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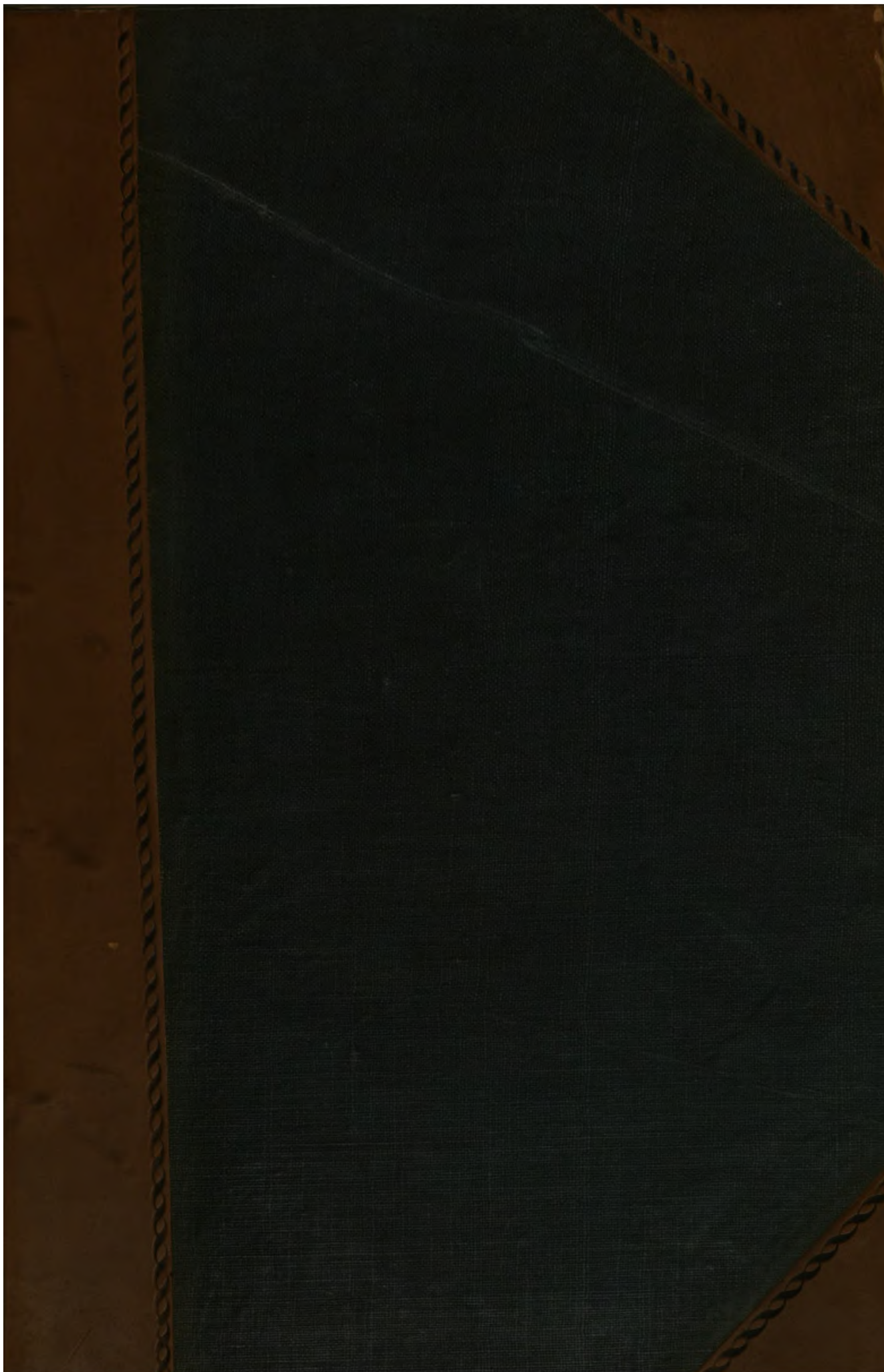
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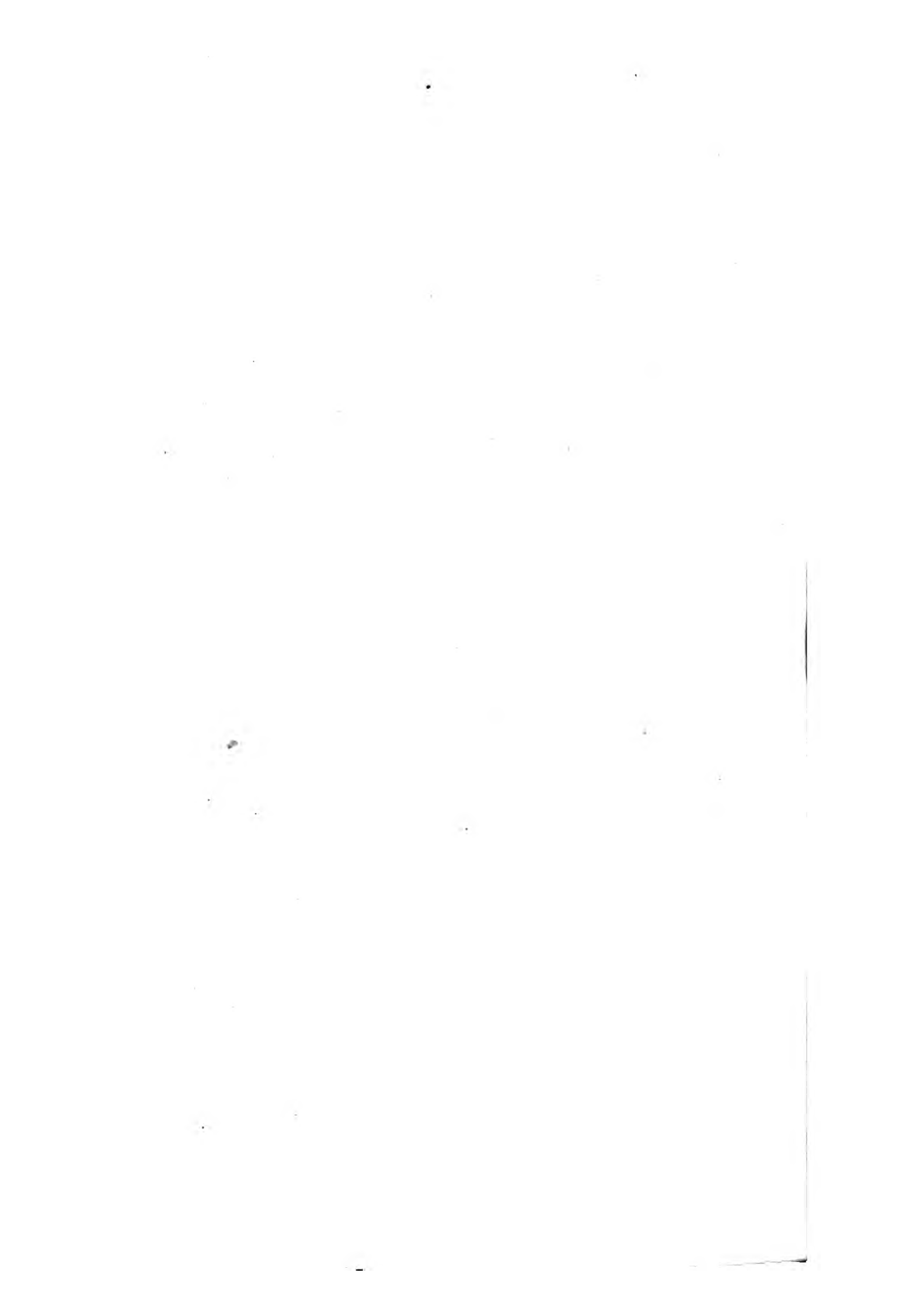












THE  
STATE LOTTERY,  
*A Dream.*

BY  
SAMUEL ROBERTS.



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ALSO,

THOUGHTS ON WHEELS,  
*A POEM.*

8° 2242. B.S.

BY  
JAMES MONTGOMERY,  
AUTHOR OF THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND, &c. &c.

“There is a Way which seemeth right unto a Man, but the End thereof are  
the Ways of Death.”—*Proverbs*, xiv. 12.

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London:  
PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES.  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1817.



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**BARNARD AND FAMILY**  
*Skinner-Street, Lond. W.C.*

## DEDICATION.

*To the Members of both Houses of Parliament  
of the United Kingdom.*



*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

**T**O no Man, to no Body of Men, can this Work be dedicated with such propriety, or such advantage, as to you. You and your Predecessors were the Authors and Upholders of those Measures, which have given birth to it. You are the human Agents, who can best cause its Appearance in the World to prove a Blessing to your Country.

If the Knowledge of *past* Events contributes to enlighten the human Understanding, and leads to wise Counsels and right Conduct, the Knowledge of *future* ones must assuredly do so, in at least an equal Degree.

Having obtained (by means which it is not necessary to disclose) the power of laying before you a Speech, which is to be delivered from the Throne in the year 1917, I think that I may with confidence rely, not only on its being useful and interesting to you, but also on its producing that Effect which I so ardently desire :—in Hope of which I have the Honour to be,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted

And grateful Servant,

**THE DREAMER.**

Park-Grange, near Sheffield,  
Oct. 1st, 1816.

HIS MAJESTY'S  
MOST GRACIOUS SPEECH,

TO BE DELIVERED TO

BOTH HOUSES

OF

**Parliament,**

ON THE OPENING OF THE SESSION, IN THE YEAR

1917.

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*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

AS your King, and the Father of my People, I meet you on this occasion with increased pleasure and satisfaction. Another year of Prosperity and Happiness, since we last met, has been added to the forty and nine which we had before enjoyed together in the same relationship. That year has contributed to evince still more strongly your filial affection and attachment to me, and, I trust, my parental solicitude and love for you, and for all my Subjects.

Several causes, at this time, contribute to demand a more than ordinary recurrence to the many advantages which we now enjoy, and the many errors and dangers which we have been enabled to avoid and escape. I have now for half a century been spared and permitted to reign over you, as a

Father amongst his Offspring, in uninterrupted Peace and increasing Prosperity. It is now a *full* Century since the Legislators of these Kingdoms evinced their conviction, that no iniquitous measure could contribute to the welfare of the State, by cancelling one of the foulest blots that ever stained the Records of any Government. From that Period we may, therefore, date *the true* Exaltation of these Kingdoms.

*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

It is with sincere pleasure I have to inform you that, owing to the Blessing of Divine Providence, manifested towards us in the continuance of universal Peace, many of the usual Taxes for the current year may be dispensed with. I shall leave the selection of these with confidence to your wisdom and discretion,—relying on your reserving such as will appear to you fully sufficient for the support of the National Credit, the Dignity of my Throne, and the Safety and Interests of my People.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

I think it right to enumerate some of the more striking circumstances, which, I am persuaded, have contributed to produce that high state of Prosperity which this Nation has now so long enjoyed. Such an enumeration will neither be unprofitable nor displeasing. It will fill our

minds with gratitude to that Almighty Being, who, we have learned to know, is not less the Disposer of the Hearts of Kings and the Counsels of Princes, than of those of private Individuals. This conviction, I feel assured, is the groundwork of all the peculiar advantages which we possess over our Ancestors, who lived more than a century ago. To have mentioned such a motive and belief in this Assembly at that time, might have been to encounter ridicule and contempt. No wonder that *then* the counsels of the wise came to nought, and that sedition, treason, tumult, and war, afflicted every nation in Europe; no wonder, that persecution for conscience sake, more or less, disgraced almost every country and every sect of professing Christians.

It is now upwards of a century since one of my predecessors on the throne of these kingdoms, whose virtues seem to entitle him to have fallen on better times, but whose disposition and abilities fitted him for the troublesome and unworthy ones in which he lived and reigned, fervently wished, that every poor child in his dominions might be enabled to read the Bible. His pious prayer has been heard: all the poor children in the land *can* now read it, and (thanks be to God, and his agent, the Bible Society), each of them has a Bible to read. Had the subjects of my pious ancestor been all like their King, many and great were the transgressions and the evils which they would have

escaped. Did not the annals of those times put it beyond a doubt, it would not now be credited, that even the *British and Foreign Bible Society* not only had its traducers and enemies, but that many of those traducers and enemies, were members of our now truly liberal and venerable religious establishment. Nay more—incredible as it may seem, some of them were not only *Ministers*, but *Dignitaries* of that now pure and holy Church.

After this, we shall scarcely be surprized at having it recalled to our minds, that the most atrocious of all traffics, the traffic in *Living Human Flesh*, had not then ceased to disgrace this country. It cannot, however, but excite astonishment, if not indignation, to reflect, that so lately as about that period, abettors and defenders of slavery, and the Slave Trade, dared to lift up their hands and their voices in this very assembly, in favour and vindication of that horrid practice. Such, however, though I shudder to declare it, was the *fact*. Could cruelty and oppression be carried farther than this? Few in our age will hesitate to answer, No; truth, however, compels *me* to answer, *Yes*. The circumstance now (thank God) is almost forgotten, but yet the times were, and were within the last century, when many of the poor children of this very country, this land of liberty, were taken and degraded, and oppressed below the rank and sufferings of slaves and brute beasts: when they were treated as inanimate, unfeeling machines, and

murdered, ay, murdered, I may say, without commiseration or compunction, by hundreds ;—when those innocent, helpless beings, whom the Saviour of the world loved and blessed, and declared that of *such* was the Kingdom of Heaven, were used to supply the place of brushes and bundles of wet rags, and forced up and down the sooty flues of chimnies ; sometimes even when they were on fire. This was done with no more regard to their sufferings, than if they had been so many of our sweeping machines. By this dreadful practice, thousands of them perished, without necessity, without advantage, and even without any one plausible pretext. It was, indeed, said, that chimnies could not be cleansed by any other means, though, till towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, *all* chimnies, in this country, had been swept by other means, even when it was much more difficult to accomplish the purpose ; and we have since experienced, that, from the moment it was decreed, that children should no longer be so abused, it was discovered, that the work could be much more readily and effectually performed, by the unobjectionable methods now practised. I have no hesitation in saying, that at least five thousand children have been rescued from destruction by the abolition of this mode of infanticide, during the last century. As the father of my people, I cannot but rejoice and be thankful for such a blessing, as well as for the happy change, which has



taken place in the sentiments and conduct of the legislators and the people in general of this kingdom. No one *now* puts his own fancied convenience in the scale against the lives of his fellow-creatures. No one now ridicules or disregards any suggestion which has the preservation of the lives and limbs of thousands for its object ;—nor would any one now, in such a cause, shrink from encountering and repelling the laughter of fools and buffoons.

Such, however, formerly were the mistaken and unhappy sentiments entertained on the subject of promoting national prosperity, that whatever had been long established, and seemed to have a tendency immediately to increase the revenue, was considered as an allowable and wise measure, though in its nature it was wicked, and in its remote consequences clearly prejudicial even to the resources of the country. *The endeavour to please God, or the fear of offending Him*, seldom entered into the calculation. He, therefore, suffered them to grope their way, and stumble on in the darkness, which they seemed to love, till his judgments overtook them, and continued sufferings amended them. Hence it was, that because the consumption of malt, and spirituous liquors, produced a considerable and immediate revenue to the State, the legislators acted as if they thought that the drinking of them could not be too much encouraged. They licensed and connived at every temptation, which

was thrown in the way of the lower classes; indeed, such temptations were thrown so successfully, that a great part of the population of the kingdom, instead of being sober, industrious, and honest labourers, (the best supporters of any State) became drunken, idle, and disorderly vagabonds, subsisting on the funds of the parish, or on the wages of sin and villainy.

From these causes, too, it was, that during more than one hundred years, this Legislative Assembly of a Christian State, sanctioned, and annually decreed, one of the vilest and most abominable measures, that ever dishonoured the annals of the world. For the sake of a little present profit, British Legislators held out lures, which they knew could not be resisted, and then punished the unfortunate culprits for being guilty of crimes which they themselves had tempted them to commit; hereby acting the part, and supporting the cause, of the great enemy of mankind. Few of you, I presume, will be at a loss to understand that I am now alluding to what was called (to the disgrace of the State) the STATE LOTTERY. When the two Houses of Parliament were literally gambling houses, in which schemes for inveigling the people to play at hazard, were seriously and coolly devised, canvassed, and adopted, year after year, and every year, for more than a century, could any true Christian, could any human being, expect the country, over which they presided, to prosper?

Yet this was done, incredible as it may now appear, in this kingdom for several generations ; nay, more, as if to set all decorum, all fear of God, all regard for man, at defiance ; as if ambitious of attaining the highest point to which effrontery and absurdity could aspire ; the children, whom poverty and affliction had thrown on the care and protection of the public, to be trained in habits of sobriety, industry, and piety ; these were selected as the instruments by which this open abomination was to be practised.

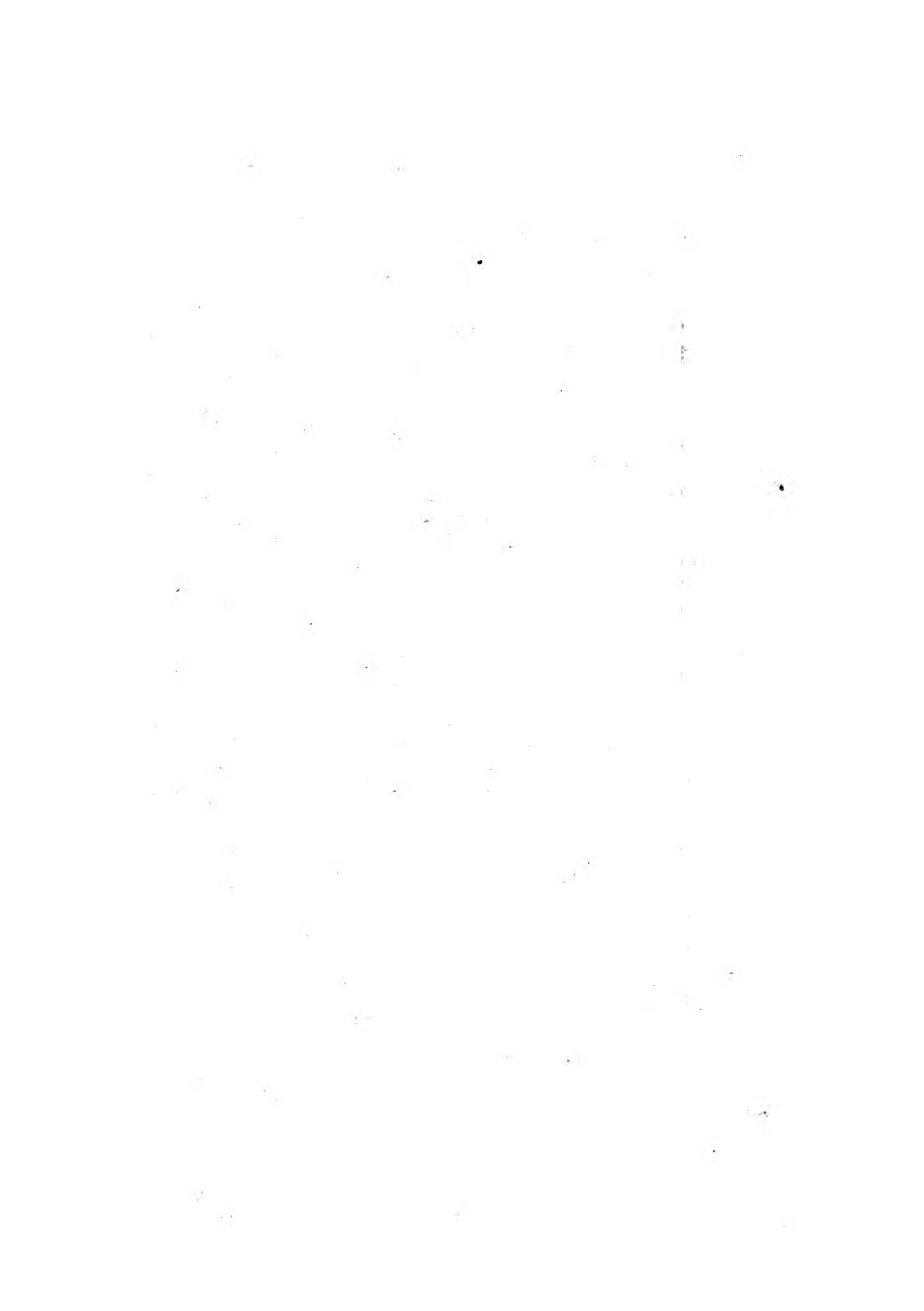
A recurrence to the history of the times, and to Parliamentary Records, will unhappily confirm this statement. Nay, those proceedings will shew, that even Prime Ministers of this Christian State did not shrink from standing up amongst the assembled Delegates of a Christian People, to palliate and support the evil. The only plea, however, which they, or any other of its advocates, could ever urge in its favour, was *its necessity*, as if the God of all purity and might had not left his people a way to escape from committing iniquity. The very first attempt to do without it, at once fully disproved the often advanced pretext. It did more : it proved that the same revenue could be raised, not only without corrupting the people, but with beneficial influence on the morals of every class, and, at the same time, exempting the poorer from bearing any material part of the burden. This was effected, as you well know, by the additional

*Sunday Toll* on all the public roads in the kingdom ; a tax, the beneficial effects of which have been so long felt, and are now so universally acknowledged, that though we have been enabled, through the favour of Divine Providence, to remove from the people many of the burdens of taxation, it is still thought, and I trust it will long be thought, advisable to continue this ; not so much as a source of revenue (for it has happily almost ceased to be such), but as a preventive of immorality.

Owing to our peculiar circumstances, and for the reasons which I first mentioned, I have thought it right, at this time, to revert to the dreadful misconduct of our predecessors ; yet I have not done this with any desire to rouse your indignation against their memory. Many excuses may be urged in extenuation of their folly : they lived in times of comparative darkness, and they had to contend with many strong and long-established baneful prejudices and practices. Perhaps, on the whole, they may have been more to be pitied than blamed. There were men amongst them, I verily believe, who, had they possessed our advantages, would have thought and acted very differently from what they did. The great fault lay in the depravity, irreligion, and immorality of the mass of the people themselves. Had the people been *then* what they are *now*, they would not have selected their representatives, without paying some regard

to their religious characters. They would not have been brawlers for liberty, and at the same time tyrannical promoters of anarchy and licentiousness. They would not have idolized, as they too often did, him who would stoop the lowest to flatter their vanity, their prejudices, and their vices; who would most feed their appetites and their evil propensities, and bribe them the highest to betray the trust which their country had reposed in them. The representatives, whom they would then have returned, would not have been, as they too frequently were, more eager to misrepresent and traduce the character and conduct of their opponents in office, than to set them a better example. Nor would they have been more anxious to obtain places and emoluments, than to serve their country from pure and disinterested motives.

Those were, indeed, sad times ! times greatly to be lamented : they, however, call upon *us* only for redoubled exertions, and for higher and stronger proofs of gratitude and thankfulness. We can look back upon them with the same sensations that the traveller feels, when he turns round and beholds the dreadful dangers, which he himself has escaped, but in which his companions have perished.





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THE  
STATE LOTTERY,  
A Dream.

PART I.

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“ Let no man put a stumbling-block, or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.”  
*Romans, XIV. 13.*

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HOUSE OF COMMONS.

**I**T is now some time since circumstances of a very distressing nature, arising from extensive speculations in the STATE LOTTERY, caused me seriously to reflect on the nature and effects of that extraordinary anomaly in the jurisprudence of this kingdom. So strong was the impression left by those reflections upon my mind, that sleep itself could not banish the painful subject. The dream which I am going to relate was the consequence.

I imagined myself seated, and very closely wedged in, amongst a great many others, in the gallery of the House of Commons. I had never been there but once, and that many years before. I had, however, a perfect recollection of the place again; but all the benches were so crowded with



members (some of them having wigs and black gowns), that I conceived there must be some deviation from the regular practice of the House. Much wishing to know the cause of the alteration, and the nature of the business, I looked at my neighbours on either side, to see which had the most promising countenance. I had no difficulty in fixing on a person on my left hand. I addressed him with a request to be informed what business was before the House, and what was the reason of so many persons being there, who, I thought, were not members. He looked at me for a moment hesitatingly. I conclude that my countenance assured him that my ignorance was not assumed; for, with a smile of complacency, he informed me, that the business now coming on was of so extraordinary a nature, as not only to have required a Call of the House, but also to have induced *both* Houses to join upon the occasion, and that most of those whom I had noticed in wigs and black gowns, were the bishops. The customary modes of raising the supplies, he said, having proved insufficient, a plan had been proposed of resorting, for that purpose, to some less regular and less justifiable method of increasing the revenue. What was intended to be submitted to the consideration of the House, or rather Houses, was to grant to the highest bidder, or bidders, the privilege of retailing leave to transgress the established laws of the realm, in some way or other, during one year. For instance, for keeping public or State Brothels, for licensing State Highwaymen, State House-breakers, or even State Murderers; for establishing State Gambling-houses, for granting State Indulgencies, for lying and perjury, or any other privileges of a similar nature.

The Speaker having now taken the chair, order was with some difficulty established, the House being so full that some members were obliged to stand upon the floor. I observed,

that the Bishops all sat on the right side of the House. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who likewise sat there, now opened the business, by rising and stating the impossibility of raising the supplies by any regular and unobjectionable mode of taxation, and the fair prospect which some one of those that have been already mentioned, afforded, of meeting the deficiency without oppressing any body, as it would in every case be a voluntary act of those who chose to contribute. The right honourable gentleman acknowledged, that it would be a direct infringement of many of the established laws, for the violation of which severe punishments were appointed; but he urged that the *makers* of laws had certainly the power of granting dispensations for their violation and infringement. He fully admitted, that any of these plans would be more or less iniquitous, but, he affirmed, that it should be the care of his Majesty's Ministers to render them as *little* so as was consistent with the necessary increase of the revenue. These trifling irregularities, he thought, might be permitted when it was considered, how many advantages would result from the plan. It would not only be a voluntary tax, but it would be collected with little or no expense; you had only to hold out the privilege (which cost nothing) with one hand, and to receive the money for it with the other. It would, moreover, he affirmed, be a means of affording an honest livelihood to many of his Majesty's liege subjects, who were now, from the difficulties of the times, in great want of it.

After a very long, and to me a very convincing speech, he concluded by moving, that the several candidates should be admitted to make their proposals.

During the whole of the time of the Chancellor's speaking, it appeared to me, as if the members who sat on the right side of the House heard a different speech from what those

did who sat on the left side. The first applauded every thing that was said, and appeared to be fully convinced of the propriety of the measures proposed, whilst the latter sneered at, ridiculed, and condemned the whole. On my mentioning this to my neighbour, he smiled, and told me that I was in some degree right; that from a peculiarity in the construction of the House, what was spoken from one side always sounded like nonsense to those on the other; though to those seated on the side on which the person speaking stood, it sounded like the most incontrovertible truth. On this account, he said, it was found necessary for the chair of the Speaker, who was expected to be impartial, to be placed in the middle of the room.

Another circumstance, which had puzzled me a good deal when I was before in the House, was, that I thought the members seated on the right side were distinguished by the Speaker as the *Eyes*, and those on the left side, as the *Nose*; for when any question was put by him, which was decided in favour of those on the right, he said the *Eyes* had it; when, on the contrary, it was decided in favour of those on the left side, he said the *Nose* had it. This had puzzled me, as I said, exceedingly. I therefore embraced this opportunity of having the difficulty solved, by consulting my friend; he laughed outright, but at length observed, that it was because the right side could so distinctly perceive whatever was for their own advantage, and because those on the left side were so quick at smelling a rat. This explanation cleared up the mystery.

Though the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer appeared to me unanswerable, it did not, as I have already intimated, seem so to the members of the House, who sat on the opposite side. Several of these in turns combated his

arguments. They shewed not only the cruelty, the folly, and the wickedness of the measure, but they also stated its impolicy in such strong and clear terms, that they fully succeeded in proving to me, that the proposers were either fools or knaves. Again, however, the Chancellor of the Exchequer got up, and answered every one of their objections, explaining not only the nature of the case, but the motives which actuated his opponents, till I was once more brought to a belief that the *Eyes* had greatly the advantage of the *Nose*; and so it proved, for on the question being put, the Speaker declared without hesitation that the *Eyes* had it.

Orders were now given to admit the several candidates, but only one set at a time. The bidders for *the privilege of committing depredations*, and if necessity required it, *murder*, were the first who were summoned to the bar, because some of them were brought from Newgate under the charge of their keepers, and it was desirable to get them back in safety as soon as possible. On the door being opened to usher them in, the most horrid noise and confusion that can be imagined ensued. Many more, it appeared, had assembled than the floor of the House could possibly contain. A very violent effort was therefore made by all of the gang to gain admission. Such was the uproar caused by vociferations and the most shocking oaths, the clashing of sticks and staves, the clanking of irons, and in one or two instances the firing of pistols, that the stoutest and most resolute of the Members of the House were appalled and started from their seats. The Speaker, however, preserved his composure and gravity. He called out to close the door instantly, which was at length effected. Those that had succeeded in gaining admission, nevertheless absolutely crowded the whole House, many of them being obliged to stand amongst the Members. Never, I am persuaded, did that House at any time, not even

during the Commonwealth, exhibit such an assemblage of villainous countenances. Neither the Minister's friends nor his opponents appeared to be on "beds of roses," or, if they were, those who had made the beds had forgotten to pick out the thorns, for on something of that kind they were all evidently sitting or standing. The fears of the Members were not in reality void of foundation, for, from the gallery we could perceive the watches of several of them changing owners, and the pockets of many others dangling on the outside. As, however, no one in the gallery is permitted, on any account, to speak aloud, we had no means of conveying information. Indeed, the transfer was generally made with such secrecy and adroitness, that we could not distinguish the operator.

The confusion, at length, becoming somewhat less, it was inquired, what proposals any of them had to make? It soon, however, appeared, that there was no prospect of concluding any advantageous bargains with them; for though they offered immense sums, yet they only proposed paying the money as they acquired it by the exercise of the privilege which they were endeavouring to obtain. In fact, they proposed paying the sellers literally in their own coin.

It was hinted, that certain great monied men had had some thoughts of being contractors, but the obstacle which stood in the way (*viz.* the difficulty of obtaining repayment) was so embarrassing, as to have deterred them from venturing on making proposals. Under these circumstances, it was plain, that no good could be done with these honest gentlemen, and that therefore the wisest way was to get rid of them as quietly and quickly as might be. Accordingly they were desired by the Speaker, to withdraw through the door behind his chair. Being unaccustomed and unwilling to retire empty handed,

the rogues, with one consent, made a grand push towards the door, as if for the purpose of getting out first, but in fact to *kick up a row*. For a few minutes all was indescribable tumult; and, in a few more, all was profound silence. A scene of the most ludicrous consternation ensued. There was scarcely a member, who had come in contact with any of the fraternity, but had lost something. The doleful looks of those who had been robbed, with the merry ones of those who at first thought they had escaped, were truly diverting to us spectators. This effect was not a little heightened by seeing the jocund faces of many suddenly transformed into dismal ones, on finding out that they had not been so fortunate as they had at first imagined.

Something like order being at length obtained, it was discovered that the massive silver-gilt mace was missing. This caused great alarm, for without the mace the House could do nothing; in fact, it ceased to be a House. Great inquiry and strict search were, therefore, immediately made for it, but all without effect. At length, it was resolved to offer a very great reward for its restoration, and a promise that no question should be asked, the money to be delivered with one hand, and the mace received with the other. This offer soon recovered it, and the House, when it was again brought in, and deposited in its place with the usual ceremonies, resumed the business of the day.

The Speaker now inquired if the lobby of the House was cleared of the remainder of those honest gentlemen, who had not been able to gain admittance? On learning that it was, he gave orders for the doors to be thrown open for the admission of the candidates for *the privilege of lying and perjury*. This being done, all remained silent; not a person appeared. "What!" the Speaker at length called out,

“are there no candidates for a privilege in such general demand?” The door-keeper answered, “No, Sir; there have been very great numbers, but, after a long consultation, they unanimously concluded, that it would be folly to purchase leave for doing that, which they could do whenever they pleased for nothing, and at very little risk. They, however, desired me to say, that they would all very shortly be back again, and make grand proposals; but this, Sir, though not *perjury*, is, I well know, a *great lie*.”

The Speaker smiled, and asked, if there were any other candidates, and which class were the first? The answer was, that a great multitude of ladies, candidates for those privileges enjoyed gratuitously by the ladies of France and other countries on the continent, were in waiting. As it did not accord, either with the practice of the House, or the habits or disposition of the members, to keep the ladies waiting, orders were given that by all means they should have the precedency; and the Speaker, with a smile of gallantry, directed the doors to be immediately thrown open, as wide as possible. Never surely was an order of that House so quickly and so heartily repented of. Never, perhaps, was such a scene of riot witnessed in any creditable place, certainly not in the House of Parliament of Great Britain. The terrific entrance of the nimble fingered gentlemen was nothing compared to that of these nimble-tongued, nimble-footed ladies, whose hands, and feet, and tongues were all at once employed in cuffing, kicking, scratching, tearing, and scolding, in language not one whit more refined or decent than that of their predecessors. The key was changed, but the harmony was the same. Hats, veils, ridicules, with trinkets and other ornaments and parts of dress, flew about in all directions, till the fair visitors (who, when they entered, had no superabundance of covering), were some of them reduced

almost to the first state of their grandmother Eve. I mean only so far as related to their being naked, and not ashamed, —not to their innocence.

If the members of the House were robbed by the gentlemen, they appeared likely to be gainers in an equal degree, by the spoils of the ladies. In vain the Speaker strained his lungs in bawling out to shut the door;—no one heard him. In vain would he have been heard, for it was out of the power of man to obey him. The ladies were determined to come in, and in they came, till every inch of space was occupied. As many of the elderly members as could, made their way up to those side galleries, into which the younger members, during long debates, are accustomed to retire to sleep, stretched at their length upon the benches. In that safe and peaceful retirement, alas! the old gentlemen, on this occasion, could find neither peace nor safety. Even to this retreat the ladies followed them. They were, in fact, like the plague of locusts, mentioned in Scripture, present every where. Nor did the Right Reverend the Bishops themselves escape; on the contrary, the invaders seemed to take a wicked pleasure in particularly tormenting the large-wigged gentlemen, each of whom had, *much against his inclination*, got one damsel at least upon his knees, caressing and kissing him. Three of the younger mad-caps had laid violent hands upon the Speaker; when, on stripping off his full-bottomed wig, they were surprised and enchanted to find the venerable gentleman transformed into a sprightly middle-aged man, with a handsome head of hair. In good-humoured revenge for the trick thus put upon them, they set to work to disguise him another way, and dressed him up, in spite of his struggling, in such stray habiliments belonging to themselves and their companions, as first came to hand, till they had, to the



#### HAPPY RELEASE.

astonishment of every body, metamorphosed him from an *old man* into an *old woman*.

The House was, by this time, fully convinced, that any attempt to transact business, with the ladies, was totally out of the question. The only thing, therefore, which now occupied the minds of the members, was, how to get quit of them again. This was a subject which puzzled even the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as much to the full as how to raise the supplies. In fact, the case seemed hopeless, till one of the younger members, of Herculean figure, and Stentorian lungs, mounted upon the steps behind the chair of the Speaker, and in a tone which shook the building, commanded, and for a moment obtained, SILENCE. Taking advantage of that interval of surprise, he continued, "*Ladies! Ladies!* those amongst you, who are desirous of becoming bidders for this inestimable privilege, are required, in the first place, to retire into the room behind me, for the purpose of putting on the scarlet velvet robes, which——" In an instant the shrill uproar became greater than ever. The ladies, one and all, absolutely screaming with rapturous delight, and rushing with inconceivable and irresistible violence towards the door; at the same time, in mere wantonness and playfulness, snatching at any thing which they could carry off with them. Scarcely a hat remained on the heads of any of the gentlemen; and every one of the bishops had lost both hat and wig, the place of which he was fain to supply with the bonnets which the ladies left behind them, or by tying his handkerchief over his bald head—a poor substitute for those venerable ornaments which contribute so much to their right reverend and orthodox appearance. When those ladies who had fallen down in the scuffle, had been helped up, and the House was, at length, happily cleared of the whole bevy, the

Speaker resumed the chair, and, as far as he could, his old habiliments.

Several members now proposed, that the House should adjourn, as there seemed no probability of any beneficial results arising from admitting, on that day, any other candidates for licentiousness.

On inquiry, however, being made of the doorkeeper, he stated that there were only about twenty gentlemen remaining, all of whom he knew to be men of large property. They were come, he said, for the purpose of inducing the House to consent to the establishment of a NATIONAL LOTTERY. On this information the bidders were immediately admitted. The terms, which they proposed, appeared to be so advantageous, that the House soon came to the resolution of accepting them. A bargain was consequently made, whereby the revenue should be increased upwards of two hundred thousand pounds, and the contractors hoped to be benefited fully as much. It was agreed, that the new scheme should be called, the *STATE Lottery*; and that every encouragement, in the power of government to bestow, should be afforded to promote the success of so useful and laudable an undertaking. How this could best be done, the House left the contractors themselves to determine, for which purpose it was resolved to break up, in order that the latter might remain to consult and deliberate.

When the House was cleared of the members, and the doors were closed, one of the Contractors was called upon to take the chair. Having complied, he proceeded to open the business, by stating the importance of the undertaking in which they were embarked, and the duty which was imposed upon them, of taking such measures as should secure success.

Two things, he told them, were particularly essential, first, to proceed with unanimity; and, secondly, to proceed with spirit: to let no individual interest clash with that of the whole; and to spare neither thought, trouble, nor expense, in the prosecution of it. With these requisites, he asserted, that it was next to impossible to miscarry. They would have all the fools and all the knaves in the kingdom in their favour, classes too numerous and far too powerful, he asserted, not to enrich them enormously. The affluent and the necessitous would alike promote the plan; the first from possessing, and the latter from wanting to possess, superabundance. As ignorance and knavery would be their best friends, to encourage these, he said, would be both their interest and their duty. Even the more wary and circumspect would be lulled and thrown off their guard by the Lottery possessing the full sanction of government. The very name of STATE LOTTERY was itself an irresistible and invaluable recommendation.

He by all means advised the Contractors to attempt (though he owned that, at first sight, it looked like temerity) to obtain leave for the children, whom the *State* had undertaken to educate, to be employed as instruments in the execution of the mighty plan. "Effect this," cried the Chairman, with enthusiasm, "and what may you not eventually expect? Let the rising generation be brought up to the love and practice of gambling, and prejudice itself cannot prevail against us. This," added he, in a lower tone, "in spite of your incredulous smiles, I do not despair of seeing some day accomplished."

The grand object, he further stated, ought to be to make a strong impression on the minds of children and servants, and not only raise a desire in them to try their fortune in the

Lottery, but to give them hints, which could not be misunderstood, how to obtain the means of gratifying those desires. No lessons, he shrewdly maintained, were so easily comprehended, or took such lasting possession of the fancy and the heart, as visible representations, or pictures. With *Lottery pictures* children had been long familiar and long delighted; it only remained to supersede these common Lottery pictures, by STATE *Lottery pictures*, adapted to the several capacities and inclinations of children and servants, of both sexes. The subjects no one would be at a loss to conceive.

Another class, the orator observed, from whom they might confidently hope for the greatest support, would be men of desperate fortune, tradesmen principally, who, being involved in difficulties, from which they had no chance of extricating themselves, by any honest efforts of their own, would be glad of the chance afforded them by this means, of escaping a prison, by only risking the property of others, which they must soon be obliged to give up. To secure so important a class of customers, it would only be necessary to inveigle their attention to the subject. For this purpose he would recommend, that no expense should be spared. He would have the STATE LOTTERY occupy the most conspicuous station in every public newspaper, and every periodical publication, in the kingdom, as well as on all the walls in every town. He would not permit a man to walk the streets, or sit down in a library, or a news room, without having the STATE LOTTERY continually before his eyes. Nobody, he asserted, was at all times proof against temptation; therefore, if all men were, at all times, assailed by it, all might be expected, at one time or other, to be caught.

The metropolis, he continued, was of itself a mart sufficient to support an undertaking of this description and mag-

nitude ; and, as their scheme stood on such high ground, sanctioned by the Legislature, and designated the *Lottery of the STATE*, he felt disposed to make one other bold, but he trusted not desperate, attempt to gain still further official sanction and support. He would have the chief civic Magistrate solicited to afford it *his* sanction, and the sanction of the *great city* over which he presided. If this point were gained, he would not only solicit permission to draw the tickets within the city itself, but even within the *Public Hall* of that city ; beneath that roof, under which the pure Judges of the land sat to administer impartial justice, and in a room hung round with representations of the great, the wise, and the good of many past generations.

Here the speculative gentleman paused, I suppose in expectation of being applauded ; but no applause followed. The whole party were astounded : they seemed not to know what to think. Whether the orator was a visionary or a madman appeared uncertain ; his being in his sober senses was out of the question. During this state of suspense I awoke.

## PART II.

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A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.—*Prov. xxvi. 3.*

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### MYSTERIOUS MACHINES.

**T**HE Dream, which has already been related, added to the circumstances before alluded to, made such an impression upon my mind, that during the whole of the day following I was not able to get rid of the subject. Night returned, and I again retired to rest, but had no sooner fallen asleep, than my imagination presented the following scene: what reference it had to the State Lottery, my readers will be the better able to determine, when they have read it through.

I found myself in the midst of a very great crowd in the Strand, at the entrance to Somerset House, wondering much what was to be done, I looked about me on every hand. Over the heads of the multitude, I perceived two huge machines, which men were placing singly upon carriages, each of them drawn by four horses. To these the eyes of all were directed. They seemed to be large, broad, hollow wheels, apparently made of metal, with a hole in the side, wide enough for a person to put his arm in. On the carriages, surrounding the machines, stood a number of healthy, innocent-looking boys, dressed in the uniform of that noble, national establishment, for the education of the children of the poor, in learning, and habits of virtue, and piety—*CHRIST'S Hospital*. On either hand, they were escorted by a troop

of Dragoon Guards, men whose services are too expensive to the state, to be thrown away on any trivial or improper occasion.

What was the object of the procession which now moved eastward, or what was the use of the large machines, I endeavoured, for some time, in vain to learn, by inquiries amongst the spectators. One person remarked, with great simplicity, that from seeing them attended by the children of the public schools, he was convinced, that the machines were to be used in some new System of Education, in opposition to that of JOSEPH LANCASTER. Of this new system he had no doubt that *Religion* was to form the basis, because the exclusion of *that* from the Lancastrian system, in which the *Bible alone* was used, had been long complained of. He had heard that such a thing was in contemplation to be effected by mechanical means, and that it was to be called the *State System of Education*.

The next affirmed, that he was well informed, that the Commander in Chief had found his delicacy so much hurt by the debauched and licentious lives, led by the *common* soldiers (who, of all men, ought to be the most continent and sober), that he had long meditated some effectual way of reforming them. He had, therefore, no doubt, but that this was a method devised of teaching them, by machinery, to be chaste and virtuous. On the soldiers then present, he thought, that the experiment was to be made, and that they were going for that purpose, with these purifying machines, to the Blue Coat School, where they were probably to be instructed in the way of using them by the boys.

A young man, who had noticed my inquisitiveness, now stepped up to me, and, with the air of a familiar acquaint-

ance, told me, that he could explain all about the mysterious machines, which he saw had attracted my attention. I bowed, and told him that he would much oblige me by the information, as I was certainly a good deal puzzled with them, and the contradictory conjectures of their intended use.

My new acquaintance appeared himself something of a curiosity. He could not be more than two-and-twenty years of age. His features were naturally good, but a kind of studied unmeaningness was spread over them, which was preserved even when speaking. He was dressed in a short drab-coloured coat, meeting before to the bottom, and cut straight round, a little above the knees. A pair of wide nankeen trowsers almost hid his shoes—a small hat was put on, in a careless way, a little on one side. His chin was hid in his neckcloth, while a stiff shirt collar covered his ears. He held a short thick stick, crooked every way, under his arm. In fine, he was in appearance a finished *Blood*. I was the more surprised to find something of shrewdness and even of common sense, adhering to the creature, as I never before had met with any thing of the kind about any one of his species. I therefore suspect, in spite of his exterior, that he was not quite true bred, but was something of a mongrel. However that may be, he proceeded to inform me that the *Brute Beasts* who had formed themselves into a Society for the suppression of *Vice*, as they called it, were come to a resolution of being very active, and, particularly, that they were determined to suppress entirely all *Sunday News-papers*. “I wonder,” continued he, “what the Hottentots would be at. If they really cared any thing about Sunday themselves, it would be something to be urged by way of excuse, but the truth is, their own practice shews that they only wish to restrain others on that day, and keep themselves free. They look so sharp



after us, that we are neither to read a news-paper, nor take a walk into the country, while they have regularly had the Sunday news-paper on the breakfast table, and harass their servants (instead of permitting them to rest on the Sabbath Day from all their labours) with cleaning their shoes and boots, brushing their clothes, dressing their hair, washing their carriages, rubbing and harnessing their horses, and mustering a splendid equipage, all perhaps to take the gentleman and his lady fifty yards from their own door, to church. There, whilst the pious couple, with deep humility, perform their devotions, the lacqueys are sent back with the carriage to give Mrs. Mary and the lapdog an airing, till it is time to go again, and wait at the church door for the conclusion of the service. They then take their rounds of the Parks till dinner time. Meanwhile, in cooking the dinner, and making preparations for it, all the other servants have been fully employed. In the evening the equipage is again ordered out, perhaps to take these Vice-Suppressors to a *private* concert, at which two hundred people are present, where *Sacred* Music is performed, consisting of pretty little tender songs and airs by hired Opera singers. Now really, Sir, don't you think that these gentry should say little on the subject of Sabbath-breaking? Had the commandment said, 'neither thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, thy horses, nor the stranger that is without thy gates, shall take any rest,' they might have shewn a good face on the occasion. As it is, I think that they should at least let the little *retail* Sabbath-breakers alone.

" But I beg your pardon, Sir; you will conclude, that I have forgotten the machines altogether. That, however, is not the case; they are intimately connected with the subject. They are *patent printing-presses*, and are going to be employed by Government in the printing, on their own account, all the *Sunday papers*.

“ Though these *vice-suppressing* gentlemen are very sagacious, they will find that they have not monopolized all the cunning in the world. Our law-makers are not quite without some of it, for they never make laws without leaving a bit of a crack, through which they can themselves on proper occasions creep. For instance, in the statute against Sabbath-breaking, it only imposes a penalty on those who exercise their ‘*ordinary calling*’ on that day. Now printing cannot be called the *ordinary calling* of the government: *they* may therefore print on that day as much as they please with impunity. Neither is composing or working the press the *ordinary calling* of either the *Charity Children* or soldiers; both those classes may, therefore, very safely be occupied in those offices on a Sunday, as they are now very properly going to be. Green grocers, milk, and mackerel sellers, pastry-cooks, and many others, who are permitted to keep open shop on the Sabbath day, cannot possibly be said to be exercising their *ordinary calling* when selling Sunday news-papers; all of these, therefore, may sell them without hazard. So you see pretty plainly, Sir, that these vice and immorality gentlemen will, after all their vapouring, be baulked of their object.

“ Now, Sir, would it not be both a sin and a shame, that in these times, when so much money is wanted by Government, and so much employment by the people, this abundant source of both should be stopped up to please a set of aristocratical tyrants, who would let nobody break the Sabbath but themselves? Why, Sir, it was only last Sunday, that happening, by the merest chance in the world to get into a little bit of a *row* in the street with some girls, who would not let me alone, I was snapped up by two fellows, employed by these Gog-magogs, and never knew at all where I was till Monday morning, when a few kind-hearted rays of the rising sun

forced their way through the bars of a grated window to awaken and warm me.—Ha! Tom! what art thou got out again? Well, my dear Sir, you'll excuse me—We'll rumple the old curmudgeons yet—Good morning, Sir, good morning.” My gay acquaintance now left me, with a loud shout to his companion Tom.

The Cavalcade had by this time got to Temple Bar. It was there interrupted, the gates being shut. As we were waiting, I observed a portly good-looking man, remarkably neatly dressed in black, come out of Childe's banking-house, who finding that he could not get into the Strand for the crowd, stopped by the side of the Bar, till the procession should move forwards. His black silk apron, and hat looped up on two sides, bespoke him a Dignified Clergyman. His attention was soon engrossed by the machines, and their attendants, and I could easily perceive by the significant smile which lighted up his countenance that they were not quite strange to him. I therefore ventured to ask him, as I was not well satisfied with the explanations which I had hitherto heard, if he could inform me what they were. His Reverence surveyed me for a moment with grave attention, and then politely answered that he could, and would with pleasure.

He proceeded—“It is not necessary, Sir, to inform you of the alarming progress which the *British and Foreign Bible Society* is making. You are, Sir, I presume, of the Establishment?” I bowed. “Then, Sir, I should think that this modern gigantic innovation must make you tremble for the safety of that Church of which you are a member. Of this I should have been *sure*, had not the painful and unaccountable conduct of thousands in that Church, many of them Dignified Members of it, compelled me to doubt.—

However that may be, Sir, my sense of duty impels me to declare my sentiments upon the subject. They may serve either to confirm or to convince.

“ Sir, we are not contented to tolerate dissenters, but we must encourage and countenance them as far as lies in our power—nay even join with them in endeavours to disseminate their erroneous opinions! We not only lead the vulgar to believe, that a Dissenting Minister can expound the Scriptures, as clearly and soundly as the Established Clergy, but we tell them that all human exposition is unnecessary, that learning is not only non-essential, but dangerous and obstructive. The consequence of such proceedings, it is not difficult to foresee. We shall soon have almost as many different opinions on religious subjects as there are readers of the Bible, not only beyond, but within the pale of our own Church. Sir, it was high time, not merely to look about us, but to bestir ourselves. In those machines, which we call *Oracles*, you see the proposed remedy. The Holy Scriptures in their true reading are contained therein—they are not to be come at; but, through those openings in the sides, which are to be fitted with coloured lenses, the reader may peruse them beautifully tinged, and without hazard of misunderstanding them. These *Oracles* are to be sent to every Parish Church, and are to be considered as the only true expositions of the Word of God. Here at once is, from authority, a source of uniformity, without which the Church would soon be divided against itself and fall.”

I acknowledged the ingenuity of the invention, but ventured respectfully to intimate, that as I believed it was generally acknowledged that the Scriptures were written by inspiration of God, and were in an especial manner intended for the instruction of the poor and illiterate, there could be no

danger that any person, who read them with a sincere desire of profiting, should misapprehend them to his detriment. I further conceived, that as our Reformed Church was founded solely on those Scriptures, no dissemination of them, however general, could possibly injure her cause. Here my informant, I thought, cast on me a look of suspicion, if not of contempt. "Sir," he replied, in a much more elevated tone, "*our Church is founded upon a ROCK*; it does not, however, therefore follow, that her safety cannot be endangered by her being overwhelmed with *Rocks*." This unexpected turn and bold assertion rather confused and disconcerted me. With downcast eyes I ruminated a moment for a reply, but when I looked up again, my new acquaintance was gone.

While I was standing, I suppose, with a wild stare of astonishment, I was accosted by a middle-aged man, with a good deal of the air and complexion of a mariner, who had seen much service. "The Doctor, Sir," he began, "has taken a wrong text. He just knows as much about these Cases as my boatswain does about a sermon. I heard enough of what he said to you, to find that he has been putting you upon a wrong tack. If you are desirous of comprehending the nature and destination of the vessels, I'll tell you all about them; for we seem either to be becalmed or to have come to an anchor. I don't exactly know our reckoning, but I'm sure we are not got into port yet. Sir, these Thingumbobs, which have set so many folks agog, are neither more nor less than *Packing Cases*. I have been engaged, Sir, one way or other, in the trade between Africa and the West Indian Islands, upwards of thirty years. I am, however, no advocate for the *Slave Trade*; on the contrary I hate the very name of it. I have reason enough to do so, for I have not lost less than eight thousand pounds in it. When I was a young man, I made two voyages as supercargo and prin-

cipal owner of a vessel in the slave-carrying, and on each trip I lost full four thousand pounds. This you will allow was enough to sicken any man of the trade.

“ The first voyage, when I had got one of the most promising cargoes that ever left the coast, we encountered on the passage, when almost within sight of port, a most tremendous tempest. The brutes in the hold became outrageous, and at length about fifty of them (though we poured grape-shot in amongst them) succeeded in gaining the deck. We, however, got the hatches closed, and then we presently cleared the deck, either by killing the mutinous scoundrels, or driving them headlong into the sea, which now ran mountains high. For three days we weathered the storm; at length all hopes of saving the vessel forsook us, and we resolved to trust ourselves in the long boat, since it was evident that the ship must go down in a few minutes. Most of the slaves we understood were dead; to have let out the rest would have been inevitable destruction to ourselves, without any chance of saving them for the market. We therefore were compelled to leave them shut up, and in three minutes after we left the vessel we saw her, with all her live and dead stock on board, go down to the bottom. Happily we reached the island of Barbadoes in safety.

“ On the second voyage I was determined to make up for the loss sustained by the first. I was then, as I said, a young man, with little experience. My vessel was only calculated to carry three hundred slaves, but I resolved to take four hundred. By dint of good packing, I at length got them stowed; the voyage was a tedious one. By the time we had performed half of it, disease had made such dreadful havoc amongst the cargo of slaves, that I had not two hundred left alive out of the four. One half of the remainder died before

they could be sold, and the rest fetched so little, owing to their diseased and reduced state, that I was nearly on the whole as great a loser by this voyage as by the former one\*.

“ I had now lost almost all my property, but I had gained some experience, and I resolved to be no more concerned as a principal in the Slave Trade. Since then, I have divided

\* The Dreamer cannot let this opportunity escape, without calling the serious attention of those readers (if such there be) who are still advocates for the continuance of that disgraceful traffic, the Slave Trade, to the recent accounts from Barbary. Is there a Briton who will, after reading the relation of the sufferings of Christian slaves in North Africa, dare to vindicate that treatment? Or is there one who will be hardy enough to assert, that any plea can be urged in favour of NEGRO *Slavery*, which may not with equal force be applied in support of *Christian* slavery? If there be yet left a man who will contend, that the dark-complexioned Negro slaves are an inferior race of beings, and therefore not entitled to the same treatment in society as their lighter-coloured fellow creatures are; that man may read with advantage the following description, given by a competent witness, of the boasted superiority of *white* slaves. Mr. Dupuis, the British Vice Consul at Mogadore, states, that almost all Christians, after a long captivity and severe treatment among the Arabs, appear exceedingly stupid and insensible; rarely speaking to any one; and that a long continuance of kind treatment is necessary to restore them to their faculties. “ On the first arrival of these unfortunate men (Christian slaves) at Mogadore,” he continues, “ if they have been any considerable time in slavery, they appear lost to reason and feeling, their spirits broken, and their faculties sunk in a species of stupor, which I am unable adequately to describe. Habited like the meanest Arabs of the Desert, *they appear degraded, EVEN BELOW THE NEGRO SLAVE.* They seem indifferent to every thing around them; *abject, servile, and brutified.*” Here then ends our boasted superiority over the long despised Negro race. Let *them* be free like us, or make us slaves like them, and we are equals.

my time between Africa and the West Indian Islands, acting as an agent in different concerns, and in different ways. I have now succeeded in gaining both money and knowledge. The latter I am endeavouring to turn to good account. I have discovered two things; first, that a continuance of the Slave Trade, or even of Slavery to a great extent, must sooner or later inevitably cause the loss of our possessions in the West Indies, and, secondly, I have discovered a most efficient substitute for that trade; one which is likely to ensure the lasting prosperity of those Colonies. I have discovered, and I may tell it now with safety, since I have got the contract,—that the *carcase of a Negro for manure*, is of more use than his personal services whilst living. With this manure to enrich the land, a very few negroes will suffice for the cultivation of the largest estate; so that the present stock will more than keep up a sufficient supply. We have here all the advantages arising from the Slave Trade, without any of its inconveniences; and at a fourth part of the expence.

“ I have agreed with Government, which has undertaken the whole concern, to supply annually a hundred thousand carcasses. To enable myself to fulfil the contract, I have traversed a great part of the interior of Africa, and have made agreements with several of the native powers for a regular supply. I have procured treaties to be entered into, by which they mutually bind themselves to go to war with each other as often as the supply requires it, and if a sufficient number are not killed in battle, they engage to make up the deficiency by murdering the prisoners on both sides. Those are patterns of the Cases, which are to be sent over to pack and preserve them in. A method has been discovered of pickling these, so as to prevent their becoming offensive. One of these cases will contain, when the bodies are properly cut up, from six to eight, according to their bulk.



Thus a vessel, which could not have stowed above three hundred slaves when alive, will now be able to stow from twelve to fourteen hundred. The expense of procuring them will be comparatively trifling. The hazard of conveying them to the coast for exportation, will be next to nothing; formerly they were continually escaping, or dying by the way.

“ Only consider the wonderful advantages possessed in the Middle Passage. Fourteen hundred conveyed instead of three hundred; all still and quiet: no disturbance amongst the turbulent brutes; no cramming the sulky; no feeding the gormandizing; no cleaning; no bringing them up for air, without which they would expire; no doctoring of them when sick; no heaving of them overboard, when dead or dying; no trouble of flogging the stupid or unruly; no disturbance from their roaring and squalling! In short, my future voyages from Africa to the West Indies, will be as safe and pleasant as any that can be taken; and, what is better, much more profitable.

“ Only conceive, Sir, the trouble and expense which will hereby be saved to the planters in diet, overseers, drivers, whips and whipcord, coffins, and a great many other things, which now won't be wanted. But, above all, the planters, and other white inhabitants, may now sleep with something like security, in their beds. That the whole of the white population of all the islands have not been murdered long ago, is, to me, the most astonishing thing in the world. They are absolutely living over the crater of a volcano; every moment in danger of being utterly destroyed. Where the black population so amazingly exceeds that of the whites, whom they consider as tyrants, it is next to an impossibility that the latter should not, sooner or later, be overcome, and extirpated. This invention of mine will entirely do away

with the danger, as the living blacks will not need, in future, much to exceed the whites in number. In short, Sir, I think that I may, without vanity, class this discovery amongst the greatest blessings that poor Old England ever had conferred upon her."

The gates of Temple Bar were now opened; the LORD MAYOR in his state carriage, the Sheriffs in theirs, and a long train of Aldermen and civil officers having come to meet the procession there, that being the boundary of the city. Many ceremonies took place, but I could not distinguish or understand what they were. At length the carriages and people again moved forward, the Lord Mayor's state coach going before the machines. I took leave of the manure merchant, but was more puzzled than ever. A wag, who was standing near me, I overheard telling another, that the citizens had got so much money, that they did not know what to do with it; and that these were gaming tables of a new kind, furnished by the gentry of the *West end of the town*, to enable the folks in the East to get quit of some of their loose cash. Another conjectured that they were new invented *cooking machines*, for which Alderman C——s had lately obtained a patent; and that they were going to be fixed up at the Mansion House. The next significantly observed, that he had no doubt but they were designed for the London Institution, where learned professors had undertaken to teach the criss-cross-row, to such of the rich citizens as had never been to school in their youth. The machines, he conceived, were to be used some way or other, in the operation of grinding knowledge into them, or them into knowledge. The Blue Coat boys, he presumed, were to work them; but what the soldiers had to do with A B C, he could not imagine. It was suggested by another person, that as such an infringement of the ancient habits of citizens must be unpopular, the sol-

diers were designed to keep the *ignorant* mob in order, since they might reasonably be expected to feel a strong aversion to such an anomaly in the Mansion House, as learned Aldermen.

The procession had now reached the bottom of Fleet Street. Here a long string of carriages impeded its progress. As I stood at the corner of Bridge Street, waiting till the way should be clear, a nobleman's chariot drove rapidly up, aiming to turn towards the West. It was, however, soon impossible for the horses to advance. They suddenly stopped, and I stood with my face close to the window of the vehicle. Had I been disposed, I could not just then have left the place, the crowd pressed so strongly against me. There were two gentlemen within, both middle aged, and apparently persons of distinction. As soon as they saw the machines, one of them exclaimed, "Ha, Sir John, if here are not my GAME PRESERVERS!"—"Your *game preservers*, my Lord! which and what are they?"—"Why, is it possible that you have never heard of them? I imagined the *whole world* was running after them. But, I think, Sir John, you are not much in it."—"Of late, indeed, I have not been so: will your Lordship, therefore, have the goodness to give me some account of them. We seem likely to have time enough allowed us."—"Why, Sir John, you know the eternity of torment which I have suffered from those cursed hell hounds, the *poachers*. They have, in fact, for many years been the plague of my life. I had set my heart upon having the best stocked Game Manor in the kingdom; and, but for these vermin, I should, beyond controversy, have succeeded. I had a right to it. The Manor of Rackem Hall is not surpassed for capabilities by any manor in Great Britain. It has been in our family ever since the Conquest; and the preservation, or rather the attempt to preserve, the

game, does not cost me less, prosecutions included, than four thousand a-year. You comprehend me, Sir John?"—"Not fully, my Lord. *My* estate, you know, is comparatively small, and of modern date. The manor of Lover's Hall, now pronounced Loversal, we have possessed only since the reign of the fifth Henry. The rental, though of course much increased, has never been such as to render it prudent to *preserve the game*; you therefore see, my Lord, that I have had but little experience in these matters."—"True, Sir John; true, Sir John; you, therefore, know but little about them. I know a great deal, for I have had experience enough. I shall, however, at length, prove a match for the villains; these *preservers* will *destroy* them all. You see, Sir John, those two large round cases, mounted on carriages. One of them, elevated on the top of *Moor-cock Hill*, will throw light upon the depredators, if they are any where on Rackem Hall manor. You comprehend me, Sir John?"—"Not altogether, my Lord, as yet; but I have no doubt that I shall by-and-bye."—"No doubt; no doubt. It was high time, Sir John, that some effectual steps should be taken; for though I possess all these great advantages; though I am at this enormous expense, and employ more than twenty keepers; though I have, during the last year, prosecuted more than fifteen poachers, transported five, shot three, broke the legs of four in the traps, and had two keepers killed, and three maimed, I cannot get game to supply my table without purchasing, perhaps my own; perhaps the very game, for stealing which, the villains have suffered, at the cursed market which you see there before you. I am told, that the vile upstart plebeians of the city, who are not even qualified to carry a gun, have their tables better supplied with game, from this very market, for five hundred a-year, than I have from Rackem Hall manor, at an expense of almost as many thousands. It is time, Sir John, that *something* should be done: don't you think

so? you comprehend me, Sir John?"—"I think, in some measure, I do, my Lord; and I agree with your Lordship, that it is high time that *something should* be done."—"I knew you would, Sir John; I knew you would. Why, Sir John, would you believe it, my own tenants are amongst the worst of them. I believe that they are at the bottom of the *whole*. One of the three scoundrels, who were shot, was a tenant of my own. The fellow had had the assurance to give me notice to quit, affirming that he could not live upon the farm, though my Steward informed me he had it dog-cheap, and that he only wanted to raise it one-half. That fellow, you must know, had a wife and six children, and yet had saved nothing for them—a brute. I wonder what right such creatures have to have families? There was a fine to do with the bawling Overseers, about the whole litter being thrown upon the parish. It cost me a charming sum to stop their wide throats. You comprehend me, Sir John?"

"I begin to think I do, my Lord; but the *game preservers*: I don't *comprehend* them."—"True, true, Sir John; how should you? I have told you nothing about them yet. You will, however, presently both comprehend and admire the contrivance. You know, Sir John, that I had always something of a knack at invention. I don't mean to boast, Sir John; but my turn that way is, I believe, pretty well known. These Preservers will, I think, add no little to my reputation. We have had a tiresome business of it."—"O, my Lord, then these are what the German, who has been so long with you, has been employed upon."—"Yes, yes, Sir John; the fellow has been employed under *my* directions: he has *hands*, but wants a *head*. A head, Sir John, is what does the business: you comprehend me."—"I do, my Lord, fully; but not yet the machines."—"Well, well; all in good time.

One of these, as I said before, placed on the top of Moorcock Hill, in the centre of my estate, will throw a strong light on any part of my surrounding manor of Rackem Hall; at least, on any part of it not more than five miles distant; in consequence of which, a man, placed on the preserver, with a peculiar kind of telescope (of my own invention too) can easily discover any poachers lurking about; and, by directing the light after them, as they move, he can drive them, as it were by magic, amongst the steel traps and spring guns, which are set almost all over my grounds. Here, Sir John, we have economy and utility combined! Nothing can be more effectual; nothing can be less expensive. I don't know what my neighbours will say to me. Let them, however, shift for themselves, as I have done. I have kept the scoundrels long enough; it is time to compel them to quarter themselves upon others: you comprehend me, Sir John?"—"Why, yes; I think I do *now* comprehend your Lordship, and the machines too; and I do confess that I never heard of any invention to equal this."—"There now! there now! did not I say that you would admire them? I know that you are a man of discernment, Sir John! You have taste, Sir John. What a pity you do not mix a little more with the *world*. Indeed, Sir John, you must come more amongst us; indeed, you must!"—"It must be by daylight, then, my Lord; or I may have the advantage of being lighted on my way by *your* PRESERVERS!"—"Ha! ha! ha! well, now, that's very well; a good hit, Sir John; a good hit. You were always a wag: a little dry though. We don't always feel your point at first."—"That, my Lord, must, I am sure, be because the *point* is dull."—"No, no, Sir John; not so; not so: but I have not done yet, Sir John. I have, at least, another string to my bow; for, after all, if we cannot prevent these overgrown, upstart, gormandizing plebeians from swallowing game, whatever price they pay for

it, it will be impossible totally to exterminate poachers, though we destroy them by hundreds. *This*, Sir John, is the grand source of the mischief. My Chaplain pointed this out to me, though I had a shrewd guess at it before. Now, I am determined to strike manfully at the root of the evil. I have prepared the heads of a bill, which I intend to bring into the House this session, to prevent (by making it felony) every man, not duly qualified, from *eating game*. You comprehend me, Sir John?"—"Does your Lordship mean, by 'being duly qualified,' having a sharp-set stomach, or, pardon the pun, a sharp set of teeth?"—"Well, well, Sir John; but, joking apart, don't you think that the *idea* is a good one? It is entirely my own."—"I perceived, at the first hint, that it was. I think it is one which could not possibly have suggested itself to a *less* enlightened understanding."—"Now, now, Sir John, I am *sure* you are flattering; and yet they are the very words of Doctor Clearsight, on the same occasion; and his bluntness is too well known to admit of *his* being suspected of flattery. Then you really think that the thing will do?"

"I do, indeed, my Lord, think that it will produce a very *strong* effect upon the House. But *what* is to qualify a man for eating game? and pray how far do you propose accommodating the *ladies* with a snack?"—"I see, Sir John, you are determined to have your joke upon the subject. It is true that I am not fully prepared with the whole plan, and therefore cannot at present meet all objections; yet there is no doubt that the scheme will eventually answer. At any rate, after expending such immense sums, after experiencing such perpetual torment, and after sacrificing so many limbs and lives, it is, as you observed, at least high time that *something* should be done. I don't know, Sir John, how *you* manage, but I observe that your table is always in-

initely better supplied with game than mine is, and yet you seem to be at neither trouble nor expense.”—“All this is very true, my Lord. The fact is, that I cannot afford to preserve my game; I do not even employ a gamekeeper. My tenants have the privilege of killing, on the farms which they occupy, what game they please; at least I am not very strict with them on that score. The consequence is, that they take care of the game for their own sakes; in fact, every tenant is a gamekeeper for me, gratis: they spare and send me more than I want, and at three days’ notice I could have as much brought in as would supply all *my friends* for a week. They always seem glad to be applied to on such occasions. I am not a keen sportsman myself, but I am told that my estate is better stocked with game than most in the county. I pretend to no great merit in this case, my Lord; necessity has no law, and as I can do no better, it seems the best way to make a little merit of necessity.”—“Ay, ay, Sir John; *you* are a lucky, happy man. I wish I had *such tenants* as you have! What a world of expense, trouble, and vexation it would save me: but there are no such tenants in the neighbourhood of Rackem Hall. They are, without exception, the most ungrateful scoundrels, and the greatest rogues in the kingdom. I have been *tolerably* severe with them; but the brutes have not yet felt the whole weight of my arm. You understand me, Sir John?” The carriage here drove forwards, at which I felt much disappointed, as I wished to have had a more minute explanation of the *game preservers*, as well as to have learned what the soldiers and the charity children had to do with them.

The procession moved forward, and I now thought that I had got a full solution of the difficult problem. However, as we began to ascend Ludgate Hill, I was suddenly roused from the consideration of it, by a hollow voice attempting to



shout, "*Old England for ever,*" accompanied by a cough, which sounded as if it came out of an empty cask. I turned to look at the speaker, or rather the cougher, when I discovered a poor emaciated figure of a man, in regimentals, supported by a short stick in one hand, whilst the other held a crutch, shouldered like a musket. He appeared so nearly ready to faint, that I asked him if I could assist him in getting out of the crowd. "No, I thank you, Sir," he replied, the cough continually interrupting his speech; "I am too much delighted in seeing, at last, what will teach all our enemies, that Old England rules the world. Sir, if these blessed machines had but been invented five-and-twenty years ago, you would not have seen me an old soldier, hobbling on a stick, and coughing at this plaguy rate. Had the Duke of York had plenty of these in Holland, he would have shewn the French, that he was a Commander not to be trifled with."

I here interrupted the poor man, to beg, if it was not spending his strength too much, that he would be so good as to inform me, what was the use of the machines before us, as I concluded that it was to them he alluded. "Why, Sir," he replied, "is it possible you have not heard of the *Army Killers*, so these machines are called. In five minutes, an army of a hundred thousand men may be totally destroyed by them. Sir, it is the greatest, the most wonderful, and the most useful invention that ever was contrived. Congreve's rockets and Cracknell's shells are mere squibs and crackers in comparison with these thunder-and-lightning dealers, which, after all, are so manageable, that children can direct and control them. All the charity children are to be brought up to work them. The soldiers you see are going to drill them.

“ Those large hollow wheels, being made to go by clock-work, and filled with combustibles, will run at a most astonishing speed. At a given place, they will leap up to any desired height, or any reasonable distance, and, on falling, they explode with such a tremendous force, that one of them will bring down the strongest buildings. Only think, Sir, two or three hundred of these, set off at the same moment, against the largest city, or the most impregnable fortifications, all springing over the widest ditches and highest walls on every side ; some ascending in one part, some in another ; and then, all exploding at the same moment throughout the whole place. Imagine this, Sir, and you must at once see, that not a living soul could remain, nor one stone be left standing on another. Can you conceive, Sir, any performance more glorious, any sight more charming ?”

I contented myself with nodding assent, for I wished to hear the poor wretch's conclusion. “ Sir,” he continued, “ the finest army that ever was led by man into the field, would, by these machines, be, in five minutes, annihilated. Had we but had them with us in Holland, I should not have been two months without taking my clothes off my back, or having a dry thread all that time about me. I should not have been continually plagued as I am with this horrid rheumatism and cough. We should not have left one Monsieur alive, to go and tell the Jacobins, at home, what was become of all the rest. Sir, by this time, I might have been a General.”

The old hero seemed to feel, from this idea, so much momentary alleviation of his sufferings, that I could not find in my heart to damp his ardour, or lessen his enjoyment, by any wise questions or remarks. I, therefore, thanked him for his information, and had just quitted him, when I felt myself

touched upon the arm, and, turning about, I encountered a man, who presented as striking a contrast to the emaciated soldier, as can possibly be exhibited. He did not stand less than six feet two inches high, and his bulk was fully proportionate to his stature. A bold protuberance of paunch, and a glowing full face, proved that his fare was very superior to that of the poor military man, both in quality and quantity. He was without coat, but had a pair of short sleeves on the lower part of his arms, a white linen apron, with a bib pinned up under his chin, and a cap of the same materials on his head. As I lifted up my eyes towards his face, he tipped me one of those knowing winks, which are meant to convey an idea, that the winker is acquainted with some great secret. He then put his hand by the side of his mouth, and stooping down, with a very sagacious look, repeated gruffly,

“ As the fool thinks,  
So the bell clinks :”

at the same time significantly squinting at the lame soldier, who was coughing away as usual. “ Don’t you,” he said, in a voice which was harsh and guttural, “ mind what that there spindle-shanked shadow has been saying to you; he knows no more about the matter than my granny. I’ll tell you, in your ear; but don’t you be after blabbing; remember its *mum*.

“ You know, I’ll be bound, that the more folks drink, the more the King’s Ministers put into their pockets. So the main business of Government is to make every body drink as much as they can, and Government is in the right of it too, for it does them all good. Now, though I say it, who ought not to say it, for I draw as much liquor as any three of my neighbours, Government has not yet done half what might have been done. Our great folks, however, are now going

to make amends for their neglect. They have (mind it's between ourselves) just purchased from a *Dutchman*, who is come over on purpose to sell it, the secret of making a liquor, one drop of which put into a tankard of porter, or a decanter of wine, will cause it to produce in the drinker such an insatiable thirst, as gallons won't satisfy.

“ These, Sir, are two of the stills, in which the spirit is to be made. This spirit Government means to furnish, gratis, to all publicans; and I do not fear, but that within a very short space of time, the consumption of liquors, of all kinds, will be trebled. Sir, I drink your good health, and success to the undertaking.” He here took out a flat bottle from a pocket in the side of his wide trowsers, which he first applied, for some time, perpendicularly to his own mouth, and then offered to me. I politely declined the invitation, which did not appear at all to raise me in his estimation. He, however, proceeded: “ Sir, I know that there will be a great fuss about religion, morality, and all that sort of thing; but I don't care *that* for 'em all.” Here he snapped his thumb and middle finger in my face. “ What would become of religion and morality, if Government could not be supported? tell me that? he! tell me that? Could religion and morality support our Army and our Navy? and protect our trade? I should be glad to know that, Sir! No; we should all be as poor and as lean as bloody bones there, if we had nothing but them sort of things to protect and feed us. Sir! religion and morality are but very thin liquors; and how is a man to live, if he does not get something good to drink? I should be glad to know that, Sir?” These words he accompanied with a self-congratulatory squeeze on each side of the enormous rotundity which he carried about him. “ Besides, Sir, the advantage to many worthy gentlemen, who would behave themselves as such, if they could, will be very great.

There are, I understand, for I have heard it affirmed by men whom I could believe, some gentlemen who really cannot, with pleasure, drink more than a bottle of wine at a sitting. This, you know, is a sad misfortune, and quite unfits them for *good company*. The *worst* of them will now, I have no doubt, be able to take three bottles with ease. Only think, Sir, of the benefit this will be of to all parties?"—"Certainly, Sir," I replied; "not forgetting their wives and children." The porpoise turned his pig-eyes upon me, with a look of ineffable contempt, and, wheeling round, left me with a hiccup, but without uttering another word.

I was much diverted with these various and contradictory opinions, but began to despair of learning the truth, when I perceived a gentleman, evidently a clergyman, coming out of Doctors' Commons, as the procession passed. He was a portly, neat-dressed man, with a smiling countenance, that invited to familiarity. He called to a person in the little shop under the gateway, saying, "See, Mr. A. there they go. Don't you think that they've a very *clerical* appearance?" Mr. A. smiled, and said he thought they would have, when they were properly placed and dressed. This excited my curiosity a great deal, as it appeared pretty certain that these gentlemen were acquainted with the mystery of the machines; I therefore ventured, as respectfully as possible, to ask the clergyman if he could inform me, for what purpose they were intended. "I can, Sir," he replied, slightly bowing, "and *will* do it with pleasure.

"They are the invention of a very ingenious man, and, according to present appearances, are likely to make his fortune. He calls them PLURALISTS. I dare say, Sir, you have seen the automata, which have been exhibited at the Lyceum for several seasons. To the apparently self-

moving powers of those figures, he has added the faculty of articulation. An imitation of the human voice, in all its inflections and variations, so perfect, as to deceive even a forewarned hearer. The number of purposes to which this invention may be applied with advantage, are beyond all present calculation. His first intention was only to produce a substitute for those clerical gentlemen, who, having several livings, of course could not preach at all of them at the same time: hence the *name* which he has given to the machines. What you see here, are only the cases for the clock-work, if I may so call it, by which the effect is produced. Perhaps a barrel organ will give you the best idea of the kind of mechanism, which grinds out the sound. As to that which gives the motion, you will, I am sure, be at no loss to conceive it. The whole of both are contained in these cases, which are intended to be sunk level with the floor of the pulpit, and the figure placed upon them. Of course, there is machinery within the figure, communicating with the machinery in the inside of the cases which you see. The whole operation of changing the barrels, and winding-up, &c. is performed below, and quite hid from the sight. I dare say, that you now comprehend the nature of the invention, and the many excellent ends to which it is capable of being applied." I bowed assent, being unwilling to interrupt him in his interesting discourse. He continued:

"Though the invention is yet but in its infancy, it is astonishing to what perfection the author has already brought it. I have several times attended, at a fashionable place of public worship at the west end of the town, where one of these pluralists has been employed for several months. It would be disgracing the machines to say merely that I have heard much worse preachers; in fact, I have not often heard better sermons, or witnessed more appropriate gesticulation. Having

no written discourse to stoop over; being embarrassed by no bashfulness, and having no vanity to gratify, the action is unrestrained and apparently natural, as if immediately suggested by the sentiments of the discourse. The tones are well modulated, and the emphasis is duly applied; the delivery of each discourse, being adapted exactly to the nature of the subject and the occasion. Of course, you will conceive that a *voice* barrel, and a *motion* barrel are necessary for each sermon. The Clerk then, or whoever has the direction of the machine, has only to take care and put in the proper barrels, and wind them up every time, and the work is done, only keeping the figure itself neat and clean, which is of the utmost importance.

“ It is true, that owing either to want of practice or attention, or both, the Clerk, who, in the instance of which I am speaking, has the management of the Parson, did, unfortunately, make one or two trifling mistakes. For instance, one of the principal members of the congregation being just dead, it was thought right that a funeral sermon should be preached on the occasion. The officiating minister being absent on a shooting party in the North, a suitable discourse was set for the *pluralist* to preach. This would have done wonderfully well, only that the Clerk, in his grief, had forgot to remove the motion barrel, which had been set for a sermon, preached on the preceding Sunday, on a political occasion; so that, in the most tenderly-pathetic passages, the action of the figure was violent in the extreme, the tones tremendous, and the whole scene rendered unspeakably ludicrous. Indeed, the effect upon the congregation was such as to compel most of them to leave the place before the service was concluded.

“ Another time he unfortunately put in the barrels for Good Friday, instead of those for Christmas Day. The congre-

gation, however, if *they discovered the mistake*, were too well bred to notice it. On a third occasion the Clerk had neglected to wind the works up far enough, so that when the Pluralist had just begged, with most impressive solemnity, the attention of his *Christian brethren* to the third head of his discourse, he made a full stop; and though the congregation patiently waited some time, he spoke no more, till the Clerk, suspecting what was the matter with him, slipped underneath, gave the Pluralist his cue, and soon set him a-going again.

“ These, however, are insignificant blunders, which in future won't often occur, and when they do, will readily be pardoned. So well are the public satisfied with the Pluralists, as far as they are yet known, that several parishes have offered to furnish them at their own expence for their Vicars and Rectors. To the Clergy they must be of the first importance. It is a very great hardship, that those amongst us who are fond of field sports, and yet fixed by *fortune* in a city, cannot quit it for a few weeks during the whole year. Besides the performance of the service in the *afternoon*, when perhaps there are not ten persons present, is not only an excessive bore, but what many constitutions cannot support. Congregations in general, I dare say, will much prefer *these* Pluralists to the living ones, because they can not only choose the length, the language, and the doctrines, of their sermons, but even the personal appearance of the preacher, which, in the eye of people of taste and fashion, is considered as being of the highest consequence. Another advantage is, that the Pluralists will never keep the congregation waiting, an inconvenience which Clergymen who have other things to mind, cannot always avoid occasioning.

“ I think, Sir,” continued he, “ that by this time you must be convinced, that if this inconvenience were even to be con-



fined to the Church, it would neither be unimportant, nor unlikely to answer a very good purpose to the patentee, for such the inventor is. It has been already applied to other purposes with various success, and in all I am of opinion it will eventually succeed. The two specimens which you now see are returning from the Horse Guards, where an experiment has been made to use them as substitutes in a military situation of the highest order, and I assure you that for most purposes they are found even in that capacity to answer remarkably well. A strong cabal was however formed against the invention. The ladies, who in such cases generally decide, to a *man* declared against it, as being totally unfit for any thing of the kind. The opposition at length prevailed, and for the present it has been dismissed. The soldiers are now taking these to Christ's Hospital, where they are going to be employed as teachers of the boys, it being clearly demonstrated, by recent experience, that *mechanical means* are by far the best for conveying instruction\*. The military, you observe, are evidently as sorry to part with them, as the boys are glad to receive them." He bowed and left me.

I was now addressed by a neat dapper gentleman in black, with ruffles at his hands and bosom, and his hair in full pow-

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\* A late Boston (America) paper contains an advertisement informing the public that " Mr. Brown, No. 3, Water Street, continues to teach the *English Grammar* by means of *Machinery*, calculated to exhibit the power, dependance, and relation of language." He adds, " However novel or wonderful it may appear to persons unacquainted with this important improvement, the Inventor is authorised by the success which he has had in this and other places, to state, that the illustration of the principles of Grammar, expressed by the operation of the Machine, are so clear, perfect, and forcible, that persons of suitable age, who are able to read, can acquire a correct knowledge of *English Grammar* in the short space of *forty hours*."

der. By his dress and physiognomy, I took him to be a medical man. He accosted me with a simper, and a slight inclination of the head, saying, " Sir, I perceive that you are a stranger, and inquisitive respecting the cause of the procession, and the nature of the objects before you. On these occasions, Sir, where most people are ignorant, few like to expose their want of information. They therefore choose to deal largely in assertions, because they are convinced they cannot be confronted by facts. Perhaps, Sir, amongst all this immense and motley crowd, *I* am the only person entirely in the secret. To you it can be of no importance *how* I came by this exclusive knowledge; what it does concern you to know I am willing to impart to you, as a respectable stranger.

" Government, Sir, have long had an eye to the incalculable consumption, and profits arising from the sale of QUACK MEDICINES. They are well aware, that upon the most moderate computation, Fifty Thousand of the inhabitants of these United Kingdoms annually fall in some measure a sacrifice to these universal panaceas. They know at the same time, that the duty paid upon them is too important to the revenue to be relinquished. Very nice calculations have been made to ascertain whether the loss of this source of revenue, or the loss of fifty thousand lives, would be of the greatest injury to the State. It has, however, not yet been determined to abandon the former for the sake of saving the latter. Nevertheless, as fifty thousand subjects ought not to be sacrificed without their death being made as productive as possible to their country, Government have, I know, long ago resolved to take the whole concern of making and distributing Quack Medicines into their own hands. By this measure they expect to treble at least the present amount of the duty. In order to obtain the secret from each of the proprietors of Nostrums, the latter have been threatened with

prosecutions for wilful murder, and assured that if the *murder* cannot be clearly brought home to them, their medicines *shall* be; and that to prove them harmless, each shall be compelled to swallow the greatest quantity that can be ascertained ever to have been administered to any one patient.— Now, whether it is that these gentlemen are really conscious of guilt, or that they have such a value for their medicines as to shrink from having them wasted on themselves, who do not want them, I cannot tell. Certain, however, it is, that with one exception, Government have been put in possession of all the invaluable Recipes, for compounding these Infallible Remedies for all diseases. That exception is a *Balsam*, the property of a little pious doctor, who was likewise the proprietor of many other valuable panaceas, all of which he was willing to give up. This one, however, he declared he would never part with but with his last breath. Whatever effect it might have had, he said, *upon others*, to *him* it had given *life*, for, without it, he must have perished for hunger. He therefore affirmed, that he might as well be hanged for keeping his medicine, as famished by losing it. As to being executed for Murder, he said he had no fear of that. He was not one of those pitiful sneaking wretches, who butcher their fellow creatures singly on the highway. Men of spirit, who act upon a grand scale, are never convicted and punished like retail murderers. Who ever committed one hundredth part as many murders as the mighty Emperor Bonaparte had committed? But was *he* hanged like a common Malefactor? no—he was treated like a *captive prince*, and his establishment cost more to this country than that of the *greatest Benefactor to it that ever existed*.

“ What will be the consequence of this obstinacy of the little Doctor I am unable to divine. One thing is certain, that it has been found that the basis of *all* Quack Medicines is so nearly the same, that the mixture of *one* colouring, flavouring

ingredient alone, constitutes the almost sole difference between them. Government, on this account, will have a great and decided advantage over former proprietors. The fluid medicines may be brewed by hogsheads at a time, and the more solid ones, such as pills, &c. manufactured by tons. They will then only require colouring and flavouring as wanted, which any schoolboy may manage, and they will be ready to bottle and box up for use. All this may be done by children. In this respect also, Government possess a very decided advantage, since they can have all this work performed for nothing. The boys of the Charity School of Christ's Hospital, some of whom you see before you, have much time to spare, and as it is desirable that they should acquire some other more useful knowledge than learning, their spare hours will be appropriated to preparing Quack Medicines. It must be admitted, that they will thereby become instrumental in destroying the lives of their fellow creatures, perhaps of their parents and benefactors; they had, however, better do *that*, than be employed in ruining the *morals* and the *souls* of their fellow Christians, as they might be, in a way that I could name. Besides, Sir, Englishmen value too highly their liberty, to submit to be prevented from killing themselves in their own way; and if any attempt were to be made to put an end to their putting an end to themselves, by swallowing Nostrums, it might endanger the safety of the State, and every body must acknowledge that the safety of the State is of more importance than the lives of any or all the individuals who compose it! The children, then, by these means will be usefully and properly employed. The Machines, Sir, which you see before you, have been ordered by Government for the preparation of these *Quack Medicines*, the one for the fluid and the other for the more solid ones. The soldiers are sent as a guard, some apprehensions being entertained of an attempt by the Quack Doctors (who are

very numerous) to demolish them. You will see the carriages turn round the corner of the Church (we were then, as before observed, in St. Paul's Church-yard) and so on Newgate Street to the Hospital." I bowed and thanked the intelligent and communicative gentleman, and he left me.

The mystery now was solved, and I intended to get out of the crowd as soon as the procession had turned into Newgate Street. Unfortunately, however, for my liberation, and my polite friend's credit and veracity, the procession, instead of turning the corner to the left, proceeded along Cheapside. I was therefore compelled, both by force and curiosity, to accompany it to the place of its destination, wherever that might be; much marvelling, at the same time, at the assurance of my voluntary informant.

Here our progress was again stopped for some time, by the accumulation of carriages. During the delay, a lusty florid-looking man (by the cut of his cloth evidently a stage-coach driver), called out to another, who had very much the appearance of a notorious sharper, "Ha, Jerry, there go the *Little Rollers*."—"Why, what be they?" says Jerry.—"Why, what be they! and so you know nothing about them? I'll be bound, by this day six weeks, thou'lt be able to give a very good account of them. Why, those are two of the wheels of the *new* STAGE COACHES, which Government are going to establish on all the roads in the kingdom. A man will now be able to get something like a living by driving a coach, and not be starved to anatomies, as we have been hitherto. There will be no more occasion for Stage Waggons. We are to carry fifteen tons, and yet go as fast as the Mail Coaches. We are to drive ten in hand.—There, Jerry, there will be something like skill required!—We shall beat the Hottentots all to pieces!—Ten horses, ten tons of

luggage, forty passengers inside and out, all going at the rate of eight miles an hour, will be a sight not to be matched in the world."---"Why, yes," Jerry very coolly replied; "and pry'thee, Dick, how many necks and wings dost thou intend to break in the course of the first twelve months?"—"Now, Master Jerry, don't you be after being uneasy on that score either---that's all provided for.---All the coach-proprietors in the kingdom have agreed to divide all expenses of that kind amongst them.---A very nice calculation has been made, how many lives and limbs can be afforded to be paid for, and the fares are fixed according to the risk.—Now, Master Jerry, shall we be safe now?"---"And pray, Dickey, if I may be made so knowing, how many do you think will suffice?"---"Why, taking all the kingdom together (some of the roads are cursed bad though), it is thought that even in the first year, when most accidents may be expected, there will not be more than a thousand passengers *killed outright*, and not above nine times that number maimed. We shall not, however, have to pay for a tenth part of these, because the proprietors won't spare the cash in providing evidence for the coachmen; so I think, my tight-one, we may set the black-crowned gander and his twelve green goslings at defiance."---"Why, you *are* mighty clever fellows, to be sure, and the d---I will get his own in due time. And so you really imagine that there will be fools enough found as stowage for these seventy-fours on wheels, to spare a thousand of them to be killed off every year?—This will hardly do, Dickey!"—"Why, yes, it will do, for *this very reason*, we shall take care that they can't obtain any better conveyance, and so, whether fools or not, they *must* go—and I rather think, Master Jerry, that *you* will go pretty often amongst them too.—We shall widen your market for you handsomely.—Well, good bye, we start at two." The friends

here parted, which prevented my hearing all that I could have wished upon the subject.\*

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\* The time must arrive, sooner or later, when the Legislature will find it necessary to interfere *effectually* on the subject of Stage Coaches.—Compromising measures will only produce new impositions, and give rise to unavailing litigation. The line however must be drawn strongly, clearly and decidedly.

There does not exist, I will venture to affirm, in the whole world, such a collective mass of strong powers and abilities, depraved hearts and wicked practices, as are contained in, and connected with, the COACHING CONCERNS of these kingdoms, including all their ramifications, direct and indirect, to the most secret and distant corners of the land. To restrain in some degree so perilous an accumulation of perverted talents, is of itself no unimportant object, and surely there is now a sufficiency of both passengers and luggage in these kingdoms to admit of separate conveyances for each.

The following Letter, written by the Dreamer, will serve more fully to disclose his sentiments on the subject.

#### STAGE COACHES.

*From the Sheffield Iris, Tuesday, Sept. 12, 1815.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRIS.

SIR,

IN the infancy of society, man was compelled and probably contented, to pursue his business and his pleasure on foot. Luxury, however, made early and rapid progress, till in process of time we read of men who rode on *white asses*,—but then they were kings and nobles. Still it advanced, but so slowly, that our Great Queen Elizabeth, who kept Europe in awe, felt no way degraded by being bumped upon a pillion placed upon the rump of a war-horse, behind her great Lord Chancellor, Burleigh. As to the commonalty, they progressively advanced from foot to ass, from ass to mule, from mule to pack-horse, till at length *wheel-carriages* began to be used as public conveyances for goods from the manufacturing districts to

A genteel little man, with a good degree of archness in his look and manner, here stepped up, and signified to me with

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the greater fairs, which were then the principal markets for home manufacture. In these carriages, those of our ancestors, who did not walk or travel on horseback, obtained a slow but safe conveyance. As the roads between the principal towns improved,—as trade increased, and with it riches, these lumbering waggons were succeeded by scarcely less lumbering coaches. But since the passengers who were then extravagant enough to pay coach-hire were scarcely sufficient to loaden a conveyance of this description once in a week, the coaches, like the waggons, continued to convey lumber as well as live stock, and though they were frequently breaking down, they were generally with the aid of the blacksmith and wheelwright, set upright, and again began to drag on their way in the course of a few hours, which in a journey of six or seven days, made little difference, and as the horses seldom broke out into a trot there was not much danger from an upset, or from breaking down.

All this was very well, at least it was as well as could then be reasonably expected.—Every improvement is progressive and keeps pace with the advance of society itself. When the demand is trifling, many ill assorted things must often be combined, which, when the demand is increased, ought to be and are kept separate. Thus, in former times, one shop served to supply the town with toys and treacle, soap and sweetmeats, millinery and mousetraps, candles and comfits. But these articles have now all got arranged in their respective shops. Why lumber and ladies should, through all the fluctuation of time and circumstances, be crowded together, with live and dead stock of every description, such as geese and gentlemen, fish and flesh, packs and parcels, casks and cases, in public conveyances, does seem most extraordinary, and totally out of the course of that gradual improvement which in every thing else has taken place. The increased demand, in this instance is perhaps beyond that of any other, and yet the inconvenience, which nothing but an infant and low state of society could excuse, still continues. This seems the more extraordinary, because not only the *conveniency* of



a smile, that he had been listening for sometime as well as myself, to the Coachman, who, he said, knew nothing in the

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every traveller, but even their *safety* and their *lives* are at stake. There is now scarcely a public road in the kingdom on which two or three coaches are not running daily; on some ten or a dozen. Surely then it is high time, that passengers and luggage had each their distinct conveyances.—I am no advocate for the interference of the Legislature, in general, with the management of trade:—let it be left open to a fair competition, and it will seldom happen that it will not regulate itself much better than any act of Parliament could do it. Where, however, the lives of so many thousands are daily exposed to imminent danger from the mistaken greediness of proprietors, and the drunkenness and carelessness of their servants, the interference of the Legislature is loudly called for. *Let an Act at once be passed then, that no public carriage, established after twelve months from the date of the Act, for the purpose of carrying passengers, shall carry luggage of any description except what belongs to the passengers, and that not on any account to exceed —lb. for each passenger, nor more than —lb. in the whole, to be placed in a receptacle under the coachman's seat.* In this case accidents would, I am persuaded, very rarely occur, and when they did they would seldom be serious ones. Because I am well assured, that proprietors would soon discover it to be their interest to run very light carriages, something like post chaises, carrying none but *inside* passengers, and only four of them, with whom, two horses, with the driver, would go much quicker, much more safely, and with much less injury to the roads, than four horses with the present heavy loads and narrow wheels, as well as with much less wear of carriages and destruction of animals.—These carriages, running through, without any hindrance in changing luggage or parcels, would be pleasanter and in all respects preferable, even to post chaises; especially if they did not change drivers, and the sum which they were to receive was specified or paid in the fare. These would be the *best* kind of carriages,—the fare of course would be high; those, however, who could afford such an accommodation would not repine at the price. There would soon, I am persuaded, be second and third rate carriages; the second carrying, perhaps, six passengers, and going

world about the matter. The machines, he could assure me, were musical instruments, called *Thunderers*. "They are,"

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rather slower than the others. The third might be a kind of open carriage, with only an awning, to carry perhaps ten or twelve passengers, whom *two* horses would draw much easier, than *four* horses can draw the enormous weight which is now often put upon the wheels of coaches. The drivers should not be allowed to stop between stage and stage, in fact one great inducement to drunkenness and loitering, when there was no one but himself, would be done away with, two horses would be quickly changed, and the journey would be performed in less time, without the horses going so fast as they now do. Rapidly as the mails are *now* conveyed, I have no doubt but that upon this plan several hours might be saved in going a long journey, without fatiguing the horses so much as they are at present. The mail coaches should be light post chaises, carrying three insides, and only the guard and mail behind. This would greatly increase both the safety, security, and speed.

Thus the unpleasantness arising from such an heterogeneous mixture of different classes, so inconvenient and unpleasant to all, would be avoided. The passengers would be better assorted, and they would all be companions for the journey. The lower classes would have the advantage of being under cover, which in wet and rainy weather would be the means of preserving many lives. The proprietors would be gainers, as they could more easily be able to detect fraud in their drivers without employing guards, who often not only connive at fraud, but assist in it. That illicit traffic in Game, which is a perpetual source of depredation, villainy, and loss of time, would be much checked.

As to the luggage which is now taken by the coaches, the fly-waggons which are becoming so general, would take it nearly as quickly as the coaches, and others would be soon established which would take it equally so. The *massacres* (for they can be called by no gentler name, when lives and limbs are perpetually lost by wantonness, carelessness, and drunkenness in the drivers, and avaricious greediness in proprietors) which are now continually taking

he continued, " a late discovery, and are much more powerful than any other instruments before in use. They have

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place on all the roads in the kingdom, loudly demand some regulation which shall effectually prevent them. The one here suggested would, I am persuaded, prove an effectual remedy, without, as far as I can discern, being attended with one inconvenience. The proprietors, I am equally convinced, would be gainers both in profit and peace of mind, as well as by running no risk of having those great penalties to pay for the misconduct of their drivers, to which they are now so frequently exposed. The horses would be gainers, for they would not suffer nearly so much as they now do. The coachmen would be gainers, for by being removed in a great measure out of the way of temptation, they would have a much better chance of remaining or becoming respectable members of society, and of saving a considerable part of their earnings. But above all, the passengers would be gainers, from the highest to the lowest.

It is the boast of Englishmen, that we possess an enjoyment and a word to express it by, to which other nations are strangers,—I mean COMFORT. Why should the inestimable blessing be banished from our public conveyances? At present when a man, and more particularly a woman, gets into one of them, it is with the same sensation as they would begin to go through a necessary course of medicine, or a surgical operation, to suffer for a time, in hope of being benefited and rejoiced when it is over. Comfort is totally out of the question,—when they are experiencing the perpetual terrors of being dashed to pieces—the torrent of abuse, and impositions of coachmen—of being shocked by the indecent and profane language of low and vulgar out-side passengers—of the intolerable stench of putrid game and fish—of being stuffed into a corner, or turned out of the coach in a dark and tempestuous night, whilst the guard searches the seats for parcels or smuggled game to be left on the road—of contests with the coachman respecting his *demands*—of sitting for an hour at the door of a low public house, *amused* with witnessing the indecency and profaneness passing within—of the trepidation caused by the efforts of the coachman to make up the time thus lost—of being turned out of one coach and waiting an

been introduced this Lent at one of the Theatres, in the performance on Wednesdays and Fridays, of SACRED MU-

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hour (sometimes two or three hours, if the other coach is not come in) while the immense luggage is removed from one coach to another, and then being again stowed in that other coach, often cold and wet:—these things, and many others, equally unpleasant, totally banish all ideas of comfort. They are generally submitted to with the observation that they are irremediable, that patience is the best resource, and that the only consolation is that they will soon be over. This surely is very abominable, when the remedy is so easy, when a journey in a public conveyance might be made not only safe and easy, but comfortable and pleasant. The immense loads which are now frequently brought by the coaches can scarcely fail to be dangerous to the passengers, fatal to the horses, and destructive to the carriages. I have seen in the midst of winter, besides fourteen and fifteen passengers, and a great quantity of all kinds of luggage, forty barrels of oysters put into a *light* coach. It is not long since, that a LIGHT coach was loading in this town, by which a box was to be sent which the ostlers and porters could not raise. It was too big for any place but the roof, and too heavy to be easily fixed there. However, with the aid of many hands, they at last got it up. The coach-maker not having calculated on such a weight being placed on the roof (besides which there was no doubt to have been ten or a dozen passengers), had not made it with ribs of iron, and it of course sunk in. Now had it been a little stronger, so as to have borne the weight till the coach set off, it is probable that the first rude jolt would have sent it into the coach on the heads and bodies of the inside passengers, all of whom, to say nothing of those on the outside, must have been either killed or severely maimed.

These things deserve, nay they demand, consideration. I have done my duty in calling attention to the evil, and to the obvious remedy. Let the public take up the cause; it is their own; they are the sufferers by the present system, theirs will be the benefit of the proposed reform.

*Sheffield, Sept. 7, 1815.*

A PASSENGER.

SIC, and have contributed to draw very crowded audiences. The public began to tire of the same pieces and the same instruments; and though the managers have, for some time, very properly endeavoured to enliven the performance by a mixture of pretty lively airs and songs from operas, the thing was but very flat till the introduction of these *Thunderers*." I told him that I was much obliged to him for the intelligence; and asked him, if he could tell me, what the soldiers and charity children had to do with them? "Yes, Sir," he replied; "about a fortnight ago, when a *Sacred Oratoria* was performing, the representative of the *Saviour of the world* was so drunk, that the Righteous and the Wicked, from his right hand and his left, were, on that occasion, compelled to unite their efforts, and carry him off the stage, amidst the unbounded applause of the whole audience\*.

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\* The author is very far from designing to treat this awful subject with anything like unbecoming levity: on the contrary, it is with sensations bordering on horror, that he recurs to it at all. He has frequently, within the little circle in which he moves, publicly and seriously raised his feeble voice against the impiety of prostituting the sacred name of the *Most High* to the purposes of affording amusement to the thoughtless, or sensual gratification to the ears of the musical amateur. In nine instances out of ten, *entertainment* is the object which leads to attendance on performances of sacred music; and if those who frequent them, with any thing like serious impressions on their minds, will take the trouble carefully to analyse what they deem devotional feelings, on such occasions, they will, I am persuaded, find them far from possessing that spirituality and purity which Christianity requires in religious exercises. How serious Christians can conscientiously countenance, as they too frequently do, by their presence, the assembling, in the House of Prayer, the vilest prostitutes and the most notorious debauchees, to sing, for filthy lucre, the praises of the God of Holiness, is totally inconceivable. The author presumes not to condemn any one. He would, however, beg leave, on all such occasions, to recommend

In consequence of this accident, the managers took it into their wise heads to dismiss the poor singer. This alarmed all the fraternity; they were aware that the same misfortune might happen to any one of them: of course, none of them were safe for a single night; they, therefore, insisted that the offender should be continued; and, when the manager pertinaciously adhered to his determination, they, to a man, and to a woman, *struck*. In this dilemma, an original idea suggested itself to the ingenious director; and he has formed an entirely new vocal choir of soldiers and charity-children. The novelty (for novelty of any kind will attract a crowd) has answered beyond expectation, and filled both his house and his pockets." I asked, if he knew whither they were now going? "They are going, Sir," he answered, "to the Mansion House. The present Lord Mayor, you must know, is accused by the Aldermen of being something of a *Puritan*. Whatever foundation there may be for such a scandalous report, I cannot tell, farther than that he is no encourager of *profane* music and dancing. As, however, the banishing of these, without substituting something else, would entirely lose him his popularity, he has endeavoured, very judiciously, to compromise the matter between the citizens and his own conscience, by substituting *sacred* music. He means not only to introduce *sacred music*, in imitation of King David, into the civic feasts, but SACRED DANCING also, after the same example. The idea being quite new, takes wonderfully, and seems likely to render the Lord Mayor, in the end, a universal favourite. The effect, it is presumed, will

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the most strict and impartial self-examination. He is far from considering ridicule as being the test of *Truth*; yet he is persuaded that it may often be used with advantage, to hold up *her* mirror, to thoughtlessness and folly. Under this conviction, he has ventured to employ it throughout a great part of the present work.

be astonishingly striking and devotional, and great interest is making by all the *Fashionables* to procure tickets.

In order to render the performance more attractive and solemn, all the favourite actors from the Opera House, both male and female, are engaged. The best ballet and dancing masters have put themselves in requisition, to adapt, invent, and teach steps and movements suitable to the occasion. The Lady Mayoress, and half the city dames, are practising from morn till eve. Nay, it is confidently affirmed, that the *Churches* have even been *thinner than usual* on the Sunday mornings, since the commencement of this sacred-dancing mania." Here the musical man very politely bowed, and, wishing me a good morning, mingled among the throng.

I now approached two gentlemen, who, from their gestures, appeared to be in earnest conversation on the subject of the mysterious machines. One of these I soon distinguished was a person of great benevolence, whom I had had the pleasure of knowing several years, and whom I always considered as possessed of a clear head as well as a warm heart. After shaking hands, I asked him if he knew any thing about the machines, which had attracted such a crowd. "My friend, the Professor, here," he replied, "can tell you all about them. We are at present engaged in an argument on a subject to which they have given rise, the *Poor Laws*. My friend is a great enemy to the present system. He argues theoretically: I, you know, have had pretty long and extensive experience. That experience has led me to the conclusion, that though our present system of Poor Laws is far from perfect, it is, on the whole, not only the best that ever has been adopted for a state of society such as ours, but that it is at least ten to one, that any very material change in it would be for the worse. The Professor affirms, that the

present laws have a tendency to promote idleness among the poor, and a reliance upon the assistance of others, instead of their own exertions, for support. I affirm, that in no country in the world are the lower classes so respectable or so industrious as in this. I likewise affirm, that before the passing of the present Poor Laws, though the population was much smaller, the poor were, beyond all comparison, more idle, dissolute, and abjectly dependant, than they now are. The Professor argues, that our present laws encourage early and improvident marriages amongst the poor, who are thereby induced to venture on taking a wife when they are mere lads, because they know that the parish must keep their children, and that, consequently, population is increased beyond the means of subsistence. I reply, that I don't think my friend can point out *one* instance, of a poor lad having been led to commit matrimony by any such motive. I likewise affirm, that the poor in other parts of the British dominions, where they have no such laws, marry as early and as imprudently. I have not, indeed, the same dread of a superabundant population; nor am I sure, that early marriages amongst the poor ought to be deprecated.

“ My friend affirms, that the poor should not have any legal *claim* for support, when rendered incapable of maintaining themselves; and, by way of depriving them of that right in a way as little afflictive as possible, he proposes that a law should be passed, declaring it to be *an immoral act to get married, without possessing a fair prospect of supporting a family*; and that no children born after the passing of such act, should have any legal *claim* on the public purse for maintenance, under any circumstances. I maintain, that the poor possess this claim to support when in want and infirmity, by *as strong a right* as the rich do their property, under any circumstances, i. e. by the laws of the country in



which they live. What should we say to a law being passed, enacting, that no children, born after the passing of the Act, should be entitled to possess the property of their fathers? and that it should be considered as an immoral act for any man to get married, whose religious and moral character in life had not been such as to render it probable, that he would educate his children in the fear of God, and in the love of his fellow-creatures! We should probably think such a law tending a little towards tyranny; and yet it would be at least as good and humane as the other.

“There is one *right* inherent in Englishmen of every class, a right with which they will never part whilst themselves and their country continue to be superior to other men and other countries, the *right of grumbling*. This is a privilege too dear to the heart of honest *John Bull*, ever to be willingly surrendered. Though his country, during the last two hundred years (i. e. since the first establishment of the present Poor Laws) has been gradually rising in the scale of nations, with a rapidity which has left all competitors far behind, John is perpetually grumbling at every measure which contributes to promote its advancement. Though the poor of his native land are less idle, less depraved, less numerous, less miserable, less abject than those of any country in the world, under circumstances at all similar, John never looks for the cause of this superiority, but grumbles on, because there are poor at all, and because he has something to pay towards maintaining them, dwelling only on the large sum which goes for taxes, without regarding the much larger one which remains to himself after having paid them. “My good friend,” he continued, addressing the Professor, “you and I must have farther conversation on this subject when we meet in Cambridge: at present I must wish you both a good morning.”

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When my friend was gone, the professor turned to me, saying, "I dare say, Sir, you know enough of our worthy friend to be convinced, that the warmth and goodness of his heart are often more than a match for the strength of his understanding. He seems to love every body and every thing—but his country above every thing else: hence, she is always good and always great, and nothing that she does can be wrong with him. He is a striking instance how far prejudice will carry the wisest and best of men, wide of the truth. TRUTH, Sir, to be perceived and acknowledged, must appear—she must display herself during times and circumstances peculiarly favourable, or she will be regarded and scouted as *error*. Had Sir Isaac Newton lived and promulgated his philosophical truths in the sixteenth century, they would, in all probability, have been considered as the wild chimeras of a fanatic, or the blasphemous ravings of a heretic. He himself would have come off well, had he escaped with his life, and only been obliged, like his prototype Galileo, to proclaim those truths erroneous, and expiate in banishment, the crime of having attempted to enlighten his fellow-creatures, before they were possessed of sense to receive the illumination. Such, Sir, is always the fate of knowledge prematurely promulgated.

"Nothing can be more clear, than that no country can support, above a certain degree of population; if, then, the population increases beyond that point, the country must of course suffer in proportion: yet this is a truth which the present generation are not by any means prepared to receive. It is, however, a matter of fact, which in the course of a few years will be universally acknowledged, and the expediency of keeping down the population to its proper level, will then be fully established. This is the grand secret of promoting the welfare and happiness of any state. Let the number of

mouths be proportioned to the quantity of victuals which can be found to feed them, and there will be no danger of want. Sir, there ought to be appointed an *Inspector of Marriages*, without whose licence no poor lad or man should be permitted to enter upon wedlock. This would prevent a too great increase of population, without the necessity of resorting to those painful measures to reduce it, which we have hitherto been compelled to encourage. Amongst the principal of these, for the last forty years, may be reckoned the COTTON-MILLS. But for these, a famine in the land must long ago have ensued: the war has done much, but these have done much more. Many men have been taken off by the former, but they have, in general, left a young progeny more than sufficient to supply their places. The cotton-mills have destroyed the buds, therefore, there can have been no fruit. I lament, as much as any man, the sufferings amongst the innocent infant poor, but the good of society, under all circumstances, required it. They indeed suffered for the sins of their fathers; but that, in the present state of human nature, is unavoidable, and they had better be punished for these than for their own. I know that those fathers might plead, that they had the divine injunction, 'increase and multiply,' to urge in extenuation of their guilt, in getting married when poor; but they should have recollected, that this injunction was given under very different circumstances: there was *then* only one pair in the world; there was, consequently, more provision than mouths to consume it, and, therefore, no danger of famine from the people multiplying too fast.

“ Let all such improvident persons look at the natural, inevitable consequences of their wickedness and folly, in marrying when poor, and they must acknowledge, with contrition, that they have been very guilty. There has arisen

from that cause, a necessity for the sacrifice in the United Kingdoms, annually, of not less than a hundred thousand children. The instruments by which this has principally been effected, viz. cotton-mills, are dreadful beyond conception, and such as nothing less than the most imperious necessity could possibly palliate. That necessity, however, existed, and, therefore, the sacrifice was unavoidable: but even all this would have been utterly insufficient, had not an equal number at least of those who survived, checked increase by their debilitation, or by becoming common prostitutes. How terrible must be that evil which requires so severe a remedy! Severe, however, and extensive as it is, it is not sufficiently so, fully to answer the purpose. Too many children, notwithstanding all these cruelties, still survive. A plan has been, therefore, devised, greatly to aid the present cotton-mills in keeping down the population.

“ Children, hitherto, have not been employed till about seven or eight years of age; in the course of that time, many of them have acquired considerable strength, and, therefore, survive all their hardships: now, by means of the machines, which you see before you, it will be possible to set infants to work, even as early as two years of age. Few, then, I apprehend, so employed, will survive, and an effectual stop will be put to the too great increase of inhabitants in this island. These machines were at first called *Infantile Spinners*. They are hollow wheels, into which children of any age being put, are compelled, by means of a contrivance in the inside, which goads them on, to creep up the wheel like a turnspit, and thereby keep it constantly in motion. The spindles are on the outside, and one person will superintend a hundred of them. This, you will at once perceive, is not only rendering children useful to the state, at a much earlier

age than formerly, but it will be an effectual method of producing the effect so much to be desired. Though the people are not even yet sufficiently enlightened to discern the rectitude of the principles which I have been enforcing, or the beneficial consequences almost sure to arise from the use of these machines, government have long been convinced of both. On that account, they have never taken any effectual step to prevent the consumption of infant life in cotton-mills, and now they have adopted these machines as their own. They are to be called in future *STATE Spinners*. The soldiers are to be taught to manage them, and the children of the state, whom you see here from the Blue-Coat school, are to be brought up to undertake their future superintendence."—Seeing a person to whom he wished to speak, the professor abruptly left me.

The procession now met with another interruption from the long string of carriages. During this stoppage, I was accosted by a stranger, who, like myself, appeared very intent upon the still inexplicable machines. He was a tall athletic figure, in a long wide great-coat, with a coloured silk handkerchief about his neck, a large slouched hat, his hair cropped very short, and he held in his right hand a thick knotted stick, or rather bludgeon. His language was highly figurative, being interlarded, or rather ornamented, with many oaths and imprecations. These had certainly a striking effect in the delivery, adding considerable energy to his discourse. Not knowing, however, from being unaccustomed to see such things, how they might look on paper, I have thought it best to omit them altogether, especially as I have not much of that article to spare, and they would, if inserted at full length, at least require as much more as the substance of this conversation does.

He began by declaiming on the excellent sport which they should now have.—As he appeared to be alluding to the machines, and as his figure and diction had rather raised my curiosity, I asked him if he could inform me for what the machines were constructed? “To be sure, I can—and so you have never seen the new Bull and Bear-Ring, have you?—Why now, that’s odd enough!—And so, you was not on the Common yesterday, nor at Brentford on Thursday, was you?—No, no, that’s clear enough, or you would not have had to ask me about these here bear-rings.” I assured him that I had not been at either of the places, and was therefore totally unacquainted with them.—“Why, more’s the pity then!—Why, mayhap, then, as you don’t seem much acquainted with these sort of things, you mayn’t know that Parliament are going to pass an act to encourage boxing, and bull-baiting, and bear-baiting, and cock-fighting, all that ever they can?”—I told him that such an intention was quite strange to me.—“Well now, that is astonishing! and mayhap you don’t know that nobody is to be suffered in future to sit in the Parliament House, who has not learned to box?”—“No, sir, that information is also new.”—“Why, you must know very little of what is going forwards—I thought that every body had known all these things.—Yes, sir, the times are luckily finely changed, since they were so stupid as to debate in Parliament, whether or not all these useful and manly exercises and amusements should not be abolished. We may thank Mr. Windham (mayhap you have heard of Mr. Windham), or we should not by this time have enjoyed one amusement worthy the notice of an Englishman.

“The *Soldiers* and the *Charity Children* are all now to be taught the divine art of pugilism, and to become Bull and

Bear Wards.—The ground behind the Parliament House is ordered to be levelled, and a bull and a bear is to be there baited in succession, every day during the session, just before the opening of the house.—I believe the reason of this is, that of late, so few members have attended, that they have frequently not been able to muster a house.—The minister has therefore hit upon this *Bear-baiting* scheme, which he thinks will draw fuller houses, and be more agreeable, at least to him, than the old sport of *baiting the minister*, which has now, from want of good dogs, become rather flat and uninteresting.

“ Why, sir, an Englishman would have ceased to be an Englishman long before now, if Mr. Windham would have let the puritanical chaps have had their own way.—We should have been a nation of Miss Nancies, fainting away at the sight of blood, or on giving or receiving a black eye. A man who does not take delight in seeing two sound-bottomed lads, after the fortieth round, covered with blood, neither of them able to see or to stand, and yet neither of them willing to give in, is a scandal to his country. What can be more congenial to the spirit of a true-bred Englishman, than to witness a well-contested bull or bear baiting?—To see the noble, dauntless animals submit to be torn in pieces, rather than yield to their antagonists!—These, sir, are the sights, the amusements, and the exercises, which form those Soldiers and Sailors, who make no more account of a Frenchman than they would of a monkey.—These things, sir, are worthy of a prince; ay, sir, worthy of an *English* prince! and parliament never shewed their regard for the real welfare of Old England so much as by encouraging, in the way they mean to do, these truly English practices.—Nay, sir, I hope to live to see the time when half the members of the House of

Commons, if not of the House of Lords too, shall appear in their places with black eyes.\*

“ I am well persuaded that the original mode of electing Members of Parliament was, by setting the candidates to box for it. Whenever there is an opposition, it is always called a CONTEST—now, fighting is a contest, and it is well known that the true old English mode of fighting, is boxing. I therefore, think it clear, that the contest for a seat in Parliament was originally decided by the fists. Let this mode of determining which of the candidates is most worthy of the confidence of the people, be again adopted, and we shall soon have Representatives fit to legislate for true-born Englishmen. Surely, Sir, this is a much more eligible, rational, and manly mode of determining the respective merits of the candidates, than trying which has the deepest purse, the most

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\* The London newspapers of August 21, 1816, state, that yesterday a *Battle* was fought between *Scoggins* and *Church*, at *Moulsey Hurst*, *fifteen thousand* spectators of *all ranks* being present. *The equipages were very numerous.*—After particularly describing *forty-seven rounds*, fought with various success, they mention, that then *Church* was in the *most deplorable condition that imagination can conceive*, but that he still refused to give in.—In this condition, then, he was again set up to be battered to pieces. In the fifty-first round he received a dreadful body hit. He stood, however, another round; after which he was no longer able to stand at all, but lay apparently in a dying state, whilst the air was rent by the acclamations of applause, and triumph of *fifteen thousand Christians!*—Another battle was since fought near *Gretna Green*, equally bloody, between *Carter* and *Oliver*—when the *DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY* and *Colonel Barton* were Umpires. Though in so remote a part of the United Kingdom, and the day wet, more than twelve thousand spectators were present—the roads being thronged with carriages of all kinds, from the remotest parts.—In a still more recent conflict, one of the combatants was killed.



supple body, and the most deceitful tongue." I acknowledged the *force* of the *gentleman's* arguments, and requested to know how the machines contributed to the sport. "O I'll tell you," he replied, "those round hollow wheels are laid flat upon the ground, and serve instead of a stake. The rope coils in the inside, round a hollow barrel, in which is a spring worm. The rope may be drawn out to the length of forty yards when wanted, but is drawn in again by the spring, as the animal comes nearer to the centre, so that the rope never lies on the ground in the way of the combatants." I thanked my informant and left him, as the carriages moved on.

The procession now arrived near to the end of Cheapside, from whence it turned up King-street; it was therefore evidently going to Guildhall.

On observing this, a tall spare figure of a man, with a sharp visage and sallow complexion, apparently clad in second hand clothes, whose singular figure had long attracted my notice, became exceedingly agitated. At length he exclaimed aloud to himself, "I knew that it would come to this at last! This alone was wanting to fill up the measure of their villainy and their oppression! Here ends the little liberty once possessed by Englishmen! I looked with astonishment at the man—he saw that I was listening to his ejaculations, and turning, he addressed himself to me, vociferating "Yes, Sir! you may well be surprised! No honest man—no true patriot must *now* open his lips. During more than twenty years have Ministers been endeavouring to gag us; and as a finishing stroke, there you see going to occupy our Courts of Justice, those horrid engines of torture which are to rack the joints of every suspected man till he confesses whatever they want him to say, whether it be true or false. It is high time

for every one who values either his independence or his existence, to leave a country where neither the one nor the other can be secured to him. "For my part I shall"—here he paused—"endeavour to quit it immediately." During the whole of this harangue he was violently agitated; he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon those dreadful engines of torture, as he conceived them to be, and he held his right hand upon his left elbow, as if he already felt a wrench in it.

The soldiers now drew up on each side of the entrance of Guildhall, and the machines were lifted from the carriages, and taken into the Hall, the charity boys following them in. That moment it struck me, that these machines, and all that I had witnessed, must have a reference to the drawing of the STATE LOTTERY, and that the contractors, of whom I had before been dreaming, had succeeded in their most sanguine, though apparently desperate, expectation. Determined, if possible, to gain admission to witness the completion of an undertaking which had interested me so much, I made a resolute effort to elbow my way through the crowd. When, after considerable difficulty, I had succeeded in getting into the Hall, I had soon reason to repent the curiosity which had impelled me to persevere in the attempt. It was filled with a smoke so dense and noisome, as not only to render every object invisible, but also to prevent respiration. This vapour the most resembled the fumes which arise from the fusion of metals when they are mixed with a great portion of pernicious dross. At intervals, faint flashes of a greenish flame were indistinctly seen, from two different places near the centre of the Hall. I soon felt myself strangely and unaccountably bewildered, so as scarcely to be master of my own thoughts and actions. A dismal, wild, and incoherent uproar proceeded from a crowd of invisible beings behind me. By slow degrees the blinding and suffocating smoke began to

clear off—much of it, however, still remained. The sun, which shone strongly against the painted windows, served to light up the impure atmosphere within the Hall, into a kind of lurid fiery twilight.

I looked with astonishment around me, as gradually the objects became faintly visible. Before me, above the rest, towering on a kind of throne of rugged rock, and seated on a heap of instruments of destruction, appeared the God of Riches, *Mammon*. A huge pile of the precious metals lay before him. Veins of the same filled the fissures of the rock which formed his seat. His person was gigantic and sinewy; his hair and beard were grey, clotted and neglected; his nails long, like the talons of a bird of prey. A filthy coarse cloth was folded round his middle, and constituted his only covering. His eyes were continually wandering in search of new treasures to add to his stores. When he had long looked in vain, he even tore the flesh from his own arm, which was transmuted at his touch, into gold, and he threw it to increase the heap before him.

The floor behind me was crowded with the Worshippers of the God. Never surely did any place on earth exhibit so dreadful an assemblage of human depravity. Every evil passion, to which our fallen nature is subject, was there displayed in its most frightful shape, and in its wildest and greatest excess. All of them had totally forsaken the true worship of the True God; for no man, however he may deceive himself, can serve both God and Mammon. Every extravagance, every execration, every blasphemy, every impurity, was uttered and exhibited amongst them. They had all more the appearance of Demons than of human beings. Such a stupefying and confounding controul had the pestilent vapour, with which the Hall was filled, on my faculties,

that I am not sure that I did not join the worshippers of Mammon in their adoration and fanaticism.

Between the multitude and the throne stood a broad low altar, covered with green cloth. On the altar were the two *votive wheels*, from out of which had issued the flames and the sulphureous smoke, or incense, which still continued faintly to escape. The wheels were the same that I had seen in the procession. By the side of them stood four of the boys, who had accompanied them. They appeared the loveliest children that my eyes ever beheld. Innocence and purity were strongly portrayed on their infantine countenances. Clad as they were in the simplest dress of ancient times, I could have fancied that they were those happy children whom the Saviour of the World, when he was on earth, took in his arms and blessed, and declared that "of such was the kingdom of Heaven." Though I found that they were victims devoted to be offered up at the Shrine of the God Mammon, they were entirely unconscious of the fate that awaited them. Behind them stood the Sacrificer. The knife, which he grasped in his right hand, flared in the lurid atmosphere.—The Sacrificer himself had nothing of the appearance of a murderer. He rather looked as if he had undertaken the office as a task from which he shrunk, but to which he was by necessity impelled. I thought that I even perceived the knife tremble in his hand, and a blush of shame overspread his manly and benevolent countenance. His dress was that of a Senator, not of a Priest.

Beyond the throne, almost hid in the turbid atmosphere, on high raised pedestals, two dignified figures attracted much of my attention. One of them was *Religion*. She was seated upon a rock, and leaned against the Cross. Meek sorrow was impressed upon her countenance, as she kept her

eyes fixed upon the Bible, which lay open on her knees.—The other was *Britannia*. She was standing upright, with a couchant lion at her side. Her aspect too was marked by grief, but it was at the same time strongly tinged with indignation.

The worshippers of Mammon now loudly demanded that the victims should be offered up. As the Sacrificer stepped forward, a wild yell of applause was uttered by the crowd. The unaltered features of the innocent victims shewed that they did not suspect the danger that awaited them. Religion arose. With a soft and gentle accent she exclaimed, "My son, forbear." The Sacrificer either did not hear or regard her, for he did not even turn his head to look at her. "*Proceed*," resounded from all the Demoniacs below. He advanced nearer. Religion drew from beneath her robe the *Reflector of Truth*. She held it up—a broad strong light spread before the eyes of the Sacrificer. In it appeared a shadowy train. Slowly they glided forward; it was a sorrowful assemblage. Each, as they passed, threw on him a look of anguish and supplication. The ruined Spendthrift was there, he who had brought down the grey hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave. Those broken-hearted parents too were there. There was the ruined and forsaken Maiden, the murderer of her infant and herself. The man of fallen fortunes too was there; he who having drawn down hundreds besides himself into the gulph of bankruptcy, took to the pistol and the highway, and after shooting others, destroyed himself. All these, and many, many more, as they lingeringly glided by, with speechless eloquence implored his mercy, and then vanished in air. Methought too, as I gazed upon the venerable sages, who in scarlet robes and tarnished frames, surround the room, that even *they* joined in the silent prayer for pity, for the starting tear rolled, or appeared to

roll, slowly down their furrowed cheeks; but all availed not.

The Idol frowned—a yell of rude impatience urged to speed. The Sacrificer seized a victim; the brandished knife awaited but the impulse of the arm, to pierce the heart. My blood ran thick and cold. A dreadful roar that instant shook the massive timbers of the roof; it was the British lion's roar. He had started from his slumbers, and was in the act of springing upon the multitude below, when Britannia checked him. With a mighty voice she cried, "FORBEAR. Enough of this.—No more shall thus my helpless children, year by year, be offered up to that accursed fiend; no more his brutal worshippers (drunk with the intoxicating fumes of those infernal wheels) shall sacrifice their time, their property, their families, and their souls, at Mammon's sordid shrine. This shall no longer be. Religion oft with gentle tone has sued in vain. *My* louder call ye now *shall* hear, nor dare to disregard. Haste, Mercy! haste, and save my children from destruction." Mercy, descending from above on rapid wings, immediately appeared. One by one she bore the smiling victims from the Altar, and placed them near Britannia. Religion then again advanced, and holding up her Mirror, poured from it a flood of light that splendidly illuminated every corner of the Hall. "*Let Truth prevail,*" she cried, and instantly the smoke, the stench, and livid glare were gone. Mammon fell prostrate on his face. The rock on which he lay shook to its base, and with the false divinity and all his riches, sunk into the earth. Trembling and abashed, the Sacrificer dropped his knife. He threw his mantle over his head, and peered with half-closed eyes upon the scene, as if afraid to face the Light of Truth. The wheels split asunder with an awful explosion, scattering their contents upon the Altar—a little gold, with much of dross, and

an abundance of paper burnt to tinder. The Worshippers of Mammon, like owls and bats, dazzled by the light of the sun, shrunk from the searching rays, and groped their way as well as they could to the door, through which they all at length escaped. Alarmed at thus being left standing alone on the floor, I knew not what to do. At last I ventured to raise my eyes, when the Light of Truth, from the Mirror, flashed so strongly in my face, that, overwhelmed with astonishment and terror,—I awoke.

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\* \* \* The State Lottery had, for so many years, been drawn at *Guild-Hall*, that it was not likely the *Dreamer* should ever dream of its being drawn at any other place.

## PART III.

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“ O Lord! to us belongeth confusion of face, to our kings, to our princes, and to our fathers, because we have sinned against thee.”—*Daniel*, ix. 8.

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### BOTH HOUSES ASSEMBLED.

I WAS for some time so bewildered, that I could scarcely satisfy myself that the whole of what I had witnessed and suffered was only a DREAM; and when I had fully come to myself, I could not banish the subject from my mind, but lay pondering till I again insensibly fell asleep.

Once more I found myself seated in the Gallery of the House of Commons, which was crowded as before with the members of *both* Houses. The Speaker was just informing the House, that this was the day appointed by them (in consequence of numerous petitions which had been presented) for taking into consideration the effects produced by the *State Lottery*, which had now been established many years; that notice had been given, for all who felt themselves disposed to make any representation upon the subject, to come forward on that day, and state their cases at the Bar. As he understood that great numbers were in the Lobby of the House, it would be proper, if moved and seconded, that they should in turn be admitted.

A young man, of prepossessing appearance and manners, whose name I could not learn, now arose and thus addressed



the Speaker,—“ Sir, before the several witnesses, this day to be examined on the subject of the State Lottery, are admitted to the Bar of this Honourable House, I must for the first time beg leave to trespass on the patience of the Lords and Gentlemen here present. Sir, I have not long enjoyed the honour of a seat in this august assembly. I am almost a stranger to the forms and usages of the House ; if I transgress, therefore, I must beg the favour of you, Sir, to set me right. From my youth up, I have been accustomed to sincerity and truth. I would not willingly give occasion of offence, but I cannot disguise my feelings, when the cause of truth and religion demands a plain exposition of them, to please any man or any body of men. Most sincerely do I thank God, that I was in no way instrumental in legalizing that most abominable of all authorised practices, the *State Lottery*, the effects of which are this day to be investigated. It is, Sir, with the utmost difficulty that I can bring myself to believe, that such a measure ever received the sanction of the King, the Lords, and the Commons of a State professing Christianity. What, Sir ! are perjury, robbery, and murder legalized by Act of Parliament ? Pardon my warmth, Sir ; but they who, possessing authority, hold forth irresistible temptations to the commission of any vice or any crime, and receive the profits arising from the commission of such, they are, in the eyes of reason, justice, and religion, to the full as guilty as the perpetrator himself. So guilty, Sir, I say, in the instance before us, is this Honourable House. Nay more than this ; with an inconsistency scarcely to be credited, we have, for the perpetration of these crimes, to which we thus irresistibly allure our constituents, decreed the most severe and ignominious punishments. We are a sort of *wholesale* transgressors, and the punishment seems only to attach to the *retail* dealers. I suspect that the consciences of some of the latter cause them at times to rest indifferently ; and yet, per-

haps the Lords Temporal and Spiritual, and the Honourable Gentlemen present, notwithstanding their greater guilt, enjoy very good nights.

“ Sir, this Honourable House was not always thus blind or indifferent to the disgrace and injury sustained by such a violent breach of all decorum, morality and religion. I hold in my hand an Act of Parliament, passed in the 10th and 11th of William and Mary, on the subject of Lotteries, when they were comparatively insignificant and harmless to what they are now. A part of the preamble to this Act I shall take the liberty of reading. I do not know that a stronger censure of our iniquitous proceedings could well be produced. ‘ Whereas several evil-disposed persons, for divers years last past, have set up many mischievous and *unlawful* games called Lotteries, and have thereby most *unjustly* and *fraudulently* got to themselves great sums of money, from children and servants of several gentlemen, tradesmen, and merchants, and from other unwary persons, to the utter ruin and impoverishment of many families, and to *the reproach of the English Laws and Government*, by colour of several Patents and Grants under the Great Seal of England, which said Patents and Grants are against the common good, trade, welfare, and peace of his Majesty’s Kingdom. It is therefore declared, that all such Lotteries, and *all other Lotteries*, are *common and public nuisances*, and that all Grants, Patents, and Licences for such Lotteries, and for *any other Lotteries*, are void and against law.’ Now, Sir, after hearing this, no man, I think, can for a moment doubt, but that either our predecessors were very great fools, or that we are something a great deal worse. I am not acquainted with the form of the preamble to our modern Lottery Acts; but I should conceive that, read together with this which you have just heard, the two must form a striking contrast to each other.

“ At any rate, sir, we have not done that of which we are ashamed.—If we have been doing what our ancestors branded with the name of “ injustice,” and declared to be “ *unlawful and fraudulent,*” and “ *a reproach to the English Laws and Government,*” as well as “ *a common and public nuisance,*” —(if it is not because we are grown wiser than they were)—it can only be attributed to the darkest ignorance, or the most unblushing effrontery ; for never men appeared prouder of what they had done, or were more anxious to claim it as *exclusively their own,* as well as to display it conspicuously in the face of the whole world, than we seem to be of this boasted STATE LOTTERY.

“ Never, Sir, was any other measure of this honourable House so blazoned forth, so held up to observation, so forced upon the notice of every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, as this most iniquitous of all its public schemes of taxation.—Sir! I cannot walk the public streets—I cannot take up a public newspaper—nay, I cannot open my own door, without seeing something to upbraid me with being a member of that legislature, which has not only sanctioned this wickedness, but has, for the love of lucre, forced it upon those, who have a right to look up to it for protection from evil men and evil ways.—Yet, so far are all these dreadful consequences from making us ashamed of what we have done, that we even seem to glory in it, and lay claim to the merit of it as our own, in a way peculiar to itself, by distinguishing it as the work and the property of the *Nation,* calling it the *STATE Lottery.*—Surely, if ever any measure, if ever the Name of any measure, disgraced a State, *this State* is so disgraced by the *STATE Lottery.*—Sir! when I look around me, on this most august assembly, and here behold men selected from all that is elevated, venerable, pure, and holy, in society :—when I see the highest nobility

of the State, the first dignitaries of the Church, the most accomplished and affluent from amongst the people;—and when I am compelled to recollect, that all these have combined to produce, establish, and force upon the subjects of these realms, this atrocious source of guilt and misery, I feel myself bewildered in a maze of evidence and incredulity—I know it to be true, and yet I feel as if I was libelling this phalanx of power, wisdom, and piety, in believing it.

“ Sir, though my acquaintance with this honourable House has been, as I said, but of short duration, it has been long enough to enable me to have discerned, that the mention of religion and religious motives, is barely tolerated, and is always met with something bordering on impatience, if not contempt.—I now see before me the most revered and exalted ministers of the gospel of Christ—where *they* are, I may, surely without giving offence, declare that no man, no set of men, however powerful, can, with impunity, flagrantly and wilfully transgress the unchangeable *Laws of God*, and that the statesman who dares attempt to do so, takes the most effectual way to injure his country.—Will you, Sir, permit me, in confirmation of this assertion, to call to the recollection of this honourable House a transaction too recent to be forgotten by any here present?

“ When the aged and long-afflicted rightful heir to the throne of a neighbouring kingdom, was, by the appointment of Divine Providence, and the instrumentality of this nation, seated upon the throne of his ancestors, he appeared not to have profited so fully as he ought to have done, by the lessons of adversity which he had experienced.—Instead of having learned to do justice, and to love mercy, he insisted on being allowed to commit the greatest injustice, and to be

guilty of the direst cruelty, during at least *five* of the first years of his reign. Our negociator, with whom the treaty was made, at length acquiesced, though both the parties declared at the time, that the measure alluded to, was "*contrary to the laws of justice.*"

"Now, Sir, and now, my lords and gentlemen, mark the consequence!—In the first place, the inhabitants of *this Country* rose as one man, to express their detestation of the practice itself, and their indignation at having been made, in some degree, consenting parties to its continuance. For more than twenty years they had borne burdens which no other state ever did, which no other state ever *could* bear—and they had borne them without murmuring, for they were borne in the cause of justice and humanity: but when shame and self-reproach were thrust upon them, they shrunk with astonishment and abhorrence from the contaminating contact.—Mark me again, Sir! scarcely was the ink dry on the parchment which recorded the ignominious concession, before the monarch, who, like Nebuchadnezzar, had thus violated the laws of that God who had raised him to power, was hurled, like him, from the throne of which he had shown himself not worthy.—By whose instrumentality was he thus cast down?—by that of a monster whose whole life had been spent in acts of injustice and cruelty. For what purpose, then, did it appear, that this wretch was permitted to dethrone and succeed the rightful monarch?—to dash away with the first, and almost the only, stroke of his imperial pen, that abominable enactment, which had so outrageously and ungratefully violated the laws of God and man, by authorising the Slave Trade.—Then (as if his appointed work had been done), he himself was again driven from his usurped throne, to beg his life at the hands of that

brave and generous nation, to conciliate whose favour he had alone been induced for once to do a deed of justice altogether foreign to his nature.

“ This nation granted the culprit his life, and reinstated the dethroned monarch. That monarch had now learned the lesson which he had before neglected; and, if not to please God, yet to satisfy our outraged feelings, he confirmed the politic act of mercy of the Usurper. Sir! can you think? can the Lords and Gentlemen of this Honourable House think, that the nation, which thus indignantly spurned at the attempt to implicate it in the commission of injustice in one case, will tamely be induced to commit it, even more notoriously in another? No, Sir! let the nation once be shewn the true nature of the transaction, and they will, with one heart and one voice, deprecate and discard so gross, so foul an abomination.

“ Sir! I have trespassed longer than I intended on the indulgence of the House; and, as I feel assured, that the testimonials to be adduced will fully corroborate all my assertions, and prove the iniquity of the measure, I shall not now take up any more of the valuable time of the Honourable House than to move, that the persons in waiting to give evidence, be in turn admitted.” The motion being seconded, and carried in the affirmative, orders were given accordingly.

Hereupon I perceived an unusual commotion throughout the whole House. The Bishops, the Speaker, and the Secretaries all adjusted their wigs, endeavouring, as it appeared to me, to fix them firmly on their heads. All the members buttoned up their pockets, and put their watch-chains out of sight. A few of the more elderly ones left their places, and withdrew into the sleeping galleries. It seemed pretty evi-

dent, that they had not lost the recollection of the occurrences, which took place when the same subject was last before the House.

A considerable bustle took place at the door, when a tall elderly man was seen dragging in a woman, of about the same age with himself, who, finding resistance vain, at length stepped forward unhesitatingly, attempting, at the same time, to adjust her disordered dress. The habiliments of both were what might be termed shabby-genteel. The lady apologized for appearing before the House such a *wery* frightful figure, but assured them, that she was not used to be so, as it was not long since they kept a *post chay*. The Speaker asked the man, what he had to say on the subject of the State Lottery. He replied, that before the establishment of it, he and his wife had kept a small retail shop. That though they had six young children, they were enabled, by industry and economy, to live respectably and contentedly. A neighbour of theirs, much in the same circumstances with themselves, after the establishment of the State Lottery, gained a prize of five hundred pounds. This had put their former equals so much above their heads, that his wife would never let him rest, till he had consented to let them try their fortune likewise, in the State Lottery. To compass this, they all agreed to relinquish one meal in a day, till they had saved as much as would purchase a ticket. This they, at length, accomplished, and he set out to buy it. As he was going, he met his wife's sister in great distress; her husband, who was a mason, had fallen that morning from a scaffold, on which he was employed, and was taken up dead. She was left a widow, with five little children, one at the breast, and without any probable means of supporting them. He had, he said, turned back with her, to his own house, having resolved, that the money, which they had saved for the purchase of the ticket,

should be appropriated to the relief of her and her children. On their arrival, he related the circumstances to his wife, and acquainted her with his resolution on the subject. A sullen silence, for the rest of the day, was the consequence. Before noon, however, on the morrow, his wife shewed him a Lottery Ticket. She had noticed where he deposited his pocket-book, and obtained possession of it and its contents, with which she had bought the ticket. Within three days, they received information that their ticket was drawn a prize of ten thousand pounds!

For a man with ten thousand pounds to keep a small retail shop, was, he said, quite out of the question. They retired into the country; they kept their carriage. They were very much envied, and very miserable. Their children grew up in idleness and dissipation; robbing them as long as they could, and then leaving them to themselves, to poverty and contempt. The sister and her children were in the work-house, which appeared the only refuge for himself and his wife now to flee to. He concluded, by earnestly beseeching the House, if they had any regard for the welfare of the people, to abolish the State Lottery, which he was sure had been the ruin of thousands besides himself. The old man, with tears in his eyes, and with a look and manner which affected all present, thanked God for having enabled him, through all his trials, to preserve a conscience void of offence. This he hoped to carry with him, in a few years, perhaps in a few days, to that country, beyond the grave, where there would be no *State Lotteries* to tempt him to destruction. He bowed. The lady made a low courtesy, and, arm in arm, they retired.

The old man's simple story appeared to have considerably interested the House, which remained some moments in si-



lence. Presently, a little spruce, dapper, lively-looking, neat-dressed man, made his appearance. He bowed three times to the Chair, as he advanced, and informed the Lords and Gentlemen, that he had thought it his duty to come and thank them for having established the State Lottery, which he trusted they would continue, as it was one of the most eligible measures that ever was adopted. On being asked who he was, he replied, that he was TRAP-SETTER to the Lottery Offices. The House appeared a good deal puzzled to understand the nature of the office; and, on an explanation being required, he informed them that it was his duty to prepare paragraphs, to be inserted in the public newspapers. These were to be so contrived as to attract the attention of every class of readers. The first part was generally in allusion to some popular subject, which, by an ingenious turn, was made to lead directly to that of the State Lottery. These he had to vary every day, as he said some of the old rats got so cunning, that it now required a bait, most delicately tempting, and dexterously concealed, to make them nibble. He, however, hoped, that there were many members present, who would do him the honour to bear witness to his successful endeavours. Nor were his abilities, he said, confined to one line alone; he had no doubt, if required, that he could make himself useful in *various ways*. I here observed the Chancellor of the Exchequer whispering to one of the members near him, who asked the *Rat Catcher* his name, and place of residence. This I thought the Chancellor of the Exchequer took down. He was then told that he might withdraw.

Scarcely was he gone out, when the House, which had been a good deal diverted with the little conceited being, became suddenly silent, and I thought alarmed, as they turned their eyes towards the entrance. There I now saw a kind of

shadowy female figure, gliding slowly forward. I could neither perceive nor hear her footsteps. As she stopped before the table, on which the lights were placed, I imagined that I distinctly, though faintly, saw some of them glimmer through her seemingly unsubstantial form. Her dress was white, and clung closely to her slender and elegant form. Her hair was black, and hung long and lank, as if dripping wet, down her back, and over her shoulders. She bowed her head over something covered up, which she pressed with her snowy taper arms to her throbbing bosom. A faint, hollow groan, as if issuing from a sepulchre, was heard. The whole House were petrified with horror, when, letting fall the cloth, with which her burden had been enveloped, she held forth to view the bloody, mangled corpse of a new-born infant! She raised her pale but lovely face, and, in slow and solemn accents, scarcely human, cried, "Behold *your* deed! forbear! forbear! forbear!" A sudden shivering seized me: for a moment I withdrew my eyes. I looked again, but she was gone.

An awful silence of some minutes' duration ensued. At length a poor ragged old man came hobbling forward, supporting himself by a short stick in his right hand, while in his left he held, resting upon his shoulder, a kind of small round table, the top of which had something of the resemblance of a clock face. On being asked his business, he said, that he had been very ill used by the Mayor of a country town, who had imprisoned him a month, and then ordered him to be severely flogged, in consequence of which he was then scarcely able to walk. On being questioned respecting the nature of the crime of which he had been guilty, he declared that he had done nothing but what the House would support him in doing. He had opened a Lottery, but quite on a small scale, in which nobody could lose more than a few

halfpence. This, he submitted to the House, could not hurt any one, even if they were unfortunate: but, he affirmed, that in *his* Lottery they had *almost* an equal chance of being winners. "Now, Gentlemen," he continued, "is not this a great and a burning shame, that a poor man should be thus ill-treated for doing what the laws of his country allow to be done. If *I* deserve this punishment, what must *you* deserve? I have no other mode of obtaining a living. My customers have much amusement; they hazard very little; and they have almost a fair chance of being gainers. *You* need not resort to this mode of raising money, because you have the choice of means; since, then, you allow of it, there can be no crime in practising it. The extent to which *your* Lottery goes is beyond my calculation; and I am informed that your customers have at least three chances of losing, for one of gaining. I therefore hope, that though no Act of Parliament can take off the lashes that have been laid on my poor back, you will be so good as to order as many to be indorsed on Mr. Mayor's, and thereby teach him a lesson that he won't soon forget." The young orator now rose, and addressing the old man, said, "I thank you, my friend, for coming hither upon this occasion: we cannot afford you the satisfaction which you demand. The Mayor only did his duty; it is not he, therefore, who ought to be flogged: no, my friend, it is the backs of other men, which should be corrected by the lash of the beadle. You transgressed the laws of your country, and therefore you were justly punished; we, in this instance, transgress the laws of God, but we *make* human laws, and, therefore, we escape punishment *here*. I am, however, afraid, that if there be beadles in the *next* world, you may have the opportunity of seeing some of us, if not Mr. Mayor, pretty handsomely flogged. Now, go your way," continued he, throwing his card to the poor vagabond, "call to-morrow where that will direct you, and I will see if I cannot put you

into some more reputable way of obtaining a livelihood." The old man took the card, wiped his eyes, made a bow, and departed.

The clanking of chains was next heard, and three condemned felons from Newgate, in custody of their keeper, shuffled forward, as well as their heavy irons would permit. They had obtained permission of the Sheriff, though contrary to all precedent, to attend upon this occasion. They were to be executed on the morrow. The House shrunk with horror on receiving the information. The crimes, for which they were to suffer, were of different kinds; one was for defrauding his creditors under a statute of bankruptcy; another was for forgery; and the third, for murder. They all, however, traced their crimes primarily to gambling in the State Lottery. The first, whose appearance was much superior to that of his companions, addressed the House with considerable ability and effect. He stated, that he acknowledged the justice of the punishment which awaited him. He had endeavoured to make his peace with his justly and greatly offended God; and he humbly trusted that his prayers had been heard. Within a very few hours, he must pass into eternity. He thought, therefore, that a part of the short time still allotted him on earth, could not be better employed than in attempting to rescue others from a like fate, by persuading the House to abolish a practice, so fraught with evil. For his own part, he most sincerely forgave them, and he should, as it was his duty, pray to God, not only to forgive them, but to enlighten their understandings to discern the iniquity of the measure. For the purpose of stating these facts, he had petitioned for himself, and his unhappy companions, to be permitted to attend at the bar of the House; and he trusted that their attendance there would not be in vain. His companions remained silent. They all now withdrew. The House ap-

peared much agitated. I remarked the young orator, with tears in his eyes, step forward and speak to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who wrote a note, with which the former immediately left the House. He, however, soon returned with a more cheerful countenance.

Eight or ten shabby-looking fellows now bolted in, and stated that they were come to request the House not to be induced by designing men, to discontinue a measure which was highly conducive to the interest of the State, by furnishing employment for a great many honest men. They said, that they were Bill Stickers to the Lottery Offices. They were employed by the Contractors to travel all over the country, to post up bills in every place, and to distribute from house to house such papers relative to the State Lottery, as were most likely to promote its success. They assured the House, that theirs was no sinecure office, for they verily thought, that they had, in their time, pasted as much paper up as would have covered every house in the kingdom. One of the members told them, that, as they had so little time to spare, they were perfectly at liberty to depart, of which permission they immediately availed themselves.

One-and-thirty gentlemen (for I had the curiosity to count them) were now conducted to the bar. The oldest of these, (who had been appointed orator for the occasion) stepped before the rest, and, after formally bowing to the Chair, thus began, with great solemnity of voice and manner, what was evidently a preconcerted set speech: "Mr. Speaker—every man who is really interested—every man who is really *interested*—Mr. Speaker, I say, every man who is *really interested*"—here his memory and confidence appeared completely to fail him, and he made a full stop in the utmost confusion, totally unable to utter another word.

At length a member got up, and exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, with your permission, I will assist the worthy gentleman on the floor, who is verily possessed of a greater share of modesty than he and his colleagues were at all aware of. Mr. Speaker, every man who is *really interested* (as has been so often repeated) in the continuance of this most disgraceful and impolitic measure (for nothing that is immoral can be politic), had much better leave the House without attempting to defend that which does not admit even of palliation. These *disinterested* gentlemen, Mr. Speaker, and my Lords and Gentlemen, are Commissioners and General Commissioners, appointed under the Lottery Act, with each a salary of from £150 to £500 per annum. So that the wages of sin, you see, do not all come into the coffers of the public. These clean-handed gentlemen, I dare say, Sir, if their diffidence would permit them to speak out, are come for the purpose of trying to persuade us to a continuance of this (to them) *unprofitable* concern! Is not that the case, Gentlemen? Am I right? or—Nay, Gentlemen! pray don't leave us in this manner! What! not a single word from any one of you! Why, this is mortifying beyond every thing. We had flattered ourselves with the expectation of receiving, from so respectable and well-informed a quarter, much to enlighten and direct! What! all silent? all going? all gone!" During the latter part of this speech, the Gentlemen Commissioners had all contrived, one after the other, to make their escape, leaving the House convulsed with laughter.

A considerable bustle was now heard at the door, when four dark-complexioned lads advanced, carrying an amazingly large roll of parchment, which they deposited upon the floor, at the feet of the Speaker. Being asked who they were, one of them replied, "Sir, we are *devils*." "Gentlemen," exclaimed the young orator, starting up, "I am not at all sur-

prised to see you here;—are you come to take your seats amongst us?—and is that large roll of parchment filled with the names of your numerous friends and constituents?”—“ Oh! bless you, sir,” one of them cried, “ we’re not *right* devils, we’re *only printers’ devils*.” He proceeded to inform the House that the parchment contained a petition for the continuance of the State Lottery, signed with the names of almost all the printers, compositors, pressmen, and devils, in the kingdom, amounting to nearly twenty thousand. They therefore trusted that it would produce considerable effect in determining the resolutions of the House.—“ Most assuredly,” replied the young member, “ especially as they are all such completely *disinterested* gentlemen.” They were then ordered to leave their bundle, and withdraw.

An elderly man, in a black scratch wig, next entered, and informed the House, that he was principal Engraver to the Lottery Offices. His employment was not only to prepare the blocks for ornamenting the large posting bills, which were to be varied almost every day, but also to invent, and engrave, plates for pictures suited to engage the notice of all ages and all classes of his Majesty’s subjects, and designed to convince them of the many advantages to be derived from speculating in the State Lottery. He assured the House, that he was more instrumental in promoting the prosperity of the measure, than any other person whatever, employed in furthering it.—“ It is not,” he observed, “ every one who *can* read, and of those who can, very few will give themselves the trouble to do it; but every person, who can see at all, can look at a picture, and if it comes in his way, he cannot help looking at it. It gives no trouble, and it affords amusement. By this means, then, the attention is certain to be engaged, and a few lines of appropriate poetry at the bottom of the picture, is sure to be read, and almost

as sure to be remembered. Lottery Pictures have long been favourite things with children:—I have contrived to render their liking for them conducive to the interest of the State, by furnishing them with STATE *Lottery Pictures*, their partiality for which, it is probable, will cling to them through life. This is beginning, where a wise man will always begin, with the foundation.—I have besides, Gentlemen,” he continued, “*State Lottery Pictures* for children of a larger growth, especially for young men and maidens. These seize on the passions, when those passions are fully ripe, and then they produce an effect which no weak and foolish scruples can afterwards counteract.” “Indeed, Mr. Engraver,” observed one of the members, “you do really appear to have turned your talents greatly to the advantage of the *rising* generation, and I most sincerely hope that, for your reward, you will *yourself* in due time be highly exalted.—You may withdraw.”

The door-keeper now stepped in to say, that the lobby was so full of the creditors of fraudulent bankrupts, who were come to petition against the continuance of the State Lottery, that till they were despatched, there was no chance of any other persons getting admittance. In consequence of this representation, it was resolved, that each set of petitioners should proceed through the House in rotation, state the nature of their petitions, deposit the same on the table, and leave it to be read at some more convenient opportunity.—Here the multitude began to present their petitions, and though as little time was allowed them as possible, I really was afraid that they would occupy the House till morning.—The petitions soon became too numerous for the table to hold them; they were therefore laid upon the floor; these presently rose higher than the seats, and at length higher than the heads of the members, so as



completely to hide the monstrous petition which the devils had brought in. The tenor of all of these was stated to be the same, viz. to shew that the losses of the petitioners had either been caused, or greatly increased, by the speculations of bankrupts in the State Lottery.

The appearance of the next individual who was introduced when, at the end of what seemed an age to me, all the creditors were withdrawn, perplexed the members a good deal; indeed I could not help thinking, that some of them were under no trifling degree of alarm. The very countenance of the fellow was enough to strike any man of merely common nerves, with terror. On being asked his name and occupation, he answered that he had had so many names, that he just then did not recollect which was his original one, both his father and mother having changed theirs frequently, as the registers of the Old Bailey would witness; but the name by which he was best known, since he got his present situation, was JACK KETCH, and his *profession*, an't please their worships, was that of public executioner at Newgate.—He further informed the House, that he was deputed from the whole fraternity, scattered through every jail in the kingdom, to pray the House not to abolish the State Lottery. He declared, with a deadly oath, that in the unanimous opinion of the Brethren of the Rope, the Lottery was as productive to them, as to the State:—in fact, they were all convinced, that if it were to be abolished, they should soon have little to do. He therefore humbly trusted, that the House would, in its *wisdom* and *humanity*, see the necessity of continuing a good old practice, which was so useful to the State, and furnished bread to a fraternity of honest men, who were willing, and desirous, to render themselves of service to every body, in their line.—“Hear him! hear him!” was vociferated from all parts of the house,

and Jack retired, with a change in the cast of his features, caused by what I conceive he meant for a smile, but which, in reality, not a little heightened their terrific effect.

When he was gone, and the mirth and uproar had a little subsided, a person advanced with the utmost difficulty, being so lame that with the help of a stick and a crutch, his progress was very slow. He appeared to be rather a young man, but his head being tied about with a handkerchief, and his face much disfigured with seams and scars, it was difficult to ascertain his age. On being asked what he was, he replied, "A PIGEON." "Indeed, Sir," observed one of the younger members, "I should not have suspected it; you must then have been winged, you fly so badly." The joke was not much relished, either by the young man or the House. A chair was ordered for him, and he was told to be seated and explain himself. He said, that he had been employed by the Lottery Office keepers to bring them intelligence, on horseback, of the first-drawn ticket every morning during the drawing of the Lottery; that the time allowed for doing this was so short, that he and his brethren were under the necessity of galloping as fast as their horses could go, over the stones through the most public streets; that a great many fatal accidents had occurred, not only to the Pigeons themselves, but also to passengers; that he had himself been thrown, by his horse falling, several times. The last time that such an accident happened, was occasioned by his horse running over a poor old woman, who was crossing the street, and in her fright ran back when he expected her to go forward. They were all down together; the old woman and the horse were killed on the spot, and he himself was so dreadfully maimed, that his life was long in jeopardy. He had, however, so far (as they then saw) recovered, but he should never again be able to maintain himself, or have an

hour's ease. He was now in the workhouse, where in all probability he must remain during the painful remainder of his life. He concluded by beseeching the House not to suffer the lives of others to be thus unnecessarily hazarded in future. His narrative moved all present a good deal, and I observed three or four of the Members contrive to pass him before he withdrew, and slip something into his hand.

The Marshal of the King's Bench Prison now entered with a petition, which, he said, was from about twenty of his prisoners, stating that their present confinement and ruin were caused by speculations (*principally successful ones*) in the State Lottery, and praying for its abolition.

On his disappearance, a more than ordinary stillness and attention pervaded the whole House, as the Members cast their eyes towards the door. It was not long before a tall genteel female, scarcely thirty years of age, advanced between two girls, whom she led by the hand,—one about six, and the other about eight years old. A lovely boy, rather older than either of his sisters (for such they were), held the other hand of the younger girl. They were all dressed in plain deep mourning. The children were in tears. The mother shed none; a deep, confirmed, though placid, melancholy sat upon one of the most beautiful and interesting countenances that my eyes ever beheld. Before her the House preserved the most respectful silence, and as if moved by an instantaneous and irresistible impulse, the Lords and Gentlemen, all at the same moment, took off their hats.—There appeared a sacredness in such sorrow, that made them all feel as if placed in the presence of a being of a superior order. The Speaker, in the most condescending and gracious manner, begged to be favoured with her commands. She answered, in sweet and tender accents, "I will not, Sir,

waste my little strength and your valuable time, in making apologies for this intrusion. A powerful impulse of duty brought me hither, and nothing but a deep sense of the supporting aid of an almighty and all-merciful God, could enable me to overcome the timidity of my sex, in so awful and appalling a situation as this in which I now stand. The miseries which you (I believe unintentionally) have caused to me and mine, are far beyond the reach of language to describe, or the powers of imagination to conceive; and I fear that I am not, by many hundreds, a solitary instance. I come not, however, to upbraid. The mischief which is done is irremediable. I come then to warn you, to implore you, to adjure you, to arrest the pestilential infection, to chain the destroying fiend, which you have turned loose upon mankind." Here for a few moments her feelings overpowered and repressed her voice. Tears at length forced their way, and relieved her. She proceeded,—“ He, on whom I have been accustomed to look, these twelve years past, for comfort, happiness, and support; he, on whom these helpless innocents depended, under Providence, for instruction, for example, and for maintenance, in that world of troubles on which they are now untimely thrown, is removed from us for ever. O *how* removed? By his own hand! Who guided that hand? Who directed the blow? Who sharpened the sword? O! forgive me—My God! forgive me! I meant not to repine, I meant not to complain. The stroke was sudden, and it overwhelmed me. Perhaps it was necessary to correct my too fond attachment to a worldly object, but the instruments which inflicted it were not therefore innocent. May the God of Mercies forgive them! May the Friend of the Widow and the Fatherless enlighten, by the influence of his Holy Spirit, your hearts, and lead you to abandon this, and every other evil way.” So saying, the lovely sufferer courtesied and withdrew, followed by the eyes

and hearts of every Member and spectator in the House, whilst their mutual enquiries amongst each other shewed their anxiety to learn who and what she might be.

A considerable number of very respectable looking gentlemen now presented themselves, and stated, that they were Governors of that most extensive and excellent charitable institution, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. Their motive for coming thither was, they said, to endeavour to convince the House of the injury and disgrace experienced by the Institution, of which they were Guardians, from the State Lottery. Not only were the children, when they left the school, exposed to the temptation of it, in common with the rest of the kingdom, but they were, by a most extraordinary and preposterous practice, made the instruments of carrying into effect one of the most nefarious public measures that ever was authorised in any Christian State. They were brought up, not only to work wickedness, but to work the Engines of the Father of Wickedness. In fact, they were thus educated to become the servants of the Devil. The Governors declared, that it was totally in vain for them, or the Masters, to attempt to discountenance gambling in the school, or to enforce any thing like due subordination amongst the children, during the drawing of the State Lottery. *Petty State Lotteries* were continually going forward amongst them, and that asylum for the infant poor might with justice be called a seminary for initiating the children of the State in the practice and mystery of the STATE Lottery. They affirmed, that the propensities thus acquired would inevitably adhere to the pupils, and accompany them through life, rendering them pests to society, and bringing many of them to ignominious deaths. They hoped that they should not be considered as being too bold, since called upon by an imperious sense of duty thus to express their sentiments. The important and awful office to

which they had been appointed, demanded of them to declare, that the annals of no country, however barbarous, ever recorded a practice more vile and unchristianlike than that helpless innocence, taken under the protection of a National Institution, should be thus educated, themselves to perpetrate, and to tempt others to the perpetration, of crimes, for which the Legislature of this Kingdom has in all other instances decreed the most exemplary punishments! If the House, they concluded, were not convinced by their arguments, they nevertheless trusted that they had yet many advocates to produce who would prove irresistible—*The Children themselves!* On saying this, the Governors walked through the House, followed by a train, not to be paralleled, I will venture to say, in any country in the world; nearly a thousand children, from seven to seventeen, all belonging to one institution, dressed in a neat antique uniform, the costume of the children of our forefathers many centuries ago, all apparently healthy and happy,—some of them intended for Ministers of the Gospel of Christ, and all for honest and creditable stations in society. The procession was long, and the sight affected many of the Members even to tears\*.

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\* By the Minutes of Evidence, taken before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of this School, it appeared, that the annual expenditure, including interest of money sunk in the buildings, was upwards of thirty seven thousand pounds; so that the children were maintained, clothed, and educated, at the expence of thirty seven pounds per annum for each boy. This is *much more than double* the average sum expended on the maintenance, clothing, and education, of the children in two of the best Charity Schools with which the author is acquainted; in neither of which do these cost more than fifteen pounds per annum each child. Surely this enormous expenditure of the public money ought not to be prostituted to the purpose of bringing up innocent children in the practice of gaming!

A goodly company of well-dressed gentlemen were now ushered in, with more than usual distinction and ceremony. The faces of several of them I thought I had seen before, but I could not recollect where or when, till one of them advancing in front of the rest, I immediately recognised him as the Chairman of the successful Candidates for the purchase of the *National Lottery*. He was considerably agitated, and when he began to address the Speaker, it was with a degree of warmth that shewed his feelings to be deeply interested. He observed, that it was with great astonishment he and his friends in the city had learned the intention of the House to listen to evidence on the propriety of discontinuing the National or State Lottery altogether. He could not bring himself to believe, that Parliament could possibly have any serious purpose of the kind; for if any measure of that Honourable Assembly ever did answer beyond the statement or expectation of its proposers, that measure was the State Lottery. The revenue had been increased by it much above what its most sanguine supporters ever anticipated, without risk, without trouble, and without cost. To whom, he would ask, was the State indebted for these unexpected, unhopedor benefits? Most assuredly (*under Providence*) to himself and his colleagues. On them the risk, the trouble, and the expence had been thrown. They, however, had never repined; on the contrary, to the best of their abilities, they had endeavoured to do their duty, and they looked for *no other remuneration* than that of being permitted to continue to do it unmolested. Could it then, he asked, be believed by any man of common sense and feeling, that the British House of Commons would be so lost to all regard to the prosperity of the State, and to all sentiments of gratitude to those gentlemen, who had been the instruments of advancing that prosperity, as needlessly to kick from under them the ladder by which they had mounted to it? It was impossible, he was convinced, for one mo-

ment to imagine such a thing. If any individual Member could harbour such a preposterous idea, he begged that the Honourable Gentleman would pay attention to the short statement which he should make of what had been accomplished; and he would then leave him to judge, whether it was an advantage to be wantonly cast away, or one which, if lost, would be easily compensated in any other way.

When, on a former occasion, he had intimated to his colleagues the possibility of obtaining these benefits, he had been laughed at as a Visionary. *Now* there was not *one* of them who would not willingly and gladly bear witness to these objects having been attained, even beyond what he himself had ever conjectured. The tickets of one Lottery, intrinsically worth two hundred thousand pounds, were retailed to the public for nearly five hundred thousand! Thus, through the excellent management of himself and his colleagues, three hundred thousand pounds had been annually got out of the pockets of the people, without producing either grumbling or discontent. This, however, had been to himself and friends neither an easy nor an unexpensive concern. The machinery which they had set, and continued in motion, to produce it, was, in the commencement, complicated beyond what any one could suppose; and yet it was now become so simple and so well understood, that even common abilities and exertions would suffice to manage it.

Nobody, he affirmed, had a right to find fault with the measure, for nobody need to be burdened by it. It was clearly a voluntary tax, no person paying more of it than he chose. Besides, supposing it desirable to do without it, and that it was to be relinquished, would not other countries have *State Lotteries*, in which the subjects of this kingdom might spend their property? He would ask the Chancellor of the



Exchequer, if in these times £200,000 of the revenue could be dispensed with? If not, he would ask by what better means that sum could be obtained? He trusted that, setting the services of himself and colleagues out of the question, the Representatives of the people had too much discernment to suffer the exaggerated representations of *interested individuals* to lead them into so fatal an error as the relinquishment of the State Lottery would prove to be; and with this conviction impressed upon his mind, he should leave the decision with confidence to the wisdom of the House. He and his colleagues immediately retired, exceedingly chagrined, as I thought, at the coldness with which his appeal had been heard.

A Member, rather advanced in years, now got up to address the Speaker, and silence being obtained, he proceeded thus:—"Sir, I rise on the present occasion with feelings, which I am happy to say I never before experienced on rising to speak in this place,—feelings of shame and contrition. They are, Sir, as painful as they are new to me. I will not, therefore, suffer another moment to pass without endeavouring to discard them, by confessing my fault, and making a resolute effort to atone for it. Much, indeed, do I envy the advantage possessed by my young friend near me, in being able to declare, when he addressed the House, that 'he could thank God that *he* had been in no way accessory to the introduction or continuation of the State Lottery.'—Never, Sir, have I been the professed advocate of it; but I have, alas! often, during the many years that I have sat in this House, suffered the bills that perpetuated it to pass without reprehension. It is true that, till this night, it never appeared to me in the heinous light in which it has now been exhibited to every one of us; but still, I was always aware that its tendency was immoral. I knew that it must be of-

fensive in the sight of God, and yet I did not oppose it with all my might. Feeble as my utmost exertions would have been, yet they might, with the blessing of Providence upon them, have served to overthrow this legalized corruption of the morals of the people.

“ The wickedness of the measure has never been denied ; but then it was too profitable to be abandoned. We therefore took the method, so frequently resorted to by old sinners, when conscience-struck,—we sought to compromise the matter with God Almighty,—we relinquished a part to be permitted to retain the rest. We, however, like them, took care that the part which we gave up should be that which we could well spare. We have made regulations, in this trade of iniquity, to render it less iniquitous ; but then we constantly kept in view that these regulations should not lessen the revenue arising from it, contending, that since men will sin in this way, the State might as well reap some advantages from that, as from other indulgencies, with which men gratify their animal appetites. With this plea, and the salvo of rendering the plan *less* sinful, I do confess, Sir, I have myself sought to reconcile the detestable measure to my conscience. I take shame to myself, in acknowledging it ; but if it were possible that, after the evidence which has this night been adduced against it, this Honourable House could again sanction its continuance, I will never cease, with God’s permission, to exert all my little strength in endeavouring to overturn it from the foundation. It must either be extirpated, root and branch, or it will again sprout forth, and bear the same abundance of pernicious fruit.

“ The gentleman, who has just been pleading in defence of the measure, with a total disregard to the pecuniary emoluments of himself and colleagues, has certainly, with consider-

able ingenuity, urged all the pleas which have ever been brought forward in its favour. He has told you, that it is a *voluntary* tax; one which nobody need to pay unless they choose. This is a plea, which one might expect the devil to urge in favour of *his* proceedings, because he has the same right to urge it that we have; and, *it might be supposed*, he has less modesty to restrain him. Sir, we hold out temptations which *we know are irresistible*, and then we say that they who fall a sacrifice to those temptations, do it voluntarily. We seize a poor wretch, bind him hand and foot, till he cannot stir a limb; we then rifle his pockets, and affirm, that he gave up his property *willingly*, because he made no *effectual* resistance! This, Sir, I conceive to be the only way, in which this burden, laid upon the weak, the wicked, and the ignorant, amongst our fellow-subjects, can be considered as a *voluntary* tax.

“ The disinterested gentleman, before alluded to, has next affirmed, that if *we* did not afford these opportunities of doing evil, other countries would; and, thereby, they would reap those advantages from the system, which we ought to have, and might as well have. Why, Sir, did we ever give up the sale of indulgences? They are still to be bought in other countries. If the *Church* here was so foolish as to relinquish so fruitful a source of emolument, surely the *State* might have been wise enough to have taken it up, and made the best of it! Why, Sir, should we not licence common gambling houses and brothels? They are licenced in other countries. Admit this plea, and you have no restraint on the sanctioning of the vilest practices. Sir, it is not often in our power, by any way, except by setting a better example, to prevent the governments of other countries from doing wrong. But that surely can be no excuse for our following their example. Nor would the effect of foreign Lotteries on

the people here, be, as affirmed, equally pernicious. Their agents could not possibly afford, if permitted, to hold out the temptations that our own spirited and wealthy Contractors do. I will venture to say, that there would not be one ticket then sold, where there are a hundred bought *now*.

“ The gentleman has triumphantly asked, ‘ Where, if you discard this tax, will you find a better?’ Where, I would ask in return, can you find a worse? Many, I venture to say, might be adopted much better. But supposing that no substitute could be found, still I maintain that this *cannot* now be continued. It cannot *now* be continued, because, after the exposure which it has this night undergone, *the voice of the whole nation will be against it*. That voice, another source of revenue *thirty* times the amount of this, has not been able to withstand, though no substitute was proposed in its place. In stating the ways and means, in a late Session of Parliament, the sum of £6,000,000 stood as the amount of that tax. In the very next line, £200,000 stood as the product of the *State Lottery*. It was peremptorily declared, that the whole of both was absolutely necessary for the exigencies of the State. The former immense sum the Minister was compelled to relinquish, and afterwards found he could do without it, because *the voice of the people* was against it. The latter, comparatively paltry sum, he continued, because nothing but the voice of conscience, religion, and morality, opposed it. The former was offensive to *man*; *God* only was offended by the latter. It was, therefore, retained.

“ The plea of poverty, or necessity, comes with a very ill grace from a government, which is squandering £100,000 annually (half the amount of the product of this profligate measure) in supporting, *in splendour*, that imperial wretch,

whose *execution*, as a malefactor, was called for by every motive, which can, in any instance, justify us in legally taking away the life of a fellow-creature. Yet we are not content merely to let him live, but we must enable him to live like a Prince, supported by us at an enormous expense, though we are compelled, for the purpose of raising the money, to sacrifice the consistency of the government, and the prosperity and morality of the people. Away, then, with so idle a plea as that of necessity. The money may easily, either be raised by unobjectionable means, or it may be saved from what is foolishly, if not criminally, lavished away. The fact is, that we have not one reasonable, or even plausible excuse to urge. We have been acting thoughtlessly, if not criminally. I blame no one more than myself. If, however, we now hold our peace upon the subject, the very stones from the walls, and in the streets, will cry out against us. The people hitherto have thought little upon the subject; they have trusted to us, and, in this instance, we have betrayed their confidence. They will now be enabled to judge for themselves, and we have many instances to convince us, that the people of Britain will not submit, when their eyes are opened, to become parties to any act of iniquity. They have often of late, on such occasions, made their voice to be heard and obeyed. On the present occasion, if we put them to it, they will neither be silent nor disregarded. God grant that this may be the last time, that the lips of any man need to be opened in this Honourable House, either to palliate or to reprobate an iniquitous measure." Here the orator ceased, and sat down amidst loud and reiterated marks of general applause.

The orator had scarcely resumed his seat, when a female of a respectable appearance, apparently about fifty years of age, rushed into the middle of the House. She there stopped, as if uncertain to whom to address herself. Her apparel,

though good, was put on in the most careless manner. Her head was uncovered, and her long dark hair flowed loose on every side. Her countenance was pale and haggard, but her features were regular and expressive. Her eyes wandered wildly, as if in search of some object which she could not see. In one hand she held a white handkerchief, in the other a packet of sealed papers.

At length the Speaker caught her eye. In an instant she sprang towards the chair, and delivered the sealed packet into his hands, exclaiming at the same time, in a loud and shrill accent, "There! I have performed my task! You have been the death of my son; he has sent you the only legacy which he had to bequeath. O! my child! my child!" Her shrieks here were horrible beyond description. She threw her white arms in the air as she exclaimed, "I come, my son; I come! I come! May God forgive thy—" *murderers*, it is probable she would have added, but here her voice failed,—her hands dropped,—her eyes closed, and she fell totally insensible into the arms of two of the Members who stood near her.

She was carried out, and it was understood that a medical man, who happened to be in the gallery, was in attendance upon her. The whole House remained some time in silent and anxious suspense. At length a messenger announced that she was dead. Horror seemed to chain up the limbs and the faculties of every Member present. For some minutes not a word was spoken. At length the Speaker, in a low accent, requested to know if it was the pleasure of the House that the packet should be opened, and the contents read. Considering the unbroken silence as a declaration in the affirmative, he opened it, and read as follows :

*“ To the Members of both Houses of Parliament.*

“ My Lords and Gentlemen—When you shall read this Address, he who writes it will be beyond the reach of either your praise or censure. His body will be an unburied corpse, and his soul will be returned into the hands of Him who gave it, where it can hope for no mercy but through the merits of that Saviour who died for the souls of sinful men. To me, then, you can render no service. I plead not for myself, but for my fellow creatures; for you, who have been the instruments of bringing me, and, much I fear, hundreds besides me, to an ignominious death; for the best of mothers, whose life has been spent in anxious endeavours to serve an unworthy but not unfeeling son—a mother whose latter end I have rendered miserable, by that vile conduct which has been the fruit of irresistible temptations placed by you in my way, at an age when temptations seldom fail to produce their effects. That mother, then, I leave to your protection. She has no other earthly friend, and it is probable that, when I am gone, she will not long remain to be a burthen to you. God grant that you may not have her death, as well as mine, to answer for. Let me implore you—it is the last request of a dying man—immediately to abolish that most destructive of all legislative measures, the *State Lottery*.

“To enforce this petition, I cannot, I am persuaded, do better than lay before you a concise relation of my short but instructive life. My father was a clergyman, and was curate at a small village near London. My mother was the daughter of an officer, who lost his life in the service of his country, in the American war. My father died when I was about seven years of age. The furniture of the little cottage was

almost the only property to which my mother had to administer. Thus left destitute, a friend of my father, who was a Governor of Christ's Hospital, induced my mother to take up her abode in London, promising to endeavour to get her supplied with needle-work, and to procure my admission into the school. He succeeded in both. My mother, by constant exertions, contrived to maintain herself in comfortable independence. My father, both by precept and example, had instilled into my young mind those impressions of the importance of religious principles and practices, which, when imbibed at that early age, are rarely, if ever, totally eradicated. For some time I behaved so well in the school, as to attract the attention, and obtain the approbation of the masters. At length I was pitched upon to be one of those employed in the drawing of the State Lottery. On the subject of gambling I had never received any particular information or injunction from my father; I was, at his death, so young that the subject probably had never occurred to him. I had, however, a strong conviction upon my mind when I entered the school, that gaming was sinful. Witnessing there, that it was not only winked at, but even practised by authority, I soon learned to look upon it without any thing like abhorrence, and to join in it without experiencing any self-reproach. The sensations which I experienced on being elevated above the surrounding crowd, looked up to by them, as I conceived, as to a Divinity, at whose hand they were to receive riches or poverty, happiness or misery, can neither be described nor forgotten. My little heart swelled with a degree of pride and vanity, which never afterwards forsook me. But I was not without compunction. I felt something within which told me that in gambling I was doing wrong. I dared not let my mother know of my practices, and therefore I was sure that they were not right. I made strong resolutions, and at times considerable efforts, to resist the tempta-



tions. It was, indeed, for some time a state of continual warfare. I had alas! no one to encourage and direct me in my resistance, and I had perpetually before my eyes every inducement to deviate from the path of rectitude. My gambling transactions were long continued to be practised with what I called honour, *i. e.* I took no unfair advantages; I was generally unsuccessful. Others were almost always the gainers; I watched them narrowly; I soon discovered that I was the dupe of artifice. I accused them, and was laughed at as a fool. I resolved to forsake the practice altogether, and like all such resolvers, I soon broke the resolution. There now appeared but one way for me; I must take the advantages which others did. For some time this was a sore burthen to my mind; every day, however, contributed to lighten it, and I soon learned to draw sin, 'as it were with a cart-rope.' All this time I continued to possess the esteem and commendations of my masters, whose reports to my mother made her too proud of her darling, her only child.

"When the time was expired which I had to stay in the school, my mother's friend, who was a wholesale grocer, and had always been kind to me, took me without fee as an apprentice. I now determined to leave off gambling in all its branches, and to discharge my duty in my new situation with such fidelity and diligence, as should give entire satisfaction to my mother and my master. For some years I continued to do this. It, however, unfortunately happened that a Lottery Insurance Office was opened the next door to my master's ware-rooms. This proved an irresistible temptation.

"At first my speculations were trivial, and rare; every year they increased in number and magnitude. At first I was content to risk the little sum which I received from an indulgent mother, for pocket money. This, however, soon proved in-

sufficient to satisfy my increasing cravings for unlawful gains. Every failure only added to my hopes and efforts to retrieve my losses. My conscience was, for a long time, a torment, almost too excruciating to be borne; I therefore endeavoured, all that ever I could, to rid myself of it. I was but too successful, though I never could completely cast it off. Before I was of age, I had contrived to defraud my master of considerable sums, I thought, with perfect impunity. He had, however, for some time suspected it, and, at length, clearly detected me. My feelings, on that occasion, were dreadful beyond either description or imagination. He was a kind and indulgent master. He highly esteemed my mother; he knew that it would break her heart to be informed of my ingratitude and dishonesty, and he had hopes of my amendment. These considerations induced him to keep the knowledge of the transaction to himself, giving me the most impressive advice, and keeping a very watchful eye upon my conduct. My apprenticeship was nearly expired, and, during the remainder of it, I entirely refrained from ever again transgressing in the same way.

“ This so lulled the suspicions of my master, that when I was of age, he consented to continue me in his employ. No sooner, however, had I become, in some degree, master of my own time and wages, than I felt the temptation irresistible, to make *one*, and I *resolved* that it should be *only one*, speculation in the State Lottery itself. This *one* adventure, therefore, I made: it was what is called a successful one. I obtained a small prize of five hundred pounds. My happiness now, for a little time, seemed complete. I, however, dared not let either my mother or my master know of the circumstance. I had, during my apprenticeship, become acquainted with a most amiable young woman, a niece of my master's, who occasionally visited at the house. The attach-

ment was mutual: I now, therefore, thought that I might venture upon making serious proposals. They were, without much difficulty, accepted, though she did not know that I possessed any thing beyond my wages, and what little I might have saved. She had nothing. Neither my mother nor my master made any objections to the match. On the contrary, they both contributed to furnish a small house for us. My master gave me, as a wedding portion, five hundred pounds. My heart strongly reproached me when I received it. I felt that I was deceiving him, and that I was totally unworthy of his goodness. I dared not, however, reveal my secret. During three years, we lived, possessed of as much happiness as an upbraiding conscience will suffer a man, not totally callous, to enjoy. On religious subjects, I dared not to think. I had learned too much of Christianity, to suffer me to deceive myself on that head, and I was too much under the dominion of sin, to be able to bring myself to resolve totally to forsake my wicked ways. Religion, then, only served to increase my unhappiness. Notwithstanding my *firm* resolution never to speculate *again* in the State Lottery, I never suffered one to pass without being, more or less, an adventurer. I had gained one prize, but I gained no more. The tempter knew that that one would suffice, and as such things are too valuable to him to be wasted, he gave me no more.

“ My mode of living considerably exceeded my income, and I had ventured, and lost, the greater part of my prize. I therefore began plainly to perceive, that I should soon be involved in difficulties, and I resolved to make one bold effort to retrieve myself. At different Offices, I bought a considerable number of Tickets. Strange as it may seem, not one of them produced any thing. The die was now cast; ill luck could not last for ever. There was no going back; I could not stand where I was: there was, therefore, no alternative,—

I must proceed, or my misconduct must be exposed to every person, of whose esteem I was desirous. My money was all squandered. I felt a kind of unfeeling desperation creeping upon me. I could form no deliberate plan, but felt ready for any which might present itself. At this critical time, I was sent to a bank, in Lombard Street, with a cheque for payment, which my master had received from a nobleman, whose family he supplied with groceries. I passed the end of King Street; the Lottery was then drawing. I was tempted to take a peep: a prize of ten thousand pounds was drawn while I stopped. I felt agitated extremely. I looked at my cheque. A few words, in a hand easy to imitate, on a plain slip of common paper, was no difficult matter to produce, nor very easy to detect. My resolution was soon taken; I went into a neighbouring coffee-house, and, in ten minutes, produced one so like the original, for two hundred pounds, that I thought no person, even the writer himself, seeing them together, could tell, dates excepted, which was the copy.

“ In the course of a few weeks, I presented it for payment, altering my dress and appearance as much as I could, without attracting too much attention. It was paid without hesitation. As several weeks passed without my hearing any thing of the forgery, I began to lose that painful trepidation, which I had felt ever since I received payment of the forged cheque, on the appearance of any stranger in the counting-house. At length, as I one day sat writing at my desk, two men came in, accompanied by my employer. They went up to a young man, another clerk, and directly accused him of having forged a cheque, in the name of the aforesaid nobleman. The young man, though greatly astounded, repelled the charge with such manifest honesty of indignation, that the officers, who are pretty good judges of looks and manners, immediately, in their own minds, acquitted him. I was so unprepared for

hearing such a charge preferred against him, that I was thrown into the utmost confusion. I knew not what I did. My manner soon caught the attention of one of the strangers; he came up to me, and, laying his hand upon my shoulder, told me that I was the man, who had committed the forgery.

“ Ready to sink upon the floor, I know not what I said. They, however, took me with them to a place of security. In the course of an hour, my uncle came to me. In the mean-time, I had, in some degree, become capable of reflection. I resolved to conceal nothing; and, when he made his appearance, I was sufficiently composed to make a full confession and disclosure to him. He was exceedingly grieved and agitated. He never once reproached me, but went away, I am convinced, assured that he could save me. The money he offered to repay, and procured considerable interest, to be used in my favour. All, however, was in vain; both the nobleman and the bankers were very properly determined, that the law should take its due course. I was tried, and received sentence of death. When I was taken into custody, my wife was for the first time in a family way. On the day of my trial she was taken in premature labour, and, with the child, died without hearing of my condemnation. This I cannot regret; she was prepared for her departure, and the world held out to her no allurements to make her desire a longer continuance in it. Much as I lament the cause, I feel that her release is the merciful dispensation of the Almighty. Utterly unworthy as I am, I thank God I do not totally despair of joining her in that blessed eternity to which no one can be advanced by their own merits, and from which no one can be so excluded, that the merits of their Saviour and the mercies of their God cannot open them an entrance to it. Understanding that on the very day on which I must for ever quit this world (for I have

not the least expectation of pardon on earth) you are to take into consideration the propriety of continuing the State Lottery, I have endeavoured to arrange my scattered thoughts, so as to give you this concise history of my few and evil days, in hopes that the lesson will not be thrown away, but that, though my life has, I fear, been worse than useless, my death may be rendered the means of saving many from destruction.

“ To the State Lottery, and particularly to its employing the boys in the first institution for educating the children of the poor, I may ascribe all my gross misconduct and sufferings, as well as all the misery which I have brought upon others. Hundreds besides myself are annually falling a sacrifice to it. Let me then, as a dying man, again entreat you to discard so sinful and so destructive a measure.

“ I have only one more request to make; be the protectors of that dearest, that best of mothers, to have afflicted whom, next to having offended God, is the source of my greatest grief.”

The impression made by this address appeared to be very awful. At length the House was preparing to take the subject into their most serious consideration, when a violent uproar was heard in the Lobby. Before any member had time to inquire into the cause, the doors were burst open with the greatest violence. It is utterly impossible to describe the tremendous vociferation and confusion which ensued. All the Members instantly rose, and most of them leaped upon their seats, where they stood trembling. Three furious maniacs (driven mad, as I understood, by speculations in the State Lottery) armed with the iron bars and chains, from which they had contrived to disencumber themselves,

rushed raving into the House, followed by their keepers and a crowd of constables and spectators. They appeared to have devoted the Speaker to be the first victim of their vengeance, and, in all probability, would instantly have despatched him, had they not unexpectedly encountered, in their way, the insurmountable heap of petitions piled upon the floor. Amongst these the poor wretches ran headlong, and tumbled, one over another, till they became the objects of each other's vengeance. It was, however, in a great measure harmless, as they were protected by the rolls of parchment from doing or receiving much injury. This gave the keepers an opportunity of seizing them again. A terrible struggle ensued. The victory long remained dubious, when, in the midst of the conflict, perceiving that the House was completely cleared of the members, I looked behind me, and saw that the gallery likewise was almost empty. I instantly hastened to depart, but the lap of my coat, catching upon a nail in the seat, gave me so sudden and alarming a check, that I awoke in the greatest trepidation, when, behold!—*it was A DREAM!*

THE END.

# THOUGHTS ON WHEELS,

**A Poem:**

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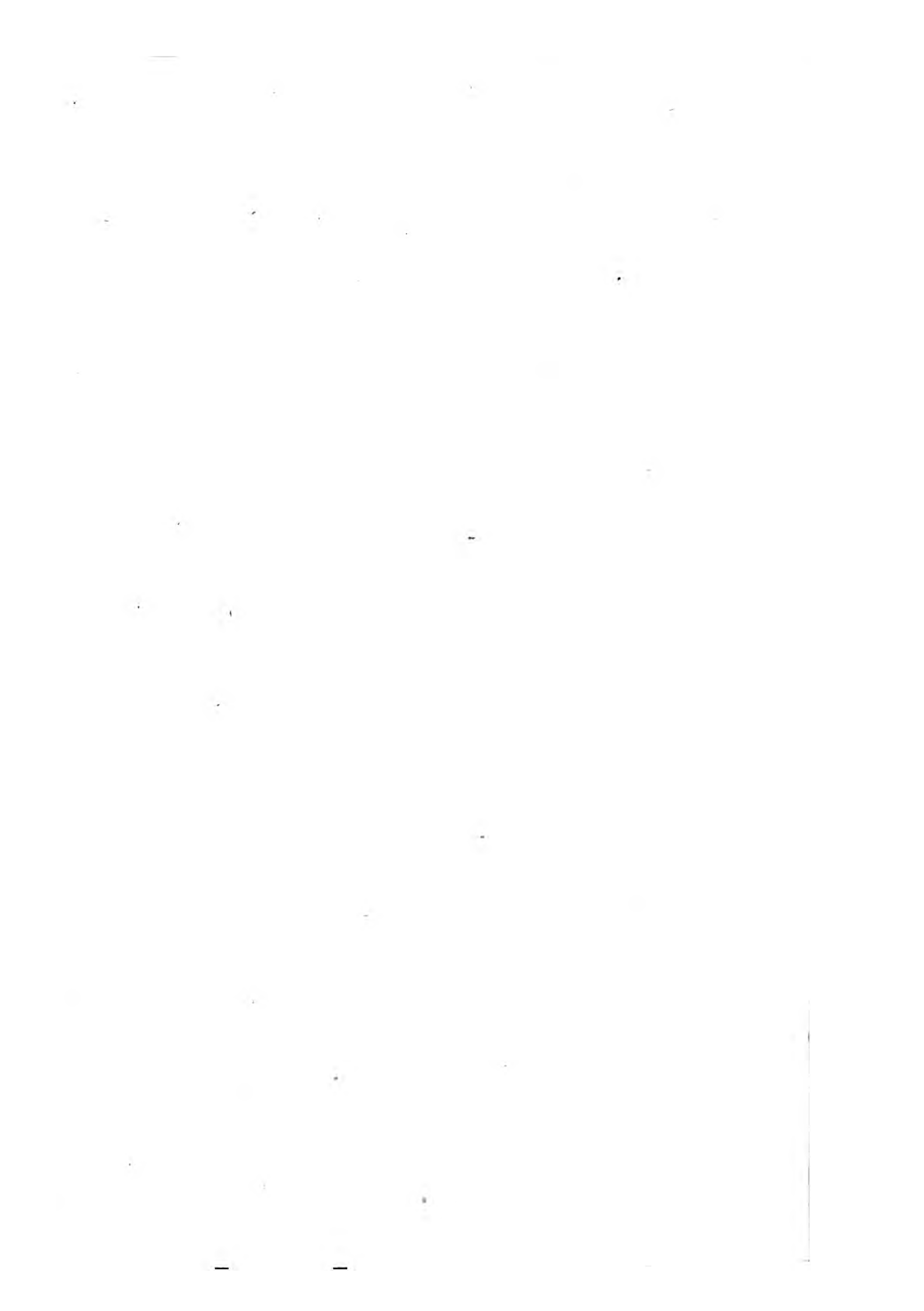
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY,

AUTHOR OF THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND, WEST INDIES,  
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD, &c.

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*"Crooked cannot be made Straight."*—ECCLESIASTES I. 15.





## THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.



### THE COMBAT.



**O**F old when fiery Warriors met,  
On edge of steel their lives were set ;  
Eye watching eye, shield crossing shield,  
Foot wedged to foot, they fought the field,  
Dealt and withstood as many strokes,  
As might have fell'd two forest-oaks,  
Till One, between the harness-joint,  
Felt the resistless weapon's point,  
Quick thro' his heart,—and in a flood  
Pour'd his hot spirit with his blood.

The Victor rising from the blow,  
That laid his brave Assailant low,  
Then blush'd not from his height to bend,  
Fouly a gallant deed to end ;  
But whirl'd in fetters round the plain,  
Whirl'd at his Chariot Wheels, the Slain ;  
Beneath the silent curse of eyes,  
That look'd for vengeance to the skies ;  
While shame, that could not reach the dead,  
Pour'd its whole vial on *his* head.

Who falls in honourable strife  
Surrenders nothing but his life ;  
Who basely triumphs casts away  
The glory of the well-won day ;  
—Rather than feel the joy he feels,  
Commend me to his Chariot Wheels.

THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.



ON plains beneath the morning star,  
Lo! Juggernaut's stupendous Car ;  
So high and menacing its size,  
The Tower of Babel seems to rise :  
Darkening the air, its shadow spreads  
O'er thrice an hundred thousand heads ;  
Darkening the soul, it strikes a gloom,  
Dense as the night beyond the tomb.  
Full in mid-heaven, when mortal eye  
Up this huge fabric climbs the sky,  
The Idol scowls, in Dragon-pride,  
Like Satan's conscience deified ;

—Satan himself would scorn to ape  
Divinity in *such* a shape.

Breaking the billows of the crowd,  
As countless, turbulent and loud  
As surges on the windward shore,  
That madly foam, and idly roar ;  
The' unwieldy wain compels its course,  
Crushing resistance down by force ;  
It creaks, and groans, and grinds along,  
'Midst shrieks and prayers,—'midst dance and song ;  
With orgies in the eye of noon,  
Such as would turn to blood the moon ;  
Impieties so bold, so black,  
The stars to shun them would reel back ;  
And secret horrors, which the Sun  
Would put on sack-cloth to see done.  
Thrice happy they, whose headlong-souls,  
Where'er the' enormous ruin rolls,  
Cast their frail bodies on the stones,  
Pave its red track with crashing bones,

And pant and struggle for the fate  
—To die beneath the sacred weight.

“ O fools and mad !” your Christians cry :  
Yet wise, methinks, are those who die :  
For me,—if Juggernaut were God,  
Rather than writhe beneath his rod ;  
Rather than live his devotee,  
And bow to such a brute the knee ;  
Rather than be his favourite priest,  
Wallow in wantonness, and feast  
On tears and blood, on groans and cries,  
The fume and fat of sacrifice ;  
Rather than share his love,—or wrath ;  
I'd fling my carcass in his path,  
And almost bless his name, to feel  
The murdering mercy of his wheel.

THE INQUISITION.



THERE was in Christendom, of yore,  
—And would to heaven it were no more!—  
There *was* an Inquisition-Court,  
Where priestcraft made the Demons sport :  
—Priestcraft,—in form a giant monk,  
With wine of Rome's pollutions drunk,  
Like captive Samson, bound and blind,  
In chains and darkness of the mind,  
There shew'd such feats of strength and skill  
As made it charity to kill,  
And well the blow of death might pass  
For what he call'd it—*coup de grace* ;

While in his little hell on earth,  
The foul fiends quaked amidst their mirth.  
But *not* like Him, who to the skies  
Turn'd the dark embers of his eyes,  
(Where lately burn'd a fire divine,  
Where still it burn'd, but could not shine,)  
And won by violence of prayer,  
(Hope's dying accents in despair,)  
Power to demolish, from its base,  
Dagon's proud fane, on Dagon's race ;  
Not *thus* like Samson ;—false of heart,  
The tonsured juggler play'd his part,  
God's law in God's own name made void,  
Men for their Saviour's sake destroy'd,  
Made pure religion his pretence  
To rid the earth of innocence ;  
While Spirits, from the' infernal flood,  
Cool'd their parch'd tongues in martyrs' blood,  
And half forgot their stings and flames,  
In conning, at those hideous games,  
Lessons,——which, he who taught should know  
How well they had been learn'd, below.



Among the engines of his power  
Most dreaded in the trying hour,  
When impotent were fire and steel,  
All but almighty was the Wheel,  
Whose harrowing revolution wrung  
Confession from the slowest tongue ;  
From joints unlock'd made secrets start,  
Twined with the cordage of the heart ;  
From muscles in convulsion drew  
Knowledge the sufferer never knew ;  
From failing flesh, in Nature's spite,  
Brought deeds that ne'er were done to light ;  
From snapping sinews wrench'd the lie,  
That gain'd the victim leave to die ;  
When self-accused,—condemn'd at length,  
His only crime was want of strength ;  
From holy hands with joy he turn'd,  
And kiss'd the stake at which he burn'd.  
But from the man, of soul sublime,  
Who lived above the world of time,  
Fervent in faith, in conscience clear,  
Who knew *to love*,—but not *to fear* ;

When every artifice of pain  
Was wasted on his limbs in vain,  
And baffled cruelty could find  
No hidden passage to his mind,  
The Wheel extorted nought in death,  
Except—forgiveness, and his breath.

Such a victorious death to die  
Were prompt translation to the sky;  
— Yet with the weakest, I would meet  
Racks, scourges, flames, and count them sweet;  
Nay, might I chuse, I would not 'scape  
“ The Question,” put in any shape,  
Rather than sit in judgment *there*,  
Where the false prophet fills the chair:  
— Rather than turn his torturing Wheel,  
Give me its utmost stretch to feel.

THE STATE LOTTERY.

ESCAPED from ancient battle-field,  
Though neither *with*, nor *on* my shield ;  
Escaped,—how terrible the thought,  
Even of escape!—from Juggernaut ;  
Escaped from tenfold worse perdition  
In dungeons of the Inquisition ;  
O with what ecstasy I stand  
Once more on Albion's refuge-land !  
O with what gratitude I bare  
My bosom to that island-air,  
Which Tyrants gulp, and cease to be,  
Which Slaves inhale, and slaves are free !  
For though the Wheels, behind my back,  
Still seem to rumble in my track,  
Their sound is music on the breeze ;  
I dare them all to cross the seas :

— Nay, *should* they reach our guarded coast,  
Like Pharaoh's chariots and his host,  
Monks, Bramins, Warriors, swoln and dead,  
Axles and orbs in wrecks were spread.

And are there on this holy ground,  
No wheels to trail the vanquish'd found?  
None, framed the living bones to break,  
Or rend the nerves for conscience sake?  
No:—Britons scorn the' unhallow'd touch,  
*They* will not use, nor suffer such;  
Alike *they* shun, with fearless heart,  
The victim's and tormentor's part.

Yet here are Wheels of feller kind,  
To drag in chains the captive mind;  
To crush, beneath their horrid load,  
Hearts panting prostrate on the road;  
To wind desire from spoke to spoke,  
And break the spirit stroke by stroke.

Where Gog and Magog, London's pride,  
O'er city bankruptcies preside;

Stone-blind at *nisi prius* sit,  
Hearken stone-deaf to lawyers' wit ;  
Or scowl on men, that play the beasts  
At Common Halls and Lord Mayors' feasts,  
When venison or the public cause,  
Taxes or turtle, stretch their jaws :  
*There*,—in a whisper be it said,  
Lest honest Beckford shake his head ;  
Lest Chatham, with indignant cheek,  
Start from his pedestal, and speak ;  
Lest Chatham's Son in marble groan,  
As if restored to skin and bone : \*  
*There*,—speak,—speak out,—abandon fear ;  
Let both the Dead and Living hear ;  
——The Dead, that they may blush for shame  
Amidst their monumental fame ;  
——The living, that forewarn'd of fate,  
Conscience may force them, ere too late,  
Those Wheels of infamy to shun,  
Which thousands touch, and are undone.

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\* These lines refer to the statues of British Worthies, which adorn the Guildhall of London.

*There*,—built by legislative hands,  
On Christian ground, an altar stands ;  
——“ Stands? gentle Poet, tell me where?”  
Go to Guildhall:—“ It stands not *there!*”  
’True;—’tis my brain, that raves and reels,  
Whene’er it turns on Lottery Wheels:  
Such things in youth, can I recall,  
Nor think of thee,—of thee, Guildhall?  
Where erst I play’d with glittering schemes,  
And lay entranced in golden dreams ;  
Bright round my head those bubbles broke,  
Poorer from every dream I ’woke ;  
Wealth came,—but not the wealth I sought ;  
Wisdom was wealth to me; and taught  
My feet to *miss* thy gates,—that lay,  
Like toll-bars on the old “ broad way,”  
Where Pilgrims paid,—O grief to tell!  
Tribute for going down to hell.

Long on thy floor an altar stood,  
To human view unstain’d with blood,  
But red and foul in Heaven’s pure eyes,  
Groaning with infant sacrifice,

From year to year ;—till sense or shame,  
Or some strange cause without a name,  
—— ’Twas *not* the cry of innocence,——  
Drove such abomination thence :  
Thence drove it,—but destroy’d it not ;  
It blackens some obscurer spot ;  
Obscurer,—yet so well defined,  
Thither the blind may lead the blind,  
While Heralds shout in every ear,  
“ This is the temple,—worship here.”  
Thither the deaf may *read* their way ;  
’Tis plain ;—to *find* it, *go astray* !  
Thither the lame, on wings of paper,  
May come to *nothing*, like a vapour ;  
Thither may all the world repair ;  
A word, a wish, will waft you there ;  
And O so smooth and steep the track,  
’Tis worth your life to venture back ;  
Easy the step to *Coopers’ Hall*, \*  
As headlong from a cliff to fall ;

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\* Where the State Lottery has been drawn for some time past.

Hard to recover from the shock,  
As broken-limb'd to climb a rock.

*There, built by legislative hands,*  
Our country's shame, an altar stands ;  
Not votive brass, nor hallow'd stone,  
Humbly inscribed—" To God unknown ;"  
Though sure, if earth afford a space  
For such an Altar, here's the place :  
— Not breathing incense in a shrine,  
Where human art appears divine,  
And man by his own skill hath wrought  
So bright an image of his thought,  
That Nations, barbarous or refined,  
Might worship there the' immortal mind,  
That gave their ravish'd eyes to see  
A meteor glimpse of Deity ;  
A ray of Nature's purest light,  
Shot thro' the gulph of Pagan night,  
Dazzling,——but leaving darkness more  
Profoundly blinding than before.



—Ah ! no such power of Genius calls  
 Sublime devotion to these walls ;  
 No pomp of art, surpassing praise,  
 Britannia's altar here displays ;  
 A MONEY CHANGER'S TABLE,——spread  
 With hieroglyphics, black and red,  
 Exhibits, on deceitful scrolls,  
 “ The price of Tickets,”—and of Souls ;  
 For thus are Souls to market brought,  
 Barter'd for vanity,—for nought ;  
 Till the poor Venders find the cost,  
 —— Time to eternal ages lost !

No sculptured Idol decks the place,  
 Of such excelling form and face,  
 That Grecian pride might feign its birth,  
 A statue fallen from heaven to earth :  
 The Goddess here is best design'd,  
 —— A flimsy Harlot, bold and blind ;  
 Invisible to standers by,  
 And yet in every body's eye !

FORTUNE her name;—a gay deceiver,  
Cheat as she may, the crowd believe her;  
And she, abuse her as they will,  
Showers on the crowd her favours still:  
For 'tis the bliss of both, to be  
Themselves unseen, and not to see;  
Had she discernment,—pride would scout,  
The homage of her motley rout;  
Were she reveal'd,—the poorest slave  
Would blush to be her luckiest knave.

Not good OLD FORTUNE here we scorn,  
In classic fable, heavenly born;  
She who *for nothing* deigns to deal  
*Her* blanks and prizes from *One* Wheel;  
And who, like Justice, wisely blind,  
Scatters her bounties on mankind  
With such a broad impartial aim,  
If none will praise her, none should blame;  
For were ten thousand fancies tried,  
Wealth more discreetly to divide

Among the craving race of man,  
Wit could not frame a happier plan.

Here, 'tis her *Counterfeit*, who reigns  
O'er haunted heads and moon-struck brains ;  
A *Two-wheel'd Jade*, admired by Sots,  
Who flings, *for cash in hand*, her lots  
To those, who,—fain “ their luck to try,”  
Sell Hope, and Disappointment buy.  
The wily sorceress here reveals  
With proud parade, her mystic Wheels ;  
— Those Wheels, on which the nation runs  
Over the morals of its Sons ;  
— Those Wheels, at which the Nation draws,  
Thro' shouting streets, its broken laws !  
Engines of plotting Fortune's skill  
To lure, entangle, torture, kill.  
Behold her, in imperial pride,  
King, Lords and Commons at her side ;  
Arm'd with authority of State,  
The public peace to violate ;

More might be told,—but not by me  
Must this “ eternal blazon ” be.  
Between her Wheels, the Phantom stands,  
With Syren voice, and Harpy-hands :  
She turns the’ enchanted axle round ;  
Forth leaps the “ TWENTY THOUSAND POUND ! ”  
That “ twenty thousand ” *One* has got ;  
— But twenty thousand more have *not*.  
These curse her to the face, deplore  
Their loss, then—take her word once more ;  
Once more deceived, they rise like men  
Bravely resolved—to try again ;  
Again they fail ;—again trepann’d,  
She mocks them with her sleight of hand ;  
Still fired with rage, with avarice steel’d,  
Perish they may, but never yield ;  
They woo her till their latest breath,  
Then snatch *their* prize—a blank in death.

The Priests, that in her temple wait  
Her minor ministers of fate,

Like Dian's Silversmiths of old,  
True to the craft that brings them gold,  
Lungs, limbs and pens unwearied ply  
To puff their Goddess to the sky;  
O that their puffs could *fix* Her there,  
Who builds such castles in the air,  
And in the malice of her mirth  
Lets them to Simpletons on earth!  
—— Who steals the rainbow's peaceful form,  
But *is* the demon of the storm;  
—— Assumes a Star's benignant mien  
But wears a Comet's tail unseen;  
—— Who smiles a Juno to the crowd;  
But all that win her catch a cloud,  
And, doom'd Ixion's fate to feel,  
Are whirl'd upon a giddier Wheel.  
—— O that her Priests could fix *her* there,  
Whose breath and being are but air!  
Yet not for this their spells they try,  
They bawl to keep her *from* the sky,  
A harmless meteor in that sphere;  
A baleful *Ignis fatuus* here,

With wandering and bewildering light,  
To cheer, and then confound the sight,  
Guide the lorn traveller,—then betray,  
Where Death in ambush lurks for prey.

Fierce, but familiar, at their call,  
The veriest fiend of Satan's fall ;  
——The fiend, that tempted him to stake  
Heaven's bliss against the burning lake ;  
——The fiend, that tempted him again,  
To burst the darkness of his den,  
And risk whate'er of wrath untried  
Eternal justice yet could hide,  
For one transcendant chance, by sin,  
Man and this new-made world to win ;  
——That fiend, while Satan play'd his part  
At Eve's fond ear, assailed her heart,  
And tempted her to hazard more  
Than fallen Angels lost before ;  
They ruin'd but themselves,—her crime  
Brought death on all the race of time :

—That fiend comes forth, like Ætna's flame ;  
The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING call his name ;  
So flush'd and terrible in power,  
The Priests themselves he would devour,  
But straight, by Act of Parliament,  
Loose thro' the land his plagues are sent.  
The Polypus himself divides,  
A legion issues from his sides ;  
Ten thousand shapes he wears at will,  
In every shape a devil still ;  
Eager and restless to be known  
By any mark, except his own ;  
In airy, earthly, heavenly guise,  
No matter,—if it strike the eyes ;  
Yet ever at the clink of pelf,  
He starts, and shrinks into himself:  
— A traitor now, with face of truth,  
He dupes the innocence of youth ;  
A shrewd Pretender, smooth and sage,  
He tempts the avarice of age ;  
A Wizzard, versed in damned arts,  
He trammels uncorrupted hearts ;

He lulls Suspicion, Sense way-lays,  
Honour and Honesty betrays,  
Finds Virtue sleeping, and by stealth  
Beguiles her with a dream of wealth ;  
Till rich and poor, till fools and wise,  
Haste to the headlong sacrifice,  
Gaze till they slip into the snare ;  
——Angels might weep to see them there ;  
Then to the Lottery Wheels away,  
The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING drags his prey.

Hail to the fiery Bigot's rack !  
Hail Juggernaut's destructive track !  
Hail to the Warrior's iron car ;  
But O be Lottery Wheels afar !  
I'll die by torture, war, disease,  
I'll die—— by any Wheels but these !



TO BRITAIN.



I LOVE Thee, O my native ISLE !  
Dear as my mother's earliest smile,  
Sweet as my father's voice to me,  
Is all I hear, and all I see ;  
When glancing o'er thy beauteous land,  
In view thy *Public Virtues* stand,  
The Guardian-angels of thy coast,  
To watch the dear *domestic Host*,  
The *Heart's Affections*, pleased to roam  
Around the quiet heaven of Home.

I love Thee,—when I mark thy soil  
Flourish beneath the Peasant's toil,  
And from its lap of verdure throw  
Treasures which neither Indies know.

I love Thee,—when I hear around  
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,

Thine Engines heaving all their force,  
Thy waters labouring on their course,  
And Arts, and Industry, and Wealth,  
Exulting in the joys of Health.

I love Thee,——when I trace thy tale  
To the dim point where records fail ;  
Thy deeds of old renown inspire  
My bosom with our fathers' fire ;  
A proud inheritance I claim  
In all their sufferings, all their fame :  
Nor less delighted, when I stray  
Down History's lengthening, widening way,  
And hail thee in thy present hour,  
From the meridian arch of power,  
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,  
Like sunshine over land and main.

I love Thee,——when I read the lays  
Of British Bards, in elder days,  
Till rapt on visionary wings,  
High o'er thy cliffs my Spirit sings ;

For I, amidst thy living choir,  
I too, can touch the sacred lyre.

I love Thee,——when I contemplate  
The full-orb'd grandeur of thy state;  
Thy laws and liberties, that rise,  
Man's noblest works beneath the skies,  
To which the Pyramids are tame,  
And Grecian Temples bow their fame:  
These, thine immortal Sages wrought  
Out of the deepest mines of thought;  
These, on the scaffold, in the field,  
Thy Warriors won, thy Patriots seal'd;  
These, at the parricidal pyre,  
Thy Martyrs sanctified in fire;  
And with the generous blood they spilt  
Wash'd from thy soil their murderers' guilt,  
Cancell'd the curse, which Vengeance sped,  
And left a blessing in its stead.  
—— Can words, can numbers count the price,  
Paid for this little Paradise?  
Never, O never be it lost,  
The land is *worth* the price it cost!

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I love Thee,—when thy Sabbath dawns  
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,  
And streams, that sparkle while they run,  
As if their fountain were the Sun :  
When, hand in hand, thy tribes repair,  
Each to their chosen House of Prayer,  
And all in peace and freedom call  
On Him, who is the Lord of all.

I love Thee,—when my Soul can feel  
The Seraph-ardours of thy zeal :  
Thy Charities, to none confined,  
Bless, like the sun, the rain, the wind ;  
Thy schools the human brute shall raise,  
Guide erring Youth in Wisdom's ways,  
And leave, when we are turn'd to dust,  
A generation of the Just.

I love Thee,—when I see thee stand,  
The Hope of every other land ;  
A sea-mark in the tide of Time,  
Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime ;

Whence beams of Gospel-splendour shed  
 A sacred halo round thine head ;  
 And Gentiles from afar behold,  
 (Not as on Sinai's rocks of old,)  
 GOD,—from eternity conceal'd,—  
 In his own light, on THEE, reveal'd.

I love Thee,—when I hear thy voice  
 Bid a despairing World rejoice,  
 And loud from shore to shore, proclaim,  
 In every tongue, Messiah's name ;  
 That name, at which, from sea to sea,  
 All nations *yet* shall bow the knee.

I love Thee,—Next to heaven above,  
 Land of my Fathers ! *thee* I love ;  
 And rail thy Slanderers as they will,  
 “ With all thy *faults* I love thee” still :  
 For faults thou hast, of heinous size ;  
 Repent, renounce them, ere they rise  
 In judgment :—lest thine Ocean-wall  
 With boundless ruin round thee fall,

And that which was thy mightiest stay  
Sweep all thy rocks like sand away.

Yes, thou hast faults, of heinous size,  
From which I turn with weeping eyes ;  
On these let them that hate thee dwell :  
Yet *one* I spare not,—*one* I tell ;  
Tell with a whisper in thine ear ;  
O may it wring thy heart with fear !  
O that my weakest word might roll  
Like heaven's own thunder thro' thy soul !

There is *a lie* in thy right hand ;  
*A bribe*, corrupting all the land ;  
There is within thy gates a pest,—  
*Gold* and a *Babylonish vest* ;  
Not hid in shame-concealing shade,  
But broad against the Sun display'd.  
These,—tell it *not*,—it *must* be told ;  
These are by Lot—by Lottery—sold :  
And these, thy Children, (taught to sin,)  
Venture *two* worlds at once to win ;  
Nay thy deluded Statesmen stake  
THYSELF,—and lose thee, for their sake !

— Lose thee? —they *shall not* ;—HE, whose will  
Is Nature's law, preserves thee still ;  
And while the' uplifted bolt impends,  
ONE WARNING MORE his mercy sends.

O Britain! O my Country! bring  
Forth from thy camp the' accursed thing ;  
Consign it to remorseless fire,  
Watch till the latest spark expire,  
Then cast the ashes on the wind,  
Nor leave one atom-wreck behind.

So may thy wealth and power increase ;  
So may thy people dwell in peace ;  
On Thee the' Almighty's glory rest,  
And all the world in Thee be blest.

*Sheffield, October 10, 1816.*

FINIS.













