

THE  
*Sinfonía Royal. 1831*  
GOLDEN AGE;

OR,

ENGLAND IN 1822-3:

IN

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO A FRIEND ABROAD.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

"Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit,  
Et quæ nunc domino rura paterna carent!!"

"The envy of surrounding nations," &c. &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, PICCADILLY.

1823.

THE PEOPLE having thought the following title worthy  
a second edition, and having selected an author  
more respecting its subject, I have selected this  
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my name as a work, which will be less than, that I  
value the good of my country far above the present  
conscience of court favour, or the more remote con-  
cerns of honour and patronage.

I must also avail myself of this occasion to caution  
individuals against the very prevalent vanity of sup-  
posing they have discovered their own position, the  
inserted at full length in a few & copied upon every  
general, which must obviously tell of anyone who I in  
described to such minutiae.

"What should be said?"

A hundred years in Times or a Balance.

J. JOHNSON, L.T.D.

PRINTED IN THE PRESS.

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.

THE public having thought the following trifle worthy a second edition, and having indulged in various surmises respecting its author; I have seized this opportunity of setting all further doubt at rest, by putting my name to a work, which will at least show, that I value the good of my country far above the present sunshine of court favour, or the more remote contingencies of honours and preferment.

I must also avail myself of this occasion to caution individuals against the very prevalent vanity of supposing they have discovered their own portraits delineated at full length in a jeu d'esprit upon society in general, which must obviously fail of success were I to descend to such minutiae.

“What should ail 'em?

“A hundred smart in Timon or in Balaam.”

J. JOBSON, L. L. D.

SLUTCHBY IN THE FENS,

May 29th, 1823.

# GOLDEN AGE

From all my past thoughts, who have well known  
How long for long the golden age has been  
How I have lived in vain, and how I live  
What but my own life, and what I live  
From the state of the golden age  
Changed to a state of life, I live  
To live, and to live, and to live  
I live, and to live, and to live

From all my past thoughts, who have well known

In your example, I see the way

O! let me live, and to live, and to live

What a golden age, and to live, and to live

What a golden age, and to live, and to live

From all my past thoughts, who have well known



THE  
GOLDEN AGE,  
&c.

---

FRIEND of my secret thoughts, who best could prove  
How long fair England has engrossed my love,  
How I have strived to serve her, and should still,  
Were but my power half equal to my will,  
Peruse the verse of an indignant heart :  
Outraged by fraud and folly, I depart  
To those gay regions where unclouded skies  
Console weak man for all his miseries.

• •

Intent to give my cares a holyday,  
In your example I securely stray : 10  
O ! let me bask beneath some warmer zone,  
Where “ glorious constitutions ” are unknown,  
Where the tired ear some respite may obtain  
From sound of politics or price of grain ;

•

Where kings, whose will no civic charters awe <sup>1</sup>\*,  
Lose half the rapture of transgressing law,  
Where the mild autocrat his slave protects  
From all oppression (save what he directs),  
And man's contented, as he well can be  
Who vegetates unblessed by liberty. 20

I grant the noblest courage we can boast  
Is patient suffering of what tries us most ;  
Witness th' immortal bands of Waterloo,  
Those squares of red which nothing could break through,  
Which saw the murd'rous carnage unrepelled,  
Yet for a space th' avenging sword withheld ;  
Till once set free, with overwhelming force  
The British lion sped his conquering course.  
What makes the swarthy son of ocean brave  
Approaching death in each approaching wave ? 30  
What keeps him constant to his arduous post  
When the last fleeting ray of hope is lost,  
But firm endurance ? to this England owes  
Her proudest trophies o'er her mightiest foes ?.

I too have preached abiding by the wreck,  
And would have stayed to take my turn on deck,

\* See the Notes at the end of the Poem.

Though but a passenger, who ill can stand  
The sight of renegadoes in command ;  
But when the Captain and his jovial crew,  
Drunk all along, proceed to pillage too ; 40  
When man is chartered to defraud his brother,  
And one class drowns to pacify another ;  
When Folly at the helm all reason mocks,  
Steering the vessel plump upon the rocks,  
I take my leave without the least remorse,  
Glad to escape, purloined and nothing worse,  
Lest (as their troubles seem increasing fast)  
They take to eat the passengers at last.  
When Justice leaves her seat, and Rapine reigns,  
The devil may take the hindmost who remains. 50

Some say, a man should spend where he receives,  
This England asks in lieu of all she gives :  
Against the maxim I shall not contend,  
Provided there be any thing to spend ;  
Provided Justice triumph, as before  
Her virgin soil was stained with civic gore,  
(By men whose precepts their examples mock,  
Priests who, for gain, turn butchers of their flock ;)  
When Tory Magistrates and sham Police  
Combined with Yeomanry to break the peace. 60



Not England taxed the double she can bear,  
 One half her children sinking to despair,  
 The other gorged;—an army of excise,—  
 A C——t, where fops exclude the good and wise  
 A pensioned Senate, where our shameless youth  
 Are trained by C——g to deride the truth;  
 In which the sitters like their seats are bought,  
 And oftener speak their interest than their thought<sup>3</sup>;  
 A state bazaar—a human auction mart;  
 Where prostitution's so reduced to art, 70  
 That *public men* our public nymphs excel  
 For knowing how and when their goods to sell.  
 Some wait a market to display their ware,  
 Some vend in lots—like bullocks at a fair:  
 Here men dishonoured after honours pant,  
 There poor apostates get the thing they want:  
 Five greedy Protei here their salaries took,  
 There base Crispinus sunk into a duke;  
 There *Church and State* are made a state machine  
 To keep the people out, the Tories in; 80  
 Geese representing men—to what avail  
 But to frank letters, and elude a jail?  
 While (by a juggle 'twixt official knaves  
 And needy magistrates their willing slaves)  
 Our ancient rights are shaped to suit the times<sup>4</sup>,  
 And statutes passed—to cover future crimes:



The people silenced, and the press in chains,  
And those who murmur banished for their pains.

Say, can ye wonder if the crowd believes  
That H—e no temple, but a \*\*\* \*\* \*\*\*\*\*; 90  
Where men who of their duties make a trade,  
Neglect the task for which alone they're paid<sup>5</sup>?  
See how they work! some twenty mounting guard,  
Some in sweet converse, others snoring hard,  
Sprawling like Awkwardness upon her throne,  
Or like spread eagles on bare benches thrown,  
(The bird endowed, as sang the bard of yore,  
With twofold beak—to make him gorge the more<sup>6</sup>.)  
Waiting to execute the painful trust,  
Of rescuing fools, or screening the unjust. 100  
One twentieth portion do the nation's work,  
The rest were just as well employed at York;  
For what are worth or wisdom 'gainst a host?  
They stay corruption for a night at most:  
Or how can demonstration aid the cause,  
When profligates sit laughing in your face?

Hark! the loud flappings of the lobby door  
Announce the lab'ers of the eleventh hour:  
Like gulls or cormorants at evening tide<sup>7</sup>, 109  
Some scream out, "Question!" some, "Divide, divide!"

Some cry, "Hear, hear!" when all around are mute,  
 And thus create the nuisance they impute:  
 While, as the bird in ivy-bush demure,  
 The Speaker suffers what he cannot cure.  
 If, as at times will happen, England's fate,  
 Or Europe's freedom, hang on the debate,  
 Though Rhetoric not unworthy ancient Rome  
 Bring to the unwilling breast conviction home,  
 Still to his object true, the clamorous brute  
 Dumbfounds the logic which he can't refute; 120  
 Till once victorious, and well *counted out*,  
 The blockheads ask you, "what it's all about?"  
 Blame you their ardour? After twelve o'clock  
 None enter Almack's save who force the lock;  
 We know they must not balk th' expectant fair,  
 So curse the foolish laws which seat them there.  
 Boys due attention rarely can command,  
 Nor e'en when list'ning always understand;  
 And as man's seasons have their several calls,  
 Youth looks in Council worse than Age at balls. 130

If this be all a Briton has to boast,  
 One can but grieve, or tolerate at most.  
 To men of rights or property bereft,  
 Flight seems the only consolation left;

•

The waiting ruin in a land disgraced,  
I hold is purely an affair of taste.

<sup>8</sup> See how man's follies change into a rod  
The choicest gifts and mercies of his God!  
That peace and plenty which should bless the earth,  
His blundering turns to poverty and dearth: 140  
In vain with Ceres' fruits the land is cloy'd,  
One half her children languish unemploy'd;  
The want of barter palsies the supply,  
And pigs consume what paupers cannot buy.  
Thus while our rulers prophesy and cheat,  
Here ruined tenants beg, or sweep the street;  
There needy landlords, whom no tradesmen trust,  
In self-defence are forced to be unjust.

Yet still his brazen front Humbogus rears,  
And vows that England prospers though in tears: 150  
Humbogus once the champion of the soil,  
Till bought by hopes of sharing in its spoil;  
This sham Triptolemus <sup>10</sup> gave early signs,  
That to the *surface* he preferred the *mines*;  
For *Woods and Forests* he forsook the plough,  
Then Spinning Jenny claimed his venal vow;  
And now behold him earning rifled pelf  
By laboured refutations of—himself <sup>11</sup>.



Smooth flows deception from his salaried lips,  
 As o'er our sorrows he adroitly slips; 160  
 While of our credit, capital, and trade,  
 He makes a pompous but a false parade.  
 For when the value sinks of what you buy,  
 This *credit*, losing all solidity,  
 Turns to an airy bubble, and as such  
 In air expands upon the slightest touch.  
 So linked together are the indebted corps,  
 That one transaction implicates a score;  
 Thomas sues John, John Will, (and sue they may,  
 For in these times the devil a soul can pay,) 170  
 Till, like Galvani's chain, the insolvent stock  
 Needs but the touchstone to produce the shock <sup>12</sup>.

But landed capital? Ay, Flyblow thought  
 His "lands and tenements" were cheaply bought;  
 Ten thousand pounds he got by fat and hides:  
 The country banker lent him ten besides,  
 He buys "those farms in Ganderby le Great,"  
 And struts a 'squire upon his own estate.  
 (Advent'rous soul! he little understood  
 How Peel and Van would make his bargain good!) 180  
 His income fails! but then he has a friend  
 At court, assures him that "the times will mend."



The times get worse! well, Heaven be lauded! still  
 One's acres turn to ready cash at will.  
 E'en so! the land just pays the banker's loan,  
 And every tester of that wealth is gone,  
 To guard whose funded store in happier years  
 The booby swaggered in the volunteers,  
 Got drunk, and gave his loyalty full swing, 189  
 Damned all reform, and roared God save the King!

Sink, *sink the offal*, by all means, good Van!  
 Sink the whole carcass too—if such thy plan;  
 But call this “speculation,” and what fool  
 Will henceforth trust the profligates who rule?  
 If all who would in funds or land invest,  
 Must know the secrets of a premier's breast,  
 Or must divine, before they risk their pence,  
 What gambols you may play some ten years hence;  
 'T were better trust some foreign prince or beggar,  
 The Czar, the Sultan, or the bold M'Gregor. 200

Quoth Liverpool <sup>13</sup>, Abundance is your curse;  
*Be patient*, and—*your harvests may get worse*.  
 The Suffolk clowns his hint misunderstand,  
 And burn their ricks—to ease the stock on hand.  
 Canning, hard pressed for something to prescribe,  
 Enjoins the *patience* <sup>14</sup>, and omits the bribe.

But *patience*, though specific in the gout,  
Was never famed for keeping bailiffs out.  
O glorious comment on their knavish cant!  
England of plenty, Ireland dies of want! 210  
Stand forth, disciples of king David's school <sup>15</sup>,  
And own this foul opprobrium of misrule:  
Say, when was Tantalus, since crime began,  
So far surpassed by agonizing man?  
See Erin's sons, by long oppression ground,  
Condemned to starve, while plenty teems around;  
See her dishevelled and insulted brood,  
Doomed to subsist on theoretic food;  
Condemned to cultivate a grateful soil,  
Yet never taste the produce of their toil <sup>16</sup>; 220  
Goaded to madness by Exaction's stings,  
And driven to loathe the very name of kings:  
While beggared England, gorged with Irish grain,  
Subscribes forsooth—to send it back again!  
To send it where old wrongs and knavish laws  
Have loosed allegiance and locked labour's jaws,  
Thus myriads perish under Tory care,  
Trusting to alms from those who've nought to spare:  
Go, cover your economists with scorn,  
“Who starve the beast that treadeth out the corn.” 230

Distress by turns assailing every class,  
Portends convulsion in the social mass ;  
Thy sons, O Spinning Jenny, lead the way  
With frequent calls for larger loaf or pay ;  
Those aids they challenge from the ruling powers  
For their own trade, they deprecate in ours ;  
They only ask, (and Van supports them well,)  
To name the price of all they buy or sell ;  
Grant this, and falling markets—none more quiet ;  
If aught go adverse—they secede—they riot ;       240  
Four days they labour, but get drunk the rest '7,  
Or else—they're tyrannized—betrayed—oppressed ;  
(And thus their politics are bad or good,  
Just in an inverse ratio with their food.)  
Then growls the thunder, and the civic storm  
Condenses in petitions for Reform,  
Trembles the Justice at the gathering roar,  
The dunce in office trembles more and more ;  
Folks cannot reason who are short of words,  
Bunglers have few expedients but their swords ;       250  
A second massacre might turn them out :  
What seer shall solve a case of so much doubt ?  
The chiefs of Gath at length with one accord  
Call gentle David to the council-board.  
David—Judea's pride ! who calculates  
By ounce of gold the doom of Christian states :



David—whose voice like soft Circean lyres  
 To their destruction lures our country 'squires:  
 David—the only seer whose fame defies  
 The frequent failure of his prophecies !

260

As when town beagles who have lost *the* hare,  
 Squat on their haunches in burlesque despair,  
 Some loiter this, some yelp the other way,  
 As prurient error leads the curs astray ;  
 If then some bagsman on the road espy  
 Perchance a cat or rabbit flirting by,  
 The man of samples soon, by loud halloos,  
 Proclaims in triumph what he thinks he views ;  
 Dogs, burghers, 'squires, respond in joyful tone;  
 Each seems to vote the merit all his own

270

While yet the hoax is rife, but when it flags  
 They 're free enough to lay the blame on *Bags*.  
 Thus from the octaves flow'd, in silver tones,  
 The sage prognostics of the child of loans;  
 ' Retrace your steps, but be with caution bold,  
 ' Make the land tortoise pay your debts in gold;  
 ' In foreign commerce only put your trust ;  
 ' Brush up your looms, and let the ploughshare rust;  
 ' So shall each tax and salary be doubled,  
 ' And you by Radicals no longer troubled <sup>18</sup>.'

280



Thus spake the Oracle ! with loud applause  
 Each ancient beldam wags her lanthorn jaws ;  
 Elate with selfish hopes, our babbling elves  
 Proceed to serve their country—and—themselves ;  
 Weigh the conflicting interests of the state,  
 And on the victims sacrifice debate ;  
 When one must bleed to satisfy the rest,  
 The only doubt is, which will bleed the best :  
 Should the scheme answer—they the praise may claim ;  
 But should it fail, old David bears the blame. 290

As when the aëronaut who plies the sky,  
 Or mariners, 'mid billows mountain high,  
 Whene'er rude Boreas takes the ship's command,  
 Bale out the rubbish with unsparing hand ;  
 Now guns and baggage, live and dead stock now,  
 In sad succession overboard they throw ;  
 Soon inauspicious looks of deadly hue  
 Concentrate on the fattest of the crew ;  
 Reasoning succeeds more inauspicious still ;  
 ' Man has a right to eat and drink his fill ; 300  
 ' Nature provides sufficient food for man,  
 ' And gave him claws to catch it where he can<sup>19</sup> ;  
 ' Reason 'gainst all monopoly exclaims,  
 ' And if in trade, why not in guts or brains ?

‘ Slay but the big ones, and two ends we serve,  
‘ The ship will float, the crew no longer starve.’  
So our Dutch Captain, poor unhappy Van,  
Anxious to soothe the more obstreperous clan,  
(As kindly souls give way to brawling wives,  
Or other nuisances, for quiet lives,) 310  
Dreading the disputants—who, right or wrong,  
Debate in bodies fifty thousand strong,  
O’erjoyed on any terms to sign a truce,  
Yields all they ask, and slays the landed goose <sup>20</sup>—  
A speechless bird, so spiritless and dull,  
No sense of wrongs can penetrate his scull,  
Not of the breed which rescued Rome of old,  
But one of Æsop’s, laying eggs of gold.

Had he who built the raft of Gophire wood,  
No wiser rule of government pursued, 320  
But, to appease the clamours of the ark,  
Crammed the hoarse sea-mew, starved the tuneful lark;  
Starved fleecy flocks, to gorge the beast of prey  
Or made the bee to idle drones give way <sup>21</sup>;  
What changes had ensued, heaven only knows!  
Royston might then have sold her fatted crows;  
Sleek, lazy tigers, stall-fed wolves and bears,  
Had growled in Smithfield and at country fairs;

Pidcock had shown some starveling cow or sheep,  
Lean as a rake at half-a-crown a peep; 330  
While man's invention, by such limits bound,  
Perchance had toiled for ages ere he found  
A substitute at Michaelmas for geese,  
Or baited rat-traps without Cheshire cheese <sup>22</sup>.

None, more than I, revere the sacred page  
Which paints our frailties in their earliest stage;  
And surely none have ampler cause to grieve  
How soon God's favoured people learned to thieve!  
So, should the Muse intrude on Holy Writ,  
The truth invites her, and no vulgar wit; 340  
Though ever ready to respect the good,  
And live with all in Christian brotherhood,  
She will not truth or Freedom's cause forego  
In idle dread of making Cant her foe.  
That sacred book records a dext'rous shift,  
Of which few Tories comprehend the drift,  
How that the Israelites, by Moses led,  
Despoiled the land of Egypt ere they fled,  
And were already far on their retreat,  
Before the drowsy Copts perceived the cheat. 350  
That of their goods they took so little heed,  
Evinced unusual negligence—agreed.



That thieves should be so leisurely pursued,  
No doubt was miracle—so far so good;  
But how resolve the moral of the thing?  
Why vex a people to chastise their king?  
To say 't was lawful to pursue the thief,  
Argues, I ween, nor crime nor unbelief;  
But if again of Pharaoh be it said,  
The people should have taken off his head, 360  
That other slaves deserve the like disasters  
Who fail to syncopize unrighteous masters,  
Both church and law have *laid it down* long since,  
That none may meddle with their *lawful* prince;  
Man must endure legitimacy's chain,  
Though Nero rule or F——d of Spain.  
'T is when a bastard or usurper reigns,  
You get the right of knocking out his brains.  
Here lies the Tory puzzle in a word,  
Serve we th' *Almighty* or the *feudal* Lord? 370  
Now I maintain the Copts had done as well  
Against this *lawful* despot to rebel,  
Or from his dangerous company to flee,  
As stay, be robbed, and soused in the Red Sea:  
And that they perished for no other wrong,  
Than having borne a tyrant's yoke too long.  
Let full-blown shovel-hatted Orange-man  
Impugn my wholesome doctrine if he can.



Alas ! this specimen of Hebrew skill  
Was but the type of greater exploits still ; 380  
Do not the Jews possess the British soil ?  
Do they not revel in the nation's spoil ?  
In all past contracts is there not a flaw <sup>23</sup>,  
Which clothes their rapine with the forms of law ?  
Is not each debtor by that law undone,  
Which bids him pay the lender two for one ?  
By " public faith," what mean the wrong's abettors  
But *faith to creditors and fraud to debtors* ?  
Plucked by our *overseer's* financial tricks,  
Doomed *without straw to make our tale of bricks*, 390  
To pay the debts and charges of the state  
With lessened means, in coin of doubled weight,  
The burden laid exceeds our suffering powers,  
And makes the Egyptian fraud a joke to ours ;  
There previous wrongs excused the pilfering Jew,  
But ours are groundless, yet progressive too ;  
Of old the thieves purloined and slunk away,  
Now they adhere like leeches to their prey ;  
There Pharaoh's sins produced his people's fall,  
Here we've a prince who never sinned at all ; 400  
There 't was the prophet, here the law's to blame,  
In all things else the robbery's the same.

Ask ye what graduate in the cozening art  
I' th' mighty pillage play'd the hero's part ?  
What hoary rabbi led the larc'nous throng  
With snowy locks and beard twelve inches long ?  
Know, 't was a Christian slave of virtues rare !  
A child of trade, but reared with so much care,  
That he was doomed Britannia's realm to rule  
While yet a stripling at a public school ; 410  
Soon he surpassed the alchymists of old,  
And changed the foulest rags to purest gold ;  
Gave each old-clothesman money in his sack,  
In lieu of all the rubbish at his back ;  
And when his aged sire besought him fair  
To stay his purpose, and his country spare,  
Persisted, reckless of that sire's control,  
Bade him be still, and d——'d his fustian soul.  
Fate crowned his project with success complete,  
And gave the soil in fee to Monmouth Street. 420

Can you then blame the man who should refuse  
To wait this second coming of the Jews ?  
To linger on, surrounded by distress,  
To watch his income growing daily less,  
And when all's gone stay bowing at his gate,  
While Sir Barabbas seizes his estate ?

Help him to catalogue his goods and rent,  
 And see *to what it comes at four per shent?*  
 See the spruce synagogue erect its head  
 Where his forefathers were for ages bred? 430  
 Or will you spare his heart the bitter pang,  
 And let him go to France, or drown, or hang?

Ye sordid scribblers of a venal press<sup>24</sup>,  
 Base selfish panders to the land's distress;  
 And ye, who take in lieu of honest gains  
 The secret service-money for your pains,  
 Rail on at those whom Rapine drives away,  
 Whom honest poverty forbids to stay,  
 Who hope to struggle for a while at large  
 Free from your taxes and your *newsman's charge*; 440  
 Know, one at least, e'en in these abject days,  
 Defies your censure and disdains your praise.  
 Make rights of property your sport, your scorn,  
 Starve, slay the ox that treadeth out your corn;  
 Condemn at once the whole productive race,  
 Suppressing all that suits the plaintiff's case;  
 It was their ignorance first made you strong,  
 And now you labour to confirm the wrong:  
 Leagued to abet the plunder, or be mute  
 On frauds which now no casuist dares dispute; 450



Go, make your boasted columns the records  
Of lawless pillage, clothed in specious words.  
Meanwhile, though callous to all sense of shame  
At your short-sighted and dishonest game,  
*Look to your booty, and devise some plan  
To stay the approaching tempest if you can.*

## PART SECOND.

‘TALK of distress,’ exclaims the bloated cit,  
‘I neither feel nor credit it a whit;  
‘Provisions cheap, and stocks at eighty-two!  
‘Are these the hardships that the landlords rue? 460  
‘Their clamour’s selfish, their complaints absurd:  
‘Lord bless you, “’t is but property transferred <sup>25</sup>.”  
(The practised thief would reason in this strain,  
’T is of this very *transfer* we complain !)  
‘Prepare the yacht, six turtles hoist on board,  
‘See it with claret and champagne well stored,  
‘I’ll in the wake of honours; life is short,  
‘And while it lasts, by Jove, I’m all for sport.’  
Waft him, ye zephyrs, softly to the North;  
Ye dolphins, tow him up the Frith of Forth; 470  
Ambitious tailors, see him gaily clad, o  
Cram me his carcass in a Highland plaid;  
In such the sense of ridicule is small,  
Better be quizzed than not observed at all.

Not so the Sovereign; in his garb you trace  
An obvious meaning, an unerring grace;

He—well-advised—in kilt and philibeg,  
Bared the broad thigh and half the royal leg :  
Whatever gave access with greatest ease  
To Sir Macsycophant was sure to please ; 480  
Besides, with pain he saw the awkward loons  
Gasping with awe, and bowing by platoons <sup>26</sup> ;  
So let them pay their court with breathless haste,  
In any mode congenial to their taste.  
Thus, wheresoe'er he sate, the sacred chair  
Was soon enshrined with reverential care ;  
Long lanky lairds, with pybroch at their tail,  
The sainted satin open-mouthed assail ;  
And, to make Adulation's sum complete,  
Snuff up the very dust from off his feet <sup>27</sup>. 490

Hold, hold, you cry, what ! libel all the North ?  
Peace be with learning and with moral worth.  
Their claims to valour, sense, and industry,  
By none are known or revered more than me :  
The paths of sanctity were never trod  
By more sincere adorers of their God :  
Their pastors, undebauched by temporal cares,  
Exact no tithe in payment of their prayers ;  
No law compels them to maintain their poor,  
And yet no begging crowds besiege their door ; 500



And all this virtue, please to understand,  
 Without a dean or bishop in the land !  
 But where no senate hears that people's voice,  
 Where legal bribery thwarts the public choice,  
 Where the whole system's rotten, past all cure,  
 No wonder those who work it are impure.  
 Hence from the class which stands *in order* first  
 Examples spring by which the land is cursed ;  
 A tribe of cringing persevering knaves,  
 Who—born to make themselves and others slaves, 510  
 —Whatever principles or men prevail,  
 Resume their station at Corruption's tail.  
 To feed their lust for title, pelf, or place,  
 No gain too small, no sacrifice too base :  
 Some, like the ass, in *Thistles* find a zest,  
 And for a riband dangling at their breast,  
 Will feign and flatter to your heart's content,  
 Or (on a pinch) condemn the innocent.  
 Such was the race by whom, in days of old,  
 King Charles was flattered, then betrayed and sold ; 520  
 And who (could Christendom supply his worth)  
 Are just as likely to sell G. the ———.

Sir Ignoramus—bursting with Port wine—  
 At Court a sycophant, at home a swine,

Takes credit for adhering to the spot  
 Where fate ordained he should inglute and rot.  
 His life to every nobler end a blank,  
 Pleasure—his business, his ambition—rank,  
 A boon he claims, in right of public hate,  
 Hard earned to please some creature of the state; 530  
 In right of orgies with some r—— sot,  
 Whose drunken pledges are the last forgot,  
 (—Sweet words which cost him nothing, but imply  
 Post-obits on the nation's dignity.)  
 Item, to perjured votes for twenty years,  
 To awkward secrets kept, to long arrears  
 Of county jobs, successes or defeats,  
 To money lost, or spent in Cornish seats,  
 To fulsome praise, and (see the pedigree)  
 Whole generations of subserviency. 540  
 Lacks he provision for some darling dunce?  
 A dose of flattery gains his point at once.  
 Though sworn in justice to maintain the laws,  
 He contravenes them in a Tory cause;  
 Fees the convicted slanderer, nor the less  
 Inveighs against the “license of the press<sup>28</sup>;  
 Or leads the troop and cuts the people down,  
 Because their heads are clearer than his own.  
 While wife and dears torment the adverse fates  
 On gala nights to force the Palace gates: 550

Poor souls! what chance have dames of their condition,  
 So virtuous and so vulgar, of admission?  
 Besides, the creatures have received their price,  
 Who kept their company would buy them twice;  
 And, faith, great George appears this last to view  
 As far the dearest bargain of the two.

Acquainted with no language upon earth,  
 Except the gibberish of his place of birth;  
 His mind engrossed by horses, hounds, and cooks,  
 And knowing little of mankind or books; 560  
 Why should his worship leave his native ground,  
 Where, blessed with kindred dulness all around,  
 He's welcome, if for mere consumption's sake,  
 As swine are kept for the manure they make:  
 Why let the goose be plucked in Paris streets,  
 The scorn of every coxcomb that he meets?

Pleased as the pigs who revel in a sty,  
 Where nothing else would condescend to lie,  
 Our reeking knight toasts 'England, Sirs, for ever;  
 'And may all those who do not like her leave her<sup>29</sup>.' 570  
 So says the Turk, when of some Greek in dread,  
 Who does not seem disposed to lose his head;  
 And as old Swift, (forgive the coarser strain  
 Which charmed the powdered wits of Anna's reign;



Nor you, ye courtiers, take the emblem ill,  
With all his talents, Swift *was Tory still*;) )  
As Swift has told us how some greedy clown  
Spits in the mess to make it all his own :  
So cry the Tories, when their jobs are crossed,  
Their lies refuted, or their tempers lost ; 580  
While like a maiden by their lust defiled,  
Fair England blushes, by such praise reviled.

Such the poor abject and degenerate class  
That stands between the monarch and the mass !  
That having both betrayed—is doomed to fall,  
By neither pitied, but despised by all ;  
Whose steady worship of Corruption's power  
Records its baseness to the dying hour ;  
That to its own extinction *now* subscribes,  
And courts e'en ruin from the hand that bribes : 590  
Surpassing Ireland's Senate, who had sense  
At least to turn their birthright into pence.  
Heirs to their pride and ignorance, our 'squires  
Lack the rude virtues of their valiant sires ;  
While yet untainted by corruption's airs,  
Plain blunt integrity at least was theirs ;  
Now baser metal must supply its loss,  
And clumsy varnish ill conceals the dross ;

If manners have not altered for the worse,  
Has wit, has learning, brightened their discourse? 600  
Has noisy nonsense left the brainless skull,  
Or pride of riches ceased to swell the dull?  
Our boasted hospitality gives way  
To idle pageantry and proud display;  
The dearest friends, if uninvited guests,  
Would prove least welcome at our modern feasts.  
Old Gooseby, vain, yet ignorant as a clown,  
Adds every year his dulness to the town;  
Burning to work his way among the great,  
He plagues their hearts to dine in Harley Street; 610  
To every chair its long-predestined bore  
Is safely booked a weary month before.  
*Meubles en papillote* are stripped in turn,  
And lamps are trimmed, too rarely used, to burn;  
Should then some brother, seared with glory's scars,  
Come, all unlooked for, blundering from the wars,  
By chance or shipwreck at his threshold hurled,  
He would not stretch his table for the world;  
For should that table more than twelve contain,  
Lord Owl would never grace such crowds again! 620  
E'en they whose presence constitutes his boast,  
Deride the ambitious dulness of their host:  
So ill do awkward struggles after art  
Compensate for ingenuous warmth of heart!

Where now the steel-clad barons, who, of old,  
The encroaching despot of the day controlled?  
Where the stern patriots of more recent times,  
Who first withstood, then punished royal crimes?  
For Hampden, Sydney, Chatham, if you look,  
You'll find their glories all in the red book. 630  
Barons wear silken doublets now-a-days,  
And little buckram—even in their stays.  
Russel and Howard still are true, you say,  
And freedom speaks in Erskine and in Grey <sup>30</sup>;  
But though these stars diffuse a brilliant light,  
They cannot change the character of night.  
Besides, free action suits the patriot-soul,  
He owns no chief, but kicks at all control:  
Hence discord intervenes, and fraud exults  
O'er justice baffled in her fair results. 640  
Observe our friends, *in-doors* on gala days,  
Like bulls in harness bearing different ways;  
One eye on Britain's weal intently fixed,  
The other leers at objects somewhat mixed;  
Hope—pleasure—wife—small babes—desire of peace—  
(In other words, of funded stock's increase.)  
Reform—the Tithe—the *Debt*—(would you refuse  
A truly Christian sympathy with Jews?)  
When mortals are so puzzled to look straight,  
No wonder many shuffle in their gait? 650



Some show egregious art in splitting straws,  
Lucky the speech which merits their applause;  
Others will leave you in the lurch, who labour  
To be esteemed more candid than their neighbour;  
Some are in spinning curious clews employ'd,  
But modern sphinxes are not thus destroy'd;  
Our Monster chuckles; he may well prevail  
O'er foes (who scarce molest him) in detail;  
While Hume like Sisyphus pursues his toil,  
Scoffed by the recreant owners of the soil, 660  
Or Burdett speaks, we listen in despair  
To Truth's loud thunders hurled in empty air;  
The House divides, and lo! her sacred ends  
Fail half defeated by—inconstant friends<sup>31</sup>.

Of those *without* who court the patriot's name,  
Who burn indignant at their country's shame,  
When special cause invites them to condense  
Their fine emotions into vulgar pence,  
How few in aught but words evince their zeal,  
Or let their banker see *how much* they feel! 670  
Some must be coaxed to heed their duty's call<sup>32</sup>,  
And some no power on earth can move at all;  
On such frail aid the hopes of England rest,  
“Valour concealed,” and zeal which shuns the test.

Slave of his fears, or tender love of pelf,  
 And in his dotage grown too fond of self,  
 John Bull has struck all extra-parish work,  
 And truckles to the Bourbon and the Turk:  
 Lords on the turf, and heroes at A MAIN,  
 Will grudge a pittance to the cause of Spain; 680  
 E'en Greek Committees reap but scanty fruit,  
 Though backed by Pedants, Whigs, and Saints to boot.

O glorious country! freedom's godlike nurse,  
 Whose genial fervour glows in Pindar's verse;  
 Thank Heav'n thou know'st at length, though somewhat  
 late,—

What forms the surest bulwark of a state;  
 Not aid of despots given with selfish views,  
 Not foreign subsidies, nor *alms from Jews*,  
 Not bastion frowning on the 'vantage ground  
 By art constructed and by cannon crowned, 690  
 But *men resolved to perish or be free*,  
 Whom *practised valour* \* *leads to victory*.

If such the portrait of your rural 'squire,  
 What generous feeling can his doom inspire?  
 You'll say, it does not signify a jot  
 How soon this landed lumber goes to pot.

\* ΑΥΤΟΥΣ ΣΩΖΕΙΝ ΕΙΔΟΤΕΣ.

Since fate will have it, let the servile brutes  
Of their own meanness reap the bitter fruits ;  
Of war and taxes those who took their fill,  
In common justice should discharge the bill. 700  
Did the whole question turn on our deserts,  
I grant, you ought to hang us in our shirts ;  
All classes seem to view us as their foes ;  
And well may take some pleasure in our woes.  
But what will freedom gain when we are sped ?  
You 'll have Lord Moses reigning in our stead ;  
Though land 's a goose, she lays a golden egg,  
The fool that slays her in his turn shall beg ;  
Besides, let sportive theorists beware  
Of goading beggared millions to despair ; 710  
A starving giant is an ugly thing,  
Will little David meet him with his sling ?  
Let Jew and placeman share our load alike,  
I care not then how heavily it strike ;  
Divide your favours equally, good Van,  
And then take from us every sous you can.

Thus rapine drives its victims from the nest,  
And makes us quit the life we love the best ;  
Leave constant verdure, everlasting oaks,  
Our friends, our books, our science, and our jokes, 720



To learn abroad (at loss of time and health)  
The art of saving two-pences by stealth;  
And swell a vulgar idle Cockney throng,  
Combined to murder every Christian tongue.  
But though once more afloat, at ocean's will,  
My tastes and feelings are all English still:  
The F—— I hate, nor G——m——s much admire;  
Of Caro Lei<sup>33</sup>, too, one perchance may tire;  
Their ancient ruins I know all by heart,  
One gets quite surfeited with works of art : 730  
An antiquarian chiefly in my dress,  
As I grow blind I court virtù the less;  
Paintings require the visual lens still clearer,  
And too much music dullifies the hearer:  
In short, you'll say, though rambling lord knows where,  
I'm fit for nothing but my elbow chair.

° You're wrong : I own I like our rural sports,  
Warm country houses and a game at shorts.  
Though from my lands I little else receive, °  
I kill my pheasant with Saint Henry's leave<sup>34</sup> : 740  
Bought by my money, on my acres bred,  
And, like the poultry, from my stackyard fed;  
Preserved for me in every lease I sign,  
The devil's in it if he be not mine,

And yours, my friend, to kill, or miss, or eat,  
 Or send your maiden aunt a Christmas treat.  
 If vicious laws offend your patriot zeal,  
 In God's name alter, mend them, or repeal;  
 But mere *esurient justice* makes one laugh,  
*Which sanctions trespass in its own behalf.* 750

Say, must I yield this source of joyous health—  
 The last poor relic of my plundered wealth;  
 And share with each intrusive knave my right  
 To sport by day, lest he should steal by night?  
 Will ye invade our fields and woods by force,  
 Sooner than spoil your tailor's second course?  
 Speak out, to what fresh pillage may we look  
 In the next chapter of king David's book?  
 Will Israel claim the bird? Shall we be told  
 'T is time to pay our *pheasant's notes in gold?* 760  
 Shall they who steal our game and seize our rents  
*Deny us access to their threè per cents?*

The country wears eternal charms for me;  
 Life's tedium needs its vast variety;  
 Its summer sweets I love to sip alone,  
 And nature's progress trace in what's my own.  
 My presence tends to check the evil-doer;  
 I see that none oppress, none starve the poor:

Should fretful care or dull ennui invade  
My haunt of study or my garden shade, 770  
Five thousand combatants, in white and red,  
Of every land and tongue, (alive or dead,)  
At my command, would sally forth to fight,  
And in a twinkling put the fiend to flight.  
But more gregarious as the season falls,  
With fresh delight I seek our social halls;  
Save where mine host indulges in long stories,  
Or where the company are Ultra-tories;  
Who, from some mal-construction of the skull,  
Are often bloody-minded, rude, and dull. 780  
Ingenious Gall their crania may dissect,  
And find the cause, we but perceive the effect:  
Where they're sincere, we see their shallow pates,  
Estranged by fear of losing their estates.  
Children not half so readily believe,  
Your quack finds none so easy to deceive:  
Conscious of weakness, these dependent things  
Court the strong arm of power, and worship kings;  
Alarmed to see high minds in want or woe,  
They view the poor man as their natural foe, 790  
Check his instruction, lest the seed, when sown,  
Exalt his faculties above their own;  
Rule him by terror, and, to quiet qualms,  
Dose him with sermons or ungracious alms.



Unable to discriminate, their reason  
Gets sorely puzzled to tell trash from treason.  
Confusion of ideas, as of speech,  
Removes their meaning out of mortal reach :  
Words cannot give their thoughts; and if they could,  
A bigot loses when he's understood. 800  
Foiled in discourse, self-love then takes alarm,  
The bear gets surly as he waxeth warm ;  
And shows, in all the spirit of the beast,  
That, if no reasoner, he can bite at least <sup>35</sup>.  
Blood in a booby fills the void of brain ;  
Yes ! he will freely spill it to maintain  
Some fav'rite dogma he can scarce explain.

And is it pure fatuity or spite  
Goads all this dulness to the unequal fight?  
Impels the parson or unlettered 'squire 810  
To rush like moths spontaneous to the fire?  
Oh no ! you soon perceive what shallow arts  
Conceal the selfish workings of their hearts ;  
Some object unavowed, some paltry pride  
That has been, or may still be, gratified,  
For ever spurs the foolish awkward things  
To quit their hencoops, and to singe their wings.  
However nice the appetite appears,  
All have their price from publicans to peers;

Aye, though the devil in person should preside, 820  
You'll find them steady to the winning side.

Think not that scorn hath aught surcharged my verse;  
Of every soil these reptiles are the curse.  
Here truth and satire melt an idiot down,  
A dunce is little better than a clown;  
But shield the intemperate fool with partial laws,  
'Tis then you arm him with a tail and claws.  
We see but half a bigot in our 'Tory,  
In France behold the creatures in their glory,  
A false, conceited, despicable race, 830  
Beggars in want, but bullies now in place:  
By England's bounty fed, by fools restored,  
To stultify the councils of their lord;  
Returned no wiser for their chastisements,  
Nor taught by time, nor tutored by events;  
Their ancient pride and prejudice retained,  
Without a ray of sense or knowledge gained;  
Full of a lineage <sup>36</sup>, chiefly famed of yore  
For deep research in culinary lore;  
They twist the laws, the public feeling shock, 840  
And goad their feeble sovereigns to the block;  
Now rush to war (instead of singing mass),  
And cast the lion's skin upon an ass:

Themselves, though dynasties should change by the hour,  
The willing tools of each succeeding power.

Poor prostrate England ! neither loved nor feared !  
How strange a Babel have thy follies reared !  
Thy holy leagues with hypocrite allies,  
Thy Pittite wars, and dear-bought victories,  
Have scattered desolation o'er the earth, 850  
And pawned thy goodly realm for twice its worth.  
What will these splendid triumphs now avail ?  
True, we have purchased every king on sale :  
Success has crowned us ; and success undone !  
But who are gainers by the race we run ?  
Are states aught wiser since our wars begun ?  
Fast as Arachne in her trammels hung,  
Or, scorpion-like, by thy own poison stung ;  
Mocked by thy debtors \*, and defied by those  
Whom friendly alms have cherished into foes ; 860  
Within, without, all elemental jar,  
Ashamed of peace, yet unprepared for war ;  
Feeling for Spanish liberties alone,  
That sacred fervour thou deniest thy own ;  
Thy sons, in all the anguish of disgust,  
Condemned to follow leaders they distrust ;

\* Debtors—videlicet, our holy Apostolic ally.



Thy servants (grown thy masters) doomed at last  
To own the enormity of blunders past ;  
Not craving pardon for the wrongs we rue,  
But bent on steering folly's course anew ; 870  
(Yet how to act, or what to wish in doubt,  
Like gamesters, hoping chance may help them out :)  
Scared by the cries of unrelieved distress<sup>34</sup>,  
(But most intent to keep what they possess,)  
Though still detesting freedom—yet afraid  
To join the foul liberticide crusade ;  
For peace or war,—as either cry prevails,  
Or pure convenience shall incline the scales,  
Must soon th' inevitable choice embrace  
Between thy deeper ruin and disgrace ! 880

I shall not die with bigots much in debt,  
But fear my sport is scarcely over yet ;  
Amused to see their clumsy missiles fall,  
I should be proud could I attract them all ;  
Their pointless rancour only proves me right,  
And that themselves are losers by the fight.  
Peace I *desire* ! but, wheresoever cast,  
*Encroaching* slavery finds me to the last,  
As far as satire, speech, or life will go,  
A steady, dauntless, unrelenting foe. 890

Heaven knows, I have laboured for no vulgar ends,  
No low desire to profit self or friends;  
Nor have I tried, from love of paltry rule,  
To raise myself by pulling down a fool.  
No! to wage war against corruption's bands,  
To snatch the rudder from unskilful hands;  
To teach my countrymen, with fearless tongues,  
To assert their rights, and to revenge their wrongs,  
To show them how truth's battle should be fought,  
Ay, how to conquer and set fools at nought, 900  
Has been my end; and partial friends would fain  
Persuade me that I have not toiled in vain.  
The work begun, and freedom's voice expressed,  
'T is for the people to perform the rest;  
For all I know, it may be England's will,  
That over Justice Fraud should lord it still;  
Her sons must solve the problem as they list;  
If they want zeal, one friend can ne'er be missed.  
If sunk in apathy, or mute through fear,  
The broad safe course they still forbear to steer: 910  
If all's so foul, so rotten in the state,  
That none must rule save those the people hate;  
If elders, giggling at a trickster's joke,  
Th' Almighty vengeance on the land provoke;  
Should mobs command, or demagogues oppress,  
Or Englishmen turn robbers from distress;

Since duty only calls us to endure  
Those ills we vainly should attempt to cure,  
Release the willing steed whose race is run,  
Bid others take their watch, my work is done. 920

Hire me then, pr'ythee, some neat dwelling, where  
My lungs may breathe an unpolluted air,  
Where I may spend the pittance I have left  
Untaxed, and free from legislative theft;  
Take classic ground, and plant me where you will,  
On Chiaia's terrace, or a Latian hill;  
There, safe from London's clatter and control,  
We may enjoy free intercourse of soul;  
Retrace the scenes of Maro's tuneful song,  
Or chaunt old Dante as we stroll along; 930  
Soothe in the melody of Tuscan tongues,  
All pain of public or domestic wrongs;  
Or 'mid the ruins of majestic Rome  
Laugh at our blund'ring tyrannies at home.



## NOTES.



NOTE 1, Page 6, Line 15.

*Where kings, whose will no civic charters awe, &c.*

UPON the principle that a decrepit old lion ought to be safer company than a young one, man's existence should be more endurable under a settled than under an incipient tyranny. For as, in the one case, satiety and security beget slumber, so in the other does the constant urtica of opposition create jealousy and strife; from which, encroachment (and sometimes violent aggression) upon popular rights, seem the invariable consequence. Of this, England at least affords a lamentable illustration. For here the force of public opinion, adverse to the ministers of *the day*, is by them assigned as an excuse for *permanently subverting* the old equilibrium of the three estates. These men complain that public opinion is *too strong for them*, instead of acknowledging that they and their actions are *too weak for it*. Instead of making this public monitor the guide of their conduct, they are constantly busied in entrenching themselves against it, by what they call the counterpoise of influence; and truly, so far this strengthening of their hands has actually counterbalanced the weakness of their understandings, that they have at last bought the country with its own money, and will probably continue to govern it in spite of the people. That ambition should act this part was natural enough, but that common prudence should not have deterred public men from avowing a principle little short of ruling England by brute force, is wonderful indeed.

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## NOTE 2, Page 6, Line 33.

— *to this England owes*

*Her proudest trophies o'er her mightiest foes.*

Among the leading causes of superiority in the British people are, 1. Commerce, which teaches men that honesty is policy. 2. Our public schools, where they learn to despise pain, and to fight (when necessary) in a particular mode which, added to other gymnastic exercises, endows them with the free use of their limbs and a steady eye. The result of this is constancy, or what the soldiers call *steadiness*, which makes us conquer when, as the French tell us, "we ought to have been beaten." That people, not averse to depreciate qualities in which they are not themselves pre-eminent, and who do not see what business we have with this awkward one in particular, ascribe it to want of quick circulation of the blood, or other deficiencies in the idiosyncrasy of the animal.

## NOTE 3, Page 8, Line 68.

*And oftener speak their interest than their thought.*

This of course can only apply to the salaried side of the House, and can have no reference to those who have steadily supported the people's rights, and to whose resistance of the corrupt temptations of ambition, wealth, and court favour, we are perhaps indebted for the preservation of such liberties as still remain to us; yet, from the uncharitable complexion of the times, it seems likely that they must trust to history even for their fame.

## NOTE 4, Page 8, Line 85.

*Our ancient rights are shaped to suit the times.*

It would well become those who, in order to defend existing abuses, are always boasting "our glorious consti-

tution," to recollect how totally that constitution has been changed, not only by the silent sap of indirect corruption, and that overpowering *influence* which may be said to have bought up the independent spirit of the country, but by direct acts of the Legislature itself. Let any one candidly review the real history of the six Acts, and thence learn duly to appreciate the presiding genius and oracles of the day!

In the year 1819 the public were alarmed, and the temper and talents of the Government put to trials wholly beyond their powers of endurance, by itinerant orators, who, whether for pence or popularity, made it their business to collect en masse the inhabitants of populous districts, into what were called reform meetings. The people were not to discuss the subject; but to receive ex cathedra the catholicism of their faith from the casual and frequently unknown apostle. In short, their object seems to have been to carry their own reforms by intimidation (if not by force) rather than by argument and reason. To this end parties were (in the neighbourhood of Manchester) trained by night to the use of arms; and although it appears that not a tenth part of them really knew that this practice had any other object than the ostensible one of cutting a more imposing figure thereby at the *grand meeting* (or "*gradely do*"); and even supposing that the very projectors of these nocturnal exercises meant nothing more, still as the nuisance was cause of alarm, and a monstrous abuse of rational liberty, the necessity for its suppression was readily admitted by men of all parties.

The local authorities (*those scrupulous adherents to the strict letter of the law in their dealings with popular assemblies*) complained that they had no power, "as the law then stood," to interfere in preventing meetings to any extent, either by night or by day; and as the inconvenience of the one was no less felt than the alarm of the other, laws for their suppression or modification would readily have been agreed to by every one except those who wished to make liberty a



cloak for anarchical licentiousness. The guardians of the peace might fairly have been intrusted with discretionary power sufficient to prevent the periodical assemblage of fifty or a hundred thousand persons in commercial cities, where mercantile as well as political business was entitled to their protection.

But this was not all that was wanted. Society was just then in too favourable a condition as to *alarm* for the Tories not to take advantage of it, and the opportunity thus offered of effecting a practicable breach in the constitution could not be resisted by enemies who found the regular process of sap too slow for their purposes. Accordingly, *because* it was unfit to suffer half Lancashire to obstruct the streets and approaches of Manchester, ad libitum, by periodical or adjourned meetings; *therefore* laws were passed to make meetings of the people altogether dependent on the will of officers appointed by the Crown, or upon the chance of finding five independent magistrates in each county; whereas it is notorious, that in many, perhaps a majority of the counties, it would be just as easy to find five elephants.

2. *Because* prosecutions for libel had been at that time unusually abundant, it was thought very fit to subject persons, upon a second conviction for that offence, to eternal banishment from their country; though we have seen on such occasions Judges almost forget that they were not pleading for the Crown; and special juries ready to follow the slightest hint from the bench, some fast asleep\*, and others whose faculties, though waking, seemed utterly incompetent to follow the reasoning which could alone guide them to a just decision.

Lastly, *because* it was thought right to suppress certain works of a blasphemous character, *therefore* the more respectable part of the press were to be subjected to shackles (in the way of securities) sufficient altogether to deter many

\* This was the case at Leicester upon a memorable occasion.

from the hazardous pursuit of their honourable and patriotic vocation.

Six Acts, containing these flagrant provisions, passed the Legislature in as many days; and although the strenuous opposition, which they met with, succeeded at least in limiting their duration to five years; yet it is notorious that, when they first met with Lord Grenville's support, *they were all intended to be permanent*, as doubtless they will still eventually become. This distinguished man thus consented to invade and partially subvert, in one week, that "glorious constitution," in praise of which he had been (it should seem idly) vapouring during the whole of his political life: applying too a remedy which (as he flattered himself) was to be *permanent*, to an inconvenience which was, on all sides, then admitted (an admission the truth of which the event has amply confirmed) to be wholly of a *temporary* nature: and this man is called a statesman; and this man coalesced with Charles Fox! The bare idea is enough to rouse the dead lion from his grave!! But our obligations to him do not end here; his Lordship was also the eloquent advocate of Mr. Peel's Bill, in the same year.

Note 5, Page 9, Line 92.

*Neglect the task for which alone they're paid?*

Although Government have seventy members in their direct pay, it requires an active whipper-in to ensure a *House*, that is to say, to get an attendance of those who are paid for attending; or of 40 out of 658 of our representatives. The pensioned band serve the double purpose of *preventing* as well as forming a *House*; and thereby getting rid of an obnoxious motion. But lately the whipper-in was caught in the act of heading the pack at the very moment they were going into covert.

## NOTE 6, Page 9, Line 97.

*The bird endowed, as sang the bard of yore,  
With twofold beak—to make him gorge the more.*

Aluigi Alamanni, when the Emperor visited Italy, began a flattering address to the monarch in praise (among other detestable things) of the German Eagle, which His Majesty interrupted by asking (in quotation of the poet's own words) whether he meant

“ L'Aquila grifagna,  
Che per più divorar due becchi porta ?”

Although the modern Emperors attend more to finance than to poetry, their Italian bards are greatly improved *consistency*, and now do *nothing else but flatter*, preferring the chance of a pension to that of a sarcasm.

## NOTE 7, Page 9, Line 109.

*Like gulls or cormorants at evening tide.*

Κητών ἢ γερανῶν ἢ χυχυῶν δουλιχοδείρων  
Κλαγγηδοῦδε πεισόνται ἐπ' ἀνθεσιν εἰαρινόισι.

## NOTE 8, Page 11, Line 137.

*See how man's follies change into a rod, &c.*

Mr. Peel's Bill, and the measures preparatory to it, have withdrawn nearly half the *gross* amount of our money from circulation, and thereby diminished the current value of land and its produce in an equal proportion. Every deception is practised to disguise this fact, by references to the issues of the *Bank of England only*; as if there were no diminution in the issues of local banks in which four fifths of the country business is transacted. Of this little notice is taken, because the deceivers well know how difficult it is to ascertain the exact quantum of such local issues.



## NOTE 9, Page 11, Line 146.

*Thus while our rulers prophesy and cheat, &c.*

These are hard words, but true. In proof, see the ministerial speeches every year since the peace, constantly prophesying the return of national prosperity, which has, on the contrary, as regularly receded from their ignorant or deceptive predictions. In support of the second charge stands the famous Bill of 1819, compelling the people to repay in gold what they, or the Government, borrowed in paper, of one half its value; an Act by which (and not from want of food, of which there was plenty) Ireland was starved, and the most valuable and productive class in England ruined and cheated. Whether those who passed this Bill knew the havoc they were committing, or not; whether they were criminal or only ignorant, is of little consequence to those who were, and still continue to be, its victims. As the Ministry not only punctiliously adhere to and justify this confiscation of property, but gratuitously add to its pressure by the imposition of five millions of taxes, under the appropriate title of a *sinking fund*, the sufferers need not be at a loss for an epithet, and this, indeed, seems likely to be their only consolation.

## NOTE 10, Page 11, Line 153.

*This sham Triptolemus, &c.*

“Ceres, unable to make him immortal, taught him agriculture, and rendered him serviceable to his country. He afterwards established the *Eleusinian mysteries*. He reigned for some time. Some suppose that he accompanied Bacchus.”—See LEMPRIERE’S *Classical Dictionary*, art. *Triptolemus*.

## NOTE 11, Page 11, Line 157.

*And now behold him earning rifted pelf  
By laboured refutations of—himself.*

Compare Humbogus's speeches in 1815 with those of 1822, in direct contradiction thereof. He is quite sure to congratulate the landed interest upon the recent advance of prices, though he well knows that the profit resulting from it goes into other hands, and absolutely aggravates, for the present, the distress of the grower.

## NOTE 12, Page 12, Line 172.

*Needs but the touchstone to produce the shock.*

This touchstone consists in ascertaining the present value of each man's property compared with his debts; and nothing is wanted but the application of it to announce the bankruptcy of three fourths of the tenantry, and a very large proportion of the landlords and tradesmen of the United Kingdom.

## NOTE 13, Page 13, Line 201.

*Quoth Liverpool, Abundance is your curse;  
Be patient, and—your harvests may get worse.*

See his Lordship's consolatory speeches.

## NOTE 14, Page 13, Line 205.

*Canning, hard pressed for something to prescribe,  
Enjoins the patience, and omits the bribe.*

See the Liverpool Lectures, series delivered Aug. 1822. The recommendation of patience, addressed to the steady

objects of his ridicule and contempt, came with a peculiar grace from a man who had lived all his life upon the public purse, and had just then accepted a place of 30,000*l.* a year.

NOTE 15, Page 14, Line 211.

*Disciples of king David's school, &c.*

David the Second, King of the Jews. He is at present only known in council; his trial with the giant is yet to come.

NOTE 16, Page 14, Line 220.

*Yet never taste the produce of their toil.*

These wretches are too poor to buy the corn they grow; and, as they cannot taste, are said not to *like it*.

NOTE 17, Page 15, Line 241.

*Four days they labour, but get drunk the rest.*

The high wages they receive have enabled them to adopt this improved version of the fourth commandment in the great manufacturing districts. These wages often exceed the pay of ordinary farming servants in a quadruple degree; the redundancy, of course, goes to the benefit of the excise, and is doubtless a part of Mr. Ricardo's Utopia.

NOTE 18, Page 16, Line 280.

*And you by Radicals no longer troubled.*

The new policy of Government consists in *quieting* the manufacturing interest at the expense of the agricultural; which, experience has shown them, is too dull and too debased to be troublesome. For the sake of experiments



upon foreign commerce, they risk the more certain market at home; and, in thus turning the population into manufacturers, are laying up combustibles which may, upon the slightest reverse, explode and envelope our establishments. Their prosperity (i. e. whilst dependent on the foreign markets) rests entirely upon the low price of provisions, which, as long as the debt lasts, is tantamount to the depression of the other productive classes. These latter will, however, eventually "accommodate prices to the cost of production," their lands will soon be "thrown out of cultivation," prices will rise accordingly, *and then it will be seen* upon what foundation the commercial speculations of this new *Jerusalem* are founded. O! but we shall get grain enough from the continent. No; the scarcity of gold there, produced by the wants of several great empires who had discarded and now re-adopt the use of it, has lowered prices and thrown equal discouragements in the way of the foreign grower, who will know better than to continue producing that which he cannot sell. Besides, you have a corn law at home to wrestle with.

NOTE 19, Page 17, Line 301.

*Nature provides sufficient food for man,  
And gave him claws to catch it where he can.*

These illustrations of the rights of man were very unfairly considered as burlesque and flagitious in the mouth of the Spenceans, by the theorists of the present day; who, whether as senators, Jews, manufacturers, editors of newspapers, or other participators in the pillage, are now daily applying the same arguments, and nearly in totidem verbis, in favour of the confiscation of landed property. O much-injured Mr. Spence! O much-traduced Radicals! no doctrines of yours ever sported with property, even in theory, as this Tory Government has in practice!—See Cobbett.

## NOTE 20, Page 18, Line 314.

—*Landed goose, &c.*

Animal propter convivium natum—A standing joke at a London dinner.

## NOTE 21, Page 18, Line 324.

*Or made the bee to idle drones give way.*

• While the industrious cultivator sustains every tax and can scarcely earn his bread, the moneyed miser pays little or nothing to the state which has recently doubled his treasures.

## NOTE 22, Page 19, Line 334.

*Or baited rat-traps without Cheshire cheese.*

A district in the above-named county regularly purchases its exemption from the obligation of serving on juries by presenting the Chief Justice with a cheese of enormous dimensions:—such are among the numerous advantages of a separate jurisdiction!

## NOTE 23, Page 21, Line 383.

*In all past contracts is there not a flaw,  
Which clothes their rapine with the forms of law?*

This “flaw” consists in the word *pounds*. Of these *pounds* we owe the public creditor eight hundred millions, and our private creditors perhaps half that sum in addition; but at least four fifths of these debts, public and private, were con-

tracted in pounds of paper, worth ten or twelve shillings each, and no more, that is to say, they represented labour or provisions to that amount; whereas the pound, now that it suits the lender to be *repaid*, is made to signify a value nearly double what it bore when borrowed, by being suddenly by law converted into a given quantity of *fine gold*. So that we are coolly called upon to return two bushels of wheat for the one which we borrowed.

But, cries the cheat, and after him the gull, you have overstated the greatest depreciation of the paper we lent you, even in the very dearest times, as you will see by referring to its then value as compared with gold—the only standard by which you can measure the value of all things. How so I reply; what meaning do you attach to the word standard?

A. That criterion or measure of value which, as being subject to the least variation, is received as such by the common consent of nations. B. Why then, according to your own definition, gold is just the worst criterion your ingenuity could have fixed upon, because nations occasionally dispense entirely with the use of it, just as they do at times with stays, shoe-buckles, or other such more useful articles; and thus it has been liable to constant fluctuations. During the war, above half of the civilized world absolutely gave up the use of gold as their current money; France for six years, England for twenty-two. Austria, Russia, and America, for considerable periods, discarded this "*criterion*," and drove it into a comparatively restricted sphere of action, where of course its abundance wrought its own depreciation; or, in other words, raised the value of all that was exchanged for it.

Then, if you ask me what standard I would admit as subject to less or no fluctuation of value? I answer, any which neither the despotism of a prince nor the roguery of a minister can abandon or resume at the dictates of their



interest or convenience. Labour, or the necessities of life, come under this description. Kings and ministers cannot dispense with these, and therefore, taking the average of years for our guide, we shall find in them the most unvarying criterion whereby to measure the value of other things. Were *we in England* secure against another Bank Restriction Act for the purpose of promoting the success of some further attack upon the liberties of this or other states, still should we be without any security *that other countries* might not again discard their metals from circulation, and by thus overthrowing the equilibrium of metallic currency, mock our present efforts and sacrifices to obtain a stability of prices by making that a standard of value which experience has proved not to be absolutely necessary to the existence or comforts of man.

## NOTE 24, Page 23, Line 433.

*Ye sordid scribblers of a venal press,  
Base selfish panders to the land's distress.*

This new year's gift to their high mightinesses the lords commissioners of public opinion will probably be more than sufficient to ensure for the whole work a speedy and perhaps efficient recommendation to the grocers and pastrycooks of the metropolis, through their "valuable columns." The author has not allowed this consideration to deter him (in default of others) from exposing the disingenuous part which even the free press have thought fit, or rather *found it convenient*, to take upon this particular occasion. Assuming that the proprietors of the different newspapers have, as fundholders, an interest in the final accomplishment of Mr. Peel's Bill; assuming even that the addition thereby made to their capital *justifies* their endeavours to effect the total ruin of the pillaged party, whose fortunes are thus trans-

ferred to them ; and further granting (as one readily may), that the majority of landowners are entitled to no earthly commiseration, still how can they, as faithful reporters of public transactions, or as candid reasoners upon measures of state, or as impartial observers on the wrongs and distresses of their countrymen, reconcile it to their consciences studiously to garble, or entirely to suppress every fact, speech, or argument, which can in any shape militate against their own view of the subject? while, on the other hand, they are constantly prejudging the case, at the same time that they favour their readers with only just so much of it as suits their purpose : suppressing all party hostility with each other, and combining together (for the first time upon record) with the laudable object of excluding the plaintiff from all hearing whatever. Thus, to select from innumerable examples, neither Mr. Attwood's nor Sir F. Burdett's speeches upon Mr. Western's motion (eloquent and unanswerable as they were) were reported at all, while those on the other side the question were given at length. The professed opinions of these journalists themselves are either absurd or hypocritical : they talk of reducing the taxes in a degree sufficient for the relief of agriculture, and at the same time are sticklers for keeping what they call *entire faith* with the fundholder—an inconsistency which needs no refutation. Can any thing, however, be more lamentable than to see the able and steady vindicators of impartial justice and popular rights, to whose independence and exertions we are so deeply indebted, arraying themselves on the side of spoliation and injustice, wholly suppressing one side of the question, and defending the other with a degree of feebleness and inconsistency, fully proving their own want of internal conviction, and totally irreconcilable with any but a selfish motive? If they are to eat our produce at the prices of 1792, we must have similar reductions in

the price of our news, of which there seems, however, no symptom. Perhaps, indeed, they calculate (and not unjustly) that the extraordinary talent displayed in some of the leading papers will ensure their sale at any price.

NOTE 25, Page 25, Line 462.

*Lord bless you, " 't is but property transferred."*

Anno Domini 1821-2, for the first time in any age or country, were a despoiled people insulted by their rulers and *virtual* representatives with this novel species of consolation, a justification which has not hitherto been admitted even from those whom absolute want has compelled to *transfer* the property of their neighbours. According to this doctrine Messieurs Haynes, Abershaw, and Wild were (as indeed the latter bitterly complained) murdered men.

"Convey the wise it call; steal, foh! a fico for the phrase."—*Ancient Pistol*.

NOTE 26, Page 26, Line 482.

*Bowing by platoons.*

To the eighteen regular manœuvres of Court etiquette, His Majesty's Northern subjects are said to have added that of bowing (or booing) in line. Nay, the royal attendants had much ado to prevent their performing "the Coutou" by force in the presence; and not a few did actually return broken-kneed, owing to the violence of their prostrations. Alas! why was a proud English Earl sent to China?

Si tibi Sinenses olim placare necesse est  
Legatos Cæsar, Scotia mille dabit.



## NOTE 27, Page 26, Line 490.

*Snuff up the very dust from off his feet.*

Among the abominations of adulation which characterized the royal visit to Scotland, it was stated in several newspapers, that a plank of mahogany, upon which His Majesty stepped at his landing, had literally been "*worked up into snuff-boxes!!!*"

## NOTE 28, Page 28, Line 543.

*Though sworn in justice to maintain the laws,  
He contravenes them in a Tory cause;  
Fees the convicted slanderer, nor the less  
Inveighs against the "license of the press."*

Three justices of the peace, in one county, subscribed their money to indemnify the editors of the John Bull newspaper, for a libel on a deceased lady, whose only crime it was to be sister to a most distinguished member of Opposition. These gentlemen are what are called political justices.

## NOTE 29, Page 29, Line 570.

*And may all those who do not like her leave her.*

This is the favourite Tory toast, which they will soon have to drink in ale instead of claret.

## NOTE 30, Page 32, Line 633.

*Russel and Howard still are true, you say,  
And freedom speaks in Erskine and in Grey.*

If Lords Holland, Lansdowne, King, and other ornaments of their country, have not been introduced into this

constellation, it is more the Muse's fault than the author's. But where there is only room for two at a time, seniority has indisputable claims to precedence, and in no case more than the present.

NOTE 31, Page 33, Line 663.

*The House divides, and lo! her sacred ends  
Fail half defeated by—inconstant friends.*

This inconsistency shows itself in acts of omission as well as commission, besides that *candour* burlesqued, which takes credit for never acting in opposition, except upon the completest demonstration of every particle in every case; besides that *conceit* which palms itself on superiority of acumen in matters of detail, and accordingly gives rise to much divergence of action; there is still the paramount error of frequently forgetting the major in pursuit of some minor object. Thus, if an administration be bad, if it be connected with a vicious course of measures, *past or present*, the best service a man can do his country is to labour steadily and systematically to effect a complete change, both of its principles and instruments; which cannot be done without that concert which implies some compromise with individual independence, and perhaps some sacrifices of opinion upon particular points; and yet these points, instead of being waved in favour of the greater object, are adhered to sometimes almost invidiously, and as if to court some modicum of applause from the common enemy; to say nothing of compliments, candour, &c. &c. lavished on men connected with the measures they have been deprecating for the last twenty-five years.

## NOTE 32, Page 33, Line 671.

*Some must be coaxed to heed their duty's call.*

When this was written, the eloquence of Mackintosh and Brougham had not shaken the walls of the city of London, producing as potent effects upon her precious metals as that of Orpheus could have done on her pavements.

## NOTE 33, Page 36, Line 728.

*Of Caro Lei, &c.*

Caro Lei, though, is the best of the bunch, as I think we have often agreed.

## NOTE 34, Page 36, Line 740.

*I kill my pheasant with Saint Henry's leave.*

Saint Henry, of Ilchester, alias Henry Hunt, *Esquire*, who, at the Somersetshire county meeting, proposed (*as a remedy for agricultural distress*) that the *farmers and their friends* should be allowed to kill the game which they contracted to preserve for their landlords' use. If the existing laws be mischievous, alter or repeal them, but respect the property of all classes, and secure it from wanton encroachment. Who has a better right to dispose of the game (by sale or otherwise) which an estate produces than the owner of it? Destroy game entirely, by all means, if necessary to the well-being of society; but even then there will be poultry, sheep, deer, &c. which (as stealable matter) will still furnish arguments to the *humane* consumers of these articles against the feudal producers and exclusive venders of them. Even an agrarian law would only silence these philanthropic complaints for a very short time.



NOTE 35, Page 39, Line 804.

*If no reasoner, he can bite at least.*

Their want of power to reason, and their utter inability to abstain from the attempt, together with their constant preference for the subject of politics, which of all others they least understand, make the ultra loyalists, of whatever country, at once dull, rude, and dangerous companions. Let any connoisseur in the genus say, whether this history of a political tempest is in the least surcharged.

NOTE 36, Page 40, Line 838.

*Full of a lineage, chiefly famed of yore  
For deep research in culinary lore.*

Witness the immortal Bechamel, Richelieu, Soubize, Maintenon, names dear to the bonvivant of every succeeding age and country.

NOTE 37, Page 42, Line 873.

*Scared by the cries of unrelieved distress.*

A new war would prove very convenient for adjourning for a while the cry of agricultural distress; if it did not also adjourn sine die the payment of the debt.

THE END.

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