place, and gild my humble name."—

(A laud laugh)

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

"My name's the Doctor; on the Berkshire hills," &c.

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

My name's THE DOCTOR; on the Berkshire hills
My father purged his patients—a wise man,
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his eldest son—myself—at home.
But I had heard of Politics, and long'd
To sit within the Commons' House, and get
A place, and luck gave what my sire denied.
Some thirteen years ago, or ere my fingers
Had learn'd to mix a potion, or to bleed,
*I flatterd Pitt: I cring'd, and sneak'd, and faun'd,*
And thus became the Speaker. I alone,
With pompous gait, and peruke full of wisdom,
Th' unruly members could control, or call The House to order.

Tir'd of the Chair, I sought a bolder flight,
And, grasping at his power, I struck my friend,
Who held that place which now I've made my own.
Proud of my triumph, I disdain'd to court
The patron hand which fed me—or to seem
Grateful to him who rais'd me into notice.

And, when the King had call'd his Parliament
With all my fam'ly crowding at my heels,
My brothers, cousins, followers and my son,
I show'd myself Prime Doctor to the country.
*My ends attain'd my only aim has been*
*To keep my place—and gild my humble name!*

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262s

## *Original Size -- Medium-Size*

## TO THE READER

THE AUTHOR OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, perceiving the multitude of attempts at Imitation and Imposture, occasioned by the unparalleled sale of that Jeu d'Esprit, injustice to the public and to himself, respect-fully states, that, induced by nearly forty years of the most confidential intimacy with Mr. HONE, and by the warmest friendship and affection for him and his family, he originally selected him for his publisher exclusively; that he has not suffered, nor will he suffer, a line of his writing to pass into the hands of any other Bookseller; and that his last, end owing to imperative claims upon his pen of a higher order, possibly his very last production in that way, will be found in The MAN IN THE MOON.

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## SALE EXTRAORDINARY

## FREEHOLD PUBLIC HOUSES;

Divided into Lots for the convenience of Purchasers.

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

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

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

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

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

May be viewed; and Particulars had as above.

UNIVERSITY LITERATURE—With Thirteen Cats, price is.

## THE FIFTY-SECOND EDITION OF THE POLITICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

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

(COPY.) London, Jan. 26, 1820.

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I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

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To Mr. WM. HONE, Ludgate-hill.

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A LETTER TO THE SOLICITOR GENERAL. By WILLIAM HONE.

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

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

The verdicts of my Juries require no other vindication than a faithful recital of the grounds on which they were founded. From the period at which those verdicts were pronounced, and with a view to that

vindication, I have been unremittingly employed in the collection and arrangement of rare and curious materials which the Solicitor-General's attack will induce me to extend to

## A COMPLETE HISTORY OF PARODY.

This History I purpose to bring out, very speedily, *with extensive graphic illustrations,* and I flatter myself it will answer the various purposes of satisfying the expectations of my numerous and respectable subscribers—of justifying my own motives in publishing the Parodies—of throwing a strong light upon the presumable motives of my prosecutors in singling me out from my Noble and Right Honorable Fellow Parodists—of holding up Trial by Jury to the increased love and veneration of the British People—and above all, of making every calumny upon the verdicts of three successive, honorable, and intelligent Juries recoil upon the slanderer, be he who he may, that dares to asperse them. W. HONE. Ludgate-Hill, March, 1820.

Printed by W. Hone, 45, Ludgate-Hill.

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Till now I never understood the reason of the policy and prurience of the Spaniards in suffering the Inquisition among them; and certainly it will never be well with ax till something like the Spanish Inquisition be in England.'—Recorder of London at the Old Bailey

THE "DAMNABLE ASSOCIATION;" on, THE INTERNAL INQUISITION OF BLACK FRIARS

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