BROADSIDES ON ROYALTY,

POLITICAL LITANIES, &c.
DIVISION II.

A COLLECTION OF BROADSIDES
ON
THE ROYAL FAMILY.

POLITICAL LITANIES, DIALOGUES, CATECHISMS,
ACTS OF PARLIAMENT,
AND
VARIOUS STREET BALLADS & PAPERS ON POLITICAL SUBJECTS.

To "work a litany" in the streets is considered one of the higher exercises of professional skill on the part of the patterer. In working this, a clever patterer—who will not scruple to introduce anything out of his head which may strike him as suitable to his audience—is very particular in his choice of a mate, frequently changing his ordinary partner, who may be good "at a noise" or a ballad, but not have sufficient acuteness or intelligence to patter politics as if he understood what he was speaking about. I am told that there are not twelve patterers in London whom a critical professor of street eloquence will admit to be capable of "working a catechism" or a litany. "Why, sir," said one patterer, "I've gone out with a mate to work a litany, and he's humped it in no time." To 'hump,' in street parlance, is equivalent to "brotch," in more genteel colloquialism. "And when a thing's humped," my informant continued, "you can only 'call a go.'" To 'call a go' signifies to remove to another spot, or adopt some other patter, or, in short, to resort to some change or other in consequence of a failure.

The street-papers in the dialogue form have not been copied nor derived from popular productions—but even in the case of Political Litanies and Anti-Corn-law Catechisms and Dialogues are the work of street authors.

One intelligent man told me, that properly to work a political litany, which referred to ecclesiastical matters, he "made himself up," as well as limited means would permit, as a bishop! and "did stunning, until he was afraid of being stunned on skilly."—Henry Mayhew's London Labour and the London Poor.
OUR KING

IS A

TRUE BRITISH SAILOR.

Too long out of sight have been kept Jolly Tars,
In the ground-tiers like huts stow'd away,
Despis'd & contemn'd were their honour'd scars
And Red Coats were Lords of the day.
But Britannia now moves as a gallant first-rate
And with transports the Blue Jackets hail her;
For William's right hand steers the helm of the State,
And our King is a true British Sailor.

No danger the heart of a seaman appals,
To fight or to fall he is ready,
The safeguard of Britain is her wooden walls,
And the Helmsman cries "steady! boys, steady!"
Cheer up, my brave boys, give the wheel a new spoke,
If a foe is in view we will hail her,
For William the Fourth is a sound heart of oak,
True Blue, and a bold British Sailor.

Co-equal with red be the gallant true blue,
And nought can their glories o'erwhelm,
Whilst Sydney & Freemen direct the brave crew,
And William presides at the helm;
Then fill up a bumper, Britannia appears
Now rigg'd, and with joy we all hail her,
Here's a health to the King, with three times three cheers,
And long life to the first British Sailor.

(ENCORE VERSES.)
As a Beacon on high with a glorious blaze,
Our Monarch, our Admiral, and Friend,
A staunch crew of heroes on deck can soon raise Britannia’s just rights to defend.
Steady, always be ready, he cries at the wheel,
Making justice and mercy prevail here;
With a hand that can guide and a heart that can feel,
Our King’s heart and soul is a Sailor.

Fore and aft fill the glasses and make the decks ring,
We are loyal and true one and all;
Prepar’d to support our lovd Country & King
And with liberty stand boys, or fall.
Our Sweethearts, our Wives, & our Children combine,
For Britannia there’s no one will fail her;
As laurels the temples of William entwine,
Our King! and a bold British Sailor.
KING WILLIAM IV.
AND HIS MINISTERS FOR EVER!

TUNE.—"All Noddin, nil, nil, Noddin."

YOU heroes of England draw near awhile,
The Isle of Great Britain will ne'er fail to smile,
For William and his Ministers will never look with scorn,
They are every one determin'd to struggle for Reform.
And they are all conversing about Parliament Reform.

Pray what do you think of William and his Queen?
A better in Great Britain there never can be seen,
Conquered by the Tories, they'll never be, we're told,
For the rights of the people they'll fight like heroes bold.
And they're all struggling to obtain the nation's rights.

What do you think of brave Russell, Bragham, & Grey,
They have boldly beat the Tories now they have got fair play,
To fight for your liberties they eager do resolve,
And his Majesty on Friday last did Parliament dissolve.
And they're all trembling, they'll not get in again.

What do you think of the Blacking man of Wilson and others?
Why like a set of turn-cots they'll go to hell—like brothers
Into the House of Commons they will never go again,
They may cry and pray, lord! lack-a-day, it will surely be in vain.
And they're all lamenting because their seats they must resign.

What do you think of Hobhouse and Sir Frank?
I think they're men of honour, & can play a pretty prank.
They've done the best you must allow to crush a desperate evil,
While Blacking men and Soldiers both will ramble to the devil.
And they're all conversing about Parliament Reform.

What do you think of the agitator Dan?
For the rights of Great Britain he stuck up like a man.
The state of the nation he told the Tories blunt,
And if I may believe he's not deceived like foolish Harry Hunt.
And they're all conversing about Parliament Reform

What do you think of Walgham and of Wood?
They've done their best endeavours to do the people good,
They stuck to William & his Ministers, rumours could not be afloat,
That they like many others will never turn their coat.
So we're all rejoicing the dissolution's taken place.

What do you think of the Rat-catcher Bob?
I think he had a sneaking to get into a job,
Along with the old Soldier, but mark what I do say.
The King will never part with Russell, Bragham, or Grey.
So they're all praying, the Tories are praying for the death of all the three.

Now what do you think about the Dissolution?
If William had not closed the house, there'd have been a revolution.
In every part of England there's been some funny stories
So success to Russell & to Grey, the devil take the Tories,
Who are all lamenting the places they have lost.

Pray what do you think of the Boroughmongers now?
Each day and every hour they've been kicking up a row.
They've endeavoured the whole nation to fill with discontent,
But they never more will have a chance to get into Parliament.
So they're all lamenting because they are turned out.

I'm certain every Briton owns it was to gain their right
King William and his Ministers did so boldly fight;
Turn-cots, Boroughmongers and Tories you will see
King William take by the heels and drown them in the sea.
So we're all laughing at the Boroughmongers fall.

Here's a health to King William and his Ministers so true,
We are certain they will never flinch, their courage is True Blue;
Turn-cots, Boroughmongers, and Tories too may grant,
But the devil will drive them in a van, with Wilson and with Hunt.
And they're all lamenting.
QUEEN VICTORIA.

WELCOME now, VICTORIA!
Welcome to the throne!
May all the trades begin to stir,
Now you are Queen of England;
For your most gracious Majesty
May see what wretched poverty
Is to be found on England's ground,
Now you are Queen of England.

CHORUS.

Of all the flowers in full bloom,
Adorn'd with beauty and perfume,
The fairest is the rose in June,
Victoria, Queen of England.
While o'er the country you preside,
Providence will be your guide,
The people then will never chide,
Victoria, Queen of England.
She doth declare it her intent
To extend reform in parliament,
On doing good she's firmly bent,
While she is Queen of England.
Of all the flowers, &c.

She says, I'll try my utmost skill,
That the poor may have their fill;
Forsake them!—no, I never will,
While I am Queen of England;
For oft my mother said to me,
Let this your study always be,
To see the people blest and free,
Should you be Queen of England.
Of all the flowers, &c.

And now, my daughter, you do reign,
Much opposition to sustain,
You'll surely have, before you gain
The blessings of Old England,
O yes, dear mother, that is true,
I know my sorrows won't be few,
Poor people shall have work to do,
While I am Queen of England.
Of all the flowers, &c.

I will encourage every trade,
For their labour must be paid,
In this free country then she said—
Victoria, Queen of England;
That poor-law bill, with many more,
Shall be trampled on the floor—
The rich must keep the helpless poor,
While I am Queen of England.
Of all the flowers, &c.

The Royal Queen of Britain's isle
Soon will make the people smile,
Her heart none can the least defile,
Victoria, Queen of England;
Although she is of early years,
She is possess'd of tender cares,
To wipe away the orphan's tears,
While she is Queen of England.
Of all the flowers, &c.

With joy each Briton doth exclaim,
Both far and near across the main,
Victoria we now proclaim
The Royal Queen of England;
Long may she live, and happy be,
Adorn'd with robes of royalty,
With blessings from her subjects free,
While she is Queen of England.
Of all the flowers, &c.

In every town and village gay,
The bells shall ring, and music play,
Upon her Coronation-day,
Victoria, Queen of England.
While her affections we do win,
And every day fresh blessings bring,
Ladies, help me for to sing
Victoria, Queen of England.
Of all the flowers, &c.

W. & T. Fordyce, Printers, 48, Dean Street, Newcastle.
A ROUSE! arouse! all Britain's isle,
This day shall all the nation smile,
And blessings await on us the while,
Now she's crown'd Queen of England—
Victoria, star of the Brunswick line,
Long may she like a meteor shine,
And bless her subjects with her smile,
Victoria, Queen of England.
Then let England, Ireland, Scotland, join,
And bless thy name in every clime—
In unison we all combine
To hail the Queen of England.

CHORUS—Then hail, Victoria! Royal Maid,
For it never shall be said,
Thy subjects ever were afraid
To guard the Queen of England.

Thy lovely form, with smiles so gay,
Just like the sun's meridian ray,
Shall cheer thy subjects on their way,
Whilst thou art Queen of England.
Whilst thou the sceptre still dost sway,
Britannia's sons, cheerful and gay,
Shall bless thy Coronation-day,
Victoria, Queen of England.
Then let England, Ireland, Scotland, join,
And bless thy name in every clime—
In unison we all combine
To hail the Queen of England.

Then hail, Victoria, Roya! Maid, &c.

From every clime, from every shore,
All nations shall their treasures pour,
In humble tribute to our shore,
Victoria, Queen of England.
Then may Heaven, with its smiles divine,
This day upon Victoria shine,
And a thousand blessings attend the reign
Of Victoria, Queen of England.

Then let England, Ireland, Scotland, join,
And bless thy name in every clime—
In unison we all combine
To hail the Queen of England.

Then hail, Victoria, Royal Maid, &c.

There is Portugal, and likewise Spain,
Each govern'd by a youthful Queen,
But of all the Sov'reigns to be seen,
None like the Queen of England:
Her virtues are so very rare,
The poor shall ever be her care,
And all her generous bounty share,
Victoria, Queen of England.
Then let England, Ireland, Scotland, join,
And bless thy name in every clime—
In unison we all combine,
To hail the Queen of England.

Then hail, Victoria, Royal Maid, &c.

All hail her Coronation-day,
Long o'er us may she bear the sway,
And all her subjects still shall say,
God bless the Queen of England.
Then Britons join both hand and heart,
That Heaven may all its joys impart,
And still protect and ever guard
Victoria, Queen of England.
Then let England, Ireland, Scotland, join,
And bless thy name in every clime—
In unison we all combine
To hail the Queen of England.

Then hail, Victoria, Royal Maid, &c.

T.H.
"All right!" says Jack on hearing this,
"I've come here just to warn you, Miss,
Don't you by courtiers clash be led—
For, d'ye see, I likes your Figure Head
Ri tooral, &c.

"Don't fear me, Jack—it's true, indeed,
But I'm British-born, and take good heed;
And if against my peace they strike,
I'll give 'em, Jack, what they won't like."
Ri tooral, &c.

"Hurrah!" says Jack, "your Majesty!
Just like your noble family!
You knows what's what, and I'll repeat
What you have said to all the fleet."
Ri tooral, &c.

"I like your manners," answered she,
"An admiral you soon shall be."
The lords in waiting there, said "No!"
The Queen—"Why, can't I make him so?"
Ri tooral, &c.

"You jealous swabs, what are you at?
I knows I am too old for that—
So one request instead I'll make,
Off pigtail you'll the duty take."
Ri tooral, &c.

The Queen, who quite enjoyed the fun,
Soon promised Jack it should be done.
Says he, "I've one thing more, and tis,
To ask you how your mother is?"
Ri tooral, &c.

"Why, hark ye, Jack," the Queen replied,
"The old "un's still her country's pride."
"She is—and if you'll view my ship,"
Says Jack, "for both I'll stand some slip."
Ri tooral, &c.

Then to his messmates soon he bied,
"I've seen her—it's all right," he cried,
"I'll prove to you she's wide awake—
She's a trim built craft, and no mistake."
Ri tooral, &c.

They ordered grog to crown the scene,
And drank—"The Navy and the Queen!"
Says Jack, "our toast shall ever be,
'God bless her gracious majesty!'"
Ri tooral, &c.
THE

QUEEN’S MARRIAGE.

A subject I want for a song, do you see,
So Her Majesty, look ye, my subject shall be;
Nay, there I am wrong, so my muse here averts,
My "subject" she can’t be because I am her’s!
Forgive me I beg, if with words I do play,
And "hear a plain man in his own queer plain way,"
And still to my errors in mercy pray lean,
While the wedding I sing of our glorious Queen!
Our cups to the drags in a health let us drain,
And wish them a long and a prosperous reign;
Like good loyal subjects in loud chorus sing
Victoria’s wedding with Albert her King.

Many suitors the Queen’s had of class, elime, and creed,
But each failed to make an impression, indeed;
For, for Albert of Coburg the rest off she packs—
Thus "giving the bag each" and keeping the "Saxe!!"
A fortunate fellow he is, all must say,
And right well his cards he has managed to play;
The game he has won, and no wonder, I ween,
When he play’d "speculation" and turn’d up "The Queen."

Our cups to the drags, &c., &c.

A hundred thousand a year he may get
For taking the Queen, which is something to wit;
I myself had "propos’d," had I known it that’s flat,
For I’d willingly take her for much less than that.
Even yet, if Her Majesty should chance to scoff
At the bargain she’s made, and the matter break off,
I’ll instantly seek her, and lay my mind down,

And offer to take her at just—half-a-crown!
Our cups to the drags, &c., &c.

Since the Queen did herself for a husband "propose,"
The ladies will all do the same, I suppose;
Their days of subserviency now will be past,
For all will "speak first" as they always did last!
Since the Queen has no equal, "obey" none she need,
So, of course, at the altar, from such vow she’s freed;
And the women will all follow suit, so they say—
"Love, honour," they’ll promise, but never—"obey."
Our cups to the drags, &c., &c.

"Those will now wed who ne’er wedded before—
Those who always wedded will now wed the more;"
Clerks will no time have to lunch, dine, or sup,
And parsons just now will begin to look up!
To churches, indeed, this will be a God-send;
Goldsmiths be selling off rings without end;
For now, you’ll not find from castle to cot,
A single man living who married is not!
Our cups to the drags, &c., &c.

But hence with all quibbling, for now I’ll have done,
Though all I have said has been purely in fun;
May the Queen and the King shine like Venus and Mars,
And heaven preserve them without any jars!
Like Danas of old may we see it plain,
’Till time is no more, these bright sovereigns rain;
May pleasure and joy through their lives know no bounds,
So let’s give them a toast, and make it three rounds.
Our cup to the drags, &c., &c.

q 2

58
ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE
THE QUEEN
AND PRINCE ALBERT.

PARTICULARS.

About six o'clock on Wednesday evening the Queen and Prince Albert left Buckingham Palace by the garden gate opening upon Constitution hill. Her Majesty and the Prince were seated in a very low German droshky followed by the equerries in waiting, Colonel Buckley and Sir Edward Bowater, and the usual attendants. A number of respectable people had assembled outside the gates to witness her departure, and were ranged in two lines to admit of the carriages passing through. After the carriage had issued from the gate, and had proceeded some short distance up Constitution hill, so as to be quite clear of the crowd, a young man, who it is said had come from the Green park, and was standing with his back to the ruffians, presented a pistol and fired it directly, either at Her Majesty or Prince Albert, there being no person between him and the carriage. The Prince, who, it would seem, had heard the whistling of the ball, turned his head in the direction from which the report came, and Her Majesty at the same instant rose up in the carriage, but Prince Albert as suddenly pulled her down by his side. The man then drew from behind his back a second pistol, which he discharged after the second carriage, which proceeding at the ordinary pace, had by that time passed him a little. The reports of both pistols were very loud, and at the discharge of the second several of the female spectators screamed loudly. Several persons rushed towards the perpetrator of this gross outrage, and he was immediately seized, first by a person having the appearance of a labouring man, and then by Mr. Beckham, one of the Queen's pages, and another bystander, by whom he was handed over to two of the metropolitan police, who conveyed him to the Queen square Police Court. By some it is alleged that the miscreant stood with his arms folded, apparently waiting for the arrival of the carriage; others state that he was crouching down, as if endeavouring to escape observation; and, after firing the first shot, he changed the second pistol into his right hand in order to fire it. The discharge of the pistols and the seizure of the offender scarcely occupied a minute. Her Majesty's carriage sustained no delay, and moved on up Constitution hill at the usual pace, and by half-past six had arrived at the Duchess of Kent's residence, Belgrave-square, where Her Majesty stopped for a short time, but neither her appearance nor that of Prince Albert evinced any inclination of alarm or excitement at the deadly attack from which they had so providentially escaped.

NAME OF THE MISCREANT.

The name of the ruffian who has been guilty of this atrocious attack is Edward Oxford; his address is No. 6, West-street, West-square, and he is said to be a servant out of place. His appearance is that of a mechanic, from 18 to 20 years of age, and rather below the middle height. We have been informed that on searching him a list of the names of twenty-six individuals was found, which he admitted that he had intended to have burnt or destroyed, and some circumstance has transpired which leads to a belief that the persons whose names are contained in the list above-mentioned are in some way connected with the prisoner for some sinister purpose. On searching his lodgings a sword was also found, and some crape arranged for the purpose of being worn on a hat or cap in such a way as to conceal the face of the wearer, and the crape is also stated to be folded in a peculiar manner, so that the crape which was intended for the prisoner would distinguish him from the rest of the gang with which it is said he is connected, and who were to be similarly disguised.

We have also heard that on being taken to the police-station the following conversation took place:—

"What are you?—I have been brought up to the bar.
"Do you mean to say as a lawyer?—No; to the bar, to draw porters.
"Are you a pot-boy?—No, I'm above that.
"Are you a publican?—No, I'm not so high as that."

We cannot vouch for the authenticity of this conversation, but merely give it as it reached us. The conduct of the prisoner throughout his examination manifested great self-possession.

The pistols are described as small pistols of Birmingham manufacture, rather well finished. They were loaded with balls, one of which struck the wall opposite to where the prisoner stood, and the other ball is said to have lodged in one of the trees.

The charge against the prisoner entered on the charge sheet is—"With maliciously and unlawfully discharging two pistols at Her Majesty and Prince Albert on Constitution-hill."

[London: Printed by J. Wilson, New Cut. 59]
ACCOUCHEMENT OF HER MAJESTY.
BIRTH OF A PRINCESS.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!!!
QUEEN'S WANTS
At Child Birth; or, what a bother
IN THE PALACE.

London, November 21st, 1840.

Come all good people list to me,
I will tell you of a jovial speee,
News from London has come down,
That a young princess has come to town.

CHORUS.
What a bother in the palace,
In the month of November,
Such a bother in the palace
You never did see.

Now all those things, as I heard say,
The Queen did want upon that day,
Night-caps, gowns, frocks, and frills,
And old John Bull must pay the bills.

I must get all things I can,
A child's chair and a small brown pan,
Nine hundred and forty gallons of rum,
And a sponge to wash her little bum.

A great deal of money I want,
You must put it down to my account,
Tops and bottoms, and sugar plums,
And a ring to rub her little gums.

I want a copper to make pap in,
And fifty-three dozen of napkins,
And when she's christened, oh, dear me!
Wont we have a jovial spree.

I cannot help thinking, oh, what fuss
There was in calling in the nurse,
Run for a napkin, open the door,
The child has dirtied on the floor.

At three months old she'll learn to walk,
Italian, Dutch, and Spanish talk,
She'll jump Jim Crow and catch the flies,
We'll whip her bottom if she cries.

When Albert and I goes out to ride,
We'll have our darling by our side,
And on her head we'll place a crown,
I'll beat her well if she wets my gown.

At the christening we'll have such joys,
Sour crout, palonies, and savelegs,
There'll be all my friends from Germany,
Coburghs and all the bugs to tea.

When she was born there was a pull,
On the purse of old John Bull,
With fair promises, I will be bound,
They'll coax him out of ten thousand pounds.

There was such work I do suppose,
For to put on the baby's clothes,
Oh, nurse, look here, how very silly,
You've run a pin in the little girl's belly.

God bless the Queen, we wish her joy,
And may the next one be a boy,
And if they both should crave for more
Let's hope they will have half-a-score.

MAY
THE QUEEN
LIVE FOR EVER.

Whilst the bright star of glory in Liberty's rays,
Over the face of Great Britain resplendently shines,
Where's the power upon earth can Victoria dismay,
Whilst her true British Subjects together combine.

Huzza, may the Queen live for ever, &c.,
Shall we ever see her like, no never;
Here's her health in a bumper of wine.

Let the voice of her people re-echo the strain,
And her fame thro' the trumpet extend thro' the World,
May the sun over her throne ever shed its bright rays,
While her Banners of Justice and Mercy's unfurl'd.

We'll sing, too, in praise of Old England our Isle,
Who hath succour'd all Nations imploiring her aid,
May that Omniscient Eye look down with a smile,
On our Queen and all who at her Mercy are laid.

John Harkess, Printer, Preston.
A STRANGER IN HER MAJESTY'S BEDROOM.

The Boy Jones Again!

“What will Mrs. Grundy say—Mrs. Lilley?”

On Wednesday, shortly after 12 o'clock, the inmates of Buckingham Palace were aroused by an alarm being given that a stranger had entered under the Majesties' dressing-room. The domestics and officers of the household were immediately in motion, and it was soon ascertained that the alarm was not without foundation. The daring intruder was immediately secured, and an account of his arrest and the circumstances attending it was given to the crowded gallery on the first floor.

The inquiry into this mysterious circumstance has created the most intense interest at Buckingham Palace and the west end of the town, and it has caused the greatest excitement among the populace. At first it was not generally believed, but when it was known that the prisoner was under examination at the Home Office, public curiosity was at its height, and inquiries into the minute particulars were made in every place where it was likely to obtain information respecting an event which might, under present circumstances, have been attended with most dangerous effects to the health of our beloved Queen.

Shortly after 12 o'clock one of her Majesty's pages, attended by other domestics of the royal household, went into her Majesty's dressing-room, which adjoins the bed-chamber in which the Queen's accommodation was placed, and there they heard a noise. A strict search was commenced, and under the sofa on which her Majesty had been sitting only about two hours before they discovered a dirty, ill-looking fellow, who was immediately dressed, and handed over to Inspector Stead, then on duty at the Palace. The prisoner immediately underwent a strict search, but no weapon of any dangerous nature was found on him. He was afterwards conveyed to the station in Gardener's Lane, and handed over to Inspector Haining, of the A division of police, with instructions to keep him in safe custody until he received further orders from the Home Office. We understand that as soon as the prisoner was handed over to the police he was immediately recognised as the same person who effected such an extraordinary entrance into Buckingham Palace about two years ago, which occasioned so much curiosity in the Westminister Sessions and acquitted, the jury being of opinion that he was not right in his mind. It may here be stated that the name of the daring intruder into the abode of royalty is Edward Jones; he is 17 years of age. In person the prisoner is very short of his age, and has a most repellent appearance; he was very much dressed, but affected an air of great consequence; he repeatedly requested the police to address him in a becoming manner, and to behave towards him as though he ought to do to a gentleman who was anxious to make a noise in the world.

At 12 o'clock on Thursday the prisoner was brought in custody to the Home Office, and was afterwards taken before the Council, when, we understand, he was interrogated as to his motives for such extraordinary conduct, and particularly as to the mode by which he obtained an entrance into the Palace. He (the prisoner) told their lordships that he was a lodger of the Westminister Sessions, and acquitted, the jury being of opinion that he was not right in his mind. It may here be stated that the name of the daring intruder into the abode of royalty is Edward Jones; he is 17 years of age. In person the prisoner is very short of his age, and has a most repellent appearance; he was very much dressed, but affected an air of great consequence; he repeatedly requested the police to address him in a becoming manner, and to behave towards him as though he ought to do to a gentleman who was anxious to make a noise in the world.

On Monday night he scaled the wall of Buckingham Palace gardens, and, taking advantage of the absence of the household, entered the Palace, and was discovered by the police. He was at once taken to the Home Office, and was questioned in his own room.

The circumstances at that time appeared not to produce any very visible effect on her Majesty, but on Thursday symptoms of other than a satisfactory character were apparent. The highest gratification to be added would be that a few hours of quietude were bestowed on her Majesty, and that the event of the day had gone by, and was desired to be informed of her state. As an apprehension was, however, entertained that the sudden communication of the occurrence might be attended with an unfavourable effect on her Majesty, the attendants gave an evasive answer. The Queen repeated her command, and then the fact of her monarchy and subsequent apprehension were made known to her.

There does not appear to be the slightest ground for the rumour that he was insane.

Many circumstances have transpired to show that Jones was in the Palace the whole of Wednesday. The delinquent stated that during the day he secreted himself under different beds and in cupboards, until at last he obtained an entrance into the room in which he was discovered. Not much reliance can be placed in his statement, but, as such general curiosity exists on the subject, we may state that, in answer to interrogatories, he said, “that he had sat upon the throne, that he saw the Queen, and heard the Prince Regent cry.”

Prince Albert was in the room with her Majesty taking leave for the night when the intruder was discovered under the sofa.

The fellow's shoes were found in one of the rooms of the ground-floor. The sofa under which the boy was discovered, we understand, is one of the most costly and magnificent material and workmanship, and ordered expressly for the accommodation of the royal and illustrious visitors who call to pay their respects to her Majesty.
MR. FERGUSON

AND

QUEEN VICTORIA.

TUNE—"Jim Crow."

Come all ye Britons high and low,
And banish grief and care,
There's a proclamation issued out,
"You don't lodge here!"

CHORUS.

They ran away without delay,
To the Queen to banish fear,
But she said,—my chaps, its very fine,
But you don't lodge here.

There was an Orange merchant,
As you shall understand,
So she started him to Hannover,
To cumber up the land.

The next it was a soldier,
And he wore scarlet clothes,
So the queen took up the poker,
And hit him on the nose.

The next was Bobby Orange Peel,
She thought he was a flat,
In his right hand was a truncheon,
And in his left a trap.

The next was Frank from Wiltshire,
She put him to the rout,
She wop'd him all round Windsor park,
And curred him of the gout.

The next it was a leg of Lamb,
He thought to make things right,
Says the Queen, my lord, it's very fine,
But you don't lodge here to-night.

The next man was from Bedford,
A little chap that's never still,
You don't lodge here to-night says she,
'Till you have burnt the Poor Law Bill.

There Spring'd a little man from Cambridge,
Rice was his name you know,
So she made him dance and reel about,
And jump Jim Crow.

The next was Mr. Broomstick,
With him she play'd a rig,
She wop'd him with the Poor Law Bill,
And choked him with his wig.

Then up came Dan O'Connell,
Saying I'll befriend the people,
With a great Shillalah in his hand,
As big as Salsbury steeple.

Old women three hundred and ninety five,
To petition her did begin,
Crying,—Please your gracious Majesty,
Take the duty off the gin.

Says the Queen to do old women good,
I'll strive with great delight,
Its all right Mrs. Ferguson,
But, you don't lodge here to-night.

Then toddled up old Joey Hume,
Saying sufferings I have had many,
The villains knock'd me all the way,
From Brentford to Kilkenny.

Says the Queen, I am going to Brighton,
So quiet let me be,
For if you come to trouble me,
I'll drown you in the sea.

And when I open Parliament,
Then you'll find I'll do enough,
I'll take the duty off the tea,
Tobacco, gin, and snuff.

I will make some alterations,
I'll gain the people's right,
I will have a radical parliament,
Or, they don't lodge here to-night.

I must tell both wigs and tories,
Their tricks I do not fear,
Their sayings all are very fine,
But they don't lodge here.

About the wigs and tories,
There has been a pretty bother,
I think I'll give the devil one,
To run away with the other
ACCOUCHEMENT OF HER MAJESTY.
Birth of a Prince of Wales.

THE ROYAL BIRTH.

"The Queen was safely delivered of a Prince this morning at 48 minutes past 10 o'clock."
"Her Majesty and the Infant Prince are perfectly well."

"James Clark, M.D.,"
"Charles Looock, M.D.,"
"Robert Ferguson, M.D.,"
"Richard Briggs."

Buckingham Palace, Tuesday, November 9, 1841,
"Half past 11 o'clock, a.m."

Dr. Looock and Prince Albert, with the nurses, were the only persons in the Queen's chamber, situated in the north-west angle of the palace. The Duchess of Kent and the Lady in Waiting were in an apartment immediately adjoining, and close to where Sir James Clark and his medical colleagues were assembled. The Ministers, Privy Councillors, and Great Officers of State occupied one of the state rooms. It has been stated that these all wore the Windsor uniform; such is not the fact; not one of them did so. The Duke of Wellington wore the dress of Constable of the Tower, Earl Jerneth the official dress of Master of the Horse, the Earl of Liverpool, Earl Delawar, and the Marquis of Exeter wore their household uniforms, and the Ministers their official dress.

The birth took place at 12 minutes to 11 o'clock, and was duly announced to the great functionaries of the kingdom assembled by Sir James Clark, and they were soon afterwards gratified with a sight of the royal infant.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Wharncliffe, Lord President of the Council, and Lord Stanley, Secretary of State for the Colonies, were too late, arriving at the palace a few minutes after the birth had taken place. It is an error in some of the accounts which have been published which stated that the Archbishop of Canterbury was present at the birth. The Bishop of London was the only prelate present.

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Time—King and the Countryman.
You've heard of Sailor Jack, no doubt, Who found our Queen Victoria out, Who ev'ry time ashore he went, On visiting the Queen was bent. Ri tooral, &c.

Now Jack, who'd travel'd far away, Returned to port the other day— He left his comrades all behind, For he heard the Queen had been confin'd. Ri tooral, &c.

'Shiver my timbers! here's a breeze She's got a young 'un now to please— So straight to London I must go, To see who's got the craft in tow.' Ri tooral, &c.

New Jack he to the Palace came— He'd got no card, so he sent his name. 'Go back!' says they, 'she won't see you!' Says Jack—'No, damme, if I do!' Ri tooral, &c.

'Stand back, you lubbers! Not see me, The old friend of Her Majesty!' He floored them all—' midst shout and din— And got where the Queen was lying to. Ri tooral, &c.

Each in amazement viewed the scene— Says he—'I'm come to see the Queen!' The Queen she threw the curtains back— Says she—'What's that my old friend Jack?' Ri tooral, &c.

Jack turned his quid, and scratched his tail, When he saw the Queen looked rather pale— Says he—'Jack, don't you be dejected— They say I'm as well as can be expected!' Ri tooral, &c.

Says Jack, when he beheld the boy, 'Your Majesty, I wish you joy! Some day he'll rule us in your stead, For damme, I likes his figure head.' Ri tooral, &c.

The folks at Court enjoyed the scene, To see the sailor with the Queen, For he took the Prince upon his lap, And gave him lots of royal pap. Ri tooral, &c.

Says Jack, 'So long I've been to sea, That ev'ry fish is known to me— I've seen their heads, I've seen their tails, And now I've seen a Prince of Wales.' Ri tooral, &c.

It was really quite a treat to see Jack dance the Prince upon his knee— But, finding what he was about, He held his Royal Highness up! Ri tooral, &c.

The nurse with her Royal Highness took, And gave to Jack a knowing look— And with the rest, to crown the scene, Jack took his candle with the Queen! Ri tooral, &c.

Then Jack he to his shipmates went, On fun and frolic still intent— Our standing toast shall be, he cries, 'God bless his little Royal eyes!' Ri tooral, &c.
A NEW SONG

ON THE BIRTH

OF THE

PRINCE OF WALES

Who was born on Tuesday, November 9th, 1841.

John Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

There's a pretty fuss and bother both in country and town,
Since we have got a present and an heir unto the crown,
A little Prince of Wales so charming and so tidy,
And the ladies shout with wonder, what a pretty little boy.

CHORUS.

So let us be contented and sing with mirth and joy,
Some things must be got ready for the pretty little boy.

He must have a little musket, a trumpet, and a kite,
A little penny rattle and silver sword so bright,
A little cup and feather with scarlet coat so smart,
And a little pretty Hobby horse to ride about the park.

Prince Albert he will often take the young Prince on his lap,
And feed him so loving while he sits about the lap,
He will pin on his flannel before he takes his nap,
Then dress him out so stylish with his little clothes and cap.

He must have a dandy suit to strut about the town,
John Bull must take together six or seven thousand pound,
You'd laugh to see his daddy, at night he hoarded nuts,
With some peppermints or lollipops, sweet cakes and sugar plums.

He will want a little fiddle, and a little German flute,
A little pair of stockings and a pretty pair of boots,
With a handsome pair of spurs and a golden headed cane,
And a stick of barley-sugar as long as Drury Lane.

An old maid ran through the palace, which did the nob's surprise,
Bawling out he's got his daddy's mouth his mamma's nose and eyes,
He will be as like his daddy as a frigate is like a ship,
If he had got mustache on his upper lip.

Now to get these little niceties the taxes must be rose,
For the little Prince of Wales wants so many suits of clothes,
So they must tax the frying pan, the windows and the doors,
The bedstands and the tables, kitchen-pokers and the floors.

Now all you pretty maidens, mind what the story says,
And try to get a son in nine months and eleven days,
That's what folk call lad stry, as damsel young and fair,
Be quickly rolling on the straw with a pretty little dar.
THE

OWDHAM CHAP'S

VISIT

TO

TH' QUEEN.

It happen'd 'other Monday morn, while seated at my loom, sirs,
Pickin' th' ends fro', eaut o' th' yarn, eaur Nan pop'd into th' room sirs,
Hoo shouted caunt, aw tell thee, Dick, aw think thour't actin shabby,
So off to hannon cut th' stick, and look at th' royal baby.

Every thing wur fun an' glee, they laugh'd at o aw tow'd em,
An' ax'd if th' folk wur o' like me, ut happen'd t' come fro' Owdham.

Then off aw goes an' never stops, till into th' palace handy,
Th' child wur sucking lollypops, plums, and sugar-candy;
An' little Vic I' th' nook aw spied, a monkey on her lap, mon,
An' Albert sittin' by her side, a mixin' gin an' pap mon.

Everything wur, &c.

When Albert seed me, up he jumps, an' rect to me did waddle;
An' little Vicky sprung her pumps wi' shakin' o' my daddle;
They ax'd to have a glass o' wine, for pleasure up it waxes;
O yes, says aw, six eight or nine, it c' comes caint o' th' taxes.

Everything wur, &c.

They took the Prince of Wales up soon, an' gan it me to daddle;
Then Albert fetch'd a silver spoon, an' ax'd me to taste at t' candle,
Eeod, says aw, that's good awd buck, it's taste aws ne'er forget mon,
An' if my owd mother'd gan sich suck, 'coz aw'd been suckin' yet mon.

Everything wur, &c.

They ax'd me hean aw liked their son, an' prais'd both
th' nose an' eyes on't,
Aw tord' em though t' were only fun, 't wur big enough
for th' size on't,
Says aw your Queenship makes a stir (hoo shapes none
like a dunce mon
But if eaur Nan lived as well as her hoo'd brood 'em
two at wonee mon,)

Everything wur, &c.

They said they'd send their son to school as soon as he
could walk mon,
And then for fear he'd be a foo, they'd larn him th'
Owdham talk mon,
Says aw there's summut else as well, there's nout loik
drainin' th' whole pit,
For fear he'll ha' for' keep hiscell, aw'd larn him work
F'th coal pit.

Everything wur, &c.

Then up o' th' slopes we had a walk' to give our joints
relief sirs,
And then we sat us doun to talk, 'beaut polities and
beef' sirs,
Aw tord' em th' corn laws wur but froth, an' th' taxes
must o drop mon,
That when eaur Nan wur makin' breath, some fat might
got to th' top mon.

Everything wur, &c.

' So neau my tale is at an end but nowt but truth aw
tells sirs,
If ever we want the times to mend we'll ha' for t' do
't eaur sells sirs,
So neau yo seen aw've tord' my sprees, and sure as aw
am wick mon,
If my owd wife and Albert does aw'll try for t' wed wi
Vie mon.

Everything wur, &c.
THE OPENING
OF THE
ROYAL EXCHANGE.

TUNE.—"Great Meet Pie."

ON Monday, October twenty-eighth,
The Queen you're all aware, 
Open'd the Royal Exchange in state, 
And lunch'd with the great Lord Mayor; 
A holiday all London made, 
At least there were many that stole one, 
While half a sovereign was gladly paid, 
To get a sight of a whole one! 

Shop fronts of articles were bared, 
To make way for those who'd chink, 
While a label over their heads declar'd 
Thom 'warranted not to shrink.' 
At a furrier's shop close by, a sight 
Of human mugs did grin, sir, 
With a bill above, in black and white, 
"A stock of snuff within, sir!" 

The state procession pass'd by quick, 
A very spicy state it. 
There were Lords of the Gold and Silver Stick, 
And other sticks in waiting. 
The Master of the Hounds, of course, 
(A regular buck) was there, 
And the noble Master of the Horse, 
Who went to see the mayor! 

At Temple Bar, Lord Magnus Mayor, 
Perform'd King Dick that day, 
And offer'd Vic. his sword so bare, 
In a very exciting way, 
"Of such fine looking blazes," cries Vic., 
"In the City there but few are, 
So take it back again, old dick, 
I'm not so worldly (sounded) as you are." 

The aldermen made quite a fix, 
The mugs so frisk'd and play'd did, 
Ducor could never do such tricks 
On horseback such as they did, 
They reach'd the Change, quite pleased, no doubt, 
When the trumpeter, clever elf! 
Gave his trumpet a good blow out, 
Though he didn't get one himself. 

The Address was read to her space, 
Though they missed all their stops, 
They thank'd her for coming to open the place, 
Though she shut up all their shops. 
When Mr. Tite was introduce'd, 
Says the Queen, with much affection, 
"Well, Mr. Tite, with much delight, 
I admire the fine erection."

When Lambert Jones kiss'd hands, so coy, 
Says Vic., but not with malice, 
"I wonder, Al., if that's the boy 
That got inside my palace?"
Just then the bells began to ring, 
And the band began to play, 
While Magmary whistled, for he couldn't sing, 
"It is our opening day."

To luncheon now they went full tear, 
For splendour nought could beat it, 
And as it was a pause affair, 
They were game enough to eat it. 
The wine and toasts went round, so Vic. 
Gave, "Here, success to trade is," 
Says Albert, "Well, I'll be a brick, 
I'll give "The charming ladies.""

For Alderman Gibbs no small amount 
Of inquiries folks were making, 
"I was thought he had gone to his long account, 
The reckoning day was making. 
But Michael went another way 
To the banquet so inducing, 
For though he expected duck that day, 
He didn't want a gooseing."

The royal pile they now walk'd round, 
When they reach'd the merchants' space, 
At the bronzed trumpet's martial sound, 
Her Majesty open'd the place. 
Thus clos'd the door with great exert, 
(As a few remark'd, so witty.) 
"Sho help me eat, I never shone 
"Chit a splendid chick in the chitty."

LONDON.—Published by J. FAIRBURN, Commercial Place, City Road.

67
PRINCE OF WALES' MARRIAGE.

Everybody stop and listen to my ditty,
And let the news spread from town to city,
The Prince of Wales has long enough tarried,
And now we know he has got married.

For he went to sleep all night
And part of the next day,
The Prince of Wales must tell some tales,
With his doo dah, doo dah, day.

His pastime for a week there's no disputing,
For the first three days he went out shooting,
He's like his father I don't deceive her,
And she like Vick is a good feeder.

The next two days, so it is said, sir,
He began to dig out the parsley bed, sir,
Like his dad he does understand,
And knows how to cultivate a bit.

The first day over he laid in clover,
And just alike he felt all over;
At fox-hunting he's clever and all races,
Yet she might throw him out of the traces.

He must not go larking along with the gals,
Keep out of the Haymarket and Pall Mall;
And to no married woman must he speak,
She'll stand no nonsense or half-crowns a-week.

In November next she must not fail
But have a little Prince of Wales,
Young Albert he must not be beat,
But contrive to make both ends meet.

When his wife is in a funny way,
Then he must not go astray;
Of all those things he must take warning,
Nor go out with the girls and stop till morning.

The last Prince of Wales was a good'un to go,
He would ride with the girls in Rotten Row,
He use to flare-up, he was no joker,
He was as fat as a Yarmouth bleater.

He must look to his stock and cultivate,
He must be a father to the nation;
He must begin to reap and sow,
Be a rum'un to look at, but a good'un to go.

He wants six maids as light as fairies,
To milk the cows and look to the dairy,
To his wife the household affairs confiding,
While the Prince of Wales goes out riding.

Long life to the Prince and his fair lady,
May she have health and bouncing babies,
May the Prince be King, we want no other,
And take the steps of his father and mother.

H. DIXLEY, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles, London, W.C.
A SCENE IN THE ELECTION.

A NEW FARCE.

Performed in various parts of the United Kingdom by His Majesty's Servants.

Ryle & Co., Printers, 2 and 3, Monmouth Court, 7 Dials, London.
A New Edition of the Universal

SPELLING BOOK,

OR A

Lesson for the Unions.

TUTOR. Now my Scholars, all of you that recollect the Whigs and all their works, stand up, and I will hear you say your lessons.

—Know my children, that those who have bailed as friends a short time back, were but waiters on lamb’s clothing, and are now about to attack you, the children of the Unions and members of the flock of the good Shepherd of Birmingham; but my good children, be firm, and you a Scotch Fox, or a yowling Fox?—Did he not bravely challenge the Tiger of Waterloo at Bussieres?

P. That he did, sir, and bravely skulked away.

T. What sir! did he not nobly fight, and return the fire?

P. That he did, sir, in the air.

T. But do you mean to say that he flew from the shot?

P. Oh no, sir, for he received a mortal wound in the tail.

T. Well, come, come, I find you are a good lad, and learn your lesson. But I was about to say that this big Bussieres Hermit said a short time back that your Unions must be suppressed, for that, while you are united, the Wolves of St. Stephens cannot easily prey upon you. —But, my good children, you that are of the flock of the Unions, be firm, and Attwood your Shepherd, will defend you from their voracious jaws. Now, you sit down, while I hear Little Radical his lesson.—Now Radical —

P. Here, sir.

T. Let me hear you say the lesson I set you—now, go on.

P. A — was an Addled-egg, of a pension most rare, B — was one B — y —, that call’d her dear.

T. That’s right, my boy.

P. C — was a Chapel, St. Stephens by name, D — was the Duke who sat there in shame.

T. P — was an Eldon, who’d put down penny papers, F — was one Frankly, who now can cut cuppers.

P. G — was the Gammon for the people invented, H — was one Hobby with cabbage stumps pelted.

T. Very good, my lad.

P. J — was a Jury, whose verdict was right.

K — it was Knowledge, that’s power and might.

L — it was Loyalty, that once reigned in each breast.

M — was the Millions that now are oppress’d.

T. Very true, my boy.

P. N — was a Noble, a mad Scottish fool, O — was O’Connell, of the Patriot’s school.

T. P — was the Peacocks, whose glory is past, Q — was a Question — how long will they last?

P — was Reform, that was spiked in the nursing.

T. S — it was — 8 —, that old Ireland’s earring.

U — was the Times of Old England’s distress.

P — was the Verdict of a few honest men.

W — was the Whigs, who’d verdict suspend.

X — is the cross which it will end.

I can’t say any more, sir.

T. There’s a good boy, now get your spelling book, and I will hear you read the Fable of the Ministers in Danger.

P. (Reading) There was a Minister in Danger of a Turn-out, and many were his thoughts concerning the best plan to be adopted to secure their seats, when a noble Hermit said there was nothing so good as a Coercion Bill; an Ex-Chancellor (called Bugs) said a Coercion Bill might do very well, but there was nothing so good nor so essential as the Suppression of the Penny Press; but their Wise and Grey old Lord being present said, gentlemen, you can do as you please, but take my word there is nothing like the Destruction of the Unions.

T. There’s a good child—now you sit down, and I’ll hear young Anti his spelling and meanings. Now Anti.

P. Here, sir.

T. Spell me Attwood. (The boy here spells the words, and gives the meanings as follows.)

P. A — was an Addled-egg, of a pension most rare, B — was one B — y —, that call’d her dear.

T. King, a title of monarchy, and Idol of an immense weight.

P. Loyalty, a word nearly threadbare in some countries.

T. A balance between Might and Right, but always leaning to power and riches.

P. Truth, a body of great force, brave and noble conquerors of an unarmed and peaceable people.

T. A word that filled the mouths of thousands, but the stomachs of few; a thing without benefit.

P.改革. A knock-down argument of power, an instrument of the Whigs.

T. Union. A word despised by all Oppressors.

P. Verdict. A word lately known as a Terror to the Blues, but the Glory of others.

T. There’s a good boy, now read me the Fable of the Mountain and the Mouse.

P. (Reading) There was a Bill which made a great noise in a certain country for many years, and they said it was in Labour, and the People looked with hope for a Production of great Benefits, and great was their joy at the thoughts, when after many months of pain and anxiety, it produced a Mouse.

T. I hope your children, this will be a warning to you, never build your hopes on the promises of those who are reaping the fruits of your labour, for they will take away your Substance, and leave you the Shadow to feed upon.

You trusted to Whigs, and the Tories turn’d out,
Now which of the two is the best there’s a doubt;
For the Tories and Whigs are all birds of a feather,
May the D — I come soon and take both together.

J. MORTON.
NEW DIALOGUE

AND

SONG ON THE TIMES.

Bill.—Good morning, Jack, I'm glad to see you. What's the meaning of all these Spinners, Pieceers, Weavers, Winders, Grinders, Strippers, Carders, Doffers, Stretchers, Throttle Spinners, Bobbin Winders, Frame Tenders, and all those folk that work in these places with big chimneys at top of um' walking about?

Jack.—Why, if thou recollects, a few months back there was great talk about the Corn Laws going to come off, and all these big chaps in the Parliament House, and all these Factory Lords of Lancashire, said if the Corn Laws wurr repealed that poor people would have plenty of bread for little money, work would be plentiful, and wages would be a great deal higher; but instead of that, bread's dearer, wages is lower, and factories are on short time.

Bill.—Yes, Jack, I recollect hearing people talk about a lot of chaps that wurr going to bring such times as wurr never seen before, they said that Bobby Peel and Dicky Cobden, and a great many chaps was going to give us cheap bread, and they said that we should have plenty of work and get good wages for it, but I've only work'd ten weeks since that corn bill as they call it past, and I got less wages for it too, Jack.

Jack.—These big cotton masters of Lancashire want to drop poor people's wages, so to accomplish it they're only working four days a week, so that when they start full time again, they can drop the people's wages.

Bill.—Well, but Jack, don't you know when the corn bill passed, these Masters gave a great sum of money to rejoice and have grand processions in honour of it passing.

Jack.—Don't you see, Bill, it is poor people that must pay for it now, for they must work for less wages, or else for short time.

Bill.—Yes, but Jack, there's several factories that's stopping for a month or two, and some working none at all, and a great deal breaking down; what's the reason of that, ch Jack?

Jack.—Why the reason of them stopping a month or two is, they want to get rid of their old hands; so that when they start again they can have all fresh hands, and reduce their wages. As for them that are breaking down, it's a scheme they've got, it's these chaps that rejoiced so much at the time the bill passed, and they are ashamed to tell the people that they'll have to work for less wages or short time, so they are breaking down on purpose.

Bill.—Well, I think you're somewhere about right, Jack, for there is a deal of factory hands that are walking about and has nothing to do, so you've learnt me something, Jack.

Jack.—I bought a new song about these Factory Masters and their short time system, and if you'll stop you shall hear it too.

You working men of England one moment now attend,
While I unfold the treatment of the poor upon this land,
For now-a-days the Factory Lords have brought the labour low,
And daily are contriving plans to prove our overthrow.

CHORUS.

So arouse you sons of Freedom the world seems upside down,
They scorn the poor man as a thief in country and town.
What a fuss there was in England, Ireland, and Scotland too,
On the passing of the Corn Bill and the good that it would do,
But since it's past Meat got so high which makes poor people pine.
If it would do good it's time it did for factories are on short time.

For when the bill was in the house they said it would do good,
To the working man it has not yet, I only wish it would,
For factories are on short time wherever you may go,
And the masters all are scheming plans to get our wages low.

There's different parts in Ireland, it is true what I do state,
There's hundreds that are starving, for they can't get food to eat,
And if they go unto the rich to ask them for relief,
They hang their doors in their faces as if they were a thief.

Alas! how altered are the times, rich men despire the poor,
And pay them off quite scornful at their door,
And if a man is out of work his parish pay is small,
Enough to starve himself and wife, his children and all.

In former times when Christmas came we had a good big loaf,
Then beef and mutton plenty were, and we enjoyed them both,
But now a days such altered ways and different is the times,
If starving and ask relief you're sent to a Whig baililee.

So to conclude and finish these few verses I have made,
I hope to see before it's long men for their labour paid,
Then we'll rejoice with heart and voice and banish all our woes,
But before we do old England must pay us what she owes.
THE OLD ENGLISH BULL JOHN
v.
THE POPE'S BULL OF ROME.

"My good Child as it is necessary at this very important crisis; when, that good pious and very reasonable old gentleman Pope Pi-ass the ninth has promised to favour us with his presence, and the pleasures of Popery—and trampled on the rights and privileges which, we, as Englishmen, and Protestants, have engaged for these last three hundred years—Since bluff king Hal. began to take a dislike to the broad brimmed hat of the venerable Cardinal Wolsey, and proclaimed himself an heretic; It is necessary I say, for you, and all of you, to be perfect in your Lessons so as you may be able to verbally chastize this saucy Prelate, his newly made Cardinal Foolishman, and the whole host of Puseites and protect our beloved Queen, our Church, and our Constitution.

Q. Now my boy can you tell me what is your Name?

A. B — Protestant.

Q. How came you by that name?

A. At the time of Harry the stout, when Popery was in a galloping consummation the people protested against the supremacy and insolence of the Pope; and his Colleges had struck deep at the hollow tree of superstition I gained the name of Protestant, and proud am I, and ever shall be to stick to it till the day of my death.

"Let us say.

"From all Cardinals whether wise or foolish. Oh! Queen Spare us.

"Spare us, Oh Queen.

"From the pleasure of the Rack, and the friendship of the kind hearted officers of the Inquisition. Oh! Johnny hear us.

"Oh! Russell hear us.

"From the comforts of being frised like a devil’s kidney. Oh! Nosey save us.

"Hear us, Oh Arthur.

"From such saucy Prelates, as Pope Pi-ass. Oh! Cumming save us.

"Save us good Cumming."

And let us have no more Burnings in Smithfield, no more warm drinks in the shape of boiled oil, or, molten lead, and send the whole host of Puseites along with the Pope, Cardinals to the top of mount Vesuvius, there to dine off of hot lava, so that we may live in peace & shout long live our Queen, and no Popery !"

"The Lesson of the Day."

"You seem an intelligent lad, so I think you are quite capable of Reading with me the Lessons for this day’s service.

"Now the Lesson for the day is taken from all parts of the Book of Martyr’s, beginning at just where you like.

"It was about the year 1835, that a certain renegade of the name of Pussy—I beg his pardon, I mean Pussy, like a snake who stung his master commenced crawling step by step, from the master; he was bound to serve to worship a puppet, arrayed in a spangle and tinsel of a romish showman.

"And the pestilence that he shed around spread rapidly through the minds of many unworthy members of our established Church; even up to the present year, 1850, insomuch that St. Barnabus, of Pimlico, unable to see the truth by the aid of his oculars, mounted four pounds of long sixes in the mid-day, that he might see through the fog of his own folly, by which he was surrounded.

"And Pope Pi-ass the ninth taking advantage of the hubub, did create unto himself a Cardinal in the person of one Wiseman of Westminster.

"And Cardinal broadbrim claimed four counties in England as his dioceses, and his master the Pope claimed as many more as he sees, but the people of England could not see that, so they declared aloud they would see them blowed first.

"So when Jack Russell heard of his most impudent intentions, he sent him a Letter saying it was the intention of the people of England never again to submit to their infamous mumemys for the burnings in Smithfield was still fresh in their memory.

"And behold great meetings were held in different parts of England where the Pope was burnt in effigy, like unto a Yarmouth Bleater, as a token of respect for him and his followers.

"And the citizens of London were stanch to a man, and assembled together in the Guildhall of our mighty City and shouted with stentorian lungs, long live the Queen and down with the Pope, the sound of which might have been heard even unto the vatican of Rome.

"And when his holiness the Pope heard that his power was set at naught, his nose became blue even as a bilberry with rage and declared Russell and Cummingtons or any who joined in the No Popery cry, should ever name the felicity of kissing his pious great toe.

"Thus Endeth the Lesson."
A POLITICAL CATECHISM

FOR

CHILDREN OF RIPER YEARS.

Question.—Now my child, what is your Name?
Answer.—Wethercock Johnny, alias Jack the Reformer, of the tribe of Russellite.

Q.—Who gave you that Name?
A.—My Godfathers and Godmothers, the People of England, who are called the great unwashed.

Q.—And what do the People of England want you to do?
A.—First, they want to amend my ways, which they say are in a most shaky condition. Secondly, to take a few of Palmerston’s pills, which they say will invigorate my Political system. And, Thirdly, to stick up for the Rights of the People, and speak up according to my size, as long as I remain in office.

Q.—And do you think that you are capable of holding firm by the reins, and steer the good coach Constitution, in safety through the mud and mire of these madamized times, and not as you have done before, getting your unlucky feet in a plug-hole.
A.—Yes, I do, so help my tater, Try me, and I’ll prove a first-rater.

There’s a good lad! now stir your young self, and let your conduct be a shade better than it has been, and you will earn our praise, and the nation will reward your services with a putty medal.

So be it.

Now let us sing for the amusement of this respectable congregation, and the benefit of own pockets, a few lines written to uncommon metre.

Now attend to good advice,—Little Johnny, O, And I’ll tell you what is right,—Little Johnny, O, Hold your head up like a man, Keep the whip in your right hand, And be honest, if you can,—Little Johnny, O.

Curtail the ladies crinoline,—Little Johnny, O, And save us from broken shins,—Little Johnny, O, And as Gladstone gave us cheap tea,

From heavy taxes set us free, And crush monopoly,—Little Johnny, O.
Save us from starvation’s evil,—Little Johnny, O, And from meat that’s got the measles,—Little Johnny, O, Let the poor have wholesome food, And a loaf that’s cheap and good, Gain our praise I’m sure you would,—Little Johnny, O.

Now Johnny dear, be brave,—Little Johnny, O, From the Fenians, pray us save,—Little Johnny, O, If at bogy’s game they play, They will better know some day, It will end in the cabbage garden way,— Little Johnny, O.

In Yankee Land, I hear,—Little Johnny, O, They talk big with privateers,—Little Johnny, O, You had better send word out, If they get Johnny Bull’s shirt out, He will put them to the rout,—Little Johnny, O.

Then put your shoulder to the wheel,—Little Johnny, O, Then it’s pressure you won’t feel,—Little Johnny, O, Flare up and be a brick, And none of your shuffling tricks, Or you had better cut your stick,—Little Johnny, O.

Let us say,

And now Johnny, thou most excellent of all state coachmen, to thy Fatherly care, we, an overtaxed, ill-paid, and half-starved people do consign ourselves, trusting that you will take our lamentable condition into thy kind consideration, and spare us from being poisoned with meat that has had the measles, and from being cheated by a set of greedy butchers; and save us from the Fenianites, we implore you; and grant us most mercifull Johnny, that at the forthcoming Christmas, every mother’s son of us may be plentifully supplied with beef, pudding, and stout, so that we may boldly shout, slap bang, here we are again, and sing in thy praise now and for evermore. Amen.

Thus endeth the Lesson of the day.
THE
FAMINE FAST DAY.

Sam—Well Tum, how did tha get on oth' Fast day.
Tom—Ta' Fas day! bye gum awe think nowt oth' fast day, for its a fast day every day wi' us.
Sam—Nay mon, not every day, awe shud think you've summat to eat sum time.
Tom—Ayo, we have summat to eat, but it's very lettle tha may depend on't, thick porrich un' sour milk for breakfast, un' potatoes and suit, un' sum toime a red yarrin un brown bread for dinner, an we go to bed awcebwnt supper, un if that's feastin' aw dunna know what you cawn fastin.
Sam—Well but Tum, con yor tell me what this fast day wur kept for.
Tom—Aye by gum con aw, they sen it's to drive famine away.
Sam—Famine, wot dost mean mon, why all this elemming eh England, Ireland, an' Scotland.
Tom—Aw can there be a famine th' land, un' th' warehouses an' th' Tommy shops aw breaking down wi' stuff.
Sam—Aw think eth' Lords un Bishops, un Parsons an' such like folks had ony goodness in um, they'd gie poor folks a feast day, instead of a fast day.
Tom—Now do you think that these Parsons and Bishops kept th' fast day.
Sam—Not they mon, they an fish, eggs, turtle soup, and such like, but if th' poor could live as they done, they might fast for one day.
Tom—I'll tell thee how aw did, aw sent owr Nell th' day afore to borrow some brass, an' hoo went to Shade Hill, un hoo bought a sheep's pluck, but it had no heart toot, un hoo got a penoth o'th' bacon, un hoo sted'd aw th' together, un it wur rare un good, aw dunna think th' queen had such a dinner, it's the best flesh meat dinner I've had this six months.
Sam—Aw reckon yo stuff'd yore guts so full, you'd no more to eat that day.
Tom—Why we wur hungry ageen next morning, un had to fall to our thick porrich an' sour milk, but if fasting will drive famine away, I should like it to drive poverty away so that poor folk could gie plenty of plum pudding and dumplings, an' sich like, but stop, I've bawt a song about it, un you shall hear it:

Ye working men both far and near,
Unto my song pray lend an ear,
While I the wonders do declare,
About this famine fasting day.

The Bishop of London that godly saint,
Who preaches in the Parliament,
He said it was their full intent
For to have a fast day,
He told the Parliament he'd a call,
For to come and tell tham all,
The Devil would fetch them great and small,
Unless they kept a fast day.

CHORUS.
Singing higlely pickety fast who will,
I wish poor folk it's had their fill,
Good beef and pudding the famine to kill,
Much better than a fast day.

Some of them laugh'd, some fell asleep,
And out of the house some did creep;
To please the Bishops and black sheep,
They did appoint a fast day.
The twenty-fourth of March it was the day
That some did fast and some did pray,
Some made a feast as I've heard say,
To drive this famine far away,
I sent our Nell as I'm a sinner,
To get some liver and bacon for dinner,
We fasted so long we are quite thinner,
We thought we'd have a fast day.

To walk about that day in the street,
Thousands of poor folk I did meet,
Because they had got nothing to eat,
And so they kept the fast day.
Some who had money spent it free,
While others had a jovial spree,
Some panned off their smocks they say,
All for to get a dinner that day,
Some went to the alehouse it is true,
Got drunk and fought till all was blue;
On Saturday night thousands will rue
The general famine fast day.

The Bishops and the Parsons too,
They seldom fast I tell to you,
Their paunches they well stuff it's true,
Yet preach about a fast day,
With fish and eggs, and Rhenish wine,
On turtle soup each day they dine,
Till their guts are poking out like swine,
As though it was their last day,
But if poor folks like them could live,
Or if good wages they did receive,
The storms of life they then could brave
Without this famine fast day.

So to conclude my fast day song,
Pray do not think I've kept you long,
But whether it be right or wrong
I'd rather have a feast day,
But if a fast would drive this famine away,
I've only got one thing to say,
I wish it would drive poverty
Into the middle of the sea,
The Parsons and Bishops are afraid,
Church and tithes cannot be paid,
And except they learn some other trade
They will have many a fast day.
NEW FORM OF PRAYER
AND BELIEF.

To be said by all true Liberals, at all outdoor or indoor Meetings, at all Committee Rooms, and in front of all Hunts on which the Gladstonites and the Dizzyeyites are to contend for the Managership at the forthcoming Elections, and to see who is to gain the belt, and rule the roast at St. Stephen's. To be said without Barrel Organ or Grindstone accompaniment.

Now, my boy, as the Great Election is about to take place, and it becomes us all to sail under true colours, be so good as to tell me what you are, a Gladstonite, or a Dizzyeyite?

Boy.—Why a Gladstonite to the backbone, and no mistake.

There is a good lad; now let me hear you rehearse the Gladstone or Liberal Belief.

I believe in Bill Gladstone to be the true Champion of Reform, and that he is a perfect game cock, and that he will stick his spurs into the comb of any tory mountebank who shall attempt to set the working-man's rights and privileges at naught; and I believe at the coming election that all liberals will put their shoulders to the wheel and obtain a first-rate majority, not only in Church Reform, but in all things where reformation is wanted; and that Gladstone and his friends will reach the tip top of the poll, and start the Tories off like scalded cocks, and this I firmly believe. So help me John Brown.

There is a good boy, now let us enlighten our friends on events, past, present, and future.

Now in the first place, there is Gladstone's Irish Church Question! it is a stickler to many, more especially to Dizzyey, the Israelite, for it is to him like the carpenter's saw, which the black cock said stuck in his gizzard.

For the Dizzyeyites were sorely vexed by a political squib, which was recited by some of the unwashed in Hyde Park, who made a goodly collection, which went into the pockets of the Collectors in the usual manner.

And behold the Dizzyeyites and Adulanmites were alarmed, and they said who hath done this evil which is so likely to rob our fat shepherds of the golden wash they have so long fed upon.

And Sarah Gamp of the Standard did cause large bills to be posted in every corner, equal in size to the top of a large dining table, headed with these words, "Gladstone and his Friends," showing how the needle had pricked their tender feelings.

And Dizzyey was down on his luck, when he found that his nose was compared to double size, and he hid himself in a corner and wept.

And behold there arose a loud cry from the ladies of England, saying, we are man's better half, why not let us have a voice in the affairs of our country, and not have our tongues muzzled like D— M— as served our dogs.

And moreover it is expected that when the Election takes place that the vendors of dog's meat, headed by Jack Atchley and some of the nob from Sharp's alley will proceed to Scotland yard to petition D— M— to revoke the sentence on our blessed tykes; for they say if it goes on much longer, instead of skewering up meat for the dogs they will be skewered up themselves—in some union house washing their blessed inside with water-gruel.

Now behold B— S— of penny newspaper notoriety is again attempting to poke his nose in for Westminster, but he will find it is no go, for with Mill and Grosvenor before him, he will have no chance to walk in for our ancient and much respected borough.

And all tories and adulanmites are hereby cautioned not to have any dirty tricks, at the coming Election, as they had at the Guildhall Meeting, when they hired land rats and water rats at two bob a nob to disturb the peace, or they may find something in the seat of their small clothes more than their shirt tails.

Thus endeth the morning's address.

LET US SAY.

From all back-sliding liberals, or slop made adulanmites, Friends of Reform spare us,

Spare us we implore thee.

From all tories who would give us such quarters as the wolf gives the lamb. Gladstone, the father of the people, save us!

Gladstone, look down upon us.

From being gobbled up by Dizzyey's 'No Popery' bogey, noble army of liberals defend us.

From Dizzyey's Guy Faux keep us we beseech thee.

And oh, Lawrence, when you are made king of the city, let us have no more unspeakable brawls in Guildhall.

From all paid ruffians, save us good Lawrence.

And may it please you, good Richard, to look down with an eye of pity on all distressed dog's meat sellers, and take the harness from off the dogs, so that we may obtain food to supply the worms that now gnaw our hungry bowels.

Grant this, there's a dear Dickey.

And oh, Dickey, make your will, there's a good boy, for at the forthcoming election, Gladstone and the whole host of Liberals will be at the top of the poll, and then farewell to all your greatness.

And I say so be it.
A

POLITICAL LITANY

ON THE

TIMES.

When the present ministry shall cease their humbugging tricks, and do that which is lawful and right for the benefit of the working classes, then, and not till then, shall they receive our praise.

Dearly Beloved Brethren—Hunger moveth us at various times and in sundry places, to make known unto our Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen Victoria, our dreadful wants and sufferings, and although we ought at all times humbly to acknowledge our Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, yet the cry of our starving children prevent us from so doing.

The Lesson for the Day is taken from the present hard times.

And it came to pass in the year '65, that there was a great stoppage in the tide of politics, and the steersman, Pam, gave up the helm; and the Queen sent unto the Land o' Cakes for a certain little man of the tribe of Russilites, well known by the name of Financial Jack, by some called Little John, who being fond of lollipops, and having a sweet tooth, it will be remembered he called out lustily for cheap sugar.

And when he arrived at the Castle, which is situated near unto the great park at Windsor, the Queen said unto him, Johnny, Johnny, thy friend Pam has quit his stick, and if thou thinkest thyself strong enough, the place is thine.

Whereupon the little man bowed and bowed till the rim fell off his hat; but when he tried on the garments of Pam, the coat fitted him like unto a purser's coat on a marlin-spike.

And the people murmured, saying, this man is totally unfit for the berth, but for the want of a better he was accepted.

Amen.

And about this time there arose in the Land of Spuds tribes of men who call themselves Fenamites, who promised to march unto the house of St. Stephen's straightway, to get something taken from them by honest John Bull.

But a messenger came from that land to the house of St. Stephen's straightway, to inform the inmates thereof they were in danger.

And there was great trouble in the House, and the servants arose and went out to meet them.

But when they arrived near unto that part of the land, behold, they had flew, leaving nought behind them to take back but a few sticks, like unto popguns, with which they had been learning to play at soldiers, so they returned home.

Amen.

And O, Gladstone, thou good and faithful servant of the late Steersman Pam, take unto thyself the helm of the good ship Great Britain, and steer it safely through the troubled waters that now surround it.

Amen.

Let us say,

From all impositions of unjust stewards,
O Queen deliver us,
We beseech thee to hear us, O Queen.

And O Johnny, if thou take unto thyself the helm of the good ship Great Britain, steer her safely through the troubled waters of poverty that now surround her.

Hear us, O Russell.
We beseech thee to hear us, O Jack.

And from being slaughtered by the Fenians,
O Queen deliver us.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Vick.

And from all heavy taxation,
O Johnny, save us.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Russell.

And from all bad meat, O Queen deliver us.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Queen.

And O thou mighty Queen, grant that we may have a cheap loaf, and each man paid justly for his daily labour, that we may live in peace and happiness both now and for evermore.

Amen.

Printed for Author and Vendor.
When the Whigs shall cease to be a milk and water set, and prove to the people of England, that like good and trusty servants they will stick up for their rights, and pass such measures as will be for the benefit of the nation at large: then, and not till then, shall we consider them as trumps, and look upon them with confidence.

Dearly bought and never-to-be-forgotten Johnny.—To your noble and all-powerful self, do we, an overtaxed, poorly-fed people appeal, trusting that, O most merciful Johnny, that by the virtue of thy most exalted position, that you will be pleased to intercede with our Most Gracious Majesty, that she will reside amongst us, and so improve the condition of the tradesmen and mechanics of this mighty metropolis, whose affairs now are in a most shabby condition. Grant this, O most mighty John, and we will pray for the well-being of thy favourite bandit, Reform, that you have nursed with such care for so many years, and will sing praises unto thee, now and evermore. Amen.

Now the Services for the Day is taken from unprinted Bills that lay on or under the tables of the House of Incurables, better known by the name of St. Stephen's.

Now it came to pass in the second month of the year '66, and on the first day of the month, that the Dictators who formed the seventh Parliament in the reign of Good Queen Vic, assembled together to consider the weighty affairs of the nation, and after relating their rigs and sprees during the holidays, adjourned to crack a bottle and a joke at the expense of patient John Bull.

And again on the 6th they met in the presence of our Good Queen, and after bestowing six thousand a-year out of the pockets of the people as a trifle for pin money for a certain little lady, they wished the Queen good day, shook their heads, and went to lunch, entirely worn out with their morning's labour.

And they held long discussions on the plague among the cattle, and soon came to the sage conclusion, that beasts that were ill could not be in good health; but whether it was the cow or chicken pock they were not prepared to say.

But the people cried aloud that it was done to raise the price of meat, and those who used to treat themselves to a joint on a Sunday were compelled to put up with a few ornaments from off the block.

Now near unto the commencement of the year, great excitement was caused through the land, of strange revelations concerning a certain tribe of persons called paupers, whose treatment in the Whig Bastilles, or Union-houses, were likened unto swine; and the ratepayers of Lambeth, and people in general, cried out sorely against the Poor Law nabobs, and the ratepayers cried, Turn off the unworthy servants of the poor and give the inheritance to others.

And behold, great alarm is being caused in different parts of this mighty city, on account of the many railroads in course of construction; and numbers of Her Majesty's most loyal subjects, such as the small shop-keeper and poorer classes, are being driven from their homes, and by being deprived of the means of obtaining their living, will be compelled to find shelter in the workhouse, and so swell the rates imposed upon the hard-working tradesman.

And they pray the present ministry now assembled, to stay the progress of this destructive juggernaut; and as there has been day by day great outcry about the many accidents caused by them, they beg of them to pass a clause in the acts for the regulation of railways, that they shall supply a sufficient number of surgeons with splints and bandages to each train, and a goodly supply of coffins at each station for the use of those who are headstrong enough to travel by them. Thus endeth the morning lesson.

LET US SAY.

O most noble Johnny, pull yourself together, and spare us the necessity of selecting another steward.

Hear us, O Russell.

And O, most Gracious Queen, gladden the hearts of thy people by dwelling amongst them, and so improve the trade of thy most loyal subjects in this mighty city.

We beseech thee to hear us, O Queen.

From having our roads turned into honeycombs, and endangering our lives by being swallowed up by the underground railways, spare us we implore thee.

Railway Committees, spare us.

And O, much respected Chancellor of the Exchequer, repeal the duty upon malt, as thou hast done upon tea, so that we may refresh ourselves with a good and wholesome pot of beer, to the glory of thy good name.

O Gladstone, hear us.

And we implore thee to spare our poorer brethren from being compelled to pig upon dirty floors in Union Bastilles, or by being poisoned by bathing in a dirty soap kettle.

Good Farnell, and the whole host of parish nabobs, spare us.

Be just before you are liberal, and waste not the public money in useless expenditure.

Minister of Finance, we beseech thee to hear us.

Spare us from being starved in the land of plenty, Good Bright.

O Bright, have mercy upon us.

And O Gladstone, thou brightest star in the political hemisphere; keep thy weather-eye open, and jog the memory of thy fellow-servant John, and guide his little feet if he should by chance to stray from the right path.

O Gladstone watch over the welfare of the people.

And now, Johnny, we implore thee to act with justice to the country, and give us the benefit of Reform which is so much needed, and grant in all thy works, that you study the interests of the most patient and industrious people in the world, so that they may be blessed with peace and plenty, then will they sing, Long live the Queen, and good luck to her ministers. Amen.
The Life, Trial, and probable Sentence of the

DERBYITES, DIZZYITES,

AND

ADULLAMITES,

AND THE

WHOLE HOST OF TORY CABINET MAKERS,

Who were tried at St. Stephen's, for conspiring to burke the People's Reform, and attempting to pass a Counterfeit Bill instead of a Genuine Article; thereby imposing upon a certain respectable firm, well-known as Messrs John Bull and Company. The prosecution was conducted by those able Advocates for Reform, Bright and Gladstone. The offenders were undefended, as no one could be found willing to take their cause in hand on account of their previous bad character.

Now the trial of these Anti-Reformers was highly amusing, owing to the singular conduct of some of the offenders.

And the proceedings was preceded by that old-stock farce called the Struggle for Reform, or John Bull mesmerised.

And the advocates for the people said unto the Derbyites and their companions, what have you to say in your behalf concerning this fraud on the working classes of England?

Now behold one of them was a clever mountebank of the tribe of Dizzyites, and like many of his kind he had a happy knack of saying a great deal which amounted to nothing; and he commenced his defence with a mock speech on Reform, which seemed to say: If you Reformers do not unbutton your eyelids, and expand your understandings, I shall most certainly mystify you with my high presto, cockalorum jig!

And he had as many tricks as those amusing little marmozettes that are to be seen in the gardens of the Regent's Park.

And when he had concluded he turned to the people and said, how do you like me now?

And there arose a murmuring through St. Stephen's, saying, Not at all, you are not in our style.

And Dizzy the mountebank was much grieved for he thought he had caused a great sensation, and he explained, Dizzy, Dizzy, thy occupation's gone.

And Lowe the Adullamite, summoned the mounter, pleaded guilty to his offences against the people, and prayed for a mitigation of his sentence, on the plea that he could not have been in his right mind.

And the poor gentleman could not have been sane for he rambled on with some nonsense about the mark of Cain being set upon some people's brows; and asked the good citizens of London to order mass to be said for his own sins, or the success of the Bill; his strange manner left us in a fog to understand which.

Now the chief of the Derbyites being alarmed at the meetings in Trafalgar Square and throughout England, did call a council in the privy which layeth in the neighbourhood of Downing Street, to form plans by which they might overthrow the honest Bright, and all those who were on the side of the people.

For the Tories, finding that their seats were in a shaky condition, and being fond of place and pensions, were determined to stick at nothing rather than give up their golden kitchen staff of office.

And behold their work must have been exceedingly bad, inasmuch as some of their pals said no; we will leave your company, for we will not join with you in this plot against the working classes of England.

And it was strongly suspected that Dizzy the Mountebank, eager for a goodly share of the loaves and fishes, communed with himself, saying, I will write up no connection with the head Cabinet Maker of the Upper House, and then the whole business will be mine.

And the Reformers were well pleased, for they said the old adage will then be verified that when rogues fall out honest men will get their rights.

Now it was thought that they would have called upon D— M—-, the head of the Polaxes, to speak in their behalf; but that hero having the remembrance of the Hyde Park battle before his eyes, declined to appear, saying, He had received striking proof of the justice of the cause.

Now it was in the 3rd month of the year, and on the 18th day of the month, being the day after St. Patrick that the Tory Cabinet Makers appeared to receive judgement; and the Council for the People said unto them, If you do not give us the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but a satisfactory bill, giving to the people what is justly their rights, the sentence of this court will be that you will get the infernal sack now and for evermore.

Amen.

H. Disley, Printer, 67, High Street, St. Giles.
NEW LITANY ON REFORM.

When the Tories shall grant to the people a share of what is justly their own, and not take all the leaves and fishes themselves, as they always have done; like the lawyer who swallowed the oyster and gave his client the shells; then, and not till then, shall they gain our thanks.

Sorely oppressed and heavily taxed brethren, duty calls us, as the bone and sinew of this mighty nation to assert our rights and privileges, and although we at all times ought to do so, yet ought we more strongly when we assemble and meet together to take such steps as are necessary to obtain manhood suffrage, and all things likely to elevate our condition as freeborn Englishmen, and not slaves to any intolerant faction, such as now assert their despotic power in St. Stephen's Infirmary. So I charge as many of you as here present, who are friends to Reform, to act firmly in the cause, and never rest till it is gained.

Now, it was shortly after the premature death of the Russell administration, that the Tories took office, and a couple of chiefs of the tribes of the Derbyites and D'Israelites laid their heads together, to consider in what way they might destroy the substance, and bamboozle the working man.

And the D'Israelite said to the Derbyite keep your whip still, and I will pull the string, and the day will be our own. So the Derbyite was like unto the dolls in the toy shops, that say, we will cry for sixpence.

And about this time, loud shouts was heard for Reform, and the echo was carried throughout the length and breadth of the land.

And the whole host of Derbyites shook, as if struck with the palsy, and their chief was sorely alarmed, so that his hair stood out from his head like unto the quills of the porcupine, and he cried, Oh, Dizzy, save us!

And behold there sprung up on the face of the earth a new race of people called Adullamites, who were like unto their namesakes of old, a dissatisfied and two-faced people, and like the camel could change their colour at will.

And their chief was a Low(e) man from the land of moonrakers; and him and his colleagues were the Reformers of to-day and the Tories of to-morrow.

And they said to the people, behold we are on thy side, at the same time they were seeking how they might destroy their cause.

And they combined with certain unprincipled electors, and by bribery and corruption made their way into the house of St. Stephen's.

But when they got into the house, the mask fell from off their unworthy faces, and instead of Reformers, they appeared as labour-grinding Tories.

And the people murmured, saying, they are like unto Esau of old, who sold his birthright for a mess of potage, and there is no trust in them.

And it was in the 7th month of the year, when the gnats bite the hardest, that the Reformers declared their intention of assembling in Hyde Park to set forth their honest claims, and hear the most truthful voices of the worthy Beale and the Delegates.

And the Tories became alarmed, and W— sent in haste to Dicky M—— the renowned head of all the poleaxes, to march with his army, and stop the much dreaded invasion.

But the people said, who is he who stays us from meeting in a place that is justly our own? And they laid on for Reform, and lo! the rails quickly passed away, and not a vestige was to be seen.

And when the Chief of the Poleaxes saw what was done, his nose turned as blue as his coat, and he cried, Oh, Dizzy, save us!

But behold, while he was whistling, see the conquering hero comes, a brick, hurled by no friendly hand, caught his head unexpectedly, and his charger turned and whispered, Dicky, how is your poor nob?

Thus endeth the Lesson.

LET US SAY.

From all Tory intolerance save us, Reformers.
Friends of Reform, hear us.
From bribery and corruption, and the whole host of Adullamites, and all that have not clean hands, Election Commissioners, spare us.
Spare us, we beseech thee.
From having the Park gates shut against us, save us good Walpole.
Oh, Wally, hear us.
From unjust stewards, and Israelitish cash keepers, good Queen save us.
We beseech thee to hear us, good Queen.
And oh Derby and Dizzy, make not too cock sure that your position will be lasting, for you know not what a day may bring forth.
And now to Russell, Bright, Beales, and all true friends of Reform, let your thanks be now and evermore.—Amen.
CAPTAIN JINK'S DREAM.

A CONVERSATION
ON THE
COMING ELECTIONS
BETWEEN
BILL GLADSTONE & BEN DIZZY.

Written by John Embleton, Author of the "Political Litany on the Irish Church Question, &c."

Your attention I claim, Captain Jinks is my name, and with your permission, I hold a commission, in Her Majesty's famed horse marines.

I have lines here for your inspection, on the coming election, and I'll try to amuse, that is if you choose, by relating a wonderful dream.

It was 'twixt the night of the Alhambra, to see the grand things there, and roll'd home at two in my glory.

And I dreamt a queer dream, though strange it may seem, that I heard a conversation, or a confabulation, between Gladstone and Dizzy, the Tory.

I had a dream the other night: and the same I'll lay before ye,
A conversation on the coming election, between Gladstone and Dizzy, the Tory.

Said Gladstone, Dizzy my run 'un, the time is a coming, though you think yourself clever, you will find so help my never, at the forthcoming general election,
That your goose will be cooked, and you must take your hook, for like a cow's tail you will find, you will be all behind, when the people they make their selection.

Then said Dizzy it is plain, Gladstone, you want the reins, and between you and me, your Reform and cheap tea, you fancy will carry you straight, sir.

But I know what your wish is, to peg my leaves and fishes, but Gladstone my hearty, I'll lick you and your party, and stick to my stall, so help me later.

Ben, your No Popery cry, it is all my eye, and your cant and your crawling, shews you are afraid of falling, for of honesty you have not a spark, Ben.

For you and your chums dirty, got-dreadful shirty, but that is not worst, sir, said I fell to the gutter, when my friends met like bricks in Hyde Park, Ben.

Says Dizzy, I know Bill, you think your Irish Church Bill, with the aid of the donnovans, will make you A No. 1, but you will find in the end you are no use man.

For it is a great shame man, that with Bradlaugh and Pinfen, and the rest of your Pots, should make this cabal, to capsize church and constitution.

Said Gladstone, that is it, if the cap did not fit, Sally Gamp of the Standard, would not have stuck up her placards, unless you Tories had got some queer twitches, but they have made a mistake, sir, it's a mere waste of paper, and if they come up to the scratch, they will find the Liberals their match, and they may chance to have an earthquake in their breeches.

Says Dizzy, I know, that old Jenmy Squaretoe, to himself will you take man, for running down shovell hats and silk aprons, and I wonder you can sleep in your bed, Bill.

For in Hyde Park it was said, that a litany was read, and it said, and no dice, a nose was like double size, and my curly hair shook on my head, Bill.

Gladstone said by-the-bye, there has been a loud cry, which is nothing unkinmon, for it comes from the women, they declare they will rule if they like, Ben.

They say, at home in their houses, they can rule their spouses, and they seem rather puzzled, that their tongues should be muzzled, like D—— M—— muzzled our tykes, Ben.

Dizzy said, bless the ladies, they are well in their places, to wash and dress bobbies, and lecture the daddies; and some in homes they are graceful.

They can rule in the kitchen, and cook puddings—if they can get them.—And to say they’re not clever, I'd not venture, no, never! when I think upon old Madam Rachel.

Gladstone said, my Cookawax, there is that cursed income tax upon trades and professions, I'd like to sing its dying speech and confession, for it robs the poor man of his bread, Ben.

Why not tax grunting pigs, the chancellor's wigs, the little hedge-sparrows, the cat's-meat man's harrow, or the clogwags they stick on their heads, Ben.

And Ben, it is said, you are politically dead, but have not pluck at present, to get buried decent, and leave the Liberals to weather the storm, Ben.

So I would advise you, and the Adullamites too, to make yourselves scarce then, at the coming election, for you are done brown as sure as you are born, Ben.

Dizzy said, Bill and I have tried, but you are not satisfied, but we will see who is the best one, at the General Election, and to do our best then we will endeavour.

Then I heard a great noise, with, We have lick'd them, my boys, and just then I awoke, and though not a soul spoke, my ears rung with

GLADSTONE FOR EVER!

Henry Deylsh, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles, London.—W.C. 80
A POLITICAL THANKSGIVING

FOR THE

Great and Glorious Victory Gained by the Liberals, and the Complete Defeat of the Tories!!!

Mush respected and truly victorious brethren, and all who have lent a liberal hand in sticking the axe of Reform so deeply into the root of that old contemptible tree called Toryism. I have this day come amongst you to offer up a thanksgiving for the great victory gained by Gladstone and his brave army at the Great Election, and also to offer my sympathy for the alarming illness of the Tories, who are suffering from an attack of the place fever; and all true Liberals are invited to be present and take the front places, as Gladstone and his comrades will in the House of St. Stephen's. And all Tories and Adullamites are requested to keep in the background, where they will remain now and forevermore, and not disturb the congregation, or they will be given into the custody of the beadle.

Now the Lesson for the Day is taken from the battle with the Gladstonites and the Dizzyites at the late Elections.

Now for many years past the Tories have been a place seeking and ease loving people, greasing their chins with the lion's share of what justly is the rights of the working classes of this mighty land.

And the people communed together, saying, who are those who toil not nor yet spin, and yet they swallow up all the grain, and leave us nought but the husks to eat.

And lo there arose a mighty host called the Liberals, whose chiefest was named Gladstone, who was in himself a tower of strength, who with the Spear of Liberty sorely wounded the Tory chief, who was named Dizzy the Israelite.

And behold, it was in the dismal month of November,—the season so fatal to all shakey constitutions—that the Tories became alarmingly ill, and at the Great Election Battles found that their power was passing away, and that they were dead licked.

And the victory that was gained by the Liberals was sorely painful to Dizzy the Tory Chief, for he had said in the malice of his political health, "Show me the man who will tread on the skirts of my coat." But his boasting was like unto the mountain that became pregnant, and brought forth a mouse.

For Gladstone the Liberal put forth his foot, and lo, Dizzy's Government was rent in twain.

Then went the Chief of the Tories unto the Castle which lieth near unto the Great Park of Windsor, and threw himself at the feet of our good Queen Victoria, saying, Bill Gladstone, the head boy in our school at Westminster, has given me such a fright, that I feel quite white, and I am afraid if I stay any longer, the other boys will chaff me, and say, "Dizzy, Dizzy, I'll have your curls!"

Then did the Queen send for Bill Gladstone, and said unto him, Are you afraid, too? But Gladstone spoke up boldly, saying, Not I. Then said the Lady of the Castle, Get you back to St. Stephen's, and be head teacher in the room of the boy Dizzy.

And Sarah Camp, of the Tory cess-pool, sung quite small when she heard of the disgrace her favourite boy had got into.

And since the Great Election has taken place, it has been rumoured that certain Tories has been coming the Rachel dodge, and has been trying to make themselves beautiful for ever, by rubbing themselves with golden ointment, which has so dazzled the eyes of some of the free and independent electors, that they will not be able to see clearly until Gladstone and his friends settle the hash by giving us the ballot.

Thus endeth the Lesson for the Day.

Let us all say.

For giving the command into the safe keeping of General Gladstone, oh, Queen, we give unto thee our thanks.

We thank thee, oh, Queen.

From being left to the tender mercies of the Tories.

Friends of Freedom save us.

Spare us, we beseech thee.

And oh, Lowe, since Gladstone has duly installed you as Keeper of the National Cash-box, let us have none of your hangy-panky or Adullamate tricks, as you had at the time of the great Reform Meeting, when you charged the working-men with being a vile, degenerate, and beer-swilling crew.

Now, Lowe, none of your moon-raking capers, or I shall give you another taste of my rod of correction.

And, oh, Gladstone, give them a plentiful supply of Liberal pills, to purge them of impurity.

Warm them, good Gladstone.

And, oh, Dizzy, my lad, keep up your pecker, and don't be cast down, for Gladstone is a good sort of a chap, and if you behave yourself, I dare say he will give you a job.

Do not fret, Dizzy, there's a good boy.

And, oh, D—-—, we thank you for paying attention to our last prayer, by kindly removing the spectacles from off the dog's noses, and when the roasted chestnuts and boys hoop question is settled, turn your great mind into another channel, and devise some means of ridding us of the garrotting ruffians that now infest our streets and highways in the open daylight.

Do D———, and we shall bless thee.

And now to Gladstone and all who have fought so nobly to gain this great victory, be all thanks due, and may they stick like bricks to the cause, and do their duty at the forthcoming Sessions of Parliament, and they shall receive our praises now and for evermore.

Amen.

H. Daley, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles, London.
BELIEF AND COMMANDMENTS
ON THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

To be read by all married women to their husbands, and by all single ones to their sweethearts.

At a meeting of women the other day, that dear old lady, Mrs. Cudde, amused the ladies present, by reading her Belief and Commandments on the rights and privileges of married women; so after taking half-a-dozen pinches of snuff and a couple of glasses of eye-water, and coughing three times, she commenced as follows:—

I believe, that has some one has said, that woman is man's better, and sometimes his bigger half, and the best friend he has got to his back; she should not only rule the roast at home, but have a voice in the affairs of the country to which she belongs! and I not only believe, but I am quite sure, that it is her husband's place to obey her in everything, and patiently attend to her commandments, and then, and not till then, will court lectures cease.

Now my first commandment, if I was married, would be this, I would say to my husband.

1st. You must never think of, or even look at any other woman but me, for am sure the person must have made a mistake when he said, woman, obey your husbands.

2nd. You must never make me jealous by praising those forward jades that wear those ugly things on their heads called chignons, but keep your eye wholly on me, and study my wants both day and night, or I will comb your head with a small tooth bellows, that's what I will, and no mistake.

3rd. Before going to work in the morning, you must light the fire and make me a strong cup of tea, with something nice in it in case I should have the wind, and you must not grumble if the kettle does not boil when you come home to breakfast.

4th. Six days must work from six to six, that you may provide me with the comforts of life, and on the seventh, you may scrub the floor, peel the potatoes, make the dumplings, and cook the dinner. In the afternoon, by way of amusement, you must take the children to the park and show the little ducklings the ducks.

5th. If any of the children should have the measles, or the blessed baby should require weaning, you must get up without a murmur and give it the bottle, lest I might be disturbed by its crying.

6th. You must not crib a shilling from your wages on Saturday night, but fork it all out and be contented with the pocket money I shall think fit to give you.

7th. You must not get in a state of beer on any occasion whatever, or I shall compel you to sleep at the foot of the bed for six weeks.

8th. You must not take my name in vain by calling me other than my dear, or my duck, nor lay finger on me, lest I should give you six months to learn you better manners.

9th. You must not dare to grumble if your shirt should be minus of buttons, or you should be compelled to eat a cold dinner at least three days during the week, if it should be my pleasure to go out for amusement.

10th. You must not covet to be trusted with the latch key in the evening, you must not covet to visit the Alhambra or the Oxford, nor any other such like place; you must not look at the girls' legs on a windy day, nor rule your house or your spouse, or anything this is within, but be a good boy and keep my commandments.
A NEW

POLITICAL AND REFORM ALPHABET.

A stands for Aristocray, who nothing will do,
Who says they to work was not born;
And all the Adulmiters, a double-faced crew,
The worst fees we have to Reform.

B stands for Beule, and likewise for Bright,
True Champions are of Reform;
So may good luck attend them by day and by night,
For nobly they battle the storm.

C stands for the Charter, and five points there are,
And by right they belong to us all;
Tho' they'd fail keep them from us, seems pretty clear,
But we'll gain them, my boys, or we'll fail!

D stands for Derby, and also Dizzy,
Who talks large when there's nothing to do;
Like parsons they say, you must do as they say,
But, mind you, don't do as they do.

E stands for England, the land of the free,
The home of the true and the brave;
But our share of freedom is small, you'll agree,
Though the song says we ne'er shall be slaves!

F stands for Franchise, it is our birthright,
So we want what is justly our due;
Tho' the Tories they say, they will have their own way,
We'll tell them, we'll be damn'd if they do.

G stands for Gammon, and plenty we've had,
Till we are sick of that unwholesome food;
But if they think to gammon us out of Reform,
They will find we'll be gammoned no more.

H stands for Honour, there is some amongst thieves,
The saying goes that way I hear;
The Adulmiters have none, it's quite plain to me;
And the Tories have none for to spare.

I stands for Idlers, but some must be found,
Who wish for the success of our cause;
So boldly push forward, you'll win I'll be bound,
When it's gained it is time for to pause.

J stands for Jacks, in office who are found,
To look on while honest men toil;
And they tidy sums get, to keep their mouths shut,
And blab not of the ill-gotten spoil.

K stands for Knight, and there many sorts are,
And some with the garter are deck'd;
Who instead round round the leg, where the garter they wear,
Would look better if worn round the neck.

L stands for Lowe, both by nature and name,
And from Wiltshire he comes I tell you;
Who the workmen of England did vilely debase,
By calling them a drunken and ignorant crew.

M stands for Mayne, by some called Naughty Dick,
The chief of the Bluebottle mob;
Who in Hyde Park, they say, some queer cards did play,
Till at last he got one for his nob.

N stands for Nobles, and true nobles are they,
Who strive for their fellow-man's good;
Not in luxury and idleness spend all their days,
Nor care to do good if they could.

O is an 0, for nothing it stands,
And that is the working-man's share;
Next to nothing he gets while he is here in this land,
And needs nothing when he leaves here.

P stands for Patience, so be not cast down,
My lads, nor give way to despair;
The sun shines on you, although the world frowns,
And good times must come it is clear.

Q stands for Question, and the Question is this,
Are Englishmen to gain their Rights?
Or must they labour like nameless serfs,
And allow Might to overcome Right?

R stands for Russell, and likewise Reform:
Then for Reform shout for ever:
For let come what may, we will clear the way,
For shall we be conquered? No, never!

S stands for Soap, some hard, and some soft,
So let's say to our foes, just be steady,
Hard soap it is best, though it won't well digest,
We've had enough of your soft soap already.

T stands for Tory, a set of greedy elves,
Who take all the leaves and the fishes;
They take all the fat of the land to themselves,
And give the poor man empty dishes.

U stands for Unity, which all of us need,
Which no power on earth can e'er sever;
It ensures a strong pull, while we give a long pull,
Then pull for Reform altogether.

V stands for Vultures, and many there are
Sit in St. Stephen's, you'll own;
If the poor man is starving and can't get food for carving,
And asks for bread, they will give him a stone.

W stands for Workhouse, the poor man's last home,
When by sickness or age is brought down,
Tho' he's told all his life till he's but skin and bone,
To uphold the mitre and crown.

X is a letter that looks like a cross,
An emblem of the working man's life;
He has crosses enough, he finds to his cost;
If he dares to ask for his rights.

Y stands for Yeke, the poor man must bear,
'Tis an odious badge of slavery to wear;
But never mind, boys! we will weather the storm,
And toast in a bumper, success to Reform!

Z stands for Zeal the Reformers must use,
If they stick back and edge to gain what's their dues.
Here is good luck to Gladstone, is now what I say,
Here's the good cause Reform, for ever, huzza!

J. EMBLETON.
A NEW EDITION OF THE LITANY
ON THE
IRISH CHURCH QUESTION

Not exactly sanctioned by either Bishop, Parson, Curate, or any other Prelate. It is not to be said or sung in either Church or Chapel, but to be learnt by all persons without distinction to creed, country, or colour. Composed on the Great Battle which lately took place in St. Stephen’s House of Incurables.

When the rulers of this mighty Babylon shall be like unto good stewards, and render unto the people, things that are the people’s, and purge the Established Church of its many impurities, not only in Ireland and Scotland, but in this mighty and loyal city, and allow every tub to stand on its own bottom, then, and not till then will this war cease, which has so long been an abomination in the land.

Sorely oppressed and heavily taxed Brethren:—

It becomes us all to be up and doing, and assist this monster question of the day—the Irish Church Bill—no matter what your creed may be, whether it be Catholic, Protestant, Quakers, Shakers, Spirit-Rappers, or Tub Thumpers, who have for so long parted out the golden grail which has so greedily been swallowed by Mother Church and her hungry chickens.

The lesson for the Day is taken from the late debate on the Church Question.

Now in the days of darkness, when Fat Harry, the Bluebeard King of England, joined in unholy wealock the Lion of State to Lady Lawn Sleeves, the people were troubled with a blindness, which has continued for upwards of three hundred years.

But of late the film has fell off from their eyes, and they murmured saying, why pay we tribute to those from whom we receive nothing, and for buildings we do not enter?

But the masters in lawn, replied, we say unto you, pay you must, for such is the law of the land.

But lo! there arose up a loud cry for Ecclesiastical Reform, and Gladstone, their Champion, arose up in the house of St. Stephen’s, which is near unto Parliament Square, and with stentorian lungs, said, I intend to go the whole hog or none, and call upon the country to dissolve the hams of matrimony between the aforesaid Lion and Lawn Sleeves, which has so long been an eyesore to the country.

And, behold the words that Gladstone uttered sounded like unto a death-warrant to the ears of Dizzy and his pals, and his nose turned blue when he thought it was U. P. with his greatness.

Now in due time the Great Election Battle took place, and the Place-loving Tories, in spite of their back-sliding capers, were dead licked; and Dizzy retired to Buckinghamshire, and fasted for three whole days, and sat up to his blessed chin in sackcloth and ashes.

For the voice of the Country was with Gladstone, for they knew well he was a brick, and would hold the balance justly between the rich and poor.

Now it was two days after St. Valentine, that the Liberal Chief buckled on his armour, entered St. Stephen’s, and prepared himself for the fight. And his war-cry was “Justice to all men,” “Liberty to Ireland,” and “Disendowment of the Irish Church.” And the sons of the Land of Buttermilk, shouted, “More power to you, Gladstone!”

And lo, the cry caused certain prelates to curtail their shovel hats of their fair proportions and go into mourning, by converting their silk aprons into habituds, at which the grumblers nearly split their side with laughter.

And there arose a cry from the exiled sons of Erin, which sank deep into the heart of noble Gladstone, and with the battle-axe of Mercy struck off their fetters and they were free!

And there was loud cries of “Long life to noble Gladstone, the Liberator of the Land of Donovans!”

And Hardy the bosom friend of Poleaxe Diecky the hero of Hyde Park, protested loudly against Gladstone and his measure, and he and Dizzy wept bitter tears, when they saw that they were licked.

And the land of donovans and buttermilk shouted, No surrender, laugh o’ballagh! go it Gladstone, and the Sandys danced tullochgoram round the rims of their porridge-pots, and in whiskey, success to the Church Bill.

Thus endeth the lesson for the day.

LET US SAY.

From all Church monopoly, good Gladstone, save us. Save us, good Gladstone.

From being compelled to keep the fat shepherds of every creed. Good Queen deliver us. Spare us, good Queen.

From maintaining such a large staff of idlers in silk aprons and shovel hats, Friends of Reform, spare us. Friends of Reform, spare us.

From all undue taxes in the shape of tenths and sucking pigs. Common sense, save us. Spare us our grumblers, we beseech thee.

For the liberation of the exiled sons of Ireland, we thank thee, good Gladstone!

In the name of the sons of Erin, we thank thee, oh, Gladstone.

Hear that, oh, Dizzy.

And now to Gladstone, the father of Reform, and the friend of the people, be all thanks due both now and for evermore, and success to the Irish Church Bill. So be it.
A LITANY 
ON THE 
IRISH LAND QUESTION.

In consequence of the gross mismanagement of John Bull's possessions at home and abroad, by unprincipled servants and dishonest stewards; especially in the land of St. Patrick, we have met together without distinction to country or creed, to consider the best means of alleviating the sufferings of that ill-used country.

When the down-trodden sons of Erin shall dig their spades into their own native soil, free from the stone and gravel of tyranny, then, and not till then, shall the wrongs of Ireland cease.

Friends and Fellow Countrymen,

The country calls us in divers places to reform abuses, and assist the unemployed, by offering new gates of labor, in place of those that have been most cruelly shut at Woolwich and elsewhere; and although the old saying says "Charity begins at home," it is no reason why we should forget our neighbour next door; therefore I pray and beseech thee, oh! John Bull and Sandy, to sympathise with poor Brother Pat, who for knocking his shillings a little too hard about the heads of the varmint, was popped into quod till the Almighty will of the people shall compel the Lords of St. Stephen's to let them go free.

The Lesson for the Day is taken from one of the dark pages of Irish History.

Now it came to pass when that renowned Irish Champion, Brian O'Lynn, bequeathed his ghost to all the wales in Tipperary, behold there arose four kings to suck up the best of the buttermilk and dance with the prettiest girls in Ould Ireland.

Then arose a Royal Judas among them, who sold his country to the Saxon Harry of Fair Rosamond notoriety.

And it came to pass, after many years, Hooknosed Billy the Dutchman, went over and deprived poor Jamie Stuart of his rights.

And he cried aloud to his redcoats, Down with the Spirit of Freedom! and eat up all the good of the land, and let it be a refuge for foreigners, and let the children of St. Patrick wander elsewhere.

Here endeth the Lesson.

The Second Lesson is taken from the Irish Land Question.

Now it is well known that the curse of Ireland or any other country is "Land Monopoly," especially in our own country, where one man has thousands of acres, and another poor fellow not enough wherewith to rest his aching bones.

For in the Emerald Isle the rich Landowner cries aloud to his Steward, Steward! collect my rents in my absence, who, instead of studying the prosperity of my tenants am squandering away in debauchery and vice the hard earnings of a poor and oppressed people.

Then the Agent answers, I must put money in my purse, and straightway he cries aloud to his tenantry, Lo, this is my master's land and all that is thereon, pay more rent or skedaddle, and make room for strangers who are ready to pop into your place.

For the Irish land monopoly is like a landlord, who, when he turns his tenant out of doors, stick to his goods and furniture, saying, these are mine, are they not on my premises?

Thus endeth the Lesson.

LET US SAY,

Oh, Gladstone, Champion of Reform, and Friend of the People, intercede for the poor Fenian prisoners.

We beseech thee, oh, Gladstone.

Ye undaunted Champions of Ireland, Sullivan and Moore, agitate for the poor Fenian prisoners.

Agitate, oh, Patriots, we beseech thee!

To raise funds for the free emigration of our London poor, tax the "Upper Ten," we beseech thee, oh, Lowe!

Do, we beseech thee, there's a good Lowe!

And, oh, most thrifty Chancellor, we pray thee to reduce the pocket money of our Royal pensioners, for it is hard to pluck the poor hard working-man's pence, and let the idle children of mammon go free.

Hear that, oh, purple and fine linen!

And may it please your Majesty to grant a lease of Buckingham Palace to the old and infirm Bishops of St. Stephen's, that they may take daily exercise in St. James's Park, fill their aprons with bread crumbs, and reverently feed the ducks!

Hear that, oh, Lawnsliees?

And now to Gladstone, Bright, and Stuart Mill, chosen of the people, let us render our thanks now and for ever!

Amen.

H. Disley, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles, London.
THE NEW INTENDED
REFORM BILL

Which is expected to come into operation as soon as the Lords and Commons think fit.

The first Clause in this new intended Act is relative to teetotalers. BE IT ENACTED:—That any teetotaler who shall be known to drink more than three gallons of cold water during the day, shall be chained to the parish pump four hours, and pay two shillings extra, in each quarter, water rate. So says the Reform Bill.

Clause 2nd. Any young lady who shall wear a crinoline more than twelve yards in circumference, or containing more than thirteen steel hoops, shall pay 5s. to the nearest hospital to where she resides to find plasterers.

3rd.—Any workhouse-master who shall neglect to skim the fat off the water in which thirty-six paupers have been bathed, shall be forced to live upon skirly for five days, and work for eight hours at the crank.

4th.—Any lady over the age of seventy, who shall drink more than three quarters of gin before breakfast, unless she shall be suffering from the cholic, shall be kept without snuff for a fortnight.

5th.—Any man who shall be known to get drunk, and beat his wife more than once a day, shall be compelled to sleep at the foot of the bed for one month; and if that does not cure him, he shall be confined in one of her Majesty’s Gaols till a reformation shall take place.

6th.—And whereas we have received numerous complaints that a great number of ladies’ pet dogs having been found smothered in the mud that has been swept up and left by the roadside, the commissioners are requested to see that the said mud shall be carted away at least once a week, especially in rainy weather.

7th.—Any woman who shall bring forth more than two children at a birth, she will not be allowed to sleep with her husband for two months, unless the head-board shall be placed between them.

8th.—And if it having come under our notice, that many respectable females have been much annoyed by second-hand dandies and counter-jumpers puffing the smoke in their faces from their penny pickwick, the Reform Bill enacts that such fops shall be compelled to pay their last quarter’s washing bill, and wear an unstarched dicky for six months.

9th.—And as we understand that many ladies belonging to a class known as milliners’ assistants and bonnet builders, having been frequenting different music halls, and passing themselves off as ladies of fortune, on purpose to lead young men astray. Be it known to all whom it may concern, that if they do not reform their ways they will have to pay 6d. per week to the Baby clothing Association, and their mamma’s will be made acquainted with their going on.

10th.—And as Reform is the order of the day, so Reform your tailors’ bills. There is a clause set apart for volunteers only;—it says that any rifle volunteer found strutting about in a new uniform, shall be compelled to produce two respectable persons not being volunteers, to make oath that he has paid for the old ones.

11th.—Butchers will be compelled to reform their ways, and cease to wag their choppers about the steaks being so dear on account of the cattle disease. And butchers selling meat that has died of the scarlatina, will be compelled to live upon bullocks’ liver and sawdust for the space of three months.

12th.—Any policeman who shall be known to be courting more than two cooks and three housemaids at the same time, or be found with more than five pounds of mutton in his possession, shall pay 5s. 6s. to the Servants’ Aid Society, and not be allowed to look down any area for three calendar months.

13th.—Any boy over the age of seven years, who shall be found with a pea-shooter concealed about him, shall be apprehended as a Fenian, and be debarred from playing at cat for a fortnight.

14th.—And as we have received intelligence that in many parts of London there are lots of daring children that have been found dancing to the tune of the Jolly Butcher Boy, and Oh, Calfanellum! thereby disturbing the public peace, they will henceforth be considered as dangerous members of society.

15th.—And lately we have been much startled by hearing that numbers of evil-disposed pampers in the parishes of Marylebone, St. Luke’s and Chelsea, have refused to crack stones at 1s. 3d. per yard, unless such stones are parboiled! A clause in the Reform Bill says that such pampers who offend in the like manner, shall be sentenced to penal servitude for one night in the usual ward of Lambeth work-house that being the heaviest sentence the law can inflict.

16th.—And any cabman or bus-conductor are empowered by the new Reform Bill to charge double fare for any person or persons weighing over eighteen stone; but no cabman shall charge more than one shilling over and above his legal fare, excepting to Members of Parliament or disorderly persons.

17th.—No milkman will be allowed to mix more than two gallons of water with one of milk, excepting when the said milk is over-proof, and has a creamy appearance.

18th.—And no baker shall employ any man who is capable of eating more than four pounds of meat for his dinner, as we have had many complaints about people’s joints looking in a state of rapid consumption after coming from the oven, as if they had taken to fretting.

19th.—And all persons contemplating suicide, are earnestly requested not to drown themselves, as bodies lying too long in the Thames cause the water to become very unwholesome.

20th and last.—And by virtue of the Reform Bill, any married couple who can prove that they have never quarrelled since they were first married, will be entitled to the blessings of universal suffrage.

So says the Reform Bill.
THE

NEW ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

The First Clause in this new intended Act of Parliament is relating to the Bakers. It says: Be it enacted that all master bakers who shall mix, or cause to be any spurious ingredient in his bread, in the shape of bean-flour, pea-flour, starch or alum, or use more than six stone of potatoes with one sack of flour, thereby robbing the poor man of part of his hard earnings, he shall be popped in his own oven directly after the batch is drawn, and not come out till he is half-baked. And every journeyman who dips his fingers into the people’s dishes, shall not be allowed to have more than three dead men for the next month.

2. Any Butcher who is known to give short weight, or sell, or cause to be sold, any part of any ox, cow, calf, sheep, or pig, that shall have died with the measles, erysipelas, hooping cough, or any other disease, he is to be fattened and fed on sheep’s blood and sawdust for three months.

3. Any Publican that makes more than three butts of beer out of one; or use nux vomica, salt, treacle, or horses’ liver in doctoring the same, or not filling his pots within one inch and a half of the top, he must drink eight quarts of his stale beer, directly after a thunderstorm.

4. Any Teetotaler who drinks more than seven quarts of double stout, or one pint of gin, rum, or brandy, unless so ordered by his medical advisor, he must be chained to the nearest drinking fountain for twenty-four hours.

5. Any Tailor who is so fond of garden-stuff, as to cabbage half the cloth entrusted to him by any customer to make up, it shall be in the power of any magistrate to compel him either to walk nine times round St. Paul’s with a sleeve-board tied to his back, or to sit on his hot goose for one hour.

6. Any Shoemaker, Bootmaker, or Cobbler, who is known to put less than three stitches to the inch, or leave more than one score of pegs sticking up in his customers’ boots, must live upon lumps of wax for three days, and pay 2s. to the hospital for cripples.

7. Any man who is known to ill-use his wife, or strike her with anything harder than a kitchen poker, or grumble if the child wet his shirt more than six times in one night, must sleep at the foot of the bed for one calendar month.

8. Any Barber, or barber’s clerk, who, when shaving a customer shall cut more than one inch off the said customer’s chin, or cream more than a pint of soap suds into his mouth, is ordered to bite three inches off his own pole, or live upon hair shavings for a week.

9. Any Policeman who shall be known to have less than six ounces of hair on his upper lip, or fail to inspect the cupboards of the houses on his beat, must forfeit his claim to being rated sergeant, and be kept without mutton for three months.

10. Any Milliner, dress maker, or fast young girl who may be seen walking with a chignon larger than a porter’s knot, and over 12 pounds in weight, she must pay a fine of 5s. a-year to find wigs for those that are baldpate.

11. Any puffed Grocer who shall be known to be so very kind as to present his customers with sugar basins or milk jugs, and try to persuade them that he is selling better tea for 2s. per pound than others can for 5s. shall be treated as a man who is off his chump and forthwith be taken to Bedlam, or the nearest lunatic asylum to where he resides.

12. Any woman who shall be known to be gadding about from house to house, attending to other people’s business instead of minding her own, shall be made to stand at the door of the parish church with her nose stuck in the key hole, during the service, and wear a ticket on her back, with the words Paul Fry written thereon.

13. Any married Postman who shall be known to wink at, or squeeze the hand of any cookmaid, nursemaid, or any other pretty young girl, while delivering his letters, his wife shall be empowered to fig him with a wet dish-clout the whole length of his beat.

14. Any nursemaid or greedy cook, who shall have more than two soldiers cuddling her at one time in the kitchen, shall give her next quarter’s wages to the nearest lying-in-hospital.

15. Any young man, who, while riding a dandy horse or velocipede, knocking the bark from off his nose more than three times in one week, shall not be allowed to mount one again without being attended by his nurse.

16. Any young virgin over sixty, that has remained single up to that time: and cannot make oath that she has not been kissed at least a score of times by some nice young man, shall be compelled to find meat for half the cats, no matter whether they are black, white, carotty, or tabby, that are found within one mile of where she resides.

Lastly. And in addition to the penalties here laid down, any person failing to attend to, and breaking one or more of these clauses, they shall be taken to the nearest Union, and made to crack a bushel of unboiled stones.
The First Clause in this truly farcical and singular Act is relating to all 'regular' but not 'running' dustmen:—

That it be enacted that no dustman or scavenger shall dare to sing out dust oh! in a falsetto voice, between the hours of 10 in the morning and 7 in the evening; and that all housekeepers or lodgers shall place all their cabbage stumps, potato peels, or fish bones into a frying-pan, dustpan, box or basket, chamber utensil, or any other utensil that is at hand, and place them neatly along the kerb, so that children may play at leap-frog on their way to school.

2. That no persons shall under any pretence leave any goods in the streets for more than sixteen seconds and a half; and any baker resting his basket for a longer space of time, shall for the first offence, forfeit his basket, and for a second, be compelled to stand three hours in a flour sack.

3. That no ox, pig, or ass, or any other kind of donkey shall be driven through the streets without an order from Scotland yard, or the Police Commissioners may detain them for their own use.

And it is enacted that on and after the first day of November no cabman shall ply for hire, unless his cab shall be illuminated; and moreover, it is expected that each cabman shall be furnished with a transparent hat, each hat to have a life-like photographic likeness of Sir R. B—M— stuck in the centre.

4. That no bus driver or conductor shall allow more than twenty-four volunteers to ride on the roof at one time, and any female with a crinoline more than twelve yards round shall not be allowed as an inside passenger; and any person with more than thirteen stone of useless fat, shall not be considered as a single fare. And it is expected that each bus will be provided with a truck to transport all such live lumber to their destination.

5. No walking sandwich will be allowed to parade the streets, and no pavement to be disfigured with, 'read Fun or Tommyhawk.' And any dandy seen strutting about in one of Moses's Guinea Overcoats, will be considered as a walking advertisement, and will be punished as the law directs. No play bills, show bills, sale bills, nor bills of any kind be seen in the public streets, and any quick doctor's better who shall be seen giving out bills relative to extraordinary cures of incurable cures shall be treated as a reasonable offender.

6. All carts, go-carts, or donkey carts, must keep a correct line, at least four inches and a half from the kerb, and all nurserymaids who are seen out with a perambulator with more than two soldiers as an escort, shall forfeit their last quarter's wages.

7. And be it enacted that any pug-dog, lap-dog, peedle-dog, bull-dog, who shall be found lurking about the street without being well muzzled, so as to prevent them from picking up the stray bones; and such dogs not giving their names and address to the police will be treated as bad characters, and will be taken into custody, —that is if the police can catch them—and be detained until their parents or friends can be found.

8. And further that such dogs shall board and lodge at the nearest station-house for three days free of expense, and provided with such food a medical inspector shall think fit, but if not owned at the end of that time they shall be treated as outcasts and executed accordingly; and their bodies sold for what they will fetch, the proceeds to go towards a fund for the relief of decayed pie shop keepers.

9. No shoeback will be allowed to polish up your understandings, nor use the words, 'shine your boots, sir,' without being duly licensed according to Act of Parliament. And no costermonger, or costermonger's apprentice, shall dare to cry "ten a penny walnuts," within four feet of the footway; and any donkey braying without an order from the Commissioners shall be taken into custody, and fed upon cabbage stumps for one month.

10. With a view to suppressing all gaming, all betting men are forbidden to meet more than three together in public thoroughfares, but may victimise as many as they like in the back streets.

11. No owners of soup or cook shops shall dare to sell any stockkeeping pudding that has not got at least two plums and a half in a square inch, or they will be compelled to swallow three quarts of double size every day for a fortnight. No confectioner shall make or cause to be made, any lollipops or sugar sticks measuring more than six inches in length, and any children sucking any of larger dimensions in the public streets will be considered as causing an obstruction, and punished accordingly.

12. This Act is favourable to all cats as we find they are not mentioned, so they are empowered to plunder our cupboards, and serenade us with their nightly gambols on the tiles.

13. No boy under twenty years of age will be allowed to trundle a hoop upon the footpath, except between the hours of twelve at night and six in the morning.

14. No lady after the passing of this Act must wear a bonnet larger than the bottom of a halfpenny bun, lest they should be afflicted with the brain fever, nor have more hair sticking out behind than would stuff a moderate side pillow-case.

15. No goat shall be allowed to wear whiskers that shall extend more than four inches and a half from his face under the pain of being close shaved with a carpenter's hand-saw.

16. And all mothers will be compelled to keep a supply of soothing syrup on hand, as no child will be allowed to cry during the prescribed hours; and this Clause refers to all persons addicted to snoring, who are hereby cautioned not to lay on their backs, for fear they should disturb the public peace.

17. And as no one can be convicted unless seen by a policeman, the public are requested to wait till that gentlemen is out of sight before they violate any part of this Act.

18. And as evil doers will be punished by Mayne force, a placard to that effect will be stuck on each lamp-post. So much for the New Police Act.

God save the People!

H. Disley, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles, London.
Q. What is your name?
A. A Pauper.

Q. Who gave you that name?
A. The Board of Guardians, to whom I applied in the time of distress, when first I became a child of want, a member of the workhouse, and an inheritor of all the insults that poverty is heir to.

Q. What did the Board of Guardians do for you?
A. They did promise two things. First, that I should be treated like a convicted felon, being deprived of liberty, and on prison fare. Lastly, that I should be an object of oppression all the days of my life.

Q. Rehearse the Articles of thy belief.
A. I believe in the cruelty of Lord II—y B—m, the author of the present Poor Law, and I also believe that these laws have caused the death of tens of thousands by starvation and neglect.

Q. How many Commandments have you and such as you are to keep?
A. Ten.

Q. Which be they?
A. The same which the Poor Law Commissioners make in Somerset House, saying, We are thy lords and masters, who have caused thee to be confined as in basestile, and separated thee and the wife of thy bosom, and the children of thy love. 1st, Thou shalt obey no laws but ours. 2nd, Thou shalt not make to thyself any substitute for skilley, nor the likeness of tea, or any other kind of food, or drink, except as is allowed in the workhouse; for we are very jealous men, punishing with severity any transgres-

sion against our laws. Should'st thou disobey in this, we shall teach you a lesson that shall last thee all the days of thy life. 3rd, Thou shalt labour hard, and for nothing, and none of thy earnings shall be thy own. 4th, Remember the Sabbath day: six days shalt thou labour hard, and have but little to eat; but the seventh day is the Sabbath, wherein we cannot make you work, and so we give you liberty for an hour or two, to save the parish the expense of your Sunday dinner. 5th. Thou shalt honour the Poor Laws, the Commissioners, and the Beadles; thou shalt take no offence at what they say or do, or else thy days shall be made more miserable in the workhouse wherein thou livest. 6th, Thou shalt commit murder by neglecting thy starving children, for we will give thee no assistance to get them food. 7th, Thou shalt learn to neglect the dear ties of nature, for we will separate thee from the wife of thy bosom, and the children of thy love. 8th, Thou shalt rob thyself of the society and enjoyment of her whom thou hast sworn to protect while life shall last. 9th, Thou shalt be a false witness whenever a Pauper dies, and should the coroner or jury ask you how you live, why tell them you live like lords, and are as happy as princes. 10th, Thou shalt covet all thy neighbour is possessed of, thou shalt covet his friends, his clothes, and all the comforts which thou once had; yet shalt thou long in vain; for remember, oh, pauper! that the motto of every workhouse is—"He who enters here leaves all comforts behind."

---

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD PAUPER.

Oh! Englishmen, come drop a tear or two, While I relate a thrilling tale of woe, Of one whose age demanded all the care That love which aged pilgrims ought to share. This poor old man, whose limbs refused to bear The weight of more than eighty years of care, Was brought before a bench, worse than a Turk, And sent to gaol because he could not work. Weep, sons of Britain, mourn your sires' disgrace! Weep, English mothers! hug your rising race, And pray to Him, who gave your children breath, They may not live to die this old man's death, In a dark dungeon he was close confined, No friend to comfort, or to soothe his mind; No child to cheer his hours of dying bed, But soon he rested with the silent dead. Oh, ye who roll in chariots proud and gay, Ye legal murderers! there will be a day, When you shall leave all your riches behind, A dwelling with the ever last to find, And your great Master, He whose name is good Will hold you guilty of your brother's blood. 89
THE SOLDIER'S CATECHISM.

Question. What is your name?
Answer. Soldier.

Q. Who gave you that name?
A. The recruiting-sergeant, when I received the enlisting shilling, whereby I was made a recruit of bayonets, bullets, and death.

Q. What did the recruiting-sergeant promise then for you?
A. He did promise and vow three things in my name. First, that I should renounce all idea of liberty, and all such nonsense. Secondly, that I should be well harassed with drill. And, thirdly, that I should stand up to be shot at whenever called upon to do; and I heartily hope our Colonel will never call me into such a perilous position.

Q. Rehearse the Articles of thy Belief.
A. I believe in the Colonel most mighty, maker of Sergeants and Corporals; and in his deputy the Major, who is an officer by commission, and rose by turn of promotion, suffered the hardships of the field-service, marching and fighting; he descended into trials; after the wars he rose again; he ascended into case, and sit-teth on the right hand of the Colonel, from whence he will come to superintend the good from the bad. I believe in the Adjutant; the punishment of the guard-room; the stopping of grog; the hoggling with cats; and the certainty of these things lasting. Amen.

Q. How many Commandments may there be?
A. Ten.

Q. What are they?
A. The same which the Colonel spake in the standing orders, saying, I am thy Colonel and commanding officer, who commands thee in the field and in quarters.

I. Thou shalt have no other Colonel but me.

II. Thou shalt not make to thyself any sergeant or corporal, that is in any European regiment above, or in any Sepoy regiment below, neither shalt thou salute them; for I thy Colonel am a jealous Colonel, and visit the iniquities of my men unto the third and fourth with stripes, and promote those who obey me and keep my standing orders.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of thy Colonel in vain, for I will not call him a good man who shall do so.

IV. Remember that thou attend church parade. Six days shalt thou have for drill and field-days; but on the seventh day thou shalt have no drill, thou, nor thy fire-lock, nor thy pouch, nor thy pouch-belt, nor thy ammunition, or any of thy appointments: for six days are sufficient for these things, and I like to rest on that day; wherefore I order church parade—attend to it.

V. Honour thy Colonel and thy Major, that thy comfort may be long in the regiment you are in.

VI. Thou shalt not get drunk on duty.

VII. Thou shalt not be absent from drill.

VIII. Thou shalt not sell thy kit.

IX. Thou shalt not come dirty to parade.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy pay-sergeant's coat, nor his place, nor his pay, nor his sword, nor his perquisites, nor his wife, nor his authority, nor any thing that is his.

Q. What do you chiefly learn by these commandments?
A. I learn two things: my duty towards my Colonel, and my duty towards my pay-sergeant.

Q. What is your duty towards your Colonel?
A. My duty towards my Colonel is to believe in him, to fear him, to obey all his orders, and all that are put in authority under him, with all my heart; to appear before him as a soldier all the days of my life; to salute him, to submit to him in all respect whatever; to put my whole trust in him, to give him thanks when he promotes me, to honour him and his commission, and to serve him as a soldier. Amen.

Q. What is your duty towards your pay-sergeant?
A. My duty towards my pay-sergeant is to attend to his directions, to look to him for pay and allowances, and all supplies of clothing; to borrow four shillings and give him five in return, to sign all books and papers he may require, and to never doubt his word in any thing.

Q. Let me hear you say your prayers.
A. Our Colonel, high in rank, honoured be thy name; may thy promotion come; thy will be done by thy sergeants, corporals, and privates. Give me my daily allowance of pay; and forgive me my crimes as I should forgive my comrade soldier. And lead me not to the triangles; but deliver me from them; and thine shall be the honour, thine the power, for ever and ever. Amen.

Q. What desirdest thou in this prayer?
A. I desire my Colonel, our commanding officer, to extend his kindness to me and all my comrades; that we may honour him, serve him, and obey all his orders as we ought to do. And I pray unto him that he will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our crimes; and that he will lead us on to the defence of our country and Queen. And this I trust he will for his honour and renown; and therefore I say, Amen, and Amen.
THE DRUNKARD'S CATECHISM.

C.—What be they.

Q.—Who gave you that name?

A.—As drink is my idol, landlords and their wives get all my money; they gave me that name in my drunken sprees, wherein I was made a member of strife, a child of want, and an inheritor of a bundle of rags.

Q.—What did your landlords and landladies promise for you?

A.—They did promise and vow three things in my name, first, that I should renounce the comfort of my own fireside; secondly, starve my wife and hunger my children; thirdly, walk in rags and tatters, with my shoe soles going flip-flap all the days of my life.

Catechet.—Rehearse the articles of thy belief.

A.—I believe in the existence of one Mr Alcohol, the great chief and head of all manner of vice, the source of nine-tenths of all diseases; and I not only believe, but am sure that when my money is gone and spent, the landlord will stop the tap and turn me out.

C.—How many commandments have ye set to keep?

A.—Ten.

THE DRUNKARD'S LOOKING GLASS!

What will the drunkard do for ale? What will a drunkard do for ale?
Shall I unfold my dreadful tale? Dark and dismal grows my tale;
Yes, I'll unfold it if I can, Sell his bolstead and his bed;
To benefit a drunken man. Nor leave a place to lay his head.

What will a drunkard do for ale? Sell his blankets and his sheets,
It will make a sober man turn pale, Lie in barns or walk the streets,
Sell his hat and pawn his coat, His thirsty soul will cry for more,
To satisfy his greedy throat. He's starved and miserably poor.

Sell his stockings and his shirt, He'll beg for half-pence when he can,
Strut about in rags and dirt, And say he is a dying man;
Sell his shoes from off his feet, But if three half-pence he has got,
And barefoot go about the streets. He'll go and find another set.

What will he do to gain his end? As mean and shabby as himself,
He will deceive his dearest friend, A dirty, ragged, drunken elf,
His crafty plans he will devise, In some sblmous corner seated,
And tell the most atrocious lies. Waiting long to be treated.

THE DRUNKARD'S FAREWELL TO HIS FOLLY!

Farewell landlords, farewell Jerry's, Farewell landlord's and your spouses,
Farewell brandy, wine, and sherry, Farewell spiders and your houses.
Farewell horror and blue devils, Farewell to your noise and babble,
Farewell keen of midnight revels, Farewell to your foolish gabble.
Farewell fires that have no coals on, Farewell pockets that are empty,
What will a drunkard do for ale? Farewell shoes that have no soles on,
Dark and dismal grows my tale. Farewell children with wry faces,
Sell his bolstead and his bed. Farewell to the pop-shop mess.
Sell his blankets and his sheets. Farewell wash and all wash vendors,
Lie in barns or walk the streets. Farewell duns and all dunsenders,
His thirsty soul will cry for more. Farewell landlords, you've had plenty.

London.—H. Sceat, Printer, 123, Union Street, Boro'—S.E. Established 1846.
NEW BEER HOUSE ACT,

To be observed by all Beer Sellers and Beer Drinkers throughout England, and to be in force as long as the people will stand it.

Now it has pleased the Lords spiritual and temporal of this miscalled free and happy England, to look with an eye of pity on the working classes; and feeling for all those who are fond of their beer, have passed a bill called the New Beer House Act, and all persons breaking the same will have to look out for squalls.

Clause 1. Be it enacted, that any person wishing to open a place for the sale of beer, wine, ale, cider, or swankey, shall give notice of the same to the overseers, churchwardens, town crier, and parish beadle, of the parish wherein he lives, and stick one on the door of the church or chapel, if there is one, and if not, he must pin one on the seat of his breeches, and walk round the said parish from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, for two consecutive Sundays, or live upon skillily for one month.

2. Any person keeping a house for the sale of any kind of fermented liquor, and who shall dare to keep the said house open one moment after the clock has said cut it, and sell one half pint of malt tea, he shall for the first offence have his head shaved, and for the second shall be imprisoned for a term not exceeding his natural life.

3. Any keeper of any refreshment house who shall have the cheek to sell, or cause to be sold, one glass of cooper, or one quarter of Watling's perk feed to any person, without being cock sure that his character is strictly moral, he shall not draw another drop for 12 calendar months. This clause does not refer to the tribe of Overend and Gurney's, or any one connected with the Albert Assurance Company, or, in fact, any gentlemanly swindlers whatever.

4. No chandler shop keeper, fruit shop keeper, or shop for the sale of lollipops, shall dare to sell small beer or shandy-gaff to any wayfarer during the hours stated in the act, or they will have to pay 40s., and forfeit the swankey for Her Majesty's own private use.

5. It is enacted that a body of vigilant officers from each division of police to be called the fasters, whose duty shall be to enter such houses as they may think fit, swallow all they can find, and see that none of the working classes get half seas over.

6. All brewers' grooms, or draymen, shall sponge their horses on Saturday night, lest they should smell of malt on the Sunday.

7. All persons who are in the habit of getting tight on Saturday night, are requested to drink one quart of half-and-half before closing time, lest they should be thirsty next morning.

8. All persons who have a custom of taking a stroll into the country on a Sunday to get a blow after their week's labour, or enjoy a picnic at Hampstead or Wimbledon, will do well to provide themselves with stone bottles, labelled cold tea, as there will be no such a thing as bona-fide travellers while the new Beer House Act is in force.

9. All persons are forbidden to use any bottles, jugs, glasses, or tea cups that has contained beer on Saturday night, without well scalding out on the Sunday morning.

10. And woe betide any woman who is caught with a flask containing cholical drops in her pocket.

11. All cowkeepers or dairymen are cautioned against feeding their cows on grains, lest the milk should give the tea a beery flavour.

12. All publicans and beer shop keepers are to place a wet blanket over their chimney pots, close the windows, and stop up the key holes, lest the smell should offend the framers of the New Beer House Act.

13. Any person who receives a visit from father, mother, brother, or grandmother, during the prescribed hours, they must not dare to give them one glass, they not being servants or lodgers.

And lastly, any person causing the conviction of one score of offenders against the above Act, will receive, as a reward, a free admission to the Crystal Palace at the next meeting of the Temperance League.

So says the New Beer House Act.
GRAND CONVERSATION ON BRAVE NELSON.

As some heroes bold, I will unfold, together were conversing,
In praise of Nelson, as you shall quickly hear;
Said one unto the other, if we could behold another,
In England like Nelson, we proudly would him cheer.
From Norfolk it is known he came, he was a man of noted fame,
He struggled hard for liberty, as every Briton knows,
In battle he would loudly cry, I'll gain the victory or die,
This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

Now at Copenhagen and the Nile, he gave command with asmile,
He said, "Stand firm, my Britishers, the enemy to meet;
Prepare each gun—all terror shun, but never do surrender!
The champion of the briny waves was Nelson and his fleet;
When Capt. Hardy, you may see, who always done his duty free,
Brave Collingwood the enemy undaunted would oppose, [main,
He caused some thousands to desist while fighting on the raging
this grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

Many a youth, I'll tell the truth, in action have been wounded;
Some left their friends and lovers in despair upon their native shore
Others never returned again, but died upon the raging main,
Casting many a one to cry "my son" and widows to deplore,
When war was raging, it is said, men for their labour were paid,
Commerce and trade flourishing, but now it ebbs and flows,
And poverty does increase, though Britons say we live in peace,
This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

Some hardy wars they did survive, in Greenwich College now
Witf tell the deeds of Nelson and the battles that he won, [alive,
He never feared a cannon ball, till at Trafalgar he did fall,
No Sinching from the enemy—no action he did shun;
His mighty powers did defeat, and never was that hero best,
Neither would he surrender till he had thrashed his daring foes,
Althood he lost an eye and wing, he was loyal and true to his king,
This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

Trafalgar I will mention, if you will give attention,
It long has been recorded where brave Nelson fell and bled,
The officers around him, all human aid was found,
But were affected to the heart to find that he was dead.
[more, The gallant wars were grieved sore to find Lord Nelson was no
All was in confusion in the midst of dying woes, [conveyed,
In rum they put him, it is said, and then to England him
This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

Now in memory of that hero's loss, we understand at Charing
A monument of Nelson has been erected there;
[Cross, An ancient building was pulled down, and an open space
To commemorate the battle, it is call'd Trafalgar Square. [ground
You British wars as do pass by, look up aloft and you will spy,
The visage of that hero respected as it shows,
[day, The his remains in decay, grim Death in action won the
This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

'Twas on the 18th day of June Napoleon did advance,
The choicest troops that he could raise within the bounds of France;
Their glittering eagles shone around and proudly looked the foe,
But Briton's lion tore their wings on the plains of Waterloo.

With Wellington we'll go, with Wellington we'll go,
For Wellington commanded us on the Plains of Waterloo,
The fight did last from ten o'clock until the dawn of day,
While blood and limbs and cannon balls in thick profusion lay;
Their cuirassiers did quickly charge our squares to overthrow,
But Briton's firm, undaunted stood, on the Plains of Waterloo.

The number of the French that at Waterloo were slain,
Was near sixty thousand all laid upon the plain;
Near forty thousand of them fell upon that fatal day,
Of our brave British heroes who their prowess did display.
I've now the dreadful nights comes, how dismal is the plain,
When the Prussians and the English found above ten thousand slain,
Brave Wellington and Blucher bold most nobly drove their foes,
And Buonaparte's Imperial crown was taken at Waterloo.

We followed up the rear till the middle of the night,
We gave them three cheers as they were on their flight,
Says Bony, d—m those Englishmen, they do bear such a name,
They beat me here at Waterloo, at Portugal and Spain.

Now peace be to their honoured souls who fell that glorious day,
May the plough ne'er raise their bones nor cut the sacred clay
But let the place remain a waste, a terror to the foe,
And when trembling Frenchmen pass that way they'll think of Waterloo.
A NEW SONG
ON
THE TIMES.

Come old and young and rich and poor,
And listen to our song,
I'll give to you some good advice,
And will not keep you long:
If you have one shilling to spend,
Go down to Mr Ward,
And there you'll get three pounds of beef,
That's just come from abroad.

CHORUS.
So there never was such doings in Old England before.

New beef has come to fourpence a pound,
It's a pity you should want,
Folks talk about America!
But don't you emigrate,
But step at home in England,
If you've any work at all,
For provisions will be cheap,
If wages be but small.
The Butchers now they may give o'er,
Selling their stinking meat,
For there's many a hundred weight been sold
That never was fit to eat;
And now when you do walk the street,
If you should happen to turn your eye,
It's how-do-you-do? good morning, man,
As you are passing by.

There were hundreds in this country
Of 'tis true what I do tell,
That could not get a pound of meat,
Or hardly get a smell;
But since the Tariff Bill is pass'd,
Many hundreds will be fed,
With plenty of good pork and beef,
And likewise good cheap bread.

New beef and mutton has come down,
And so is pork and flour too,
Which is what this country wanted,
A many years ago;
The dealers now may go to work,
And grieve away like bricks,
For now we'll carve with knives and forks,
Instead of porridge sticks.

The farmers do not like those laws,
From what I've heard them say,
Because the corn will be so cheap,
And so will straw and hay,
If you buy a pennyworth of eggs,
You will get three for four,
And as for charming butter,
Why they say they'll soon give o'er.

So to conclude and make an end,
And finish up my lines,
The poor will find in England
A difference in the times,
For work it will be plentiful,
And provisions will be low,
And that is what a poor man wants,
Wherever he does go.

THE AGONY BILL.

Dear me what a change has seen our nation,
Since we've reformed our legislation,
Each M.P. as now the fashion,
Brings a new bill every session.
Because one did in the way of peace act,
By getting past the New Police Act;
Another wants a grand reduction,
So brings you a Sabbath Bill Coercion!

At this you'll laugh for its meant to gag you,
This is the bill of Saint Andrew Agnew.

This worthy, pious emasculator,
Who talks of setting your morals straighter,
Vows by the Gods your pleasures to be balking,
Or he'll put a stop to your Sunday walking,
When persons are preaching, then will be search time
To collar them that's walking in church time,
The tenants of houses and those of farmers then,
Must not venture out of doors then.

All those who keep their house bre'd bear then,
At times I'm sure will quake with fear them,
And dread to let it in the waf lay,
Lest it should happen to work on that day,
Then if you're shamed with cough or phthisic,
You must not even swallow physic;
For 'tis decreed all rest that one day,
So not even salts must work on Sunday.

Dumb animals they'll be strangely puzzled,
When Sunday comes each dog must be muzzled,
The cocks must on their roosts abide up,
And to stop their crowings their beaks must be tied up,
A noise with contempt will the act be treating,
The calves and the sheep must be kept from bleating,
The dairies must close from twelve to twelve, sir,
And as to the cows they must milk themselves, sir.

No duck must lay, no cat must kitter,
The hen must leave her nest and going sitting,
Though painful is the separation,
She must quit the scene of incubation.
Married men will to quake be inclined then,
For fear their wives should be confined then,
For as no labour's allowed on Sundays.
Of course she must put it off till the Mondays.

John Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.
A NEW SONG.

ON
THE REPEAL
OF THE
CORN LAWS.

Come every heart rejoice with me,
We soon will have a glorious spree,
Cheap food once more we soon shall see,
Throughout the British Nation,
The ports they are thrown open wide,
And ships will mount the foaming tide,
And plenty to our shores will glide,
From every foreign Nation.
For Bob and Arthur met one day,
Those words I heard them for to say.
To us the people did long pray,
Delay it is a danger.

CHORUS.
So rejoice and sing the ports are free,
Such lauging leaves you soon will see.
With pies and dumplings, O what glee,
Throughout the British Nation.
The Cabinet they thought it right,
To put this famine to the flight,
And not to tempt a nation’s might,—
The belly has no quarter,
They one and all gave consent,
Their stubborn hearts they soon were bent,
And the bread tax chains they quickly rent,
That long oppressed this nation.
The van was led by Bobby Blue,
And the boasting cock of Waterloo,
For a Revolution would not do,
They dread its desperation.
The bonded grain must soon come out,
It will give monopolists the boot,
And put them to the right about,
To meet this competition;
Their rusty bars and locks so strong,
Must open wide before it’s long;
With grief they’ll hear our merry song,
For still they’re liv’d in clover;
The granaries with corn and flour
Into our markets will pour,
And the bread tax load we’ll soon devour,
That caused such desolation.

So men and women and children too,
Rejoice, you’ll soon have work to do,
In spite of all the bread tax crew,—
Rejoice—they are defeated.
Your teeth must soon commence the mill,
And grind away with right good will,
Your bellies every one can fill
With puddings, pies, and dumplings,
So women all shout out huzza.
Hot cakes at will with good strong tea,
And that honest debt you soon will pay,
To your neglected belly.
The poor will soon have to turn about,
With corporations they’ll strut out,
With American flour cheap and stout,
Their bellies to adorn;
The bones that now are thin and small,
In loads of flesh they soon will fall,
And on a cab they have to call,
O what an alteration!
Away with the hungry cry that’s been,
Such manning of bread was never seen!
Long live to our gracious Queen—
A woman rules the nation.

---

A NEW SONG.

OPENING THE PORTS.

(Composed by E. Wrigley for his Three Strings.)

Men, women, and children, come list to my story—
The ports are thrown open, your bellies may glory;
Provisions must fall now, to satisfy many,
Who long before this time could scarcely get any;
For bread’s been so dear it was hard to be gotten,
Potatoes so scarce, and one half of them rotten,
These hard times I fear will never be forgotten;
But now wry your jaws, lad, the ports are thrown open.

CHORUS.
Chaw, chaw—banish this rain, lads;
Your grinders in motion, it’s them a-going, lads;
Wag, wag, wag your jaws—let them be going, lads;
Provisions must fall, now the ports are thrown open.

In Ireland and Scotland the famine has raged so,
Hundreds and thousands—old, young, middle-aged, too;
Food’s been so scarce and so dear through the nation,
That many grim death clods’d died thro’ starvation.
But let us all hope now these hard times are ended,
Provisions come down fast, and trade be mended,
That poor folk may live by their labour—God send it,
For get what s past, now the ports are thrown open.

These millers and swellers, and other corn dealers,
Their granaries well stocked with corn and meal it is;
In hopes of bread rising, from market they stop it—
These clam-gutted robbers—but now they must drop it.
The grain that in warehouses yours has been bonded,
Must now be brought out—it’s our right to demand it;
From all foreign shores fresh supplies will be landed,
In spite of the tyrants, the ports are thrown open.

The rich, with their treasure, can roll at their leisure,
They know not, they feel not, for nothing but pleasure.
Full bellies don’t know what an empty one’s feeling,
Enough to set hundreds that’s honest a-stealing;
And farmers, now mind it, your corn quickly grind it,
And bring it to market, or you’ll be behind it;
And ‘tatoes must drop, too—old chaps, you will find it,
The corn’s coming free, now the ports are open.

This dropping of food, instead of its rising,
To some of the bakers has come most surprising;
Such stocks they’ve laid in, thinking of making riches,
Through this fall of bread some will dirty their breeches!
The stores that’s hid up, now they out must be bringing,
Or else a dead weight on their hands will be ringing;
While sighing and crying we’ll merrily be singing—
Come, drop your bread, bakers, the ports are thrown open.

Set your pots on the fire which of late has been empty,
Pies, dumplings, and puddings, there soon will be plenty;
And ‘tatoes must fall, too, for one thing remember,
All food’s to come free from the first of September;
And ships from all ports, now they are get in motion,
Their canvas well spread are a-ploughing the ocean,
To bring in cheap food from each foreign nation,
So, lasses and lads, shout, the ports are all open.

So now to conclude and finish my story,
This filling of bellies it sounds very pretty,
To thousands of jaws that look haggard and thin too,
So chuck away lads, your past time to regain now;
And butchers, your flesh meat may now be dropping,
Such ranting of grinders, and porridge pots wapping,
For some when they start there will be no stopping—
Shout huzza, lads and lasses, the ports are thrown open.

John Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston. 95
A NEW SONG ON THE
LIBERATION
OF
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

Rejoice ye sons of Erin's Isle throughout the British nation,
I hope you'll listen unto me to this my true narration.
Each spy and knave that did enslave, thank God they are defated,
For our loyal Patriots are free, and Daniel's liberated.

CHORUS.
Cheer up my boys, our Parliament will soon be reinstated,
For our loyal Patriots are free, and Daniel's liberated.
When the glorious news it did arrive throughout the Irish nation,
Both rich and poor, high and low, of every rank and station,
To Harold's cross they did repair with hearts all elevated,
To see the star of Erin's Isle, brave Daniel liberated.
These forty years brave noble Dan our rights he has defended;
In spite of vile Oppression, for Freedom he contended!

Good people all I pray draw near,
We have entered in another year,
The markets now they must come down,
Both in country and in town;
The farmers now begin to grin,
Their corn to market must bring in,
The ports are opened now you see,
In spite of all their roguery.

They've risen the barley, flour, and meal,
I think they must have hearts like steel,
And wages are so very low,
Fills poor men's hearts with grief and woe;
The potatoes too, you all must know,
Have proved poor people's overthrow,
If they had been good, I am very sure
They never would have rais'd the flour.
A NEW SONG.

Come gentlemen listen awhile,
And hear how they carry the jest on,
I'm sure it will cause you to smile,
Such fun there is at the Election.
To Brentford the Voters repair,
Two Knights of the Shire to elect,
Old Nero each Slave doth ensnare,
Whilst the Free vote for Byng and Burdett.
Fal de ral lad de ral lad de ral.

The mob are all silent and hush'd,
To hear Orator Tub on the green,
Some with laughter are ready to burst,
And others with malice spleen,
He tells you a terrible tale,
Of a Damn'd Diabolical Crew,
Who Innocents 'stav'red in a Jail,
And the worst of it is—it is true!
Fal lad de ral.

There's the case of poor Mary Rich,
Indeed 'tis a horrible story,
Much about it he's not time to preach,
But look round and you'll see it before you.
Can you such a monster approve,
Whose voice on the Hustings doth falter?
His conduct your anger must move—
Give your Vote—give the Rascal a Halter.
Fal de ral.

At four the Poll closes and then
His heart with fear bounces and capers,
'Till his carriage he's safely within,
Surrounded by all the Thief-takers.
There's Myrmidons sturdy and bold,
For the Quorum they care not a button,
They'd bother em all I am told,
If led on by Commodore Dutton.
Fal lad de ral.

But Byng is a Man you've twice try'd,
From his duty he never did flinch,
He scorns Aristocracy's pride,
And Despots will fight inch by inch.
Then Electors now give him a voice.
And however the Tyrants may fret,
Join him with the man of your choice,
Independent Sir Francis Burdett.
Fal de ral.

Sir Francis, the Friend of the Poor,
Ever staunch in Humanity's cause,
Disdaining a minister's lure,
Stands forth in support of our laws,
His Mind is untainted and pure,
Then him place at the head of the set,
In his hands Freedom's Cause is secure,
For Liberty dwells in the soul of Burdett.
Fal de ral lad de ral lad de ral.
FLEETWOOD,  
STRICKLAND,  
AND 
REFORM TRIUMPHANT.

For Fleetwood and Strickland hurrah!  
Hurrâh, for the Radicals true,  
Now the polling is done, and the election is won  
By the Banners of Green and Sky-blue;  
The Tories may now go and mourn,  
No longer they’ll carry the sway;  
For the brave Preston lads, the Whigs and the Rads,  
Have torn all their laurels away.

For the Preston Reformers hurrah,  
A glorious struggle they’ve made,  
To pull tyranny down, and victory crown  
The friends of Reform and Free Trade;  
No longer shall liberty’s sons,  
Crouch down to the bigotted few;  
Now the election is won Reform marches on,  
In spite of what Tories can do.

So hurrah for the Black Fleet, hurrah!  
For the spinners and weavers also,  
Now the banners shall wave, and the music shall play,  
And our members in triumph shall go;  
The faction that dared to oppose,  
Before the voice of the people does fly;  
So the victors shall sing till the welkin does ring,  
With voices that reach to the sky.

To the land that we live in hurrah!  
Where the banner of freedom’s unfurl’d,  
May it soon have to wave o’er the last tyrant’s grave,  
And liberty reign o’er the world;  
The children that yet are unborn,  
Shall sing of the deeds we have done,  
How their fathers so brave would no longer be slaves,  
But fought till the battle was won.

PETERLOO.

See! see! where freedom’s noblest champion stands,  
Shout! shout! illustrious patriot band,  
Here grateful millions their generous tribute bring,  
And shouts for freedom make the welkin ring,  
While fell corruption and her hellish crew  
The blood-stained trophies gained at Peterloo.

Soon shall fair freedom’s sons their right regain,  
Soon shall all Europe join the hallowed strain,  
Of Liberty and Freedom, Equal Rights and Laws,  
Heaven’s choicest blessing crown this glorious cause,  
While meanly tyrants, crawling minions too,  
Tremble at their feats performed on Peterloo.

Britons, be firm, assert your rights, be bold,  
Perish like heroes, not like slaves be sold,  
Firm and unite, bid millions be free,  
Will to your children glorious liberty,  
While cowards—despots long may keep in view,  
And silent contemplate the deeds on Peterloo.
THE STATE OF
Great Britain,
OR
A TOUCH AT THE TIMES.

TUNE—Irish Molly O.

As old John Bull was walking one morning free from pain,
He heard the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle to complain,
An alteration must take place together they did sing,
In the Corn Laws and Poor Laws, and many another thing.

CHORUS.
Conversing on the present state together they did range,
All classes there—Great Britain now appears so very strange,
That England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales must quickly have a change.

The railroads all through England have great depression made;
Machinery of every kind has put a stop to trade;
The innkeepers are weeping in agony and grief,
And the others swear they'll buy a rope and go to felo-de-se.

The steam boats to old Belzeybub the watermen do wish,
For they say they're nearly ruined and drowned all the fish,
Of all their new inventions that we have lately seen—
There was none begun or thought upon when Betty was the queen.

Behold the well-bred farmer, how he can strut along,
Let a poor man do whatever he will he's always in the wrong,
With hard labour and low wages he hangs his drooping head,
They won't allow him half enough to feed his children bread.

The farmers' daughters ride about well clad and pockets full,
With horse and saddle like a queen and box like a bull,
In their hand a flaxly parasol, and on their face a veil,
And a bunting nearly seven times as big as a milling gail.

The nobles from the pockets of John Bull are all well paid;
Sometimes you hardly know the lady from the servant maid.
For now they are so very proud, silk stockings on their legs,
And every step they take you think they walk on pigeon's eggs.

The tradesman he can hardly pay his rent and keep his home,
The employer has eighteen pence a day for breaking stones,
In former days the farmer rode a donkey or a mule,
There never was such times before since Adam went to school.

Some can live in luxury while others weep in woe,
There's very pretty difference now and a century ago,
The world will shortly move by steam it may appear strange,
So you must all acknowledge that England wants a change.

A NEW SONG
OF THE
ELECTION.
"The Cap, Those Whom It Fits May Wear It."

O the general Election is coming, they say,
What an hubbub and a bustle there'll be,
With the new candidates to be Parliament men,
And the old ones who wished for to go back again.
There will be all sorts of shuffling and all sorts of rig.
There's some will call Tories and some will call Whigs.
There's some will wear colours, blue, orange, and red,
And to prove which is best, they'll break each other's heads.

O the general Election is coming, they say,
What canvassing, cooping, and intrigue there'll be,
While some will shout —— and —— so clever,
And others will —— and free trade for ever.

O the Whigs for ten years have got a great swell,
But now by the Tories they've been walloped well,
And to pay off the bad boys with a good fit for tat,
They are sending them home to see how they like that.
This has caused amongst Tories and Whigs a great rout,
And many may go tell their mothers they're out,
While some of the boodies will do a deal too,
By losing their election, and emptying their purse.

O the Election is coming, what doings there'll be,
Such gutting and guzzling you never did see,
There'll be cheap beef and ale for poor voters just then,
With Wine, Turtle, and Venison for gentlemen,
There will be open houses in every street,
Where the Birds of a feather may daily meet,
And sly Boosts attends to collect all their senses;
Crying, landlord, fill up now, and damn all expenses.

Then to see the great nob, who a canvassing do,
In the house, or the garret, or the cellar below,
Altho' by infection he dreads his sweet life,
He'll shake hands with the cobler or kiss the sweep's wife,
Or perhaps, he will handle a sweet little child,
Till he suddenly finds that his trousers are spoiled,
The' his heart is ready to come up at his throat,
Yet he'd do ten times more to secure a vote.

And then at the last, when all other means fail,
To catch them they try to put salt on their tails,
Don't think I mean bribery, my good sir, dear no!
They only give friends a small present or so,
Or perhaps if you have a nice Bird, Dog, or Cat,
To sell, they will give you five sovereigns for that,
He's a very good customer, that is quite true,
So I'll vote for ——, pray what less can I do?

O the Election is coming, what meeting and speeching,
All their knavish tricks to all the world teaching,
What rogues, fools, and shufflers, such other they call,
And stick their good characters up on the wall.
Each party seem ready the other to ill:
About rural policy, or the new poor-law bill,
While the Elections are on, what patriots they are,
But when they get in, a —— I may care.

99
LAMENTATION ON THE DEATH
OF THE
Duke of Wellington.

Britannia now lament for our Hero that is dead,
That son of Mars, brave Wellington, alas, his spirit's fled.
That general of a hundred fights, to death he had to yield,
Who braved the cannons' frightful blaze upon the battle field.

CHORUS.
Britannia weep and mourn, his loss all may deplore,
That conquering hero Wellington, alas, he is no more.
The destructive wars of Europe does not disturb him now,
Great laurels of bright victory sit smiling on his brow,
For the burning sands of India he trac'd with valour bright,
And against that daring Tippoo Saib so valiant he did fight.

Where cannons loud did rattle, spread death and sad dismay,
The Duke was always ready with his men to lead the way.
Fortified cities he laid low, that general of renown,
Intrenchments and their batteries he quicks levelled down.

Thro' Portugal and Spain his enemy did pursue,
With the veteran sons of Britain he march'd to Waterloo,
And there he made a noble stand upon that blood-stain'd day.

And fought the French so manfully and made them run away.

At Vittoria,—Badaguz, and Talavera too.
On the plains of Salamanca, the French he did subdue,
With the veteran sons of Britain wherever he did go,
Amidst thundering peals of cannon he conquer'd every foe.

On the plains of Waterloo where thousands they lay dead,
The iron balls in showers flew around his martial head.
While his valiant men and generals lay bleeding in their gore,
The laurels from the French that day brave Wellington he tore.

Napoleon was as brave a man as ever took the field,
And with the warlike sons of France he said he would not yield;
But the reverse of fortune that day did on him frown,
By Wellington and his army his eagles were pulled down.

Now let him rest in peace, and none upbraid his name,
On his military glory there never was a stain,
The steel-clad Cuirassiers of France that day at Waterloo,
He quickly made them face about and cut their armour through.

Brave Ponsonby and Picton they fell upon that day,
And many a valiant soldier brave in peace their ashes lay,
And that brave Duke that led them on his spirit's took its flight,
To see him laid down in his tomb will be a solemn sight.

DEATH
OF
WELLINGTON.

J. Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

On the 14th of September, near to the town of Deal,
As you may well remember who have a heart to feel,
Did Wellington, a general bold, of glorious renown,
Who beat the great Napoleon near unto Brussels town.

CHORUS.
So don't forget brave Wellington, who won at Waterloo,
He beat the great Napoleon and all his generals too.

He led the British army on through Portugal and Spain,
And every battle there he won the Frenchmen to restrain,
He over was victorious in every battle field,
He gained a fame most glorious because he'd never yield.

He drove Napoleon from home, in exile for to dwell,
Far o'er the sea, and from his home, and all he loved so well.
He stripped him quite of all his power, and banished him away,
To St. Helena's rocks and towers the rest of his life to stay.

Then on the throne of France he placed Louis the king by right,
In after years he was displaced all by the people's might,
But should the young Napoleon threaten our land and laws,
We'll find another Wellington should ever we have cause.

He's dead, our hero's gone to rest, and o'er his corpse we'll mourn,
With sadness and with grief oppress'd, for he will not return,
But we his deeds will not forget, and should we ere again,
Follow the example that he set, his glory we'll not stain.

So don't forget brave Wellington, who won at Waterloo,
He beat the great Napoleon and all his generals too.
The Fall of Sebastopol

There is nothing now talked on wherever you go,
Among old folks or young be them high or low,
But the Crimean heroes I vow and declare,
That has smothered the Russians in this very year,
On the 8th of September, Eighteen hundred & fifty-five
The wounded old bear from his den did arise;
He curst and he swore and he fell off his stool,
He lost all Malakoff and Sebastopol too.

Chorus.

Then hurrah jolly soldiers and sailors likewise,
With the brave sons of France you blackened his eyes,
You knock'd off his muzzle and stole all his grub,
And his teeth is all rotten and he can't chew his cud.

The soldiers of France went at it like steel,
Determined to conquer and make the Russians feel,
That they were the lads that could do it like fun,
Then crack went their rifles and the Russians did run;
The hearts of oak thundered, their guns had begun,
As hearts of oak only ball'd at the Redan;
The French blast'd away with courage so cool,
Now England and France has Sebastopol.

The Russian bears did grumble and said it is no joke
To smother in rubbish with powder and smoke,
And to be without water our thirst to quench.
When a thundering big bomb shell came in from the French,
They all turned dizzzy some speed and some spit,
And the Russian commander in his breeches did say s-t,
For he had got the shivers with Johnny Bull's pills,
Our shot is the doctors that find out their ills.

At last they retreated, these bears from their den,
They got nearly roasted with shot and with shell,
Dingdong they did trot unto the North side,
If they'd stop't any longer we'd have tickled their hides,
The Russian commander these words he did say,
We must now all hark it without more delay,
We can stop no longer in Sebastopol;
If we do they will chok'e us with long iron tools.

So come my brave fellows let's sing and let's dance,
Both Turkey, Sardinia, old England and France;
We will all have a jig while the music does play,
We have nothing to fear for the Russians will pay;
And when we come home we will all keep a pig,
Our wives shall have bustles made of Russian wigs,
We will all take a bumper and drink good health,
So down with the Russians and up with the French.

101
THE NIGHTINGALE

IN THE EAST.

On a dark lonely night, on the Crimea's dread shore—
There had been bloodshed and strife on the morning before—
The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
Some crying for help—there was none to be found.

Now God in His mercy He pity'd their cries,
And the soldier so cheerfully in the morning doth rise,
So forward my lads, may your hearts never fail,
You are cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.

Now God sent this angel to succour the brave,
Some thousands she's saved from an untimely grave;
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's bounteous and good,
The wants of the wounded are by her understood.

With fever some brought in, with life almost gone,
Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments are torn,
But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail,
Now they're cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale.

Her heart it means good—for no bounty she'll take,
She'd lay down her life for the poor soldier's sake,
She prays for the dying, she gives peace to the brave,
She feels that a soldier has a soul she may save.

The wounded they love her, as it has been seen;
She's the soldier's preserver, they call her their queen!
May God give her strength, and her heart never fail,
One of heaven's best gifts is Miss Nightingale.

The wives of the wounded, how thankful are they;
Their husbands are cared for, how happy are they;
Whate'er her country, this gift God has given,
The soldiers they say she's an angel from heaven.

Sing praise to this woman, and deny it who can!
And all women were sent for the comfort of man;
Let's hope no more against them you'll rail,
Treat them well, and they'll prove like Miss Nightingale.

BATTLE OF INKERMAN;

OR

"There came a tale to England."

There came a tale to England,
'Twas of a battle won,
And nobly had her warriors
That day their duty done;
They fell like sheaves in autumn,
Yet 'mid that fearful scene,
Their last shout was for England,
Their last breath for their queen.

There came a tale to England,
Of suffering, want, and woe,
Of the night watch in the trenches,
Of the sortie by the foe;
'Mid rain, and storm, and sickness,
With no rest, no pause between,
And there was grief through England,
From the humblest to the Queen.

Then wrote the Queen of England,
God's blessing on her pen.
Oh! tell those wounded soldiers,
Those sick, patient, suffering men,
There's no heart in England,
Can feel a pang more keen,
That day and night her own lov'd troops
Are thought of by their Queen.

Then rose a shout through England,
From them 'twas wafted o'er,
From those sick wounded soldiers,
And it rang from shore to shore;
From Alma and Balaklava,
And Inkerman it came,
"God bless the Queen of England"
Again we'd do the same.
GRAND CONVERSATION ON SEBASTOPOL AROSE!

As the western powers of Europe united all together,
In close deliberation they did appear to be,
And all their conversation seemed a grand determination,
To seiz upon Sebastopol and set poor Turkey free!
When up steps Omar Pasha, saying here I am amongst you,
My country has been oppressed by tyranny and woe,
But now England and France in tens of thousands we'll advance,
This grand conversation on Sebastopol arose.
The twentieth of September we ever shall remember,
Upon the heights of Alma we made the Russians run,
After a weary marching the day was hot and scourching,
We fought the first great battle by the setting of the sun.
Like hearts of oak we bounded and the enemy wounded,
And when the bugle sounded to charge our mighty foes,
For England's home and beauty we nobly did our duty,
This grand conversation on Sebastopol arose.

Through rivers, brooks, and fountains, up hills and lofty mountains,
Our Generals were mounted in armour bright array,
Light infantry advancing with glittering bayonets gleaming,
Upon the heights of Alma we showed them British play,
The cannons roared like thunder we cut their ranks asunder,
Though not an equal number unto our mighty foes,
We drove them from their quarters and made a dreadful slaughter,
This grand conversation on Sebastopol arose.
The cannons loud did roll all in the field of battle,
To see the dead and wounded would grieve your heart full sore,
Through fields of blood we waded the enemy invaded,
As we beheld our comrades wailing in their gore,
With one determination and one loud exclamation,
We went with desperation against our mighty foes,
We put them in succession of their guns we took possession,
This grand conversation on Sebastopol arose.

Lord Raglan that commander was brave as Alexander,
Describes this dreadful battle the first upon record,
The legions of France by the side of old England,
The power of the Russians could not them retard,
With fire and smoke around us nothing could confound us,
We gained the heights of Alma regardless of our foes,
Though hundreds fell upon the field we made the enemy to yield,
This grand conversation on Sebastopol arose.
The brave thirty-third and twenty-third regiments,
Also the ninety-fifth and the seventh fusiliers,
Under Sir Colin Campbell the gallant highlanders,
Died on the field of battle with the brave grenadiers,
Like lions they marched in the face of the cannon,
While hundreds lay bleeding as you may suppose,
They conquered and died on the hill of the Alma,
This grand conversation on Sebastopol arose.

LITTLE LORD JOHN OUT OF SERVICE.

You ladies of this nation, in every station,
I pray give attention, and listen to me,
I'm little Jack Russell, a man of great bustle,
Who served Queen Victoria by land and by sea;
They call me a Prussian, an Austrian, a Russian,
And off to Vienna they sent me a far;
They'd not me believe then, they vowed I'd deceived them,
And called me Friend of the great Russian Czar.

Chorus.

I'm little Jack Russell, a man of great bustle,
I'm full of vexation, grief, sorrow, and care,
I have got in disgrace and am now out of place;
But I never broke windows round Bel-ge-rave Square.
In great London City for me they've no pity;
And Moon the Lord Mayor to my face told me plain,
All the freemen would scold me, and old women rout me,
If ever I went to the City again.
I'm the son of old Bedford, I'm going to Deptford,
To look for employment, and find out a friend,
And then I'll come back with a pack on my back,
Bawling frying-pans, saucepans, and bottles to mend.

Chorus, I'm, &c.

I have lost all my riches, I have worn out my breeches,
I am turned out of place, and have nowhere to go,
My state is most shocking, great holes in my stocking,
And my poor tender toes peeping out of my shoe—
Why should they so serve me, and try for to starve me?
I fought for my country and stood by my Queen.
Bad luck to the Prussians, the Austrians, and Russians,
And jolly bad luck to old Lord Aberdeen.

Chorus. I'm, &c.

I went like a wary plenipotentiary,
To the town of Vienna to settle the war,
Where I saw Francis Joseph, King Peter, and Moses,
And I fought Alexander, the great Russian Czar;
And when I came back they began for to clack,
They blamed me and gamed me and pulled out my hair,
They threatened to lick me, and nicely they kicked me,
Bawling pickled eel's feet around Bel-ge-rave Square.

Chorus. I'm, &c.

I love Queen Victoria, I dearly adore her,
Although at Vienna I did her displeasure;
I wish all the Russians and Austrians and Prussians
Were tied in a blanket, and smothered with fees.
Oh dear, hey down tiddly, I have the Scotch fiddle,
I know that I caught it o' old Aberdeen.—
Now I will so cleverly sing England for ever,
Down with the Russians, and God save the Queen.

Chorus. I'm, &c.

John Morgan.

103
A NEW SONG
TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
R. COBDEN, ESQ., M.P.,

"HE GAVE THE PEOPLE BREAD."
TUNE—"FARMER'S BOY."

Come mourn ye sons of Britain all,
The fact that Cobden's dead:
Come sing his deeds, come praise his worth,
"He gave the people bread."

O death why didst thou snatch away
The best of England's seed?
Why lay thy hand upon his brow?
"He gave the people bread."

If ever man deserved a name,
Who did the people lead,
"Twas Richard Cobden known to all,
"He gave the people bread."

His generous, loving, feeling heart
Brought blessings on his head,
Because he fought a long lifetime,
"To give the people bread."

He lived a life of doing good,
This was his much loved creed,
Untiring zeal his labours crowned
"To give the people bread."

Yes, bread untaxed that all might live,
In every time of need,
Amidst the strife with truth as guide,
"To give the people bread."

He's now enshrined in the cold grave,
Which kings and princes dread;
He died in peace, he smiled at death,
"He gave the people bread."

For ever shall his name endure,
Tho' numbered with the dead,
His name through earth's immortalised,
"He gave the people bread."

John Haddock, Printer, Preston.
Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do?
They call me saucy Ben the Jew,
The leader of the Tory crew,
Poor old Benjamin Dizzy.
I'd a great big house in Buckinghamshire,
My Wages was Five Thousand a year;
But now they have turned me out of place,
With a ticket for soup, in great disgrace.
I had a challenge last Monday night,
Billy Gladstone wanted me to fight;
The challenge was brought by Jackey Bright,
To poor old Benjamin Dizzy,

I've got the sack, what shall I do?
They call me a converted Jew,
Bad luck to Bright and Gladstone too,
They mean to drive me crazy.

I never thought they'd turn me out,
For well I knew my way about,
But I am licked without a doubt,
So pity poor Benjamin Dizzy.
Oh! if I could Bill Gladstone thump,
I'd burst his nose, and kick his r—p;
If like Jack Heenan I could fight,
I'd walloped both him and Johnny Bright.
Gladstone will play the deuce with me,
For he's got a great majority,
And as sure as my name is Disraeli,
I am shoved out by Gladstone.

Billy Gladstone made a great big birch,
And said he'd not be in the lurch,
But he'd sweep away the Irish Church,
And kill poor Benjamin Dizzy.

If he had his will he'd play some rigs,
He'd smother the people with Parsons' wigs;
But if I had my will, mark what I mean,
I'd make Murphy a footman to the Queen.
Murphy and me could make it right,
If like a Lancashire lad I could fight,
I'd poke out the eyes of Jackey Bright,
And punch the shins of Gladstone.

I tremble and I quake with fear,
For Gladstone he is so severe,
Though he was kicked out in Lancashire,
For Greenwich he's elected.
The destructives say all over the land,
Every tub on his own bottom shall stand.
But in spite of all their joy and prate,
I will support the Church and State.
Bill Gladstone, Bright, and old Bob Lowe,
Are in the Cabinet you know,
And I will whistle not for Joe,
*To all the measures they bring forward.

Where the Shamrock, Leek and Thistle grow,
I find that I had lots of foes,
So I will stick to England's Rose,
And never will surrender.
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Some dreadful things came in my head,
I dreamt that I was whacked with a birch,
And that I'd swallowed the Irish Church.
Oh, Bright and Gladstone go the rig,
The Irish Church the fishes and pigs,
That you may be choked with Parsons' wigs,
Is the wish of Benjamin Dizzy.
THE GREAT BATTLE

FOR

FREEDOM AND REFORM.

YOU working men of England,
Who live by daily toil,
Speak for your rights, bold Englishmen,
All thro' Britain's isle;
The titled tories keep you down,
Which you cannot endure,
And the reason I to tell am bound,
You're but working men—and poor.

With Gladstone, Russell, Beales, and Bright
We shall weather through the storm,
To give the working man his rights,
And gain the Bill,—Reform.

If the Hyde Park meeting had been allowed,
No disturbance would have been.
Long life, they cried, to the Prince of Wales,
And God bless England's Queen!
Why should the parks be ever closed
Against the poor, who for them pay,
Work with a will for equality,
And you will gain the day.

We want no Tory government,
The poor man to oppress,
They never try to do you good,
The truth you will confess.
The Liberals are the poor man's friend,
To forward all they try,
They'll beat their foes you may defend,
And never will say, 'die.'

Great meetings are held in high parts,
In country and in town,
The names of Beales and Gladstone,
With working men resound,
Riches are but worthless dross,
Without our working brother,

Which proves that in our national cause
We could help each other.

Great praise is due to the Reform League,
They have generous hearts and minds,
For the prisoners taken in Hyde Park,
They intend to pay the fines;
At the Agricultural Hall they met,
With band and flags so gay,
And when they meet at Lincoln's-Inn fields
Give them a loud huzza!

Then vote for manhood suffrage,
And the ballot too, likewise,
For Freedom of opinion,
All Englishmen doth prize;
And why should not a working man
Have power to give his vote,
To one that is the poor man's friend,
Tho' he wears a ragged coat.

If the public parks of London
Are only for one class,
They ought to put this notice up:
—The poor they cannot pass.
It's time our laws they altered were,
You'll say it is a bore,
That one law should be for the rich,
And another for the poor.

An Englishman is not a slave,
For that was never sent,
Then give the working man his rights,
You'll find he is content;
Give us the ballot and franchise,
It's the only boon we ask,
Then shouts will rend the skies,
For that will end our task.
THE GREAT
REFORM MEETING
On Monday, December 3rd, 1866.

But, my lads, do not despair,
There is the pure and open air,
Which belong to the great and the small,
And though our foes they make a fuss,
There our rights we can discuss,
For the song says "There's room enough for all."

Shall our liberties be crushed,
And be trampled to the dust,
By men who never earnt a penny in their lives?
And yet we must not meet,
Nor for our rights dare speak,
But if we cannot win, boys, we must try!

Now the Tories they do say,
If we will only wait, some day
They will give us Reform upon their plan;
But their kindness it comes slow,
And the quarters they would show,
Would be the sort the wolf he shows the lamb.

So England's working men,
The Rights they still defend,
Of the mightiest nation in the world;
And thousands will be found,
Who will gladly rally round,
So the banner of Reform we'll keep unfurled.

Then send the Adullamite crew,
And their pals, the Tories, too,
Headlong to Old Nick altogether,
But for men like Beale and Bright,
Let's shout with all our might,
Here's the good cause, Reform, boys, for ever!

You true friend of Reform,
Just listen to my song,
And some truth in these verses will be found:
It's the talk throughout the nation,
About the Monster Demonstration,
Announce'd to take place in Ashburnham Grounds.

Then, cheer for Reform, and on be marching!
And you will find you will weather the storm;
For depend on what I say, you will sure to gain the day,
If you will lend a willing shoulder to
Reform.

Now when the Tories found,
That in Ashburnham Grounds,
England's sons were to meet—now only mark,—
At their dirty work they got,
And determined they should not,
As if they wished another scene like Hyde Park.
WHEN WE GET JOHNNY'S
REFORM.

Oh! is there not a fuss and bother
About Reform, Reform?
From one end of England to the other,
It's Reform, Reform.
They say it's to place us in a position,
That we may better our condition,
And be so jolly happy
When we get Johnny's Reform.

Little Johnny, bless the darling boy,
Love's Reform, Reform,
Long time he has nursed his favourite toy,
Reform, Reform;
And the dnderheads says, now really,
Is not it a fine grown baby,
Shan't we be jolly happy,
When we get Johnny's Reform.

There is our old friend Jacky Bright,
Says that Reform, Reform,
Is just the thing that's right,
Reform, Reform;
To the seven-pound franchise he will stick,
And send all opponents to old Nick,
And make all jolly happy
When we get Johnny's Reform.

Now our pauper system loud does call
For Reform, Reform;
With the great as well as small
Need Reform, Reform;
For the poor are not the only ones,
That feed upon the nation's crumbs,
But never mind, be happy,
When we get Johnny's Reform.

The teetotalers they will preach
Up Reform, Reform;
And the water-drinking dodge they teach,
Reform, Reform;
But the tipplers they all do say,
They will get tight three times a day,
And be so jolly happy
When they get Johnny's Reform.

The little boys and girls they say,
Reform, Reform,
They expect it's coming some fine day,
Reform, Reform;
Their bellies then they will be stuffing,
With almond rock and cakes for muffin,
And be so jolly happy,
When they get Johnny's Reform.

The farmers all throughout the nation,
Want Reform, Reform,
For they stand in need of reformation,
Reform, Reform;
But must not they have tidy cows,
To give their men eight bob a week,
And tell them to be happy
When they get Johnny's Reform.

Many they aloud will shout,
For Reform, Reform,
Scarcely knowing what about,
Bawl Reform, Reform;
They think no poor there will be then,
But all be ladies and gentlemen,
And be so jolly happy,
When they get Johnny's Reform.

Now if the Bill should pass,
This Reform, Reform;
Now little Johnny he will laugh
At Reform, Reform;
His little body he will strut, sir,
Like a crow along the gutter,
And be so jolly happy
When we get the new Reform.

Then let us hope that we may see
This Reform, Reform,
Do some good for you and me,
Reform, Reform;
But liberty give to your thought,
If it don't do good, why then it ough,
And make us jolly happy,
When we get Johnny's Reform.

H. Disley, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles.
Unto these lines I've penned,
Listen, England's working men,
Be united, we shall weather thro' the storm,
Gladstone, Beales, & Bright, God save,
And your banners proudly wave,
Shout Old England for ever and Reform.

Hark to those drums so loudly beating,
See those glorious banners proudly wave,
Come men, and shout with me, Old England's liberty,
And Reform! for Britons won't be slaves.

Let's be firm my boys, I say,
While the sun shines make your hay,
They've promised it long enough I vow.
At length the die is cast,
And the Lion's woke at last,
No longer will he wait, he'll have it now.

Fellow workmen, let them know,
We won't have such men as Lowe,
Who treat the working classes all with scorn.
Let them try with all their might,
For the working men are right,

And they'll gain what they're working for,—
Reform.

What stagnation through the land,
For all trade is at a stand,
While the Tory government holds the sway.
Let us join then heart and hand,
And boldly make a stand,
If we've only got the will we'll find the way.

Then banish care and pain,
Never mind Old Dicky Mayne,
He says this time he'll not interfere;
He remembers it quite well,
How the Hyde Park railings fell
We his noble staff of Poleaxes don't fear.

Then shout with all your might,
God save Gladstone, Beales, and Bright,
Wave your banners, let your ranks closer
And let your watchword be:— [form,
"Old England! Liberty!"
Manhood Suffrage! Vote by Ballot! and Reform!"
THE GREAT

LIBERAL MAJORITY OF 110.

The Tories they are Froze out, and got no Work to do.

Draw near all you true Liberals,
And listen for awhile,
While I a ditty sing to you
That will cause you for to smile;
It’s concerning of the poor Tories,
Who are in a precious stew, oo-oo
They are out of a job, so-help-my-bob,
And got no work to do,
For the Liberals they have gained you see,
One hundred and ten majority,
And the Tories they are all froze out,
And got no work to do.

Ben Dissez, he is lamenting,
For he is in a dreadful fix,
And from St. Stephen’s Cabinet-works,
He has had to cut his stick;
He is grieving for the loaves and fishes,
He may say his grace to empty dishes,
For Gladstone he will cut his comb,
Oh dear, what will he do?
His hopes are up the flue oo-oo,
But I pity him, don’t you, oo-oo?
He is all the way from Buckinghamshire,
And got no work to do.

For the Liberals, &c.

Through England and Ireland,
Scotland and Wales, they cry,
Give us the brave Liberals,
And let their colours fly;
For you may see by the returns,
The Tories they have cause to mourn,
They are in disgrace, and out place,
And got no work to do;
They are a selfish crew, oo-oo,
And their noses look quite blue oo-oo,
Their day is past, done brown at last,
And got no work to do.

For the Liberals, &c.

Now the Tories boast in Westminster,
They have gained a victory,
But how John Mill he has turned out,
You all may plainly see;
And there are more in the same state,
Who have been fishing with a golden bait,
But it is all of no use, we have cooked their goose,
They’ll have no work to do,
They dirty tricks can do, oo-oo,
What I tell you is quite true, oo-oo,
In St. Stephen’s Hall, they will sing small,
We have got no work to do, oo-oo.

For the Liberals, &c.

Now there is the Irish Bishops,
Must spout their shovel, hat, and wigs,
They will get no rent in shape of tenths,
Nor get no nice tythe pigs:
And the little boys will them get at,
I say, old boy, I’ll have your hat;
You have lost your tythes, and serve you right,
You will have no work to do.
Yes, they will be licked clean off their perch,
If they capsize the Irish Church,
For Gladstone will give them the sack,
They’ll have no work to do.

For the Liberals, &c.

Now the working-men of England,
May chance to get their rights,
While they have their Champion Gladstone,
Their battles for to fight;
For that he is a brick, you’ll say I am right,
And so is that old cook Johnny Bright,
And the Tories them for to affright,
Will have their work to do.
Then for Reform give three huzzas!
The Liberals have gained the day,
And the Tories they in grief do say,
We have got no work to do.

For the Liberals, &c.
THE REFORM DEMONSTRATION

In Hyde Park, May 6th, 1867.

Good people come listen, I'll tell of a lark,
That happened on Monday, the 6th, in Hyde Park,
For brave Edmund Beales and his friends
they did start,
To meet the working men there.
They reached there at six o'clock, gallant and right,
And when in so boldly did shout,
We're here my brave boys, and we'll show them this night
We'll speak, and they shan't turn us out.

So remember, my boys, 'twas a glorious sight,
In Hyde Park, on the 6th, it was right against might,
With Beales for our leader, we beat them that night,
At last working men they are free.

Now Dickey M— to his friend Walley said,
If you go to Hyde Park pray mind your poor head,
And I'm sure I expect to be taken home dead,
And for me it will not be a lark.
Now don't go says Walley, to you I declare,
Against us you know they've a spite,
The people mean business, so I shan't go there,
Not in Hyde Park, on that Monday night.

In busses the Police hurried along,
And when they arrived they were five thousand strong,
But during the night you couldn't see one,
Interfere with our friends in Hyde Park.
I heard that one said to his mate, "Bill, I say,
If they have a row, I'll be off quick,
For I got in a bother the last reform day,
And they measured my head with a brick."

Now Government frightened on Monday they were,
Some constables special in then they did swear,
Their staffs they did hide, when in the Park there,
They thought that they would have to fight.
One went home enraged, says he, "I'll have a row—
Since to Hyde Park I've been on the march,
I am almost a boiling—we have been I vow,
Like dummies stuck on the Marble Arch."

So the Franchise for ever, we've beat them, hurra!
Long life to brave Beales, and Reformers, I say,
United let's be, and we'll yet gain the day,
And always remember Hyde Park.
We do not want special duty to be done,
Our rights! it is all that we ask,
To meet with each other when labour is done,
And speak out our minds in the Park.
For Reform, meet again, boys, on Monday
I say,
Let trumpets sound loudly, we’ll yet gain the
day,
Your banners wave proudly, and shout, boys,
hurrah!
When to Blackheath on Monday you start;
Manhood suffrage, you know, is the working
man’s own.
We only want that which is right,
Then raise loud your voices, the cause we
shall gain,
If united we stand in our might.
Then forward for Liberty, Justice, and Right,
On Blackheath, my boys, ’twas a glorious
sight,
And shout loud for Gladstone, for Beales, and
for Bright,
Manhood Suffrage for ever, hurrah!
We’ll have it at last, of that you may be sure,
If they had not turned tail we’d have had it
before,
We must have the Suffrage on England’s
shore,
To be free is all that we ask;
You remember Hyde Park on the last 6th of
May,
When there they boldly did shout,
Manhood Suffrage, the Franchise, we will
have fair play,
Special Constables won’t turn us out.

So onward to Blackheath without care or pain
In Hyde Park we have met, and will meet
there again,
In spite of the Specials, or old Dicky Mayne,
I am sure he will not interfere;
With Beales for our leader, again they will
show,
English workmen themselves can behave,
Without the poleaxes, we can let them know,
That we will not be treated like slaves.
If we are to be governed, let us cry far & wide,
Let us be governed well, ’tis an Englishman’s
pride,
And not have disturbance and bloodshed
besides,
On this, our own dear native land.
Then let us have Justice, we do not want more,
We ask for our wives and our homes,
And have peace and prosperity on Britain’s
shore,
Then we shall have what is our own.
Then wave high your banners, your trumpets
then sound,
Manhood Suffrage for ever! let Blackheath
resound,
And victory, yet we shall win, I’ll be bound,
If united we stand firm and true.
Long life to brave Beales & Reformers I pray,
The Reform League for ever, hurrah!
We’ll all work together, united we’ll be,
And, my boys, we will yet gain the day.
THE FENIANS ARE COMING.

Wherever we go, wherever we be,
Some wonder of wonders we daily do see;
All classes through Britain are trembling with fear,
The Fenians are coming,—oh, don't things look queer?
The land of old Erin looks bushy and blue,
Colonel Catchem and General Doodlem-moo,
Has crossed the Atlantic, poor Erin to sack,
And carry Hibernia away on their back.

There's a rumpus in Ireland by night and by day,
Old women and girls are afraid out to stray;
Cheer up and be happy on St. Patrick's day,
The Fenians are coming,—get out of the way!

Pop goes the weazel, and shoot goes the gun,
While over the mountains the Fenians do run;
As a regiment of soldiers did after them jog,
Four hundred and fifty fell into a bog!
The best of the fun was—the soldiers did shout,
We have got in a mess, and we cannot get out!
When a funny old woman so nimbly flew,
And collared great General Doodlem-doo.

Some could not fire, and some couldn't run,
One carried a reap-hook, another a gun,
They tried to kill nobody, just for a spree,
So they both went together to cut down a tree;
There was a young lady, her name it was Peg,
She'd one eye and two noses, one arm and one leg,
March on, lads, she shouted, to glory we'll steer,
The Fenians are coming, oh dear, oh dear!

Some with big stones and brickbats their pockets did fill,
They thought of the battle of great Bunker's Hill,
Cut away, fire away, go along Pat,
A soldier fired at a Fenian, and shot a tom cat;
Old Molly Maloney, up her chimney did creep,
Over the hills and the mountains she had a good peep,

While under her window the bagpipes did play,
To cheer Moll with the tune of St. Patrick's day.

What do you think of the Fenians? said Kit, in a joke,
Why, says Nell, it will end in a bottle of smoke,
Thousands over the mountains, like grasshoppers flew,
Be aisy, cried General Doodlem-doo:
Colonel Catch'em commanded, had a hump on his back,
Shoot away, fire away, philliwop wack,
Then a jolly old fiddler from famed Mullinger,
Struck up the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

The soldiers one night when the bugle did sound,
That night going over the mountains they found,
A cat and a donkey, a pig and a dog,
And twenty old women stuck fast in a bog;
While down at Killarney, 'twas fire away whack,
At the glorious battle of herrings and sprats!
And although they fought without trousers or shirt,
I think they were really more frightened than hurt.

Cheer up, says old Barney, here comes the police:
Here's old Erin and glory, plum pudding and peace,
A glass of good whiskey twice every day,
That is better than fighting and running away!
As for me, my dear boys, if a row I was in it,
I'd rather run for a mile than fight for a minute;
And I would advise all to have done with such capers,
And just stay at home to look after the taters.

Old Dennis Mahoney got up in a tree,
His musket was loaded with skillagalsae,
Blood-an-ouns, said old Denny, I'm a Fenian, here goes,
He fired, and shot two policemen under the nose;
The bough of the tree with old Dennis soon broke,
And Dennis came down like a pig in a poke.
He died as he fell, and he whistled, oh la!
Singing, farewell for ever, old Erin-go-bragh.
AWFUL EXPLOSION IN CLERKENWELL.
DREADFUL LOSS OF LIFE.

Now mothers all pray give attention,
And fathers listen to the tale I’ll tell,
To the fearful scene at the House of Detention
In Corporation Lane at Clerkenwell;
While parents for their children are weeping,
And tender mothers wring their hands in pain
Do tell me, are they dead, or only sleeping,
O shall I never see my child again.

To rescue Burke it was their intention,
At Clerkenwell this wicked deed was done,
And such a sight as this I’ll mention,
Was never heard of beneath the sun.

Three men they say on that fatal Friday,
At four o’clock on that afternoon,
Those villians caused that explosion,
And hurried those poor creatures to their doom.
They from a truck took a barrel of powder,
A female, Ann Justice was there as well,
And in one moment death and disorder
Around the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell.

Then all around lay the dead and dying;
Some crying, where is my mother dear,
Among the ruins in anguish lying,
Where tender mothers and children dear;
Covered with blood and mutilated,
And some they found, death had stilled their cries,

For mothers, fathers, and helpless infants,
Now in Bartholomew Hospital lies,
Three persons there were apprehended,
Allen and Desmond to escape they tried,
Their purpose it was frustrated,
But destruction was spread far and wide.
The one who did this deed so cruel,
From that sad spot he did escape,
But justice quickly will follow after,
Be sure it will that villain overtake.

They little thought on the fatal morning,
With hearts so light and spirits gay
That ere the sun should again be dawning,
Their little homes would be swept away;
That little children in death be sleeping,
Or parents for them in anguish cry,
For Minnie Abbot many now are weeping,
Another little girl has lost her eyes.

For those that’s gone shed a tear of pity,
And God bless those who assistance gave,
Such a crime we seldom hear in London city,
May God receive their souls now in the grave.
The government has relieved the sufferers,
From the Queen, a message to those in pain,
And such a sad and dreadful story,
In London may we never hear again.
SUNDAY TRADING BILL.

Oh dear, oh lor, what shall we do?
I am sure I cannot tell, can you?
Of Lord Chelmsford's Bill, I'll tell you true—
The Bill on Sunday trading.
The mawworms seem to try, I'm sure,
Each way they can to crush the poor,
And bring them to the workhouse door,
By stopping Sunday trading.
I'm sure it is a lying sin,
It's no harm to say, bad luck to him,—
He might as well try to stop our wind,
As to stop all Sunday trading.

Oh! Chelmsford, you use the poor man ill,
Starve us all, I'm sure you will,
If they should pass your infamous Bill,
And stop all Sunday trading.

Tho' the swells they may blow out their kites,
On jellies and tarts, and all things nice,
For the poor to live it is not right,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

With watercresses they must not go round,
Nor with winkles or shrimps to earn a brown,
Or else you will get fined a crown,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

No cat must mew, no dog must bark,
They'll stop the warbling of the lark,
And drive them all bang out of the parks,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

The poor may buy potatoes and greens,
That is if they have got the means,
But no coals to cook them, though strange it seems,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

The nobes may call at the pastry shops
And with all sorts of dainties cram their chops,
But the poor must not buy a lollipop,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

You must not take, at least, they say,
A dose of salts on Saturday,
Lost they should work on the Sabbath day,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

If on Sunday you feel inclined to eat,
You can buy both bread and meat,
But no tea or sugar,—what a treat!
Says the Bill on Sunday trading

But to wash it down, Lord Chelmsford say,
To the gin shop you can cut away
And get blind drunk upon that day,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

And by and bye, if you have got the tin, sir,
To raise a baked joint for your dinner,
They'll say, drop that dish, you hungry sinner,
Don't you know it's Sunday trading?

If your wife should be in the family-way,
She must not be confined upon Sunday,
But put it off till another day,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

No milkman through his rounds must go,
With milk, my pretty maids, below!
Without paying a crown,—the Lords say so,
In the Bill on Sunday trading.

Even the kittens must not play,
Nor frisk about upon that day,
Or their grub will be stopped for three whole days,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

No shoeblack, he must not dare to say,
Polish your boots upon Sunday,
Or else a dollar he will have to pay,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

And if you want to enjoy your pipe,
Where would you get a box of lights,
For the sellers they will be put to flight,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

No Yarmouth blisters must be sold,
Nor peppermint drops for coughs or colds,
And muffin man's bell it's clapper must hold,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

You must not buy, but you must starve,
You must not sing, you must not laugh,
So you had better saw your mouth up fast,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

You must not sell, you must not buy,
To earn a crust you must not try,
Nor in the streets lay down and die,
Says the Bill on Sunday trading.

For the poor a fig they do not care,
More workhouses they must prepare,
He ought to be kicked to I know where,
For his Bill on Sunday trading.

H. Disley, Printer, 47, High Street, St. Giles.
SOUTHWARK ELECTION.

ODGER

AND

VICTORY.

Now all you gallant Southwark men,
Who does require protection,
Just mind I say, your p's and q's
At this Great Grand Election;
Never don't elect a man
Who your wages will be stinting,
And never have a covetous man
Like one who lives by printing.

Then act like men you Southwark blades,
Have neither a printer nor a "sodger,
Vote for a man who will protect your trade,
And sing, Southwark, lads, and Odger.

Long enough the poor man has been crushed,
Now is your time or never,
Come, now with me lads, nimble be,
Here's Odger, lads, for ever.

Don't you elect a Waterloo,
Whose principles are stinting,
He knows as much about the poor man's rights
As a donkey knows of printing.

There has lately been some glorious fights,
In Southwark, says Ben Fagan.
It beat the Battle of Bunker's Hill,
And the glories of Copenhagen;
An old lady stood by London Bridge,
Bawling, look me you shall never,
She jumped complete to Tabloey Street,
Bawling, Odger, boys, for ever.

In Bermondsey there was glorious fun
Among the girls and sailors,
It put the Borough all in mind
Of the devil among the tailors.
A grocer's wife, full of spleen and spite,
Doffed her chignon so clever,
Pulled her petticoat off and went aloft,
Singing, Odger, boys, for ever.

Oh, Colonel, Colonel Beresford,
You are a rum old sodger,
Neither you or Waterloo
Can ever cope with Odger;—
Odger is a working man,
And as clever a man as Pompey,
Odger is a gentleman,
And you are a pair of donkeys.

When Odger is returned, my boys,
To the brim we'll fill our glasses,
We will drink success to the tanners' wives,
And the blooming Kent Street lasses;
From the Bricklayers' Arms to London Bridge,
There will be such a bustle,
Aye, and all the way from Cotton's Wharf
To the Elephant and Castle.

Put the right man in the right place,
Keep out the aristocratic sodger,
Tell old Waterloo it is no go—
It is victory and Odger;
The working men must have a friend,
Who against tyranny is clever,
With heart and glee, sing liberty,
Odger, my lads, for ever.

Odger we know is a working man,
If he's not rich, he's noble-minded,
He will understand how the working man
Has been crushed down and grinded.
Then send him into Parliament,
To put a stop to their capers,
And tell them we want a good beef steak,
Instead of herrings and taters.

Keep out the printing gentleman,
Banish the tyrant sodger,
Strive with all your might to do what's right,
And plump my lads for Odger.

Printed for the Vendors.