



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

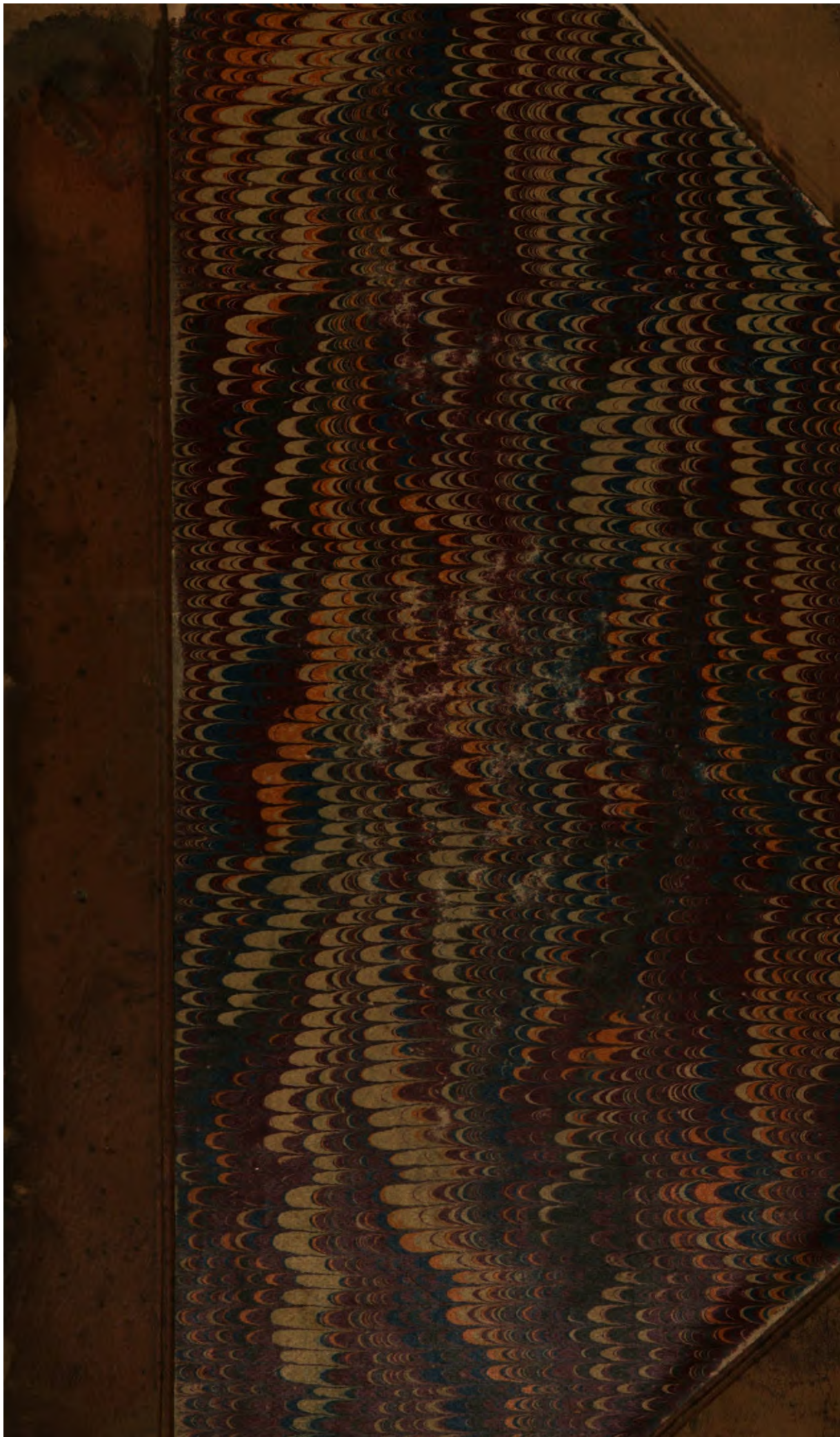
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



12/ Scarce

William Willis.

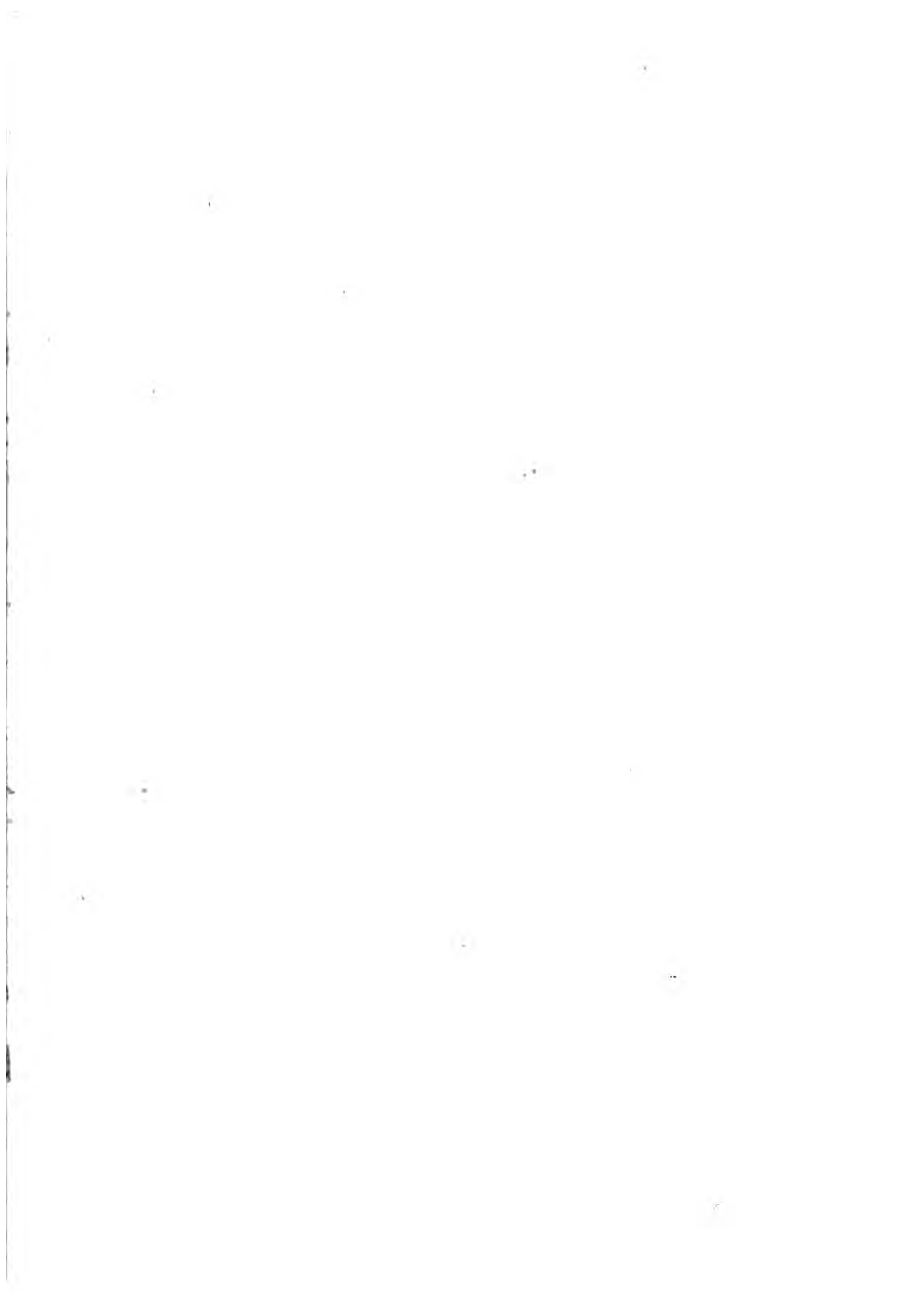
Temple. 6



4/6

280 e. 3451

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10



Bf. from The Brompton Bookshop

LES CHAMPIGNONS DU DIABLE;

OR,

**Imperial MUSHROOMS:**

*A MOCK-HEROIC POEM,*

IN FIVE CANTOS:

Including a Conference between the

**POPE AND THE DEVIL,**

ON HIS

**HOLINESS'S VISIT TO PARIS:**

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES.

---

“ And now is this VICE'S DAGGER become a Squire.”

SHAKESPEARE, I HENRY IV.

---

BY THE EDITOR OF “SALMAGUNDI,” AND “THE  
WICCAMICAL CHAPLET,” &c. &c.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. GINGER, 169, PICCADILLY,

BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

1805.





Marchant, Printer, 3, Greville-Street, Holborn.

Bar

---

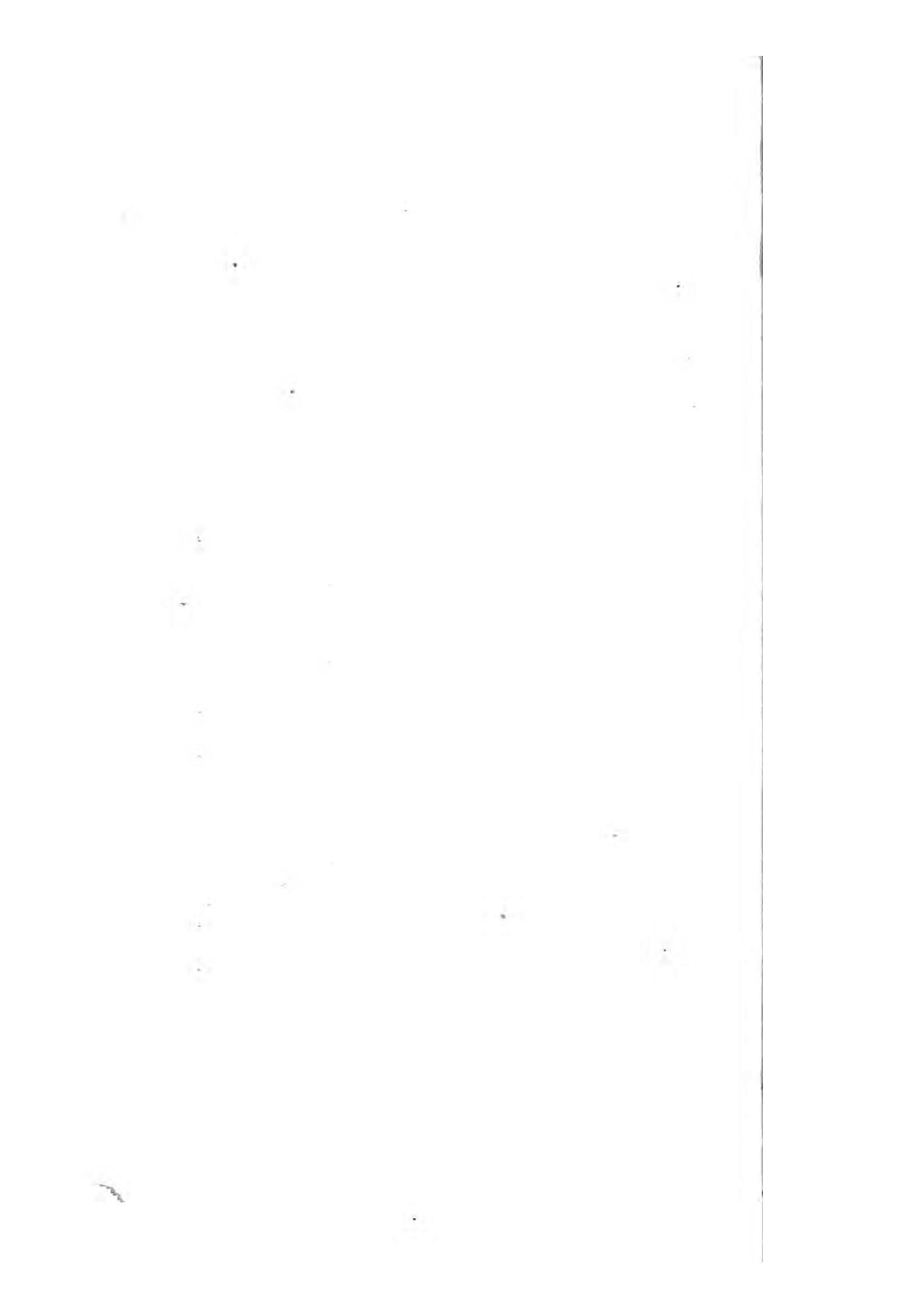
---

## ADVERTISEMENT.



TO SERVE THE CAUSE OF ORDER, AND THE  
CAUSE OF LEGITIMATE GOVERNMENT, BY A  
LUDICROUS EXPOSURE OF THE CIVIL AND RE-  
LIGIOUS POLICY OF A CONTINENTAL DESPOT,  
COURTENANCED AND ABETTED BY THE DE-  
GRADING SERVILITY OF THE SOVEREIGN PON-  
TIFF, IS THE OBJECT OF THIS POEM.

AND IT IS PRESUMED THAT THE LEVITIES  
IN WHICH THE MUSE HAS OCCASIONALLY IN-  
DULGED, ON SUCH A SUBJECT, WILL NOT OF-  
FEND THE CANDID AND LIBERAL READER.



---

---

LES CHAMPIGNONS DU DIABLE;

OR,

**Imperial** MUSHROOMS.

---

---

CANTO I.



THE ARGUMENT.

16 **EXORDIUM** — Cause of the admiration excited by political events in the beginning of the nineteenth century — Ignorant people regard only the exterior of things — Case in point — Poets discern interior causes and principles — Exemplified in various instances — Their penetration embraces greater as well as lesser events — And will develop the true origin and fabrication of the Farce recently enacted and now acting on the Continent.

**SATAN's** speech to his parliament — "Obligations of the Infernals to mortal heroes — They are to be richly recompensed underground, where things rich and precious are deposited — Superior worthies challenge also *earthly* pre-eminence — Examples from past times — Equal encouragement should now be given to Crime — The French Consulate, an inadequate remuneration of the transcendent deserts of

BONAPARTE

— Infernal spirits commanded to effect his advancement to the empire of France" — They repair to the Gallic Con-

B

servative Senate — Organization of that assemblage — Why termed “*Conservateur*” — Their operation upon the *worst ends* of the senators — Produces the Senate’s address of the 17th Floreal — Invocation — “The senators’ acknowledgments for the Consul’s communications relative to plots against him, especially those of Mr. Drake, whom they deem to have been suckled by a bitch-fox — What they must have felt if his plots had succeeded — Chasm in their existing institutions — Five state-tinkers to find means of repairing the deficiency — *Second* course of Mr. Drake — Destinies of France and of Bonaparte united — *Third* course of Mr. Drake — Frenchmen gifted with nine lives, Bonaparte has but one — *Fourth* course of Mr. Drake — Bonaparte’s fall would have confounded the order of the world — French vengeance in case of such event, fruitless, because Mr. Drake’s head would not fit Bonaparte’s shoulders — Necessity of organizing a High Court of justice — Advantage of making the execution of criminals preliminary to their trials — Expected effect of such High Justiciary Court on English conspirators — *Fifth* course of Mr. Drake — Establishment of such high court but half of the Consul’s work — Everlasting institutions to be combined with it by the wonderful ability of the First Consul — His absolute power over Time, &c. — His plastic and all-comprehensive genius — Illustrated — Love of the French people to, and apprehensions for, the pilot of their state vessel — Sympathetic sentiments of French Mesdames Poissardes, &c. &c. — All unanimous in exhorting the “Great Man to complete his glory.”



---

---

LES CHAMPIGNONS DU DIABLE ;

OR,

**Imperial** MUSHROOMS.



CANTO I.

NO manufacturer of rhyme,  
Or prose, can tell the nick of time  
When, bidding earthly friends good by,  
Spirit or gift of prophecy,  
Like other spirits, evaporated :  
But we for certainty may state it,  
That she sat off at the right æra ;  
For, had she longer tarried, ne'er a  
Interpreter of all the trade  
One-half of what she *would* have said  
Had credited, if, peradventure, he  
Had heard her prate of NINETEENTH CENTURY ;  
At whose developement each ass  
Must think strange things have come to pass ;

And so, indeed, - of asses say  
 All that intelligibly bray :  
 Because, such long-ear'd gentry look  
 To rind and cover of the book  
 Alone, in spruce Morocco binding  
 All *they* think worth attention finding ;  
 Like swine, for love of th' husk, neglect  
 The text or kernel to inspect.  
 As literary gossips fable  
 Of sapient and right honourable  
 Peer, who the door had so dispos'd  
 To 's library, that, when 'twas clos'd,  
 None could descry or hit upon 't :  
 And was so tickled, when he 'd done 't,  
 With his foriculastic mystery,  
 That he for tomes within, of history,  
 Art dialectic, greek and latin  
 Classics, whereon the studious batten,  
 And all their philosophic prog  
 Had no more relish than a dog :  
 But thought, *in limine deceptio*  
 Must him a more profound adept show

Than if h' had Hebrew odes, or Greek writ  
 To friend, whom thus into the secret  
 He let with Solomonic grin :

“ Say not a word about it! — in  
 “ This library and out go I, Sir,  
 “ Full oft, and *nobody the wiser!*”

But *double-sighted* Bards, † who tip ye  
 Off rummers of right Aganippe,  
 Look through the upper-crust of things,  
 To find th' interior, secret springs  
 And principles that give to th' whole  
 Form, hue, activity and soul.  
 And, though on spit the joint turn round,  
 By nicest scrutiny have found,  
 That 'tis the short-legg'd cur i' the wheel,  
 And not the spit, that roasts the veal.  
 When fingers of Hook, Cramer, Crotch,  
 On organ-keys play at hop-sotch,

---

† *Double-sighted bards, &c.*

Viz.: those heterodox Toppers who see *double* from drinking  
 water, as Orthodox Toppers, from drinking wine.



Though credit for their skill you grant 'em,  
 And swear divinely trills the anthem,  
 They know that you're mistaken quite :  
 'Tis *Bellows-blower* out of sight  
 Who makes the melody, which no  
 Longer exists than bellows blow. †  
 They know when popular Haranguer,  
 From pulpit, theologic clangour  
 Dispenses, (like report of guns,)  
 And suff'ring auditory stuns,

---

† ————— *The melody, which no  
 Longer exists than bellows blow.*

The space allotted for our notes admitting only of limited insertions, we must be content with referring our readers to an important narrative of the competition between Sarah Rowden, spinster and under organist (commonly called Bellows-blower) of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the professional performer on the keys of the said organ, (whom she had challenged to a trial of skill in one of Dr. Blow's Anthems,) and which terminated in the complete discomfiture of the latter of these *rival* musicians, as detailed at large in the "*Old Woman's Magazine, or Mrs. Martha Midnight's Larder of Tid Bits.*"

That, though the *noise* is all his own,  
*He* preaches not but *Massillon*.  
 List'ning learn'd Sergeant in the courts,  
 What tropes and metaphors he sports,  
 " Three-pil'd hyperboles," grimaces, †  
 " Silk terms and taffata-wove phrases !"  
 You deem such all-persuasive strains  
 Flow from grand reservoir of brains ;  
 They know in *Curl of's wig* the force  
 Lies, and the thread of his discourse, ‡

† *Three-pil'd hyperboles, &c.*

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, &c.

SHAKESPEARE.

‡ ———— *in curl of's wig the force*

*Lies, and the thread of his discourse.*

The late learned Mr. Sergeant — had indulged a whimsical propensity to untwist, with the fore finger and thumb of his left hand, the tie of his wig pendant over the deltoid muscle of his left shoulder while he was pleading. This little indulgence having, from habit, become an indispensable accompaniment to his oratory, occasioned the Sergeant an extraordinary expense of new

As we from case in point below,  
 Shall, with prosaic license, show.  
 They know that Punch's ribbald note  
 From *Carnal* comes, not oaken throat †

---

wigs, as substitutes for those which had been deteriorated and rendered unseemly by friction, till, at the recommendation of an economical friend, he was happily induced to carry with him into court a cast-off wig in his coat-pocket, which he might twist, twirl, finger, frizzle, fudgel, and torment, without check or compunction, and with all the perseverance that was necessary to enable him to maintain the flow of his eloquence, and insure its success. It happened, however, that, in a cause of more than ordinary importance, for carrying of which the Sergeant's known abilities were relied on by the plaintiff, the deputy clerk of the court (who had been stimulated to the enterprize by a handsome *douceur* from the defendant) contrived to elicit the periwig from his pocket almost at the moment of opening the cause. The Sergeant commenced his career with his accustomed felicity, his left hand deliberately retrogading at the same time towards the saccular receptacle of periwig *incog.*; where, to his utter disappointment and dismay, finding nothing but empty space, a sympathetic vacuity in the cranium was the immediate consequence, and, it is needless to add, the plaintiff was nonsuited.

† ————— *Punch's ribbald note*

*From carnal comes,\*not oaken throat.*

As that *intelligent* old woman  
 Suppos'd, who bought him of the show-man,  
 And took him home, when she was á-dry,  
 To tipple with her, and talk shaadry.

And, as poetical Proboscis,  
 In *small* effects smells out their causes,  
 (Nay, with such rare organization,  
 Is fram'd 'twill scent of dame of fashion  
 The little *faux-pas* she will nót own,  
 As well as nose of Father Coton : †)

As Punch's own exertions, and the liberties taken with him by the Devil and his wife Joan, are such as seem to require nerves of the firmest texture, we presume that his stamina are usually fabricated of the same material which surrounded Jupiter's temple, near Dodona, in Epirus, and of which the image of the god itself might have been composed agreeably to Butler's

Oracle from heart of oak. HUD. p. 2. c. 1.

Nemus, jovi sacrum, querneum totum, &c.

† *As well as nose of Father Coton.*

A Reverend Father and Confessor of the Jesuits' Order, who (*according to the testimony of F. Alegambe*) was endowed with a nose that could not endure the smell of any one who had violated the laws of chastity.—“ *Castitatem imperisè coluit, et virginitatis*

Thus its rhinocerontic stature,  
 Commensurate alike with *greater*,  
 Enables it, (just like that queer one,  
 Wherewith Judge Jeff'ries presbyterian  
 Forty miles off could smell, or more,)  
 T' olfact the Centre, and explore  
 The lowest bin in Satan's cellar ;  
 And, if rat burrow'd there, to smell her.

---

“ decus ad extremum usque obtinuit: sensus frænabat accuratâ  
 “ custodiâ et horrore quodam impuritatis; quam etiam in iis qui se  
 “ illâ fœdassent ex *graveolentiâ nescio qua* discernebat.”

ALEGAMBE, col. 2. p. 379.

(It is to be hoped, that this Reverend Father never left his  
 snuff-box behind him when he went into *good company*.) The  
 above-cited writer has the following expressions respecting another  
 of these immaculate and fastidious Jesuitical gentry, called “*Father  
 GIL.*”

“ Erat severissimus suorum sensuum custos: nullam tot annis  
 “ feminam de facie noverat: *se quoque ipsum attingere* quodam  
 “ modo *horrebat.*” Col. 1. p. 369.

This reminds us of a Cantabridgian of high and merited cele-  
 brity, whose uncommon delicacy was said to have procured him  
 the name of “*Tea-tongs.*”

This being premis'd, attend with awe,  
 Reader! while we the veil undraw  
 That parts this world of stars and sunshine  
 From subterraneous world where none shine:  
 Show how in Hell's Cimmerian shade,  
 The farce was plann'd that France has play'd;  
 And how the Devil's conj'ring-box,  
 Swell'd CONSUL FROG to EMP'ROX.



SATAN, on mighty mischiefs bent,  
 Call'd his infernal parliament,  
 And, to the cloven-footed peers  
 And knights of his sulphureous shires,  
 Marshall'd around their monarch's throne,  
 Thus his imperial will made known:  
 "LORDS DIABOLIC!" who sustain  
 The potency of Satan's reign,  
 And you, HELL'S COMMONERS! esquires,  
 And knights, these everlasting fires

Anxious to feed with two-legg'd fuel !  
 'Tis understood by us and you well  
 How much the glorious Cause of ILL  
 Indebted stands to HUMAN WILL ;  
 With what effect our dire intents  
 Explode through mortal instruments ;  
 As through that militant Death's-door,  
 The culverin's or musket's bore,  
 When speeds the nitrous compound's force,  
 Tenfold destruction marks its course.

What Devil of consideration  
 Knows not our wond'rous obligation  
 To Heroes of gigantic mind,  
 Who, while the rights of human-kind  
 They spurn, and all its ties disown,  
 Live for themselves and us alone ?  
 If, then, to *Such* our realms below  
 Their wide-spread population owe ;  
 Let their deserts be fairly weigh'd,  
 And rich remuneration made :  
 That all, to serve our state inclin'd,  
*Here* may be sure their due to find !

For *where should* treasures rich be found,  
 And precious gems, but under ground?  
 Of Truth more precious where's the seat?  
 You glance, perhaps, at D— — Street,  
 “ Or — — th's venerable pile;  
 “ Deep in a *well* lies Truth the while;  
 “ And he who pays his lawyer's bill  
 “ Swears Equity lies deeper still:”  
 His oath the lawyer shall confirm,  
 Who, when expires Life's fleeting term,  
 Discovers, to his cost, 'tis so,  
 Repaid in hell his *quid pro quo*.

But, gallants of superior worth,  
 Challenge pre-eminence *on earth*;  
 For though, their glorious labours past,  
 Welcome awaits them at the last  
 Warm as our precincts can afford,  
 When here they come to lodge and board:  
 Yet, should their brows no laurels wear  
 But those we in our hot-house rear,  
 Conscience might dare to interfere,  
 And cross a hero's brave career;



Or rascally Remorse dissuade  
 Illustrious Cut-throats from their trade.  
 Mov'd by considerations grave,  
 Like these, a world the GREEK we gave  
 Who scorn'd the *scanty* boon, and swore  
 He wanted half a dozen more. †  
 Gave CÆSAR of imperial Rome  
 Sov'reign control and masterdom ;  
 Show'r'd on ferocious KOULI KHAN  
 The wealth of ravag'd Indostan ; ‡

---

† *He wanted half a dozen more.*

Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis,  
 Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi, &c.

says Juvenal of Alexander ; and, according to Plutarch, he wept when he heard the Philosopher Anaxarchus say there were infinite worlds ; his tears proceeded from his despair of conquering them all. Lorenzo Gracian, a Spanish writer, acquaints us that in a corner of Alexander's heart the world found itself so *unstrained* that there was room for six more.

‡ *Show'r'd on ferocious Kouli Khan  
 The wealth of ravag'd Indostan.*

Nadir Shah. The General of Tahmas, Sophi of Persia, who

And bade three prostrate kingdoms fear  
 The crimson-beaked MAN OF BEER. †  
 Of all that breathe 'twixt hell and heaven,  
 Tell me to whom should power be given?  
 To clement sov'reigns and king logs,  
 Bestrode by *Opposition* frogs;  
 Who use it like a magnet loaded  
 With pendant steel, by rust corroded:  
 Or those whom fierce Ambition goads,  
 Whose *active* steel no rust corrodes,

---

afterwards assumed the name of Thamas Kouli Khan, and dethroned his master. — From his subsequent ravages in Indostan and subversion of the Mogul Empire in 1732, he is said to have possessed himself of plunder to an almost incredible amount.

† *The crimson-beaked Man of Beer.*

Cromwell's nose appears to have afforded as much matter for ridicule as that of Bardolph, whom Falstaff (on account of its red and fiery hue) terms "the Knight of the Burning Lamp," and, "but for the light in his face, a son of utter darkness." — "Cromwell's nose (says Cleaveland) is remarkably red and shining; he should be a bird of prey by his bloody beak: — and again, "Cromwell's nose wears the Dominical Letter." — Cromwell had been a brewer.

But, flesh'd on all beneath the welkin,  
Approves its brandishers to hell kin ?

If then the Worthies of *past* ages  
Who did our work, were paid their wages ;  
If (stamp'd by us, their new creators,  
Protectors, sophis, imperators,) .  
To fame and empire up they sprung  
Like cucumbers from beds of dung :  
Shall it be said that *modern* times  
Yield less encouragement to crimes ?  
That outrage, robbery, and vice,  
Have fall'n below our market's price ?  
Or know not devils how to prize  
Dark craft, and pride of giant size ;  
Relentless rage, immortal spite,  
The deadly bowl of aconite ;  
Th' inexorable sword imbrued  
In blood of gallant foes subdued,  
The impious vaunt, th' atrocious lie  
Accredited by blasphemy ? ||

---

|| *Accredited by blasphemy.*

See General Bonaparte's Proclamations to the People of Egypt.

Say, can the Gallic Consulate  
 Pay such vast claims upon OUR state?  
 Account we BONAPARTE'S worth  
 Second to aught that graces earth,  
 That aught her kingdoms can dispense  
 Of splendour, style, pre-eminence,  
 Or the great Prince of Air confer  
 (Of his *prime mortal* minister  
 To swell the state and sooth the pride,)  
 Should be to his deserts denied?  
 No! since terrestrial glories all,  
 To *dev'lish* arbitration fall.†  
 Thus has our policy decreed:  
 " Be Empire Bonaparte's meed!"  
 " Spirits! who Satan's will obey,  
 " To that proud eminence his way  
 " 'Gainst all impediments advance!  
 " And bid the groveling sons of France

---

† ————*Terrestrial glories all,  
 To dev'lish arbitration fall.*

" The Devil shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world, and  
 " said, all this will I give thee, and the glory of them; for that is  
 " delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it." LUKE, c. iv.

“ Before that throne fall down and tremble,  
 “ Where he shall sit and rant like K — — !”

Promulg'd the pleasure of Hell's King,  
 His sable senators took wing :  
 Of the grim corps a grand division  
 Their *brother*-Senators Parisian  
 Sought out ; (for birds, with feathers dight  
 Of the same cut, in flocks unite :)  
 These were a set of precious sages  
 As e'er for dirty work took wages,  
 To that fam'd Senate cater-cousins  
 Which Romulus of rogues by dozens  
 Composed, whose successors their votes  
 Gave a grand Consul that ate oats,†  
 And found his sway less inauspicious  
 Than two-legg'd Consul's, twice as vicious.

This Gallic Senate with such art  
 Was fram'd, that each constituent part  
 Would rise, harangue, leap o'er a stick,  
 Or play whatever monkey trick

---

† ———— *Whose successors their votes  
 Gave a Grand Consul that ate oats.*

At the Emperor Caligula's command, the Roman Senate invested  
*his* HORSE with the honours of the Consulate and of the Priesthood.

Its Fabricator might require,  
 Like ductile puppet mov'd by wire.  
 'Twas nick-nam'd (as a dark grove men do  
 " *Lucus*" yclepe " *a non lucendo* ")  
 Of Frenchmen's rights CONSERVATEUR,  
 And sworn to keep 'em safe and sure :  
 As grooms keep shut the stable door  
 When the steed 's stol'n, but not before.

Here Satan's myrmidons cornuted  
 Found subjects to their purpose suited ;  
 And fell to work on their *worst ends*,  
 Videlicet, their heads † (for fiends,

---

† *Videlicet, their heads, &c.*

This devilish affection or possession of the head has been occasionally experienced by members of *other* Senates besides the Senate Conservateur. " A person of quality (says Selden) came " to my chamber in the Temple, and told me he had TWO DEVILS " in his head (I wondered what he meant) and just at that time " one of them bid him kill me. (With that I began to be afraid " and thought he was mad.) He said he knew I could cure him, " and therefore intreated me to give him something, for he was " resolved he would go to nobody else. I perceiving what an

As well as scavengers, may boast  
Of sorriest trash they make the most.)

---

“ opinion he had of me, and that ’twas only melancholy that  
 “ troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would  
 “ follow my directions, to cure him in a short time. I desired  
 “ him to let me be alone about an hour. In the mean time I got a  
 “ CARD, and lapt it up handsome in a piece of taffata, and put  
 “ strings to the taffata, and when he came, gave it to him to hang  
 “ about his neck, withal charged him that he should not disorder  
 “ himself neither with eating nor drinking, but eat very little of  
 “ supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed ; and I  
 “ made no question but he would be well in three or four days.  
 “ Within that time I went to dinner to his house, and asked him  
 “ how he did? He said he was much better, but not perfectly  
 “ well ; for, in truth, he had not dealt clearly with me : he had  
 “ had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were  
 “ gone, with that which I had given him ; but the other two trou-  
 “ bled him still. Well, said I, I am glad two of them are gone,  
 “ I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise. So, I  
 “ gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days  
 “ after he came to me to my chamber, and professed he was now as  
 “ well as ever he was in his life ; and did extremely thank me for  
 “ the great care I had taken of him.”      SELD. TAB. T. p. 61.

As these Devils so quietly resigned their tenure of this Nobleman’s

There, as those cells they empty found  
 Where brains in wiser pates abound,  
 They fill'd them with mephitic gas  
 From hell, which downward strove to pass,  
 But, gaining exit through the throat,  
 By leave of porter, Epiglott,  
 Vented itself in fustian storm  
 Rhetorical. This, in due form  
 Reduc'd, concentrated, and penn'd,  
 They, by choice deputation, send  
 To CONSUL GRAND:—which, e'er you read,  
 Brief Invocation shall precede.

---

head, we may conclude our Exorcist's *Card* to have been a complimentary card, containing a *polite dismissal*. The Assessor, M. des Matras, treated with somewhat less ceremony one of the *two Devils* who possessed a woman of Angers, (whether as tenants in capite, or tenants in tail, the narrator, Daubigné, has forgot to tell us,) for, as if he had apprehended that the Devil, however subjected to *ecclesiastical* ejection, might consider his dismissal, by the *exorcism of a Lawyer* as 'DISSEISIN,' and resent it accordingly, he took up a cudgel, and said to him "Beelzebub, you rogue! if you play your tricks with me, I'll beat you like a Devil." *Confess. Cath. de Sancy, Liv. 1. c. 6.*



## INVOCATION.

Apollo ! and ye Muses Nine !

If to your lyre, and your guittars  
This Composition superfine

Was set, I'm sure t'would charm the stars :  
And, if they should not quit their spheres  
To *list'* Conservative Messieurs,  
Zounds ! 'tis because stars have no ears !!

}

---

THE SENATE CONSERVATEUR TO THE FIRST  
CONSUL OF THE REPUBLIC.

*Paris, 17th Floreal, (May 7th.)*

TO you, renowned citizen !  
FIRST of FIRST CONSULS, First of Men !  
Your faithful Senators repair,  
To lay beneath your elbow-chair

Of gratitude the mass so great  
 That all their faculties employs  
 To calculate its monstrous weight ;  
 Some thousand tons averdupois.  
 Because you've deign'd communicate  
 A list, as terrible as true,  
 Of PLOTS against YOU AND THE STATE,  
 Of plots against the state and you.  
 Of your long list the dire contents  
 Have giv'n your senators the vapours ;  
 Black plots by dismal documents  
 Establish'd, and authentic papers ! †

---

† *Black plots, by dismal documents  
 Establish'd, and authentic papers.*

THE SENATE CONSERVATEUR TO THE FIRST CONSUL  
 OF THE REPUBLIC.

PARIS, 17th Floreal, (May 7th.)

“ Citizen First Consul—The Senate Conservateur repairs in a  
 “ body to you, to thank you for the communication you have made to  
 “ it, the 2d of this month, by the grand judge, minister of justice, of

Plots laid against our grand Commander  
 Like eggs that shrove-tide pancakes make,  
 Laid not by Goose, nor yet by Gander,  
 But, what's as wond'rous, by a DRAKE !  
 Not of the quackling-tribe aquatic,  
 A Drake unparallel'd and únique  
 Of English brood ! Drake diplomatic,  
 Late ENVOY TO THE COURT OF MUNICH !

---

“ the original documents and authentic papers, relative to the *atrocious plots* laid against the state and against you, under cover of a diplomatic character, by the envoy of the King of England to the court of Munich.”

N. B. The above and subsequent parts of this address, as well as of the First Consul's message in reply, and of his Senate's rejoinder, were given, (from the French *Moniteur*,) in all the public papers; one of which the *Chronicle of May 1, 1804*, has the following apposite observation, on the subject of these most *formidable PLOTS*.

‘ The best of the plots against BONAPARTE'S Government, and we have heard of few good ones, are but absurd attempts. It is not by such means that governments like his are to be overturned. It was not by such that the BOURBONS fell, nor by such can they be restored, while the *attempt*, in the mean time, and not the *deed*, is so obviously in BONAPARTE'S favour, that he may well be suspected of exaggerating, if not fabricating, the accounts we receive.’

But, were it English Drake or German,  
     Were it a Drake with shoes or no shoes,  
 I' st fitting that such desp'rate vermin  
     Should Frenchmen scare with plots atrocious ?  
 This Drake, Sir ! when a drakeling younker,  
     Your Senate deem, some bitch-fox suck'd :  
 But, whether thence his craft he drunk or  
     Not, we'll be neither Drake'd nor duck'd.  
 Had we not watch'd his Drakeship's water,  
     Who knows but this same Drake we talk on  
 Had hatch'd our mighty Consul's slaughter ;  
     Like Shakespeare's owl that kill'd a falcon ? †  
 Our honest hearts though ne'er so flinty  
     Think, Sir, how 't would have made them ake !  
 How grey eye, black eye, wall eye, squint eye  
     Had wept, if you'd been slain by Drake !

---

† ————*Shakespeare's owl that killed a falcon.*

A falcon, towering in his pride of place,  
 Was, by a mousing owl, hawk'd at and killed.

If, when such tragic fate befel ye,  
     On duck or drake we 'd chanc'd to dine,  
 The very onions in his belly  
     Had bath'd our sallow cheeks with brine.  
 Whilst, prosing o'er these plots, our wind  
     Is wasted and our wits expended,  
 We in our Institutions find  
     A chasm or hole that must be mended :  
 This hole we 've, in our zeal to stop,  
     On five state-tinkers laid injunctions  
 To find, of a Grand Justice Shop,  
     Something that shall supply the functions.†

---

† *Something that shall supply the functions.*

“ In examining these papers, and the report which the grand  
 “ judge has made to you of them, the Senate has seen the necessity  
 “ of supplying, for the moment, the functions of that grand national  
 “ tribunal, the establishment of which is wanting to our institutions.  
 “ A commission of Five Members has made to it a report which the  
 “ Senate has adopted, and which it comes to present to you. Its  
 “ publicity is committed to the wisdom of the government.”

For sore we fear with steel or shot  
 Drake's cronies yet may bring you short home ;  
 Or blow off by some powder plot  
 Your head, thenceforth a caput mortuum.  
 And, if by rapier, shot, or plot  
 They do the feat, not YOU *alone*  
 But *your own* France must go to pot :  
 They 'll kill two black-birds with one stone.  
 For the French People's fate is spun  
 With yours into the self same cloth  
 So close that he, who severs one, †  
 Destroys the texture of them both :

---

† ————— *He who severs one,*

*Destroys the texture of them both.*

“ When they meditate your ruin, it is France they mean to injure. The English and the emigrants know that *your destiny is that of the French people.*”

N. B. Although the destinies of Buonaparte, and of the French people, (if we may credit MESSRS. les Conservateurs,) are spun into the self-same cloth, they may, perhaps, be separated one of these days, with little more difficulty than was the beard of a capuchin friar, from that of his tutelary saint. The cause of their conjunction may afford the reader amusement. The Capuchin Fathers had

Yet though, dread Sir ! when you are slain  
 Poor France must die : in the same breath  
 She shall be brought to life again  
 On purpose to revenge your death.  
 Thus Frenchmen gifted like a cat  
 Our logic proves — to *nine* of theirs  
 You've but *one life* : take care of that  
 We beg of you ! *good* folks are scarce.  
 Then Heav'n, whose care with yours is join'd,  
 For its *own sake* will keep intact your  
 Dear life, since heroes of *your* kind  
 'Tis *such hard work* to manufacture.‡

---

employed an ingenious female artist of the Marais to work for them a representation of St. Francis in embroidery. A drowsy brother of the order went to inspect the progress of her work ; and, poring closely over it, dropped asleep ; his chin coming in contact with the Saint's on which she was at work. The Embroidress immediately interwove the Friar's beard with the beard of St. Francis. — BOURSALUT highly diverted Louis XIV. and his court, at the expense of the Capuchins, with a poetical debate between the Embroidress and the Friar, on his awaking from his nap : — for which pleasantry, however, the worthy Brotherhood did not fail to procure him the satisfaction of a visit to the Bastille.

And France with all her nine lives whole,  
 Need not pursue with vengeance horrid  
 A crime that must unhinge each pole,  
 Mix zones, cold, temperate, and torrid.†  
 Now though to knock out English brains  
 We love, as pædagogues love birch,  
 We might, as wisely spare our pains  
 When You have left us in the lurch :

---

† *A crime that must unhinge each pole,  
 Mix zones, cold, temperate, and torrid.*

“ If the execrable projects of the former had succeeded, they (*the English*) little think of the *horrible vengeance* which *that people would have taken of them*. Heaven will preserve the earth from the necessity the French would be in of punishing a *crime, the consequence of which would overturn the whole order of the world*. But that crime has been attempted, and it can be so again ; we speak of vengeance and our laws have not foreseen it.”

‡ ————— *heroes of your kind*  
*'Tis such hard work to manufacture.*

at least it should seem so, if we believe the Address of the Prefect of the Pas de Calais.

“ Dieu crea Bonaparté, et se reposa.”  
 God created Bonaparté and rested from his labours.



Should we of Albion make a wreck,  
 Britons with rods of iron bruise,  
 Broil Pitt and Windham, wring Drake's neck  
 As you, great Sir ! did PICHEGRU'S :  
 By all the vengeance France could take  
 Should we be better'd?—Not a whit.  
 Nor, when wrung off, would head of Drake  
 Dead Bonaparte's shoulders fit.  
 To counter-plot these plotters all,  
 There's need of some Herculean *Fustis*,  
 Some grand tribunal national,‡  
 Or *knock-me-down* High Court of Justice :

‡ *There's need of*  
*Some grand tribunal national.*

“ However, relatively to France, the circumstances make it a  
 “ duty for the Senate to explain itself upon two important objects,  
 “ which the discovery of those *horrible* plots appears to it to render  
 “ worthy of your quickest and most serious attention.

“ At the sight of all these attempts, from which Providence has  
 “ saved a HERO NECESSARY TO ITS DESIGNS, a first reflection has  
 “ struck the Senate.

Sir! all our Constitutions tried,  
 (And we can number them by shoals,  
 Turn'd out, just ready cut and dried,  
 From Abbe Sieyes' pidgeon-holes.)  
 Excepting *one*, and that the worst,  
 Set these high courts of judicature  
 At work, all state delinquents first  
 To execute, and try them after.  
 Such *wholesome* Institutions graced  
 Enlighten'd governments of old ;  
 Sagely preventing needless waste  
 Of parchment, perjury, and gold.  
 For, when a culprit 's said his prayers,  
 And 's hang'd up to his heart's content,  
 The laws presume he little cares  
 What issue waits the argument.

“ Yes, Citizen First Consul, the Senate must tell it you.

“ In organizing our social order, your superior genius has made  
 “ an omission, which honours the generosity of your character,  
 “ but which, perhaps, augments your dangers and our fears. *All*  
 “ *our Constitutions*, except that of the *year 8*, had organized either  
 “ a *High Court*, or a national jury.”

That *such* tribunal we should want, †  
 ('Mongst prophets, though a high degree  
 You hold, *says your Egyptian rant,*)  
 Winking, you chose not to foresee:  
 For y' had forgotten that you owe  
 France your *invaluable* self;  
 You 're so disint'rested, *we know,*  
 And neither value life nor pelf!

---

† *That such tribunal we should want, &c. &c.*

“ You have had the confidence that such a tribunal would not  
 “ be necessary, and posterity, which must give you credit for all  
 “ that you have done, will also put to your account all that you  
 “ *would not* foresee.

“ But, Citizen First Consul, *you owe yourself* to the country.  
 “ You have not *the authority to neglect your existence*; and the  
 “ Senate, which, in its essence, is the preserver of the social pact  
 “ of thirty millions of men, demands, on their part, that the law  
 “ should explain itself upon the first object of this preservation.

“ Citizen First Consul, a grand national tribunal will assure on  
 “ the one side the responsibility of the public functionaries, and  
 “ on the other it will offer to conspirators a *tribunal quite ready*, en-  
 “ tirely invested with the consistence and with the powers necessary  
 “ to maintain the safety and existence of a great people attached  
 “ to the safety and to the existence of its chief.”

But we, your Conservateurs trusty,  
 Resolve to make you pay this debt ;  
 Since, should ball come from blunderbuss t' ye,  
 Where such a Consul shall we get?  
 A bench of justices so brief  
 Is Frenchmen's grand desideratum,  
 Then be advis'd, Illustrious Chief !  
 And let your potent breath create 'em.  
 Oh! how *Conspirators* will quake,  
 When these grim justices you've got,  
 Death's rifle-men, for every *Drake*  
 Prepar'd with charges of duck-shot !  
 When England sees your judges wield  
 Swords, daggers, scymitars, and tucks,  
 Soon shall her bravest champions yield,  
 And all her Drakes become *lame ducks*.  
 Athens in blood, as some report,  
 Wrote the first laws that she did make, oh  
 With *such red Ink* supply your Court !  
 Revive, for Drake, the laws of DRACO !

---

*You're so disint'rested, &c.*

Un Homme assez généreux pour immoler *ses intérêts* aux intérêts  
de son pays.

F. NEUFCHATEAU, MONITEUR, DEC. 2, 1804.

Yet, when this fell judicial band  
 You've nam'd, and this high court erected,  
 Your Senate tells its Consul Grand  
 He has but half his work effected : †  
 And fears your justices may say,  
 (Should death surprize you, doughty Don!)  
 With the swart murth'rer in the play,  
 " Othello's occupation's gone."  
 Combine, then, with this Institution  
 Some half a score besides, *as clever*,  
 Which may survive your dissolution,  
 And, what's still better, last for ever.  
 This you'll achieve with trifling pains,  
 And inconsiderable expenses,  
 For you can hang Old Time in chains, ‡  
 And gibbet all his moods and tenses.

---

† *He has but half his work effected.*

" But this national jury does not yet suffice to assure, at the  
 " same time, both your life and your work, if you do not add to  
 " it institutions so combined as that their system may survive you.  
 " *You found a new æra ; but you must eternise it.* Brilliancy is no-  
 " thing without duration."

‡ *You can hang old Time in chains, &c.*

You've a bright Æra, Sir! cut out  
 Of bran new stuff; eternal fashion  
 Give it, and Old Ones we shall scout:  
 What's brilliancy without duration?  
 Conspirators you curb, cashier  
 Ambition's troops, events you master,  
 Cement our crumbling state, besmear  
 Its chinks with rot-concealing plaster.  
 Your plastic genius all exceeds,  
 Embraces all things, none forgets;  
 From constitutions, systems, creeds,  
 Sceptres and crowns to cabbage-nets.  
 'Tis like that visionary Sheet,  
 St. Peter's table-cloth, who therein  
 Saw ven'son, four-legg'd butcher's meat,  
 Game, wild-fowl, fresh and pickled herring.

---

" You can chain down Time, master events, curb conspirators, disarm the ambitious, and tranquillise all France, by giving it institutions which may cement your edifice.

" We cannot doubt but this great idea has occupied you: for your plastic genius embraces every thing, and forgets nothing. But do not defer."

'Tis like the British bed of Ware,  
 Whose ample coverlid will take in  
 Men, women, brats, with room to spare  
 For bugs and fleas to keep 'em waking.  
 Unparallel'd, OMNISCIENT SIR!  
 Who's fit to reign if you are not?  
 A word to the wise:—' *Do not defer!*  
 Strike! while the Gallic Iron's hot.  
 All law-givers to you were louts,†  
 Whose liberal institutes prepare  
 Those rings for Gallic fathers' snouts  
 To which each infant nose is heir.  
 For these kind boons, with rev'rence, low  
 They bow, as 'tis their bounden duty;  
*How well they love you too we know,*  
 Although we do not care to shew t' ye.

---

† *All law-givers to you were louts, &c.*

" Prolong for the children what you have done for the fathers.  
 " Citizen First Consul, be well assured that the Senate speaks to  
 " you here in the name of all the Citizens. *All admire and love*  
 " you."

Ah ! should the Vessel of the state ‡  
 Her pilot lose, they all are conscious  
 She'll no such pilot find till Fate  
 Release from limbo Pilate Pontius.  
 Interrogate the Mesdames French —  
 They'll all your parrot's cry repeat, ||  
 From *Josephine* to Poissarde wench,  
 "GREAT, *little* MAN! YOUR WORK COMPLETE!"  
 With gen'ral voice Stentorean,  
 (Your friends might hear its din in Hades,)  
 Trust us all France "Great, *little* Man"  
 Re-echoes to these pretty ladies.  
 "Great, *little* Man your work complete!  
 "Immortal make it, like your glory!"  
 "Great, *little* Man!" in every street  
 You'll hear till these rare plaudits bore ye.

---

|| A Parrot at Malmaison has been tutored to cry, when Bonaparte approaches: "Voici, le GRAND et le petit HOMME!"

‡ Ah ! should the Vessel of the state, &c.

"But there are none who do not often think with anxiety, on  
 "what would become of the ship of the Republic, if she had  
 "the misfortune to lose her pilot, before she should be safe moored



Yet, how to laud your worth enough,†  
 Your thrice-devoted Senate puzzles,  
 Who, this fine sentimental stuff  
 Have charg'd us with, up to our muzzles.  
 Half a word more, and we have done ;  
 Though to surcease from flattery loth :—  
 Senate and People both make One  
 With You, and You make fools of Both.

“ upon immovable anchors. In the cities, in the country, if you  
 “ could question all the French, one after another, there is not  
 “ one of them but would say to you, as well as we, ‘ *Great man*  
 “ *complete your work, by rendering it immortal like your glory.*”

† *Yet how to laud your worth enough, &c.*

“ Such, Citizen First Consul, are the observations which the  
 “ Senate has charged us to lay before you, and has given us also  
 “ the express mission to repeat to you, in its name, and in the  
 “ name of the French people, that in all circumstances, and now  
 “ more than ever, the *Senate and the People are only one with you.*

“ (Signed) CAMBACERES, Second Consul, President.

“ MORARD DE GALLES and JOSEPH CORNUDET, Secretaries.

“ Seen and sealed,

“ The Chancellor of the Senate, signed, LAPLACE.”

*Saint Cloud, 5th Floreal, year 12.*

---

## CANTO II.



### ARGUMENT.

**PRIVY** Council of the First Consul — Digression — The reason why no member of the infernal parliament had waited on the First Consul — His Message to his Senate Conservateur — Senators' Address the constant subject of his meditations — Encourages them to speak out — Frenchmen like to be dealt with in the same manner as pigs — Sovereignty resident in their hides, which must be curried for their benefit — Castigatory branches of the Consular Administration — The Consul's ideas have broke loose — He desires the Senators to tell him their thoughts — Frenchmen can add nothing to his glory, but must grow great from his exuberance — Advantages of the French Revolution — Millions of Frenchmen destroyed in effecting it — "The fewer mouths the better cheer — *Sixth* course of Mr. Drake, and his Plots — Colonel Cracherode's old Breeches — Freedom and happiness of the French People — The Senators' compliance with the Consul's requisition of their thoughts — They dress their thoughts in their holiday clothes, and send them in their Reply — Senators' hearts play a symphony to the Consul's first fiddle — The perseverance with which they have sat to secure the triumph of French Freedom and Equality — What their sitting has hatched — The French have conquered Liberty — Their wish to maintain Equality, &c. — It is necessary to invest the Consul with Majesty — Happy days of the

year 1789 — Greece and Rome — Factions of the latter terminated by Monarchical Government — French Millennium — What Conservateurs have to expect after the Consul's Apotheosis — His reign will give stability to plunder — Ægis to shelter rogues — Whom without it Fortune may grow tired of, and consign to justice — Love, Glory, &c. proclaim Bonaparte Emperor — Conservative Senate compared to the patent sash-frame-maker — Instructions to their Emperor elect — Schedule of tutelary dispositions — Will effect metamorphoses and French prosperity, &c. &c. — *Seventh* course of Mr. Drake, &c. — Tobacco-stopper — Immortal glory of the Consul's name — Canister to dog's tail — Grand Republic, immutable monument of French obligation to Bonaparte.



---

---

CANTO II.



CHARM'D with this senatorial mummery  
The Consul swallow'd all their flummery ;  
And, though it would have chok'd a horse  
Or alderman, for second course  
He long'd of Adulation-posset ;  
So he betook him to his closet,  
And call'd his curvilinear  
Quondam right rev'rend *Auctioneer*, †  
Who voted the Church-goods to sale,  
And after leap'd out of her pale,

---

† TALLEYRAND *Perigord*, *ci-devant* Bishop of Autun, upon whose motion (Nov. 2, 1789,) the alienation of the church-lands was decreed, and who consecrated the Constitutional Bishops, when every other Prelate had refused. At the head of this *Reverend* stock-jobbing Apostate, one of the Directory formerly threw an inkstand, telling him that his mind was as *deformed* as his body.

As rev'rend rats, black, grey, or brown,  
 Abandon house that's falling down.  
 With help of this apostate prelate,  
 Our Corsican's sworn drudge and helot, †  
 And of *another* Cloven-foot,  
 The Consul's guardian fiend to boot,  
 In this recluse *sanctum sanctorum*  
 Form'd these three Nonpareils a quorum :  
 Ere on whose counsels we proceed, or  
 Dilate, 'tis fit we give the Reader  
 Time to take breath, and let him know  
 (When the black Parliament below,  
 Of whom we treated erst, on mission  
 Sent the Conservateurs Parisian  
 Prompters, to aid each abject actor  
 In FARCE of Corsic' manufacture)  
 Why, of their missionaries, none  
 A visit paid Napoleon : —  
 'Twas because for those fissipedal  
 Messieurs our Chief (like bridewell-beadle

---

† *Helot*, a servile Drudge of the Lacedemonians.

Or executioner) such work  
 Had done with musket, sword, and dirk,  
 That when his merciless campaigns  
 Crimson'd HESPERIA's fertile plains;  
 When destin'd his retracted word  
 HELVETIA's heroes to the sword;  
 When ALEXANDRIA's feeble sons  
 Bled by his savage myrmidons;  
 At JAFFA when disarm'd and bound  
 His captive thousands bit the ground,  
 The very fiends were seen to smile,  
 And Hell kept holyday the while. —  
 Hence she assign'd him, as a civil  
 Acknowledgement, *domestic* Devil,  
 To fetch and carry for him freely, as  
 The black *Dog-devil* for Cornelius  
 Agrippa did, (though John Wiërus †  
 Says, he that dog with rope of hair has

---

† *To fetch and carry for him freely as  
 The black Dog-devil for Cornelius  
 Agrippa did, &c.*

Led, and a *true* dog in 's amours  
 He was as went upon all fours :  
 For John beheld him fast and sure,  
 Retain'd i' the Rabbins' *Ligature*. †)

---

Henry Cornelius Agrippa, a distinguished martial and literary character of the 16th century, whom Paulus Jovius, supported by Martin del Rio and other Dæmonographers, has stigmatized as a Necromancer, and maintained that he had always attending on him a devil in the shape of a black Dog, from whose neck Agrippa, on the approach of death, took off a magical collar, and bidding him go, the Dog ran away, leapt into the Saone, and was seen no more.

*John Wierus*, Agrippa's domestic, testifies that this black Dog was a true dog, that his name was 'Monsieur,' and adds: 'quem ego nimirum non raro, ubi Agrippam sectarer, loro ex pilis concinnato alligatum duxi; at verè naturalis erat canis masculus, cui alias fœmellam ferè colore et reliquâ corporis constitutione similem, quam Gallicè, 'Madamoiselle, 'appellabat, me præsentè, adjunxit.'

JO. WIER. DE MAGIS, c. v. p. 3.

† *The Rabbins' ligature.*

Among the numerous extravagancies which characterize the traditions of the *Rabbins*, the following is said to be One :

' When all the creatures were collected together that were to be saved from the general deluge, NOAH gave the domestic animals

To be his privy-counsel minion,  
 And give him, without fee, opinion;

---

the liberty of ranging over the whole Ark; not, however, without a strict charge to abstain, during that season of calamity, from indulging their carnal appetites. Their continence, in general, was exemplary; but the Dog, unable to resist the desires of the flesh, or seduced by the attractions of his Bitch, ventured to transgress the command, and was detected by the Cat; who reported what she had seen to Noah. The Dog then, being convened to answer this heinous accusation, flatly denied the fact, like an impudent dog as he was, and called the cat a liar. Whereupon the dear innocent Cat, lifting up her eyes and hands to *her own Heaven*, (*as that Cat, Mrs. G— — said her daughter did*) prayed that her veracity might appear by some undeniable proof. And now, says the story, behold a Miracle! for, upon the very next transgression of the Dog and the Bitch, their Connexion was (*for the first time*, and unlike that of all other animals,) involuntarily protracted by a shameful *ligature* till the *Cat-informant* had time to engage Noah himself to come and witness the justice of her charge; who dealt with the respective parties according to their deserts.'

The story adds, that the Dog never forgave the Cat this injury: and that the antipathy which his descendants still manifest to the Feline Species is derived from the prudish information that the Cat gave to Noah in the Ark.



Or, like intelligencer *Pidgeon*,  
 Wing'd prop of Mahomet's religion,  
 To whisper in his ear orac'lar  
 Response to senatorial cackler. †  
 And as of old each fane, 'tis known,  
 No deity possess'd alone,  
 But underneath his shrine *incog*,  
 Retain'd some dev'lish Pedagogue, ‡

---

† *Mahomet*, having taught a Pidgeon to come and pick peas out of his ear, made his followers believe that Bird was the vehicle by which Heaven was pleased to impart to him the revelations of its will.

‡ *But underneath his shrine incog*  
*Retain'd some dev'lish pedagogue.*

—— reddatque tuus responsa *Sacerdos*.

STATIUS.

The madness and blindness of the Pagans, in respect to their oracles, cannot be sufficiently admired, the same being captious and obscure, and nothing else but the mere artifice of their Priests. . . . . If some oracles (according to the opinion of Vossius) have been counterfeited by the cunning persons *hid* in them, &c.

DICTIONARY OF RELIGIOUS ART. ORACLE, 1704.

Who taught his ignoramus sect  
 To pay their Idol due respect :  
 So they who ken our Consul Grand  
 Deem his Familiar near at hand,  
 And render homage on the spot :  
 As th' eastern worshippers did not  
 So much to Nebo or to Bel bow,  
 As to the devil at his elbow.

Revert we now to Council board,  
 Where Consul, Imp, and Perigord  
 (Like triple-headed Cerberus)  
 Sat to consider and discuss  
 Conservatorial Oration,  
 Retail'd by chief of deputation :  
 And, having weigh'd it, as refin'd  
 And pithy a return in kind  
 (I' the name of one of them, and he  
 The blackest of these black-birds three,  
 They sent express to their mungrèl house  
 Of SENATORIAL PUNCHINELLOS.

## MESSAGE.

BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL OF THE REPUBLIC,  
TO THE SENATE CONSERVATEUR.

TRUSTY and well-belov'd Patricians ! †  
For sending me such rhetoricians  
As *Those*, deputed to address  
My consular unworthiness,  
Accept my thanks : and, let me say,  
Their rhetoric is not thrown away :  
Each metaphor and trope 's a good one,  
Which memory serves to chew the cud on ;

---

† *Trusty and well-beloved Patricians, &c.*

## MESSAGE.

BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL OF THE REPUBLIC, TO THE SENATE  
CONSERVATEUR.

“ Senators—*Your Address* of the 6th last Germinal *has never*  
“ *ceased to be present to my thoughts.* It has been the object of my  
“ most constant meditation.”

Position and his page Illation  
 Are caterers to my meditation ;  
 And my mind's appetite appease  
 With *intellectual fricassees* :  
 For Dialectic better basted  
 With eulogy I've seldom tasted.

To shelter from *dire* ENGLISH PLOTS ‡  
 Frenchmen, (that 's ME, who rule the sots,)  
 And keep 'em to my service steady  
 You've, in your wisdom, judg'd already  
 That 'twas expedient to invest  
 Him who knows how to rein 'em best  
 With pow'r to name what son of a whore  
 He chooses for his successor ;  
 Yet still you reckon France his debtor :  
 And, as your wish is to unfetter

---

‡ *To shelter from dire English plots, &c.*

“ You have judged the hereditary power of the supreme magistracy necessary, in order to shelter the French People completely from the plots of our enemies, and from the agitations which arise from rival ambitions.”

Her sons, you deem beneath his foot  
 To lay her neck 's the way to do 't.  
 Such is your notion, though you doubt,  
 It seems, whether you should speak out,  
 Because the mode on which you fall  
 Some folks may term eccentrical ;  
 Thoughtless with whom you have to deal :  
 For, just as *Pigs* grunt, growl, and squeal,  
 And when, with cord tied to their toe  
 You pull 'em this way, that way go ; ||  
 And are no progress found t' have made  
 Till swineherd drives them retrogade :  
 So, when aloud your Frenchmen cry  
 For Freedom and Equality !  
 Upon their backs leap up and ride,  
 You'll find 'em *fully satisfied*.

Excuse, my friends, this patriot boast ! —  
 The Grand Truth, that like finger-post

---

|| ' It is said the only way to make a pig go forward is to pull  
 him back by the tail. These people must be treated like pigs.'

Directs me as I spur my steed  
 Through Policy's cross-roads full speed,  
 Is this : that SOV'REIGNTY resides  
 (Like mange or itch) *in Frenchmen's hides*, §  
 Which I feel vast solicitude  
 To 'noint and curry for their good,  
 Their int'rest, happiness, and glory :  
 Hence 'tis these powers castigatory  
 Exist of Magistrate supreme,  
 High Council, and your plodding team  
 Of Senators through thick and thin  
 That drag my Consular machine ;

§ ————— *Sovereignty resides*  
 (*Like mange or itch*) *in Frenchmen's hides.*

“ WE have been constantly *guided* by this grand truth, that the Sove-  
 “ reignty resides in the French People, in the sense that every thing,  
 “ without exception, ought to be done for its interest, its happi-  
 “ ness, and its glory. It is in order to attain this end, that the  
 “ Supreme Magistracy, the Senate, the Council of State, the  
 “ Legislative Body, the Electoral Body, the Electoral Colleges,  
 “ and the different branches of the Administration, are and ought  
 “ to be instituted.”



Loud barking Legislative bodies,  
 Colleges of Electoral noddies,  
 Legions of honour, prefectures,  
 State shreds, of which my craft and yours  
 Frame, by adroit consarcination,  
 Our Joseph's-coat administration  
 Blood-stained, though not with blood of beast,  
 As was *that* party-coloured vest ;  
 But what has serv'd t' incarnadine  
 As well—with blood of Bourbon's line.†

Whilst I, to eternize our fame  
 All these fine institutions frame,  
 And hourly hatch some fresh device  
 Of France to make a *Paradise*,  
 My brains their loose ideas scatter, ‡  
 Which scramble o'er my pia-mater

---

† ——— with blood of Bourbon's line.

Viz. the *Blood* of the DUKE D'ENGHIEN shed by the Consul's executioners at midnight in the wood of Vincennes.

‡ *My brains their loose ideas scatter.*

“ In proportion as I fix my attention upon these great objects,

(As maggots — for there's little difference—  
 Gain from crack'd filberds goal deliv'rance)  
 And nothing but the interference  
 Of your great wisdom and experience  
 Can e'er enable me to chain  
 And fix the whelps to kennel brain.

Then write me what your pates comprise ‡  
 Conceits, opinions, fantasies,  
 Whims, megrims, and in short, the whole  
 Contents of ev'ry jobberknol.  
 Come, here's a penny for your thought!  
 And dearer penn'worth ne'er was bought :  
 Since, when obstetric Pen and Ink  
 Deliver you of what you think,

---

“ I am still more convinced of the *verity of those sentiments* which  
 “ I have expressed to you, and I feel more and more that in a  
 “ circumstance as new as it is important, the councils of your wis-  
 “ dom and experience were necessary to enable me *to fix my ideas.*”

‡ *Then write me what your pates comprise, &c.*

“ I request you then to make *known to me the whole of your*  
 “ *thoughts.*”



When of each Senatorial block  
 The genuine cogitation stock  
 (As by these presents I require)  
 To me shall be transferr'd entire,  
 And, when 't shall be to sound transmuted  
 By tongue of *trumpeter* deputed,  
 Your Consul, you must all allow  
 Will be as wise as he is now.

To Me, your CHOSEN VESSEL, bound  
 And hoop'd by France, with glory round,  
 With honour stuff'd from heel to crown,  
 And running over with renown,  
 To consul, hero, politician§  
 Like ME can Frenchmen make addition?  
 (That is to say : except French hatter,  
 Who *adds* a cubit to my stature)

---

§ *To consul, hero, politician*

*Like Me can Frenchmen make addition?*

“ The French People can add nothing to the honour and glory  
 “ with which it has surrounded me.”

No.— on the contrary, let France ||  
 Grow great from my exuberance,  
 Derive from my grand reservoir  
 Of Institutions, named afore,  
 Security and permanence  
 To those advantages immense  
 Which her *blest* Revolution wrought ;  
 A Revolution cheaply bought,  
 To Us how trifling seems the price !  
 Abandonment and sacrifice  
 Of justice, faith, humanity,  
 Baubles that we set nothing by :  
 A Revolution thorough-bred,  
 With blood produced, baptized and fed ;  
 That scorn'd by halves to do its work,  
 But topsy-turvy, with a jerk,

---

|| *No.— on the contrary, let France*  
*Grow great from my exuberance.*

“ But the most sacred duty for me, as it is the dearest to my  
 “ heart, is to secure to its latest posterity those advantages which it  
 “ has acquired by a revolution,” &c. &c.

Turn'd Crown and Sceptre, Church and State :  
 That Sov'reignty legitimate  
 Barter'd for cut-throat Anarchy,  
 And guillotine Philanthropy ;  
 For cobbling Directorial Fools,  
 And ME, who push'd 'em from their stools.  
 This was rare revolution sport !  
 You, Sirs ! and I, are better for't.  
 And well dispos'd, I trow, to keep  
 Th' advantages that thence we reap.  
 For such advantages in swarms ‡  
 Frenchmen, spontaneous, ran to arms ;  
 Some millions of them went to pot §  
 'Tis true, hang'd, guillotin'd and shot :

---

‡ *For such advantages in swarms*

*Frenchmen, spontaneous, ran to arms, &c.*

“ I desire that I might declare to you, on the 14th July, in the  
 “ present year. Fifteen years have past, since by a spontaneous  
 “ movement you ran to arms.”

§ *Some millions of them went to pot.*

“ Millions of brave citizens have died in defence of their rights.”

So much the better, since 'tis clear,  
 'The fewer mouths the better chear.'  
 And, take my word for't, the repast  
 We're victuall'd with will ever last  
 WE who on Freedom (feast divine !)  
 Equality and Glory dine.  
 And, since we're *equal all*, I swear  
 That each of us alike shall fare !  
 As provident Hibernian whoreson  
 (Who took the turkey to *his* portion,  
 And 'mongst his guests, twelve hungry sharks,  
 Distributed a dozen larks :)  
 Exclaim'd : — " You 're welcome, on my word !  
 " Fall to, Sirs ! every man his bird."  
 Freedom ! Equality ! and Glory ! ||  
 These are the cates I set before ye !  
 Rouze up courageous appetite !  
 Feed, hungry Frenchmen ! feed in spite

---

|| *Freedom, equality and glory.*

" You acquired liberty, equality, and glory."

Of British foes (how I abhor 'em !)  
 Who make a noise, — or *we do* for 'em —  
 With their *black* PLOTS, plots black as crows !  
 To undermine or overthrow us.  
 Covert or overt no attacks,  
 No meddling Drake that plots or quacks,  
 No insulary queu'd or cropp'd-head,  
 Shall th' institutes that we've adopted  
 (Institutes like thy sturdy leather §  
 Gall' gaskins, CRACHERODE ! that weather  
 Wind, storm and sunshine, clime and tide  
 On th' earth's circumference defied,)  
 Unravel ; no dire enterprize †  
 Of our most mortal enemies

---

§ ——— thy sturdy leather

*Gall' gaskins, Cracherode, &c.*

*Colonel Cracherode* who circumnavigated the Globe with Lord Anson, and who landed at Plymouth on his return in the self same pair of *old* leathern breeches which he wore when he commenced his voyage.

† ——— no dire enterprize

*Of our most mortal enemies*

*O'erset 'em ; &c.*

O'erset 'em ; maugre grim JOHN BULL,  
 We'll rant and huff our bellies full,  
 As best becomes our dignity  
 And rights, all guaranteed by me :  
 For 'tis by ME you 're *dignified*,  
 Made *free* and *happy* too beside :  
 Free as the wind in key-hole narrow !  
 Happy as toads beneath a harrow ! ”

Their MASTER's mandate read and heard,  
 Th' obsequious Senate every word

---

“ These first blessings of nations are *now secured to you for ever*,  
 “ are sheltered from every tempest, they are preserved to you and  
 “ to your children : institutions conceived and began in the midst  
 “ of the storms of interior and exterior wars, developed with con-  
 “ stancy, are just terminated in the noise of the attempts and *plots*  
 “ of our most mortal enemies, by the adoption of every thing which  
 “ the experience of centuries and of nations has demonstrated as  
 “ proper to guarantee the rights which the nation had judged ne-  
 “ cessary for its dignity, its liberty, and its happiness.

(Signed)

BONAPARTE.

By the First Consul.

The Secretary of State, signed, H. B. MARET.”

Applauded, swallow'd and digested :  
 Yet swore among them not the best head  
 Could have conceiv'd the least suspicion  
 That he'd have put in requisition  
 Their THOUGHTS, or laid, on the *stale* cargo  
 Their heads were freighted with, embargo :  
 Or that the secret he had got  
 T' elicit from Idëa-pot  
 Its saturn, and transmute its store  
 Of pond'rous trash to precious ore.  
 Yet since he bade their thoughts take wind,  
 And, manumis'd, leave cranium rind  
 A void, unfurnish'd, empty, bare bone ;  
 'Twas fit they put their Sunday garb on :  
 So they resolv'd that every pate  
 Its thoughts should dress, trim, decorate,  
 Bespangle like a Lord-mayor's lady,  
 Or chimney-sweeper on a May-day.  
 These thoughts, thus tailor'd in a trice and  
 With tinsel sophistry bedizen'd,  
 (As druggists gild, when quacks bespeak 'em,  
 Pills ordurous of Album Græcum)

Serv'd to compose th' *expected* Answer  
To the GRAND CONSULAR DRAWCANSIR.

---

REPLY OF THE SENATE.

THE SENATE CONSERVATEUR TO THE FIRST  
CONSUL OF THE REPUBLIC.

FIRST Consul your responsive Scroll ‡  
Plays a first fiddle to the wishes  
And expectations of the shoal  
Of your Conservative queer Fishes.

---

‡ *First Consul! your responsive scroll.*

REPLY OF THE SENATE.

THE SENATE CONSERVATEUR TO THE FIRST CONSUL  
OF THE REPUBLIC.

“ Citizen First Consul— You have, by a memorable message,  
“ just replied in a manner worthy of you, and of the *Great Nation*  
“ which has appointed you its Chief, to the wishes which the Senate  
“ expressed to you, and to the sollicitudes inspired in it by the love  
“ of the country.”



Great Master ! to your potent lay  
 Each heart in unison replies :  
 When You, like Orpheus, sound your A,  
 All our brute cat-guts symphonize !  
 You ask what schemes Conjecture brews §  
 T' insure equality and freedom ?  
 Then, since you 've given us our cues,  
 You 'll in our countenances read 'em.  
 O mark, dread Sir ! your slaves' grimaces  
 Who to your foot-stool bow the knee !  
 You'll ken the *triumph*, in *their faces*,  
 Of Freedom and Equality !  
 And little doubt we in the sequel  
 O' the farce (with help of Satan's elves)  
 To make all France as free, as equal,  
 And independent as *ourselves*.

---

§ *You ask what schemes Conjecture brews.*

“ You desire, Citizen First Consul, to become acquainted with the  
 “ opinion of the Senate, concerning those institutions of ours which we  
 “ conceive should be improved, in order henceforth to secure the triumph  
 “ of Equality and public Liberty, and to present to the Nation and to the  
 “ Government, the double guarantee of which they are in want.”

From Rumbold, Spencer, Smith, and Drake,

About whose plots we make a fuss,

And agitations dire that take

Their rise from rogues that rival us,

Our *mild* and *gracious* Government

From dreaded foes like these to free,

And the Great Nation to present

With needful *double guarantee*,

We've sat, till sedative effect

Benumb'd each senatorial crup' ;

For we the people's right protect †

And keep them sure and safe lock'd up.

We'll shew your Consulship astute

What in our sitting we have hatch'd ;

And tender you the precious fruit

Of meditations yet unmatch'd.

---

† *For we the people's rights protect.*

“ The Senate have assembled together, and carefully compared  
 “ the results of the meditations of its members, the fruits of their  
 “ experience, the effects of the zeal with which they are animated,  
 “ for the prosperity of the people, whose rights *they* are appointed  
 “ to *protect.*”

Your Senate has recalled the Past, †  
 Has seen what gorgeous hues have tinted  
 The Present Time's complexion, last  
 Of all we 've at the Future squinted :  
 And now to You that wish express  
 The safety of the state imposes,  
 Through revolution wilderness  
 Who led them like another Moses.  
 Under your conduct Frenchmen stout  
 Have *conquered* LIBERTY 'tis said :  
 And who disputes the fact ?—no doubt  
 She's conquer'd whom you've knock'd o'th'head.  
 They wish to *keep* this Conquest gain'd,  
 They wish repaid their *honest* toil ;  
 And, Liberty's best life-blood drain'd,  
 To rest and batten on her spoil.

---

‡ *Your Senate has recalled the past, &c.*

“ Having recalled the past, examined the present, and cast its  
 “ looks towards the future, it now presents to you the wish imposed  
 “ on it by the safety of the State.  
 “ The French have *conquered Liberty*, they wish to preserve their  
 “ conquest ; they wish to enjoy repose after their victory.”

And they would owe this wish'd repose  
 To Him whose plaudits late we sang,†  
 A Chief *hereditary*, chose  
 The desp'rate captain of their gang.  
 Him they'll invest with majesty,  
 With splendour, pomp, and glory deck;  
 Raise him on Pow'r's proud arch so high  
 That he may chance to break his neck.  
 Thus rais'd, EQUALITY shall bless  
 Our land, obedient to *his* call;  
 And grateful multitudes confess  
 Frenchmen enslaved are *equals* all.

---

† *And they would owe this wished repose*  
*To him, &c.*

“ For this glorious repose they will be indebted to the heredi-  
 “ tary Government of a single individual, who, elevated above  
 “ all, invested with great power, surrounded by splendour, glory,  
 “ and majesty, will defend public liberty, maintain equality, and  
 “ *lower his fasces* before the sovereign will of the people who pro-  
 “ claim him.”

Let him but domineer his fill,  
 And overtop us like a steeple,  
 Gods! how he 'll *truckle* to the will  
 And pleasure of the Sov'reign People!  
 For thus the rope-dancer, who tries  
 T' enchant a set of barren blockheads,  
 Grins widest when *aloft* he flies  
 T' extract the half-pence from their pockets.  
 'Twas of Supremacy so fine  
 France wish'd to make herself a present †  
 In sev'nteen hundred eighty-nine,  
 Those days *incomparably pleasant!*

---

† 'Twas of Supremacy so fine

*France wish'd to make herself a present.*

" It is this Government which the French Nation wished to give  
 " itself in *the happy days of the year 1789*, the recollection of  
 " which will be for ever dear to the friends of the Country, . . .  
 " . . . . . and in which the experience of ages, the reason  
 " of statesmen, the genius of philosophy, and the love of hu-  
 " manity, inspired the representatives whom the Nation had  
 " chosen."

Hence their mild Monarch they disdain'd,  
 Dethron'd, and murder'd by their votes :  
 And thus the privilege obtain'd  
 Of cutting one-another's throats.  
 Though that BLEST ÆRA, ever dear  
 To Gallic lambkins and their friends,  
 Is fled, *your* government (no fear!)  
 Will, for its absence, make amends.  
 The government we now describe,  
 Of ONE grand Despot paramount,  
 All our sage philosophic tribe  
 The best of governments account :  
 With such a Bridle for French Mules  
 You'll find no other of a piece :  
 'Tis sanction'd by no lesser fools  
 Than those of Rome, and those of Greece. ‡

---

‡ 'Tis sanctioned by no lesser fools, &c.

" It is this Government, *limited by the law*, which the greatest  
 " genius of Greece, the most celebrated Orator of Rome, and the  
 " greatest Statesman of the eighteenth century, declared to be  
 " the best of all."

Yet must our Despot be content

Of law to bear the wholesome check :

Viz: that same bell which micelings meant

To hang around Grimalkin's neck.

Then shall subside each dang'rous claim ‡

Of rival chiefs, whose greatness grows so,

'Twill soon eclipse Rolando's fame,

And thine, Orlando Furioso!

Hear, by th' historian's pen confess'd,

Great Rome beneath her factions groan ! ||

What rival rogues her realm oppress'd,

Till seiz'd ROGUE UPPERMOST her throne!

‡ *Then shall subside each dang'rous claim, &c.*

“ It is that alone which can put an end to dangerous rivalities  
 “ in a country covered with numerous armies, and commanded by  
 “ great Captains.”

|| *Hear by th' historian's pen confess'd,  
 Great Rome beneath her factions groan.*

“ Bids us to regard the City of the Cæsars, the capital of the  
 “ world, a prey to all the disorders, crimes, and furies, which  
 “ the gold, the sword, and the poison of the competitors for the

Read the long schedule of her crimes,  
 Wrought by craft, poison, steel and gold!  
 You'd think no tale of *other* times  
 But of *your blissful* Age was told.  
 'Tis manifested by our Magis' §  
 Reck'nings (you'll purchase for a penny 'em)  
 That clean elaps'd are FIFTEEN AGES  
 Since first commenc'd our French Millennium.

---

" Empire could create, until an hereditary power replaced a  
 " monstrous assemblage of contested elections, ludicrous sanctions,  
 " uncertain decisions, unacknowledged adoptions, and despised  
 " acclamations."

§ *'Tis manifested by our Magis'*

*Reckonings (you'll purchase for a penny 'em)*

" After the FIFTEEN AGES which have elapsed since the year  
 " 1789, after all the catastrophies which have succeeded each  
 " other; after the numberless dangers which have surrounded the  
 " social body, and when we saw the abyss opened, into which  
 " they seemed resolved to cast it, before the Saviour of France  
 " was restored to us," &c. &c.

MARESIUS of Picardy, in his reply to Serrarius, represents  
 the Millennarians as pretending that the prosperity of the Church



Hence, by deduction, it appears  
 (Unless each Mage turn out a calf)  
 If the Saint's reign 's a thousand years,  
 Ours reign'd a thousand and a half.

---

depends on the destruction of all temporal powers, and as exciting the people to insurrection that they may bring in the Golden Age of Christianity or Reign of a *Thousand Years*; and observes that, according to Alstidius, this Monarchy should begin in 1694. Commenius said that it was to commence in 1672. Cerinthus, one of the chief heads of the Millennarians, is said to have taught that the Millennium would consist in a terrestrial reign of Jesus Christ, a time of temporal prosperity and voluptuousness.

We see that these Millennarian prognosticators were out in their reckoning; and that the TRUE MILLENNIUM commenced in the *happy days* of 1789. (See a former Note, p. 33.) From which period to the present time—every single year, being, by French arithmetic, multiplied to a century—gives the FIFTEEN AGES OR Millennium and half of our Modern French Saints; who, although they appear infinitely more devoted to *their Corsican Saviour* than to any other, instead of expecting him, as former Millennarians did, at the *beginning* of their Saintly Reign, have been content to wait for his Advent till the whole of their's has elapsed: amply repaid for their patience by the blessings it showers on them in full measure shaken down and running over.

———— redeunt SATURNIA REGNA !

What wonder then OUR Saviour's come! †

We fear'd he had forgot his day!—

Though 'twill be thought and said by some

'Comes aught that 's good from Corsica!'

But graceless miscreants such must be,

And would, like unbelieving Jews,

This Saviour crucify—while we

Fall down, dread Lord! and kiss your shoes.

To you and your august Fire-side ‡

Your uncle, brothers, cousins-german,

And cater-cousins we confide,

Goods, chattels, bastards, wives, and vermin.

† *What wonder then OUR Saviour's come.*

The Mayor of Rouen told Bonaparte that he was not only the *Saviour* of France, but of all the World.

HIST. FRENCH CONSULATE, p. 441.

‡ *To you and your august Fire-side, &c.*

“ What other Government than that of a single individual, regulated by the law for the happiness of all, and confided to a family whose destiny is inseparable from that of the revolution, could protect the fortune of so great a number of Citizens, become holders of landed property, which a counter-revolution would snatch from them.”

With yours our vital thread so close is  
 Entwin'd on Clotho's worsted ball,  
 That after your apotheosis  
 Your Senate may sing "Up tails all!" †  
 When you're translated to the skies  
 Conservateurs must, ev'ry man, turn  
 If hoodwink'd France but ope her eyes,  
 Illustrious Pendants *de la lanterne*.  
 We Counter-revolution fear :  
 It would so shock each conscience tender  
 Our landed property *so dear*,  
 To the right Owners to surrender !

---

† *Your Senate may sing—"Up tails all!"*

This Song, or rather Burthen of a Song, is commonly sung, by way of Finalé—instead of the customary Psalm under the Gallows—by those Ladies and Gentlemen who are desirous of ensuring posthumous celebrity, from having (to use the Newgate Idiom) "*died GAME.*"

The first half of this Burthen only is given in the text—but the whole of it (agreeably to the spirit of fair quotation) is here subjoined, not without just apprehension of the shock it may inflict on the Reader's delicacy :

"Up tails all ! and a Louse for the Hangman !"

Then to some Arch-marauder's claim,  
     'Tis fit that lesser knaves knock under,  
 Who (since his all's stak'd on our game)  
     May give stability to plunder.  
 May *guarantee* from guillotines  
     French heads, which pretty much resemble  
 The heads of China Mandarins,  
     That on their shoulders shake and tremble.  
 Protection they deserve at least, ||  
     Who, to be faithful, true, and loyal,  
 Have never for a moment ceas'd  
     T' his *sacred Majesty* MOB-ROYAL.  
 Nor they alone, but those misled  
     By Honour's Will-o'-the-Wisp at first,  
 Till they took up *our* trade for bread,  
     And now you'd scarce tell which is worst.

---

|| *Protection they deserve at least,*

*Who, to be faithful, &c.*

" What other government can guarantee the heads of French-  
 " men who have never ceased to be faithful to the sovereign peo-  
 " ple, and even defend the existence of those, who *mised* in the  
 " beginning of our political torments, have claimed and obtained  
 " the indulgence of their country."

Say, what can shelter rogues so well,  
 What can, but such despotic Ægis, †  
 Those execrable plots repel  
 'Gainst you and heroes *tui gregis*?  
 Three sister Gorgons' effigies  
 Each turn'd spectators into stone;  
 We'd have our government comprise  
 Their triple terrors in its own.  
 We've need of threefold pow'r, no doubt,  
 While plots on plots these English hatch up;  
 Plots that, like mushrooms, faster sprout  
 Than cooks translate them into catsup.  
 Else may not Fortune, though she's play'd  
 Into our hands her trumps so fast,  
 (Like tergiversing renegade,)  
 To Justice turn us o'er at last?

---

† *What can, but such despotic Ægis,  
 Those execrable plots repel?*

“ What other ÆGIS than *that* Government, can for ever repel  
 “ those execrable *Plots*, which re-producing themselves under every  
 “ form, setting every spring at work, one day overturned and the  
 “ next re-appearing, might at length finish by *tiring out* Fortune.”

And, though so long we've kept the trull,  
 She, like some other whores as common,  
 Tir'd of the trade, may woo JOHN BULL  
 To make of her an honest woman.  
 What but *such* government can screen  
 From vengeful shot your palm-crown'd brow,  
 And keep those laurels fresh and green  
 That France has gather'd, God knows how! ‡  
 Of these your godless enemies  
 Fain would your honour'd pate unrig  
 With sacrilegious hands, like his  
 Who doff'd in Church the sexton's wig.

---

‡ *What but such government can screen*

*From vengeful shot your palm-crown'd brow*

*And keep those laurels fresh and green, &c.*

“ What other government in short can for ever preserve that  
 “ acquisition so dear to a generous nation, those palms of genius,  
 “ and those laurels of victory, which the enemies of France would  
 “ with sacrilegious hands snatch from her august brow !

“ This hereditary Government can only be confided to Napoleon  
 “ Bonaparte and his family.

“ Glory, gratitude, love, reason, the interest of the State, all  
 “ proclaim Napoleon Bonaparte hereditary Emperor.”

We now the goal approximate  
 Our noses pointed at; You've spied it:  
 This Government of which we prate  
 To You and Your's must be confided.  
 Love, Glory, Gratitude, proclaim  
 Aloud, like trio of town-criers,  
 Napoleon Bonaparte's name!  
 The EMPEROR that France requires!  
 State int'rest too (we mean our own,)  
 Concurs, and Reason—*take our word*—  
 Hails your election, though *her* drone  
 Amidst our chorus can't be heard.  
 But, Emp'ror! Consul! Citizen!  
 Th' advantage of our Social Pact  
 Should last till nobody knows when,  
 Whole, and, *like your renown*, intact.  
 For, by this grand Election, we,  
 Conservateurs, the rights are sworn,  
 And happiness to guarantee  
 Of generations yet unborn. †

---

————— *The rights*  
*Of generations yet unborn.*

So he who Patent Sash-frames plann'd,  
 To gain his project due regard,  
 Swore they would last for ever, and  
 Sell for old iron *afterward*.  
 All wise precautions next we pray ‡  
 Our Emperor will not forget to  
 Employ, our civil storms t'allay,  
 To wit: *lead, opium, stiletto*.

---

“ But, Citizen First Consul, the benefit of our social pact  
 ought to endure, *if possible*, as long as your renown.

“ We ought to ensure the happiness, and guarantee the rights  
 of generations to come.”

‡ *All wise precautions next we pray  
 Our Emperor will not forget to.*

“ The Imperial Government ought to be unshaken.

“ Let not the forgetfulness of precautions, called for by wisdom,  
 suffer the storms of an ill-organized regency to succeed the tem-  
 pest of an Elective Government.

“ Liberty and Equality must be held sacred, the social pact  
 must not be violated; the *Sovereignty of the People must be ac-  
 knowledged*, in order that at the most distant times the nation  
 may not be forced again to seize its power and avenge its out-  
 raged majesty.”



Unshaken that your throne may be,  
     'Tis fit your subjects should be told  
 That *they* possess the Sov'reignty :—  
     You'll find them easily cajol'd.  
 Tell them besides, what sacred things  
     You hold Equality and Freedom :  
 But, *since the people all are kings,*  
     Of course they'll neither have, nor need 'em.  
 If, as we vouch who know them best,  
     Fanfaronade will serve their turn, is 't  
 Too much to make them kings in jest,  
     While You are Emperor in earnest ?  
 Our blatant Beast the rabble-rout,  
     If for your work you 'd have him fit,  
 Hang gew-gaw bells his neck about,  
     But rein him with your sharpest bit.  
 In vain to break him in have tried  
     Jockeys rash, timorous, enervate :  
 You mounted on his back shall ride  
     To hell, howe'er he kick or curvet. †

---

† *You mounted on his back shall ride*

*To Hell, &c.*

To you, great Emp'ror! and your heirs  
 Her dearest int'rests France commits †  
 And Frenchmen give you all that's theirs  
 Except (what they have lost) their wits.

---

From his Senate's representations we must believe Frenchmen to have been as much wedded to Bonaparte, and bent on making him an *Emperor*, as King Cophetua was wedded to the Beggar-wench, and bent on making her a *Queen*: and that we have not *here* mistaken our Hero's destination will be evident from the proverb that tells us *where* a Beggar will ride to, when you set him on horseback.

Imus præcipites!

JUVENAL.

† *To you great Emp'ror! and your heirs*  
*Her dearest interest France commits.*

“ The Senate is of opinion, Citizen First Consul, that it is for  
 “ the dearest interests of the French People, to confide the Go-  
 “ vernment of the Republic to Napoleon Bonaparte, hereditary  
 “ Emperor.”

Fresh manufactur'd in your school  
 Of senatorial politicians  
 Deign, Sir, accept a schedule full ‡  
 OF TUTELARY DISPOSITIONS.  
 These will the ends and aims enforce  
 Of all our Institutions *wise*,  
 And set you up on the great horse  
 Of our supreme Authorities ;  
 To those Authorities give nerve,  
 And independant as yourself  
 Make them, except when it shall serve  
 Your turn to lay them on the shelf.

---

‡ *Deign, Sir! accept a schedule full  
 Of tutelary dispositions.*

“ It developes, in the memorial which it annexes to its message,  
 “ the dispositions which appear to it the most proper to give to our  
 “ Institutions the necessary force to guarantee to the nation its  
 “ dearest rights, by securing the independence of the great au-  
 “ thorities, the free and enlightened vote of impost, the security  
 “ of prosperity, the liberty of individuals, of the press, and of  
 “ elections.”

They'll teach you to transform French curs  
 Into what form and shape you like :  
 Bid Generals turn burglars, ‡  
 Right-reverend Bishops trail a pike. ||  
 They 'll our *prosperity* effect  
 In rivetting a little faster  
 The chains with which French slaves are deck'd  
 By their imperial Lord and Master.

---

‡ *Bid Generals turn burglars.*

*A Private Letter from Hamburgh, (speaking of the Burglary committed at the house of Sir G. Rumbold, under the conduct, as it is reported, of Officers of the Staff, and the seizure of his person,) says :*  
 “ Among other *suspicious* pieces seized by the French marauders,  
 “ were three thousand marks in cash, which he, the day before,  
 “ had taken from the Banking-house of Messrs. Thornton and Co.  
 “ for some momentary expenses. Of his wardrobe and linen no-  
 “ thing remains, every thing being plundered ; even his books were  
 “ torn to pieces or carried away.

|| *And rev'rend Bishops trail a pike.*

*For an illustration of this line, the Reader is referred to the Archbishop of Arras's Pastoral Letter, addressed to his Diocesans, on the subject of the Military Conscription, in the latter end of the Year 1803.*

Thus disciplin'd our Nation Grand  
 Those instruments of good shall bless,  
 Confided to your *righteous* hand :  
 Elections, imposts, and the press.  
 These Dispositions *tutelary*  
 If, while his senators cry : Amen,  
 Napoleon sanctions them, we swear he  
 Shall be our Decus et Tutamen.  
 These dispositions, we insist  
 Will Frenchmen safety yield and shelter, ‡  
 Then under Rival Chiefs to list  
 They shall no more run helter-skelter.  
 Then hostile plotters shall be humbled,  
 And you, French Emp'ror ! we French Freemen,  
 Shall no more fear Smith, Drake and Rumbold,  
 Than *any other three old women*.

---

‡ *These dispositions*

*Frenchmen safety yield and shelter.*

“ These tutelary dispositions, Citizen First Consul, *will completely*  
 “ *shelter the French people from the plots of their enemies, and from*  
 “ *those agitations which take their rise from ambitious rivals, they will*  
 “ *maintain the reign of the law, of Liberty and Equality.*”

Th' exhaustless love which Frenchmen bear  
 Your person § so petit and proper,  
 (In figure, colour, shape and air,  
 That vies with a tobacco-stopper,)  
 Transmitted by your Gallic flock  
 Shall be to each ador'd descendant  
 Of the *great* Bonaparte Stock :  
 Oh, may we never see an end on't !  
 Th' immortal glory of your name,  
 With this our red-hot love allied,  
 As close as canister, for game  
 Of school-boy, to a dog's tail tied,  
 Shall so incorporate, unite,  
 Amalgamate, secundum artem,  
 The Prince's pow'r, the People's right,  
 Nor gold nor gun-powder shall part 'em,

---

§ *Th' exhaustless love which Frenchmen bear*

*Your person, &c.*

“ The love of the French for your person, transmitted to your  
 “ successors with the immortal glory of your name, will for ever  
 “ connect the rights of the Nation, with the power of the Prince.”

Our Grand Republic † — I should call  
 'T our Monarchy, or both together —  
 Our State *hermaphroditical*,  
 Shall brave time, turn-coats, wind and weather.

---

† *Our Grand Republic, &c.*

“ The social pact will brave time.

“ The Republic, as immutable as its vast territory, will behold  
 “ political tempests gather round it in vain.

“ To shake it the whole World must be shaken, and posterity in  
 “ calling to recollection the *prodigies* ¶ brought about by your  
 “ genius, will continually behold erect that immense monument of  
 “ every thing for which the country will be indebted to you.

“ The Vice President and Secretaries.

“ Signed, FRANÇOIS (de Neufchateau) Vice President.

“ MORARD DE GALLES, JOSEPH CORNUDET, Secretaries.

“ The Chancellor of the Senate, signed, LAPLACE.”

---

¶ Sire ! il est vrai que votre vie est *tissue de prodiges*.

F. NEUFCHATEAU.

To this OUR MONSTER, like tom-tit  
 Would seem leviathan or kraken : †  
 To give it but one ague-fit  
 Earth to her centre must be shaken.  
 Posterity when they reflect  
 What prodigies our Emp'ror's genius  
 Has wrought, will aye behold erect  
 That MONUMENT, *ære perennius*,  
 Which, by enthroning YOU we've rear'd,  
 To shew how much we are your debtors  
 For all the favours you've conferr'd—  
*One word* comprises them :— OUR FETTERS !

---

† *Leviathan or kraken.*

The Kraken or Corven, a fish so enormous as to have been sometimes mistaken for an island.

See GUTHRIE'S ACCOUNT OF THE NORTHERN OCEAN,





---

---

## CANTO III.



### THE ARGUMENT.

OPERATORS at a stand without their tools — The Devil must have fools to work with — Address of the Senate a signal to other classes and descriptions of Frenchmen — Adulatory Explosions follow — Compensation to the Panegyrists of the First Consul — Thumbs and toes — Tabarders — Persian Kebbers — Adonibezek — Panurge and Dingdong the Mutton Merchant — Generative effect of *Senatus-Consultum* — Sarah, Duchess of M— — —. — Infernal Spirits' report to Satan — Legion and herd of Swine — Missionary Devils and French Republicans — *Eighth Course* of Mr. Drake — The latter have sold themselves to be trampled on — Insurance of stolen goods to plunderers the basis of Freedom and Equality — Hamlet's Ghost — Transmutation of toad-eaters — Democritus and Heraclitus — Parisian Gratitude, gunpowder and resin — Religious and profane Farces — Nebuchadnezzar's Dutch Concert — Holy water white washing — Two points wanting to the Game — Parallel case of Syrian Leper and Napoleon — The Pope invited to crown the French Emperor — Declines accepting the invitation — Deficiency of Ampulla and consecrated Chrism — Bonaparte twice as religious as other princes — Witch and besom — Devil's apprehensions of the increase of Heresy — Cotytto's rites — Cartwheel nave — Emperor's Head and Yorkshire Pudding.



---

---

CANTO III.



WHAT unavoidable stagnation  
Must paralyze all operation,  
Did Ingenuity and Nature  
Furnish no tools for th' operator!  
Take from the barrister his brief,  
And who'll from gibbet save a thief?  
Your cook a frying-pan deny,  
Fish you may have, but none to fry;  
Lock up axe, hammer, saws, and chissel,  
Joiners and carpenters go whistle:  
On drugs and fees lay prohibitions,  
You'll famish sextons and physicians:  
Thus, should there chance to be a dearth  
Of implements call'd *Fools* on earth,  
'Twould Nick so puzzle to ensnare us,  
He might shut up his mischief-warehouse;

His imps might all go pare their nails,  
Or play, like kittens, with their tails :  
But, for his consolation, there is  
No fear of such a dearth at Paris,  
As all who read its trash must own  
Has been to demonstration shown.  
Yet 'twere injustice to conclude  
There are not other fools as good-  
For-nothing found throughout the realm,  
As they who're station'd near the helm ;  
Aye, and as many to be bought  
As of stale pilchards for a groat.  
This truth the Parliament of Hell,  
Of whom we treated knew full well,  
And, when they sent to Paris City,  
Of members a select committee,  
Their kind attentions they took care  
That each Department too should share,  
Where now were hard at work their elves,  
T' instruct Monsieurs to sell themselves,  
And lenient reign of Bourbon *Logs*,  
Abjuring (just as Æsop's frogs

Wound up *their* revolution work)

Allegiance swear to Emp'ror STORK.

Hence 'twas this flaming frankincense  
 Of senatorial eloquence,  
 These fustian offerings superfine  
 Serv'd up at CYRNIAN IDOL's shrine,†  
 (Like clamorous signal-guns' reports)  
 Summon'd jack-puddings of all sorts,  
 Civil, prelatical, and martial,  
 To play their antics in the farce all :  
 Larded with flattery coarse as mortar,  
 Addresses pour'd from every quarter,  
 Mayors and municipalities  
 Now vied in parasitic lies,  
 Divines made it a point of conscience  
 To preach adulatory nonsense ;  
 Commanders of each camp and squadron,  
 (You might have fancied them all mad run,)  
 In eulogistical explosions  
 Discharg'd their quota of devotions ;

---

† Cynus, the antient name of the Island of Corsica.

With Flattery's breath up to the stars  
 Puffing their consulary Mars,  
 (As butchers stinking veal inflate  
 To sell it at a dearer rate)  
 Whilst HE, their land's and Europe's scourger,  
 For whom their servile souls they perjure,  
 In compensation for their lies,  
 Apostacy, and perjuries,  
 Grave as another Solomon,  
 Vows that they're *Sov'reigns* ev'ry one,  
 And welcome — since they're so inclin'd —  
 To pick the bones when he has dined,  
 “ Provided of your thumbs and toes ‡  
 “ Great Sirs !” quoth he, “ I may dispose

---

‡ *Provided of your thumbs and toes,*  
*Great Sirs ! quoth he, I may dispose.*

Instead of the tokens of feudal servitude abolished in France, its new Sovereign is graciously content to demand the offering of the Thumbs and Toes of his *Good Subjects*, viz. their implicit acquiescence and submission, while he *binds them hand and foot* by the effect of those Castigatory Powers and *wholesome institutions* before enumerated.

“ In virtue of that right *divine*,  
 “ By which I’ve mark’d you all for mine ; †  
 “ As I have mark’d most of our neighbours  
 “ O’ the Continent. So Persian KEBBERS, †

---

† *In virtue of that right divine, &c.*

Archbishop Boisgelin calls Bonaparte the “ *new Charlemagne*,  
 “ *whom God has sent to govern the French Nation.*”

And our Hero, with his *accustomed modesty*, spoke of himself  
 long, since in the following terms: “ Being satisfied in having been  
 “ *chosen by the Almighty God to restore upon earth justice, order,*  
 “ *and equality,*” &c.

*Bonaparte’s Reply to the President of the Senate’s Address on  
 his Investiture with the Consulate for Life.*

† *So Persian Kebbers*

*When their Right Eye ’s pick’d out by a raven  
 Become the property of Heaven.*

**Kebbers.**—A description of Apostates, tolerated in the suburbs  
 of Ispahan, called Kebrabath. When any one of them dies they  
 let loose a Cock from the house of the deceased, and, if a Fox  
 should chance to seize it, they conclude the soul to be saved: but  
 they have another, which they regard as a surer proof. They dress  
 the dead body in its best clothes and ornaments, carry it to the

- “ When their right eye’s pick’d out by a raven  
 “ Become the property of Heaven :  
 “ So *Hebrews* wont men’s ears to bore, †  
 “ Who serv’d them for it evermore.  
 “ So Academic *Tabarders*  
 “ Serv’d up, with roast-meat, thumbs of theirs. ‡
- 

church-yard, and set it upright against the wall, propped by a forked stick placed under its chin, and, if the Ravens, or other birds, chance to pick out its *Right Eye*, they conclude the party to be assuredly of the number of the Blessed; but if the Birds attack the other eye, they take it for an infallible proof, that the deceased Person is damned: and on this satisfactory evidence they throw the corpse in a disgraceful manner, with its head downwards, into a Pit.

† *So Hebrews wont, &c.*

See EXODUS, ch. xxi. v. 5. & 6.

‡ *So Academic Tabarders*

*Serv’d up with roast meat, thumbs of theirs.*

It was customary at Queen’s College, in Oxford, for an humble class of Collegians, called ‘*Tabarders*,’ to stand in waiting with their Thumbs placed across each other on the High Table while the Senior Members were at dinner.

“ Trifles, like these, you well may spare them ;  
 “ But, till I want your noddles, wear them :  
 “ And, though unthumb’d, when mischief’s nigh,  
 “ You’ll have a finger in the pie.  
 “ With such indulgence be content ;  
 “ Or, would you better precedent,  
 “ To search the Scriptures don’t forget,  
 “ (Not of my *old friend* Mahomet,  
 “ No countenance he’ll get from me :  
 “ *Moses* is now my protegé.)  
 “ You’ll find, where Canäan was smitten ;  
 “ In the first book of Judges written,  
 “ Adoni-bezek long ago  
 “ Serv’d scores of *other* sov’reigns so.” ||  
 Thus, when of Ding-dong’s flock PANURGE  
 Toss’d overboard into the surge,

---

|| *Adoni-bezek long ago*

*Serv’d scores of other Sov’reigns so.*

Adoni-bezek said: Threescore and ten Kings, having their thumbs and their great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table.

JUDGES, ch. i. v. 7.



A Ram who, compliment so civil  
 Unus'd to, bleated like a devil ;  
 The Mutton Corps who heard his bleating,  
 And thought the frolic worth repeating,  
 Deeming his somerset a sign  
 There was no beverage like brine,  
 Bae-ing and bleating loud as he,  
 Leap'd ev'ry one into the sea,  
 And for precedence strove in swallowing  
 Salt-water soup ; while Ding-dong hallowing,  
 And catching hold of horns and tails,  
 They dragg'd to supper † with the whales,  
 Along with Ding-dong's understrappers  
 I' th' herring-pond all cutting capers.  
 While he whose unsuspected craft  
 Administer'd this saline draught,  
 With sanctified grimace and action,  
 Veiling the inward satisfaction,

---

† Dingdong's was a supper like that of Polonius.

“ Now Hamlet ! Where's Polonius ? ”

“ At supper. ”

“ Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. ”

He felt to see 'em drown like vermin,  
Preach'd from the deck their funeral sermon. †

---

† *Preach'd from the deck their funeral sermon.*

All on a sudden, I can't tell how it happened, the thing was so instantaneous, that I had not time to consider it, PANURGE, without saying a word, tossed overboard his Ram, (*purchased of the Sheep-Merchant who had insulted him*) baeing and bleating into the sea. All the other Sheep, baeing and bleating in the very same key, began to caper, vault, and throw themselves into the salt water one after another, contending who should take the first leap after their comrade. It was impossible to put them out of conceit with their frolick; as you know these silliest of all animals naturally follow the leader of their company wherever he goes. (Aristotle tells us the same thing, *lib. 9. de Hist. Anim.*)

The Sheep-Merchant, DING-DONG, quite distracted at the spectacle of his sheep perishing and drowning before his eyes, strove with all his might to prevent and restrain them; but his pains were fruitless: for they all successively plunged into the waves and perished. At length he caught fast hold, by the fleece, of a strapping, overgrown ram on the forecastle of the vessel, in hopes, by this last effort, of stopping him, and of preserving, in consequence, the remainder of his flock. The Ram, however, was so strong, that he leapt overboard into the sea and was drowned; carrying along with him the Merchant, in the same manner as the sheep of the one-eyed Cyclops, *Polyphemus*, carried out of that monster's

Now his rank harvest KNAVERY kens,  
 Foster'd by Hell's choice influence,  
 Anxious to reap th' expected crop :—  
 Lo! from *Consulta-forging* SHOP,  
 Prolific Ordinance Senatûs,  
 Engenders Princes, like potatoes ;  
 Raw, numerous, dirt-begotten, crude :  
 Besides a heterogeneous brood

---

cavern *Ulysses* and his companions. And thus also the other sheeptenders and mutton-underlings (some laying hold of their favourite tups by the horns, others by the haunches, and others by the fleece) were dragged overboard into the ocean, and every mother's son of them miserably drowned.

Panurge, standing on the ship's stern, with an oar in his hand, not to assist those Mutton-mongers you may swear, but to prevent them from clambering up the sides of the ship and saving their bacon, preached to them the while, with all the eloquence of a brother Olivier Maillard, or his compeer brother John Burgess; expatiating, in common-place rhetorical flourishes, on the miseries of this world, and on the joys and happiness of the next; maintaining that the dead were far happier than those whom they left behind them in this vale of wretchedness, and promising to erect for every one of them a stately Cenotaph and honourable Sepulchre, loftier by half than Mount Cenis, at his return from Lantern-land.

Of jacks in office, harlequins,  
 Asses and mules in lion's skins :  
 Arch-chancellors, gen'ral Inspectors,  
 High Admiral, and great Electors :  
 With Highnesses Serene, just fit to  
 Drive wheelbarrows, Imperial ditto ;  
 Marshals of th' empire, Excellencies,  
 Monseigneurs, such as Bedlam frenzies  
 Give eye of lunatic to view ;  
 Such as Callott ! thy pencil drew.  
 And though last mention'd, first of all,  
 That monster paradoxical,  
 NAPOLEON ! Emp'ror, monarch, lord  
 Of those who monarchy abhorr'd :  
 Napoleon ! emperor unmatch'd !  
 Whose craft these *titled toad-stools* hatch'd ;  
 Despot of a community  
 Of slaves soi-disant *great* and *free* ;  
 Prompter, and puppet, first i' the row  
 Of 's OWN IMPERIAL RAREE-SHOW. ||

---

|| *Of 's own imperial raree-show.*

Oh! had John Duke of M— —gh's beldame,  
 Old *Sarah Churchill*, but beheld 'em!  
 She who, profuse of gibes and jeers  
 On royal Anna's new-made peers,  
 From window op'ning tow'rd the Park,  
 Grave as a judge was heard remark:  
 "Should she from thence expectorate,  
 "Upstart nobility of late  
 "Compos'd so numerous a horde,  
 "That she *must spit* upon a *Lord*."  
 How 't would have gratified her spleen  
 To 've spat on *Highnesses Serene*!  
 Though they, when spitten on, should spurn  
 The scornful spitter, and return  
 In kind a compliment so clean;  
 Since most of them have *turn-spits* been.—

Revisiting the realms of Night,  
 Hell's Missionaries wing their flight

---

The *important* detail of the Imperial, princely, and titular *Fungi*, generated by the Organic Senatus Consultum of the Conservative Senate (May 16) may be read in the *Morning Chronicle* and other papers of the 31st of May, 1804.

(As kites from high on poultry souse)  
 Once more to Satan's LOWER HOUSE;  
 Summon'd to tell that grim old Grecian  
 The effect and upshot of their mission.

“ Dread King of dæmons, spectres, shadows!  
 We, your true friends, have, as you bade us,”  
 Their Speaker cries—“ strain'd ev'ry nerve  
 Your CORSICAN's proud aims to serve.—  
 Dispatch'd of yore to Palestine,  
 Your Legionaries to their *Swine*  
 Administer'd no better drench  
 Than we've been brewing for the French;  
 Nor made that herd porcianian run  
 More desp'rately to be undone  
 Than we've made these Republicans  
 Quit, for the *fire*, their frying-pans.  
 Napoleon, by our aid, oh King!  
 Has all their noses in a string:  
 And, while to his obsequious knaves  
 Of ENGLISH PLOTS the hero raves,  
 Denouncing every dire attempt  
 By some old woman made or dreamt,



They to subaltern sots and apes  
 Exaggerate his *hair-breadth* 'scapes,  
 Who humbly pray that their Grand Consul  
 Would please to keep his *sacred* sconce whole,  
 Which, had *Drake* crack'd, their name and nation  
 Had sunk into annihilation : ||  
 And therefore 't would exactly suit 'em  
 Would he the "*diadema tutum*" ‡  
 Wear, and, (to put them out of pain,)  
 Sit on the throne of Charlemagne.

---

|| *Had sunk into annihilation.*

"Already have the poignards of the enemy more than once  
 "threatened your destiny, to which that of so many others is attach-  
 "ed. *France* was on the point of being *annihilated* in your person."

*Address from 1st Divis. Camp. Ostend.*

It is said Bonaparte intends to surmount his imperial arms with  
 the crest of a *Drake's Tail*, emblematic of his infinite obligations to  
 the Gentleman who so kindly furnished him with his *DRAKE'S*  
*TALE* plea for advancing himself to the empire.

‡ *Would he the "diadema tutum"*

*Wear, &c.*

————— *Regnum & Diadema tutum*

*Deferens illi, &c.*

HOR.

For THIS all Gallic pens and presses  
 Teem with petitions and addresses ;  
 Samples we, from their Senate's journals,  
 Have brought to edify infernals,  
 And give our Lord and Master proofs  
 That we 've done more than kick our hoofs. †  
 In brief, so anxious for their shackles  
 Are Lion-Bonaparte's jackalls,  
 That, by their solemn act and deed,  
 They to Napoleon and his breed

---

† *And give our Lord and Master proofs*

*That we 've done more than kick our hoofs.*

These Diabolical Agents display a laudable anxiety to convince their Principal that they have minded his business, and not been strolling about the world regardless of their errand, and kicking their heels in idleness; although had that been the case they would have been nearly as well employed as were the Suitors of the chaste Penelope, during their long protracted courtship. One of our late Cognoscenti of no inconsiderable note, the Hon. D—— (after much learned and laborious investigation of the subject) is said to have at length made the happy and *sagacious* discovery that they were engaged all the while in playing at **HOP SCOTCH.**



Have sold themselves for less than Faustus,  
 Cayet,† or Mother Shipton cost us;  
 Who sold their bones to make our faggots  
 For furth'ring their strange whims and maggots:  
 But these the worst of bargains drive,  
 Sold to be trampled on *alive*.

They've of your true and trusty blade,  
 The Corsican, an Emperor made;  
 Dubb'd him as absolute a don  
 As Bajazet or Prester-John;  
 Sworn in his service and defence  
 To combat at their lives' expense;  
 Nay pledg'd themselves, wives, whores and broods,  
 Th' advowson of their stolen goods  
 T' ensure to those rapacious satraps  
 Who catch his gulls and bait his rat-traps,  
 And all those plund'ers have beside  
 That Robbery has *sanctified*.  
 This, by a bran-new periphrasis,  
 " Equality's and Freedom's basis"

---

† Peter Victor Palma Cajetus or Cayet, of Paris.

Their Emp'ror terms.—This and his reign  
 T' uphold, establish and maintain  
 They 've sworn, on forfeit of their tripes  
 And chitterlings to light our pipes,  
 Haunches and flanks Hell's chimney niches  
 To dangle in for bacon-fitches:  
 This to make good they 've pawn'd their souls;  
 Whilst we, your *True-pennies* or moles,  
 (As Hamlet calls his father's ghost)  
 Encouraging these knights o' the post,  
 Growl'd, as we heard their oaths resound—  
 “ Swear, and be damn'd!” from underground. ||  
 Your Emp'ror's brothers too, their bantlings,  
 And all the remnants, shreds and scantlings  
 Of his far-fam'd Ajaccian race,  
 As well as all the metal base

---

|| HAMLET. “ Nay but swear

GHOST (*under the stage.*) “ Swear

HAMLET. “ Ah ha, boy, sayst thou so? art thou there *True-*  
*penny?*

“ Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge.”

“ Well said, Old Mole,” &c.

Of which his toad-eaters are made,  
 By diaboli-chemic aid  
 Transmuted, subtiliz'd, refin'd,  
 They 've into *Gallic Princes* coin'd ;  
 (Like those that figure in stage scenes,  
 Or princes upon gipsey queens  
 Whom mumping potentates beget)  
 And dignitaries, such a set!  
 That had Democritus the Thracian,  
 He who brought grinning into fashion,  
 Their titles and additions heard all,  
 With laughter he'd have burst his girdle!  
 Had Heraclitus seen the train  
 That sage had never wept again !

Thus, King of Hell ! what you have will'd  
 Is by your duteous dev'ls fulfill'd.  
 And for her Emperor so gracious,  
 Created by your " *Fieri facias,*"  
 Her sense of such a MIGHTY BLESSING  
 Paris in gunpowder and resin  
 Evinces; one of them for crackers  
 Dispenses to sky-rocket-makers ;

And t' other gives to Catgut-Orpheuses  
 (Who celebrate these metamorphoses  
 In concerts, choirs and puppet-shows)  
 For th' horse-hair of their fiddle-bows.  
 Since now they play at the same game  
 In theatre and Notre Dame;  
 In both resounds the fiddlers' strain  
 Farces religious and profane  
 Enliv'ning; echo Gothic arches  
 Mad shouts and military marches;  
 While thund'ring drums and trumpets brazen ||  
 Out-roar the Organ's diapason.

---

|| — *thund'ring drums and trumpets brazen*  
*Out-roar the Organ's diapason.*

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris with his Clergy, received his Majesty at the door of the church, and *presented to him Incense and Holy Water*; the Clergy, in procession, conducted his Majesty under a canopy to the Imperial Throne, to the music of a *military* march, and amid the loudest acclamations.

MORN. CHRON. July 30, 1804. From the Moniteur's Account of the Celebration of the 14th of July, when the members of the Legion of Honour took the Oath to the Emperor.

For none but tasteless niggards grudge,  
 On setting up their IDOL, Dutch  
 Concert, a fashion of old time  
 Establish'd, and in th' eastern clime  
 Adopted by Nebuchadnezzar,  
 On whose Dutch Concert modell'd *these* are;  
 And of his instrumentals lack but  
 A dulcimer perchance or sackbut:  
 Though of obstreperousness 'Nezzar  
 Himself never gave better measure;  
 Nor would have *all his kinds of music*  
*Together* half so soon made you sick ‡

---

‡ *Nor would have all his kinds of Music*  
*Together half so soon made you sick.*

Nebuchadnezzar the King made an Image of Gold, and he set  
*it up* in the plain of Dura, &c.

" Now if ye be ready, that, at what time ye hear the sound of  
 the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kind  
 of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebu-  
 chadnezzar the King hath set up, well: &c.

While Gallic Hierarchs, (busy geese,  
 Like you in your own diocese, †)  
 Dizen'd in tawdry for the nonce  
 By Chasublier from sole to sconce, ‡

---

† ——— Gallic Hierarchs, busy geese,  
 Like you in your own diocese.

“ The Devil is a busy Bishop in his own diocese.”

OLD PROVERB.

On the industry and alacrity of this *Infra-diocesan*, Bishop Latimer expatiates in his Sermons, to which Dean Swift thus humourously adverts :

“ Old Latimer, preaching, did fairly describe  
 “ A Bishop who rul'd all the rest of his tribe ;  
 “ And who was this Bishop ? and where did he dwell ?  
 “ Why, truly 'twas Satan, Archbishop of Hell ;  
 “ And he was a Bishop, and he wore a mitre,  
 “ Surrounded with jewels of Sulphur and Nitre.

‡ *Dizen'd in Tawdry for the nonce*  
 By Chasublier from sole to sconce.

To the word “ *tawdry*,” formerly spelt *Stawdrey*, (from Saint *Awdrey*, or Saint Ethelred, an Isle of Ely Saint,) the finery which decorated the Shrine of that Saint is said to have given its origin.

And, for discharge of saintly rite,  
 Page'd with monk, canon, acolyte, †  
 (Cowled orchestra multiform,  
 Heav'n with vociferation storm,  
 Which can't but bless the Sons of Slaughter,  
*White-wash'd* by them with Holy Water.

Yet, though this noble undertaking,  
 Which we've perform'd, of Emp'ror-making,  
 Pæans excites, and gratulations  
 That would Job's magazine of patience  
 Blow up, and the whole stock, moreover,  
 Of Bildad, Eliphaz, and Zophar ;

The *Chasuble* is a part of the dress of the higher orders of the Roman Clergy, having an opening in the centre, which admits the head and neck through it ; one-half of the Chasuble covers the front, and the other the back of the wearer, pendant to the ground ; on each part the cross is richly embroidered.

The maker of this and other ornamented ecclesiastical apparel is termed "*Chasublier*."

† *Page'd with monk, canon, acolyte.*

The Acolyte is the Sub-deacon who attends the Priest while he is saying Mass.

And though their Despot's taste to please,  
 Chiefs, of all classes and degrees,  
 Administer (dose after dose)  
 Praise hyperbolical and gross ;  
 Though fawning prelates, monks, and cardinal,  
 Masses and pray'rs, not worth a farthing all,  
 With thanks and hymns in scurvy metre  
 Send post to Heav'n's gate to St. Peter,  
 Who wishes, while their choirs he hears,  
 He had in this world left his ears ;  
 And though enacted by the State 'tis  
 That Punchinellos gambol *gratis*,  
 And that its dupes shall all scot free see  
*Mimos, tam Scenæ, quam Ecclesiæ.*  
 Nay, though to honour Emp'ror *Corsic*,  
 Mummeries enough to make a horse sick,  
 By mean, time-serving Merry-Andrews,  
 Are play'd, whose roguery the land rues :  
 Still the Grand Work 's curtail'd and lame,  
 While, to complete and crown our game,  
 Two points are wanting, which we doubt,  
 If *our French Friends* can bring about :



The lets and rubs i' their way 'tis meet,  
 We lay before your cloven feet.

To give YOUR EMP'ROUR'S Coronation  
 Eclat and high consideration,  
 And make good Catholics adore  
 Th' imperial *white-wash'd* Blackamoor,  
 (Whom, though he has taken his degree  
 In Hell's fam'd University,  
 Her long-lost sheep, since she has found him,  
 Heav'n has admitted *ad eundem*,)  
 As, of old time that leprous layman,  
 The Syrian King's fac-totum, Naaman,  
 When bade in Jordan to immerge, he  
 Found healing benefit of clergy  
 From good Elisha, Israel's primate :  
 (A cramp word, by the by, to rhyme at.)  
 Cast, like a snake, his slough at once,  
 And got new flesh upon his bones :  
 Thus *your* Napoleon worse than he  
 Blotch'd with Sin's rankest leprosy,  
 Since Islamism he's left i' the lurch,  
 The *living waters* of the Church

Has sent for from the Vatican,  
 To purge and blanch his inward man :  
 (For not like Naaman to the stream  
 He'll go, but make it flow to him ;) )  
 Yet, though he condescends t' invite her,  
 Th' OLD WOMAN with the triple mitre  
 Cries, like the Scotch Thane — No, not I !  
 At Rome I'll eat my Christmas pie ; †  
 Nor furnish gibes profane to scorner,  
 By turning tail on chimney-corner.  
 I'd rather snug sit elbow-chair in,  
 Then take a d—d December airing :  
 For *here* my will is undisputed,  
 My very Extremity saluted  
 By rev'rend lips of true believers,  
 Who can sing psalmody like weavers ; ‡

---

† *Cries, like the Scotch Thane — No, not I !*

———And with an absolute :—Sir, not I !

Returns me back the cloudy Messenger.

MACBETH.

‡ *Who can sing psalmody like weavers.*

All special actors of my Drama,  
 Who worship me as their Grand Lama,  
 Shall I forsake my good warm pillow,  
 At beck of *Cyrnian* Bobadillo,  
 Who will, I'll warrant, throw me by,  
 When he's, like orange, squeez'd me dry ?  
 Or, when like Mahomet, his turn  
 I've serv'd, my three-fold night-cap spun ?  
 No ! — by fire-side myself I'll nurse  
 Lest further on I should fare worse,  
 When with my train of shaven scalps  
 I've got on t' other side the Alps.  
 So shall escape my *sacred* TOE  
 Chilblains from Alpine frosts and snow.

Thus says intractable Pope Pius :  
 And will t'unnestle him defy us.  
 Besides, Sir ! there 's another spoke  
 Clapt in your wheel :—Th' AMPULLA's broke

---

FALSTAFF. " A bad world ! I say. I would I were a weaver,  
 " I could sing Psalms and all manner of Songs."

I HENRY IV. A. 2. s. 9.

See " *The Religious Weaver,*" or ' Pious Contemplations on the  
 Trade of Weaving,' by *Benjamin Fawcett, of Shrewsbury.*

That held the consecrated CHRISM,  
 Which catholic Empiricism  
 Tells us, in elder times, a pidgeon,  
 Of kin to Mahomet's, from region  
 Celestial brought t' anoint *King Clovis*,  
 When he was but a royal novice  
 Or hop-o'-my-thumb: for 'twas at 's christening,  
 To make the babe look sleek and glistening;  
 And has at Rheims been treasur'd since  
 Religious Emperor and Prince  
 T' annoint: and him befitting best  
 Of most Religion who 's possest:  
 Since other princes have but *One*  
 Then 't will be own'd they 're all out done  
 By Yours, who has at least a *Brace*;  
 Ergo, a double stock of grace:  
 Twice basted who should be with Uction  
 To fit him for Imperial function.  
 For, Sire! if witches, through the air  
 Who to itinerate prepare,

Their carcasses anoint, and dress 'em,  
 Though but to mount astride a besom ; ‡  
 How much more unction must he lack  
 That has a Nation for his hack !

But shall our fire all end in smoke  
 If Uction's lost, and Phial's broke ?  
 Shall crack'd *Ampulla* and lost *Chrism*  
 Engender Heresy and Schism,  
 Which cannot chuse but sprout and spread  
 If with unconsecrated head,  
 And un-anel'd, like Ghostly Dane,  
 Napoleon Bonaparte reign ? —  
 This dang'rous consequence we 'd best  
 Prevent, for our own interest :  
 Since, when *true* Catholics grow scarce,  
 Desp'rate's the state of our affairs.

This sacred Uction we are sensible  
 Is to *your* CHOSEN indispensable †

---

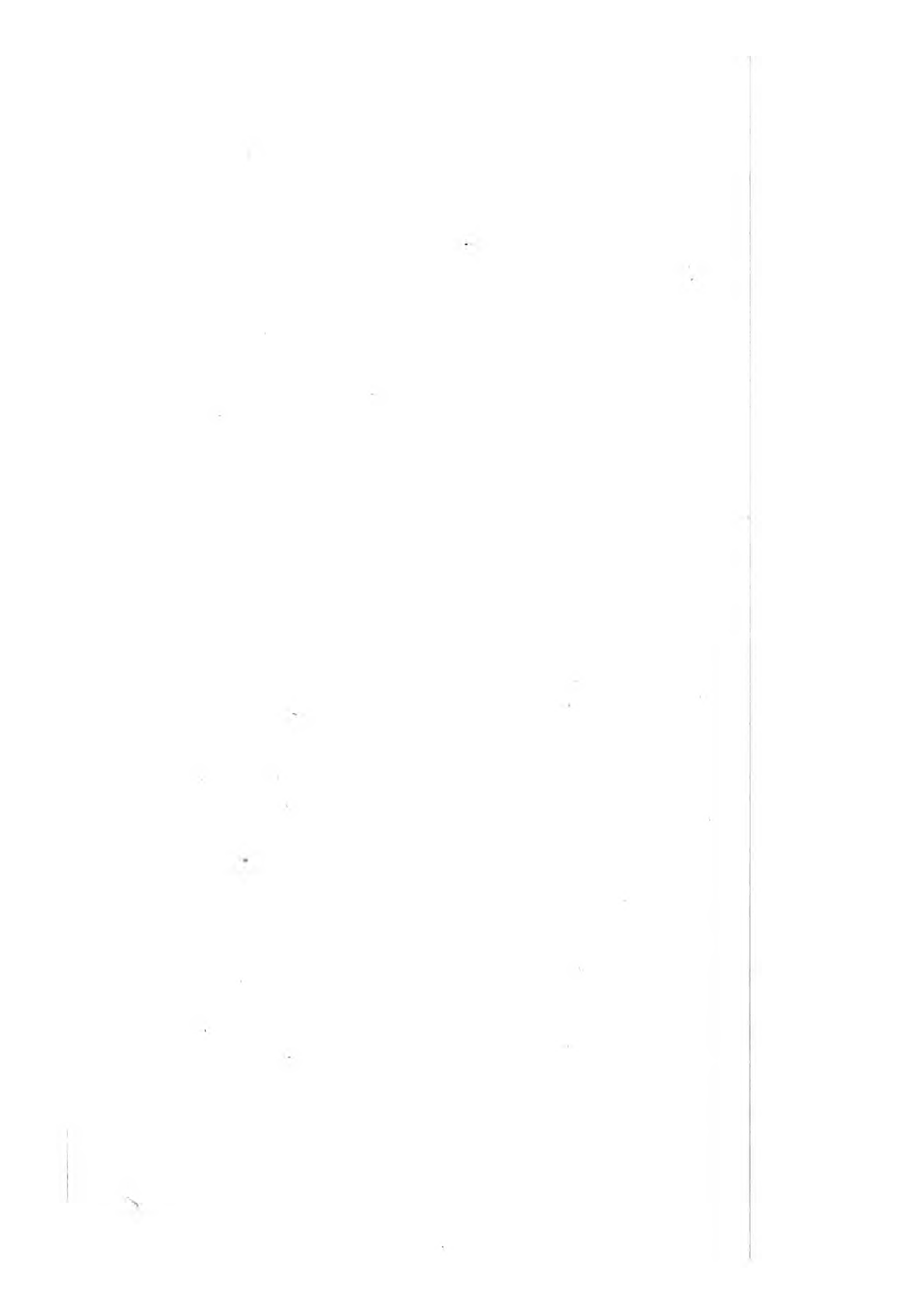
‡ See Turner's *Divine Providences*, folio. See also notes on *Macbeth*. Edit. Johnson and Steevens, vol. vii. p. 597.

† M. Bureau Pusy, in his address to the Pope, calls Bonaparte  
 " this cherished *Chosen One* of the French people."

As to Cotytto Comus 'rout  
 All dues discharged, and none left out  
 Of her dark rites and orgies, || we  
 Who darkness love as well as he,  
 Must no dark rite omit nor feat  
 Th' *imperial Drama* to complete.  
 And as, unless its nave is greasy,  
 Waggon or cart wheel won't roll easy,  
 No more will trundle wheel of *State*  
 Unless you 'noint the Emp'ror's pate,  
 Which of that wheel is nave and centre.  
 Our wits then we must send on venture  
 Both Chrism to fabricate and Pot:  
 Else, though your Emperor has got  
 Full occupation, hold, and seisin  
 O' the realm, he'll be, for want of greasing;  
 Like Yorkshire pudding without dripping,  
 Not like King Clovis, nor King Pepin."

---

|| See Milton's 'Comus.'



---

## CANTO IV.

---

### ARGUMENT.

SATAN, in council, applauds the exertions of his Agents—The Pope's presence at Paris, and the Ampulla or its proxy, indispensable — Infernal counsellors to suggest the means of effecting these objects—Speech of their Attorney-General BELIAL — The Pope, a bird that can sing, &c. — Translation of the House of the Virgin Mary from Palestine to Loretto — How conveyed, and for what purpose — A Bank or shop where heavenly tenures were to be purchased — Lamentable consequences of neglecting to make deposits in this Bank — Exemplification — Divine Post-Obits — Lucrative return to Papal Traders — Nazarean Chapel — Three Blue Balls — Prig of Cesenna — Generosity of Spiritual Pawnbrokers — Valuables pledged at Loretto on Bull and Pardon-Securities — Frenchmen have taken charge of those valuables — Holy Virgin's House dismantled, a fit vehicle to convey the Pope and his suite to Paris — Romish Ecclesiastics better accommodated than with wives — Opposite practices of heretical English Prelates — Inferiority of their Ladies — Monkey and Clog — Women should have their due — *Graceful* style of British Compliments to the Fair Sex — Speech of the Chancellor of the Infernal Exchequer, MAMMON — Worldly customs followed in Religious Concerns — Heaven's favour sought by conciliating its Pages in waiting — Saints first jacks, and afterwards patrons, of all trades, &c. — Liberties taken with St.



Januarius by the Lazzaroni — Rejoicing on the liquefaction of his  
 Blood — That Saint's tergiversation in 1799 — Overacted his  
 part — His indictment and conviction — Phial that held his  
 Blood will serve instead of the Rheims Ampulla — Neapolitan  
 Vicar of Bray — Speech of ASHTAROTH — His apprehensions of  
 detriment to the interests of Mahomet and the Koran — Bona-  
 parte, a Mahometan turned inside outwards — His late orthodoxy  
 and zeal in the Prophet's service — The ill consequences that  
 must result from rewarding his apostacy — Speech of DAGON —  
 The last Speaker's apprehensions groundless — Romish Church,  
 the Old Magpye — Former elevation and arrogance of its head,  
 the Pope — Behemoth — Other Churches then in danger —  
 Present degradation of the Papacy and Roman State — Servum  
 Servorum — Death's compassion for Pius VI. — Indignity awaits  
 the present Pontiff — Failure of first Clerk in Roman Firm —  
 Snail-catching Ducks tail uppermost — Jews falsely charged with  
 stinking — Apostacy of Catholics more likely than of Mussulmen —  
 Rats and old House — Bouracq, another suggestion for the convey-  
 ance of the Pope, &c. — Cause of the great Eclipse — Blackamoors  
 and Scolding Wives — Satan closes the Debate — Means proposed  
 too rough — Satan's regard for the Holy See — Determines to go  
 himself and effect the Pope's compliance by persuasion.



---

---

CANTO IV.



“ WELL to effectuate my ends  
You ’ve wrought, exclaims the King of Fiends :  
Well worthy, for your prompt obedience  
Among my *honourable legions*  
The foremost rank : You ’ve spared no pain  
Hell’s reputation to sustain  
’Mongst its black sheep of th’ earthly fold,  
Who bloody, resolute, and bold,  
Inflexible in ill shall be,  
While, to encourage ’em, they see,  
Exalted to th’ imperial throne,  
Him who has made *our* cause HIS OWN.

Thus far you ’ve sail’d before the wind ;  
Nor fear, of what remains behind,  
Aught uneffected, shall prevent  
Mar, or annul th’ accomplishment

Of your grand enterprize : — from Rome  
 Reluctant Pontiff yet shall come  
 And though King Henry, 'tis recounted, ‡  
 Held a Pope's stirrup while he mounted,  
 Pius shall to *my Emp'ror* bow,  
 For 'tis *his* turn to truckle now,  
 And come when Bonaparte whistles ;  
 None shall he have his Toe to kiss else. §  
 Then, as for Chrism and Phial's loss,  
 Chrism is but *Coronation sauce* ;  
 We'll re-produce this holy unction :  
 For tricks worth two of that have monks shown.  
 But since *divine* Ampulla's fractur'd  
 A new one must be manufactur'd ;  
 Or, if 't wont shock *French* Orthodoxy,  
 Ampulla shall perform by proxy.

---

‡ Henry II. held the stirrup for Pope Alexander in 1161.

§ It has been said that Pope Leo I. cut off his own hand (*in obedience to the letter of the precept " If thy hand offend thee, cut it off,"*) on having experienced some irregular sensations while a handsome woman kissed it ; from which time and circumstance originated the custom of kissing the Pope's *foot* instead of his hand.

And You, my counsellors select,  
 The *Means* these objects to effect,  
 'Tis your's to frame and to provide :  
 On their expedience we 'll decide."

Thus Lucifer his will declar'd :  
 When 'midst the Ministers that shar'd  
 The counsels of his dark diván,  
 Smooth Belial, bowing low, began :

“ Lord of the damn'd ! supreme within  
 Th' illimitable realms of Sin  
 That compass the terrestrial ball !  
 Hear your Attorney-General †  
 Deliver what his thoughts suggest on  
 The *first* of these two points in question,  
 The means to overcome the lazy,  
 Old Roman Pontiff's contumacy :  
 For, since the wond'rous condescension,  
 T' invite him by your Emp'ror French shown,

---

† *Hear your Attorney-General.*

“*CHOCQUET*, a French Poet of the Sixteenth Century, who introduced Devils into his Dramatic Pieces, calls *Belial* “Attorney of Hell.”

Is thrown away on *Chiaromonti*, †  
 Like bird that when he can sing wont, he  
 Must e'en be made to sing ; as soon  
 He shall, I warrant, to some tune.

Excuse my telling an Old Story :  
 In this same Pontiff's territory  
 Loretto's consecrated earth  
 Bears an OLD HOUSE, ‖ fam'd for the birth  
 Of the Grand Foe of Sin and Death :  
 This old house, built at Nazareth,  
 'Tis told in legendary lore,  
 Angels, heav'n's ticket-porters, bore  
 To Coast Dalmatian ; there they baited ;  
 O'er the Adriatic then translated,  
 Their precious brick and mortar freight  
 Into Ancona's Marquisate,

---

† Pius VII. formerly Cardinal di Chiaromonti.

‖ The House of the Virgin Mary in which our Saviour was born, said to have been brought from Palestine by Angels, and now called  
 " *The Chapel of our LADY of LORETTO.*"

Thus Fame reports : though Angels ne'er  
 The trouble took to carry 't there ;  
 But when the fabric thither sped,  
 A sturdy caravan instead,  
 Form'd of your legionary *Blacks*,  
 Convey'd its burden on their backs ;  
 And for what purpose? Why, to fill  
 The mill-trough of that Thief i' the Mill,  
 Their friend and crony, Rome's High Priest,  
 With store of provender and grist ;  
 And tempt sage zealots, queens, and kings,  
 With treasures and rich offerings,  
 The earnest to pay down, and price  
 Of tenures fair in Paradise : †

---

† *The earnest to pay down, and price  
 Of tenures fair in Paradise.*

It is thus the Prince of Bassora persuades the Mahometans that his credit is so great with Mahomet, that, by his *bills of exchange*, he can procure the bearers such or such a place in Paradise. There is a bank in his house for the dispatch of these bills: he signs a policy, by which the possession of a certain place in heaven is

That, in this banking-house deposit  
 Making of wicked worldly dross, it  
 Should, in the world to come, present 'em  
 With compound int'rest, *cent. per centum*,  
 Lest great land-holders here, when théir long  
 Journey they've taken, not a furlong  
 Of Heav'n should hold, and wish in vain an  
 Estate in the *celestial* Canaan.  
 Lest they who Kings and Nabobs die,  
 Should resurrect to penury,  
 And, to the gizzard griev'd, repent  
 Too late, that so improvident  
 In life they were as not to purchase,  
 By gifts to monast'ries and churches,  
 Better dessert and after-cheer  
 Than falls to th' lot of hero here,  
 Who, if he has forgot to fee,  
 Before his exit, th' Hierarchy,

---

acquired, that is more or less advantageous in proportion to the  
 sum paid him.

Though he had figur'd in first style, 's  
 Class'd with the scum of Hell's St. Giles,  
 Where the proud king, that chain'd the winds  
 And flogg'd Old Neptune, mustard grinds;||  
 Where Nöoptolemus, no bullion  
 Who gave Epirus' Church, turns Scullion;  
 Where onion-ropes weaves Clöopatra,  
 Hungry enough to eat a cat raw;  
 Cræsus is glad to turn a gold-finder,  
 And queen Semiramis makes tinder;  
 Apicius rancid horse-flesh swallows,  
 And chaste Lucretia keeps an ale-house;  
 Tully 's a printer's devil, Cæsar  
 A sutler, Cato a boot-greaser;  
 And C— — —, imperial trull,  
 Drives Lucifer! thy cows to bull.

To 'scape such terrible reverses,  
 Rich worldlings have unlined their purses,

---

|| *Where the proud King that chain'd the winds  
 And flogg'd Old Neptune mustard grinds, &c.*

See RABELAIS and QUEVEDO.



And speculated for *divine*  
*Post Obits* at Loretto's shrine.  
 In fact, no mercantile concern  
 E'er made so lucrative return  
 As erst, to crafty traders papal  
 Yielded this Nazarëan Chapel,  
 Which invitation, from hill-top  
 To *spiritual pawnbroker's* shop,  
 Held out ; as carnal pawnbrokers  
 Inveigle customers to theirs,  
 With three blue balls hung on a pole,  
 Whom they bamboozle and cajole,  
 So that their Balls, of which you know  
*One* 's uppermost and *two* below,  
 Are, by the Cognoscenti, said  
 To be emblematic of their trade :  
 And thence the pledger understands  
 That what he 's trusted to their hands  
 'Tis *two* to *one* from broker's den  
 Will never visit him again ;  
 But, like precise PRIG of CESENNA  
 Who grins in Angelo's Gehenna,

(Ass-ear'd for finical contempt shown,  
 There must be damn'd without redemption. †  
 Yet *Spiritual* Brokers are  
 Although less just, more gen'rous far

---

† *There must be damn'd without Redemption.*

The Picture of the last Judgement employed Michael Angelo Buonarotti for eight years ; and, in that celebrated Composition, a multitude of figures present themselves to the view, wonderfully invented, and grouped with great judgement, every muscle and limb being distinctly and curiously marked, as the figures were represented entirely naked. That circumstance, of so many nudities, occasioned the observation made by Biagio of Cesenna, the Pope's Master of the Ceremonies, that such an exhibition of naked figures was more suitable to a brothel than a Chapel. But M. Angelo revenged himself sufficiently on Biagio for that sarcasm ; for he painted his portrait exceedingly like, and represented him as a demon with ass's ears, encircled with a large Serpent, and placed him in hell. The Pope, indeed, frequently solicited Buonarotti to deliver his Master of the Ceremonies from that place of torment ; but he excused himself, by observing to the Pope, that had he been only in Purgatory, he might have been released, but from Hell there was no Redemption.

Than they of carnal, blue ball corps;  
 Allotting customers much more  
 Of heav'nly hereditament  
 Than the full worth of all they 've spent  
 T' adorn Madonna's shifts as well as  
 The shirtlikins of Bambinellos.  
 And this the problem strange explains,  
 Why th' owners of more wealth than brains  
 Have here such valuables pledg'd  
 As, since the wings of Time were fledg'd,  
 No treasury was known to hold:  
 Statues, and lamps, of massy gold,  
 Pearls, di'monds, goblets, candelabras,  
 Ague-pellent abracadabras,  
 Rich vests, with gold and silver laced,  
 And huckle-bones of saints, enchas'd  
 In precious ore, that folks might note 'em,  
 Which all diseases cured (like Brodum  
 Or Solomon) with store of tawdry  
 Crowns, crucifixes and emb'roid'ry.  
 For which return'd Rome's Holy See  
 Her *blessed* bond-security

Of bulls, indulgences, and pardons  
 As estimable as brass farthings  
 Coin'd in the mint of Birmingham,  
 And comfortable as a dram  
 Or pinch of snuff to an old jade.  
 Thus, for the golden eggs they laid  
 I' the holy nest, these zealous geese  
 Were recompens'd, till such increase  
 From princely bigotry was drain'd  
 That scarce the Shrine its wealth contain'd ;  
 And had by this time overflow'd,  
 But that 'twas eas'd of precious load  
 By honest Frenchmen's pious care  
 Who *reverently* stripp'd it bare,  
 Not deeming such a sacred treasure  
 Safe, 'till dispos'd of at their pleasure.

Now, since the Holy Virgin's trick'd,  
 And her House void and derelict ;  
 Since her fine tenants have thought fit  
 To take French leave of her and quit ;  
 Her golden images on shoulders  
 Decamp'd of Bonaparte's soldiers,

(As rode off, on his martial hack  
 Of a Son, Anchises, pick-a-back;)

Her Angels fled to join in France  
 Their glittering sister courtezans,  
 Of her proud wardrobe not a clout  
 Remaining, all her lamps burnt out,  
 And not a relic, slice or scantling  
 Left of her of Martyr, Saint or Saintling;  
 Room in her house enough you'll find  
 For *lumber* of another kind :

I therefore humbly recommend  
 That, as 't has prov'd itself a friend  
 To the Papacy, it may so still,  
 And serve the Pope against his will;  
 May serve his holiness, I mean,  
 As flying stage-coach or machine.  
 Let but your Majesty command,  
 And that same 'diabolic band,  
 By whose aid from the Syrian coast  
 It to Loretto travell'd post,  
 Shall draw it, from that sacred spot  
 To Paris, at a good round trot.

And in't the Pope and all the Quorum  
 That 'tend upon Servo Servorum,  
 Cardinals, bishops, priests, and monks,  
 Their wives too—I should say—their punks—  
 For wifes'-flesh is abomination  
 To priests of Catholic persuasion,  
 Who such commodity in hand  
 Take, but by stealth, as contraband,  
 And are in chimney-corner mated,  
 Though better *thus* accommodated  
 (As Bardolph of his Captain tells)||  
 Than with a wife they 'd be; for else  
 How 't would good catholics appal  
 To talk of *Lady* Cardinal!  
 Or (like Pope Joan) should it be said  
 " Her Holiness is brought to bed."  
 Though amongst English heretics  
 Right Reverend Fathers play such tricks;  
 And if they like the damsel's looks,  
 Marry their housekeepers or cooks;

---

|| BARD. Pardon me, Sir! A Soldier is better accommodated  
 than with a wife.

Whom though thus favour'd we may term  
 But *sleeping* partners in the firm,  
 Since in episcopalian matches  
 Poor help-mate still is under hatches:  
 For though Lord Bishop 's a high blade, he  
 Never can make his Joan my Lady:  
 Though why she so beneath his rank is,  
 A point that might have puzzled Sanchez,||  
 For with my Lord compar'd she 's held in  
 The same respect says learned Selden  
 As clog that 's tied to chain of monkey.‡  
 Though a law-luminary, drunk he  
 Might be when 'scap'd him that expression,  
 Which brings t' a finis this digression.

---

|| Thomas Sanchez of Corduba, *auct. tractat. ampliss*: "*De Matrimonio.*"

† " You shall see a MONKEY sometimes, that has been playing  
 " up and down the garden, at length leap up to the top of the wall,  
 " but his CLOG hangs a great way below: The Bishop's Wife  
 " is like that monkey's clog. Himself is got up very high, takes  
 " place of the temporal barons, but his wife comes a great way be-  
 " hind."

SELDEN'S *Tab. Talk*, p. 220.

And which your Majesty will pardon,  
 Because these Churches both run hard on  
 The Ladies' just prerogative :

For, since the dev'l his due men give,  
 They ought to give the women theirs ;  
 With whom you'd think in love affairs,  
 (Instead of mortal swains intrigues,)

Our horn'd fraternity had leagues,  
 Heard you the endearing compliment  
 To th' Sex that *British* gallants vent,  
 And lavish on the Fair in phrases  
 Inspired and modell'd by the Graces :

“ She's *dev'lish* handsome, *dev'lish* old,

“ The very *devil* of a scold,

• “ A *damn'd* fine figure, *dev'lish* nice,

“ *Damnation* ugly, *damn'd* precise,

“ *Damn'd* good complexion, teeth, and eye,

“ The baggage holds her head *damn'd* high,

“ She's *dev'lish* dirty, *dev'lish* clean,

“ *Damn'd* fat, *damn'd* gawky, *cursed* lean,

“ A *damn'd* tight thing, a *damn'd* bad piece,

“ *Damn'd* prudish Aunt, a *damn'd* smart Niece,



“ *Damn’d* pale, *damn’d* swarthy, *dev’lish* fair,  
 “ *Damn’d* innocent, a *dev’lish* stare,  
 “ *Damn’d* upright, *dev’lish* stiff, *damn’d* slim,  
 “ *Damn’d* freckle-visag’d, *dev’lish* grim,  
 “ She’s *dev’lish* tall, she’s *dev’lish* short,  
 “ *Damn* her, she’s one of the right sort !”

Thus, Sire ! I’ve drawn my wit to the dregs :  
 But see, besides, upon his legs  
 Another honourable devil !  
 Prolixity would be uncivil.

So spake, and brought loquacious Fiend,  
 His Canterbury Tale t’ an end.

Bowing to MAMMON, the next speaker,  
 Hell’s Chancellor of the Exchequer ;  
 Who Satan thus, and his black sheep,  
 (Whom Belial had near talk’d asleep,  
 But now prick’d up their tails and ears,)  
 Address’d : “ My Liege ! and smoke-dried peers !  
 “ The learn’d Gibb’rishian † one old Story  
 “ Has kindly furbish’d up to bore ye,

---

† Gibberishian, viz. Pleader,  
 Counsellor, or Gibberish-monger.

" Another just as much have I  
 " To the purpose ready cut and dry,  
 " Which, to these worthies, I'll propound,  
 " Seated our Christmas fire around."

Of the great vulgar and the small,  
 In their concerns religious, all  
 Make earthly usages their models;  
 And though some folks with brains i' their noddles  
 Have done their utmost to persuade 'em  
 That He'll take care of 'em who made 'em:  
 Yet, as when countenance or grant  
 From worldly potentate they want,  
 True policy and sound they call it  
 To drive a bargain with his valet,  
 Or curry favour with his groom:  
 So (sanction'd by the Church of Rome)  
 When they should of the King of Heaven  
 Beg to be prosper'd or forgiven,  
 Instead on 't, they address their prayer  
 To groom or page in waiting there;  
 A multitude of such as are  
 Term'd *Saints* in Roman Kalendar,

Who, till th' were canoniz'd and hallow'd  
 By the Church, profane vocations follow'd;  
 Bailiffs, Comedians, Advocates;  
 For Saints, as Furettiere relates,  
 (Excepting that of the Attorneys ‡)  
 All callings have been found to furnish;  
 And some, rather than Saint they'd lack,  
 Have made one of the *Almanack*. ||

---

‡ *Excepting that of the Attorneys.*

“ There are some Saints who have been Advocates, Bailiffs,  
 “ nay, even Comedians; in fine, there is no profession, how mean  
 “ soever it be, but there have been Saints of it; but there never  
 “ was any Saint that was an *Attorney*.”

FURETERIANA, p. 44. HOLL. EDIT.

|| *Have made a Saint of th' Almanack*

“ Some ignorant Monk of the Seventh or Eighth Century,  
 “ seeing, at the beginning of the kalendar, S. Almanachum, writ-  
 “ ten by way of abbreviation, according to the custom of those  
 “ times, S. *Almachum*; took that word, then but seldom used, for  
 “ the name of a Saint, gave it a terminaton in *us*, and placed it on  
 “ the first day of the year. Ignorance and chance had no sooner  
 “ brought this new Saint into the world, but he found *Martyrologist*;

As Saints were jacks of ev'ry trade,  
 All classes invoke their aid ;  
 Each province too and petty state  
 A Saint distinct and separate  
 Keeps, to supply, at small expenses,  
 And serve its proper exigencies :  
 St. Crispin Cobbling tribes befriends,  
 Stiff'ning with wax their threads and ends ;  
 St. David Cambrians' prayers assail,  
 Who teaches them to brew Welch ale ;  
 St. Andrew Caledonians' brag is,  
 Who gives sheeps maws to hold their haggess ;  
 St. Patrick's aid distills the Whiskey  
 That makes wild Irishmen so frisky.

---

" who said he had been killed in the amphitheatre of Rome,  
 " in the Prefecture of Alypius, by the Gladiators whom he would  
 " have hindered from fighting." No antient author makes men-  
 tion of that holy Courage.

See Bayle, Note C. Artic. "*Alypius*," cited from *Enthus.*  
*of the Church of Rome.* Lond. 1688.

Thus, too, the Neapolitans,  
 What time Vesuvius hurls hot brands  
 And fiery torrents from her crater  
 That seem to menace wreck of nature,  
 Would be distract', and out of heart,  
 Had *they* no Saint to take their part :  
 On this account a proper fellow,  
 O' the sort, yclept *Genariello*  
 By Lazzaroni, (but his cronies,  
 And they to whom his merit known is,  
 Entitle him St. Januarius,)  
 In their Archbishop's relic-warehouse  
 They keep safe treasur'd up : a penny  
 So misers hoard 'gainst day that's rainy ;  
 Though Naples' sons their *Saintly Squire*,  
 Not against water keep, but fire ;  
 And panic struck lest they should burn, as  
 Flames horribly Vesuvian furnace,  
 Turn out their Bag-Saint, like fire-engine,  
 Their bacon to secure from singeing.  
 When, if uncheck'd th' Eruption roars,  
 With titles of all sons of whores

They take the liberty to knight him,  
 Because he suffers it to fright 'em : §  
 But, should the mountain's flame grow dull,  
 Because 't has burnt its belly full,  
 They sink these scandalous expressions,  
 And chaunt his praise in grand processions ;  
 Thanking him for deliverances  
 That but existed in their fancies.

---

§ *Because he suffers it to fright 'em.*

See Sir William Hamilton's Letters in the Annual Registers, respecting the Eruptions of Vesuvius: in one of which, he mentions the name of *Genariello*, given to St. Januarius, by the vulgar Neapolitans; some of whom, when the Saint's presence did not put a stop to the fiery eruption, addressed him by the title of "*Yellow Face*," (from the tarnished appearance of the Saint's silver countenance,) telling him he was a *pretty fellow* to set up for a protector of Naples.

Sir W. H. says, in another letter, that, in August, 1779, the relics of St. Januarius were carried in procession, and exposed to the furious Mountain, from the bridge of Maddelena, amidst a prodigious concourse of people, who are, at this moment, well convinced, that, to this ceremony alone, Naples may attribute its happy escape.

Another Miracle as good  
 The Saint performs, whose CONGEAL'D BLOOD  
 In consecrated vase or cruet  
 They keep and let his votaries view it  
 On Gala Days:— if to their wishes  
 Their tutelary Don's propitious,  
 His blood, congeal'd and hard as ice,  
 Begins to thaw, and *liquefies* ;  
 Which of his care for them the rabble  
 Regard as proof irrefragable ;  
 Who to requite him light wax tapers  
 And set at work bell, and mouth-clappers,  
 Those kindred nuisances, with ringing  
 To break the peace of ears and singing.  
 For gratitude with roaring boys  
 Is term synonymous with noise.  
 But since their Saint has turn'd *time-server*,  
 No more with wonted faith and fervour  
 Tag rag and bobtail haunt his shrine.  
 When our French friends, in *ninety-nine*,

Came kindly to *regenerate* ‡  
That is: to seize upon, the State,

---

‡ ———— *To regenerate,*  
*That is to seize upon the State.*

Morning Herald, March 5, 1799. — From the French Papers. —  
Naples, Jan. 29, 1799. — The taking of this city by the French will  
form an epoch in history. One remarkable circumstance is, that  
ST. JANUARIUS, the protector of Naples, *has declared himself in fa-*  
*vour of the Conquerors.* The Cardinal Archbishop pretended that  
*great faith and extraordinary prayers* were necessary to make their  
Saint perform his miracles. At last the blood of St. Januarius liqui-  
fied; and at the same moment Vesuvius vomited forth flames.  
These two events occasioned the singing of a *Te Deum*, to thank the  
Almighty on account of the entry of the French.

The following is an Extract of the Advertisement which the Arch-  
bishop published on this occasion.

“ All the faithful citizens of Naples are invited to be present  
“ this day, Friday, the 25th of January, at two in the afternoon,  
“ at the celebration of *Te Deum*, which the Archbishop, accom-  
“ panied by the Chapter, the Clergy, the General in Chief and  
“ Staff of the Army of Naples, will sing in the Cathedral Church;  
“ to THANK the *Most High* for the *glorious entry of the French Troops*  
“ *into this City*, and who, protected in a peculiar manner by Pro-  
“ vidence, have REGENERATED this People, and are come to



And had, by Championet led,  
 Knock'd half his worshippers o' th' head,  
 His Saintship, wond'rous glad to see 'em,  
 Bade the Archbishop sing TE DEUM, †  
 And all his clergy join in chorus  
 To celebrate their entry *glorious* ;  
 Most gen'rously bestow'd his sanction  
 Their sanguinary feats and pranks on ;  
 Highly professed himself delighted  
 Such Guests to entertain, invited  
 By 'mself, for joy at the transaction,  
 Whose blood resolv'd to liquefaction.  
 But, overacting *here* his part,  
 Zeal of discretion got the start ;  
 For soon as Royalty (half slain)  
 Had got upon his legs again,

---

“ *establish and consolidate our happiness.* St. Januarius, our pro-  
 “ *tector, rejoices* in their arrival. His blood miraculously liquified  
 “ *on the very evening of the entry of the Republican Troops.*”

† Delighted as their Saint and their Prelate might have been,  
 the Neapolitans in general must have felt this celebration rather a  
*Tedium* than a TE DEUM.

And of 'em made right application,  
 (Viz : kick'd out French Regeneration)  
 He vow'd he'd give to Saintly Sir  
 A Rowland for his Oliver :  
 Had him indicted, and to trial  
 Genariello and his Phial  
 Brought, as two trait'rous accessories  
 Of Gallic revolutionaries.  
 Consign'd 'em to *Furr'd Law-cats'* claws †  
 Who of deserting the good cause  
 And siding with the foe convicted  
 Them *Both* : the Saint they interdicted  
 From exercising any longer  
 His old trade of miracle-monger ;  
 And damn'd without commiseration, ‡  
 His BLOOD t' eternal congelation.

---

† See Rabelais' Account of "*Gripe-men-all and his Furr'd Law-Cats.*"

‡ *And damn'd without commiseration*

*His blood t' eternal congelation.*

"The liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood, (on the arrival of the

This Phial of Genariello  
(Which I'll maintain has not its fellow)

---

French,) having been fully ascertained, it was evident that the Saint was become the protector of the Neapolitan *Republic*. . . . . St. Januarius had favoured the republic ; that republic being now regarded as intolerably criminal, rendered the conduct of the Saint intolerable : he was judged conformably to the laws, was declared an accomplice of French Revolutionists, a deserter from the Good Cause. No Advocate dared undertake his defence. Attainted and convicted, the Judges declared him deposed from the honourable station which he had held. He was interdicted from working any new miracles ; his Blood, pronounced rebellious, was condemned to eternal congelation, and his Goods were confiscated to the King. . . . . A new patron of Naples was to be chosen in his stead. To recount the harangues delivered in favour of the Candidates would tire the reader. The choice fell on St. *Anthony* of Padua. He was proved to have evidently favoured the Monarchy, because the Royal Troops entered Naples on the 13th of June, the day consecrated to this Saint in the Roman Calendar. St. Anthony was therefore substituted for the *jacobin* Saint Januarius. The bells of all the Churches announced this interesting intelligence to the City of Naples ; while the thunder of *heretical* British canons promulged it around the neighbouring provinces." DESODOARD'S HIST. OF ITALY, v. ix. p. 141.

Because it has been damn'd, to Hell  
 Belongs of course, and will as well  
 Our end and purpose to the full  
 Answer, as Rheims' once fam'd Ampoule,  
 As for the Chrism — why bid him brew it,  
 Th' ARCH QUACK, § within the self-same cruet  
 Chief of his rev'rend turncoat clan,  
*Brays Vicar* Neapolitan,  
 Whose oscillating politics  
 Taught him these *hocus pocus* tricks.  
 Thus Mammon : Syrian ASHTAROTH †  
 Next rose, and lash'd his tail in wroth.

“ These honourable fiends intents  
 Th' Interest of my constituents  
 (Comprizing that respected set  
 Of devil's who drudge for Mahomet)

§ *The Arch Quack, &c.*

The Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, at whose *earnest intercession* the liquefaction took place, &c. &c.

† Ashtaroth said to be the same as Astartas or Astarte, but enumerated among the *Male Demons* in '*Le Diable Boiteux.*'

Would compromise : *their Craft's* in danger  
 Adopted if such projects strange are.

What ! on involuntary flight

Dispatch the Pope, like paper kite !

Raise from its base a Chapel volant

With half the conclave check by jowl in 't,

Like pendant cats on air balloon,

Sent missionaries to the moon !

Dead Januarius' blood no quarter

Allow, but make him twice a martyr !

His Saintship's consecrated Phial,

Because 't has undergone mock-trial,

A receptacle make of Chrism

FOR RENEGADE FROM ISLAMISM !

And send it an aërial journey, on

Purpose to gratify the Cynian !

Whose claim to honours of the first rate

Far be it yet from me to frustrate ;

Or derogate from Hero's worth

Whom, whether hum-drum folks of earth

Allow 't or not, more liberal Hell

Acknowledges *her Nonpareil* :

But 'tis the honour of the Koran  
 That I and my good friends set store on,  
 Which never can maintain its credit,  
 But will henceforth, by all who read it,  
 Be deemed less sacred and canonical  
 Than Robin Hood or Tyburn Chronicle,  
 If, with Ampulla charg'd, CHRIST'S VICAR  
 (Like tavern waiter, when fresh liquor  
 Is call'd for) should cry : " Coming, Sir!"  
 And all this spiritual stir  
 Be set on foot, and homage paid  
 To one who 's but (though first of his trade  
 He 'd pass for, stoutest too of stout hearts)  
 A Mussulman turn'd *wrong side outwards*.  
 For, with unblushing front of brass,  
 Though now he celebrates the Mass,  
 In Egypt and on Syrian coast  
 How loudly was he heard to boast  
 Himself the Prophet's right-hand man  
 Commission'd, since the world began,  
 To advocate *his* Faith, and please us  
 By trampling on the Cross of Jesus!

And was he not Islam's true Trojan  
*Self-dubb'd*, and turban'd theologian,  
 Who with his work went thorough stitch  
 To approve his tenets *mustimich*? §  
 Nay, did he not especial service  
 Render to Sherif, iman, dervice;  
 Who learn'd t' interpret with precision  
 The Koran from *his exposition* ‡  
 Pedagoguizing till their grim  
 Diván thought Mahomet by him

---

§ *Mustimich*, among the Mahometans, answers to "Orthodox."

‡ ————— to interpret with precision

*The Koran from his exposition.*

Bonaparte's French Biographer makes Suleiman, the Mufti, in his Conference with that Chief, which took place in the interior of the Pyramid aver, that he, Bonaparte had discoursed as one of the most erudite of their Mullahs.

And from the Paris Papers we were informed that, "at an assemblage of the Divan, he entered into theological discussions which astonished and convinced the Turks."

Might have been school'd, had he been there, as  
 He was by his Magister *Bayras*. §

If then, when he apostatizes,  
 His feints and tergiverse devices  
 Meet such remuneration ample,  
*Other* Mahometans th' example  
 Will follow of Imperial Trimmer,  
 Till faint the Crescent's ray shall glimmer,  
 Till Christians people Islam's borders,  
 And the Grand Seignior's self takes orders."

DAGON, at this address'd his peers :

" Away with these old woman's fears  
 Lest Pope and consecrated chrism  
 Downfall effect of Islamism,  
 If they're employed and call'd in aid  
 (As of base rags white paper's made)  
 To transmute recreant Musselman  
 To cath'lic Emperor spic and span !

§ *By his Magister Bayras.*

An heretic Jacobine, one of the Masters and particular friends of  
 Mahomet, whom he assisted in compiling his Alcoran.



Which must the cause of Mecca's Saint  
 Advance, not injure, I'll maintain 't.  
 For, when the *Head* 's compell'd to stoop,  
 Must not obsequious *Body* droop?  
 Now of the Church that Christian's hight,  
 (I mean the Old Magpye, and the right,  
 Rome's church, true, genuine, orthodox,  
 Not that Reform'd One (with a pox!)  
 O' the *Protestants*, which would Heav'n's wicket  
 Open without St. Peter's ticket;  
 A jade who lays claim to *more* grace,  
 Yet of her *Mother* flies i' the face,  
 Heretical and termagant,  
 Bade to reserve her wine, "I shan't"  
 Who cries, and circulates the Chalice,  
 As if she thought the church an alehouse,  
 Unlike Rome's godly Rechabite,  
 Who like a true, discreet, and right  
*Oinologist* scorns to go snacks  
 In 's draught with lay symposiacs:  
 But, from unhallow'd thirst lock'd up,  
 Wisely *reserves* the sacred cup.



Of this Old Christian Church aforesaid  
 His Holiness the Pope's, of course, head  
 And all o' the Catholic persuasion  
 The *Body*, form, or corporation,  
 This body's Head in elder days  
 Was wont to stand in 'ts proper place,  
 As high as if on top-most round  
 Of Jacob's ladder; Noddles crown'd  
 'T would curse, ban, excommunicate  
 If they presum'd to think or prate,  
 Or but a grain of common sense  
 Show'd in withholding Peter's pence,  
 Had not Pope Adrian i' the room  
 Of lacquey an Imperial Groom,  
 That reverently held his stirrup  
 While on his Mule climb'd Holy Sir up?†  
 How was Pope Celestine renown'd  
 Who with his feet an Emp'ror crown'd!

---

† *While on his mule climb'd Holy Sir up.*

Pope Adrian IV. an Englishman, forced Frederic the Emperor to hold his stirrup, and afterwards excommunicated him.

What time the Papal Genius pregnant  
 Promulg'd its "*Per Me Reges Regnant:*" ‡  
 "Kings, like Shrove Tuesday cocks, are gulls  
 "Whom I knock down with bans and bulls."  
 Then, as if Dogma for the nonce  
 Was made, the crown kick'd off his sconce.  
 Pope 'Nal, upon the prostrate neck  
 (So Jews serv'd kings of Amalek)  
 Of Royal Fred'ric set his foot,  
 Whom he maranathiz'd to boot. ||

When thus the Head of Church infallible  
 Made abject Sov'reign Princes swallow Bull;  
 Set realms to th' hazard like a rouleau;  
 And, with "*Sic jubeo! Sic volo!*"

---

‡ ————— *Per Me Regnes regnant.*

Pope Celestine III. put the Crown on the Emperor's head with his feet, and then struck it off again, exclaiming—

"*Per Me Reges regnant.*"

|| *Whom he maranathiz'd to boot.*

Pope Alexander III. excommunicated the Emperor, who afterwards prostrated himself while the Pope trod on his neck.

Ru'd them, as with a rod of Iron ;  
 And if they rantipole or shy ran,  
 Doom'd each to penance till a knave he  
 Confess'd himself, and cried " peccavi!"  
 Or made reluctant royal lips staves  
 Chaunt penitentiary; to tipstaffs  
 Ecclesiastical and stiff ones,  
 (His cowled *Agripparts* and *Griffons*) ‡  
 Gave them in charge, to papal bit  
 Who made their carnal wills submit.  
 Taught them to bow their flanks when bidden,  
 By WHORE OF BAB'LON to be ridden ;  
 To trudge o'er flint-stones without sandals ;  
 'Tend on *blind* Saints with lighted candles ;  
 Or stripp'd, and bade his *beadle* monks  
 Cat-o'-nine-titillate their trunks.  
 Exalted thus when Popish power  
 Had got the start of Babel's tower,

---

‡ *Agrippart and Griffon.*

The names of the Jewish constables who took the Apostles into custody when they were to be imprisoned—(in one of the *Dramatic Pieces of CHOQUET, a French Poet of the sixteenth century.*

And seem'd as if determin'd soon  
 To knock her pate against the moon,  
 As grew enormous *Head*, increas'd  
 The *Corporation* of the Beast;  
 With such increasing appetite,  
 That, like Behémoth's, to supply 't  
 Of thousand hills the produce vast  
 Would scarce suffice for a repast. ||  
 Then there was cause indeed to dread  
 That on the vitals she 'd have fed  
 Of other Churches, as huge Pike  
 Devours small tenants of the dyke.  
 That Tartar, Musselman, and Persian  
 Were within hair's breadth of conversion,

---

|| *Of thousand hills the produce vast*  
*Would scarce suffice for a repast.*

Rabbi Eliezer, and other Talmudist Doctors of the Jews, say that God created this great Beast, named Behémoth, the sixth day; and that he feeds upon a thousand hills in one day, the grass of which thousand hills grows up again during the night, that the waters of Jordan serve him for drink; and that he is appointed to make a great banquet for the just at the end of the world

That, proselytes to force or trick,  
 All sects had merg'd in Catholic;  
 As their identity drugs lose  
*Converted* to a doctor's dose.

But now is Popery sunk as low  
 As high it mounted long ago;  
 Depreciated, and under par,  
 Like Stock in Bankruptcies and war;  
 And in his Holiness's style  
 There 's *now* no fallacy or guile;  
 Who is, in truth, "*servus servorum*,"  
 As t' other Pontiff was, before him;  
 Servant of those who serve *our* Don,  
 The Emperor Napoleon:  
 For BERTHIER, Bonaparte's *Man*,  
 Enslav'd him in the Vatican;  
 Enlisted all his precious metals  
 In 's service, nay his pots and kettles, ‡

---

‡ ———— *nay his pots and kettles.*

See article "*Berthier*"—Revol. Plutarch, vol. iii.

His captive sent on sleeveless jaunts  
 With military miscreants,  
 Till Death, who felt for the old man some  
 Pity, at Valence paid his ransom : †

Nor waits Chiaromonti lesser  
 Indignity than 's predecessor.  
 From his reported contumacy  
 One might indeed conclude him crazy.  
 But soon for Paris he must start, or  
 He 'll find that he has caught a Tartar,  
 Who o'er his Holiness's ears  
 Will pull the gabardine he wears.

Then if the Head of Apostolic  
 Church, at the nod, caprice, or frolic  
 Of Fortune's Soldier, be expell'd  
 Like Sextus from his post, if held  
 So cheap that, when Imperial *Novice*  
 Is pleas'd to want a cast off 's office,

---

† Pius VI. harassed and broken-hearted by ill usage, died at Valence, August 19, 1799. See Desouoard's *Hist. d'Italie*, tom. 19, p. 125.

He must be ductile and compliant;  
 There 's reason to believe, rely on 't!  
 Papal Dominion 's in the wane.  
 In *commerce spiritual* 'tis plain,  
 That, when its FIRST CLERK fails, the firm  
 And trade approximates its term.  
 For though ducks, to catch water snails  
 Who merge their heads, turn up th' tails;  
 His triple crest when *Roman* Goose  
 Prostrates, his Body 's fall ensues:  
 Hence when his Holiness, turn'd greaser,  
 Shall run t' anoint our Cynian Cæsar,  
 Such derogatory behaviour  
 Must to his papal fold ill savour  
 Attach, as th' antients did to Jews,  
 Whom, says sagacious *Browne*, they accuse  
 Of *stinking* falsely: || and at large  
 Strives to perfume away the charge:  
 For which attempt especial grace  
 He gain'd and favour from Duke's Place;

---

|| See *Sir Thomas Browne's* "Vulgar Errors."



And fix'd his *credit, lucky dog!*  
 With Rabbies of the Synagogue.  
 But, to have done with Master Browne,—  
 'Tis likelier far from what 's laid down  
 That Catholics should Mass forswear,  
 Be circumcis'd, and turbans wear,  
 Than that Mahometans should chaffer  
*Their* Faith for consecrated wafer :  
 For when old house is falling—dunce  
 Must he be who to prop it runs :  
 But he 's more wit than some that crack on 't,  
 Who, for another, turns his back on 't.

But since there 's absolute occasion  
 That Bonaparte's Coronation  
 The Pope should grace, (as in court-roll,  
 'Mongst chamber-lords and grooms o' the stole,  
 As well as maids of honour blooming,  
 There must be *Necessary Woman* ||  
 Or all 's amiss) it rests with those,  
 Who scout the means that we propose

---

|| See Court Calendar.

As most expedient to convey  
 This Sacred Seer, to find some way  
 That 's pref'able: — Suppose they get  
 Their good old crony, Mahomet,  
 To lend his Holiness the BOURACQ: †  
 That trusty thousand mile an hour-hack,  
 Which carried him up to Heav'n's throne,  
 And in the same night brought him down.—  
 Then to accommodate the suite  
 That on the Pontiff tend, 't were meet  
 Of their spare imps the fleetest pack  
 Take each a Monk upon his back,  
 And Cardinals and Bishops horse all  
 With like accommodation dorsal.  
 But *these* their mitres, copes, and rochets  
 May leave, or put 'em in their pockets:  
 Such trappings let them lay aside,  
 And, a *l'Anglaise*, a garb provide  
 Succinct;—they 'll fly genteeler for 't,  
 Caparison'd in CASSOC SHORT;

---

† The *Bouracq*, an animal less than a mule, and larger than an  
 ass, sent, by God, to carry Mahomet to Heaven.

(That rev'rend *Cestus* which confers  
 Grace on ecclesiastic Sirs ‡  
 And consequence where erst was none,  
 And serves more purposes than one. || )  
 As dignitaries, from the forge  
 Red hot, (whom Congé of King George,  
 Of Pedagogues as stiff as stakes,  
 Deans and right-reverend Bishops makes)  
 Travel St. James's Street accoutred ;  
 To show, by this decorous outward

‡ *That rev'rend Cestus, &c.*

From the indescribable *Grace* and *Ease* which not a few of our newly-created Dignitaries display on *investing themselves* with the *Short Cassoc*, the happy invention of this *charming* ecclesiastical embellishment is thought to have been first suggested by the *Cestus* of the Paphian Goddess.

|| *And serves more purposes than one.*

A reverend, and economical Dignitary, in the neighbourhood of Hatton-Street, has, not unfrequently, availed himself of the mysterious and accommodating veil of his *Short Cassoc* for the concealment of half a dozen *Flounders*, which he carried home from Fleetmarket for his supper.

Habiliment which marks their clan,  
 Th' humility of inward man.  
 Then, whilst the turnpike roads of sky  
 Are throng'd with papal *Rookery*  
 Good folks below, who are not able  
 Aught o'er their heads to see but sable,  
 Will fear that strange Eclipse renew'd,  
 Which (*say the learned*) Afric's brood  
 Occasion'd, who, in elder time,  
 Came flying from their torrid clime  
 To carry off all termagants;  
 Grandams, maids, widows, wives, and aunts, †  
 On pilgrimage (a thundering host)  
 To the Old Jewry on the coast  
 Of Syrians, who esteem'd the jades  
 A sorer curse than the *Crusades*.

As wound up his oration Dagon  
 Discussion paus'd: when thus th' OLD DRAGON:

---

† *Grandams, maids, widows, wives, and aunts.*

The precise æra of this *memorable* Eclipse cannot now be ascertained, but it was recorded in an antient Ballad, of which I retain only the delicate *Morceau* which formed its burden or chorus. This is here

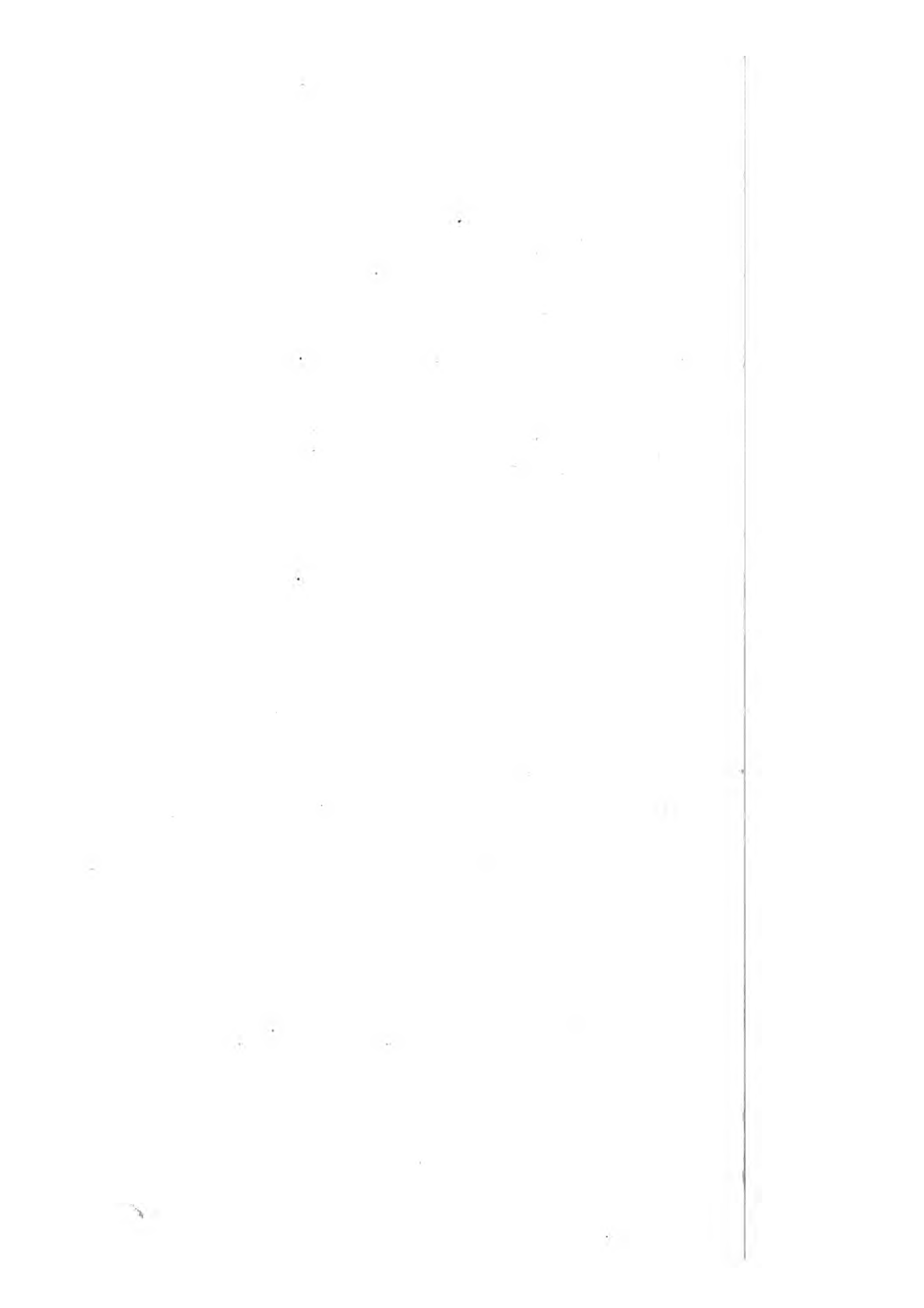
" You point out ways and means enough  
 To bring the Pope, but all too rough :  
 Betwixt us and the Holy See  
 League of good will and amity  
 Has been establish'd of old date ;  
 And though this pontiff, and the late,  
 Have somewhat too much ceremony  
 And distance shewn to Rome's *Old Crony*,  
 Still must we cherish a connection  
 Founded on int'rest and affection,  
 Much we respect the Papal Stock,  
 And to that Apostolick Rock  
 Indebted stand for wreck of Souls  
 On our infernal coast by shoals,

---

presented to the reader as it was chaunted, in the Author's hearing, by the late venerable Dr. MOUNSEY to a company of *ladies*.

" For to fetch the Old Women,  
 " All scolding and screaming,  
 " The Blacks they will come,  
 " And they 'll tickle their B——  
 " And carry 'em away to JERUSALEM."

As much as ever Cornish man did  
 To Scilly rocks for vessels stranded.  
 Wherefore, to cut the matter short,  
 OURSELF will to the Pope resort ;  
 Not doubting but the strong persuasion  
 Which we shall use on the occasion  
 Will work, with potency like drastic  
 Jalap, on Seer ecclesiastic :  
 But should it fail us, at the worst,  
 Our irresistible “ *Needs Must*”  
 (Arg’mentum demoniacum  
 More efficacious than guaiacum)  
 T’ effect our purpose we ’ll employ ;  
 And make infallible Old Boy  
 Uncion bestow and consecration  
 On Emp’ror of *our own creation*.  
 By Father of church universal  
 Sanction’d, our Hero grumbling curs all,  
 Who ’ve held his title in derision,  
 Shall muzzle by divine commission :  
 And He may say, whom crown’d the Pope has,  
 IAM FINIS CORONAVIT OPUS !



---

CANTO V.  
CONSISTING OF A  
CONFERENCE  
BETWEEN THE  
*POPE AND THE DEVIL,*  
ON HIS HOLINESS'S JOURNEY TO PARIS.

---

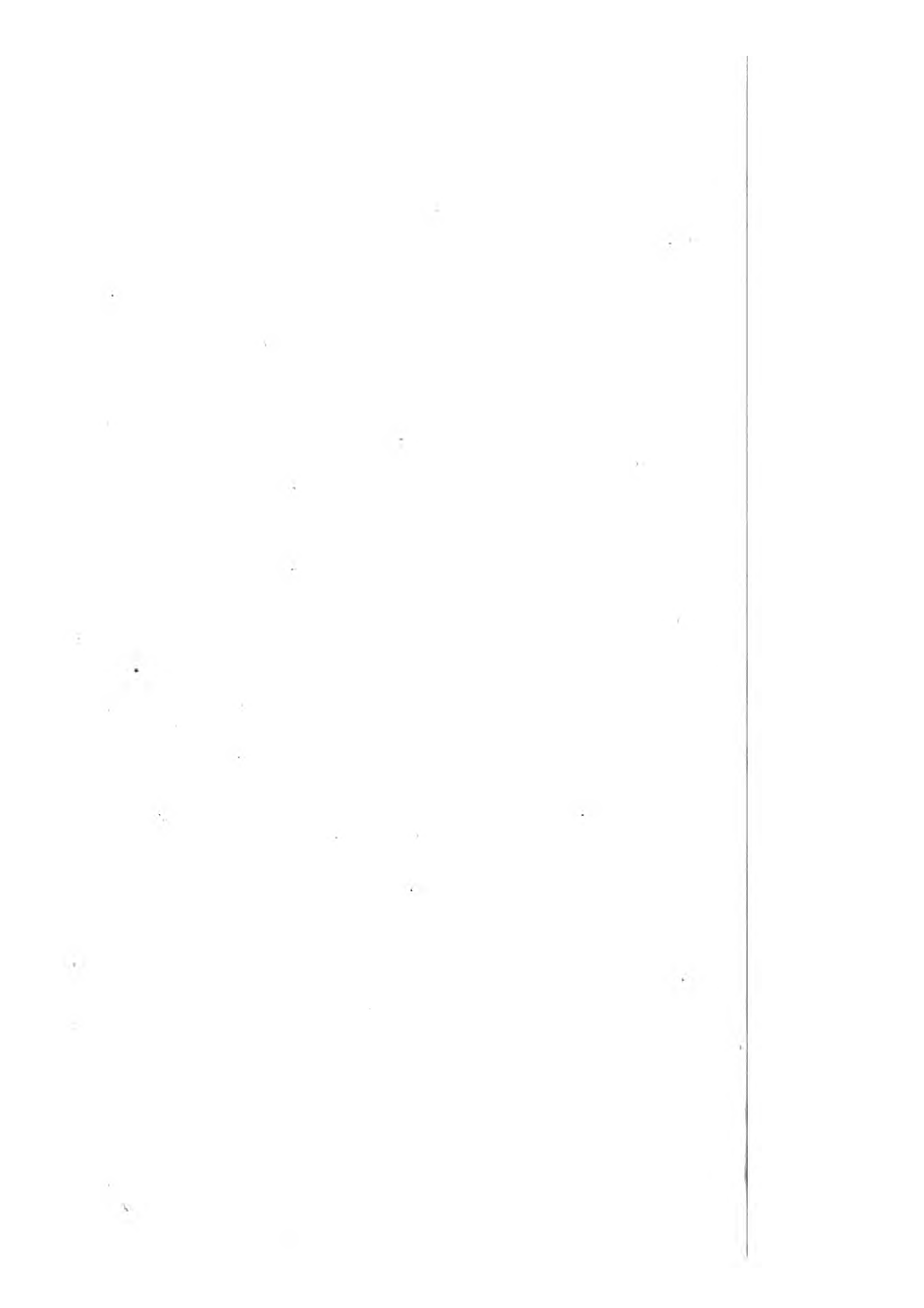
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The POPE, *in his Pontificalibus.*

The DEVIL, *booted and spurred.*

*Porter, &c.*





---

---

CANTO V.

*A Conference between the POPE and the DEVIL, &c.*



SCENE.

THE VATICAN.

SATAN.

HE, who 's disposed for easy jaunt,  
'Twixt Hell and Church *cucullitant*  
Should travel; highway better beaten  
I've never trod.—So, now for greeting  
Pontifical!—Cronies, of Rome,  
Is OLD INFALLIBLE at home?

PORTER.

Who makes this thund'ring at the gate?  
Sure 'tis *the Devil's Advocate*.†

---

† ——— *The Devil's Advocate.*

It is the business of the noisy Officer of the Romish Court, termed *the Devil's Advocate*, to rail against, and impeach the characters of deceased persons proposed as proper subjects for Canonization,

SATAN.

No! HE's, *in person*, hither come.

PORTER.

Is he? He shan't want elbow room!

[Porter *runs off, crying, the Devil! the Devil!!!*

*Enter the POPE.*

SATAN.

Your blessing! venerable Dad!

POPE.

Bless *You!*

SATAN.

You may bless ONE AS BAD  
Ere long.

POPE.

Why, how now! whither gone is  
My Master of the Ceremonies?  
That I'm by an ill-favoured stranger  
Intruded on?—I doubt some danger  
Threatens my state or safety near!!

SATAN.

Your Holiness has nought to fear:

I'm the Pope's honest friend ; in proof,  
Order a boot-jack, and my hoof  
I'll shew you in a crack : here 'tis !

POPE.

What, Nick !!—I for French Bishop's phiz,  
Of their *new hierarchy* mistook yours.—

SATAN.

That's a fine compliment, Gad zookers !  
I see you're not dispos'd to flatter.

POPE.

But from your fire-side what's the matter  
That brings you here I can't divine.

SATAN.

Why, there's a *protegé* of mine,  
A jack of all trades, who his coat has  
As often chang'd as pagan Proteus :  
His Sov'reign's bounty rear'd the brat,  
First Loyalist, then Democrat,  
Zealot of Jacobinic band,  
*Tergiverse* Leader, Consul Grand,  
Votary of Mahomet, and Christ,  
As either to his Mill brings grist,

Of France exotic Emp'ror :

Yet, with all these, one title more

He wants, and by your help must gain 't;

So make him, if you please, a SAINT,

'Tis but a small desideratum ;

I beg you'll go and consecrate him !

If You'll officiate, *I'll cry " Amen."*

Your book of choice receipts examine,

For Rheims' Ampulla's crack'd and drain'd

Of all the Chrism that it contain'd ;

That is to say, " the fat 's i' the fire :"

Ergo, 'tis meet, most rev'rend Sire !

That you, with aid of Card'nals Fesch,

And Maury, toss us up some fresh.

You, to whom three fam'd *Colnebrook Coqui*

Were scullions, (trust me I don't mock ye,)

For well you know *divine* Appointment

Ratification lacks of Ointment ;

Yet *squinting* HERETIC averr'd

" A good name was to be preferr'd : " †

Now, though my Emp'ror half a million  
 Of names has got, like old Castilian;  
 'Tis true as strange, in the whole set  
 There is not found a *good name* yet;  
 But, if the Ointment you'll dispense,  
 Good name he'll get of consequence.

## POPE.

I've had an *Invitation Ticket*,  
 But should I go t' anoint the wicked,  
 While I the sacred unction shed,  
 Will it by Scoffers not be said,  
 That HOLY CHURCH *legitimates*  
 All roguery which success awaits?  
 Sanctions that *monstrous* Usurpation  
 Which set the seal to confiscation  
 Of her domains, and fights the battles  
 Of those who stole her goods and chattels.†

“ A good name,” says *Dr. Squintum*, “ is better than a Gallipot  
 “ of Ointment.” *Mrs. Cole*—FOOTE'S MINOR.

† Le Saint Père répand à pleines mains ses bénédictions les plus  
 abondantes sur l'Usurpateur du trône des Bourbons, *sanctionne la*

Has not *your* Emp'ror now at home  
 (Thanks to French burglars at Rome)  
 Statues unique, and paintings fine,  
 To deck his palace, stol'n from mine?  
 Is not on wrong the greatness built  
 Of this monopolist in guilt?  
 Besides, can you expect that I, Sir  
 Devil! should crown apostatizer?  
 One who has trampled on the Cross;  
 I would as soon anoint a horse!  
 Or consecrate from Coast of Guinea,  
 A royal tiger or hyena!

SATAN.

Soft and fair, Pontiff! why so hot?  
 Have you the CONCORDAT forgot?

---

*confiscation des biens de l'Eglise.* Que dis-je! il accorde absolution plénière aux détenteurs des domaines des familles émigrées, ainsi qu'au gouvernement qui retient les forêts et les canaux des familles amnistées. Le successeur des Apôtres autorise les receleurs de ce triple vol à le conserver sans remords, et proclame ainsi, autant qu'il est en lui, que *le succès des grands crimes suffit pour les légitimer sur la terre, et dans le ciel.*

D'IVERNOIS RECETTES EXTER. 1805, p. 210.

You mount upon the high ropes, Holy One !  
 And prate like any rigmarolian :  
 Abridge that longitude of face !  
 Napoleon's *now* a *Babe of Grace*.  
 Nay, though it comes from Me, depend  
 Upon the fact : he's gain'd his end.  
 Thron'd in imperial state sublime,  
 The stilts on which he reach'd it, Crime,  
 He'll lay aside, he says : ne'er fear him !  
 Go, for 'twill do you good to hear him,  
 With visage starch and grim, assure ye,  
 Like Porcine Convert, "*Epicuri*  
 "*De grege,*" who's renounc'd his kin,  
 And turn'd his bristles outside in,  
 To hear this Mussul-papist swear he  
 Will now "*retrosum vela dare,*"  
 Throw Bunyan's burden ‡ from his back,  
 And stand upon the Christian tack.

---

‡ *Burden of his Sins* : laid on the shoulders of "*Christian.*"—  
 (*J. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*)



To this he's pledg'd his faith imperial,  
 And well you know the *raw material*  
 Of which all modern Saints are made :  
 'Tis out of *Sinner*, who, in 's trade,  
 Has kept a swinging wholesale warehouse,  
 As *Cyrmian BANTUM*'s done at Paris,  
 Beside the Tibur too, and Nile ;  
 Ay, and where e'er 'twas worth his while.  
 At what I say You seem to stare,  
 But deem not such conversion rare.  
 Could you in English tabernacle  
 Hear puritanic wild-geese cackle,  
 Where, though they've ne'er a bell to ring,  
 By harping always on this string,  
 " That Grace loves best to work upon  
 " Sinners gigantic and o'ergrown :"  
 Such flocks of blackbirds to *their* perches,  
 They lure, and so exhaust the Churches,  
 That you might liken Sermon *there* to  
*Voci clamantis in deserto*,  
 Let prudence then allay your courage ;  
 And with discretion salt your porridge.

Be a good Pope! anoint my Pet!  
 But, take a friend's advice! Forget  
 To touch upon "Church goods confiscate."  
 That is a *tender* point — don't risk it!  
 For, as each black sheep in my pale  
 Is known by cloven foot and tail:  
 So ev'ry Saintly palm you'll find  
 With glue and pitch and birdlime lined.  
 And newest Saint knows best to trick ye;  
 You'll always feel *his* palm most sticky.  
 Chattels and coin of friend or foe  
 To grasp, and never let it go.  
 As for *your sealing* confiscation  
 By Uncction and Inauguration —  
 Can all the brains in papal scull  
 One act of Saintly theft annul?  
 Whether you 'noint, then, or refrain,  
 The man won't have his mare again;  
 And Church's alienated acres  
 Try how you will, you'll never make yours.

POPE.

I fear you're in the right. If so,  
 There's the less reason I should go:  
 Nor will compliance with his whim  
 For aught I know serve me or him.

SATAN.

Nay, now you shoot beyond the mark:  
 How it will serve *imperial* spark  
 Your Holiness may clearly see, as  
 Hornbeeck you've read who cites Andréas†  
 To shew (the Dutchman's tale were strange else)  
 What in Arabian Creed the angels  
 Are said t'have done for Mahomet:  
 How on a mountain's top they set  
 The Prophet, clove his belly open,  
 Then wash'd his chitterlings soft soap in,

---

† *John Hoornbeeck*, an eminent Dutch divine and critic of the seventeenth century, gives us this relation; and, for his authorities, cites the first chapter of "*Confus. Sect. Mohammed:*" by John Andreas of Xativa in Valencia, and the "*Alcoranum Germanicum.*" c. 4.

'Till whiter than the driven snow  
 They'd bleach'd 'em:—after which, you know  
 They took out of his heart th' infernal  
*Black drop*, or diabolic kernel  
 That makes most men besides on a level  
 In rogu'ry with ourself, the devil.  
 They did this when he was a chit  
 Of four years old, to make him fit  
 To prophecy and legislate  
 For Saracenic church and state ;  
 And domineer till half the world  
 Crouch'd when his banner he unfurl'd :  
 Now, what *they* did for Mecca's baby,  
 You, if you'll take the trouble, may, by  
 Pontifical address and art,  
 Do for Napoleon Bonapart'.  
 Nay, you'll do more, because *that* Hop-  
 O'-my-thumb had but a single drop  
 Of the black fluid in his heart,  
 Of which our Emp'ror's holds a quart,  
 Which you'll express and wring out *statim*  
 If you'll but go and consecrate him :

Or, what as well will turn t' account,  
 Good Catholics shall swear you've don't  
 Soon as this consecration *game*  
 They've seen you play at Notre Dame.  
 Then for *Yourself*: — Though positive  
 Advantage hence you'll scarce derive,  
 Yet, for this touch of Rome's old trade,  
 You'll still be *negatively* paid.

My meaning is, you'll be no worse:  
 Than you are now; for in your purse  
 While you've a stiver left to lose,  
 Hang me if I'd be in your shoes  
 In case you're stubborn, or delay to  
 Accommodate my Desperado!  
 Have you ne'er heard what that tart Dame  
 Queen Bess to Bishop — what's his name —  
 Wrote: "Bow, proud Prelate! to my nod,  
 "Or I'll un-frock you, else, by —!"  
 Her menace, if his will's withstood,  
 Napoleon shall on you make good.

POPE.

Must I debase St. Peter's chair?  
 Would I had ne'er been seated there!

Had I not better to a cloyster  
 Bétake myself than crown this royster?  
 Than prostitute my sacred station  
 By such unheard of degradation;  
 And, like the one-ey'd Carthaginian,  
 Whose fate declaims scholastic ninny on,  
 Scout o'er the Alps, your Emp'ror's call at,  
 To be the subject of a ballad? ||

SATAN.

Talk you of Hero with one eye,  
 Why where is your philosophy?  
 How the world wags if you can't find  
 Not one-ey'd must You be, but *blind*.  
 There is, in the affairs of men,  
 A tide, Will Shakespeare says —

|| *To be the subject of a ballad.*

Expende Hannibalem!

O qualis facies et quali digna tabella.

Cum gætula Ducem portaret bellua luscum.

— I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,

Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias!

POPE.

What then ?

SATAN.

Why then he needs must be a sot or  
 Mad who thinks always 'tis high water.  
 'Twas papal *spring-tide* long ago :  
 Now current Catholic runs low.  
 What makes your rev'rence kick and wince is  
 This,—to your predecessors princes  
 Were abject homage wont to pay,  
 But ev'ry Dog must have his day :  
 Dog-pontiffs held, of yore, their stations  
 Above the clouds, like constellations.  
 And kings look'd up to them — to stars  
 That manage astrologic farce,  
 As conj'rors look'd — 'Twas fortune's fun, §  
 Whose wheel has its full circle run ;

---

§ *As Conj'rors look'd — 'twas Fortune's fun.*

Quoties voluit Fortuna jocari — JUVEN.

“ The Wheel has run full circle, I am here.” — EDMUND IN LEAR.

And now Dog-monarchs, got to th' zenith,  
 Contemptuous eye Dog-pontiffs béneath,  
 Pontiffs or princes, high or low,  
 I' the catalogue for Dogs ye go †  
 And half as honest as that race  
 Were you, like statesman out of place  
 With nobody I might retire  
 Except myself to stir my fire.

But to the point — Not quite so bad  
 Are things as you describe 'em, Dad!  
 Nor degradation to th' extent  
 That parallel or precedent  
 Excludes, is this to which 'tis fit  
 With a good grace that you submit.

† *In th' Catalogue for Dogs ye go.*

Ay, in the Catalogue ye go for men  
 As hounds and grey-hounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
 Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clep'd  
 All by the name of DOGS.

MACBETH.



Was it not one of your own cloth who  
 'Nointed and crown'd the Emp'ror Otho? §  
 Did not his namesake at the feet  
 His KEYS yield up of Charles the Great,  
 And Rome's immunities? though tail  
 Of Pope for that default gave bail, †  
 Aye and a scruple more o' the small cat-  
 O-nine-tails got than goes to a Malcad; ‡  
 Yet not so much as Brat of mine  
 Whom that *behind door-made* Divine ||

---

§ Pope Leo VIII.

† ————*Though tail*  
*Of Pope for that default gave bail.*

Pope Leo III. whom his subjects the Romans, for his servility,  
 pulled off his horse and flogged.

‡ Discipline of thirty-seven stripes, termed '*Malcad*,' which cer-  
 tain Jews inflict on themselves, on the eve of their '*Roschahana*,' or  
 Holy Observance of the beginning of the Year.

|| *That behind door made Divine.*

For his introduction to the world this Great Divine (as it appears

Exorcis'd *birchically*, flogging  
 Imp for three days to send him jogging,  
 (Who cried, and curs'd, and bawl'd, and bann'd  
 At breech-work so long time in hand ;  
 And swore in mastigeusian office  
 Theodore was but flogster novice,  
 Usurping antient Pedagogue's  
 Sole province of untrussing brogues. §)

---

from the narrative accompanying the next note) was indebted to the *kind* exertions of that description of persons whom Butler terms

———— Lovers solacing behind doors.

§ ————— *Antient pedagogues*

*Sole Province of untrussing brogues.*

The subjoined detail will serve to illustrate a point which may not be perhaps so well known to Protestant as to Catholic Readers, viz. the extreme sensibility of the Infernals on the point of Honour, here exemplified in an Urchin-devil, who, after three days flagellation, was so hurt at the *indignity only* of having been flogged by a *Young Saint* instead of an *Old One*, and at the circumstance, (no very unnatural one) of the Saint's Mother having been more fond of multiplying Saints, than of following their calling herself, that he did not

You, if you're restive, something worse can  
 Befall. That Benedict the Tuscan

---

dare to return to the family fire-side, and look his Devil-dad in the face.

“ Post sanctam Paschæ celebritatem quidam homo tulit ad eum (S. Theodorum) quodam die filium unicum a spiritu immundo vexatum et fide ductus, orabat sanctum puerum Theodorum ut filiolum suum curaret. Verum ipse nesciebat quid ei faceret, sed excusabat se quod esset juvenis. Pater autem illius vexati lacrymans, dedit illi flagellum et dixit. Hoc accipe, Domine mi, serve Dei! et minans filio meo percute illum, dicens: “ Exi, exi, spiritus immunde, ab hoc puero, in nomine Domini mei!” Fecit ut erat edoctus, sanctus Theodorus: et turbatus Dæmon cæpit eum irridere, et tanquam insanum predicare: et si quid ab illo audiebat idem ille resonabat: et bidui spatio nihil illi respondit. Tertio autem die idem puero fecit Christi puer Theodorus. Tunc Demon rursus commotus, cæpit vociferari Exeo puer, exeo! nec amplius resisto. Da mihi horam! Illo autem ad altare ascendente Dæmon clamavit ad hunc modum; O magna vis Nazaræi! haec adversum nos excitantis. Ex quo enim in terram descendit, homines in nos armavit; et nunc *Scorti filio* concessit ejiciendi nos potestatem! Heu mihi misero, a quo puero expellor? Neque enim gratiam illi e cælo demissam ferre possum. Magna naturæ nostræ ab hoc **MERETRICIS FILIO** calamitas imminet, Multos enim e nostro grege ex hominibus extrudet. Doleo autem

Crown'd Emp'ror Henry's jobberknol  
 WE know who lent that Pope the coal-  
 Black colt, out of the Night-mare got,  
 On which he oft was seen to trot  
 After his spiritualization,  
 Like Vicar bound to Visitation. †  
 These precedents pontifical t' ye  
 Adduc'd — Say where's the difficulty?

POPE.

Why, Satan! *lawful kings* t' anoint  
 And consecrate 's no case in point.  
 Yours is an Emp'ror green and raw,  
 Who's stamp'd himself so by club law;

---

quod *hic* in me exercet imperium: nec audeo redire ad *patrem*  
*meum diabolum* cum a *tali puero* sim expulsus. Nam *si id mihi a*  
*Sene aliquo contigisset* haud ita magnum dedecus arbitrarer. Exe-  
 cranda dies in quogenitus es! &c."

*Vita S. Patris Nost. Theodori Ex. Sanct. Hist. v. ii. p. 732.*

† Pope Benedict VIII. — a Tuscan, (said to have been seen on a  
 black horse after he was dead) crowned the Emperor Henry.

To royalty was ne'er bound 'prentice  
 But 's made as "*pueri ludentes*  
*Rex eris aiunt*" — when, i' their tricks, it  
 For pastime serves, by ipse dixit  
 Of's own and royaliz'd himself  
 With diadem stol'n from the shelf  
 Of Bourbon's closet, though in splendor  
 Regal array'd he's but pretender : —  
 Would not anointing be a flam  
 Of EMPEROR SHAM-ABRAHAM ?

SATAN.

Yet a fam'd Rabbin (and I hope  
 A Rabbin is as good as Pope  
 Or was, though no disparagement  
 I mean to offer) was content  
 T' anoint a charlatan as hé base  
 Known by the name of *Barchochebas*  
 A captain, like Napoleon, fierce  
 And fam'd for bloody massacres :  
 Nay, 'nointed him as the Messias,  
 And thought he'd done an action pious. †

---

† *And thought he'd done an action pious.*

Fill a whole volume would the fame  
 O' the Rabbin 'AKIBA,' his name,  
 Alias 'Sethumtäah.' Jews hail him  
 As fountain head *Legem Oralem*  
 Whence they derive, which (with civility  
 I say't) to your infallibility  
 To cry hail fellow ! has fair claim :  
 Deep lucubrations of this same  
 Hebréan I could quote you — was it  
 Not he who on the water-closet  
 Expatiated ? — who steer'd the rump has  
 To favourable point o' the compass ?  
 Instructed folks *sinistrâ manu*  
*Abstergere* ? — And yet complain you

---

*Akiba*, a famous and learned Rabbin, who flourished after the destruction of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus. He had twenty-four thousand scholars. He declared for the Impostor Barchochebas, and maintained that these words of Balaam, 'A star shall come out of Jacob,' were to be understood of him. (*Barchochebas* signifies in Hebrew, 'Son of the Star.') He was not content to anoint him, but would be his Equerry. The Jews under the conduct of Barchochebas committed horrible massacres.

Of 'nointing knave (with shameless front)  
 When such a *great* DIVINE has done 't? †  
 Speed then the work which to discharge  
 You 're call'd on—I could show at large  
 Though things run counter and perverse,  
 That 's not so bad which might be worse;  
 Prolix and periphrastic stuff  
 I hate — one word to th' point 's enough.  
 Your Holiness's *hands* are tied  
 By Emp'ror yet unsanctified;  
 But for your *neck*, I fain would save it  
 From gripe profane of hempen cravat.

---

† With respect to this learned Rabbin's lucubrations, they may best (as Bayle has observed) be mentioned in Latin.

Dixit R. Akiba, "Ingressus sum aliquando post Rabbi Josuam in sedis secretæ locum, et tria ab eo didici. Didici 1. quod, non versus Orientem et Occidentem, sed versus Septentrionem et Austrum convertere nos debeamus. Didici 2. quod, non in pedes erectum, sed jam consistentem se retegere liceat. Didici 3. quod podex non dextrâ, sed sinistrâ manu abstergendus sit."

Rabelais must have availed himself of this learned Rabbin's experience when he wrote his chapter on Torche-culs.

Yet, to this call if you 're obdurate,  
 Hell keeps no office to insure it :  
 Nor would your reign, by hangman ended,  
 Exit afford unprecedented.  
 So Benedict the Sixth was fated  
 To Heav'nly See to be translated ;  
 He whom fierce Cintius, once his vassal,  
 Strangled in Angelo's proud castle. †  
 O how would UNCLE FESCH be shock'd  
 Should thus *your* vital twine be dock'd !  
 Nor would kind-hearted Card'nal MAURI,  
 I'll warrant, be a whit less sorry :  
 'T would to Napoleon too be shocking  
 To make, of one or t' other *Coquin*,  
 Your worthy successor and proxy :  
 Whilst you, in all your orthodoxy  
 Array'd (like Solomon in 's glory)  
 Had reach'd celestial Attic Story

---

† Pope Benedict VI. was deposed, imprisoned, and strangled in  
 the Castle of St. Angelo by Cintius, a potent citizen of Rome.



Whence to look down must be delicious  
 On knaves at strife for loaves and fishes.  
 How like you, Pope! such splendid scenery?

POPE.

So well that for an Irish Deanery  
 The Papacy I'd freely barter :  
 But I've no mind to be a martyr.  
 Your force of argument I feel ;  
 And think your diabolic zeal  
 Proves you *my friend* for else, I query  
*Liceat ab hoste an doceri?*  
 But since we have command express  
 Of Mammon of unrighteousness  
 To make us friends, who then can blame one  
 Who Lucifer, as well as Mammon,  
 Has made a friend of, and may crow,  
 Because he has *two strings* to 's bow.  
 Across the Alps without delay  
 I'll beat my march.

SATAN.

To smooth your way  
 I (who, of yore, Samaritan Seer's  
 T' inveigle Ahab and his peers

'T' engage in mortal enterprize  
 Instructed with false prophecies)  
 Converted have the Gallic host  
 Of clergy into knights o' the post  
 Sworn to wash Bonaparte white,  
 As if he were Angel of light  
 " *He 's pure* " they swear and " *faultshas none ;* "  
 No spots allow in Corsic Sun  
 Which mortal vision can find out ;  
 Announce him " *merciful as stout,*  
 " *An ornament of human nature,*  
 " *Europe's benign Pacificator,*  
 " *Of Christ's Church Militant the Grand*  
 " *Captain, and Man of God's right hand.* "  
 Nay such is the mendacity  
 Of that Ecclesiastic fry  
 They 'll (for I know their forte full well)  
 Scarce leave a lie for *you* to tell :  
 Therefore the more you have to use on  
 Valedictorial ALLOCUTION ;  
 Which must, to make it palatable,  
 Florid embellishments and fable

Contain, and with choice terms be spic'd.  
 Talk of "*Your dearest Son in Christ*  
 NAPOLEON (*anxious for salvation*  
*Of his lov'd Children the French Nation,*)  
 Whose faith and hope on Peter's Rock  
 Is anchor'd, prime tup of your flock!  
 Who is *resolv'd to live and die*  
*True Son o' the Church and hierarchy*  
*Cath'lic and Apostolical;*  
*Th' int'rest of which is all in all,*  
 And *the whole cause and sole* has been  
 That you commence like Sheba's Queen  
 This hopeful evangelic journey on  
 Account of SOLOMON the *Cyrnian!*  
 That you 've *great hopes* when FACE TO FACE  
 You speak with him you shall find grace  
 In 's sight—and, when your papal nose is  
 Laid alongside of his proboscis,  
 His wisdom and your zeal may squeeze  
 From both (like maggots out of cheese)  
 Effects of special likelihood  
*To aggrandize the Church's Good;*

(Rome's Church I mean, the only ark  
 In which, you know, th' Elect embark)  
 That 'nointing *Corsi-Christian* Turk  
 Perfectionates Religion's work—  
 That you and Red-Caps of your train  
 This spic and span-new Charlemagne  
 (That has turn'd Europe upside down)  
 Who go to consecrate and crown,  
 If none applaud you—happy elves!  
 At least will gratulate yourselves  
 (*As, in old fable, did the Crane*  
*When bone that stuck in Wolf's red lane*  
*Chirurgically out she drew,*  
*That he 'd not bit her neck in two*)  
 When you 've escap'd Parisian gins  
 And Rome revisit in whole skins. [Exit POPE

SATAN.

He 's gone! and, if he 's true to his text,  
 I 'll make Him consecrate ME next.

[SATAN vaults upon the Night Mare, and canters up the chimney to the tunes of "Ca Ira," and "Lillibulero," played both at the same time.]

## NOTES OMITTED.

Page 10.

————— *Judge Jeffreys presbyterian*  
*Forty miles off could smell.*

DUNTON says in his *panegyric on Jeffreys*, "Judge Jeffreys had  
 " a NOSE fit for the great service of destroying Schismatics: for he  
 " told the grand jury, at Taunton, that he could smell a presbyte-  
 " rian forty miles."

Page 128.

*Ague-pellent Abracadabras.*

*Abracadabra*, a word written on any thing that is worn as a Charm  
 to drive away the Ague, or other complaint. It is derived from

Αβρασαξ,

a name by which Basilides, the Egyptian heretic, defined the  
 Deity. As the letters of which it is composed imply '365,' the  
 number of days in the year.

Page 160.

————— *Cassoc Short,*  
*That rev'rend Cestus which confers*  
*Grace on ecclesiastic Sirs.*

Oxonians well remember a learned Professor and Orientalist,  
 whom the exuberant accommodation of his SHORT CASSOC pre-  
 cluded from the necessity of wearing his breeches during the sum-  
 mer months.

But it must be noted, for the honour, and for the orthodoxy of  
 this venerable Sans-culotte, that HIS Cassoc was *shortened* by  
 Time and hard service, and not by any *heathenish* propensity  
 which he indulged of sacrificing to the GRACES.

---



---

## GENERAL INDEX.

A	Page.
<i>ABRACADABRA</i> , its derivation . . . . .	194
<i>Address, French Senate's</i> , a signal for others . . . . .	89
<i>Adoni-bezek</i> . . . . .	93
<i>Adulation-Posset</i> , longed for by the First Consul . . . . .	41
——— of Bonaparte, Mayor of Rouen's, impious . <i>note</i>	71
<i>Agrippa</i> , Cornelius, his Dog-Devil . . . . .	43
<i>Agrippart and Griffon</i> , Jewish Constables . . . . .	153
<i>Akiba</i> Rabbin, anoints the impostor Barchochebas . . . . .	186
——— his deep lucubrations on the water-closet . . . . .	187
<i>Angels</i> , what they did for Mahomet . . . . .	176
<i>Anthem</i> , the Bellows-blower plays it and not the Organist . . . . .	6
<i>Appointment</i> divine lacks ratification of ointment . . . . .	170
<i>Archbishop</i> of Naples, his advertisement . . . . .	141
<i>Arch-marauder</i> will give stability to Plunder . . . . .	78
<i>Argumentum demoniacum</i> , its efficacy . . . . .	163

### B

<i>Bards</i> look through the exterior of things . . . . .	5
<i>Bassora</i> , Prince of his heavenly Bank . . . . . <i>note</i>	123
<i>Bayras</i> , Mahomet's Instructor . . . . .	149
<i>Beards</i> of Capuchin and St. Francis . . . . . <i>note</i>	27
<i>Bed</i> of Ware . . . . .	36
<i>Beer</i> , crimson-beaked man of . . . . .	15
<i>Behemoth</i> , Rabbi Eliezer's account of . . . . . <i>note</i>	154
<i>Bel and Nebo</i> , the true object of the worship paid them . . . . .	47
<i>Bess</i> , Queen, what she wrote to a Bishop . . . . .	178

<i>Biagio</i> of Cesenna, how treated by M. A. Buonarotti . . .	127
<i>Blatant Beast</i> with bells on his neck . . . . .	78
<i>Blood</i> , Liquefaction of St. Januarius's . . . . .	140
<i>Bonaparte</i> , "God created him and rested from his labours" . note	29
—— his vast claims on the infernal state . . . . .	17
—— prime mortal minister of the Prince of Air . . .	<i>ib.</i>
—— Napoleon must be Emperor . . . . .	76
<i>Book</i> , its rind and cover by whom regarded . . . . .	4
<i>Bouracq</i> , Mahomet to lend the Pope . . . . .	159
<i>Brat</i> , Satan's, his three days flogging . . . . .	183
<i>Bray</i> , Neapolitan Vicar of . . . . .	145
<i>Breeches</i> , Colonel Cracherodes old leathern . . . . .	58
<i>Bull</i> and Pardon-Securities how estimable . . . . .	129
<i>Bunyan's</i> burden . . . . .	173
<i>Burglarers</i> , French military . . . . .	81

## C

<i>Canto I.</i> Argument of . . . . .	1
—— II. Argument of . . . . .	39
—— III. Argument of . . . . .	86
—— IV. Argument of . . . . .	117
—— V. Argument of . . . . .	167
<i>Cantabridgian</i> , his nick name . . . . . note	10
<i>Carthaginian</i> one-eyed, the Pope compares himself to . .	179
<i>Cassoc</i> , short, confers grace and consequence . . . . .	160
—— serves more purposes than one . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Catholics</i> , likelihood of their conversion to Mahometanism .	158
<i>Cat-prude</i> in Noah's Ark . . . . . note	45
<i>Century</i> , nineteenth, strange things thought to have at- tended its developement . . . . .	3
<i>Cestus of Venus</i> , suggested the Short Cassoc . . . . .	160
<i>Chasuble</i> , Romish Ecclesiastic's . . . . . note	108
<i>Chiaromonti</i> , indignity awaits . . . . .	156
<i>Chrism and Phial</i> to be reproduced . . . . .	120

<i>Chrism</i> , brought from Heaven to King Clovis's Christening . . .	113
<i>Church</i> , old Christian, antient elevation of its Head . . .	151
—— cucullitant . . . . .	167
<i>Churchill</i> , Sarah's remarks on Queen Ann's Peers . . .	98
<i>Clergy</i> , French, sworn to wash Bonaparte white . . . .	191
—— will scarce leave a lie for the Pope . . .	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Commerce</i> , spiritual, what is to be inferred from the failure of its First Clerk . . . . .	157
<i>Conference</i> between the Pope and the Devil . . . . .	167
<i>Consul</i> , <i>First</i> , has not authority to neglect his existence . .	32
—— another Moses . . . . .	64
—— Frenchmen's chosen vessel . . . . .	54
—— his plastic genius . . . . .	35
—— disinterestedness . . . . .	32
—— his Message to the Senate Conservateur . . . . .	48
—— applauds their Rhetoricians . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Consul</i> that ate oats . . . . .	18
<i>Cophetua</i> , King, and the beggar-wench . . . . . <i>note</i>	79
<i>Coton</i> , Father, could discover want of chastity by his nose . .	9
<i>Cotyto's</i> rites . . . . .	115
<i>Crane</i> , her cause of self gratulation . . . . .	193
<i>Crime</i> , that would overturn the order of the world . . <i>note</i>	29
<i>Cruppers</i> , senatorial, how affected . . . . .	63
<i>Culprit</i> that is hanged indifferent to the issue of his trial . .	31

## D

<i>Death's</i> pity for Pius VI. . . . .	156
—— door militant . . . . .	12
<i>Democritus</i> and Heraclitus . . . . .	104
<i>Delinquents</i> , state, should be executed before they are tried . .	31
<i>Devil</i> , domestic one of the First Consul . . . . .	43
——'s advocate . . . . .	167
——'s apprehensions of the increase of heresy . . . . .	114
<i>Devils</i> , their obligation to heroes . . . . .	12



<i>Devil's</i> two of them in a Nobleman's head . . . . . <i>note</i>	19
— two cavalierly treated by M. des Matras . . . . . <i>note</i>	21
<i>Discussion</i> , Infernal, closed by the Old Dragon . . . . .	162
<i>Dispositions</i> tutelary . . . . .	80
<i>Divine</i> , behind-door made . . . . .	182
<i>Dog</i> , every, must have his day . . . . .	180
<i>Dog-race</i> , its honesty . . . . .	181
<i>Dog's</i> tail and canister, illustration of the union of love and glory . . . . .	83
<i>Drake</i> diplomatic, his plots . . . . .	24
<i>Drake's</i> head would not fit Bonaparte's shoulders . . . . .	30
— tail crest for imperial arms . . . . . <i>note</i>	100
<i>Drakes</i> will become lame Ducks . . . . .	36
<i>Drop</i> , black, extracted from Mahomet's heart . . . . .	177
<i>Drugs</i> , when they lose their identity . . . . .	155
<i>Ducks</i> , for what purpose they turn up their tails . . . . .	157

## E

<i>Eclipse</i> , strange one, how occasioned . . . . .	161
<i>Emperor</i> Satan's, how he royalized himself . . . . .	186
— wants one title more . . . . .	170
— twice as religious as other princes . . . . .	113
— his head compared to a Yorkshire pudding . . . . .	115
<i>Equality</i> , French mode of obtaining its blessings . . . . .	65
— and Freedom's basis, of what it consists . . . . .	102
<i>Era</i> to be eternized by the First Consul . . . . . <i>note</i>	34
<i>Exorcism</i> , birchinal . . . . .	183

## F

<i>Farce</i> , French, where planned . . . . .	11
<i>Farces</i> , religious and profane . . . . .	105
<i>Fat</i> in the fire . . . . .	170
<i>Fiends</i> , in what respect they resemble Scavengers . . . . .	20
<i>Fissipedal</i> , Messieurs, work done for them by the First Consul . . . . .	43
<i>Flounaers</i> , dignified method of carrying them from Market. <i>note</i>	160

<i>Fools</i> , if there was a dearth of, Nick must shut up shop . . .	87
<i>Fortune</i> , the consequence of her being tired of favouring rogues	74
<i>France</i> , her destiny that of the First Consul . . . . .	27
—— to grow great from First Consuls exuberance . . .	55
<i>French Sovereignty</i> , residence of . . . . .	51
<i>Frenchmen</i> , how to satisfy them when they cry for Liberty and Equality . . . . .	50
—— gifted like a cat . . . . .	28
—— dignified, &c. by the First Consul . . . . .	59
—— their <i>love</i> for the First Consul . . . . .	36
—— the Senate's method of unfettering them . . . . .	50
<i>Fricasseees</i> , intellectual . . . . .	49

## G

<i>Gallipot</i> of Ointment, good name better than . . . <i>note</i>	171
<i>Genariello</i> , St. Januarius, by whom so called . . . . .	138
—— why his Phial belongs to Hell . . . . .	145
<i>Gil</i> , Father, his fastidiousness . . . . . <i>note</i>	10
<i>Glories</i> , terrestrial fall to devilish arbitration . . . . .	17
<i>Grace</i> , Napoleon a Babe of . . . . .	173
—— what it loves best to work upon . . . . .	174
<i>Grand Seigneur</i> , probability of his taking Holy Orders . . .	149
<i>Grimalkin</i> , bell for her neck . . . . .	68

## H

<i>Haranguer</i> , popular, does not preach himself . . . . .	7
<i>Heaven's</i> favour sought by conciliating its pages in waiting . .	135
<i>Hell</i> owes its population to heroes . . . . .	12
<i>Heretic</i> squinting his averment . . . . .	170
<i>Hermaphroditical</i> , French State, its duration . . . . .	84
<i>Heroes</i> , hard work for heaven to manufacture them . . . . .	28
<i>Hibernian</i> and Turkey . . . . .	17
<i>Honour</i> , nice sense of, in Urchin Devil . . . . . <i>note</i>	183
<i>Hoornbeek</i> , John 's, quotation from Andreas . . . . .	176

## I

<i>Januarius</i> , St. declared himself in favour of the French . <i>note</i>	141
————— his indictment, conviction, and sentence .	143
<i>Idol</i> , Cyrnian, fustian offerings to . . . . .	89
<i>Jews</i> falsely accused of stinking . . . . .	157
<i>Imps</i> , Cardinals, Bishops, &c. to be horsed on . . .	159
<i>Infernal</i> Spirits commanded to advance Bonaparte to empire	17
<i>Infra-diocesan</i> humourously adverted to by Dean Swift . <i>note</i>	107
<i>Invocation</i> preceding the French Senate's Address . .	22
<i>Joseph's</i> Coat Administration . . . . .	52
<i>Justice</i> , High Court of, but half the First Consul's work	34

## K

<i>Kouli Khan</i> , his plunder . . . . . <i>note</i>	14
---	----

## L

<i>Ladies</i> , graceful style of complimenting them . . . .	133
<i>Laurels</i> raised in the Devil's hot-house . . . . .	13
<i>Lawyer</i> repaid his Quid pro quo . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Liberty</i> , how conquered by Frenchmen . . . . .	64
<i>Ligature</i> , the Rabbins' . . . . .	44
<i>Loretto</i> , Chapel of, how conveyed from Palestine . . .	122
————— a bank where heavenly tenures are to be purchased . . . . .	123
————— ill consequences of neglecting to make deposit in this and other such Banks exemplified . .	125
————— proposal for employing it to convey the Pope and his train to Paris . . . . .	130

## M

<i>Maggots</i> , goal deliverance of . . . . .	53
<i>Malcad</i> , Jewish discipline of, explained . . . . <i>note</i>	182
<i>Millennium</i> , French, extraordinary length of . . . .	69
<i>Millennarian</i> prognosticators, out in their reckoning <i>note</i>	70

<i>Mounsey</i> , Doctor, burden of the song that he sang to some ladies . . . . .	<i>note</i>	162
<i>Mules</i> , French, the best bridle for them . . . . .		67
<i>Mussulman</i> , wrong side outwards . . . . .		147
<i>Mussul-papist's</i> professions of reformation . . . . .		173
<i>Mustimich</i> . . . . .		148

## N

<i>Naaman</i> , Napoleon's leprosy worse than his . . . . .		110
<i>Napoleon</i> , the Pope's dearest Son in Christ . . . . .		192
<i>Nebuchadnezzar</i> , his Dutch concert . . . . .		106
<i>Necessary-woman</i> in Court-roll . . . . .		158
<i>Nonpareils</i> , a quorum of three . . . . .		42
<i>Nose</i> of Cromwell, Cleveland's description of it . . . . .	<i>note</i>	15
— Judge Jeffrey's, its similar faculty . . . . .		10

## O

<i>Old Woman</i> , with triple mitre, will not accept Napoleon's invitation . . . . .		111
<i>Oracles</i> , artifice of . . . . .	<i>note</i>	46
<i>Otho</i> , Emperor, anointed by Leo VIII. . . . .		182
<i>Owl</i> , Shakespeare's . . . . .		25

## P

<i>Palm</i> , Saintly, with what lined . . . . .		175
<i>Panegyrist</i> s of the First Consul, their compensation . . . . .		90
<i>Panurge</i> and Ding-dong, the Mutton-merchant . . . . .		93
<i>Parrot</i> of Malmaison . . . . .	<i>note</i>	37
<i>Patent sash-frame-maker</i> . . . . .		77
<i>Pawnbrokers</i> , carnal, their three emblematical blue balls . . . . .		126
<i>Penelope's</i> Suitors' occupation during their Courtship . . . . .	<i>note</i>	101
<i>Peer</i> , his mysterious Library-door . . . . .		4
<i>People</i> , French, are Kings . . . . .		78
<i>Per me reges regnant'</i> , promulgation of . . . . .		152
<i>Persian Keppers</i> . . . . .		91
<i>Pidgeon</i> , intelligencer of Mahomet . . . . .		46

<i>Pig</i> , the way to make him go forward . . . . .	50
<i>Poissardes</i> , French Messdames in unison with . . . . .	37
<i>Pope</i> Adrian, his imperial groom . . . . .	151
— Alexander sets his foot on the Emperor Frederic's Neck	152
— Benedict, seen riding a black colt after he was dead	185
— Benedict VI. reign of, ended by the hangman	189
— Celestine crowns an Emperor with his feet . . . . .	151
— Leo III. flogged by the Romans for his servility . . . . .	182
— like the Queen of Sheba . . . . .	192
— his crowning Bonaparte, how it will produce negative advantage to himself . . . . .	178
<i>Porcine</i> Convert, Epicuri de grege . . . . .	173
<i>Pots and Kettles</i> of Pius VI. enlisted by Berthier . . . . .	155
<i>Power</i> , by whom used like a magnet . . . . .	15
<i>Proboscis</i> , poetical, its organization, &c. . . . .	9
<i>Prophecy</i> , Spirit of, when it evaporated . . . . .	3
<i>Protegé</i> , Protean of Satan . . . . .	169
<i>Province</i> , sole, of antient Pedagogues . . . . .	183
<i>Punch</i> bought by Old Woman . . . . .	9

## R

<i>Raree-show</i> , imperial, its first Puppet . . . . .	97
<i>Red Ink</i> , the kind wanted for meditated French Court of Justice	33
<i>Republicans</i> , parallel of the, and herd of Swine . . . . .	99
<i>Revolution</i> , French, its immense advantages . . . . .	55
————— scorned to do its works by halves . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Roguery</i> successful, legitimated by Holy Church . . . . .	171
<i>Rome</i> , Antient, governed by Rogue uppermost . . . . .	68
— Church of, the Old Magpye . . . . .	150
<i>Romish Rechabite</i> . . . . .	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Rope-dancer</i> , when he grins widest . . . . .	66
<i>Rowden</i> , Sarah, under-organist of St. Pauls . . . . .	<i>note</i> 6

## S

<i>Saints</i> of all professions but the Attorney's . . . . .	136
— modern, raw material of . . . . .	174
<i>Saint Almanack</i> . . . . .	136
— Januarius . . . . .	138
<i>Sans Culotte</i> Accademical Profession . . . . .	194
<i>S. Theodori Vita</i> , extract from . . . . . <i>note</i>	184
<i>Satan</i> , his Speech to his parliament . . . . .	13
— determines to visit the Pope . . . . .	163
<i>Selden's</i> Monkey and Clog . . . . .	132
<i>Senate Conservative's</i> Address to the First Consul . . . . .	22
— in what manner framed . . . . .	18
— how nick-named . . . . .	19
— thanks for the First Consul's communica- tions of English Plots . . . . .	23
— reply to the First Consul's Message . . . . .	61
— symphonizes with the Consul's first fiddle . . . . .	62
<i>Senators</i> , infernal, visit Parisian Conservative Senate . . . . .	18
— Gallic, their worst ends . . . . .	19
<i>Senatus Consultum</i> , generative effect of . . . . .	96
<i>Sergeant</i> where lies his eloquence . . . . .	7
— trick played him in Court . . . . . <i>note</i>	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Servus Servorum</i> , now no fallacy . . . . .	155
<i>Sinner's</i> Wholesale Warehouse . . . . .	174
<i>Shop</i> of Spiritual Pawnbroker . . . . .	126
<i>Speech</i> of the Attorney General of Hell . . . . .	121
— of Hell's Chancellor of the Exchequer . . . . .	134
— of Ashtaroth - - - - -	145
— of Dagon - - - - -	149
<i>Song</i> to be sung by the Senate on the First Consul's Apotheosis . . . . .	72
<i>State-tinkers</i> , five to mend the chasm in French Institutions . . . . .	26
<i>Suleiman</i> the Mufti, his opinion of Bonaparte's theological erudition - - - - -	148

## T

<i>Tabarders</i> , Academic, their Offering - - - - -	92
<i>Table-cloth</i> , St. Peter's - - - - -	35
<i>Talleyrand</i> Perigord, inkstand thrown at his head - - <i>note</i>	41
<i>Tawdry</i> , derivation of the word - - - - - <i>note</i>	107
<i>Termagants</i> carried off by Blackamoors - - - - -	161
<i>Thoughts</i> , the First Consul's requisition of - - - - -	53
——— French Senate's, dressed in their holyday clothes -	60
<i>Thumbs</i> and toes - - - - -	90
<i>Tide</i> in affairs of Men - - - - -	179
<i>Time</i> , First Consul can hang him in chains - - - - -	34
<i>Tipstuffs</i> , ecclesiastical - - - - -	153
<i>Toad-eaters</i> , transmutation of - - - - -	104
<i>Toe</i> , Custom of kissing the Pope's, its reported origin <i>note</i>	120
<i>Treasures</i> , where they should be found - - - - -	13
<i>Treasury</i> of Loretto, its riches - - - - -	128
<i>True-penny</i> Devils - - - - -	103
<i>Truth</i> , the seat of - - - - -	13
<i>Turk</i> , Corsi-Christian effect of anointing him - - - - -	193

## U

<i>Usages</i> , earthly, followed in Religious Concerns - - -	135
---	-----

## W

<i>Water</i> , its effects upon heterodox Topers - - - - <i>note</i>	5
<i>Weavers</i> , Psalm-singing - - - - -	112
<i>Wiërus</i> , John, his proof that Agrippas Dog-devil was a true Dog	44
<i>Wife's Flesh</i> abomination to catholic priests - - - - -	131
<i>Wild-geese</i> puritanic - - - - -	174
<i>Will</i> , Human, cause of ill how much indebted to - - -	14
<i>Witches</i> anoint themselves before they mount their besoms	114
<i>Wives</i> of English Bishops, their inferiority - - - - -	132
<i>Worlds</i> , room for six in a corner of Alexander's heart -	14
<i>Worthies</i> like cucumbers - - - - -	76

