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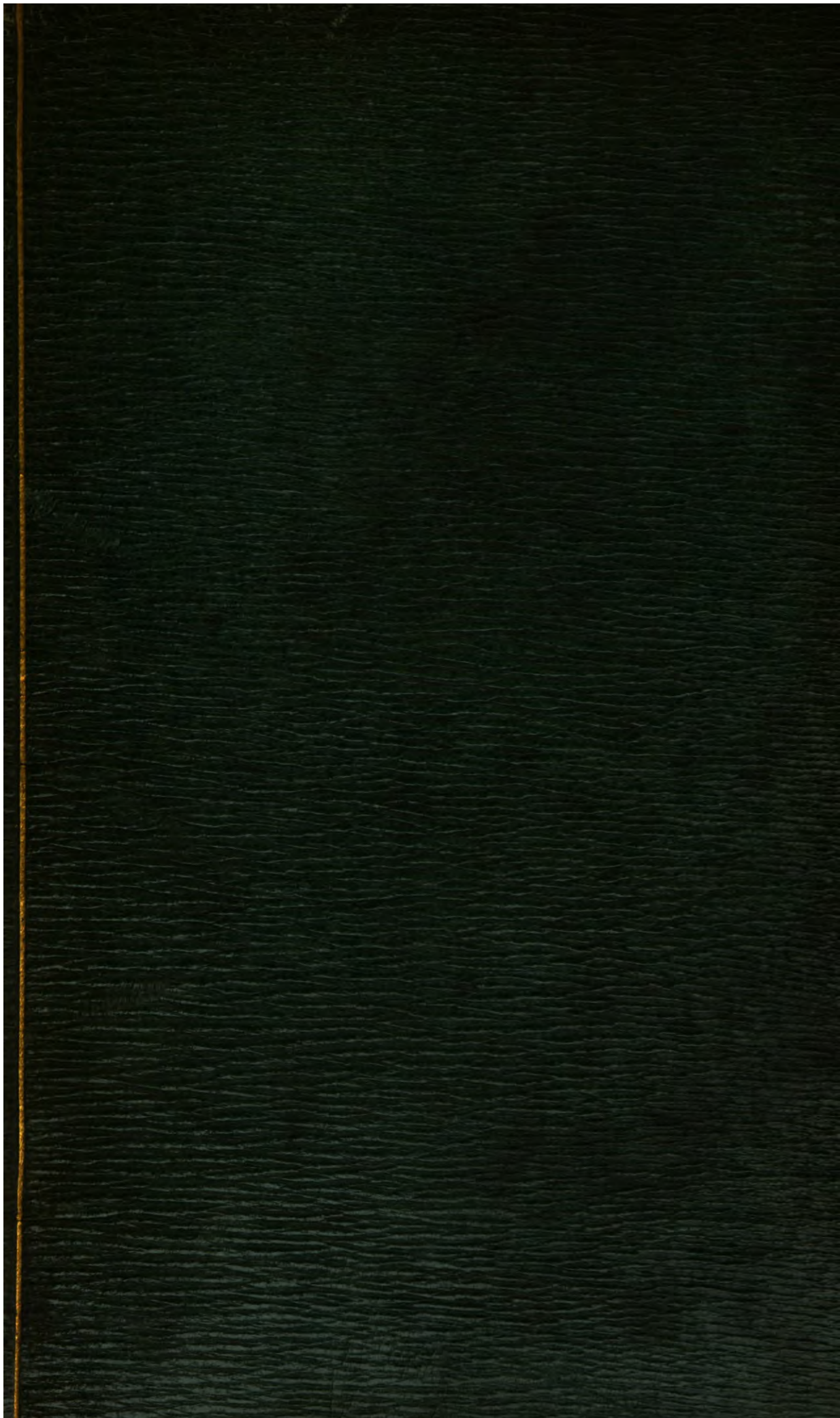
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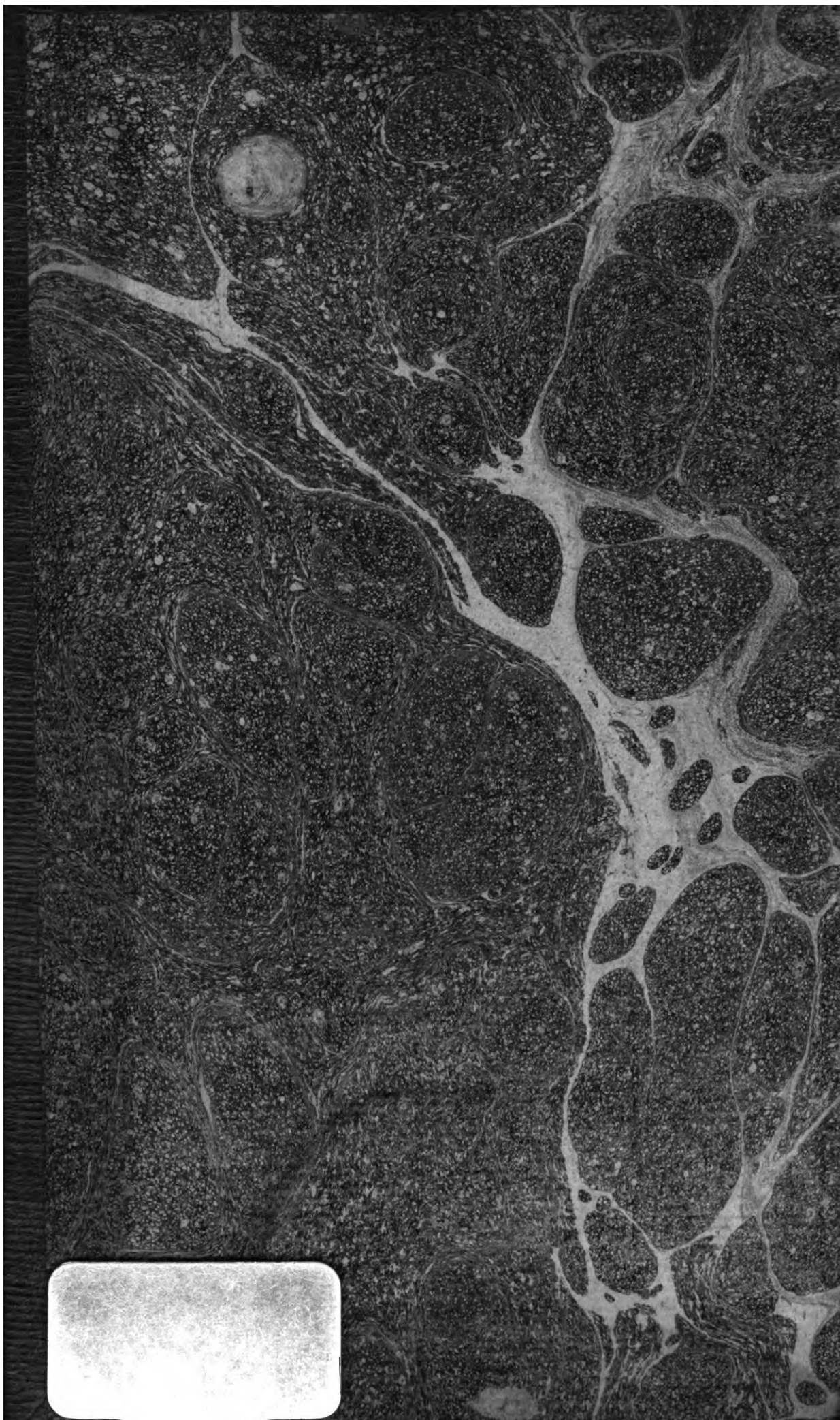
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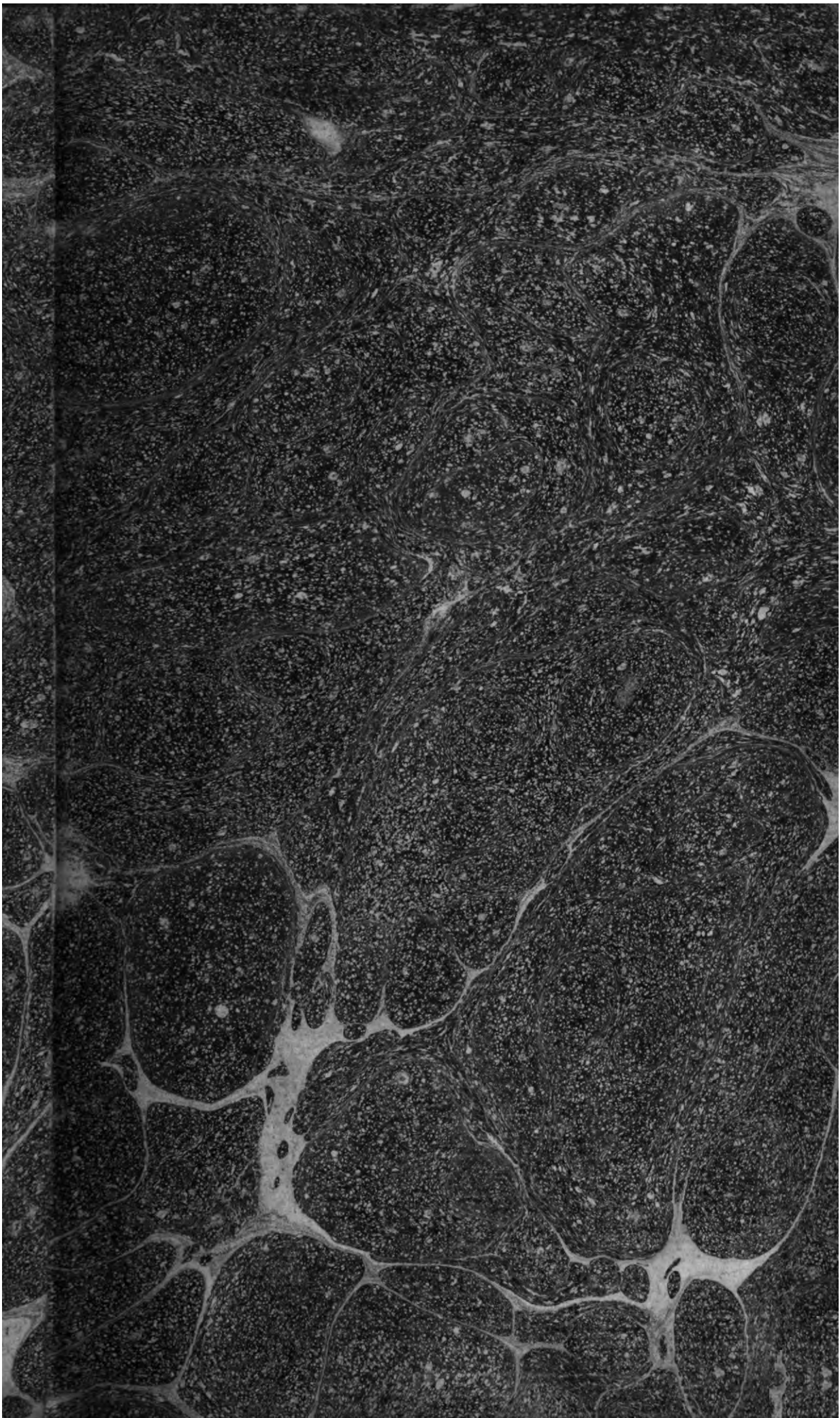
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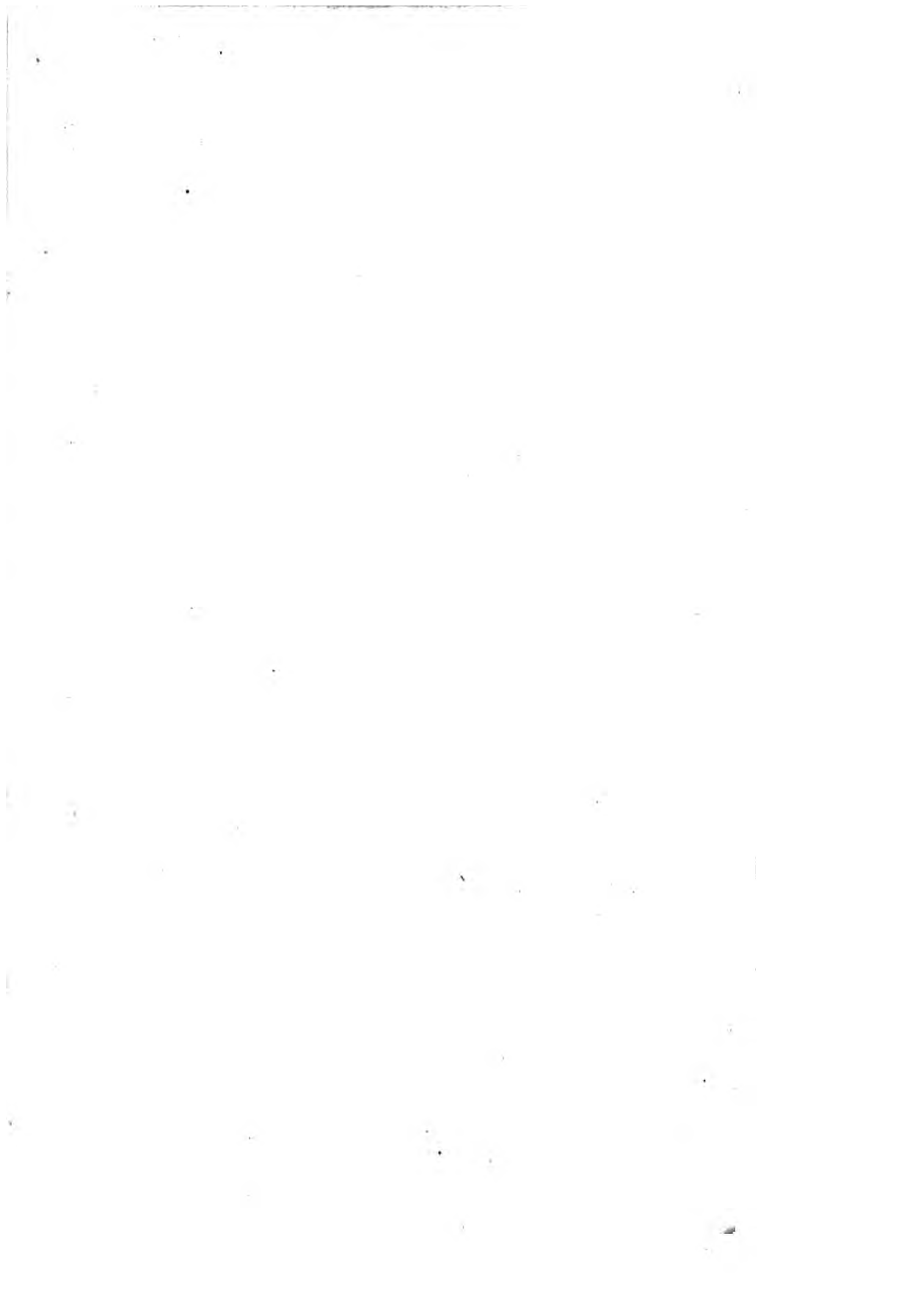
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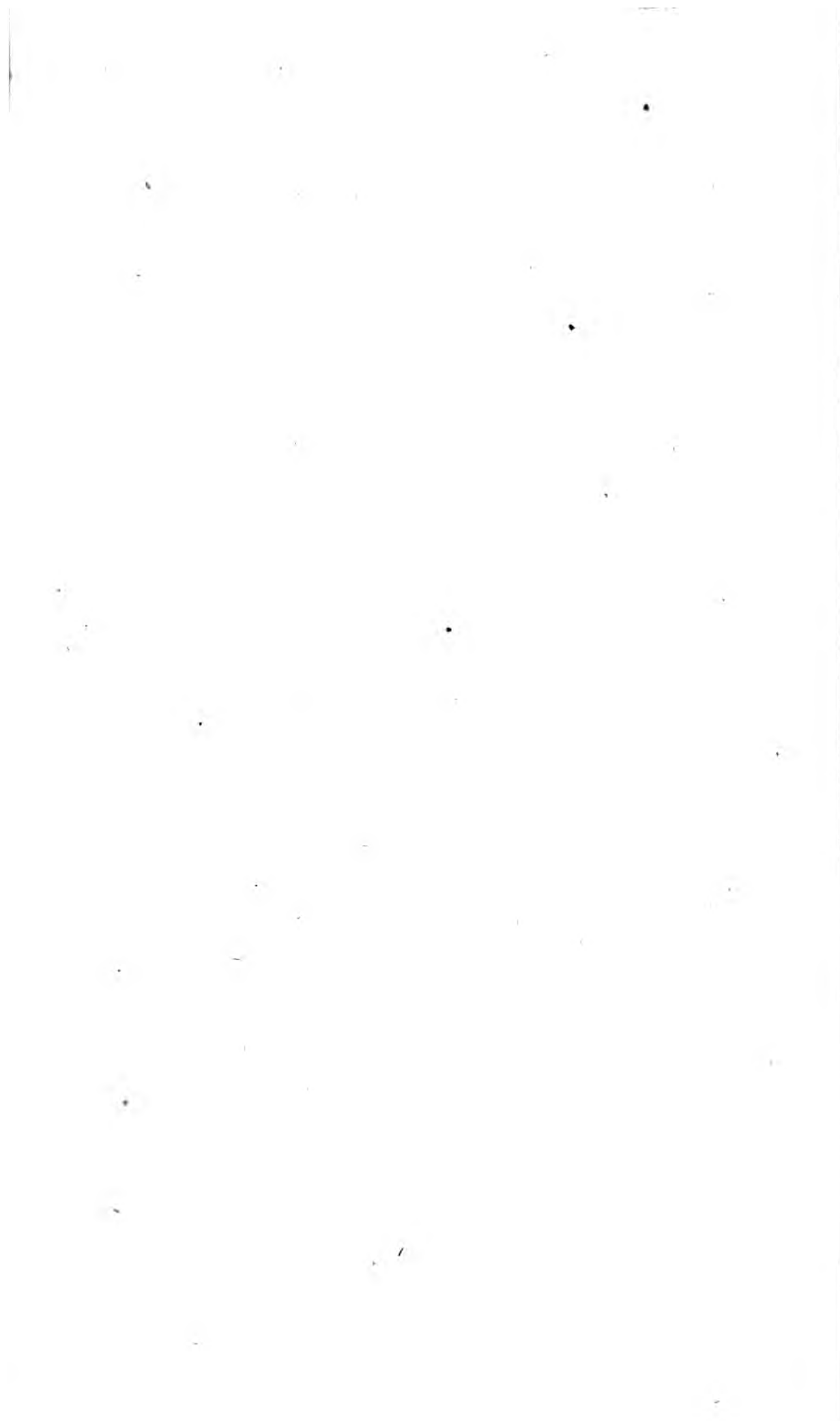


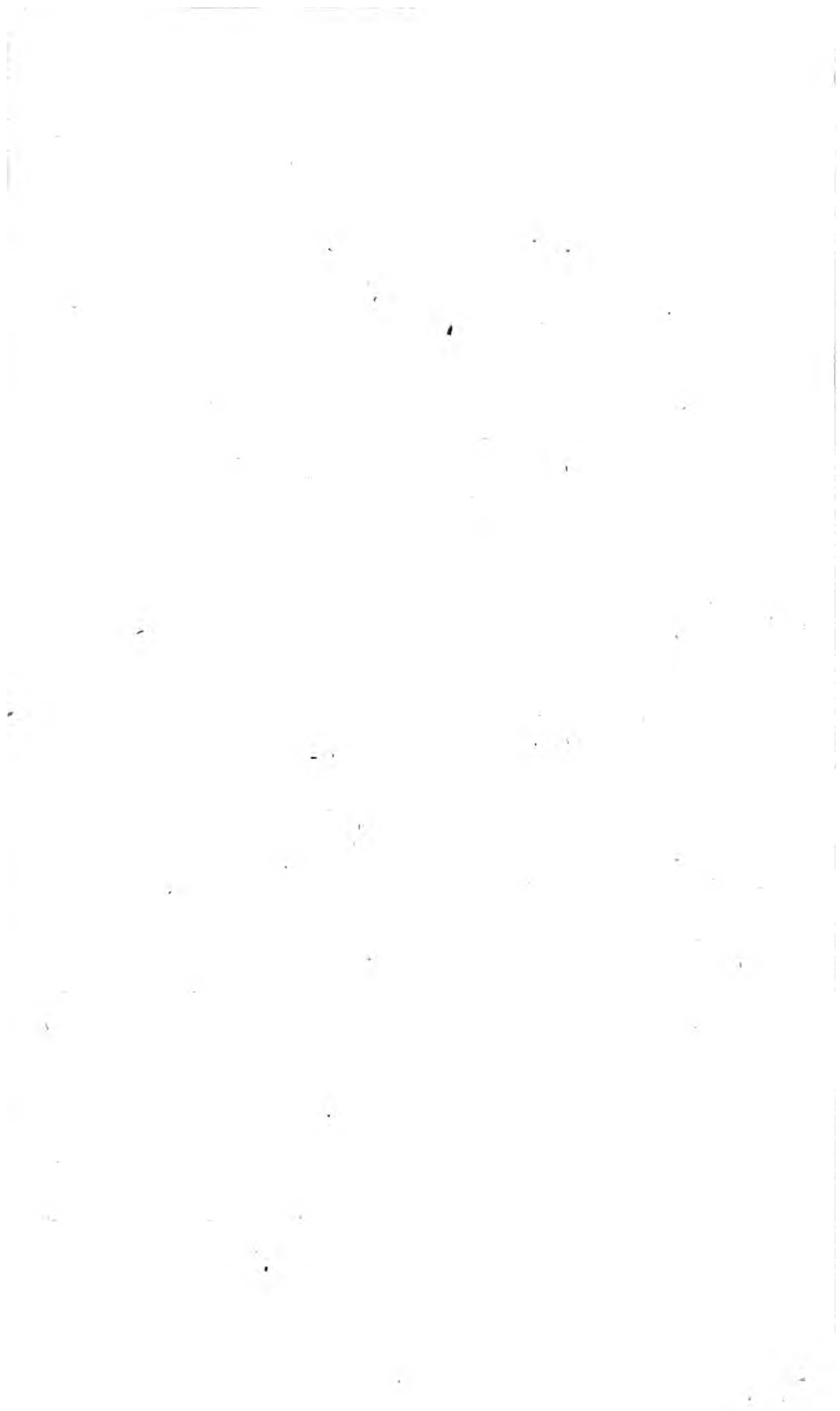




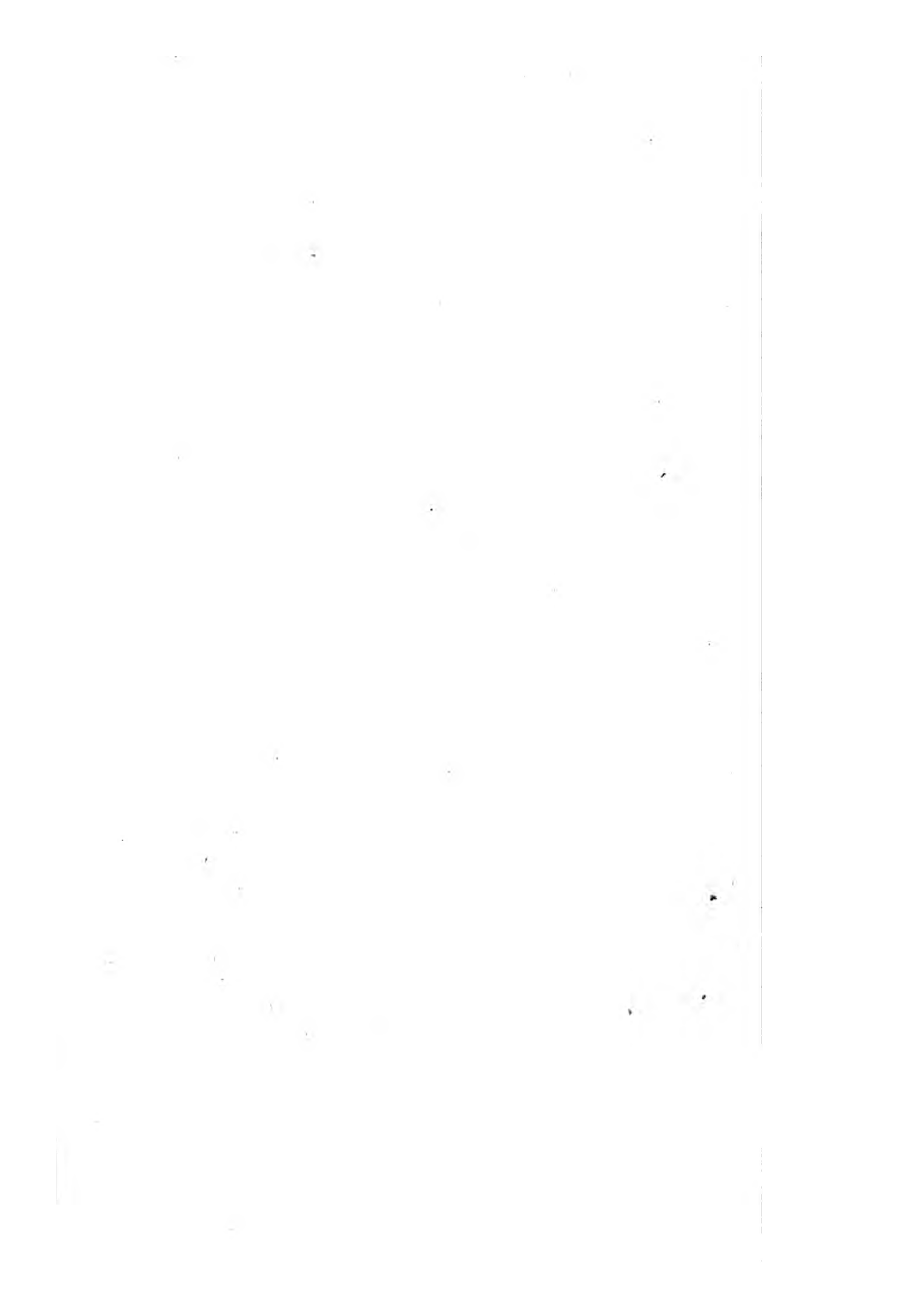
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THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
GEORGE HUDDSFORD, M. A.  
LATE FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE,  
OXFORD.  
*NOW FIRST COLLECTED.*  
INCLUDING  
SALMAGUNDI, TOPSY-TURVY,  
BUBBLE AND SQUEAK, AND CRAMBE REPETITA.  
WITH  
CORRECTIONS, AND ORIGINAL ADDITIONS.

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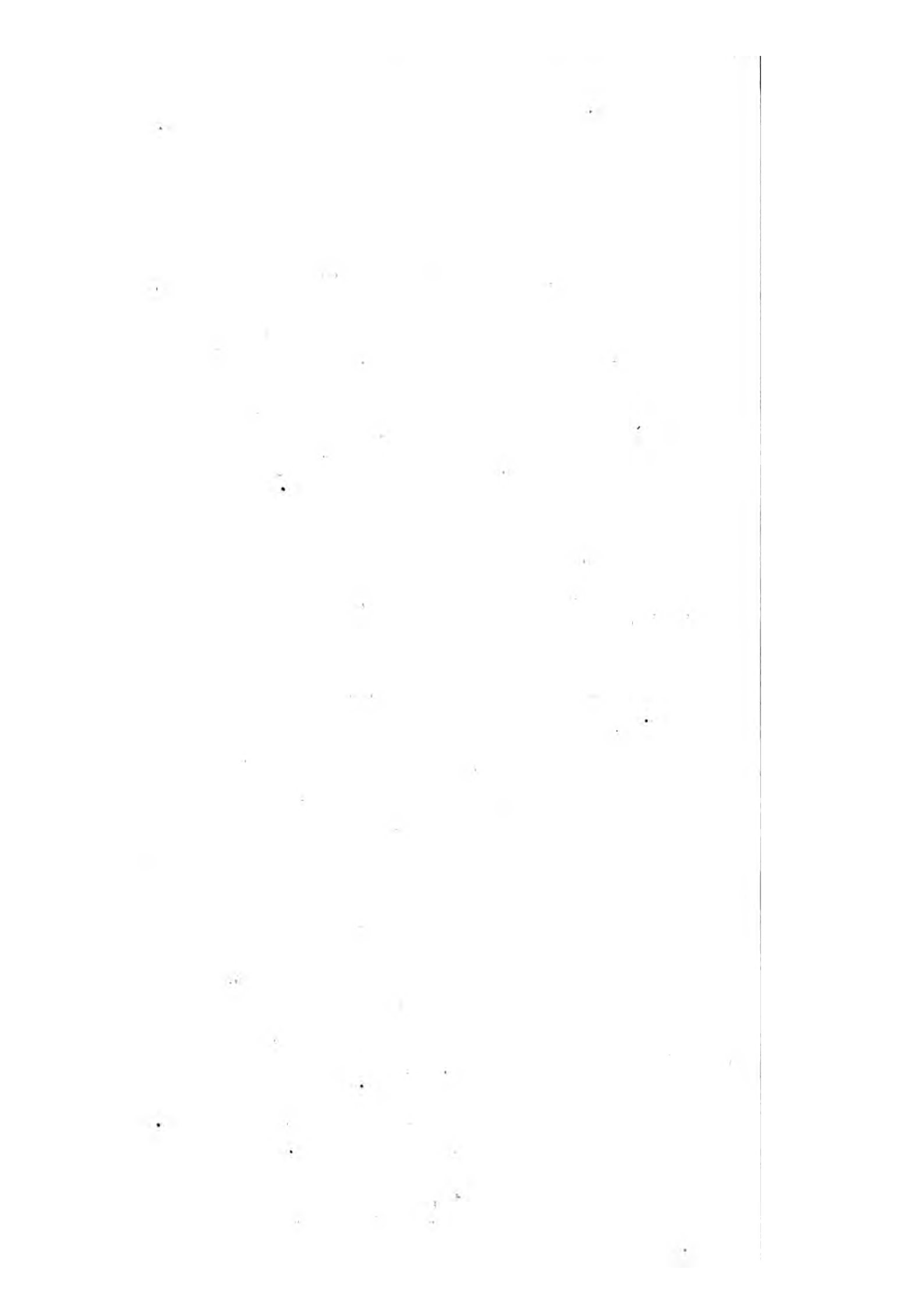
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VOL. II.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY,  
BY W. BULMER AND CO.  
CLEVELAND-ROW, ST. JAMES'S.  
1801.



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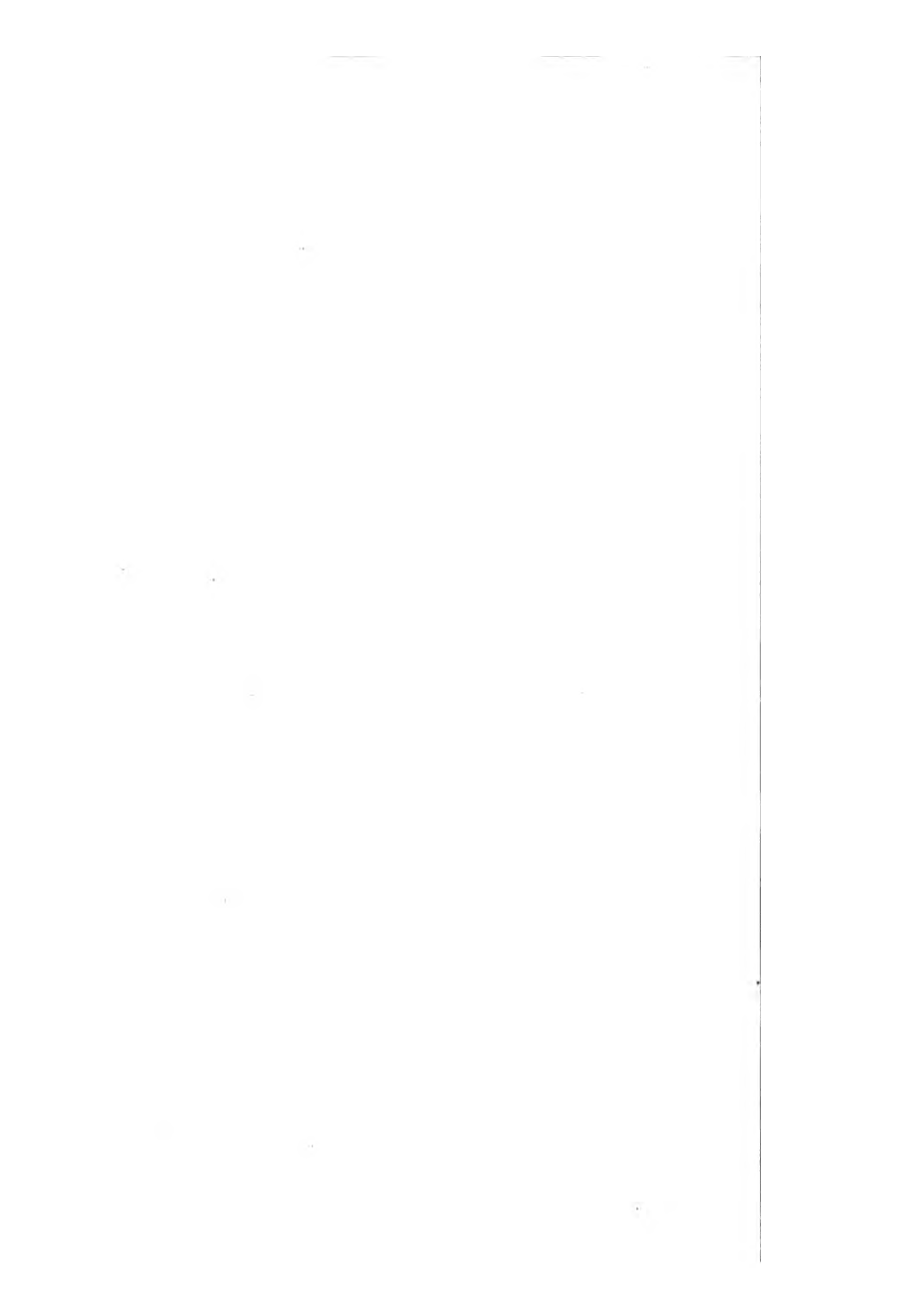
Page 15, line 25 (note). *for* bood, *read* blood.

— 139, — 1. *for* general, *read* generous.

**TOPSY TURVY:**  
WITH  
**ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS**  
ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
**LEADING CHARACTERS**  
OF THE  
**GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE,**  
IN THE YEAR 1793.  
*THEN FIRST PUBLISHED.*

**VOL. II.**

**B**



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Le plus saint devoir de l'homme est L'INSURRECTION.

*La Fayette.*

This shews how perfectly the Rump  
And Commonwealth together jump ;  
For as a fly that goes to bed  
Rests with his tail above his head :  
So, in this mongrel state of ours,  
The rabble are the supreme powers.

*Butler.*

---





## TOPSY TURVY.

---

Man is but a topsy-turvy animal, his head where his heels  
should be.

*Swift.*

---

OLD England is ill at her ease,  
She a surfeit has got, I can tell ye ;  
And the cause of Old England's disease  
Is the pudding and beef in her belly : \*  
To the French for relief she applies,  
And their Politic Doctors assure her,  
That they know where her malady lies,  
And their Grand Panacea shall cure her.

“ Ah ! what Panacée so grand  
“ Can my old constitution repair ?—  
Why, dame ! on your head you must stand,  
And kick up your heels in the air :

\* Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked. *Deut. xxxii. 15.*

Then your health will be *equal* and good,  
 Nothing else can from ruin preserve ye:  
 For EQUALITY, well understood,  
 Means to turn all the world topsy-turvy.

Our counsel you never can say 'tis  
 Like that of your medical elves,  
 Since you find that we offer you *gratis*  
 The prescription we follow ourselves:  
 Its blest operation you 've seen,  
 So 'tis plain that it never miscarries;\*  
 And you long in the habit have been  
 Of adopting the fashions of Paris,

Behold our Republican State  
 To perfection advancing apace,  
 Ever since, where the Head stood of late,  
 We 've erected the *Tail* in its place!

\* It is said, in the last quackish address of the National Assembly to the people of France, that they have not formed their arrangements upon vulgar practice, but on a theory which cannot fail, &c.

*Burke's Lett. to a Member of the Nat. Assembl. Note on p. 10.*

All distinctions we nobly despise,\*  
 Yet who views our Convention must own us  
 A groupe who all merits comprize,  
 And each member "rex et sutor bonus." †

There's PETHION first on the lists  
 Of Levellers stands with good reason :  
 He ‡ can shew you that *wisdom* consists  
 In burglary, outrage and treason ;  
 His logic will make it out plain  
 That allegiance and duty a farce is ;  
 And *dignity* none can retain  
 But rogues without rags to their ——.

\* Nil ibi Majorum respectus, gratia nulla  
 Umbrarum.

*Juv. Sat. 8.*

† *Hor. Sat. lib. i. S. 3.*

Le plus vil citoyen, dans sa bassesse extrême,  
 Ayant chassé les rois pense être roi lui-même.

*Voltaire. Brutus, Act. I. Sc. iv.*

‡ M. Pethion.—When the mob of Sans Culottes, Poissardes, Marseillois, &c. (Anglicè, tag, rag, and bob-tail) had perpetrated the infamous outrages of the 20th of June, 1792, had violated the interior apartments of the Thuilleries, treated the royal family with the grossest indignities for five hours, without intermission, and even *attempted the life* of their sovereign, Monsieur Pethion at length condescended to give them their dismissal in the following address :

“ Citizens, men and women ! You began the day with dig-

ROBESPIERRE,\* most renown'd desperado,  
 Next claims your profound admiration ;  
 Who empties the veins like Sangrado,  
*Phlebotomist chief* of the nation :  
 He laments, while a weasand is whole,  
 That his blade should inactive remain ;  
 And (like Macedon's lord o'er his bowl)  
 Swears that *thrice* he would slaughter the slain.

In committing to DANTON † the seals  
 We have shewn ourselves wiser than you are ;  
 For whenever the state 's out at heels  
 We 've a *farrier* provided to shoe her :

“ nity and wisdom ; you have proved that you are free : finish  
 “ it with the same dignity, and do like me—go to bed.”

*See pages 87 and 88 of Fennel's Review of the Proceedings at  
 Paris during the Summer of 1792, 8vo. Williams, Strand.*

\* M. Robespierre, originally a poor orphan of Arras, afterwards clerk to an obscure attorney. *Fennel, page 429.*

Who is there that, when the report of recent massacres was made to the Club of the Jacobins, heard him (Robespierre) treat the tears of widows and orphans as criminal, and pronounce these ever-memorable words: “ *Un peu du sang de plus ne fait pas de mal ;*” “ a few more assassinations do no harm ;”—and who does not rank him as superior even to a Sylla.

*Flower of the Jacobins, page 29. Owen, Piccadilly, 1792.*

\* M. Danton was the son of a *butcher* ; he procured the protection of the late Princess de Lamballe by marrying a relation

He was nurst in the shambles 'tis known,  
 And now practises slaughter afresh,  
 To prove "What is bred in the bone  
 "Will never be out of the flesh."

There's GORSAS who well ascertains  
 Of relative rights the extent,  
 Since he beat out his old father's brains  
 Who begot him *without his consent*.\*

of the maid of one of her femmes de chambre. By the interest of the princess, he was appointed *farrier* to the Count d'Artois' stud; he practised also as a doctor, but was so unsuccessful that the count constantly threatened such of his servants as displeased him, with the attendance of Danton. He was one of the principal instigators of the horrid massacre committed on his former benefactress, and is now the Minister of Justice.

*Fennel, page 432.*

He was so abject in his mode of paying his court, that he frequently used to caress and kiss the horses, which he said, had the happiness to be the favourites of the Comte and Comtesse d'Artois; and never did he hear their names pronounced, before the 20th of June, 1789, without taking off his hat, as a token of respect. These facts were so well known as to have been proverbial at Versailles.

*Flower of Jacobins, page 88.*

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop,  
 Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule  
 And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

*Shakspeare 2d Part of Henry VI.*

\* Your Practical Philosophers reject the duties of this vulgar relation (the relation between parents and children) as contrary

Escap'd from the Wheel heretofore,  
 At the gallies he serv'd his probation ;  
 His proficiency prov'd at the oar,  
 He 's advanc'd to the helm of the nation.

to liberty ; as not founded in the social compact ; and not binding according to the rights of men ; because the relation is not, of course, the result of free election, *never so on the side of the children*, not always on the part of the parents.

*Burke's Letter, pages 36 and 37.*

M. Gorsas affords a striking practical exemplification of these principles of modern French Philosophy. The infirmities of a declining father obliged him to relinquish the superintendance of a day-school at Versailles to his son M. Gorsas, who engaged to afford him a decent maintenance during the remainder of his life. In less than three months, his inhumanity to this aged parent was so notorious as to incur the censure of the police ; and he soon afterwards, by a blow on the head with a bottle, put an end to his life. This atrocious act M. Gorsas was doomed to expiate upon the wheel, but at the entreaty of his brother, a groom to the Duke de Polignac, that nobleman procured a mitigation of his punishment, and he was condemned to the gallies for life. In 1788 he found means of presenting a petition to the Ambassadors of Tippoo Saib passing through Thoulouse, who obtained his enlargement, on the condition that he should never be seen within forty leagues of Versailles. But in a revolution effected by massacre and treason, the merits of M. Gorsas could not fail of ascending to their proper level ; and this *practical philosopher* and parricidal doctor of the French school has consequently become a leading member of the National Convention of France.

*See Fennel, p. 434, and Flower of Jacobins, p. 42.*

MARAT, whom all ruffians applaud,  
 Will to slaughter or robbery lead 'em ;  
 This *tergiverse Champion of fraud*  
 Shall extend the dominion of freedom :  
 Tho' our credit (with *Cambon's*\* good care)  
 As threadbare is worn as our coats,  
 Tho' with famine we groan, and despair,  
 Marát can soon alter our notes. †

See MERLIN, ‡ preceptor of youth,  
 Exemplify *filial affection* ;  
 Bright pattern of honour and truth,  
 The cement of *nuptial* connection !

\* Minister of Finance.

† M. Marat, who makes so conspicuous a figure in the annals of anarchy, at the time when he was accused of being an accomplice in the forgeries of the Billets d'Escompts, or *Notes* of the Bank of Discount, established by M. Neckar, bore the name of Champion ; he judged it expedient, however, on this occasion, to *turn his back* upon his name and country, and take refuge in England.

For a farther and more particular account of this *honest gentleman*, see No. I. Additional Notes at the end.

‡ Quis cœlum terris non misceat, et mare cœlo  
 Si fur displiceat Verri ! homicida Miloni ?

Clodius accuset mæchos, Catilina Cethegum ? *Juv. Sat. 2.*

M. Merlin was under-usher to a school (in the Fauxbourg of St. Antoine) ; he was on the point of being married, but having



See *rev'rend* CHABOT \* too conspire  
 To accomplish our regeneration :  
 That adulterous capuchin friar  
 Shall teach us to *flee fornication*.

Atheistic DUPONT † for his pains,  
 With honour 'tis fit we should mention ;

received the lady's fortune on the day before that appointed for the wedding, he contented himself with the more portable treasure, and disappeared. *Fennel, 430.*

His *filial gratitude* is slightly touched on in No. II. See Additional Notes at the end.

\* M. Chabot, the son of a baker, was educated by his uncle, an attorney ; he eloped with his uncle's wife, and debauched her daughter by a former husband. He then deserted them both, and induced a Madame Droits to rob and elope from her husband. For this last exploit he was imprisoned at Bourdeaux ; on his enlargement he became a capuchin of St. Francis ; then an officer of the national guard ; and once again assumed the garb of an ecclesiastic ; and on the eve of the infamous 10th of August, 1792, for two hours together, from the pulpit of l'Eglise des Enfants trouvés, inculcated the duty and lawfulness of Insurrection, &c. &c.

*See Fennel, p. 68 ; and Flower of the Jacobins.*

† M. Dupont.——— Qui Numina Divûm  
 Sperneret, et nullos aris adoleret honores. *Ovid.*  
 Who heav'n's best blessings with contempt repays,  
 And bids no incense on its altars blaze.

“ Quois ! les trônes sont renversés, les sceptres brisés, les rois  
 expirent, et—les autels des Dieux, restent debout encore !

This globe of the world, he maintains,  
 Made itself *like our Gallic Convention* :  
 So, to prove ourselves creatures of chance,  
 We determine, and none shall gainsay us,  
 By disorganization of France  
 To establish the empire of Chaos :

What guerdon shall CARRA reward  
 Whose fame *self-acknowledg'd* we dwell on ?  
 Who, for burglary doom'd to the cord  
 A true *philosophical felon*,  
 Now prescribes to reformers a plan  
 Of morality new and uncommon ;

La Nature et la Raison, voilà les dieux de l'homme ! voilà mes dieux ! admirez la nature, cultivez la raison, si vous voulez que le peuple Français soit heureux, *hatez vous de propager ces principes*, de les faire enseigner dans vos écoles primaires.

Je l'avouerai de bonne foi à la Convention, je suis Athée."

*J. Dupont, Moniteur, 16 Decembre.*

What! are thrones and sceptres demolished! is royalty expiring? and are the Altars of the Gods yet standing!

Nature and Reason are the proper divinities of mankind!— These are my gods! admire Nature, cultivate Reason, if you will consult the happiness of Frenchmen. *Accelerate the propagation of these principles* ; make them the subjects of instruction in your schools and seminaries of education.

For my part I shall avow to the Convention, in good earnest, that I am an Atheist.

And the rights imprescriptive \* of man  
Ascertains by the *pillage of woman*.

EGALITE'S † retrogade worth  
Surpasses all praise or rehearsal,

\* A favourite term with French philosophers—" *Droits imprescriptibles*." Rights against which the antiquated prejudices respecting probity, property, honour, &c. are of no validity.

M. Carra is so strenuous an assertor of these *imprescriptive rights* of man, that he long ago ventured his neck in support of them, by an act of burglary in the shop of a milliner. The most notorious depredations of our *philosophical plunderer* were committed on the property of *females*. When publicly reminded of the honourable transaction above-mentioned, he *acknowledged* the truth of the charge, but asserted, as a *sufficient* apology for the fact, that he was only sixteen years old when he achieved this his first Civic Enterprize. He has, however, since demonstrated his unabated attachment to *these imprescriptive rights*, by recent exploits of equal celebrity. In delivering his sentiments to the Convention, he introduces the regeneration of morality *in the rear* of those inestimable benefits which mankind are to reap from the revolution accomplished by his enlightened compatriots. The Additional Notes will furnish the reader with a short trait of these sentiments, and shew more particularly the happy method which French philosophers adopt of recommending the ingenuity of their speculations by the purity of their practice. See No. III. Additional Notes at the end.

† M. Egalité ci-devant Duc d'Orleans, first prince of the blood royal of France.

I know no touch of consanguinity. *Troilus and Cressida*.

By scoundrels of ocean and earth  
 Unrivall'd—poltroon universal!  
 All jacobin murderers own  
 His precedence, and hail him “Tu Brute!”  
 While nearness in blood \* to the throne  
 Makes regicide relative duty.

Thus you see in how striking a light  
*True merit* we strive to exhibit,

The gallantry displayed by this illustrious patriot, when Duc de Chartres, and commanding the third division of the fleet with which d'Orvilliers engaged Admiral Keppel in July, 1779, procured him the ironical appellation of L'Heros d'Ouessant.” The most experienced calculators of his numerous *negative* merits, soon after he had attempted an aerial adventure in a balloon, with his *usual intrepidity and success*, commonly characterized him in the following terms :

“ Poltron par l'air, poltron par terre, poltron par mer, escroc par tout.”

“ Uniquement occupé de *mon devoir*, &c. Je vote pour la mort” (du roi.) EGALITE.—*Moniteur*.

Intent solely on discharging *my duty*, &c. I give my vote for the death (of the king.)

\* ————— The near in bood,  
 The nearer bloody. *Macbeth*.  
 All murders past do stand excus'd in THIS,  
 And this, so sole and so unmatchable,  
 Shall prove all deadly bloodshed but a jest  
 Exemplified by this heinous spectacle. *K. John*.

When our Senators sage we invite  
 From the *gallies*, the *forge*, and the *gibbet* :  
 And of equal desert we can boast  
 Legislators, some hundreds or more,  
 Who with reason, you'll own, rule the roast ;  
 They were, half of 'em, *turnspits* before.\*

At your folly mankind will exclaim  
 If you share not the fruit of our labours,

\* M. Isnard, for example, the son of a cook ; and M. Ruelle, a leading member of the Convention, the quondam administrator of roast and boiled in an obscure eating-house near London, in whose hands there is reason to expect that the regenerated constitution of France, which they have kept so long in hot water, must at length *go to pot*.

A spice of the science of Cookery appears to be an indispensable ingredient in the composition of illustrious characters, both ancient and modern.

———— Homer, if we search his books,  
 Will shew us that his heroes all were cooks, &c.

*King's Art of Cookery, &c.*

Caliburn, the sword of King Arthur, and the Sword of the renowned Pendragon, were as serviceable in the kitchen as in the field, if we may credit their poetical historian, John Grub, heretofore of Christ's church, Oxford, who says of the last of these worthies :

“ His sword would serve for battle, or for dinner, if you please ;  
 When it had slain a Cheshire man 'twould toast a Cheshire  
 cheese.”

The *Reformation-Dagger* of Hudibras seems to have been

With the sparks of our patriot-flame  
 While we freely enlighten our neighbours.  
 From these sparks you may kindle a blaze,  
 If fann'd by *some notable fellows*,  
 And a grand conflagration you'll raise  
 Let but PRIESTLEY and PAINÉ blow the bellows.

equally adroit and accommodating with the swords of these  
 Cambro-Britons, though of a far less sanguinary *temper* than  
 the daggers of French reformers.

It was a serviceable dudgeon  
 Either for fighting or for drudging ;  
 When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,  
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;  
 Toast cheese or bacon ; tho' it were  
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.

All will allow the valiant champion, Guy of Warwick, to  
 have been *æquè laureâ Culinæ ac Martis insignitus*, who have  
 contemplated his stupendous porridge-pot in Warwick castle ;  
 and Colbrand, his gigantic antagonist, must have been little  
 inferior to him in the former respect, since he is described by  
 the above cited Poet, Grub, as advancing to the combat

“ Brim-full of wrath and cabbage,”

undoubtedly of his own cooking.

Nor, in an enumeration of heroes and legislators, will impar-  
 tiality permit me to pass over in silence the late BAMBER  
 GASCOIGNE, (*egregii gustûs Senator*) indisputably *the first*  
*broiler of sprats in Christendom*.

Yet it is evident, from the recent samples of state cookery  
 which *they* have given us, that all must yield the palm to the  
 Conventional cooks ; nay, I am confident that even our own

Even now is your church undermin'd  
 With PRIESTLEY'S polemical nitre : \*  
 Which, exploded, you'll presently find  
 The *red night-cap* † take place of the mitre.

justly celebrated *Cooks of Colnbrook*, if they are yet in being, will surrender with pleasure to the Archimagiri Gallici those heroi-culinary titles under which themselves have figured in the old catch with such meritorious distinction.

There was Slice-cook, and Hash-cook, &c. &c.

\* We are, as it were, laying gunpowder, grain by grain, under the *old building of error and superstition*, which a single spark may hereafter inflame, so as to produce an instantaneous explosion, in consequence of which, that Edifice, the erection of which has been the work of ages, may be overturned in a moment, and so effectually, as that the same foundation can never be built upon again.

*Priestley's Import. of Free Enquiry in Matters of Religion*, p. 40.

I rejoice to see the warmth with which the cause of orthodoxy, that is, long established opinions, however erroneous, and that of the hierarchy, is now taken up by its friends ; because, if their system be not well founded, they are only accelerating its destruction. In fact, they are assisting Me in the proper disposal of those *trains of gunpowder* which have been some time accumulating, and at which they have taken so great an alarm, and which will certainly blow it up at length as suddenly, as unexpectedly, and as completely as the overthrow of the late arbitrary government in France.—*Priestley*.

† The Cap of Liberty with which, Fennel tells us (p. 25,) the devout Parisian reformers have decorated the images of our

As sure as his regimen works,  
 From old orthodox leaven 'twill purge ye;  
 And of Hebrews,\* Dissenters, and Turks,  
 Make right apostolical clergy.

Strike the flint of his heart on the steel  
 Of freedom; lawn sleeves be the tinder:  
 Well brimstone your match with his zeal,  
 And again make St. Paul's a huge cinder: †  
 Rare news for the Shade of good PRICE! ‡  
 With joy he will sing like a throstle:

Saviour in their churches.—It was brought into fashion by the Jacobin Club: a red thrum cap—*without ears or bells*.

*See Preface to that excellent story, "The Monks in Red Caps." Addressed to the Jacobins.—Debrett, 1792.*

\* I am told that the sons of Jew-jobbers have been made bishops; persons not to be suspected of any Christian superstition. *Burke.*

† Consumed formerly in the fire of London.

‡ How ought we then to be affected, who firmly believe, that in so short a space of time, (*i. e.* about fourteen or twenty years, agreeably to a previous accurate calculation,) we may see our deceased friend again, and be able to tell him, what he will be as eager to learn, how those things, about which he most interested himself, went on after his death; and such is the prospect now opening before us, respecting the enlargement of civil and religious liberty, that the longest liver will have the *best news* to carry him.

*Priestley's Sermon on the Death of Dr. Price.*



So let PERIGORD\* post with advice,  
To exhilarate *Freedom's Apostle*. †

Then serve up a dish *piping hot*  
Of the calves heads that govern the nation ;  
And reviving Guy Vaux's old plot,  
By murder effect reformation :  
Lords and Commons exalt to the skies,  
Taught by PRIESTLEY new flights of devotion,  
When both Houses together shall *rise*,  
And each member at once *make a motion*.

His Birmingham thunder shall 'wake  
Those blind watchmen ‡ your bishops suffragan,

\* M. Talleyrand-Perigord, ancien Evêque d'Autun, who testified his extraordinary affection for the Sacred order, by recommending the confiscation of the French clergy ; and who (after the refusal of all the ancient prelates, not excepting the arch-apostate of Sens) readily afforded *his ministry* in consecrating the new constitutional bishops. The Convention, which he has lately deserted, having no farther occasion for his services above ground, he cannot be better disposed of than in an embassy *ad inferos*.

† The most august assembly in the world, by which I wish to be understood the National Assembly of France, have justly styled him (Dr. Price) *the Apostle of Freedom*.

*Priestley's Sermon on the Death of Dr. Price, p. 8.*

‡ His watchmen are blind :—they are all ignorant,—sleeping,

And the pillars of monarchy shake ;  
 PAINE calls it the Temple of Dagon :  
 Like a Sampson † he lustily strains  
 To pull down that *pile Antichristian*,  
 Which shall tumble, and beat out the brains  
 Of each aristocratic Philistine.

For instruction repair to PAINE'S school,  
 And observe what a picture he'll draw,  
 Of a Brother of Mahomet's Mule,  
 Call'd " The Church as establish'd by Law ;" †  
 By the Hierarchy 'got on the State  
 That with fishes and loaves loads his crupper,

lying down, loving to slumber. *Isaiah*, lxvi. 10.—A prophetic passage which *charitable* dissenters aver to be typical of the orthodox tranquillity of our right reverend bench.

\* Sampson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood—and he bowed himself with all his might, and the house fell upon the Lords, &c. *Judges*, xvi. 29, 30.

† By engendering the church with the state, a sort of *Mule animal*, capable only of destroying, and not breeding up, is produced, called, *The Church established by Law*. It is a stranger, even from its birth, to any parent mother on which it is begotten, and whom in time it *kicks* out and destroys.

*Paine's Rights of Man*, p. 81.

While Sectaries squint at the bait,  
And get nothing but *kicks* for their supper.\*

Nor believe the assertion that those  
Who would level the altar and throne,  
Who all faith and allegiance oppose,  
No religion can have of their own :  
For David describ'd long ago  
Some lambs of this very same fold,  
Whose religion was Rapine, I trow,  
Since " their idols were *silver and gold.*" †

Some say that with coin to supply us,  
The spoils of the church we engross,  
And as for our churchmen so pious,  
Neither pile we have left them, nor cross ; ‡

\* Peace is the cure of fanaticism, as fanaticism is the bane of peace. Sectaries must either *kick* or be *kicked*. They must either persecute, or they must provoke persecution. To be in this turbulent state is living in their proper element.

*Warburton on Grace, p. 136.*

† Psalm cxxxv. *ver.* 15.

‡ Whackum had neither cross nor pile,  
His plunder was not worth the while. *Hudibras.*

Your assembly tells the people that they have brought the Church to its primitive condition. In *one respect* their declara-

But 'tis false.—\* The true church we restore  
 By our *confiscatorial* process ;  
 And her sons, like the Christians of yore,  
 We make them all *take up their crosses*.

What ! shall prelates or nobles forsooth  
 In fine cloaths shew their insolent riches,

tion is undoubtedly true ; for they have brought it to a state of Poverty and Persecution.

*Letter from Mr. Burke to Nat. Assem. 1791, p. 17.*

\* To obviate the inconvenience resulting from the tedious forms of the old government, the *regenerated* rulers of France, superior to all the narrow prejudices of humanity, have adopted a *summary process*, which at once evinces their paternal tenderness towards the subjects of their government, and, *by a judicious disposal of their persons*, effectually prevents all remonstrance against the equity of Democratical Legislation.

Take the following instance from *Fennel*, p. 457.

“ On the 19th of August, the Assembly, being informed that the Administrators of the Department Du Var, sitting at Toulon, (*unauthorized by any existing law*) had transported their refractory priests, very warmly applauded the conduct of that department ; and, upon a proposition of M. Cambon, *instantly decreed*, that all ecclesiastics, who have never taken the oath, or who, having taken it, have afterwards retracted, *shall be transported*.”

The operation of the French Edicts resembles the operation of an infallible nostrum, whose *learned vender* assured his patients ; “ After swallowing one box of my incomparable “ pills, nobody never needs take no more of nothing.”

And basely oppose naked truth  
By Philosophers taught without breeches ! \*

\* Modern Legislators of France tell the people, to comfort them in the rags with which *they* have clothed them, that they are a Nation of Philosophers.

*Burke's Reflec. 5th Ed. p. 199.*

Whatever veneration may be due to the paraphernalia of the antediluvians, *i. e.* antediluvian *breeches*, (for this genuine acceptation of the word is sanctioned by our renowned Lexicographer's elucidation: "Paraphernalia—*goods in the WIFE'S disposal.*") impartiality must acknowledge modern breeches to be no other than the vitious incumbrances of aristocratical refinement, and the adoption of them altogether as preposterous as the *unnatural* affectation, so justly reprobated by a noble author, Lord Monboddoo, of *walking on two legs instead of four.*

Since the circumstances of French philosophers have obliged them to discard these vestments of supererrogation together with all antiquated prejudices, what they have lost in florentine and fustian they have gained in soldiership and sagacity: for the most inveterate Antigallican will not venture to maintain, in their present circumstances at least, that "the heart of a Frenchman lies *in his breeches,*" a position *fundamentally* false and paradoxical. And in admitting that the causes of their *posterior denudation* have equally contributed to the developement of their genius, we are warranted by sound classical authority:

————— Ingenium res

Adversæ nudare solent.

*Hor. Sat.*

Dr. Johnson has ungenerously endeavoured to *veil the naked Graces of French philosophy* by a most opprobrious illustration

No!—Let us of raiment bereave  
All aristocratical sots,

of the word Galligaskins: “Caligæ Gallo-Vasconum,” *i. e.* Breeches of the Ancient Gascons. But this unheard-of imputation must be ascribed to that philological perverseness which gives “trousers” to the *Erse*, instead of the *congenial monosyllable* to which they naturally belong. (See Dictionary.) Seneca has attempted to prove breeches no impediments to prowess and manhood, by using the word “Caliga,” to express the condition of a common soldier; “Marius à Caligâ ad Consulatum perductus est.” But even these powerful authorities must yield to M. L’Abbé Spallanzani, who has demonstrated that FROGS, by which he means Frenchmen, (substituting, by learned licence, *the food* for the *feeders*, as Milton and Euripedes are said, by a *Rt. Rev. Critic*, to substitute effects for causes, and tears for cinders. See Note with signature (H) on the words “melodious tear,” in *Lycidas*. *Warton’s second Edit. of Milton’s Poems*.) This accurate and humane experimentalist, I repeat, has satisfactorily demonstrated that frogs—that is to say, frog-eating Frenchmen, when breech’d, though with but so slight a texture as waxed taffety, are thereby utterly disqualified for all vigorous exertion, and rendered totally incompetent to the grand purposes of life.

See Spallanzani’s erudite Dissertation on the Generation of the Green Frog. *Diss. v. ii. p. 12.*

Galligaskins—properly, Gaskins.—See Shakspear’s *Twelfth Night*, Act. i. Sc. iv.

“I am resolved on two points.”—

“That if one break the other will hold,

“Or if both break your Gaskins fall.”

Leaving Dr. Johnson to fetch his small cloaths from Gascony, or from Rumford, if he chooses it, we shall pronounce Gaskin

For our ancestors, Adam and Eve,  
Were, at first, like ourselves, Sans-Culottes

But, no longer in *Innocence* dress'd,\*  
When they courted the fig-leaf's protection,  
And green breeches put on, 'tis confess'd  
They were fall'n from their pristine perfection.  
Then survey Us so dauntless and bare,  
Nor dispute the perfection we claim,  
Who rival the primitive pair,  
Unincumber'd with Breeches or Shame.†

If our counsel with scorn is repaid ‡  
We shall bring an old house o'er your ears ;

to be derived from the SAXON GASKINNAN, *erubescere* (that warlike people blushing to be seen with breeches as much as their descendants would blush to be seen without them), and not from the *dorsal blushing* of the Picts, who painted their posteriors with red oker.

\* This robe of innocence was not precisely of the same description as *that* of which the late Duchess of Kingston boasted in her well-known correspondence with S. Foote, who was malicious enough to insinuate that her Grace's robe of innocence might possibly be *a little the worse for wear*.

† And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were *not ashamed*. *Gen. ii. p. 25.*

‡ "If we consider," says that mirrour of marine oratory, M.

At our bidding, to swallow your trade,  
 All Europe shall send privateers :  
 Tippoo Sultan your factors shall dread ;  
 When back'd by French blades he shall fix a  
 Huge price on each Englishman's head  
 In Bengal, in Bahàr, and Orixà.

Our ordnance affright'ning the Tagus \*  
 Shall ring a Republican peal ;  
 We'll make Lisbon one grand Sarcophágus  
 And plunder the mines of Brazil.

Kersaint, to the Convention, (*Seance Janv. 1, 1793.*) “ If we consider the vast field this daring resolution opens on which to display the courage and activity of our seamen, if you fix your thoughts upon that multitude of vessels richly freighted which will be the prey of your privateers, if in a naval war, you call together those numerous and desperate adventurers which are to be found in all nations of Europe, if *you adopt them, and associate them in your enterprizes,*” &c.

“ We must attack Lisbon and the Brazils, and dispatch an *auxiliary army to Tippoo Sultaun.*”

\* “ Portugal is absolutely incapable of defence ; the fleet, with which we shall penetrate the Tagus, after having exhausted the country by contributions, after having destroyed the arsenals, must terminate its successes by first taking and then liberating Brazil.”



We'll *nip* the Dutch navy in Zealand,\*  
 On their *demi-despotic* † Stadholder  
 Set the Patriots, his guilders to steal and  
 The head that looks over his shoulder.

Batavia we next will attack, ‡  
 To Ceylon we'll establish our claim :  
 Fed on spices wash'd down with arrack,  
 How fiercely French courage will flame !

\* " If you push on the war in Zealand with vigour you will *nip in the bud* the naval force of the Stadholder, and the patriotic party which, so long since, called you to its assistance, will, with your support, easily prevent it from expanding into maturity." *Kersaint.*

† *Ce demi despote qui vous tyrannise, &c. Le Gen. Dumourier aux Bataves.*

‡ " An expedition directed against the English East Indies, shall at the same time threaten the establishments of Holland, the important colony of the Cape of Good Hope, Batavia, Ceylon, &c. &c. There you will meet only with men *enervated by luxury, soft beings* that will tremble before the Soldier of Liberty." *Kersaint.*

Our great orator is here a little mistaken in his conjecture, it being well known that the *native troops of India*, under the command of British officers, have frequently encountered the bayonets of the French grenadiers with uncommon firmness and intrepidity.

Our Dráwcansirs none shall escape,  
 Fleets and armies we'll fit out by dozens,  
 Expel the Mynheers from the Cape,  
 And fraternize *our* HOTTENTOT Cousins.\*

In the silks which Italians export  
 Shall our *shirtless* Philosophers shine ; †  
 While for Rome, that idolatrous court,  
 Our *new priests* have a tickler in brine : ‡

\* The French may reasonably claim affinity in blood to a people with whom some of their most ingenious writers have taken considerable pains to establish the closest affinity in principle. M. Vaillant, in his account of the Hottentots, rejects it as a most cruel indignity offered to this *brave* people, to suppose them *capable of having any Religion*.

“ Would you desire better fellowship, Master Matthew ? ”

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

† “ The Republics of Italy offer you maritime prizes, of which, the loss will fall on English commerce, &c.—*Kersaint*.

‡ “ Pontiff of the Romish church, prince, *as yet*, of a state on the point of renouncing your controul. You can no longer preserve both your State and Church but by the disinterested profession of those Evangelical Principles that breathe the purest Democracy.”

*Le Cons. Exec. Provis.—au Prince Evêque du Rome, 1792.*

This *friendly* address to the Pope, exhorting his Holiness to preserve his temporal and spiritual dominion by renouncing *his authority*, if it had not borne the signatures of the Executive Council of *France*, might, from its peculiar *consistency*, have

We'll shew the poor fools, who confide in  
 Infallible brains that are addle,  
*Evangelic* Democracy 'striding  
 Superstition's old Catholic saddle. \*

Should Spain to the Bourbons prove true  
 From the Dons their mustachios we'll crop,  
 Spoil Mexico, pillage Peru, †  
 And spend all the gold in their shop ;

been mistaken for the advice of *Hibernian counsellors*. Should his Holiness be disposed to follow it, we may apply to him the well-known Epigram of Martial.

Hostem cum fugeret se Fannius ipse peremit,  
 Quis furor, O Fanni ! ne moriari mori !  
 How mad was Fannius, from the foe when flying,  
 To think of disappointing Death by *dying* !

\* This identicle saddle was heretofore in the occupation of an Aristocratical Dowager of the first rank and fashion, who maintained little more reserve in her morals, and somewhat less in her *mode of riding*, than our equestrian heroines of the present day.

Doth not the WHORE of BABYLON ride  
 Upon her horned beast *astride* ? *Hudibras.*

† "The Spaniard bears in the recesses of his soul, that character of energy which renders him worthy to be free. In Europe he would weakly defend the cause of the Bourbons, in America he calls to you, and you ought to march to Mexico while you menace the English." *Kersaint.*

All around us, east, west, north, and south,  
 Insurrection and anarchy foster,\*  
 Sail to Hell with the winds in our mouth,  
 Nor care three-pence for Libs, Notus, Auster.

That the good of mankind we've in view  
 Our *extreme moderation* denotes :

\* " Let us wage war with all Europe. Your armies at the moment in which they are reduced to the most *deplorable situation* have achieved prodigies of valour. Every one of our private soldiers believes himself a match for two hundred slaves. If you should command them to march to Vienna—they would march to *Vienna or to death.*"

Danton.—*Moniteur*, Jan. 25, 1793.

This is a very sublime stroke of oratory, but for the honour of old England, we must acknowledge that it appears to be borrowed from a strenuous antigallican English poet :

" All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,

" And bid him go to *hell*—to hell he goes." Johnson.

We may fairly conclude that the courage and capacity of French Republicans will speedily attain their *ne plus ultra* of perfection ; their growth and expansion having been found to keep pace, in an *inverse ratio of progression*, with the tenuity of their diet. Their health also must be wonderfully improved. *Sublatâ morbi Causâ tollitur Effectus*: Liberty and Famine having shook hands in France, they must be entirely *free* from the grand cause of disease, Indigestion.

" Our Food *has disappeared* in proportion as our Liberty *has extended.*"

St. Just.—*Moniteur*, Dec. 1, 1792.

Then French tenets embrace, or, morbleu !  
 We'll invade you and cut all your throats.\*  
 In the teeth of the tower of London  
 Hurl the Head of your King † in defiance,  
 His beef-eaters knock ev'ry one down,  
 And *enfranchise* hyænas and lions. ‡

\* We will make a descent on England.—We will lodge there fifty thousand caps of liberty.—We will plant there the sacred tree.—The tyranny of their government shall soon be destroyed.

*Letter of the Minister of the Marine—Moniteur, Jan. 20, 1793.*

Our fishing vessels are always ready to transport thither one hundred thousand French, for by this expedition we must terminate the quarrel, and *it is upon the ruins of the tower of London* that you must sign with the English people, *undeceived*, the treaty which shall regulate the destiny of nations, and shall found the liberty of the world. *Kersaint.*

The reader is desired to notice an observation on these quotations from M. Kersaint's speech. See No. IV. Additional Notes.

† They threaten you with kings! You have thrown them your gauntlet: that gauntlet is the Head of a King; it is the signal of their approaching death.

*Danton.—Seance du 31 Janv.—Moniteur, Feb. 1.*

‡ These *oppressed animals* have an indisputable claim to the *fraternity* of the Parisian philosophers, a claim admitted not long since by the exhibitor of a tiger, which he had always been used to denominate *le grand Tigre Royal*, but soon after the revolution, when the term royal fell into disrepute, by *one of the most happy applications of the word that was substituted or royal*, he invited all the passengers on the Pont Neuf to see

Le grand TIGRE NATIONAL.

To perfection as yet never reach'd  
The world 's in a state of progression,  
Heretofore, *like our patriots*, UNBREECH'D,  
Soon 'twill swagger at years of discretion ;\*  
While the nations, *enlighten'd*, agree  
To propagate rapine and slaughter,  
Blest scyons of LIBERTY'S TREE,  
Which We plant, and the Devil will water.

\* The human race has commenced in a state of infancy. It commences this day its state of manhood.

*Carra.—Monit. Jan. 4*

NEW BREECH'D with manhood.—*Paine's Rights of Man.*

## ADDITIONAL NOTES.

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No. I.

M. MARAT.

The following detail is given verbatim from the Star,  
March the 4th, 1793.

GLASGOW.

“ FROM an investigation lately taken at Edinburgh, it is said, that Marat, the celebrated orator of the French National Convention, the humane, the mild, the gentle Marat, is the same person who, a few years ago, taught tambouring in this city, under the name of John White. His conduct, while he was here, was equally unprincipled, if not as atrocious, as it has been since his elevation to the legislatorship. After contracting debts to a very considerable amount he absconded, but was apprehended at Newcastle, and brought back to this city, where he was imprisoned. He soon after executed a summons of *cessio bonorum* against his creditors; in the prosecution of which, it was found that he had once taught in the Academy at Warrington, in which Dr. Priestley was tutor; that he left Warrington for Oxford, where, after some time, *he found means to rob the Musæum of a number of gold coins and medallions*; that he was traced to Ireland, apprehended at an assembly there in the character of a German count, brought back to this country, tried, convicted, and sentenced to some years hard labour on the Thames. He was refused a *cessio*, and his creditors, tired of detaining him in goal, after a confinement of several months, set him at liberty.

He then took up his residence in this neighbourhood, where he continued about nine months; and took his final leave of this country about the beginning of the year 1787.

“ He was very ill-looking; of a diminutive size; a man of uncommon vivacity, of a very turbulent disposition, and possessed of a very uncommon share of legal knowledge. It is said, that while here, he used to call his children Marat, which he said was his family name.”

## No. II.

### M. MERLIN.

The portion of which he had despoiled his intended bride, M. Merlin speedily dissipated by gambling at Spa. To repair his losses he broke open the strong box of Madame la Baronne Vanderberg, who lodged in a chamber adjoining to his apartment—borrowed a horse, which he *sold* at Nancy, and afterwards, in a state of extreme distress, was (*for the second time*) received with kindness, and his enormities freely forgiven, by an affectionate father, whom, in return for his liberality and indulgence, this bright exemplar of filial gratitude *denounced* to the Convention as a Feuillant, and *moved for his accusation, in Nov. 1791.*

*Flower of Jacob. p. 71.*

In proof of the general candour and impartiality which actuated the self-constituted judges of their unhappy monarch, let us not forget the humane sentiment expressed in the sitting of December 3, by this amiable character, M. Merlin, who avowed to the Convention “ his regret that he had not poniarded his sovereign, when he threw himself, on the 10th of August, upon the protection of the National Assembly.”

*See Le Moniteur, No. 339.*



## No. III.

M. CARRA.

“What then does the Revolution denote? It denotes that the *regeneration of our politics* has preceded, as it ought, *the regeneration of our morality*: for it would be absurd to rest our claim to the distinguishing character of a nation of philosophers, on the mere subversion of that general despotism which surrounds us. The grand epoch of the *new birth of liberty* can only commence from the moment when the very sources of abuse shall vanish before the eternal Rights of Man. Let us labour to annihilate them among our neighbours.”

*Carra.—Moniteur, Jan. 4, 1793.*

M. Carra's private practice, like that of some other philosophical moralists, appears to have been somewhat at variance with his public principles. The regeneration of *his politics* having taken place *subsequent* to that of *his morals*. Of regenerate morality he gave an early exemplification, by breaking open and pillaging the house of a milliner, in his sixteenth year; the proces verbal of which transaction was detailed in a French paper “*La Feuille du Jour*,” of Feb. 1792, and authenticated by *his own acknowledgement* before stated in page 14: but had *his policy* been regenerated *at that period*, it would most probably have prevented his apprehension and condemnation to the gallows; the mitigation of this sentence having been effected solely by the interest of some respectable friends of his uncle.

During his subsequent exile from France, he taught languages at Vienna, where he gave a farther exemplification of regenerate *morality*, as well as of regenerate *liberty*, by making *free* with a gold watch, the property of the young Countess of Hardeck, his pupil. But his *policy* either was yet in embryo, or little better than a *regenerate abortion*; and a second detection and degrada-

tion obliged our *felonious* Philosopher to take French leave of Vienna. *See Fennel's Review, &c.*

It is a singular hardship that the fair sex should have been such sufferers (as appears from the two instances above cited) by the *regeneration of morality and new birth of philosophical liberty, &c.* and we fear lest it should render them averse from novel generation of every kind, and strengthen their honest prejudices in favour of the old domestic practice of their grandfathers and grandmothers.

The following *Jeu d'Esprit*, which I recollect having met with in some periodical publication, may shew that *female prejudices of this description* are not extinct.

*On a late invented Dance on the stage, called*  
"A NEW WAY OF WOOING."

A Dance they perform at the Playhouse, cries Sue,  
'Tis "A NEW WAY OF WOOING," I'm told;  
A plague on't, quoth Nell—Let who will take *the New*,  
I like none so well as *THE OLD*.

#### No. IV.

#### KERSAINT'S SPEECH.

The notes signed "*Kersaint*" are extracted from the translation of that officer's memorable speech lately published by Ridgway: but it has been found necessary to correct them by a faithful collation with the original Speech, as given in the *Moniteur*, or *Gazette Nationale*. In the last of these extracts, where the orator talks of the treaty to be signed with this country, the publisher has *prudently* forbore to give any intimation of the place whereon it is to be signed; "*Sur les Ruines de la*

*Tour de Londres*;" as well as to notice the significant epithet "*détrompe*," (the English of both which expressions are distinguished by italics in the extract alluded to) for fear; it is presumed, of wounding the *patriotic sensibility* of his Anglo-Jacobin readers.

## No. V.

## HOTTENTOTS, APES, AND ATHEISTS.

The work of M. Vaillant, referred to in the notes of page 27, has been reviewed by the learned M. de la Métherie, and the other ingenious conductors of the "*Journal Physique*." Of their very curious Comment, upon M. Vaillant's interesting information, together with the text, I shall subjoin a faithful translation, as it affords additional proof of the general prevalence of that Atheistical Fanaticism which has been openly avowed and triumphantly vaunted at various times, and on various occasions, by many persons of Republican eminence, besides Mr. Jacob Dupont in his celebrated speech before quoted in page 13.

"The author (M. Vaillant has refuted all that Kolbe has advanced respecting their religion," &c.

"I have not perceived among this people (the Gonaquois Hottentots) any trace of religion, any thing which approaches even towards the idea of a Being who shall punish and reward. I have lived a considerable time with them—I have been domesticated with them in the bosom of their peaceable deserts—I have, in the company of these brave people, made excursions in very remote regions. In no part of them have I met with any thing which has a resemblance to religion." *Vaillant.*

Here we have a grand problem, in the history of the human race, resolved. It has long been pretended that no human society could subsist without religion; that they who would endeavour to obliterate every religious idea were no other than

the most perverse of men. The Gonaquois have no idea of religion, and yet they are the gentlest people upon the earth, and most rigidly observe all the laws of humanity; they are well-disposed, humane, hospitable, generous; their lips, enlivened with smiles and gaiety, are expressive of the constant happiness which they enjoy. Such is man as he comes from the hands of Nature; he seeks only to supply his wants. These charming climates of the torrid zone, which are his native country as well as that of *all other species of apes* (*son pays natal, comme celui de toutes les autres espèces de singes, &c.*) might furnish him abundantly with every thing that is necessary: Why should he be more vicious (*plus mechant*) than the apes themselves? Why, in order to be happy, and to live in society, should *he have any more occasion for religion than they?* M. Vaillant depicts every instant the happiness he enjoyed in these peaceable retreats, and continually regrets the charming moments which he has passed there. Oh! how infinitely preferable are *these pure pleasures of Nature* to those which we seek to substitute for them in the *Social state!*"

*Le Métherie—Journal de Physique, p. 453.  
December, 1789.*

#### TRAITS OF FRENCH CHARACTERS.

For the accommodation of such readers as will not be at the trouble of exploring the recent productions of French writers, it may not be unseasonable to subjoin a few striking traits of different personages who are indebted for their celebrity, or, more properly, for their *notoriety*, to the French Revolution. They may be reasonably allowed to bring up the rear of those worthies, of whom the preceding stanzas have faintly attempted to touch upon the birth, parentage, education, life, character, and behaviour, &c. Happy the Bard who shall celebrate the *last Dying Speech and Confession* of the whole *illustrious Groupe!!*

Several of the following extracts are taken from "Le Véritable Portrait de NOS LEGISLATEURS, à Paris, 1792." The just title of those Legislators to the compliments here paid them, few will be inclined to dispute, and certainly *no one* who has the slightest acquaintance with the original publication, that publication yielding the strongest internal testimony of the Democratic principles of the writer, evidently a staunch friend and advocate of the Orleans party, who professes to have been, himself, an actor in the *grand scene* which he describes, and ready to make oath of the veracity of his assertions.

*See Le Véritable Portrait, &c. p. 2.*

#### LA FAYETTE.

La Fayette is tall, thin, and well proportioned, with light hair, inclining to red; his eyes, wandering and gloomy, have a sinister character, while his mouth, artificially opened, smiles on all the world: his speech is not inharmonious, but slow, and seems to be always afraid of betraying his thoughts. La Fayette, a despot in his own family, and accessible to those only who were entirely devoted to him, assumed, amidst the popular assemblies, a tone of modesty, and an air of precision, carried almost to absurdity. Ever cap in hand to the multitude, although surrounded with a numerous company of aides-de-camp, the vulgar were grossly duped by this contrast of pride and meanness, which could not but excite the contempt of men of sense and reflection.

Always preceded or followed by his emissaries, who strained their voices till they were hoarse with the exclamation, "Vive La Fayette!" The mob reiterated the cry by instinct. The general bowed with condescension, and returned home with the satisfaction of believing himself adored. *Ibid. p. 48.*

If La Fayette had been endowed by Nature with any rectitude

of heart, or compass of understanding, he would have endeavoured, from the very first, to have moderated and controuled the furious progress of insurrection; but, on the contrary, he excites, he precipitates, he justifies it:—what shall I say!—He sanctifies it, in pronouncing with emphasis this maxim, which will be his condemnation: “Insurrection is the most sacred of duties:” (*l'Insurrection est le plus saint des devoirs.*)

*Peltier.*—“*Tableau de Paris,*” No. 1. *Appendix,* p. 5.

He grows daily more abject in his adulation towards the people; with his voice and his pen he thus addresses even the common porters of Paris:—“To execute your orders, to die, if obedience to your wills demand it; such is the sacred duty of Him whom You have *condescended* to name your Commandant “General.” So abject is the language of *this eldest son of liberty* who hath overthrown a court for the privilege of creeping in the streets (*qui n'a renversé une cour que pour ramper dans les rues.*)

*Ibid.* p. 9.

#### L'ABBE SYEYES.

A profound metaphysician, naturally endowed with the capability of acting the principal part in the new organization of the French government, the Abbé Syeyes was almost *an useless Member of the National Assembly.*

After the night of the 4th of August, the epoch of the abolition of ecclesiastical privileges and tithes, the Abbé Syeyes proved, in a most unphilosophical and extravagant discourse, that interest is the *primum mobile* of mankind.

The Abbé Syeyes, seated in the Committee of the Constitution, has by no means answered the expectation of his colleagues and of the public. This man, morose in disposition, bigotted to his own opinions, could never accord with his coadjutors, and appeared to abandon his party.

All the produce which the Assembly has reaped from his

talents was a detestable discourse on the Liberty of the Press, and the plan of a decree worthy of a Sartine and a Lenoir.

*Le Véritable Portrait.*

#### BAILLY.

It is astonishing that we should have scarcely any thing to say of a man, who, in the next degree to La Fayette, has shared all the honours of the Revolution, and who was *indebted to chance alone* for the first place of trust, the Mayoralty of Paris, as a recompence indicative of that estimation he little merited.

From the time when he was honoured with the first presidency of the three orders united, *the great man has disappeared*, and we have seen, in the Mayor of Paris, nothing more than the *passive tool* of La Fayette, of a corrupt municipality, and of all the ministerial cabals.

*Ibid. p. 54.*

#### BARNAVE.

This young man, in the next degree to Mirabeau, occupied the public attention during the session of the Constituent Assembly. He has been represented with two faces. For my part I have never remarked any other expression in his countenance than that which was occasioned by the circumstances of the times, accordingly as those circumstances operated on his *self-love, the sole principle of his actions*.

Barnave will never possess any real talent; his heart is cold, his discourse prolix, abounding with tautology, amplifications, adverbs, which, appearing to be accumulated in every phrase only for the purpose of affording the protraction necessary to a sluggish imagination, sufficiently prove that Barnave is no better than the retailer and amplifier of the sentiments of another, and formed to the business of intrigue by a crafty cabal, who

have possessed themselves of him from the very commencement of his political career, and will never again relinquish their instrument.

## CHAPELIER.

This Counsellor of Brittany, known at Rennes for a busy-body, had shaken off the dust of his shoes against his country before he quitted it.

A man of talents, a good logician, but corrupt, and born with *all the vices* of that description of *persons* which was lately styled "*Good Company.*" Chapelier had too much understanding not to perceive that, in the great scene which was opening on the public, men of artifice and intrigue would play the principle part? *He therefore distinguished himself by a direct opposition to the court, in order afterwards to make with that very court terms more advantageous to his own interests.*

*Ibid. p. 83.*

## ROBESPIERRE.

General of the Sans-Culottes, enemy of all Sovereignty, intrepid defender of the rights of the people; Robespierre wanted only natural consequence, *eloquence à la Danton*, and something less of presumption and obstinacy.

This man, nurtured with the *morality of Rousseau*, has had the courage to form himself upon *his* model. He possessed his austere principles and manners; his savage character and unaccommodating spirit; *he had not indeed his talents*, but Robespierre was, nevertheless, no ordinary man.

*Ibid. p. 107.*



## RABAUD DE SAINT-ETIENNE.

In the infancy of the Revolution, Rabaud wished to distinguish himself, and succeeded; some premeditated and set discourses, well drawn up, procured him success; but from the moment in which men of great talents came forward, Ribaud was silent. In this he shewed his discernment.

He is not deficient in understanding, nor even oratorical talent, but he has *little pretensions to character*. His *publications* respecting the National Gendarmery, and the organization of the National Guard, *are destitute of common sense*: he should have confined himself to objects that were familiar to him, and not have been so conceited as to aim at every thing. This is a failing common indeed to men of merit, but *much more so to blockheads*; and posterity, which views things only in their effects, makes no distinction between them.

*Ibid.* p. 152.

## L'ABBE GREGOIRE.

Originally Curé of Embermenil, near Nancy, at present Bishop of Blois by the election of the people, the Abbé Gregoire, in the assembly of the clergy, was *the most strenuous combatant against the prejudices of his order*. He seemed willing to give one sigh to the abolition of the Ecclesiastical tithes, *but this momentary weakness was speedily atoned for*.

*Ibid.* p. 118.

## ALEXANDER LAMETH.

Of all those vile instruments of despotism who are denominated courtiers, perhaps *the most artful, the most traiterous, the most hateful*, was Alexander Lameth.

It was at the very moment in which the Queen had conferred accumulated obligations on his family, that he coolly deliberated on the means of subverting the throne of his benefactress. Enveloped for a long time in the most profound policy, possessed of too much address to discover himself openly in the commencement of a Revolution to which he was afraid to trust, but of which he secretly directed the springs, it was not until he had rendered himself the chief, and in effect the despot of the Military Committee, that he gave the reins to his ambition. A very indifferent orator, but a refined politician, his *fort* consisted in *sowing dissention* among different parties, in embroiling them with each other, in order to manage them afterwards at his pleasure.

The enemy of all domination ; *he would himself be the only despot*. For a considerable time he governed the Jacobins under the mask of Patriotism. *Ibid. p. 87.*

### TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD.

ANCIEN EVEQUE D'AUTUN.

His country owes to this Prelate a particular acknowledgment on account of his conduct respecting *the sale of National Property, and the Civil Constitution of the Clergy*. He has dared to take his stand between the Church and the People, at a time when the Revolution was not established, and his conduct has fixed the wavering measures of those, who, although well-wishers to the interests of the public, were afraid of venturing too far.

We were in want of Bishops of the old establishment for the purpose of consecrating our Constitutional Bishops ; all the French Prelates, even the Archbishop of Sens, had refused their assistance. *He (Perigord) has cut the Gordian knot, and has afforded his ministry for this purpose.* After these signal

services, what has France to do with his *gambling*, his *pleasures*, his pretended *stock-jobbing*? *Ibid. p. 145.*

This noble ecclesiastic cannot, like many others, be justly accused of ingratitude to his royal master, as it is well known, that he was advanced to the prelacy much against the inclination of that unfortunate monarch, his promotion being extorted by the urgent and importunate entreaty of a dying father, as appears from the following account by the Chev. Bintinaye.

“ Who could dare undertake the apology of the Bishop of Autun, the name or sight of whom is sufficient to convey an idea of the most abject turpitude, and the blackest perverseness; him, of whom the deceased Mirabeau asserted, “ *For lucre he would sell his soul, and he would be in the right, for it would be exchanging ordure for gold.*

We can, however, exculpate him from the charge of having *purchased* his bishopric. Every body knows that the king had resolved never to make him a bishop, and that the royal resolution yielded to the prayers of a valued and dying father, who had been deceived by his hypocritical promises of reformation.

*Obs. du Chev. Bintinaye, p. 73, 74.*

#### M. CONDORCET.

————— *fronte politus,*  
*Astutam vapido servans sub pectore, vulpem.*

*Persius, Sat. 5.*

The place of Secretary to the French Academy, before it belonged to M. Condorcet, was held by M. Granjean de Fonchy, a respectable character, in the decline of life, and in moderate circumstances.

A person of learning and opulence, deceased, had bequeathed

a sum of money to the secretary of the academy, besides a pension of 1200 livres, as an augmentation of the salary of his office. Of this bequest M. Condorcet, and some of his very intimate friends, had the earliest intelligence, while the party concerned was wholly ignorant of the matter. *Under these circumstances* a treaty was entered into and *very expeditiously concluded* with M. De Fonchy, for the purchase of his place, which he resigned to M. Condorcet, who possessed himself of the bequest and pension, and who graces at this hour, the post which he acquired with so much ingenuousness and liberality.

He had a principal share in bringing to Paris the assassins who were dispatched from thence to murder his pupil and benefactor, the Duc de Rochfoucault.

#### BRISSOT

Was known before the Revolution, by the name of Brissot de Warville. He was the confidant of La Motte, who was executed in this country as a spy. He so frequently mistook his neighbour's pockets for his own, as to occasion the proverbial application of the word *Brissoteur*, to a pickpocket.

*Flower of the Jacobins.*

Mr. Brissot was, a few years since, well known to some of the police officers of this country, as a *pickpocket*; but upon their endeavouring to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with him, he withdrew to France, &c. *Fennel, p. 430.*

#### ARCHBISHOP OF SENS.

The Archbishop of Toulouse, who became Archbishop of Sens, Cardinal of the name of Loménie, afterwards apostate, afterwards nothing; the most rapacious, and, at the same time,

the most incapable minister that ever existed. It is a circumstance unprecedented in all countries of the globe, even in Constantinople, that, in so short an administration, one man should have monopolized so many favours, should have accumulated so much wealth, and given so many proofs of folly and immorality.

*Note in page 27 of La Vie de Louis XVI. par M. de Limon.*

With the advancement of the Archbishop of Toulouse, afterwards Archbishop of Sens, to the ministry, commenced the misfortunes of France, &c. Page 79.

It was under *his* administration that Lettres de Cachet resumed their empire. Page 80.

It was under *his* administration that people began to talk of doubling the numbers of the Third Estate, and of confounding the orders of the States General. Page 86.

The Archbishop of Sens imagined that one sole assembly, whose deliberations were decided by the votes of individuals, and which was balanced by no counterpoise of authority, would be the sport of his intrigues, and the prey of corruption. He expected to establish despotism upon the ruins of the pillars of the throne.

The patriots, in their turn, have pardoned his excesses, as a recompence for his *zeal against the clergy*, the nobility, and the parliament; and the tyrant of 1788 is returned in peace to France, since the period of the Revolution. He has taken the *oath of Apostates*, and is become the favourite of Democrats. It must also be observed, that many first-rate patriots of the assembly, had been the supporters of his administration. Many are known for such, as *Toret, Goupel, Kervelegan, Champeaux*, &c. Others, who were not known, were deterred from attacking him, for fear he should develop their real principles.

To demonstrate to all the world that truth of which I myself have evident perception, that the Archbishop of Sens is the

*primary and principal author of the Revolution of France*—it would, perhaps, be necessary to dilate considerably, to assemble and collect a multitude of particular facts which should unmask his secret intrigues.

But this trouble may be spared: in the month of March, 1790, he has dared to *boast*, in the midst of his own Cathedral, in the face of a numerous audience *of all with which I now reproach him*.

These are words which the Pope has made use of in speaking of this fact.

*“Vix enim Cardinalis, exul atque extorris a solo Patrio, inchoatum crescentemque vidit Gallicani Conventus operâ ILLAM RERUM CONVERSIONEM, quam nobiscum ignorabant omnes PER EUM IPSUM, ministerii sui tempore, DESIGNATAM ET PARATAM FUISSE, nullâ morâ interpositâ se contulit ad ecclesiam suam cathedralen Senonensem; ibique, mense Martio anni 1790, veritus minimè est sermonem coram omnibus habere, et NOVAM RERUM IMMUTATIONEM PLURIMA LAUDE CUMULARE, eo usque ut eidem condendæ se aliis incitamento fuisse gloriatus sit.”* *Observations du Chev. Bintinaye, p. 87, 88.*

## SAINT MIRABEAU.

### CANONIZED AND UNCANONIZED.

Mirabeau was, through life, *the most immoral of men*. A bad son—an execrable husband—a brutal lover—an imperious master: his character, sometimes loose, sometimes severe; had in it no fixed principle of action.

*Le Vèritable Portrait, p. 12.*

Mirabeau, in the space of one year, paid debts to a vast amount, made purchases of land, of moveables, of a very valuable library; he lived in great state, even his pleasures, although not of a refined, were of a very expensive, sort;

and as he neglected no kind of trick to gain popularity, he distributed alms in abundance *without being either humane or devout*. From what source could he derive his unthought-of opulence! He who, persecuted by his creditors for the space of eighteen months, commenced his political career by swindling 48,000 livres from La Fayette. This honourable exploit of the great Mirabeau is detailed in the note at the bottom of page 17, as follows:

La Fayette, not content with having enlisted in his pay an army of spies and mercenaries, to applaud him wherever he should appear in public, wished also to *purchase* MIRABEAU. Well acquainted with his necessitous circumstances, he made him an offer of 24,000 livres. Eight days were employed in concluding the bargain. During this interval La Fayette's trusty friend, Talon, procured the money, and tendered it, in the General's name, to Mirabeau, Talon himself being ignorant that a banker had already engaged to advance the sum; Mirabeau lost no time, gave Talon the meeting at seven o'clock, and having taken the money, he stepped into his carriage, and driving off with expedition, received a consideration of equal amount from the banker. This *little voluntary mistake* was rectified at the expense of the Civil List, which re-established cordiality between the several parties. Page 17.

Louis XVI. avoit regné, 13 années, et avoit constamment montré l'amour de l'ordre et de l'économie, et le desir de se livrer à tous les sacrifices personnels qui pouvoient contribuer au soulagement de ses peuples. Pendant cet intervalle de tems l'abus des lettres de cachet étoit devenu presque imperceptible, et le plus facheux effet qu'elles ayent eu alors, *ça été de sauver Mirabeau de la corde.*

*Observations du Chev. de la Bintinaye, p. 77, 78.*

## M. EGALITE.

Here you have the implacable mover of all the insurrections, of all the calamities which have devastated France. When the whole universe denounce and condemn him, shall I, by an unmanly silence, suffer the assassin of my Sovereign to reap the fruit of his crimes in peace? No.—My grief shall be indulged without restraint, since his hatred was without pity. Ah! of what import is it to me at this moment that Providence, to terrify mankind, distinguished his birth by its proximity to the throne! He who poniards my Master, is no Member of the family. Here the blood of the Bourbons forfeits every title to regard. ORLEANS falling from one abyss of guilt to another is self-sentenced, is self-degraded. He was willing to level himself with ruffians that he might be entitled to command them. He has descended from that rank in which chance had mis-placed him. He has not abjured his name—he has resumed it—his birth was evidently an error of Nature; an error which she will eternally regret. Unnatural son, he could never pardon the virtues of his father: barbarous husband, he tyrannized over the purest virtue, over a mind of the most elevated stamp; he himself was not ashamed to denounce to the Convention this unfortunate Princess, whose only error was her esteem for him. A father, the corruptor of his children—the executioner of his posterity, he sacrificed to the projects of his hatred the very existence of his descendants. A prince, the enemy to the throne: a gentleman, the destroyer of the nobility: a citizen, he overwhelmed his native land with ruin, he sold his country and its powerful master, and made the laws subservient to his interest. In each several relation of subject, friend, parent, and husband, treacherous and perfidious;



to consummate his infamy, nothing remained for him to perpetrate but the butchery of his sovereign, his father, his benefactor. Dishonour to thy name—scourge of my country—all Nature revolts against thee—the Universe no longer yields thee an asylum!!

*La Vie de Louis XVI. par M. de Limon, p. 55, 56.*

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK,

A

GALLI-MAUFRY

OF

BRITISH BEEF,

WITH THE

CHOPP'D CABBAGE

OF

GALLIC PHILOSOPHY,

AND

RADICAL REFORM.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN JUNE, 1799.





LIBERIUS SI

DIXERO QUID, SI FORTE JOCOSIUS: HOC MIHI JURIS

CUM VENIA DABIS.

*Hor. S. lib. i. Sat. 4.*





## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

---

**B**ARDS, in remotest ages born  
E'er grandsire Jove his beard had shorn,  
Taught by the Muse, whene'er they chose,  
To Heav'n were wont to soar like crows;  
But they have left us no memorial  
To prove their flights were flights corporeal:  
Hence we the volant part suspect  
To have been *Nous*, or *Intellect*,  
While body snug on earth kept house  
After his own inventions, *Nous*,  
Ere his material comrade miss'd him,  
Scamper'd above the solar system:  
Heav'n's King no sooner sent a summons  
To his celestial Lords and Commons,

Than close upon the rear of each,  
Nous flew to hear his gracious speech ;  
The consequent address he noted,  
What patriot Gods th' amendment voted,  
What Goddess made Olympus' portal  
Eccho the din of lungs immortal.  
Jove's parliament but ill accords  
With ours,—we boast an House of Lords,  
Who, to assist in their decisions  
Admit no lady politicians,  
Though their good lordships all connive at  
Ladies who legislate in private :  
But in the regions over-head  
Divinities are better bred :  
Heav'n's courtesy the petticoat  
Admits in parliament to vote,  
Bills to prefer, and in long speeches  
Challenge pre-eminence of breeches.  
From stock of male and female orator,  
Here Nous his budget fill'd memoritèr ;  
Then in a trice to earth he stole,  
Freighted with news for Jobbernol,  
His sleeping partner, a muckworm, a  
Dull dog, who stuck to Terra Firma,

And made it his grand occupation  
To give the tidings circulation.  
Hence Homer, Hesiod, and Lucian  
Treat us with such divine confusion,  
While Gods above and Gods below  
In hotbed verse like mushrooms grow :  
Cupids display their bows and quivers,  
And Naiads, flound'ring in the rivers,  
Braid their dank locks with cress and sedges ;  
And Dryads peer through hawthorn hedges.  
'Neath branching elms in shady vales  
Lascivious Satyrs whisk their tails ;  
Fauns breakfast upon hips and haws,  
And Woodnymphs make with Pan faux pas.  
Here Mermaids press their liquid pillows,  
And sing to sleep the growling billows ;  
Or make the ravish'd whales they chaunt to  
In the churn'd ocean dance coranto.  
With canzonettas and capricci's  
Siren's catch dilettanti fishes ;  
With melting voice and wily looks  
Allure john-dories to their hooks :  
And scate, and sentimental sturgeon,  
To list their dulcet song emerging ;



Bid pilchards and elastic grigs  
Frisk to Scotch reels and Irish jigs ;  
Crabs caper to melodious rhyme,  
And lobsters with their tails beat time ;  
Eels circumvolving quit their holes  
To shew they've music in their souls ;  
Cod-fish, with gills expanded wide,  
In cadence to the kettle glide,  
And soals come leaping to be fried.  
And, as the strain harmonious swells,  
Enamour'd oysters ope their shells,  
To please each chauntress fair and fickle :  
Who some would eat and some would pickle.—

The Heav'n taught Bards of whom I speak  
When time was young, in crabbed Greek,  
Th' achievements of celestial legions  
Detail'd among these lower regions.  
The strains which rais'd Them to renown,  
Into plain English melted down,  
Make of each school-boy rhetorician  
A prodigy of erudition ;  
Who manufactures prose too good  
To be endur'd or understood,

And verse that emulates thy lay,  
*Jack Sprat!* or thine, *Jack Holliday!*\*

\* The narrow compass of this single line introduces to the reader two Literary Diamonds of the first water brought in contact, cheek by jowl, like the two kings of Brentford smelling to one nosegay, videlicet:

JACK SPRAT, Esq. and JACK HOLLIDAY, Esq.

To the irreparable loss of the republic of letters the multitudinous and sublime poetical effusions of the FIRST of these distinguished personages, Jack Sprat, Esq. have all disappeared in the lapse of centuries, except the Lay here alluded to, whose justly merited popularity is, however, such that it may be said to be as familiar to the ear of an Englishman, and nearly as old an acquaintance, as his alphabet. It will suffice, therefore, to insert a moiety of it; the corresponding member and climax of the strophe (which unites the true Grecian simplicity with the acumen of the modern epigrammatist) will be supplied by the reader's recollection.

“ JACK SPRAT

“ Had a Cat

“ Had but one ear;”

&c. &c. &c.

But the known liberality of the SECOND of these eminent characters, the inspired Conveyancer, Bard, and Historian of the present day, Jack Holliday, Esq. has afforded us ample scope for our admiration in his recent and invaluable poem, “THE BRITISH OAK;” disporting myself amid the pleasurable parterre of whose luminous poesie, I have cull'd a few, from amongst innumerable blossoms of rival beauty and fragrance, for the improvement and delectation of persons of true classical taste; who are, however, admonished to provide themselves with green spectacles, lest their optic nerves should suffer

In courts, cathedrals, armies, navies,  
A blockhead's now a "rara avis:"

from excess of light in encountering this redundant blaze of poetical excellencies.

"Lenient balm of Boscobel—Venerable forms sipping scented  
"gales—Kings dissolving Queens—Disguised tythe-pigs sleep-  
"ing in the snow—Muscular oaks bleeding for their country—  
"Sheep breathing transparent pearly shade—Listening oaks  
"standing impressive—Confusion rising from ashes like a  
"Phoenix—Lord Nelson's wide spreading wings—Majestic  
"meeting of courtly oaks—Undulating hills—Tender plants,  
"with auburn locks and sparkling eyes—Adopted temples  
"humbly towering—Heroes polished by Mrs. Damer—Docile  
"anarchists going to Pomona—Oaks winging Io Pœans through  
"a breeze—Mother Church winning sweepstakes," &c. &c. &c.  
See pages 3, 4, 5, 10, 13, 34, 24, 26, 17, 32, 33, 11, 8, of *The British Oak*. 4to. *Cadel*, 1800.

So overpowering is the radiance of our illuminated British Oak as, in a manner, to obumbrate and eclipse the diminutive splendour of Jack the First, or Jack Sprat, who seems indeed, in the comparison, to dwindle to the dimensions of a Parnassian acorn; while the laurel already interweaves its foliage with the congenial curl of our Conveyancer's perriwig, and derives fresh verdure from the huge celebrity of his Life of Earl Mansfield.

Yet how imperiously soever our predilection may incline towards Jack the Second, or Jack Holliday, impartiality demands that the world should no longer be kept in the dark respecting the real extent of the merits and exertions of Jack the First, or Jack Sprat; who, upon more serious and intense investigation, appears (as Jack the second *gravely* advertises of himself, *Morning Chronicle and Times*, Dec. 13, 1800), "to shine with no less lustre as a biographer than as a poet:" he being

This no extraordinary fact is,  
For who'd the self-denial practise

at length clearly ascertained to have written the lives of two *other* illustrious Jacks, viz. JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, and JACK HICKATHRIFT ; and although we can at this day authentically enumerate no other subjects whom his Muse has immortalized besides himself, his cat, and a venerable cotemporary matron, Mistress Joan Cole, yet certain erudite peripatetic philosophers (who are wont to lecture *gratis* upon questions of similar importance in the shop of Mr. Tho. Paine, bookseller, at the Mews Gate) scruple not to attribute to his pen the terse and masterly epitaph on a descendant of the great Tom Thumb, who had figured as a subaltern sheriff's officer in the county of Stafford :

Here lies TOM THUMB,  
A Baily-bum :  
When he was dead  
The Devil said,  
" Come, Tom, come !"

It is not indeed to be denied, that those sagacious "*friends*" of Jack the Second, at whose "*intercession*" he has been induced to offer himself for the vacant chair of Vice President of the Society of Arts (see a printed circular Address to the several Members of that society, dated December 30, 1800, and subscribed, John Holliday), are desirous of decorating their favourite author with this additional wreath of glory, maintaining, that from his professional habits and pursuits, he is more likely to have been conversant with the merits, and interested in the fate of the deceased practitioner, than his proto-type, and rival biographer, Jack Sprat, or Jack the First ; and appealing, in support of their hypothesis, to the internal evidence of the epitaph itself, which they aver to be conceived and indited with the very same

That goes to constitute a dunce,  
 Where youths can eat and learn at once?  
 At once in wisdom grow and stature  
 By batt'ning upon literature?  
 Where league 'twixt belly 's form'd and head  
 By alphabet of gingerbread;

Pindaric boldness and spirit which Jack the Second *so happily* arrogates to himself in his advertisement of the British Oak before-mentioned.

When, however, we regard the respective merits of each of these Literary Phænomena in the aggregate, and candidly consider "quare sibi nectat uterque coronam," it is presumed that no one will be so rash as to attempt to decide, at least within the present century, whether the palm of pre-eminence belongs to Jack the First or to Jack the Second, but will leave a point of such vast moment, as an inexhaustible fund of controversy for the learned, till the commencement, or rather till the close, of the Millennium.

To have started so grand an argument is a sufficient honour for the writer of this note, whose enthusiastic admiration of Jack Sprat and his Cat, and of Jack Holliday and his British Oak, can only be equalled by the veneration which the latter professes for the British Nisus and Euryalus, *Anglicè, Lords St. Vincent and Nelson*, (see British Oak, p. 40,) and who, not to be sparing of sauce for such a SUPERFINE BRACE of JACKS, will wind up his eulogy in the words of a poet far inferior to either of them.

FELICES AMBO! si quid mea carmina possint,  
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo!

Whose erudition appertains  
 To chitterlings as well as brains,  
 Which boys, whom matrons sage commend,  
 Digest before they comprehend :  
 Dry-nurses, and Doctores blandi \*  
 Instruction blend with sugar-candy ;  
 Puerile propensities discerning,  
 Make the red-lane the road to learning ;  
 With spice and treacle in alliance  
 They mould the elements of science ;  
 Economists of birch, cajole us  
 With many a literary bolus,  
 Whose more refin'd ingredients gain  
 A lodgement in the pericrane,  
 And would full oft betray our fancies  
 To literate extravagancies,  
 If not prevented, ere we grow men,  
 By Ballast-learning in abdomen.

Hence school-boys scout the birchen tree :  
 That weed of aristocracy,

\* ————— Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi  
 Doctores ; elementa velint ut discere prima.

*Hor. Sat. 1.*

So many ages misapplied,  
 No longer wounds tyronic hide.—  
 In these enlighten'd days is birch  
 Preparative for state or church ?  
 No.—Let us be no more beguil'd  
 By “ spare the rod and spoil the child,”  
 Nor heed the cry of surly Sam : \*  
 Who tells us—tho' 'tis all a flam—  
 “ Boy's heads, where flagellation fails,  
 Discharge the ransom of their tails.”  
 Though Greek and Latin heretofore  
 Were in request, they're now a bore.  
 We skim, from abstract and translation,  
 The cream of classic information:  
 Like cream from London cows translated,  
 Or butter-milk sophisticated.  
 † What lad of spirit cares a groat,  
 How Diomed and Ajax fought,

\* The late Dr. Samuel Johnson.

“ There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then less is learned there: so that what the boys get at ONE END they lose at THE OTHER.”

*Boswell, Life of Johnson, 8vo. Vol. II. p. 285.*

† Nunc Athletarum studiis.—

*Hor. E. lib. ii. Ep. 1.*

While at each other hurl defiance  
 The sons of pugilistic science;  
 Who on black eyes and bloody nose  
 Read lectures to our Bond-street beaux;  
 Instruct clerks-militant and laymen  
 To spar with coal-heavers and draymen;  
 Make lords and crop-ear'd petit-maitres  
 Their prowess prove on tavern waiters;  
 Challenge their corn-cutter and taylor  
 To arms, and catch contagious valour  
 From contact with each ragamuffin.  
 Big Ben, Mendoza, and the Ruffian.—\*  
 Who with Demosthenes or Tully  
 The lining of his skull would sully,  
 While Demagogues of mickle worth  
 At Anniversaries hold forth?  
 While T\*\*rn\*y, Gr\*\*\*\*n, G\*\*y, and J\*k\*\*l,  
 E\*sk\*\*e, law's cock, its *Chicken* Michael,

\* These appellations of our modern pugilists assimilate more happily with the sounding names of Homer's warriors than those of Justice Shallow's juvenile associate champions: "There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man.—You had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again." *Shakspeare, Hen. IV.*



Import their flow'rs of elocution  
 From Gallic soil of Revolution;  
 And make our Youth of all conditions  
 Turn democratic rhetoricians,  
 And prove in politics as knowing  
 As those who set their tongues a going?  
 Lo! where, pot-valiant, they attack  
 The Minister behind his back,  
 Who, they'll be sworn, usurp'd the helm  
 On purpose to undo the realm;  
 In John Bull's cushion planted thorns,  
 And took him roundly by the horns—  
 (Was ever Beast serv'd such a trick!)  
 When he was prancing to Old Nick:  
 Who clapp'd a padlock on his muzzle,  
 Maugre F\*x, L\*\*d\*\*d\*le, and R\*\*\*\*l,  
 When, seiz'd like other horned cits  
 With revolutionary fits,  
 Amidst his disaffected swarm  
 He bellow'd treason at Chalk Farm!

But to return from whence we started:—  
 Though knowledge by old books imparted

In th' estimate is mouldy grown  
Of those who have too much o' their own:  
(Just as the sun's illustrious splendour's  
An eye-sore to our candle-venders  
For each dark spot upon his face  
Who'd plant a thousand in its place,  
With long succession of eclipses  
Bronze his complexion like a gypsy's,  
And bid in fogs his beams lie fallow  
So 'twould but raise the price of Tallow :)  
Still he who patiently explores  
Old erudition's classic stores,  
Whose steps from fashion's heights decline  
To trace the depths of learning's mine,  
Tho' cart-loads of black-letter'd lumber  
Its tracts voluminous encumber,  
Some text may light on, or narration  
That's pregnant with edification.  
As in old miser's cabinet,  
With cobwebs fring'd, by worms half eat,  
Bright guineas lurk, or gems that sparkle  
Within its private draw'r or dark hole.  
Thus, while the feats of those tall fellows  
He reads, the offspring of dame Tellus,

Who brav'd the ruler of the sky,  
 Th' observer sees, with half an eye,  
 The fabling seers anticipate  
 Philosophy of modern date,  
 Who by profession's bound, and calling  
 Authority to combat all in ;  
 Whose giant-appetite devours  
 Thrones, principalities, and powers,  
 Establishments delights in munching;  
 Takes a cathedral for its luncheon,  
 And kindly condescends to sate  
 It's hunger on communion plate,  
 Chalice, or consecrated flagon  
 Like Wantley's sacrilegious Dragon.\*  
 A true philosopher and sound,  
 Who ravag'd all the country round,  
 Effecting its regeneration  
 By Gallic modes of desolation.—

\* Houses and churches

Were to him geese and turkies ,

He ate all and left none behind :

&c.

*Dragon of Wantley.*

**See Pills to Purge Melancholy.**

Let then Refinement's seminaries,  
 From tales of cocks and bulls and fairies  
 Revert to that abandon'd page,  
 Whence arch-rebellion's pristine rage  
 Our democratic youths enlightens,  
 And bids them emulate the Titans:  
 For these, like FAYETTE, the perfection  
 Of duty plac'd in Insurrection,\*  
 And (while the fervours Sieyes felt †  
 Glow'd underneath each giant's belt)  
 To sweep down all distinctions strove  
 And make a citizen of Jove——  
 For Majesty, whom, while a child,  
 Sceptres and globes and crowns beguil'd,  
 Disdain'd, since he of age was grown,  
 His gilded cradle of a throne;  
 And had from thence transferr'd his state  
 To ev'ry ragamuffin pate,

\* "Le plus Saint Devoir de l'homme est L'INSURRECTION."

*La Fayette.*

† "As soon as I began to divest myself of the prejudices with which my education had been infected, I felt the *holy spirit of insurrection* kindle in my heart."

*M. l'Abbé Sieyes to the Convention.*

Wherein, if any brains be found,  
 He turn'd 'em round and round and round,  
 Till, (as the legion-spirit stirr'd  
 To ecstasy the infuriate herd,)  
 He drove them headlong to the sea  
 Of overwhelming anarchy.

They swore it was a monstrous thing  
 The thund'rer should be call'd Heav'n's King!  
 \*The Imprescriptive Rights of giants  
 They knew:—so bade him bold defiance;  
 Vow'd his supremacy to level  
 And with his gods to play the devil:  
 † Intrinsic sov'reignty, they said,  
 Exists but in the governed,

\* Imprescriptive Rights—“ Droits imprescriptibles,” a favourite expression of French philosophers.—Rights paramount to all the antiquated prejudices respecting equity, property, integrity, honour, charity, and religion.

See *Topsy Turvy*, page 14.

† Such a latitude of audacity did these primæval Republicans allow themselves that they made no more ceremony of assaulting the great synod of the Gods than of anticipating the sentiments of the great enlighteners of mankind.—For Brissot, in one of his letters, declares; “ We, the French, must set fire to the four corners of Europe.” Camille

Who're bound to wage 'gainst governors  
 Eternal, internecine wars :  
 And, since 'twas their "*sublime vocation*"  
 T' effect Heav'n's disorganization,  
 Wherefore should their enormous brood  
 (Miscall'd "the Swinish Multitude,")  
 That monstrous mass of eye-less matter \*  
 Vouchsafe Omnipotence to flatter ?  
 Why, subject to th' Almighty's yoke,  
 Should fane aspire or altar smoke ?  
 Let energy of bold emprise  
 Spread revolution through the skies ;  
 From his high throne, in ruin hurl'd,  
 Dash the Disposer of the world ;  
 And bid ferment with freedom's leaven  
 The aristocracy of Heaven !

Desmoulins, in his reply, asserts, "that to disorganize Europe was one of the sublime Vocations of the Convention." Brissot in his address, asks ; "What did enlightened Republicans wish before the 10th of August ? (the day on which the king was dethroned.) Men who wished for liberty not only for their own country but for all Europe ? They believed that they could generally establish it by *exciting the governed against the governors, and letting the people see the facility and advantage of such insurrections.* See *Harper's Observations.*

\* *Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*

Behold Typhæus, horrid form,  
 Foremost advance the impious storm,  
 The features mar of Nature's face,  
 Make Ossa Pelion's mighty base ;\*  
 Then mount astride their apex high,  
 Like rising scum of Anarchy !—  
 Enceladus at Pallas launch  
 Whole forests torn up root and branch  
 As easily as the *great* Nation  
 Tears up all sacred obligation !  
 Porphyrion, Rhæcus, sturdy Mimas,  
 Burn temples and abolish high mass ;  
 And humble ev'ry mitred nob  
 In vile prostration to the Mob :  
 The Mob, before whose fierce bravadoes,  
 E'en philosophic reformadoes,  
 Fell desolation's work pursuing,  
 Quake at the storm themselves are brewing.  
 Mob Royal, and his royal Cubs,  
 The majesty of spades, and clubs,

\* — Conjuratos cœlum rescindere fratres,  
 Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam.

*Virg. Georg. 1*

Drays, dung-carts, besoms, mops, and matches ;  
 Hamlet's gaunt king of shreds and patches.\*  
 Whose awful mandate says express :  
 † Let people, nations, languages,  
 My potent sov'reignty adore,  
 As they, of old, fell down before  
 The idol of th' Assyrian king ;  
 Just such another senseless thing :  
 Though here my simile runs cross,  
 Since his was gold, our Idol's dross.

Oh had success but crown'd these Hectors,  
 And giv'n Olympus Five Directors,  
 ‡ (For just so many rebel pates  
 Venusium's Bard enumerates.)  
 Our WHIG CLUB, had it then existed,  
 Would, in their quarrel, have enlisted :

\* ————— A king  
 Of shreds and patches——

*Hamlet, Act II. Scene iii.*

† To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages!  
 That ————— ye fall down and worship the golden  
 image that Nebuchadnezzar the King hath set up.

*Daniel, chap. iii.*

‡ Typhœus, Mimas, Rhœcus, Porphyriion, Enceladus.

*Vide Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od. iv.*



\* For Whigs they were, of the old leaven,  
 Who *first* made breach of peace in Heaven :  
 And what do Whigs of modern days  
 But kindle wild sedition's blaze ?  
 Expectant, in the contest's issues,  
 Themselves to seize those loaves and fishes  
 Which they can never hope to bite,  
 While honest men enjoy their right :  
 As pettifogger's dirty wiles  
 Set John a Nokes on Tom a Stiles,  
 To prove, by desp'rate course of law,  
 His title to a barley straw ;  
 Reckless of a whole county's curses,  
 So they can drain the loobies' purses.

But Jove, to keep these rebels under,  
 Unlock'd his magazine of thunder.  
 Launch'd his avenging bolts, and sear'd,  
 With lightning's flash, Rebellion's beard.

\* The Devil was the first o' the name  
 From whom the race of rebels came,  
 Who was the first bold undertaker  
 Of bearing arms against his Maker.

*Butler, Misc. Thoughts.*

\* Here Juno down Olympus' staircase  
 Kick'd sturdy Mimas' recreant carcass :  
 Here Pallas threw away her distaff  
 And crack'd Typhœus' skull with his staff :  
 Apollo there, with shaft unerring,  
 Porphyriion slew dead as a herring :  
 Here Vulcan strives to find in vain,  
 With his sledge-hammer, Rhœcus' brain :  
 Here Jove Enceladus o'erwhelms,  
 Who, with up-rooted oaks and elms, †  
 Brought to the proof celestial patience,  
 And cudgell'd all the constellations ;  
 Put the spheres' music out of tune,  
 Swore he'd eject the man i' the moon ;  
 Though a fine fellow of his inches,  
 He'd fire his bush, eat up his green-cheese,

\* Sed quid Typhœus et validus Mimas  
 Aut quid minaci Porphyriion statu  
 Quid Rhœcus . . . . .  
 Contra sonantem Palladis ægida  
 Possent ruentes ? hinc avidus stetit  
 Vulcanus, hinc Matriona Juno, et  
 . . . . .  
 Delius, et Patareus Apollo.

† ————— Evulsisque truncis  
 Enceladus jaculator audax.

*Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od. iv.*

His claret, at a sup, absorb it, \*  
 And fustigate him round his orbit.—  
 But Jove resolv'd the braggadocio  
 Should ne'er from this time forth his nose shew ;  
 So gave him salt eel for his supper,  
 And pil'd Mount Ætna on his crupper.  
 † Pent underneath his mountain tomb  
 A living death's tremendous doom  
 The prostrate swagg'rer undergoes ;  
 Yet still with wonted rage he glows.  
 Oppress'd with more than mortal pain  
 He writhes and strives to rise in vain,  
 And, bellowing in despair and ire,  
 Black bile commix'd with sulph'rous fire  
 Disgorges : through th' incumbent load  
 Bursting, th' imprison'd flames explode,

\* The Man i' the moon drinks claret,  
 Eats powder'd beef, cabbage, and carot ;  
 But a cup of good Malaga sack  
 Will fire the bush at his back. *Old Ballad.*

† Fama est, Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus  
 Urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Ætnam  
 Impositam, ruptis flammam expirare caminis :  
 Et, fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem  
 Murmure Trinacriam, et cœlum subtexere fumo.

*Virg. Æn. Lib. III.*

To Heav'n renew'd defiance bear,  
And tell the Gods who sent 'em there.—

Fam'd Orator of Palace yard,  
Thy melting eyes O lend the Bard!  
Lend him thy bowels of compassion,  
And pathos of the newest fashion,  
To wail, with sympathizing grief,  
The fall of each Insurgent Chief;  
For when a rank arch-rebel dies,  
In F\*x's civic eulogies,  
(Like homely jade by beauty-washes,  
Or sugar-candy from molasses),  
Regen'rated, transform'd, refin'd,  
He soars, the noblest of his kind,  
Heroes and demigods among;  
A gilded fly from ordure sprung.\*

† Hung be the SHAKSPEARE'S bar with black  
Stript off an undertaker's back!

\* See Mr. Fox's Speech at the Whig Club, June 6, 1798.

† Hung be the heav'ns with black,—yield day to night!  
*Henry VI. Part I. Act. i.*

The club's conven'd,—Yield day to night !  
 Waiter!—but half the candles light ;  
 And half of that same half snuff out !  
*Enlighten'd Whigs* can dine without.  
 Cold be the cod-fish, cold the sirloin !  
 The claret not worth two-pence sterling,  
 The punch of brandy void and lemon,  
 The soup black broth of Lacedemon,  
 The beef steaks scorch'd, the oysters stinking,  
 The port fit for the Devil's drinking !  
 Half boil'd too let the pudding come  
 A mealy waste without a plumb !  
 And let Dutch herrings shed their pickle  
 In sympathy with tears that trickle  
 Down Opposition cheeks and noses,  
 While F\*x, his friend's apotheósis  
 Proclaims, the solitary herald  
 Of all thy virtues, fell F\*\*\*g\*\*\*\*d !\*  
 To *kind* oblivion loth to trust  
 Defunct Rebellion's *sacred* dust !—

\* ————— Ergo nunc Dama sodalis  
 Nusquam est ? unde mihi tam fortem, tamque fidelem  
 Sparge subinde : et si paulum potes illacrymare.

*Hor. Sat. Lib. II. Sat. v.*

So hails the Democratic strain,  
Philosophy, thy patriot reign!  
So sound the lore, so pure the theme  
Of thine inebriate académe!  
Philosophy!—Not Thou of old  
Heav'n-born to bless an age of gold;  
Whose penetrating glance descried  
The bounds which right from wrong divide,  
And on the wretch indignant frown'd  
Who dar'd those contraries confound;  
Philosophy, at whose command  
Fled Anarchy and Strife the land,  
Peace rais'd her olive-circled brow,  
And Plenty bloom'd on ev'ry bough;  
Benignant at whose side enthron'd,  
Religion her fair Sister own'd:  
While both their institutes combin'd  
To humanize and bless mankind.—

Far other characters arise!  
Far other prospects court our eyes!  
PHILOSOPHY revers'd we view,  
Not of the Old School but the New.

Philosophy, which sets at nought  
 All that was dear and sacred thought,  
 And leaves for probity no room  
 In this world or the world to come :  
 Here decollates as useless lumber,  
 There dooms it to *Eternal Slumber*. \*  
 Philosophy, of curst extraction,  
 Whom Infidelity and Faction  
 Evok'd from midnight darkness Stygian  
 To plunder, and proscribe Religion,  
 And half th' insensate globe ensnare  
 With hollow smile and tinsel's glare :  
 As Paphos' Sov'reign meretricious  
 Rose from the sea so fair and specious,  
 Yet, spite of all that lovers swore,  
 And poets lied, was but a wh—.

Philosophy, inveterate foe  
 Of order, truth, and peace below,  
 Whose rancour never can be spent  
 'Till each rever'd establishment,

\* "LA MORT EST UN SOMMEIL ETERNELLE."

*Inscription for a public Burial Place, decreed by the French Convention, 1793.*

Ecclesiastical and civil,  
 Shall be sent packing to the Devil.  
 Philosophy, whose grasping hands  
 Spit tythe pigs, seize upon glebe lands,  
 Rob churchmen of their Christmas pye,  
 Dispatch their brawn and rosemary ;\*  
 Beneath the cloyster's hallow'd floor  
 Burrow, to sap their cellar door,  
 And broach their casks of mellow'd juices,  
 Long set apart for pious uses.—  
 Philosophy, of Gallic climes,  
 Parent of unexampled crimes !  
 Philosophy, who, while she clouds  
 Bright Revelation's day, unshrouds  
 Dark-lantern of *Regeneration*,  
 That Will-o'-wisp of the *Great Nation*,

\* Rosemary made a part of the ancient decoration of the brawn's or boar's head, as appears from the subsequent stanza of an old Christmas caroll, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, A. D. 1521.

“ Caput apri defero,

“ Reddens laudes Domino.

“ The bore's heed in hande bring I

“ With garlands gay and rosemary,

“ I pray you all sing merely,

“ Qui estis in convivio.”



Whose glimmering sparkles emanate  
From rotten pediment o' the state ;  
Just as stale fish and carrion trash is  
Known to emit electric flashes.  
But if perception's door be shut,  
And density of occiput  
Chance to make inadmissible  
Her Gallic Darkness Visible,  
Philosophy shall crack the pate  
To let it in at any rate ;  
And all who dare to shut their eyes  
'Gainst its dim gleam *Septemberize*,  
Or guillotine the dogs by shoals  
Only for being blind as moles ;  
Or, if they venture to beseech  
Her pity, drown 'em all and each ;  
Or cut the varlets throats, or gibbet 'em  
On Tree of Liberty ad libitum,  
Where influence blest of Gallic sky  
Their dark Aristocratic dye  
May bleach to pure Democracy.

PHILOSOPHERS ! ye grand empirics !  
Had I the gift, in sounding lyrics,

I'd spread your praise from clime to clime,  
And soar above this scurvy rhyme ;  
Who fractious patients bring to reason  
By quaint incisions of the weazon :  
Who dose with Exile to Guiana,  
Instead of Ipecacuanha,  
To cleanse from contumacious matter  
The vitals of the Legislature :  
Administer, to cure all ills,  
Your grand specific, leaden pills,  
Which purge us of Aristocrats,  
Had they as many lives as cats,  
And unconcern'd to Charon's steerage  
Consign our hierarchy and peerage ;  
Send them, where—, hous'd in their last home,  
The Kings of Brentford and of Rome,  
Where Numa, Romulus, and Ancus,  
Hippocrates and Saltinbancoes,  
Where vermin catchers, law expounders,  
Retailers of stale jokes and flounders,  
And those incorrigible curs,  
Conveyancing Biographers,  
And knight's o' the pad who rob and stop men,  
Mayors, marquisses, and Monmouth shop-men,

Tapsters, and conventicle praters,  
 Gospel, and gin-sophisticators ;  
 Quest mongers and quodlibetarians,  
 Varlets who set mankind at variance ;  
 Numskulls, and critics sharp as needles,  
 Phlebotomists, and parish beadles,  
 Gallic director, and dog stealer,  
 Bear leader, brawn and sturgeon dealer,  
 Chiropodist and Cambrian squire  
 All toast their cheese at the same fire.\*—

There your Whitehaven collier's soul  
 Must find itself at home t' a hole,  
 Who to the Lord has sworn allegiance  
 O' the secular infernal regions ; †  
 Serv'd an apprenticeship to night,  
 And darkness chose rather than light,  
 Since, deep as it may chance to go,  
 He's still but in the Shades Below.

\* Ἐνδ' ἰὴ τιμῆ Ἴρος κρείωνι Ἀγαμεμνων,  
 Θερσίτη δ' ἴσθι Θετίδου παῖς ἠύκόμοιο.

*Homer.*

† The Earl of Lonsdale.

There, from terrestrial stage dismiss'd,  
 Bravo descends, and pugilist ;  
 And not unsuitably with thém mix  
 The sable corps of fierce Polemics,  
 For, though the sacred statutes warn all  
 'Gainst putting trust in weapons carnal.  
 Sturdy Polemics care not three-pence,  
 But fight with pens, *their* carnal weapons.  
 No mortal blood these weapons drink  
 'Tis true, but charge of mortal ink,  
 That black combustible, let fly  
 I' the cause of type or mystery ;  
 And those who wield 'em, not content  
 To maim th' opposer's argument,  
 Traduce his character, call names,  
 And doom him to eternal flames.—

\* What rage impels grave theologians  
 To loggerheads like Greeks and Trojans !

\* Tantæne animis Cœlestibus Iræ !

The learned and pious Sir Henry Wooton desired these words  
 might be inscribed on his monument,

Hic jacet hujus Sententiæ primus Auctor :

“ PRURITUS DISPUTANDI SCABIES ECCLESIE.”

What frenzy makes of rev'rend grandsires  
Ecclesiastical drawcansirs !—

Discretion 's to Polemic Courage  
The same as pepper to pease porridge ;\*  
Which, when 'tis eat unpepper'd, gripes  
With flatulency mortal tripes ;  
And sets the chitterlingian clan †  
At variance in our inward man ;  
Where, as our tubes intestine soak,  
Porridge excites pneumatic croak,  
Tuning to base or treble key 'em ;  
And discord fills peritonéum :  
Thus Zeal, not pepper'd with discretion, ‡  
To the evangelical profession  
Noxious alike, has often rent  
The bowels of th' Establishment :

\* The better part of valour is discretion.

*Shakspeare. Hen. IV. Part i.*

† A most irritable and contentious clan. See the relation of its fierce and tragical rencounter with Colonels Mawl-chitterling, and Cut-pudding, the younger ; as given by Master Francis Rabelais, Book IV. c. xli.

‡ Vis consilii expers.

*Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od. iv.*

Each varying blast of doctrine vain  
Inflames her disputatious train ;  
Oft vex her frame intestine drubs,  
And military mulligrubs ;  
And controversial cholic wrings  
Our Mother Church's chitterlings.—  
What 's worse—this pestilent explosion  
Of controversy puts in motion  
The spawn of Godwin and Tom Paine ;  
Who tell their dupes that worldly gain  
Is the true cause which sets by th' ears  
Her venerable cavaliers.  
That, while they “ *Orthodoxy* ” bawl,  
They're squinting at Prebendal Stall ;  
While they protest “ *our Faith 's in danger,* ”  
Pant for preferment's rack and manger.—  
This too Dissenters sets agog,  
Who, hank'ring for the Church's prog,  
And, sour'd with spleen, are ever ready  
To scandalize the good Old Lady :  
These fain would jealousies create  
Betwixt her and her spouse, the state :  
“ Who 's bound in duty to discard her  
“ Because she excludes them from her larder,

“ And keeps for her own pamper’d chits  
 “ Her dainty morsels and tid-bits.”—  
 This is th’ offence and stone of stumbling  
 That sets their godly gizzards grumbling :  
 Hence, mad with spleen, Sectarian Shrews  
 Lay halters in her desks and pews ; \*  
 O’erleap her pale, her pastures forage,  
 And ratsbane strew beside her porridge ;  
 With lunatic bans stun and fright her,  
 Threat’ning with Unitarian nitre  
 T’ involve, in sudden conflagration,  
 Her ancient orthodox foundation. †  
 Hence, as his pockets empty grow,  
 Sectary, by inverse ratio,  
 Presuming his idea-case  
 Is full of inward light and grace,

\* Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend  
 hath led through fire and through flame, —— hath laid  
 knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew ; set ratsbane  
 by his porridge, &c. *Lear, Act III. Scene iv.*

† See Dr. Priestley’s exultation while he is anticipating the  
 overthrow of the Hierarchy, and the grand explosion of our  
 Church Establishment by those *trains of gunpowder* which *he*  
 has been *properly disposing* in order to blow up its *old Build-  
 ing of Error and Superstition.*

*Priestley’s Importance of Free Enquiry, &c. p. 40. &c.*

Concludes to hide would be a scandal  
 The flame of Reformation-candle  
 Beneath a bushel or a bed ; \*  
 So from brass candlestick, his head,  
 Makes hypocritical pretence  
 Illumination to dispense,  
 And light us to discern each rent  
 And wrinkle of th' establishment.  
 Pious munificence arraigns,  
 Vows betwixt benefice and brains  
 He cannot find the least conjunction,  
 But (so debas'd each sacred function !)  
 That cauliflower wig the wearer  
 Serves for a cloud t' envelop error ;  
 Short cassoc's figleaf to defect  
 And nakedness of intellect ;  
 And blocks from timber-yards and quarries  
 Are symbols of church dignitaries.

Sectarians thus the church assail,  
 (Losers are privileg'd to rail)

\* Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a  
 bed, and not to be set on a candlestick? *Luke iv. 22.*



And sacrilegiously make sport  
 Of Grizzle-wig and Cassoc short ;  
 While churchmen the false charge repel,  
 And could, if it were true, as well :  
 For if tall greyhounds useless grown  
 May into terriers be cut down ;\*  
 If beards of kings make jerkins' trimming, †  
 And superanuate wits old women ; ‡  
 If wig that grac'd a judge's nob  
 Moults to an under-sheriff's bob ;  
 And if, oblivious of its buckle,  
 That bob to serve a shoe-black truckle ; §

\* See Baron Monchaussen's Travels.

† See the *barbarous* requisition which Ryance made to King Arthur, for his beard to serve (together with the beards of eleven vanquished princes) for fringe to his mantle.—*Old Ballad*.

“ When Arthur at Camelford kept his court royal.”—*Percy*.

‡ “ I fear,” said the late Lord Chesterfield, complaining of ill health and incapacity to Mrs. Ann Pitt—“ I fear, Madam, that I am growing an old woman.”—“ I am glad of it, my Lord, I was afraid you were growing an old man, which, your Lordship knows to be a much worse thing.”

§ Of the evanescent nature of sublunary grandeur we have a melancholy exemplification in the fate of a Judge's cast-off Perriwig, whose decline and fall may be easily traced from the bench to the council-table, and from thence to the living blocks of under-sheriff, clerk of the court, and javelin-man, till it is at

If spirit, as deep mystics state,\*  
 To body may coagulate ;  
 If Lords † may dwindle into Jews,  
 Jack-boots degenerate to shoes,  
 As Henley ‡ taught.—Can it surprise ye  
 Should spruce Incumbent (versâ vice)  
 A blunderbuss already, ánon  
 Be metamorphos'd to a Canon :

length enlisted in the service of a cleaner of shoes, and makes its exit in the capacity of Harbinger to the blacking-brush.

“ To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole.”—*Hamlet*.

Sic transit Gloria Mundi !

\* Mr. William Law, the illuminated disciple of Jacob Behmen, whom Mosheim styles Sutor Gorlicencis.

† Exempli gratiâ : Lord G. G\*\*\*\*n, a noble and notorious instigator of mob fanaticism and fury in the year 1780 : whose sun arose in riot and conflagration, and set in a synagogue.

‡ John Henley, better known by the name of Orator Henley, a public declaimer, and author of a weekly paper, called, “ The Hyp Doctor.” The audience that attended his oratory near Lincoln’s Inn Fields, was generally composed of the lowest ranks, and he is well known to have once collected an infinite number of shoe-makers, by announcing that he could teach them a most expeditious method of making shoes, which proved to be no other than cutting off the tops of ready-made boots.

Since the transition is no more  
Than from a less t' a greater bore.

But straight-hair'd Sectaries uncivil,  
And whigs mendacious, who *speak evil*  
*Of dignities* and Dignitaries,  
(No favour sure to find in théir eyes,  
If we admit Saint Jude's opinion,)  
Go farther and *despise dominion*.\*  
*Loud murmurers, complainers* these are,  
Intolerant of Church and Cæsar :  
At Shakspeare dinners *fearless feeders*  
With parliamentary seceders :  
*Predicted mockers of the last time,*  
Who of authority make pastime,  
And preach to Democratic herds  
Resistance, with *great swelling words* :

\* Likewise also these filthy dreamers despise dominion,  
and speak evil of dignities.

These are murmurers, complainers,—  
feeding themselves without fear.—

The Apostles told you—there should be mockers in  
the last time—

and their mouth speaketh great swelling words.

*Gen. Epist. of Jude.*

“ System \* of terror Robespierreal,—  
 “ Freedom’s sad exile, death and burial—  
 “ Despotic bills to quell sedition  
 “ Abhor’d by virtuous Opposition,—  
 “ The Sov’rign People—Age of Reason—  
 “ Pure Guilt †—and Patriotic Treason,”—  
 Bid them take State and Church by storm,  
 Then: Hey, for RADICAL REFORM!!!—

As, when “ Revenge, Timotheus cried,” †  
 And maudlin Greeks electrified,

\* The system of terror now attempted to be established by ministers in this country, nearly approached to despotism.

*Duke of Bedford’s Speech, Whig Club, June 5, 1798.*

I have no difficulty in saying that the present system of the government of England is a system of terror—the system of Robespierre.

The principles of Liberty seem exiled from mankind.

*Mr. Fox’s Speech at the Whig Club.*

*Courier, May 2, 1798.*

† He (the minister) had not scrupled to attack the very vitals of public liberty; and by *ill-founded* charges of high treason, to attack the lives of *innocent men*.

*Mr. Fox’s Speech in Palace Yard, April, 1797.*

‡ Revenge! Timotheus cries—

. . . . .

The princes applaud, with a furious joy,  
 And the king seiz’d a flambeau with zeal to destroy.

*Dryden, Alex. Feast.*

His strains inspir'd ferocious joy,  
 And zeal to level and destroy :  
 Such furious joy the Factious feel,  
 Such transports of destructive zeal  
 In flame the disaffected swarm,  
 At sound of RADICAL REFORM.—  
 To Radical Reform ye Whigs  
 Carouse till ye get drunk as pigs !  
 Applaud it with accordant throats  
 Ye Corresponding Sans-Culottes !  
 With acclamations, three times three,  
 Toast it ye Lords of high degree  
 With whom no sense of shame prevails !—  
 Ye H\*w\*rds, R\*ss\*ls, L\*\*d\*\*d\*les !  
 Whose wisdom it may well beseem  
 To lave your honours in the stream \*  
 Of foul sedition,—and, with those  
 Who eulogize their country's foes,  
 (Those patriot-ranters, and true Trojans,  
 O'Connor's bosom friends and Grogan's,)

\* Unsafe the while, that we  
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams.

*Macbeth, Act III. Scene ii.*

Conjoin'd, like birds of the same feather,  
Swear that you'll live and die together.\*—

Who shall presume to analyse  
What patriot peers so highly prize,  
Of Radical Reform make known  
The blessed operation?—STONE.  
Didst thou not, Stone: the doctrine hear †  
Promulg'd by Purley's holy Seer,  
Pants not thy breast, with *transport* thrill'd,  
To see his prophecy fulfill'd;  
When Jacobin reform uncheck'd  
Shall take its radical effect!  
List! each Whig-commoner and peer!  
Whig-churchmen, Whig-dissenters, hear!  
Whig-bards your patriotic fiction  
Forego for Parson H\*\*ne's prediction!

\* For his own part, he felt it his highest pride and gratification to avow, that to the last moment of his life by *that man* (Mr. Fox) he would stand or fall.

*Duke of Bedford's Speech at the Whig Club.*  
*Courier, June 6.*

† See a letter from J. H. Stone to John Horne Tooke made public on the trial of the Rev. Mr. Jackson, at Dublin, for high treason, from which letter an extract is given in a subsequent note, page 100.

Acknowledge, ye Whig-parsons all,  
 Among the prophets Brentford's Saul!  
 Hear him denounce extermination  
 To each rank, party, and persuasion,  
 Anticipate the doom funereal  
 Of dignity and state imperial,  
 When subjects shall not know subjection,  
 Nor *touch prelatie shed infection*,\*  
 When prebendary vicar, sexton,  
 When all who gloss the sacred text on,  
 All *self-intitl'd* Babes of Grace,  
 Their spiritual descent who trace,  
 And Apostolic pedigree,  
 From fishermen of Galilee,  
 And, to demonstrate the relation,  
 Catch *gudgeons* by vociferation; †  
 "Trap *flat*-fish with Sectarian tackle  
 To store pond of the Tabernacle;

\* A spirited allusion of the Rev. John H\*\*\*ne T\*\*\*ke's, to the venerable rite of Episcopal Ordination.

† Of the captivating effects of Sectarian Stentorism, we are furnished with an instance in point from the Journals of Mr. J. Wesley, as cited by a late learned Prelate, in his *Doctrine of Grace*, page 99. &c.

"The next and more powerful operation was on his female friends; and these, he as fairly struck dumb.—" The whole

And anathématisize and ban  
 Souls to the Devil's fryingpan.—  
 When commissaries, clerks, inspectors,  
 East India nabobs and directors,  
 When all our noble Peers and Peers' kin,  
 All barristers but Thomas Erskine ;  
 When Pittite, ay and Anti-pittite,  
 Like Hivite, Gircashite, and Hittite

multitude were silent, while I was speaking.\* Not a whisper was heard. But the moment I had done, the *chain fell off their tongues*. I was really surprised. Sure never was such a cackling made on the banks of Cayster, or the Common of Sedge-moor!—And to *chain up* the tongues of five hundred cackling gossips, he held, and with great reason, an exploit worth recording. Indeed he appears to have taken the most effectual method with them, that is, *to out clamour them*: for thus he measures out his own Stentoronic voice.—‘ Observing that several sat on the side of the opposite hill, I afterwards desired one to measure the ground ; and we found it was seven score yards from the place where I had stood. Yet the people there heard perfectly well. I did not think any human voice could have reached so far.’

*Warburton on Grace.*

Had the late ingenious Sir John Hill been acquainted with the powers of our arch-methodist's full-mouth'd diapason, he might have spared himself the trouble of exploring the mouldy archives of the Royal Society for a recipe—“ How to wake a “ Norwich Weaver.”

\* ————— Omnis

Turba tacet, — verborum tanta cadat vis.—*Juv. Sat. vi.*



Driv'n, without surplice, quoil, or bannian,  
 From Revolutionary Canaan,  
 Promiscuous ruin shall o'erthrow,  
 The work of Horne Tooke, Stone, and Co.\*

This you'll acknowledge, one and all,  
 Is Reformation Radical.  
 This Reformation in the gross is ;  
 Beards, eye-brows, whiskers, warts, and noses

\* " And now, my Patriotic friend, let me offer you my warmest and heart-felt congratulations on the IMMENSE PROSPECT OF PUBLIC HAPPINESS which is opening before us : You are among the small number of those, who, in the worst of times, have never despaired of the cause of *Liberty* : and you are the ONLY ONE who, when the name was but a barbarism amongst us, taught the great Principles of SACRED EQUALITY which we have so completely reduced to practise. I look forward, with transport and joy, to the moment when THE DOCTRINES WHICH YOU HAVE PREACHED shall receive their due accomplishment ; when the various parties of MINISTERIALISTS and OPPOSITIONISTS, DISSENTERS and CHURCHMEN, NOBLES, PRIESTS, and KINGS, shall sink into one UNDISTINGUISHED MASS OF RUINS ; and nothing shall be seen or acknowledged but THE PEOPLE, the SACRED VOICE OF THE PEOPLE."

Extract of a letter from J. H. Stone, dated " *Paris, 25 Nivose, Second Year of the Republic, One and Indivisible,*" forwarded to John Horne Tooke, London, by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, convicted of High Treason, Dublin.

Its patent razor from your sconce—Sir,  
 Sweeps, at one stroke, like slashing Tonsor,  
 Beneath whose weapon hapless curate  
 Bleeds (ah, what Rector could endure it!)  
 And oft as Saturday recurs  
 And sees subaltern rev'rend Sirs,  
 Met by hebdomadary charter,  
 Bristles retrench, and sermons barter,  
 Read Anti-jacobin newspaper,  
 Whiff mild tobacco's friendly vapour,  
 And, hopeless of Vicarial port,  
 To Cerevisian draught resort,  
 To lubricate and wet their whistles  
 For reading Gospels and Epistles.—

Bid Semi-Reformationists

Declare wherein Reform consists,  
 And, laymen, cleric, whig, and tory,  
 They tell us, each, a different story.  
 Hear one to amputation spur us  
 Of that state-gangrene, *rotten Boroughs*—  
 List to another's dismal croak :  
 The Constitution 's craz'd and broke,

And there's no hope it will be mended  
 While *Habeas Corpus* is suspended.—  
 Dissenters cry : “ We for the best  
 Advise you Sirs :—*Repeal the Test !*  
 Give Us preferment, wealth, and place,  
 We'll gladly undertake your case :  
 And, though we say't that should not say,  
 The whole *Materia Medica*  
 Has nothing in it, we'll assure you,  
 That like our *alt'rative* can cure you.”—  
 The recreant crew, Seditiō's panders,  
 With gross scurrilities and slanders,  
 Who bait their country's friends, and worry her  
 Through Morning Chronicle and Courier,  
 Those muddy channels of detraction,  
 Mishapen forgery, and faction,  
 Cry : “ Give us, in this Age of Reason,  
 “ Carte blanche to vend and publish treason ;  
 “ Free scope afford our green-goose quills ;  
 “ Rescind your d——d **SEDITION BILLS** ;  
 “ Deliver us from mortal fear  
 “ Of **PITT**, the nation's charioteer :  
 “ Precipitate him from his box,  
 “ And to our Coryphæus, **FOX**,

“ Entrust the reins—distinctions level—  
 “ And only let us to the Devil  
 “ Drive all your Ministerial train off,  
 “ We’ll leave you nothing to complain of.”—

In an old book, that ’s left i’ the lurch,  
 Save by queer folk who go to church,  
 We read that safety ’s to be found  
 Where learned counsellors abound ;  
 If then, in zeal for Britain’s good,  
 Of counsellors a multitude,  
 Opinions give profound as *these*,  
 And of their client ask no fees,  
 (Unlike your trading King’s-bench counsel  
 Who admonition by the ounce sell),  
 Our Constitution safe and sound  
 ’Gainst all attacks must stand its ground.—

Yet, ’though these reformadoes wiser  
 Than Solomon in their own eyes are,  
 They’re but reforming geese and calves  
 Who do their business by halves.—  
 Patrons of Courier, Post, and Chronicle !  
 Whig Sectaries, and Whigs canonical ;

Chairmen of Opposition revels,  
 Whig Printers leagued with all your devils ;  
 Quid-nuncs, who climb debating rostrums,  
 What are your alterative nostrums  
 To Horne Tooke's Reformation Broom,  
 That sweeps an empire to its doom ! \*—

Doctors of Med'cine grow renown'd  
 By dint of making sick men sound ;  
 Fame-seeking Doctors politic  
 With trite harangues make sound men sick,  
 And 'though they oft get nothing by't,  
 Prescribe and give advice for spite :  
 Patent pretend from mob-authority  
 To purge a plethoric majority,  
 And cure the sturdy wights who thwart 'em  
 Of loyalty,—secundum artem.  
 Yet ev'ry doctor 's but a dunce  
 To him who kills and cures at once :

\* The present traitors did not aim at small and partial changes or amendments, but were secretly labouring to bring about the destruction of the constitution, and of government, by one sweeping and general change.—Non fortunas tantum sed sanguinem nostrum concupiscent.

· *Mr. Abbot, House of Commons.—May the 9th*

The Constitution in a breath  
 Recruits by bleeding it to death.—  
 Resolve, Horne Tooke, this paradox !  
 (For, proof against Old Bailey shocks,  
 What nobler triumph couldst thou boast,  
 Unless to fill th' important post  
 Of *meanest private* in the bands  
 Of maudlin cits whom Fox commands,\*  
 A bankrupt cause and chest to aid ;—  
 ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEF OF WHIG-BRIGADE !)—  
 Thou who, by such a general led,  
 Wouldst dye thy cast-off black coat red,  
 Shoulder thy firelock, and take aim  
 At monarchy, the noblest game ;  
 And neither conscience-struck nor sorry,  
*Search through the ranks thy Royal quarry.*†

\* Such are the doctrines of Mr. Horne Tooke, and he is the man who declares, that from Mr. Fox he has “ *nothing more to ask, nothing more to expect ; and that it will be the utmost of his ambition to be the MEANEST PRIVATE in those ranks which Mr. Fox shall command.*”

The country cannot be too often reminded of this Union, and of the Principles upon which it is founded.

*Anti-Jacobin.*—April the 9th, 1798.

† It was thought a daring expression of Oliver Cromwell, in the time of Charles the First, that if he found himself placed

Oh deign to state with just precision  
 (Reveal'd to thy prophetic vision,  
 And current in anticipation)  
 The sum, exceeding calculation,  
 Of public happiness accruing  
 From indiscriminative Ruin !  
 Shew how the wreck of ranks and orders  
 Shall give us peace in all our borders—  
 And blest Equality repay us  
 If we convert the realm to chäos—  
 Shew how, in cutting off a Crown'd Head,  
 The Rights of Citizens are founded !  
 Shew us how Freedom sanctions slaughter,  
 And changes blood to holy water !  
 As Spain's Jack Ketch of ancient date,  
 When Carlos quarrell'd with his fate,  
 Admonish'd him ;—" Pray, Sir, be steady ;  
 " 'TIS FOR YOUR GOOD THAT I BEHEAD YE ! "

opposite to the king in battle, he would discharge his piece  
 into his bosom as soon as into any other man's. I go farther ;  
 had I lived in those days, I would not have waited for chance  
 to give me an opportunity of doing my duty ; I would have  
*sought him through the ranks*, and, without the least personal  
 enmity, have discharged my piece into his bosom *rather than*  
 into any other man's *J. H. Tooke's Letter to Junius.*

Let none contemn as tainted trash  
 This dainty Reformation-hash,  
 Much less our Whig-Archimagirus  
 To set us down to 't so desirous :  
 But join to eulogize Horne Tooke,  
 And freely own one Brentford Cook,  
 Who welcomes us to such Good Things,  
 Is worth a brace of Brentford Kings ;  
 And, 'though our beef he 's gallimaufryd,  
 Swear 'tis the best we ever sáw fried !

Yet since Fried Cabbage, or, what 's worse  
 To some folks, Frícando of verse  
 From brain of poet piping hot, is  
 Likely to parch the epiglottis  
 Of patient readers, who neglect  
 Red Lane adusted to humect :  
 Let me an antidote suggest  
 Which all allow—" probatum est."—  
 Of old Oporto bumpers nine  
 Quaff to the Muses' healths and mine !  
 Thus prim'd I'll set before you soon  
 A SECOND COURSE to th' self-same tune.—



Cheaper you'll no where read or eat ;  
Since HALF-A-CROWN defrays your treat :  
Of which for *Paper wove and press'd* are  
Two Shillings paid, for Wit a Tester.  
And, as plump cits with brandy choose  
To qualify roast pig and goose,  
'Tis my prescription ; " Let a dram be  
" Taken cum REPETITA CRAMBE !"—

END OF THE FIRST PART.

**CRAMBE REPETITA:**

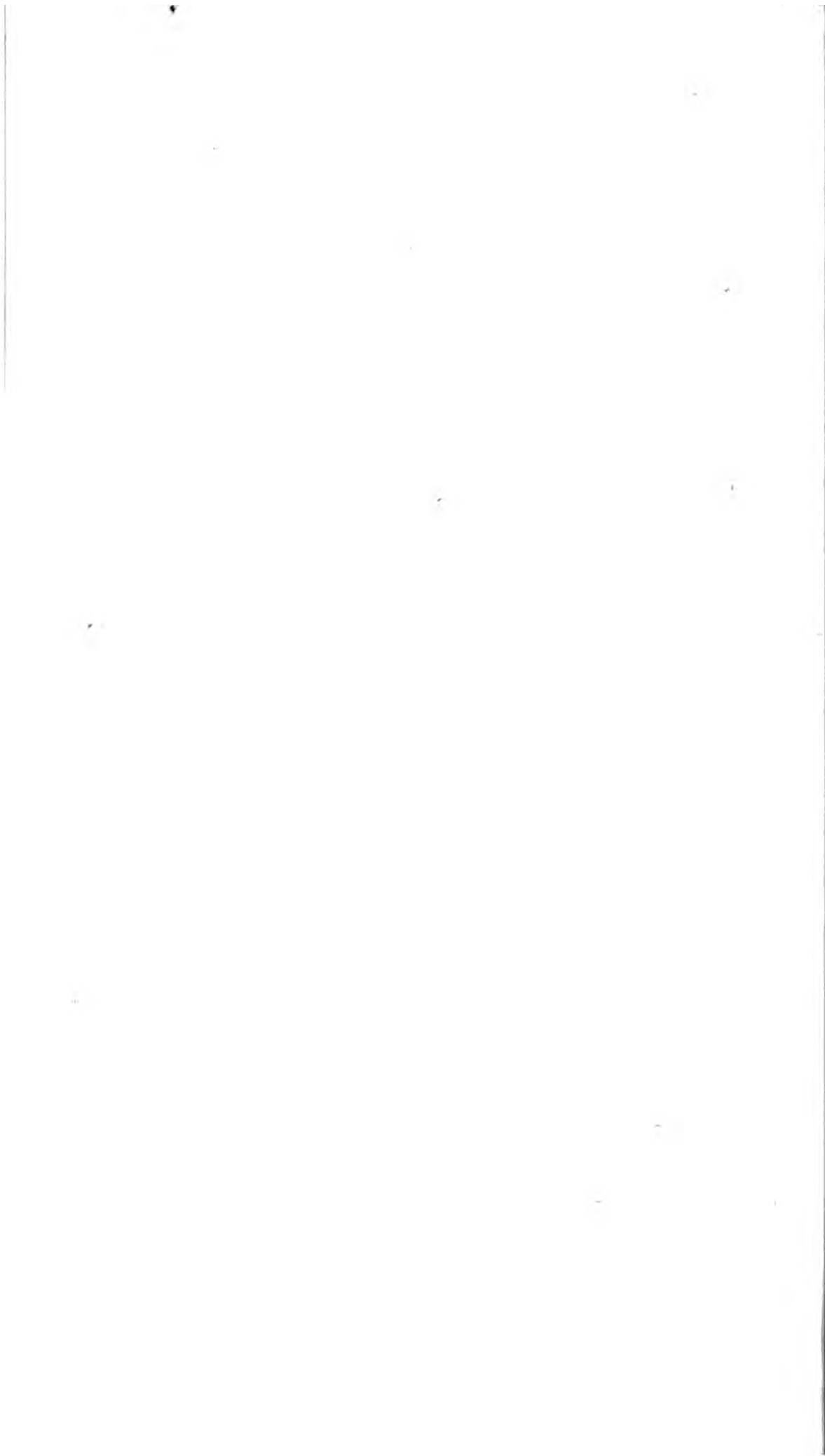
**A SECOND COURSE**

**OF**

**BUBBLE AND SQUEAK,**

**OR**

**BRITISH BEEF GALLI-*MAUFRY*'D.**



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LIBERIUS SI  
DIXERO QUID, SI FORTE JOCOSIUS : HOC MIHI JURIS  
CUM VENIA DABIS. *Hor. S. Lib. I. Sat. iv.*

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# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

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## SECOND COURSE.

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“ OH that I was a red hot poker !” \*  
Thrice that Stentorophónic stoker  
Of coal-black conscience, R\*\*l\*\*d H\*ll,  
Vociferates,—“ that I, at will,  
“ Might in your hearts, ye God-less race,  
“ Stir up the smould’ring fire of Grace !”—

Thus o’er their tankards and decanters  
Whigsters and Revolution ranters,  
Our H\*\*\*rds, Wh\*\*\*\*\*ds, Gr\*\*s, and more hacks  
Of Opposition, strain their thorax

\* The exordium (thrice repeated) of a discourse delivered some time since at his Methodistical Manufactory, by the Reverend Divine above-mentioned.

Eager to kindle through the nation  
A red-hot zeal for REFORMATION.  
Would you believe these prating drinkers,—  
The Constitution 's made for tinkers,  
Who fain would patch up her old house, and,  
While they mend one hole, make a thousand.  
Reform, or democratic botching,  
Is to New Whigs meat, drink, and lodging :  
And oft they cast a wistful glance,  
Where cherishes enlighten'd France  
The TREE by Faction's vot'ries priz'd,  
And hail THE BLESSING REALIZ'D.  
See from that soil all ills expell'd  
Which erst Pandora's casket held !  
There kindles RADICAL REFORM  
The Revolutionary storm ;  
Exterminates those unclean beasts,  
Denominated Kings and Priests,  
That, nurs'd in her Augëan stable,  
Impos'd for ages on the rabble  
Restrictions obsolete and odd,  
Allegiance and the fear of God ;  
Taught duties barbarous and crude,  
Justice, good faith, and gratitude ;

Profanely cherish'd Revelation,  
 That sanctified abomination ;  
 And bade men venerate the Bible,  
 That *Counter-revolution Libel*,  
 Of Gallic freedom, faith, and works,  
 Intolerant as EDMUND BURKE'S—  
 Though PAYNE has prov'd the whole a fable  
 Devis'd by rev'rend knaves in sable.  
 There, though the Sabbath 's out of season,  
 Décades they boast, and FEASTS OF REASON : \*

\* As the Festival instituted by enlightened Gallic Idolaters, in honour of the GODDESS OF REASON, does so much credit to the New Philosophy of the eighteenth century, I shall sub-join the following brief account of that memorable solemnity, as given in the *Anti-Jacobin* of Dec. 25, 1797.

“HEBERT, a professed Atheist, at the instigation of the execrable Condorcet, set up a newspaper, intitled—“*Journal du Véritable Père du Chêne.*”—This paper was filled with blasphemy and obscenity of the grossest kind, and was distributed with a most pernicious activity.

“The blessed effects of this patriotic print were not long in manifesting themselves. The people, accustomed to see the Religion of their ancestors daily reviled, learned to think of it with indifference, and soon became ripe for the FARCE which CONDORCET, and his Atheistical associates, were preparing for them.

“GOBET, the Revolutionary Bishop of Paris, appeared at the bar of the Constituent Assembly, with his inferior Clergy, and made a formal abjuration of CHRISTIANITY. He threw



Turn Crucifixes out of doors,  
 And adoration pay to wh——s.  
 For France is too refin'd a nation  
 To worship, in the Pagan fashion,  
 A cold, insensate Deity  
 That cannot speak, nor hear, nor see ;  
 Whose countenance a nose may brag on,  
 That never peep'd into a flagon ;  
 Nay to take snuff, or sneeze, or smell,  
 A shoeing-horn might serve as well :

himself, he said, on the mercy of the nation, for having so long deceived them with the absurdities of the *Impostor CHRIST*, and his *pretended FATHER*, whose doctrines he now abjured with detestation and horror ; and he assured them that in future he would acknowledge no other Deity than *REASON*.

“ Here began the ceremony so much admired by our Jacobin prints. *HEBERT* kept a strumpet of the name of *MOMORA*, the wife of a renegado Corsican. This miserable prostitute was fixed upon to represent the *GODDESS of REASON* ; she was fantastically tricked out, and led, at the head of a grand procession, to the Church of *Nôtre Dame*, the Cathedral of Paris. Here she was solemnly placed on a Throne of Turf and Flowers, while *GOBET*, and the rest of the Revolutionary Clergy, burnt incense on an altar erected just before her.

“ While this was performing, the canon announced the instauration of the new Goddess : the enlightened people of Paris fell prostrate at the signal, and paid their brutified adorations at the feet of a street-walker and an adultress !”

Whose throat can chaunt no civic tunes,  
 Nor medlars tell from macaroons :  
 No.—French Philosophers take pride all  
 In worshipping a LIVING IDOL ;  
 And to a Goddess sacrifice  
 Who, rosy lips, and wanton eyes,  
 And breasts protuberant, and what else,  
 Of meretricious goods and chattels,  
 Kind Nature gave, black, brown, or fair.  
 Devotes to public wear and tear.  
 To this Divinity they burn \*  
 Incense, who freely one good turn  
 Wont with another to repay,  
 Can flames enkindle and allay ;  
 Nay, to oblige her special friends  
 Can light their candle at both ends,  
 Repay their pious fumigation  
 By suscitating conflagration,  
 In pericrane of Philosopher  
 'Till his regen'rate brains boil over,  
 And adoration he'll gainsay all,  
 Save what is paid to REASON'S BAAL.

\* ——— Φιλοδύμενοι θειάσαι πόρνην πολιτίδα :  
*Clem. Alexand. Admon. ad Gent.*

Thus while *above* his fervours glow  
 His Goddess fires her mines *below*,  
 Fraught with electric sparks and shocks  
 From Cytheréan tinder-box,  
 'Till he 's convinc'd that Cupid's torch is  
 A brand that scarifies and scorches,  
 And Reason's aid in this emergence  
 Less efficacious than the surgeon's.

Adepts in Alchemy renown'd,  
 Boast they've the wondrous secret found  
 Base coin of Birmingham to mould  
 And metamorphose into gold ;  
 And royal Midas with a touch,  
 Old Fblers say, could do as much.\*  
 Play'd he at commerce or all-fours,  
 His counters chang'd to luidores ;  
 He strokes his chin, and all admire  
 His bristly beard become gold wire :  
 And, fed with choice rappee, his nose  
 A living mine of gold dust glows :

\* ————— Aurea fingens  
 Omnia. —————

He walk'd his field and saw the sod  
 Teem with a crop of golden rod : \*  
 He seiz'd his oaken staff; behold  
 In 's hand the Sybil's branch of gold ! †  
 Of hock and water on his table he  
 Brew'd at each gulp aurum potabile : ‡  
 Converted codlins bought for farthings  
 To apples of Hesperian gardens : §  
 Pilchards and herrings in his dish  
 Transform'd themselves into gold fish :  
 Sausage envelop'd in a thin gut  
 He chang'd into a golden ingot :  
 Of mustard pot he next laid hold,  
 But grasp'd, in lieu, a pot of gold :  
 Your Vauxhall slice of ham or beef  
 He masticated to gold-leaf ;  
 And bade black-puddings transmigrate  
 Into rouleaus upon his plate :—

\* Aurea messis erat———

† Illice detraxit virgam, virga aurea facta est.

‡ Miscuerat puris autorem muneris undis,  
 Fusile per rictus aurum fluitare videres.

§ ————— demptum tenet arbore pomum,  
 Hesperidas donasse putes.— *Ovid Met. Lib. XI.*

But in **THAT COUNTRY** where **CONFUSION**  
 Usurps the name of Revolution,  
 And petti-foggers and sow-gelders  
 Senates and Councils form of Elders,  
 Since Legislative confiscation  
 Answers all ends of transmutation,  
 Gold-making 's deem'd a sorrier trade  
 Than 'tis to steal it ready made :  
 And, since they're well convinc'd to boot,  
 That wealth of evil is the root,  
 They wisely wage inveterate quarrels  
 With ore that would corrupt their morals ;  
 Which that they may preserve intact  
 They Midas' talent counteract,  
 And by their grand financial mystery,  
 (Unparallell'd in modern history,  
 In whose gazettes they bounce and vapour,)

**REFORM** their luidores to **PAPER** ;  
 Make specie at their touch reducible  
 To nought in Requisition-crucible ;  
 Ensepulchre men's gold and plate  
 In grand Crusophagus of state,  
 From whence regenerated cash is  
 Hatch'd like a Phœnix from its ashes ;

And, freed in purgatory Gallic  
 From its corporeal part metallic,  
 Again to circulation springs  
 On metaphysic paper wings ;  
 'Till, by the plund'ers who devis'd  
 Its fabrication exorciz'd,  
 And of all tenure dispossess'd,\*  
 Evaporates the SWINDLING PEST :  
 While famish'd dupes behold dismay'd  
 CREDIT'S PALE GHOST FOR EVER LAID.—  
 But though at length annihilation  
 Hath rid of this fell scourge the nation,  
 Yet rancour, strife, chicane, oppression,  
 Craft, falsehood, treach'ry take possession

\* Le croirait-on ? C'était le *Ministre des Finances lui-même* qui, pour anéantir les Mandats, les avait effectivement avilis en faisant jouer secrètement à la baisse.

*D'Ivernois. Tableau Historique, p. 30.*

RAMEL (le *Ministre des Finances*) a complètement réussi à purger la circulation d'Assignats et de Mandats : et certes il faut convenir que leur Exit a été vraiment digne de leur début sur le théâtre de la révolution. Ils s'y étaient introduits par un VOL PUBLIC commis sur les vrais propriétaires ; ils ont disparu à l'aide d'une foule de vols, † tantôt publics, tantôt secrets, commis sur les faux propriétaires. P. 39.

† See these robberies severally specified in an enumeration of decrees and acts of the Directory.—*Tableau, p. 40. Notes.*

In right of predecessor fiend,  
 And where their wide-spread woes extend  
 Ills more destructive than the first  
 Engender these Sev'n Sprites accurst.\*

'Tis thus reforms enlighten'd France,  
 Both her RELIGION and FINANCE,

\* En effet, la moindre difficulté était de se débarrasser du papier-monnaie, puisqu'après tout il pouvait suffire de trois décrets de démonétisation pour balayer les Assignats, les Rescriptions, et les Mandats : mais ce qui est hors du pouvoir des EMPIRIQUES qui ont réussi d'abord à les émettre, puis à les faire disparaître ; c'est d'arrêter les suites d'un million de procès interminables, aux quels le passage du papier-monnaie a donné lieu, et qui *font déjà éclater une véritable guerre intestine* dans presque toutes les familles de cette malheureuse nation. *Page 50.*

Je viens enfin d'achever l'histoire des Assignats et des Mandats, de ce VOL SANS EXEMPLE commis sur une nation toute entière, et favorisé par tous ces citoyens. Il restera maintenant à écrire l'histoire non moins déplorable des vols aux quels ces citoyens se sont livrés les uns vis-à-vis des autres. Si quelqu'un a le courage de s'en charger, c'est dans les registres des Tribunaux qu'il doit aller chercher ses matériaux ; d'ici à plusieurs années, ils lui en fourniront d'abondans. C'est-là qu'il verra *dans toute son hideuse nudité* la plaie incurable que le papier-monnaie a faite aux Français, et leur DEMORALISATION presque universelle : car il leur a fallu inventer ce terme pour exprimer d'un seul mot les ravages des Assignats. *Page 70.*

Whose reformation 's of a piece  
 With her REGEN'RATED POLICE,  
 Which scorns to tread the beaten road  
 Prescrib'd by law's impartial code,  
 No more on evidence depends  
 But bayonet to gain her ends :  
 All pleas of justice interdicts,  
 First dooms and afterwards convicts :  
 Expatriates its own creators,  
 Directors, ancients, legislators,  
 Bids 'em, by scores in waggons cramm'd,  
 With a " Sic Volo," go be d——d !  
 Proscrib'd unheard their native soil,  
 In Afric's torrid regions broil ;  
 Or destins on Guiana's strand  
 To pestilence the patriot band,  
 Who, faithful to their public trust,  
 Presum'd at Paris to be just.\*

\* The violent seizure and exile of Barthelemi, Pichegru, and sixty-five representatives of the people, on the 18th Fructidor (September, 1797), to whose innocence, in the eyes of their own countrymen, we have the testimony (in *this case* unexceptionable) of J. H. STONE, the traitorous correspondent of the Rev. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, L. L. D. J. H. TOOKE, &c.

" You will have trembled for *our* Constitution, and probably



If such be REFORMATION'S fruit  
Where first that goodly plant took root,

*felt some alarm for Liberty, on the events of the 18th Fructidor: You will have felt similar disagreeable sensations in hearing of the late arrests of the Deputies in Holland.—No one pretends that either those men, at least the immense majority of them who have been sent from time to time to Cayenne, or the Dutch Deputies now under arrest, are enemies either to Liberty or to their respective Republics; no one of common sense entertains this opinion: knowing many of the conquered party intimately, I can aver, that they have left none behind more pure in manners or more decided in favour of Republican liberty.”*

*Original Letter from J. H. Stone to Dr. Priestley.*

*Taken on board a Neutral vessel, 1798.*

What guerdon and destination awaits men distinguished for purity of manners, and decided friends to Republican Liberty, at the hands of their grateful and generous Parisian countrymen, the following authentic extract will inform us.

CETTE MESURE est commandée par la politique, elle est autorisée par la justice, avouée par l'humanité,” &c.—Boullay.

D'après la manière humaine dont Boullay s' était expliqué, en assurant que la nation Française, toujours grande et généreuse, ferait volontiers un sacrifice pour mettre les DEPORTES en situation de s'établir en ce lieu, on est peut-être disposé à croire que le choix de ce lieu aura été aussi salubre que celui de Botany-Bay, et que c'est du moins sous ce rapport qu'on s'appliquerait à en faire, autant que possible, une mesure avouée par l'humanité. Rien de pareil; les deportateurs trouvèrent qu'il était au-dessous de leurs fonctions de s'occuper du choix de ce lieu, et ils laissèrent à l'administration le soin de

If her rich bed of Gallic mould,  
 With harvest of an hundred fold  
 Prolific teem,—with plenty crown'd  
 See France in *charity* abound :  
 Roast meat, she cries, if well she fares,  
 And with the world her blessings shares :  
 “ ’Twere greedy to engross so much,\*  
 “ And give none to my friends the Dutch ;

l'indiquer. A peine en fut-elle investie par décret, que La Combe Saint Michel donna à connaître le degré d'humanité qu'elle allait mettre dans l'exécution de la sentence des DÉPORTÉS. “ Qu'ils soient bannis du sol de la Liberté, qu'ils aillent respirer sous le climat brûlant de l'Afrique ; ils étaient nés pour être esclaves.” Ce trait, qui lui échappa dans le transport de sa joie, est tout ce qu'on connaît encore (Février, 1798) de la destination de ses malheureux collègues.

*Note.* Beaucoup de gens croient que leur destination est pour la GUYANE. S'il en était ainsi, c'est que pour se défaire plus sûrement de ses victimes, le Directoire aura choisi tout exprès le lieu même, ou l'on a vû périr, par des *maladies pestilentielles*, et par des inondations, toute la peuplade que l'ancien gouvernement Français y envoya après la paix de 1763.

*Tableau Historique—D'Ivernois. Pages 266, 269, 270.*

\* In the winter of 1794, the French armies marched into Holland. On the 20th of January, a few days after their arrival, the French commissioners with the army published a proclamation, in which they told the Dutch, “ In the midst of  
 “ war, we consider you as our friends and allies ; it is under  
 “ this name that we enter your country ; we seek not to terrify

“ What, gorge alone !—while not a mess is

“ Dish’d up for their High Mightinesses !

“ but to inspire you with confidence. It is but a few years  
 “ since a tyrannic conqueror prescribed you laws ; *we* abolish  
 “ them, and *restore your FREEDOM.*”

“ We come not to make you slaves, the French nation shall  
 “ preserve to you your INDEPENDENCE.”

“ Personal Safety shall be secured, and PROPERTY PRO-  
 “ TECTED.”

Seven days after this first proclamation, the same Commis-  
 sioners, having been admitted, with their troops, into all the  
 towns, &c. published a second, in which they formally invited  
 the Dutch government to furnish the army, within one month,  
 with the following supplies, viz. 200,000 quintals of wheat ;  
 500,000 rations of hay ; 200,000 rations of straw ; 500,000  
 bushels of corn ; 150,000 pairs of shoes ; 20,000 pairs of  
 boots ; 20,000 coats and waistcoats ; 40,000 pairs of breeches ;  
 150,000 pairs of pantaloons ; 200,000 shirts ; and 50,000 hats ;  
 and besides all this, 12,000 oxen, to be delivered in two months.  
 This requisition they call their AMICABLE INTENTIONS, &c.  
 and give the Dutch to understand, that in case the articles  
 were not furnished they should be exacted by force.—This,  
 however, was only the commencement ; they subsisted their  
 armies in Holland during the winter, took every thing they  
 wanted, and *paid in depreciated assignats AT PAR* ; and finally  
 they forced the Dutch to form an offensive and defensive alli-  
 ance with them against England for ever. This treaty was  
 signed May 15, 1795. It obliges the Dutch to cede to France,  
 “ AS INDEMNITIES,” two of their most important frontier  
 towns, with the adjoining territories and one of their provinces ;  
 to admit French garrisons, in case of war in that quarter, into

“ Come, ope your mouths, Mynheers, we’ll feed ’em  
 “ With *forc’d meat* of REFORM and FREEDOM :  
 “ Start not ’though Frenchmen, sword in hand, do  
 “ Present You with this fine Fricando,  
 “ Here freely feed.—You run no risk in  
 “ Respect of weasand-pipe or griskin,  
 “ From your good friends who scorn to sabre  
 “ Or stab an inoffensive neighbour :  
 “ To answer might your wisdoms puzzle  
 “ Reports from Gallic cannon’s muzzle ;

three others of their strongest frontier towns ; one of their principal sea-ports, &c. ; to employ half their forces in carrying on the present campaign under French generals, and finally to pay France, as a FARTHER INDEMNIFICATION for the expences of the war, one hundred millions of livres ; equal to twenty-five millions of dollars, in cash or bills of exchange on foreign countries, &c. &c. &c.

In return ; the French have driven away the Stadtholder and changed the government, but have not suffered the Dutch to adopt one to their own mind.—The Dutch have also obtained, in addition to all these proofs of amity, an offensive and defensive war against England, in which they have already lost all their rich possessions in the East Indies, the Cape of Good Hope, a great part of their fleet, and the remains of their trade.

*Harpur’s Observations, p. 47, 48, &c.*

In an enumeration of French Requisitions since published, the losses of the Dutch are estimated at the enormous sum of thirty-four millions sterling.

“ But never let our charge affright  
 “ Folks who can pay a bill at sight,  
 “ Nor tremble in a vain belief  
 “ We scent your herrings and smok’d beef;  
 “ Each French Reformer with his own is  
 “ Contented—your sage BELGIC CRONIES  
 “ Won’t in this weighty point mislead ye,  
 “ Consult them and *experto crede*.<sup>\*</sup>  
 “ Then set your hearts at rest, and hear  
 “ Our conscientious Chieftains swear  
 “ By Him on high, whose kingdom stood  
 “ As long as France thought fit it should ;

<sup>\*</sup> The French entered this unfortunate country (Belgium) under repeated and solemn promises of Protection and Freedom.—No sooner had they obtained possession, than *they put every article of property*, which could be of use to their armies, *into requisition*, and compelled the people to receive payment in depreciated assignats AT PAR; levied immense contributions; ordered measures to be taken to *compel the people to exchange their money for assignats AT PAR*; placed the country under the government of military commissioners, &c. &c.—and, having THUS afforded “ LIBERTY AND PROTECTION ” to the Belgians, having thus “ BROKEN THEIR CHAINS,” &c they proceeded to seize and confiscate for their own use, the whole property of the clergy in Belgium, to the amount of more than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

*Harpur’s Observations, p. 51.*

“ Or Him below, th’ infernal blade,  
 “ Whom we’ve outdone at his own trade—  
 “ Or we the Veidam oaths a score on  
 “ Will take, or, if you please, the Koran,  
 “ That France of your high mighty persons  
 “ Shall be as tender as of hér sons—  
 “ Shall pledge herself in solemn pact  
 “ To keep your property intact—  
 “ That of Batavian Independence  
 “ We’ll be th’ assertors and defendants—  
 “ With kind embrace fraternal greet you,  
 “ And love you well enough—to eat you.” \*  
 The Dutchmen answer’d in a fright :  
 Since their French friends were too polite  
 To stand on formal invitation,  
 They felt a load of obligation,

\* The Hollanders have been so happy as to experience the warmth of French affection, wound up to its highest pitch, which exactly resembles the insatiable ardours of the wonderful Stallion, of whom it is related, that he always endeavoured to devour the Mares which had admitted of his caresses.

See the account of King Michrage’s Mares, from the World Underground.—Sinbad the Sailor.—Arab. Nights.

Whose weight they could not well express,  
And therefore left their Guests to guess,  
Who, over rivers, dams, and ditches,  
As if they'd been convoy'd by witches,  
On broomstick-geldings, whip and spur,  
Brought 'em good news and gunpowder :  
For both which blessings to requite 'em,  
They would do any thing but fight 'em.  
The points on which they had descanted  
They took most thankfully for granted ;  
And—since they could not send them packing—  
Drank their good healths, gin-grog and 'rack in.  
“ Save you, Mynheers ”—cried these new-comers,  
And merrily toss'd off their rummers—  
“ As you ne'er strove to keep us out,  
“ We'll grant you are wise men and stout ;  
“ And for your victuals, drink, and lodgings,  
“ Expect, in lieu, from us true Trojans,  
“ Such feats, that ev'ry mother's son  
“ Shall own performance has outrun  
“ Our promises.—Our word we gave t' ye,  
“ To guarantee your persons' safety—  
“ And, lo, our thrice-redoubted soldiers  
“ Have left your heads upon your shoulders !

“ This, from OUR REFORMADO-RACE,  
“ Account *no common mark of grace*.—  
“ We swore we would forbear to seize  
“ Your Property.—Then keep your fleas :  
“ And from your marshes, fens, and bogs,  
“ Though French-men, we’ll not filch your frogs,  
“ But gratis be content to cut on  
“ Sirloins of beef, prime veal and mutton.  
“ And deem not we infringe our oath in  
“ Engrossing all your carnal clothing,  
“ Shirts, waistcoats, pantaloons and brogues,  
“ To furbish up our tatter’d rogues :  
“ Nor growl, tho’ stripp’d from snout to great-toe,  
“ As naked as a par’d potatoe :  
“ What if your dinners, shirts, and shoes—Sirs,  
“ We borrow,—You can be no losers,  
“ Since WE FRATERNITY commute  
“ For meat and drink and clothes to boot,  
“ And, generating Reformation  
“ By fundamental denudation,  
“ Make Dutchmen, on whose spoils we’ve fatten’d,  
“ What this end loses gain at that end ;  
“ And, from incumbrance freed below decks,  
“ Sansculottize both SOUL and Podex,



“ Like those of CLOOTZ,\* a precious pair,  
 “ Stripp’d *sympathetically* bare;  
 “ ’Till ev’ry Frenchified-Mynheer  
 “ Shall emulate THAT BRITISH PEER,  
 “ And most profound Gymnosophist †  
 “ Of all the Anglo-gallic list;  
 “ Who, ’midst th’ Aristocratic corps,  
 “ Abjured the breeches that he wore: ‡  
 “ Dismantling his lean § Lodge of Honour  
 “ To class with *Citizen* O’CONNOR.

“ You ’ve a rare bargain, Sirs! In th’ end on ’t,  
 “ We vow’d to make you Independent—

\* “ MON AME EST SANS-CULOTTES,” said Jean Baptiste, alias Anacharsis, Cloutz, the ingrafter of *spiritual* upon carnal Sansculottism: whom, during the paroxisms of his Skeleaphobia,—when he was untrowsered to the very soul of him—Robespierre judiciously arrested,

“ ——— and sent him down *bare breech’d*

“ To Pedant Rhadamanthus, in posture to be switch’d.”

*See Second Part of St. George and the Dragon.*

*Pills to Purge Melancholy. Vol. III.*

† Gymnosophists—a name given by the Greeks to certain bare-bottomed Philosophers of Antiquity, many of whose peculiar tenets are cherished among the Bramins of the East.

‡ Earl Stanhope, who avowed himself a SANS-CULOTTE in the British House of Lords.

§ *The place where Honour’s lodg’d.*—Butler.

“ *Videlicet*—of your best friends !  
“ Which—if not yours—will serve OUR ends ;  
“ And that is, you may well discern all,  
“ The self-same thing ’twixt blades fraternal.  
“ Then swear, as we do, on this jorum,  
“ In sæcula, boys, sæculorum,  
“ ’Gainst Britain’s insolent dominion,  
“ (As swore the one-eyed Carthaginian  
“ Against Rome’s peace ;—nor deem, applied  
“ This simile, to your *blind* side)—  
“ Inveterate enmity to nourish,  
“ And shew, like Us, in actions currish,  
“ Who’d fire the globe, set hell in motion,  
“ To crush those tyrants of the ocean.

“ ’Tis well !—Our Mandate You’ve obey’d.—  
“ Now, of Dependence, who ’s afraid ?—  
“ DE WINTER, see, the rogues have beat :  
“ You’re independent of——your Fleet.—  
“ Lo, to the South, their course they shape !  
“ You’re independent of——the Cape,  
“ Amboyna, Banda’s isles, Ceylon.—  
“ (Who nutmegs wants, or cinnamon ?)

“ For Zealand and your Netherlands  
 “ Care not.—We’ll take them off your hands ;  
 “ And garrison your frontier towns.  
 “ Thus France your independence crowns !—

“ Yet, one thing please to note beside,  
 “ That France must be *indemnified*  
 “ For these kind services she ’s done ye :  
 “ Stand and deliver, Sirs, your MONEY !  
 “ Grudge it not Us who came so far  
 “ To sell you assignats at par.  
 “ And, ’till sly RAMEL \* knock’ o’ the head it,  
 “ ENRICH’D YOU WITH OUR PAPER-CREDIT !  
 “ We ask but—all that’s in your chest ;  
 “ Pay that :—We’ll trust you for the rest.  
 “ Though you dared keep, (’till the Great Nation  
 “ Effected your regeneration,)  
 “ To fight pro aris and pro focus,  
 “ A STADTHOLDER, beneath our noses.  
 “ Down with your cash !—Well ; since you’ve  
     done ’t,  
 “ We’ll pocket it besides th’ affront ;

\* French Minister of Finance.

“ And beg you’ll live content and easy  
 “ ’Till, as OUR SPONGE, AGAIN we squeeze ye.”

The Horseleech \* and her daughters twain,  
 Saith Solomon, the life-blood drain  
 Unsated, and athirst for more  
 They cry, “ Give, give, da, da,” encore.  
 Here doubtless, in prophetic trance,  
 OF THAT FELL HORSELEECH, MODERN FRANCE,  
 The sapient writer had a glimpse,  
 And saw her two accursed imps,  
 Rapacity, and t’other daughter,  
 Still more unconscionable, Slaughter :  
 For ’though her reformation zeal  
 Made of Sev’n Provinces a meal,  
 Still rages, ne’er to be controll’d,  
 Her appetite for blood and gold.—  
 Cold, temperate, and torrid clime  
 Sees her infuriate lust of crime  
 Burst ev’ry social bond, confound  
 Order, spread insurrection round ;

\* The Horseleech hath two daughters, crying give, give,  
 da, da,— *Proverbs, 30.*

Rob, outrage, massacre, and spoil  
Mankind from Holstein to the Nile.

Yet Opposition France acquit,\*  
“The common enemy is PITT,”  
Justly abhorr’d by each New Whig  
Because he never cared a fig  
How much his martial *provocation*  
Incens’d *their friends* of the Great Nation.—  
Yet ERSKINE will our ears be dinning †  
With “France more sinn’d against than sinning,”—

\* Whig Club, Freemason’s Tavern.—Mr. Sheridan said, that Mr. Fox had delivered an excellent speech against the foreign enemy, and against “the COMMON ENEMY, MR. PITT.” He dreaded the French more, on account of the *provocations they had received from this government.* *Courier, May 2, 1798.*

† Mr. Erskine assures us, that the FRENCH REPUBLIC is *more sinned against than sinning.*

*Anti-Jacobin, December 25, 1797.*

“On this ground (his having given from their chair—“The Sovereignty of the People,”) his Majesty was advised, at a moment when it was thought that light from every quarter ought to be let in upon the councils of the kingdom,—to EXTINGUISH THE LIGHT OF MR. FOX. Put out the light, and then—What then?—To put down the recollection of the legitimate legal Sov’rignty of the People derived from the law and constitution of England.”

“Perhaps some men expected that consequence—I DE-

And vent in *egotistic* prose his  
 Profound concern lest Whiggish noses  
 Should smell—if not a rat—a stink,  
 Since GEORGE extinguish'd FOX's link ;  
 Yet CHARLES—*despairing of resistance*—  
 Still from St. Stephen's keeps his distance :  
 Resistance—You'll perhaps suppose  
 The patriot means—to Britain's foes.  
 Mistake him not ! Fox recommends  
 Resistance to Britannia's friends,  
 Kings, Lords, and Commons : these, he fears,  
 Are but so many ROBESPIERRES ;  
 Whom, since they've cured us of sedition,  
 He fain would cure, as Whig-physician,  
 Of playing such another trick  
 On England's body-politic.\*

“TERMINED to disappoint them.—On MY MOTION the  
 “Club resolved. &c. &c. &c.”—

*Mr. Erskine's Speech.—Whig Club, March 5, 1799.*

\* After the repeal of the Bill of Rights in the Sedition  
 Bill, &c. &c. still less could I be surprized at any proceeding  
 of the present government. After our experience of the system  
 they have adopted in Ireland, which I have no doubt we  
 should look at as a picture of the tyranny which they will in-  
 troduce into England. Whether it be owing to the want of  
 power, or the want of disposition in the body of the people of  
 this country to resist this tyranny, I cannot pretend to deter-

“ Can Freemen sleep secure o’ nights  
 “ While wrongs repeal the Bill of Rights ;  
 “ To curb, forsooth, Sedition’s crew,  
 “ All honourable men and true  
 “ As HE for whom, at Maidstone tried,  
 “ I swore so lustily and l—d ?—  
 “ Back’d by right noble Blue and Buff-folk,  
 “ Earl Thanet, Oxford, Norfolk, Suffolk,  
 “ (Who told the Court, and told my Lady,  
 “ Of morals, locks, post-chaise, and Paddy),  
 “ In whose behalf too lied and swore  
 “ Whig-commoners as many more :  
 “ Hal Grattan, Whitbread, Taylor Mic—,  
 “ Who, for an opposition *Chick*,  
 “ Can *swear* a tolerable stick :  
 “ Though nothing like us old game-cocks,  
 “ Brindsley, the Barrister, and Fox.”—  
 But if the friends of Britain feel  
 The rancour of our patriot’s zeal,

mine ; but SORRY I AM TO SAY THAT, from whatever cause  
 it arises, THERE SEEMS AT PRESENT LITTLE PROSPECT OF  
 RESISTING IT WITH EFFECT. I have no difficulty in saying  
 that the present system of the government of England is a  
 system of terror—the SYSTEM of ROBESPIERRE, &c. &c.

*Mr. Fox’s Speech at the Whig Club.—Courier, May 2, 1798.*

His general plaudit he bestows  
 As freely on his country's foes.  
 When the **FELL SNAKE REGENERATE FRANCE**  
 Cast her old slough, Allegiance ;  
 When, teeming with a nation's woes,  
 Her baleful womb's convulsive throes,  
 Gave to the world its ravening brood  
 Of anarchists baptiz'd in blood,  
 Who, fraternizing with the rabble,  
 Those brick-makers of modern Babel,  
 Uprear'd her dread volcanic frame  
 Surcharg'd with Insurrection's flame,  
 That, towering in gigantic pride,  
 All powers of heav'n and earth defied :  
 Fox, with congratulating smile,  
 Enraptur'd view'd " the noblest pile  
 " That mortal wisdom e'er devis'd,  
 " And hail'd Eutopia realiz'd." \*

\* It had frequently been the practice—to recur to a  
 Speech of a relation of his (Mr. Fox), delivered at the  
 commencement of the French Revolution, stating something  
 like these words :

" That it was the **MOST WISE INSTITUTION, and MOST  
 FINISHED FABRIC OF HUMAN INGENUITY,**" &c.

*Lord Holland. House of Lords, Jan. 8, 1799.*

We cannot help being struck with the happy coincidence



But when Aboukir's rescued strand,  
 Brave NELSON ! thy resistless band  
 Beheld, of seamen bold and staunch,  
 The thunder of destruction launch  
 On faithless Gallia's naval host ;  
 Round Egypt's gratulating coast,  
 While Britain's Cross triumphant wav'd,  
 Blest ensign of an empire sav'd !—  
 Proud of the palms his valour won,  
 While Albion glories in her SON ;  
 And strains of gen'ral joy proclaim  
 The vast accession to her fame.\*—

and sympathy in sentiment between our great *Whig Orator*, and the *Sans-culotte* "Orator of the human race" (as he modestly termed himself), ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ, who thus addressed the French Legislative Assembly :

"The trumpet, which indicates the Resurrection of a Great Nation, has resounded to the four corners of the world.—The WISDOM of YOUR DECREES, and the Union of the Children of France, THAT RAVISHING PICTURE OF HUMAN FELICITY," &c. &c. &c.

\* Horrenda latè nomen in ultimas  
 Extendit oras : quà medius liquor  
 Secernit Europen ab Afro :  
 Quà tumidus rigat arva NILUS.

*Hor. Od. Lib. III. Od. iii.*

See Faction, sickening at the deed,  
 From scenes of honest joy seceed,  
 Enshroud in tavern-haunts aloof  
 Her clouded brow and cloven hoof,  
 And prompt her chosen Advocate  
 Ills to enlarge on and create ;  
 And mingle with adult'rate wine  
 His stream of eloquence malign :

“ Friends, whose subscriptions line my fob,  
 “ True subjects of my Liege, the Mob ;  
 “ Long since, you know, in sullen spite, †  
 “ I bade the ‘Commons’ House good night,  
 “ And march’d off, confidently judging  
 “ They’d my secession take in dudgeon ;  
 “ And, *for the safety of the nation,*  
 “ Intreat me to resume my station.—

\* “ The last time (I mean this time twelvemonth) I took occasion to speak to you in this place, upon public affairs, I stated that the circumstances of the times were such as to suggest to me a conduct (Secession from Parliament) which I have, as far as it depended upon me, pursued.”

*Mr. Fox's Speech, Anniversary of his Election for Westminster, Whig Club.—Morn. Chron. October 11, 1798.*

" For, as old Cato at Rome's shows  
 " Thought fit to introduce his nose,  
 " Merely to take it out again,  
 " And stalk away in high disdain : \*  
 " So I, on my SECESSION-hack  
 " Mounted, in hopes to gallop back,  
 " Hail'd by the rabble's plausive shout,  
 " Just as the Roman Churl went out.

" Though such has been my drift, 'tis fit  
 " That you should know your Chairman's bit.  
 " Sirs, at my stratagem they laugh,  
 " (Old birds are n't to be caught with chaff,)  
 " And jog on merrier than before,  
 " Since OPPOSITION 's now no more.  
 " Now this is horribly provoking  
 " To one who loves to clap a spoke in  
 " Each wheel of government's machine ;  
 " I thought I should have burst with spleen :  
 " When opportunely You commanded,  
 " And straight from apex of ST. ANNE, † did

\* Cur in theatrum, CATO severe, venisti ?

An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires ?— *Martial.*

† Mr. Fox's Mansion on the summit of ST. ANNE'S HILL,  
near Chertsey.

" Come down your SULLEN CINCINNATUS  
 " Relinquishing his roast-potatoes,  
 " Swing-tail and cacklers,\* syllabub,  
 " And blooming BET, to serve the Club.  
 " So, without invitation given,  
 " Twice I've revisited St. Stephen :  
 " First, to devote to execration,  
 " That most unprincipled invasion  
 " Of Sovereign People's goods and chattels,  
 " To fight their Subject-Monarch's battles ;  
 " Which, though some choose to call ' assessment,'  
 " Depend upon 't there's nothing less meant  
 " Than from your pockets to purloin,  
 " And to their own translate your coin :  
 " When, so complete was my success,  
 " You'll never pay one doit the less. †  
 " Proud of encouragement like this,  
 " I thought it would not be amiss

\* Fowls and Bacon.

† During the course of the last year I made some exceptions to my general conduct, in obedience to your commands: I attended the discussion of That Bill, which, under colour of taxation, was a general system of unprincipled invasion of the property of the people, to serve the purposes of government; you know how little success attended my efforts upon that occasion in the House of Commons."— *Mr. Fox's Speech.*

“ To bore the House another day,  
 “ And with desponding phiz pourtray  
 “ The storm that o’er the heads was gathering  
 “ Of OUR UNITED IRISH BRETHERN,  
 “ Harass’d by PITT in their vocation  
 “ Of treason and assassination :  
 “ Such tyranny ’twas deem’d you’d kick at ;  
 “ So here the Commons clos’d their wicket,  
 “ On mischief they were bent, no doubt,  
 “ When they presum’d to shut YOU out,  
 “ And keep,—indignant I remark—  
 “ Their own-Constituents in the dark.\*  
 “ Alas ! this dark, exclusive dealing,  
 “ Affects me with a fellow-feeling ;  
 “ Who, for these fifteen years and more,  
 “ Have been o’ the *wrong side* of the door :

\* “ Upon another occasion, that of the affairs of Ireland, I attended, and then the public were deprived of the advantages of information of the proceedings in Parliament ; for the doors of the Commons’ House were shut against its own Constituents. The motive of this could not be misunderstood. Those who had remarked the whole system of the administration of that unfortunate kingdom, were convinced that it could not be examined without exposing the enormities of government. They therefore shut out the public from information, being determined to keep them as much in the dark as possible.”

*Mr. Fox’s Speech.*

" Shut out o' the Cabinet in spite,  
 " With partner N\*\*\*\* at twelve at night: \*  
 " Scath'd with the blast, abrupt and rude,  
 " Of th' ill state wind that blows none good:  
 " Which broke the firm of Coalition;  
 " Thenceforth the topic of derision:  
 " Compell'd me *poverty* to plead,  
 " A Yellow Patriot run to seed; †  
 " A patriot, useless ev'ry where,  
 " Save in CONSERVATORIAL Chair, ‡

\* Between twelve and one o'clock at night, on the eighteenth of December, 1783, a Special Messenger delivered to Lord North and Mr. Fox, the two Secretaries of State, a message from his Majesty, importing, that it was his Majesty's will and pleasure that they should deliver to him the seals of their respective offices. On this message the Seals were sent to Buckingham-house by Mr. Frazer and Mr. Nepean, the two under Secretaries.

† A Yellow Patriot—*i. e.* a patriot upon the wane, "fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf," whom neither the people nor the cause of liberty are likely to be the better for—as Mr. F. describes himself at the conclusion of his speech:—A patriot laid on the shelf, like a Yellow Admiral, and displaying the same colours BLUE AND BUFF.

‡ "This club had been truly said to be a *Conservatory* of the principles of our ancestors, when all other descriptions seemed eager to forget them."

*Mr. Fox's Speech. Whig Club, March 5, 1799.*

“ Where I great Freedom’s rites prolong,  
 “ With HOWARD’S toast and DIGNUM’S song ;  
 “ Fost’ring, with vinous irrigation,  
 “ The *baby*-cause of Reformation,  
 “ While all our democratic prigs  
 “ Hail me WET-NURSE OF SUCKING-WHIGS.\*

“ Last year’s events I’ve scann’d—they shew me †  
 “ Some prosp’rous scenes, and others gloomy ;

\* No genuine WHIG CLUB, Whiggery, or Secession-seminary, can be properly trained and conducted without the care of a superintending Symposiast, or WET-NURSE, as it receives its natural and political nutriment from suction. Your Sucking-Whigs *unite their speculations* (as Locke expresses himself to another purpose) *with their Sucking-bottles*. They suck in or imbibe with their ears, Philippics, denouncing “ the fall of “ Sceptres and of Crowns,”—*Exactos Tyrannos bibunt Aure*—and with their mouths, the sophisticated Oporto of the tavern : —*purpureo bibunt Ore Nectar*.—It is the double province of the CHAIR-WOMAN, or WET-NURSE, to circulate *Seditious Sentiment* and the SUCKING-BOTTLE, with a “ Here we go round, round, round !”—instilling

Imbiberet teneris quod *mustea* sensibus ætas,  
 ————*udæque* docens inolescere menti.

*Jos. Scaligeri. Fun. Lib. p. 89.*

Maddening with Revolutionary wassel,  
 Irriguous souls of WHIGLINGS drunk and docile.

† “ During the last year various events have happened, some of them prosperous, and others of them gloomy: but, taking

“ Together ta'en—they on my mind  
 “ No good impression leave behind.  
 “ Now, you must know, my friends, I like  
 “ That same Philosopher antique,  
 “ (Though be assured, not half so well,  
 “ As THOSE in France that bear the bell)  
 “ Who, with his royal master chattering,  
 “ Requested to dispense with flattering  
 “ His Majesty, would condescend,  
 “ Because he meant to be his friend.—  
 “ And thus, for ev'ry ROYAL SIR,  
 “ (*Elector, viz. of Westminster;*  
 “ For other Royalty, you know,  
 “ I've turn'd my back on long ago,)  
 “ Trust me, the high consideration  
 “ I feel precludes all consolation :  
 “ I, your *true* friend, see nought but evils,  
 “ Enough to give you the Blue Devils.

them together, I confess the impression upon my mind is not favourable.—It was a saying, which I have always admired, of a celebrated philosopher of antiquity, to his king—“ I cannot be your friend and your flatterer too.” Just so is it with me; I cannot, while I profess to be your friend, give you any comfort.”

*Mr. Fox's Speech, October 1798.*



“ You’ve toasted NELSON in a brimmer : \*—  
 “ Yet fortune, to my ken, looks grimmer  
 “ By half, Sirs, than she did before he  
 “ Enhanc’d Great Britain’s naval glory.  
 “ ’Twas, I’ll admit, a feat to crack on—  
 “ Yet this White Day ’s to me a Black One ;  
 “ And since some weep for joy, I’ll borrow  
 “ Of Joy a tear or two for Sorrow.  
 “ Te Deum sing who will to cheer ye ;  
 “ I choose to chaunt my Miserere ;  
 “ And, for the Souls, lament and groan,  
 “ Of those who told us **THEY HAD NONE !**  
 “ Judge, you who quaff Shaksperian wine,  
 “ How dreadful to be drench’d with brine !  
 “ Ah ! what induc’d our gallant fleet,  
 “ With nauseous draught saline to treat  
 “ (Not attic salt like Sheridan’s)  
 “ Th’ advent’rous citizens of France !

\* “ We have drank the health of the brave and gallant  
 Commander, Admiral NELSON, and the Seamen under his  
 command. The victory obtained by them is the most signal,  
 the most gallant, and, in every respect, the most glorious, that  
 ever was recorded in the annals of the world, &c.”

*Mr. Fox’s Speech.*

“ Heav’ns !—were the Great Republic’s founders  
 “ Compell’d to fraternize with flounders !—  
 “ And serve the world’s Regenerators  
 “ For sandwiches to alligators !  
 “ Of thrice-renown’d, tri-colour’d flags  
 “ Shall Cophtis make their pudding bags,  
 “ Or sulph’rous explosion toss over,  
 “ To crocodiles, a French philosopher ! !—  
 “ Had I a heart of oak or flint,  
 “ ’Twould break, or else the devil ’s in’t,  
 “ To recapitulate——Hei Mihi !—  
 “ Such tragi-conquest with a dry eye !!!

“ But should your favouring smiles applaud  
 “ Our naval victories abroad ;  
 “ Look, Sirs, but on this side the water,  
 “ At Home you’ll find no laughing matter : \*

\* “ But, if you look at the other part of the conduct of the Executive Authority of this country, either abroad or at home ; if you look at our internal state, and that which ought to concern us still more, the state of the Constitution, then will you be bound to confess, that with all your naval triumphs, your prospect was never more gloomy than it is at the present hour.”

Mr. Fox, in May 1798, recommended to his Whig-Auditory, that they should reserve themselves for more propitious times,

“ But rue with me—since execution  
 “ Is done on England’s Constitution. \*

† “ I’ve stated to you once before,  
 “ How your own Senate shut its door,  
 “ And left you all without to wail  
 “ Freedom as dead as a door nail :  
 “ Yet this attempt your rights to stifle  
 “ May be regarded as a trifle,  
 “ When ’tis compar’d with their address in  
 “ Entrenching on your greatest blessing.

in which they might exert themselves with spirit for the *recovery* of the Constitution ; for to speak of its *preservation*, said he, would *now* be Mockery and Insult.

*See Courier, May 2, 1798.*

\* “ Is execution done on Cawdor yet ? ” *Macbeth.*

† “ I have stated to you the shutting of the doors of the House of Commons, to prevent the public from having proper information of its proceedings : that is a point in itself extremely important ; but it amounts to little more than nothing, in comparison with the steps that have been constantly taken, of late years, to destroy the greatest blessing a people ever enjoyed. I need not tell you, I mean the Liberty of the Press.—In Ireland it is now no more, and it was extinguished there in a more marked manner than in this country ; but in both the object is the same, although the means to attain it are different.”

*Mr. Fox’s Speech.*

“ What I’m now driving at you’ll guess ;—  
 “ The Liberty of England’s Press—  
 “ For that of Ireland,—I deplore—  
 “ And its Conductor \* now no more  
 “ Can elevate Rebellion’s flag, or  
 “ Direct Assasination’s dagger.  
 “ † These prosecutions—Whence do théy come ?  
 “ From folks above (the devil take ’em)  
 “ Who Publishers of dang’rous treason  
 “ By durance vile would bring to reason :  
 “ ’Tis for *true patriots*, in terrorem,  
 “ That Ministers the rods hold o’er ’em

\* The self-convicted traitor, Arthur O’Connor, the conductor of a most flagitious Irish paper called “ The Press.”

† “ To manifest a determination to put an end to that Palladium of all Freedom, prosecutions of every kind are instituted against the publishers of political works, instead of the authors, and that too while the author himself is ready to come forward. To what use do you imagine these prosecutions are thus carried on ? To what use can they be, except of striking terror in the minds of men about publishing any thing upon public affairs, and to render it impossible for any man, with safety, to publish any thing that is adverse to the present Administration of this Country. This, I am persuaded, has already had a very considerable effect ; it produces terror every day, and will soon extinguish the spirit of the Press.”

*Mr. Fox’s Speech.*

- “ Of scourge, imprisonment, and fine ;  
 “ The case, Sirs, may be yours or mine :  
 “ Would it not be confounded hard,  
 “ *Perch'd on a Butt in Palace Yard,*  
 “ Should I our democratic Hectors  
 “ Call to attend my public lectures,  
 “ And recommend all those that hear 'em,  
 “ To strip their betters, or cashier 'em ;  
 “ Tell those good fellows, when they list,  
 “ They're in the right on't to resist  
 “ (So they from hemp can skreen their gullets)  
 “ Their governors with pikes and bullets——  
 “ If, while to such a tune they dance,  
 “ To be laid hold of 'twas my chance.—  
 “ Promulgating such wholesome tenets,  
 “ If rigorous Police between its  
 “ Talents intolerant should gripe your  
 “ Chairman, and make him pay the piper—  
 “ Shut him up close in Bastile barr'd,  
 “ Associate of oppress'd DESPARD,—  
 “ Should it, for broaching all these fine tales,  
 “ Reward him with a cat o' nine tails—  
 “ Should Justice cripple Whig-exertion  
 “ With flagellation and coercion—

" But soft!—Your eyes the sorrows share  
 " That stream from this *Prophetic* Chair:  
 " So painful is the theme, unmann'd I  
 " Despair!—Fill up the punch with brandy!  
 " Give *SHERIDAN* a glass of rum too!  
 " Ah, *DICK*!—'tis what *WE ALL* must come to!

" Yet ills on ills I must unfold,  
 " Tragic as these already told:  
 " When *MINISTERS* assail'd the Press,\*  
 " 'Twas with mask'd battery and finesse  
 " They strove the subject's rights to master—  
 " And, when the Commons' House made fast her  
 " Doors on the discontented herd,  
 " 'Twas then mum chance, and snug 's the word!  
 " (If still I harp on " Shutting Door"—  
 " Forgive me—on *that* point I'm sore)

\* " But although the means employed to silence the Press be not so glaring as in another kingdom, and therefore do not make the same impression; and although the shutting the doors of the House of Commons are alarming enough, and not the less so to a discerning mind for being moderate in appearance; yet, upon one occasion, Ministers dealt candidly by the public—they spoke boldly out." *Mr. Fox's Speech.*

“ Yet once **THEY** borrow'd Candour's vest,  
 “ And boldly, what they thought express'd.—  
 “ When late the Foe, resolv'd t' invade us,  
 “ Plann'd their invincible Armadas  
 “ Of windmill-raft and air-balloon,  
 “ Like Bedlamites at full o' the moon ;  
 “ Hector'd, and vow'd they'd give no quarter  
 “ To British Pudding, Beef, and Porter,  
 “ And shew'd their nose in Bay of Bantry ;—  
 “ Then every \* guardian of his pantry  
 “ To our State-chiefs his service tender'd :  
 “ For apprehension keen engender'd  
 “ A military influenza:—  
 “ Marshall'd on ev'ry side you thén saw  
 “ Heroes that Mars himself might brag on ;  
 “ (Not Cadmus, dentist to the dragon,  
 “ With grinders from the monster's chops  
 “ Extracted, rais'd more valiant crops,)  
 “ Saw **PLEADERS**, *in contempt* of Courts,  
 “ Quit law—for gunpowder—reports ;

\* “ Some time ago, as you all remember, from the apprehension of danger, a great spirit appeared ready for the public defence, and *all descriptions of persons* offered themselves for that purpose.”

*Mr. Fox's Speech.*

“ Saw CLERKS their sable stole and beaver  
“ Discarding, catch the *scarlet fever* ;  
“ Zeal militant DISSENTERS seize,  
“ And make starch QUAKERS “ stand at Ease ;”  
“ Then COOKS took leave of roast and fried,  
“ And clapp’d their spits upon their side,  
“ Forswore their gridironic toils,  
“ And sigh’d for none but *hostile* broils :  
“ Then CHIMNEY SWEEPS and PRINTERS’ IMPS,  
“ From black turn’d red, like scalded shrimps ;  
“ BUTCHERS their slaught’ring blades on steel  
“ Whetted for foes instead of veal,  
“ While sound of spirit-stirring drum  
“ Struck marrow-bones and cleavers dumb :  
“ No leaven froth’d in BAKERS’ bowls,  
“ Who thought of none but *muster*-rolls :  
“ No TAILOR clapp’d his goose the fire on,  
“ But hot relinquish’d for cold iron,  
“ And of nine Snips brought up the rear,  
“ Who clubb’d to make one Grenadier ;  
“ Courageous COBLERS left their stalls,  
“ And chang’d for bayonets their awls ;  
“ TANNERS their trade no longer plied,  
“ Each swore he’d tan a Frenchman’s hide ;



“ Then SQUIB-MAKERS their art renounc’d,  
 “ And of feats martial crack’d and bounc’d;  
 “ BARBERS, for Britain’s weal alarm’d,  
 “ Turn’d out, with *barb’rous* weapons arm’d,\*  
 “ Suspending on their poles, ’till then signs  
 “ Of peaceful shavery, warlike ensigns;  
 “ BLACKSMITHS recoiling from their labours,  
 “ Hammer’d their horse-shoes into sabres;  
 “ PORK-WIVES left sausages and souse,  
 “ To stuff ball-cartridges for spouse;  
 “ Nay, chitterlings to sword-belts twisted:  
 “ While e’en the HANGMAN’S self inlisted,  
 “ Threat’ning with steel, instead of rope,  
 “ To give destruction ampler scope.

\* The subsequent extract, from an Oration of the venerable RALPH BATHURST, delivered in the Convocation House of the University of Oxford, over which he presided as Vice-Chancellor as long ago as the year 1676, may be regarded as an Academical Prediction of the extraordinary though not unnatural influence of the Military Mania in after times upon the Tonsoric Species:

“ TONSORUM plena sunt omnia: obtrudunt se proficiscen-  
 “ tibus, *invadunt* redeuntes; obvio cuicumque, BARBARA TELA,  
 “ forfices et novaculas intendunt.”

*Orat. habit. in Dom. Convocat. Oxon,*  
*Nov. 10, 1676.*

See the Life and Literary Remains of Ralph Bathurst, by T. WARTON.

" Amidst this military bustle,\*  
 " Summon'd his merry men brave RUSSEL,  
 " And took his station at their head :  
 " Not those in livery white and red,  
 " But those same five-and-twenty Jacks  
 " For whom to pay that scurvy tax  
 " On serving-men a just aversion  
 " Brought a surcharge his ducal purse on. †  
 " ('Tis thus Administration greedy,  
 " Grinds, unconcern'd, the *poor* and *needy*,)

\* " Mr. TIERNEY and the DUKE of BEDFORD, with a considerable body of men, offered their services, but they were rejected. Administration told them—' You must not have arms in your hand, because you have not the confidence of the Ministers.' In other words, Ministers have said—' You are not for us personally, and we will not trust you with arms. We will arm but one half of the country, lest the other half should recover its liberties.' I think it is impossible for any man of the least common sense to help seeing the drift of all this conduct."

*Mr. Fox's Speech, October, 1798.*

† The Duke of Bedford was surcharged for *twenty-five* servants, in addition to twenty-six, which he had entered; they acted in the following capacities :

Porter, 1; Gardiner, 1; Postillion, 1; Helpers, 21;  
 Gamekeeper, 1.

His Grace was also surcharged for *seventeen horses* (*forgotten* in his statement) in addition to thirty, which were previously entered.

“ While the main body of these blades  
 “ Bestrode sev’nteen *forgotten* jades,  
 “ Eight trudg’d behind, through wet and dry,  
 “ A doughty corps of infantry ;  
 “ Who sported spatterdash or pumps,  
 “ Or charg’d without ’em on their stumps.  
 “ GEORGE TIERNEY too around him rallied,  
 “ His Borough-mongrel Squadron squalid ;  
 “ Resolv’d on *working* Reformation  
 “ With *Southwark leaven’s* fermentation, \*  
 “ Who’ve done things great, renown’d and rare,  
 “ The dev’l and GEORGE know what they are : †

\* Among a number of *select* Sentiments which were drank with great applause at the celebration of Mr. Tierney’s election for Southwark, (see *Morn. Chron. December 24, 1796.*) was the following:

“ May the Leaven of Southwark ferment in every borough in the kingdom !” The credit of this truly patriotic effusion is said to be arrogated by Brigadier Batch, a baker of Frying-pan Alley.

† “ We have done GREAT THINGS between us ; when I say We, you will understand I mean always to respect duly my better Half, the Electors of the borough of Southwark.”

“ I say I have deserved well of my country : You deserve well of your country.—We are what Constituents and a Representative ought to be.”

*Celebration of Mr. Tierney’s Election,  
Morn. Chron. Dec. 24, 1796.*

“ If you’ll believe him, They and He  
“ Are just what patriots ought to be,  
“ He their whig herd-man and his flocks  
“ And herds constituent whig-blocks.

“ Sirs, ’twas a most outrageous wrong  
“ That varlets, five-and-twenty strong,  
“ Who, all of them, not worth a groat are,  
“ Besides a DUKE *of the first water*,  
“ To Government so well affected,  
“ Should have their services rejected!!——  
“ Sure ’tis high time, when thus they scout ’em,  
“ For Citizens to look about ’em!  
“ And, since the Country values not ’em,  
“ To trade upon their own Whig-bottom.  
“ Since Lord-Lieutenants treat like aliens  
“ GEORGE T\*\*R\*\*Y’S Tag-rag-and-bobtailians;  
“ Halberds withhold, and swords and guns  
“ From Southwark’s patriotic sons,  
“ Contemn the myrmidons of Freedom,  
“ Just as the vict’ling knaves who feed ’em  
“ In lofts, or culinary caverns,  
“ And cellars of their sheep’s-head taverns

“ Are wont t’ impound ’em ’till they pay bill ;  
 “ And chain their knives and forks to th’ table :  
 “ As if, to Rogues, they would denote,  
 “ Give but a knife, they’ll cut your throat ;  
 “ And, to compensate drawing corks,  
 “ Pocket your spoons and knives and forks.—

“ Perhaps what course ’twere best to steer,  
 “ You’ll ask, but on this point I fear  
 “ I cannot give you satisfaction ;  
 “ Because MY SYSTEM IS INACTION : \*  
 “ So where Saint Anne’s hill rears its head,  
 “ For my part, I’ll *retire*—to bed †  
 “ When I’ve toss’d down another cup :  
 “ Come dear BET A\*\*\*\*\*D, tuck me up !

\* See the following Notes.

† Κεῖται καλὸς Ἄδωνις ἐπ’ ὄρει——  
 —————καὶ Κύπριν ἀνῆ  
 Λεπτὸν ἀποψύχων.      *Epitaphium Adonidis.*

On Saint Anne’s green summit high,

In listless INACTIVITY

Adonis sleeps, while Venus moans:

“ Alas! SECEDING WHIGS are drones!”

“ And, as for YOU, Sirs, Law obey; \*  
 “ Or you’ll be tuck’d up *t’other way* :  
 “ Not better counsel nine in ten  
 “ Could give you—for I know my men. †  
 “ If PITT you combat, you’ll be worsted ;  
 “ By him you’re better known than trusted :  
 “ So hence I draw conclusion plain,  
 “ Howe’er it goes against the grain ;  
 “ That quietly submit you must,  
 “ Till time serves to kick up a dust. ‡

\* “ I am for strict *obedience to the laws*, and, for myself, *retirement.*”

*Mr. Fox’s Speech.*

† He knew the spirit of the People of Westminster intimately.

*Report of Mr. Fox’s Speech. Whig Club,*

*Dec. 5, 1797.—Morn. Chron.*

‡ “ With this view of the situation of things I may be asked—What would you advise? To which I answer, I see a great difficulty to give any advice that may be of any service; and therefore I can offer none. For myself, however, I can only say, that MY SYSTEM IS INACTION AND RETIREMENT. I shall pay obedience to the law, and I recommend the same conduct to you; not that I mean to flatter you with any hope that it will better your condition; but under your present circumstances, and indeed the circumstances of the whole world, it is best for you, in my opinion, to wait with quiet submission the turn of events for recovering (for indeed you have not preserved) the glorious Constitution of your forefathers.”

“ It may be said : ‘ if you retreat,  
 “ Good Mister Fox give up your seat \*  
 “ To some one else.’—Soft, Sirs, I trow  
 “ Two words to such a bargain go :  
 “ In seasons of distrust and danger  
 “ Is’t fit the dog should quit the manger ?  
 “ Sure, if I can’t eat hay or oats,  
 “ They’re not design’d for other’s throats !  
 “ I’ll stay to guard your geese and fowl,  
 “ ’Twill do you good to hear me growl ;  
 “ And then consider, Sirs, beside, †  
 “ How it must mortify my pride

\* It may be said—“ Why maintain a seat in Parliament which you will not attend ? ” My first answer is—That, whenever any considerable body of my Constituents shall manifest to me a wish that I should no longer represent them, I will obey them quickly : but without that, it is not my present intention to give up my seat in Parliament, for two reasons : first, because I am convinced that no Representative, be he who he may, can in any considerable degree serve you in Parliament, constituted as things are at present.”

*Mr. Fox’s Speech, Oct. 1798.*

† “ Secondly, because it would be mortifying to me to put an end to a connexion with a people who have shewn such partiality to me, and, what is more important, have shewn *such a spirit* during the whole of this contest, which, if properly followed by the rest of the people of this Country,

“ If every Westminster pot-boiler,  
 “ Pimp, scriv’ner, scavenger, and tyler,  
 “ Should *silently* toss off his can,  
 “ And toast no more ‘ THE PEOPLE’S MAN!’—  
 “ Then, Sirs, to mine is near allied  
 “ Your spirit, *highly rectified* ;  
 “ For when those *Pitt and Grenville BILLS*,  
 “ To Whigs confounded bitter pills,  
 “ Made *Corresponding* Curs hang tail ;  
 “ We both oppos’d them tooth and nail :  
 “ And—had the country briskly wagg’d as  
 “ Did you and I,—WILL ne’er had gagg’d us ;

it would not be under the calamities it is now feeling. When the two Bills, in the year 1795, commonly called, *The Pitt and Grenville Bills*, were proposed—Bills which (let others say what they please of them) directly repeal some of the most important parts of the Bill of Rights—this city opposed them ; part of the country opposed them also : but, if all the country had followed the example, these Bills would never have passed. When the Ministers had set aside the functions of the House of Commons, by assuming a power, independent of Parliament, of sending millions of money out of the country to a foreign Prince, under the colour of a loan, the Citizens of Westminster addressed the Throne to dismiss them.—If the rest of the country had properly followed the example, that would have been effectual.” *Ibid.*



“ We’d blown up his despotic system,  
 “ And GEORGE, at your request, dismiss’d him.—

“ Well, Sirs, though twice I have attended  
 “ The House, you’ll not find matters mended.  
 “ And therefore, give me leave to say,  
 “ I’ll now, *in earnest*, keep away—  
 “ For, though I fain would play the deuce,\*  
 “ I cannot be of *any use*  
 “ Where pow’r with honesty conjoin’d  
 “ In Britain’s cause enlist mankind.  
 “ SUCH COALITION to advance  
 “ I’ll never lend my countenance;  
 “ Although (’twere bootless to deny it)  
 “ I must knock under to the fiat

\* “ It may be asked of me,—Why not attend Parliament?  
 —The answer is that which I have repeatedly given; that  
 it would only put a false gloss on the conduct of the Minister,  
 by shewing that every thing he did was the act, not of his own  
 power or of Government, but of Parliament duly and deliber-  
 ately considering and determining on every thing that came  
 before them. *What use* to the country, what benefit to  
 mankind can result from attendance in a place where every  
 thing is decided by power, and nothing by consultation? It  
 would be only, as I have said, serving to put a false exterior on  
 the state of things.” *Ibid.*

“ Of PITT, who rules omnipotent  
 “ The JOVE of Britain’s Parliament.

“ Ah Sirs, though FOX is my cognomen,  
 “ I’m an old Bird of evil omen!—  
 “ And, while I croak, could you survey  
 “ My soul, ’tis lin’d with *raven* grey :  
 “ Th’ woes imagination broaches  
 “ Drive through my brain like mourning coaches.  
 “ Our Club-room looks like Pluto’s hall,  
 “ And Whigs like Undertakers all!!  
 “ This domineering Treasury Lad  
 “ Will drive me melancholy mad ; \*  
 “ And yet, Sirs, I’m no pining fellow  
 “ Whose melancholy ’s green and yellow,  
 “ Mine ’s made of Opposition stuff,  
 “ Right melancholy BLUE and BUFF.  
 “ Upon a monumental pile  
 “ Patience at Grief may sit and smile,

\* “ Under such circumstances, every view of the country is, in my opinion, melancholy. The state of our domestic affairs makes a deep and mournful impression upon my mind. Indeed the state of affairs all over the world appears to me very gloomy.” *Ibid.*

“ But I’m content with seat more humble,  
 “ Upon this chair I’ll sit and grumble :  
 “ Nor shall concealment wear my soul,  
 “ Nor feed on my brown-damask jowl : \*  
 “ Nor me shall scare restrictive laws  
 “ From toasting Freedom’s *desp’rate* cause, †  
 “ Exil’d France, Switzerland, and Poland,  
 “ Asylum she can find in no land !  
 “ *Here*, should the *Red Cap* grace her crown,  
 “ PITT o’er her visage pulls it down,  
 “ And ties her up in her own garters,  
 “ As he has down her IRISH MARTYRS.  
 “ Sure, to make traitors bite the dust is  
 “ The very climax of injustice !

\* She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud,  
 Feed on her damask cheek : she pin’d in thought,  
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
 She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at Grief.

*Twelfth Night, Act II. Sc. iv.*

† “ It is a lamentable thing that the cause of Liberty in every part of the world is desperate.—Where are we to look for Liberty? The French held forth, in words at least, a great attachment to it. If we expect to find it protected by them, let us look at the state of *Switzerland*. If we expect to see it cherished under the care of *Monarchs*, look at the state of *Poland*.”

*Mr. Fox’s Speech.*

" Our honest Whigs, he'll ne'er enlist 'em  
 " To militate for such a system,  
 " To white-wash—who so roundly swore—  
 " ERIN'S Apostate Blackamoor.\*

" Your true-bred Whig, by right of nature †  
 " Is guardian, trustee, legislator  
 " T' himself; nor law, nor reason's voice  
 " Direct him, but his own Free Choice.  
 " All Sov'reigns made to be cashier'd  
 " He thinks, except the SOV'REIGN HERD:  
 " On principle he 's still at variance  
 " With all but Multitudinarians,  
 " Who deem the Hydra-crested Brute  
 " Infallible and absolute,

\* Arthur O'Connor.

† " The Whig Principle states that man has natural rights, and he is the natural guardian of himself, and that the Government by which he is to be protected, ought to spring from his own Free Choice."

*Mr. Fox's Speech, Whig Club.—Courier, May 8, 1799.*

" It will be our duty to maintain the Whig Principle, that men should govern themselves, that the government of the people is the only legitimate government," &c.

*Mr. Fox's Speech.—Sunday Review, May 12, 1799.*

“ O'er all authorities supreme,  
 “ Whig-eulogy's exhaustless theme.  
 “ And 'tis, no doubt, his wisest course  
 “ Thus to extol his Stalking Horse :  
 “ On whose broad flanks he's wont to vault,  
 “ When he directs his mask'd assault  
 “ 'Gainst our State Fortress ; for WHIG NOB  
 “ IS PRIMUM MOB-ILE OF MOB ;  
 “ Which, as Scotch Bagpiper his drone,  
 “ Whig first inflates, then plays upon :  
 “ First claps o' the back Seditious Cur,  
 “ Then of his growl 's Interpreter :  
 “ Christ'ning Swill'd Insolence and Noise,  
 “ ‘ The SOV'REIGN PEOPLE'S SACRED VOICE.’

“ They who to Cæsar render Cæsar's  
 “ Dues have no thanks from you and me, Sirs.  
 “ We adulation's tribute-penny  
 “ Pay only to OUR *Liege*—THE MANY,  
 “ Who reigns by voluntary suffrage  
 “ Of all who feel the BLUE and BUFF rage.  
 “ 'Twas Britons' voluntary spunk  
 “ That gave DUTCH WILL, with nose adunque,

“ Three Crowns \*—but *old Whigs*, I suppose,  
 “ Could not see far beyond their nose,  
 “ Or they had ne'er impos'd the weight  
 “ Of Three Crowns on One single Pate ;  
 “ But laid *Mynheer* upon the shelf,  
 “ And ev'ry Whig enthron'd himself.  
 “ This sounds to loyal ears uncouth,  
 “ Yet 'tis an *everlasting truth* :  
 “ And these opinions, as I state 'em,  
 “ Form, of Whig Club, the grand Substratum.

“ But Tories, Whig-antipodes,  
 “ Broach dogmas, the reverse of these :  
 “ And Tories *wE* denominate  
 “ All those who steer the helm of State ;  
 “ A set of arbitrary fellows,  
 “ Who have the confidence to tell us  
 “ That Whigs, to law's imperious yoke,  
 “ Must bend as well as other folk. †

\* “ This is an everlasting truth. It was acted upon at the Glorious Revolution;—and it is the Foundation of this Club.”

*Mr. Fox's Speech.—Courier, May 8, 1799.*

† “ The *TORY* Principle is, that for the sake of procuring a dispassionate Government, man ought not to be left to himself.”

“ Rebellious Irishmen THEY hold,  
 “ By martial force should be controll'd: \*  
 “ And, though *Free Will* in ev'ry case is,  
 “ Of Government the solid basis, †  
 “ They grudge Hibernian Whigs Free Will,  
 “ To outrage, plunder, burn, and kill,—  
 “ Tyrannically stretch their necks  
 “ To cure 'em of such HARMLESS FREAKS ;  
 “ Nay, 'though they should but exercise  
 “ Their *most undoubted Right* TO RISE,  
 “ An hempen bandage to the weason  
 “ Apply, as remedy for treason ;  
 “ And, by despotic windpipe-crushing,  
 “ Annihilate *all free discussion*. ‡

“ HERE was *this* Principle applied, §  
 “ Who knows what fate might WHIGS betide;

\* “ Do not believe that you can govern Ireland better than Ireland can govern itself.”

† “ It is the WHIG Principle of FREE WILL that alone affords a solid basis of true Government.”

*Mr. Fox's Speech.—Courier, May 8, 1799.*

‡ “ All free Discussion was now destroyed.”

*Mr. Fox's Speech.—Sund. Review.*

§ “ The Principle may be applied to this Country.”

“ Ah, were WE not of hemp afraid,  
 “ ’Twere fit exertions should be made! \*  
 “ For I do feel our state disastrous  
 “ While these confounded Tories master us.—  
 “ Though MICHAEL struts, though N\*\*F\*\*K’s drinking,  
 “ I feel the Constitution sinking :  
 “ Nor, without Radical Reform,  
 “ Can Opposition brave the storm.  
 “ Sore has her Squadron felt the shocks  
 “ Of Westminster and Maidstone Rocks,  
 “ TH\*\*\*T ’s in Banco Regis moor’d,  
 “ And S\*\*\*\*\*’s sense gone over-board ;  
 “ B\*RD\*\*T’s brave CREW in Cold Bath bound, †  
 “ C\*\*\*TN\*Y’s flat-bottom’d wit aground ;  
 “ J\*\*YL, on grave consideration,  
 “ Hangs out his flag of *recantation* ;

\* “ At no time were exertions more necessary for the salvation of England. ‘ I do feel,’ said Mr. Fox, ‘ that if exertions could be made with any hope of success, they ought to be so, for I do feel the situation of the country to be truly disastrous.’”

*Mr. Fox’s Speech.—Courier, May 8, 1799.*

† Messrs. Jones, Davies, and other gallant Mutineers and Intimates of the “ *incomparable Baronet*,” as Mr. H. T—ke styles him, in Cold Bath Fields Prison.



“ And WH\*\*\*\*\* ’neath the table roll’d,  
 “ Pumps up the Porter from his hold.—

“ Freely my sentiments I’ve utter’d ;  
 “ For on which side my bread is butter’d,  
 “ And who they are will serve my turn,  
 “ Thank God, I am not now to learn. \*  
 “ The sapient and enlighten’d Few  
 “ Give ME their cash, I THEM their cue,  
 “ Who, while in common cause we join,  
 “ Pay *sterling* Worth with current Coin :  
 “ An honour ’tis to be connected †  
 “ With patriots all as well affected  
 “ To Liberty’s *Whig honour’d* Saplin  
 “ As I am, or their BRENTFORD CHAPLAIN ;  
 “ And there’s no need for me to say  
 “ HE’S A GREAT PATRIOT IN HIS WAY. ‡

\* “ I have said these words to you freely ; I have spoken to you for myself only. *Mr. Fox’s Speech, Oct. 1798.*

† “ I cannot help saying, that I feel it a great honour to be connected with men of such understanding and spirit.”

*Mr. Fox’s Speech, Oct. 1798.*

‡ Mr. TOOKE’s patriotism has too long been known to render it necessary for us to say one word in his praise.

*Courier, May 19, 1797.*

“ And, for MYSELF, in ninety-seven,  
 “ ERSKINE, first Counsel under Heaven,  
 “ Told you that, for my good behaviour,  
 “ I, as my Shipwreck’d Country’s SAVIOUR,  
 “ Was mark’d, by Providence divine: \*  
 “ (I never heard a speech so fine!  
 “ Nor do I think such beauties lurk  
 “ In *his inestimable Work*.) †  
 “ Nay, what is more, CHARLES GREY, esquire,  
 “ Whose *splendid talents* Whigs admire,  
 “ For fear it should escape unheard,  
 “ Retail’d his flummery word for word. ‡

\* “ He had endeavoured to shew (in his pamphlet) that it was not yet too late to save us from *shipwreck*. He alluded to the miserable calumnies which had lately come forth against the *exalted person* (Mr. Fox) who was endowed and marked out by Providence as THE SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY.”

*Mr. Erskine's Speech. Whig Club, Feb. 1797.*

† “The Peace must be laid, as Mr. Erskine, in *his inestimable work*, has said, in principles that were pacific, &c.”

*Mr. Fox's Speech. Whig Club, Feb. 1797.*

‡ Mr. Grey, in return to the warm and cordial manner in which the company manifested their regard for his *splendid talents*, made a very elegant address, in which he adopted the sentiments of Mr. Erskine, that Providence had marked out their *exalted* Chairman as the SAVIOUR OF THE COUNTRY.

*Morn. Chron, Feb. 15, 1797*

“ Your eleemosynary pence  
 “ Have giv’n me EASE AND AFFLUENCE,\*  
 “ And, fatt’ning on your kind subscription,  
 “ Though Government in base Egyptian  
 “ Bondage should make you all bow down,  
 “ Against the grain, to GEORGE’S Crown;

\* Mr. Fox proposed the Health of Mr. Grattan. “ We have both received marks of peculiar and unprecedented kindness from our COUNTRIES, though in different ways.—He received, by a grant of the Parliament of his country, a mark of their attention and kindness.—I have also received from my COUNTRY, though *not in the same way*, but in a way equally peculiar and unprecedented, a mark of kindness equally flattering.—In both instances the PUBLIC perhaps thought, that persons who had exerted themselves in their service, should be placed in ease and affluence.—From THE PUBLIC we have received EASE AND AFFLUENCE.” *Courier, December 5, 1798,*

Mr. F. having already termed the DUKE of B——D and GEORGE T——Y, Esq. *One Half* of his Country, (see Note, p. 157.) with equal justice and modesty here slurs the Whig Club upon us, under the imposing denomination of His Country. And indeed no man, who hath arithmetical knowledge enough to account the two worthy gentlemen above-mentioned *One Half* of Great Britain, can possibly scruple to admit that the Whig Club constitutes *the Whole* of it. Nor, *vice versâ*, will he, who maintains the truth of the latter proposition, deny that, in the “ *par Nobile Fratrum*,” the illustrious Peer and Commoner are concentrated the valuable *Moiety*, *viz.* Half the Talents (*golden and brazen*) of that Reservoir of *pure* Revolutionary Doctrine, and Grand Conservatory of potted Principle, THE WESTMINSTER WHIG CLUB.

" Tho' PITT your purses squeeze and shrink 'em  
 " With this confounded Tax on Income,  
 " Account ME still your doughty knight,  
 " Ready, whether you're wrong or right,  
 " (With Wine and Rhetoric charg'd like Falstaff,)  
 " To rant, and brandish at your call staff,  
 " And fight your battles o'er again  
 " 'Gainst Ministerial Buckram Men.  
 " MOB-MAJESTY, still at his levee,  
 " Shall see ME and my hopeful NEPHEW.  
 " I'll in HIS SOV'REIGN CAUSE enlist all  
 " My knaves: Nym-F\*\*ST, and E\*\*K\*\*E-Pistol,  
 " Poins-R\*\*\*\*L too, and SH\*\*\*\*Y-Bardolph:  
 " We'll from your sides State-cudgel ward off.  
 " Dauntless MYSELF shall trace before ye  
 " The road of Democratic glory;  
 " Ne'er shall you be by ME forsook,  
 " Or dropp'd *at Hounslow* as by TOOKE,  
 " Who, 'though *my friend*, 's a scurvy shepherd,  
 " That led his lambkins to be pepper'd ; \*  
 " Just staid his dang'rous theme to broach,  
 " Then stepp'd out of SEDITION'S *Coach* :

\* " I have led *my Ragamuffins* where they are pepper'd,  
 and that soundly." *Falstaff. Shaksp. Hen. IV.*

“ Still, staunch and loyal to the gang,  
“ With YOU I’ll drink, for YOU harangue,  
“ ’Till safe I land YOU, from the Alehouse,  
“ At INSURRECTION’S GOAL—THE GALLOWES.

THE END.

