

BROADSIDES ON ROYALTY,  
POLITICAL LITANIES, &c.

DIVISION II.

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A COLLECTION OF BROADSIDES

ON

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

POLITICAL LITANIES, DIALOGUES, CATECHISMS,

ACTS OF PARLIAMENT,

AND

VARIOUS STREET BALLADS & PAPERS ON POLITICAL SUBJECTS.

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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 elocution 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 'botch,' 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 Litanyes 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.

The wild winds around us may furiously whistle  
And tempest the ocean deform,  
But unite the red rose, the shamrock, & thistle,  
With King William we'll weather the storm;  
Hard up with the helm, Britannia's sheet flows  
Magna Charta on board will avail her,  
And better she sails as the harder it blows,  
For her Pilot's a King and a 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  
New 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 lov'd 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 Nodding, nid, nid, Nodding.* ”

**Y**OU 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, Brougham, & 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-coats they'll go to h—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 be believ'd he's not deceived like foolish  
Harry Hunt.  
And they're all conversing about Parliament Reform

What do you think of Waithman 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, Brougham, 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 dis-  
content,  
But they never more will have a chance to get into Par-  
liament  
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-coats, 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-coats, Boroughmongers, and Tories too may grunt,  
But the devil will drive them in a van, with Wilson and  
with Hunt.  
And they're all lamenting.





# QUEEN VICTORIA.

**W**ELCOME 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.





# CORONATION

OF

## HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.

**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, Royal 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.



# SAILOR JACK

AND

# QUEEN VICTORIA.



You've heard of Sailor Jack, no doubt,  
Who found our good King William out—  
To Windsor Castle, too, he'd been,  
A visiting the King and Queen.

Ri tooral, &c.

Now Jack, who'd travell'd far away,  
Returned to port the other day—  
He turn'd his bacca o'er and o'er,  
For he found the Sailor King no more.

Ri tooral, &c.

"Shiver my timbers! here's a breeze!  
We've got a woman now to please—  
So straight to London I must go,  
To see who's got the craft in tow.

Ri tooral, &c.

Then to the palace soon he came—  
He'd got no card, but sent his name.  
"Go back," said they, "she won't see you!"  
Said Jack—"No damme if I do!"

Ri tooral, &c.

"Stand back, you lubbers! not see me,  
The friend of his late Majesty?"  
He floor'd them all, sprung o'er the stair  
And got where the court assembled were.

Ri tooral, &c.

They in amazement view'd the scene—  
Says Jack, "I want to see the Queen!"  
When smiling, seated from afar,  
Says she—"Well, here I am, old tar."

Ri tooral, &c.

"All right!" says Jack on hearing this,  
"I've come here just to warn you, Miss,  
Don't you by courtier sharks 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 wo'n'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 ax 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 flip."

Ri tooral, &c.

Then to his messmates soon he hied,  
"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 avers,  
*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 dregs 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, clime, 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 dregs, &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 dregs, &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 dregs, &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 dregs, &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 Danae 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 dregs, &c., &c.



# 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 droschky 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 gate 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 preceeded 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 railings, 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 Ingestric-house, 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 porter.

“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.”

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# ACCOUCHEMENT OF HER MAJESTY.

## BIRTH OF A PRINCESS.

### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!!!

At ten minutes before two yesterday afternoon, her Majesty was SAFELY DELIVERED OF A DAUGHTER. The Queen, we rejoice to say, is, to all appearance, as well as her subjects can desire, and that the illustrious infant bids fair for life.

At five-and-twenty minutes to three a royal salute from the Tower and other guns announced the joyous intelligence to her Majesty's subjects in the metropolis.

Her Majesty's marriage, it will be remembered, took place on Monday, the 10th of February, nine months and eleven days since.

The Lord Chancellor was presiding in his Court with the intention of pronouncing some judgments, but he instantly locked up his papers and repaired to Buckingham Palace, as his presence is officially required on these occasions.

#### " EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE,

" SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1840,

" Buckingham Palace, Nov. 21.

" This afternoon, at ten minutes before two, the Queen was happily delivered of a Princess, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, several Lords of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and the Ladies of Her Majesty's Bed-chamber being present.

" This great and important news was immediately made known to the Town, by the firing of the Tower guns; and the Privy Council being assembled as soon as possible thereupon, at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, it was ordered that a Form of Thanksgiving for the Queen's safe delivery of a Princess be prepared by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be used in all churches and chapels throughout England and Wales, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, on Sunday the 29th of November, or the Sunday after the respective ministers shall receive the same.

" Her Majesty and the young Princess are, God be praised, both doing well."

#### LATEST PARTICULARS.

The following official bulletin was issued during the afternoon, a copy of which was forwarded to the Lord Mayor :—

" Buckingham Palace, Nov. 21, 1840.

" Quarter-past Three o'clock.

" The Queen was safely delivered of a Princess this afternoon at ten minutes before two o'clock.

" Her Majesty and the Royal Infant are both doing well.

(Signed)

" JAMES CLARK, M.D.

" CHARLES LOCOCK, M.D.

" ROBERT FERGUSON, M.D.

" R. BLAGDEN.

#### A BABY BALLAD.

Of course you've heard the welcome news,

Or you must be a gaby,  
That England's glorious Queen has got  
At last a little baby?

A boy we wanted—'tis a girl!

Thus all our hopes that were  
To have an heir unto the Throne,  
Are all thrown to the air!

How could folks think she'd have a boy?

To me it seem'd all fun—

For in a dark November fog

We seldom have a sun!

Yet after all I'm wrong myself

To reason so, perhaps,

For we all know what winter is

The time for having CHAPS.

Doctors Locock, Blagden, Clark,

They made the great *discovery*,

And having brought the goods to town,

Were "paid upon delivery!"

Prince Albert for a nurse sent off,

To tend his babe and spouse—

One living at the *Isle of Wight*,

As *milk is best from COWES!*

From eve till morn, from morn till eve,

The pretty infant prattles,

Gives hope strong of life being long,

Though oft it has the RATTLES!

These sprigs of royalty may soon

Be plentiful as sermons—

Prince Albert possibly may have

A lot of these SMALL GERMANS!

John Bull must handsomely come down

With something every year,

And he may truly to the child,

Say, "You're a little dear!"

Sad thoughts will fill his head whene'er

He hears the infant rave,

Because when hearing a *wight squall*

It brings a *notion grave!*

Howe'er let's give the Princess joy,

Though now's her happiest lot,

For sorrow tends a *palace* more

Than e'er it does a *cot!*

If in some years a son appears,

Her claim to rule were vain,

And being near the *court* she'll have

To *stand out of the REIGN!*





## 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 spree,  
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 saveloys,  
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 imploring her aid,  
May that Omiscient Eye look down with a smile,  
On our Queen and all who at her Mercy are laid.



# 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 been discovered under the sofa in her Majesty's 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 safely handed over to the custody of the police.

The inquiry into this mysterious circumstance has created the most intense interest at Buckingham Palace and the west-end of the town, where the report spread with the rapidity of lightning. 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 most 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 accouchement took place. Whilst there they imagined that 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 dragged from his hiding-place, and given into the custody of 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 his person. 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 since, for which offence he was tried at the Westminster 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 repulsive appearance; he was very meanly 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 they 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 of the police to the Home Office, and shortly 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 willing to point out to the police the way he effected an entrance, and to state all particulars. Their lordships, on this statement, directed the police immediately to convey Jones to Buckingham Palace, and obtain the information he promised to give, and adjourned the inquiry until half past two o'clock.

The prisoner was taken to the Palace, and brought back again to the Home Office at two o'clock. At half-past two the Council re-assembled, when we understand the prisoner made the following extraordinary statement:—

On Monday night he scaled the wall of Buckingham Palace garden, about half-way up Constitution Hill; he then proceeded to the Palace and effected an entrance through one of the windows. He had not, however, been there long before he considered it unsafe for him to stay, as so many people were moving about, and he left by the same mode as he entered. The next day he again effected an entrance in the same manner as on the previous night; and he went on to state that he remained in the Palace the whole of Tuesday night, the whole day on Wednesday, and up till one o'clock on Thursday morning, when he was discovered under a sofa in her Majesty's dressing-room, as above described. The prisoner pointed out all the passages and places he had gone through previous to his arrival at the room in which he was discovered, and there appears no reason to doubt his statement. The hiding place of the intruder was first discovered by one of her Majesty's pages, and when he was asked what brought him there, he replied, that he wanted to see what was going forward in the Palace, that he might write about it, and if he was discovered he should be as well off as Oxford, who fared better in Bedlam than he (prisoner) did out of it. He was also asked if, during the time he was in the Palace, he saw the Queen or the infant Princess, and he replied that he did not,

but that he had heard a noise, which he thought came from her Majesty's room.

Her Majesty's page, who discovered the prisoner, and the constable who took him to the station-house, were then examined.

The Council came to the decision that, as no property or dangerous weapon was found on the prisoner, it would be better to inflict a summary punishment; and a warrant was accordingly made out, and signed by Mr. Hall, committing the prisoner to the House of Correction, Tothill Street, as a rogue and vagabond, for three months.

The prisoner was immediately afterwards conveyed in a cab to Tothill Street.

## LATEST PARTICULARS.

The sensation caused by the late mysterious entrance of the boy Jones into Buckingham Palace, appears to be even greater than that produced by his apprehension in the same place in December, 1838. The object which prompted so daring a proceeding is still involved in the utmost doubt; but it was not probable that it was his intention to do any personal injury to her Majesty, for had such been his purpose abundant opportunities of carrying it into effect presented themselves during his concealment in the chamber where he was secured. From a well informed source, we have heard the sofa under which Jones was found is in the ante-room in which the Princess Royal and Mrs. Lilley, her Royal Highness's nurse, repose. On the night in question the latter had not long retired to rest ere she fancied she heard a noise similar to that likely to be caused by a person who was endeavouring to prevent his presence from being discovered, and was moving in a stealthy manner. Mrs. Lilley at first treated the matter as of no moment, thinking probably that the noise might have been imaginary. Its renewal, however, created an alarm, and she instantly summoned those of the attendants who were on guard in the adjoining ante-chamber. On their arrival the offender was quickly discovered and drawn from his place of hiding. The statement then goes on to say that her Majesty, who but three hours previously had been sitting on this particular sofa, having been disturbed by the confusion to which the event had given rise, called out and desired to be informed as to its cause. 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 the boy's concealment and subsequent apprehension were made known to her.

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. It affords us the highest gratification to be able to add that a few hours of quietude tended to the restoration of her Majesty.

It would appear that there is now no doubt but that the account given by Jones as to his having effected his entrance into the Palace by scaling the garden wall from Constitution Hill is correct. Upon being asked whether he had not met some of the attendants in the course of his progress along the corridor and staircase, he replied, "Yes," but that, when he saw any one coming in his direction, he hid himself behind the pillars, or behind any piece of furniture which happened to be near. Hitherto he has been silent as to the motive which induced him to take so extraordinary a step as that of forcing his way a second time into the royal apartments, and when asked on Friday morning, after he had been upon the tread-wheel, how he liked his punishment, his answer was to the effect that he had got into the scrape, and must do the best he could.

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

Many circumstances have transpired to show that Jones was in the Palace the whole of Wednesday. The delinquent states 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 statements, 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 Princess Royal cry."

Prince Albert was in the room with her Majesty taking leave for the night when the miscreant 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 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.

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*TUNE—"Jim Crow."*

Come all you 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 wopp'd him all round Windsor park,  
And cured 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 Springed 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 wopped him with the Poor Law Bill,  
And choked him with his wig.

Then up came Dan O'Connel,  
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 LOCOCK, M.D.,

"ROBERT FERGUSON, M.D.,

"RICHARD BLAGDEN.

"Buckingham Palace, Tuesday, November 9, 1841,

"Half past 11 o'clock, a.m."

Dr. Locock and Prince Albert, with the nurse, 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 Jersey the official dress of Master of the Horse, the Earl of Liverpool, Earl Delawarr, and the Marquis of Exeter wore their household uniforms, and the Ministers their official dresses.

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.

## GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

The following is the official announcement from the *London Gazette Extraordinary*, published early in the afternoon:—

"Buckingham Palace, Nov. 9, 1841.

"This morning, at twelve minutes before eleven, the Queen was happily delivered of a Prince, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, several Lords of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and the Ladies of Her Majesty's Bed-chamber, being present.

"The great and important news was immediately made known to the town by the firing of the Park and Tower guns; and the Privy Council being assembled as soon as possible thereupon, at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, it was ordered that a Form of Thanksgiving for the Queen's safe delivery of a Prince be prepared by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be used in all churches and chapels throughout England, Wales, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, on Sunday, the 14th of November, or the Sunday after the respective ministers shall receive the same.

"Her Majesty and the Infant Prince are, God be praised, both doing well."

The auspicious event, although daily anticipated for the last fortnight, has come upon the country with a pleasurable sudden surprise.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent remained with the Queen throughout the day until six o'clock in the afternoon, when Her Royal Highness returned to Clarence House.

The nobility and gentry thronged during the afternoon to Buckingham Palace.



## THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Tune—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 travell'd far away,  
Returned to port the other day—  
He left his messmates 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.

Now Jack he to the Palace came—  
He'd got no card, so he sent his name.  
'Go back!' says they, 'she wont 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—'mid shout and din—  
And got where the Queen was lying in.

Ri tooral, &c.

Each in amazement viewed the scene—  
Says he 'I'm comed 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 she, '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 out!

Ri tooral, &c.

The nurse his Royal Highness took,  
And gave to Jack a knowing look—  
And with the rest, to crown the scene,  
Jack took his caudle 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 sly,  
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 cap and feather with scarlet coat so smart,  
And a pretty little hobby horse to ride about the park.

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

He must have a gandy suit to strut about the town.  
John Bull must rake together six or seven thousand pound,  
You'd laugh to see his daddy, at night he homeward runs,  
With some peppermint 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 nobs surprise,  
Bawling out he's got his daddy's mouth his mammy's nose and eyes  
He will be as like his daddy as a frigate's like a ship,  
If he had got mustachoes 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 bedsteads 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 folks call ind istry, so damsels young and fair,  
Be quickly rolling on the straw with a pretty little dear.

# A NEW SONG ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

J. Harkness, Printer, 121 and 122 Church Street Office,  
North Road, Preston.

Come all you bold Britons, and list for awhile,  
And I will sing you a song that will make you to smile,  
A young Prince of Wales is come to town,  
The pride of all the nation, and heir to the crown,  
On the ninth of November, 'tis true 'pon my life,  
All Buckingham Palace was bustle and strife,  
The nurses stared at each other with joy,  
Bawling, our queen she has got a most beautiful boy.

## CHORUS.

The bells they shall ring, and the music shall play,  
The ninth of November, remember the day,  
Through England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales,  
Shout long life to the Queen and the young Prince of Wales.

It was on the ninth, about eleven in the morn,  
When the young Prince of Wales in the palace was born,  
Little Vic. she was there, as you all may be sure,  
Besides doctors, nurses, and gossips—a score,  
Says Vic. I declare he is the image of me,  
And there's my dear Albert's nose to a tee,  
One and all declared, when he grew up a man,  
He would drub all the foes that infested the land.

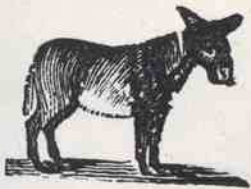
Then Albert he stepped in with a face full of glee,  
And danced and he dandled his son on his knee,  
When all in an instant his countenance fell,  
And he cried "don't I see a most terrible smell!"  
"Mine Cot," says Al., "oh Lord what a mess!"  
He has completely spoilt my new morning dress,  
Be quick go fetch me some napkins or towels,  
For my son, the young Prince, is relaxed in his bowels."

Of friends and relations there came such a crew,  
Of Lords, Dukes, and Ladies, and Germans a few,  
Each one bringing presents, the young Prince to please,  
They all were as brisk as a cart load of fleas;  
Lady Melbourn she brought him a neat little lamb,  
With lollipops he was by Miss Russel cram'd,  
There were cradles and pap, boots, and rattles complete,  
And lots of small chairs with large holes in the seat.

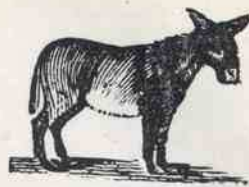
The head nurse Miss Peel, declared with much joy,  
She never saw such a sweet little boy,  
She'd clap him she said at the head of the police,  
That is if his mamma would give him that leave,  
Says old Waterloo Nell, it shall be no such thing,  
For the Prince he was born to become a great king;  
When the child to decide the question let fly,  
With a basin of pap knock'd out Betty Peel's eye.

The young Prince was set at the end of the room,  
And instead of a sceptre he shouldered a broom,  
His great uncle Ernest swore he could whack,  
And he gave him in earnest a most devilish crack,  
They all were as merry as grigs I declare,  
Each one seem'd determin'd to drive away care,  
One and all took a glass and drank with much joy,  
Long life to the Prince, he's a fine little boy.





THE  
OWDHAM CHAP'S  
VISIT



TO  
TH' QUEEN.



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

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 sugarcandy;  
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' reet 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 o' comes eaut o'th taxes.

Everything wur, &c.

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

Everything wur, &c.

They ax'd me heau aw liked their son, an' prais'd both th' nose an eyes on't,  
Aw tow'd '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 breed 'em two at wonce 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 t' keep hissell, aw'd larn him work i'th coal pit.

Everything wur, &c.

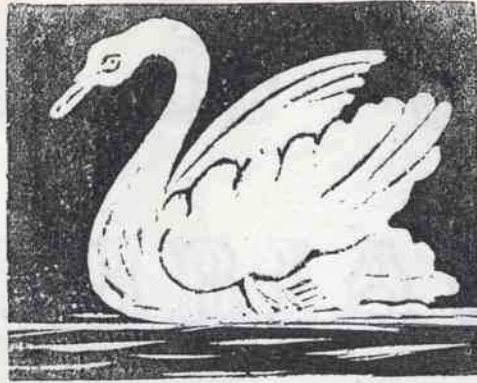
Then up o'th slopes we hod a walk' to give our joints relief sirs,  
And then we sat us deun to talk, 'beaut politics and beef sirs,  
Aw tow'd 'em th' corn laws wur but froth, an' th' taxes must o drop mon,  
That when eaur Nan wur makin broath, some fat might get to th' top mon,

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 tow'd my sprees, and sure as aw am wick mon,  
If my owd wife and Albert dees aw'll try for 't wed wi Vic mon.

Everything wur, &c.





# THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

TUNE.—"Great Meat Pie."

ON Monday, October twenty-eight,  
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!

Ri fol, &c.

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

Ri fol, &c.

The state procession pass'd by quick,  
A very spicy state in,  
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*!

Ri fol, &c.

At Temple Bar, Lord Magnus Mayor,  
Perform'd King Dick that day,  
And offer'd Vic. his sword so bare,  
In a werry *cutting* way,  
"Of such fine looking blades," cries Vic.,  
"In the City there but few are,  
So take it back again, old flick,  
I'm not so sordid (*sworded*) as you are."

Ri fol, &c.

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

Ri fol, &c.

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

Ri fol, &c.

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 Magnay whistled, for he couldn't sing,  
"It is our op'ning day."

Ri fol, &c.

To luncheon now they went full tear,  
For splendour naught could beat it,  
And as it was a *game* 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.'"

Ri fol, &c.

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

Ri fol, &c.

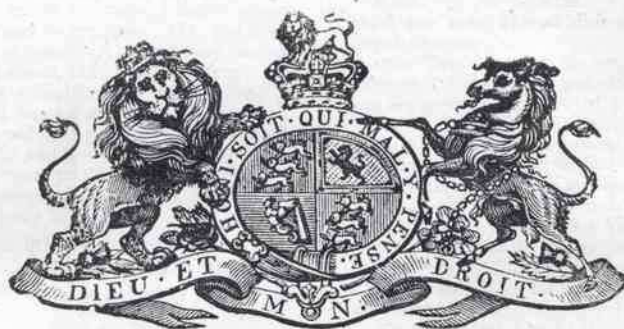
The royal pile they now walk'd round,  
When they reach'd the merchants' space,  
At the brazen trumpet's martial sound,  
Her Majesty open'd the place.  
Thus clos'd the door with great eclat,  
(As a few remark'd, so witty,)  
"Sho help ma *col*, I never *shaw*  
*Chit* a splendid *chite* in the *chitty*."

Ri fol, &c.



# 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 bloater.

He must look to his stock and cultivat on,  
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.



# A SCENE IN THE ELECTION.

## A NEW FARCE.

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

SCENE.—*A Cobbler's Stall. CRISPIN at work hammering a sole.*



*Crispin.* By the lord of the manor, thou art a tough piece, and not much unlike the hide of my wife Bridget; for though I should beat her hide with all my might and main, I cannot shape the vixen to my fancy: Oh, you hard soles (*hammering*) are the most useless of all others, except to the wearer. If I was a leading man in the state, I should move for a law to be enacted, that good leather and good hemp should only be employed for smuggling courtiers, purse-proud citizens, and for parliament-men—if such a law should pass, it would be a rare thing for trade in general.

Enter PANDER and SIR BILBERRY DIBBLE.

*Pand.* Here's a psalm-singing cobbler, Sir Bilberry; he has a vote for the borough, as good as the best; do not let us pass honest Crispin.

*Sir B.* By the essence of lillies, thou'rt right, Pander; the scum of mobility, as well as the scum of gentry, at this time, must be attended to; 'tis a sacrifice that's due to necessity. Therefore, may I never more breathe the mellifluous air of Montpellier, if I do not descend to request his suffrage; the controverted occasion carries a pardon for the humiliating and filthy condescension.—Master Shoe-maker, your most devoted humble servant (*bowing*), I am, sweet sir, yours to the ground. (*still bowing*.)

*Cris.* Master Shoe-maker! do you mean to mock me?—No, no, I am no shoe-maker, but like some of your very fine gentlemen at the head of affairs—a poor cobbler at best.

*Sir B.* This fellow, Pander, has been commended by some block-head, like himself for his insufferable bluntness, or he would never presume to be so shocking to the feelings of delicacy.

*Pand.* Bear with him, Sir Bilberry; this is a time when men will say whatever comes uppermost, paying no more respect to delicacy than Æsop's cock to his diamond. If you would succeed, Sir Bilberry, you must descend to be perfectly reconciled to their oddities.

*Sir B.* I will be reconciled. Well, honest cobbler.—Do you love money?

*Cris.* Yes; but I love honesty better—

*Sir B.* Honestly said. If you do me a favor, you shall have as much honesty as you please, and money into the bargain.

*Cris.* Who are you, and may it please you?

*Sir B.* I am Sir Bilberry Dibble, knight and baronet, of Dibble Hall, in this county; come to offer myself for your most ancient borough of Steady-town; should I be so happy as to obtain the ultimate zenith of my wish, you, Mr. Cobbler, shall soon find an alteration in the price of good ale; bread shall be but half the rate it stands at now; and above all, your trade shall flourish and your taxes fall; so that the cobbler as well as the prince shall have a glorious opportunity of saddling his spit with a fat sirloin; your right of common shall soon be restored, and without excise, or the doctor's tithe; pigs, poultry, and plum puddings, shall crown your cupboards all the year. Now give me your vote, friend Crispin, and as you puff your fragrant essence from your stall in merry glee, you heel the shoe, and bless the hour you gave your vote for Dibble.

*Cris.* Oh, you fine powdered gentlemen are something like my codling tree last spring.

*Sir B.* How's that, cobbler?

*Cris.* It then dealt a wonderful show of blossom, so much that I concluded a rare autumn; but, alas! I was mistaken; I had not so much as a crump. So 'tis with you who are candidates for boroughs,

you promise very fair in the spring of your canvass, but in autumn of election, when we should expect the fruit of good works of you, we too often find you worthless, base, and barren.

*Sir B.* Nay, Mr. Cobbler, you are too severe in the conclusions; a man of my honour can never deceive you;—Can I, Pander?

*Pand.* No, Sir Bilberry. I have known Sir Bilberry from a child, and never knew a dishonest thing of him, upon my honour, friend Crispin.

*Cris.* That's the last lie you told, Friend Pander. Well, Sir Bilberry Dibble, knight and baronet of Dibble-hall, in this county, you are come to ask a vote of a poor cobbler.

*Sir B.* I am, friend Crispin, and you may assure yourself that there is not a man in the whole borough I respect so much as yourself, though but a poor cobbler.

*Cris.* Indeed!—that's strange—why you never saw me before.

*Sir B.* Oh, that don't signify! I tell you, friend Crispin, I respect you equal to the mayor himself.

*Cris.* That's kind. Come into my stall and sit down, and let's have a little chat together; there, that's hearty; give us your fist. (*Here Dibble takes up his clothes, gets into the cobbler's stall, and sits down.*)

*Sir B.* Pshaw! how he stinks. (*aside.*)

*Cris.* So you love me as well as the lord of the manor himself?—that's kind, and so we'll have a glass of gin together.

*Sir B.* Oh, no! 'pon honour.

*Cris.* Oh, yes; when this is gone, there's enough at the Three Norfolk Dumplings and Horse Shoe over the way! Come, here's the North-country cobbler's health, who refused to mend the shoe of the man that was inimical to his country's interest. (*drinks.*) A glass of as good maximus as e'er tip't over an exciseman's tongue. Here, take hold. (*presents it to Dibble.*)

*Sir B.* Dear, Mr. Cobbler, you must pardon me.

*Cris.* No, no; you, who love me as well as the lord of the manor himself, must drink with me, or I shall take it unkind, and perhaps give my vote where I think I am more respected.

*Sir B.* Resistance is in vain—to get his vote I must submit and take the poison. (*aside.*) Well, friend Crispin, to show that I respect you, here's yours and the King's good health. (*drinks.*) Pshaw, pshaw, it's a nauseous draught. (*aside.*)

*Cris.* That's well (*throws his arms round Dibble's neck.*) My dear friend, that loves me as well as the mayor himself, kiss my cheek, and then I will believe you are sincere in your friendship.

*Sir B.* There, Crispin. Pshaw, how he stinks of those vile spirits and tobacco. (*aside.*)

*Cris.* Give us your fist again (*holding him by the hand*), my dear friend, Sir Bilberry, who loves me as well as the mayor himself, who can descend to drink gin with, and kiss a poor cobbler in his stall. I heartily thank you, and now I'll finish my shoe.

*Sir B.* Well, honest Crispin! you promised to vote for me?

*Cris.* Who told you so?

*Sir B.* Oh! my dear, I understand you (*taking out his purse*) here are corianders that will purchase hides enough to heel-piece the whole borough—here Crispin.

*Cris.* What! a bribe;—out of my stall, or by Jingo I'll stick my awl to the head in your—

*Dibble leaves the stall, Crispin follows.*

*Sir B.* Here's a transition, Pander.

*Cris.* What! shall Crispin Heel-tap, the cobbler of Steady-town, give his vote to such a thing as you? A mean-spirited rascal who can stoop to drink gin in a stall, and to kiss the sweaty cheek of a poor cobbler? No, no; to serve your purpose you would not mind stooping to kiss my—, make off while you're safe. I'll vote for none of your Jack-a-Dandy's, but for my faithful master, Sir Thomas Trueman—so away, Sir Pop, you have your answer.

*Exeunt Dibble and Pander.*



A New Edition of the Universal

# SPELLING BOOK,

OR A

## Lesson for the Unions.

**TUTOR.** Now, my Scholars, all of you that renounce the Whigs and all their works, stand up, and I will hear you say your lessons.—Know my children, that those who we hailed as friends a short time back, were but wolves in 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 will yet escape their devouring jaws. Know you, my children, that ferocious wolf of Winchelsea is about to disunite you?

**PUPIL.** (*Laughing.*) Ah! ah! ah!

**T.** What are you laughing at, you young dog?

**P.** Why, sir, I really thought you was joking, when you said ferocious wolf, for I think he is more like a skulking Fox.

**T.** Aye! you young dog, do you mean to call the big and noble animal of Winchelsea, a skulking Fox?—Did he not bravely challenge the Tiger of Waterloo at Battersea?

**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 Battersea 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 avaricious 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 his dear.

**T.** That's right, my boy.

**P.** C—was a Chapel, St. Stephens by name,

**D.**—was the Dukes who sit there in shame.

**E.**—was an Eldon, who'd put down penny papers,

**F.**—was one Franky, who now can cut capers.

**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.

**P.**—was the Peelers, whose glory is past,

**Q.**—was a Question—how long will they last?

**R.**—was Reform, that was spoilt in the nursing,

**S.**—it was S—y, that old Ireland's cursing.

**T.**—was the Times of Old England's distress.

**U.**—is the Unions Placemen wish to suppress.

**V.**—is the Verdict of a few honest men,

**W.**—is the Whigs, who'd that verdict suspend,

**X.**—is the cross with 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 Ministry in Danger of a Turn-out, and many were their opinions 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 Bags) 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 Leader 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.) A tough wood of a good grain, grows in Birmingham, and is used as the principal material in building up the Unions.

**Brougham.** A broom worn to a stump, formerly the Queen's own, but now owned by none.

**Callthorpe.** A word despised by the Whigs, but will ever live in the hearts of the People.

**Dan.** A Patriot of the land of Coercion, where St. Patrick banished the toads, and Stanley the freedom.

**Eldon.** Old Bags, one that shed an abundance of crocodile tears without one drop of pity.

**Frank.** A pretended friend to the people, arrived at his second childishness, and plays at Shuttlecock with the Electors of Westminster.

**Grey.** A dealer in humbugs: who behaved as a father to the people by giving them that which they asked for—The Bill, the whole Bill, and *Nothing but the Bill!*

**Hobby.** A Westminster Rat, who had so often received the favours of the people that at last they had nothing to give but cabbage stumps, which he received in showers at Covent Garden.

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

**King.** A title of Monarchy, and Idol of an immense weight.

**Loyalty.** A word nearly threadbare in some countries.

**Mouth.** A part of the human body padlocked by law.

**Peelers.** A body of great Force. Brave and noble conquerors of an un-armed and peaceable people.

**Reform.** A word that filled the mouths of thousands, but the stomachs of few; a thing without benefits.

**Truncheon.** A knock-down argument of power, an instrument of the Whigs.

**Union.** A word despised by all Oppressors.

**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 hopes for a Production of great Benefits, and great was their joy at the thoughts, when after many months pain and anxiety, it produced a Mouse.

**T.** I hope my children, this will be a warning to you, never build your hopes on the promises of those who are reaping the harvest 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—l come soon and take both together.

J. MORTON.



# NEW DIALOGUE

## AND

# SONG ON THE TIMES.

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*Bill.*—Good morning, Jack, I'm glad to see you. What's the meaning of all these Spinners, Piecers, Weavers, Winders, Grinders, Strippers, Carders, Doffers, Stretchers, Throstle 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 wur 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 wur repealed that poor people would get 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 wur going to bring such times as wur 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 cottonmasters 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, eh 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 bang their doors in their faces as if they were a thief.

Alas! how altered are the times, rich men despise 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 bastille.

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 verbly 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 consumption the people protested against the supremacy and instalence of the Pope; and his Colleges had struck deep at the hallow 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'd 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 Pusey, 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 pestilance that he shed around spread rapidly through the minds of many unworthy members of our established Church; even up to the present year, 1850, inasmuch 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 dioces, and his master the Pope claimed as many more as his 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 mumerys 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 Bloater, 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 holyness the Pope heard that his power was set at naught, his nose became blue even as a bilberry with rage and declared Russell and Cummings 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.—Weathercock Johnny, alias Jack the Reformer, of the tribe of Russellites.

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 macadamized 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 bogey'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 merciful 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 yo've summatt to eat sum time.

*Tom*—Aye, we have summatt to eat, but it's very lettles tha may depend on't, thick porrich un' sour milk for brekfast, un' potatos and suit, un sum toime a red yarrin un brown bread for dinner, an we go to bed awebewt supper, un if that's feasting aw dunna know what you cawn fasting.

*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 clemming eh England, Ireland, an' Scotland.

*Tom*—Aw con there be a famine ith' 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 ovr Nell th' day afore to borrow some brass, un hoo geet sixpence, an' hoo went to Shade Hill, un hoo bought a sheep's pluck, but it had no heart toot, un hoo geet a penoth o'th bacon, un hoo stew'd it aw 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 geet plenty of plum pudding and dumplins, an' sich like, but stop, I've bowt 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 them all,  
The Devil would fetch them great and small,  
Unless they kept a fast day.

## CHORUS.

Singing higlety pickelty 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 feast 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 pawned 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 Hustings on which the Gladstonites and the Dizzeyites 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 Dizzeyite?

*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 true 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 Dizzey, the Israelite, for it is to him like the carpenter's saw, which the black cook said stuck in his gizzard.

For the Dizzeyites 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 Dizzeyites and Adullamites 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 Dizzey 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 nobs 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 skewing 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 adullamites 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 adullamites, 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 Dizzey's "No Popery" bogey, noble army of liberals defend us.

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

And oh, Lawrence, when you are made king of the city, let us have no more unseemly 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 ch, Dizzey, 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.





# 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 Russellites, 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 cut 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 Feenanites, 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.



# POLITICAL LITANY

## On the Present Session of Parliament.

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 over-taxed, 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 shaky condition. Grant this, O most mighty John, and we will pray for the well-being of thy favourite bantling, 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 pox 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 Bastiles, or Union-houses, were likened unto swine; and the rate-payers 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 Bastiles, or by being poisoned by bathing in a dirty soup 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 prefaced 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 murmur 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 exclaimed, Dizzy, Dizzy, thy occupation's gone.

And Lowe the Adullamite, surnamed the moonraker, 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 stuff 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 Poleaxes, 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.



A

# 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 loaves 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. Stephens' 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 camelion 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, On to the charge!

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 t'other night, I got rather tight, I had been to 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 rum '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 prig my loaves and fishes, but Gladstone my hearty, I'll lick you and your party, and stick to my stall, so help me tater.

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 donovans, will make you A No. 1, but you will find in the end it's no use man.

For it is a great shame man, that with Bradlaugh and Finlen, and the rest of your Pets, 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 Jemmy Squaretoe, to himself will you take man, for running down shovel 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 flies, my 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 unkimmon, 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 babbies, 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 Cockawax, 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 counsellor's wigs, the little hedge-sparrows, the cat's-meat man's barrow, or the chignons 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!**



# A POLITICAL THANKSGIVING

FOR THE

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

Much 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 for evermore, and not disturb the present 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 chieftain was named Gladstone, who was in himself a tower of strength, who with the Spear of Liberty sorely wounded the Tory chief, who was surnamed 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 fulness 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 Gamp, 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 hanky-panky or Adullamite 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 chesnuts 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.



# 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.

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At a meeting of women the other day, that dear old lady, Mrs. Caudle, 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 curtain 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 parson 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 darlings 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 pretence 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 Aristocrat, who nothing will do,  
Who says they to work was not born;  
And also the Adullamites, a double-faced crew,  
The worst foes we have to Reform.

**B** stands for Beale, 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 fain keep them from us, seems pretty clear,  
But we'll gain them, my boys, or we'll fall!

**D** stands for Derby, and also Dizzey,  
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 unstaple store;  
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 Adullamites have none, it's quite plain to me;  
And the Tories have none for to spare.

**I** stands for Idlers, but none 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 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 defame,  
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 O, 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 loaves 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 toil'd 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 for to ask for his rights.

**Y** stands for Yoke, 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 the 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 so long forked out the golden grain 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 wedlock 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 from off 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 banns 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 Dizzey 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 Dizzey 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 hatbands, at which the grunTERS 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 Dickey the hero of Hyde Park, protested loudly against Gladstone and his measure, and he and Dizzey wept bitter tears, when they saw that they were licked.

And the land of donovans and buttermilk shouted, No surrender, faugh o'ballagh! go it Gladstone, and the Sandys danced tullochgorum 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 grunTERS, 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, Dizzey.

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 shillaleigh 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 wakes 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 whereon 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, Lawnsleeves?

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

AMEN.



# 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 plasters for broken shins.

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 skilly 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.

8.—And 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 pickwicks, 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 goings 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 chops 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 2s. 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.

14.—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, Cafuzelum! 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 paupers 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 paupers who offend in the like manner, shall be sentenced to penal servitude for one night in the casual ward of Lambeth work-house that being the heaviest sentence the law can inflict.

16.—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.

17.—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 adviser, 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 5s. 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 cram 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 baldpated.

11. Any puffing 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 Pry 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 flog him with a wet dish-clout the whole length of his beat.

14. Any nursemaid or greasy 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, carrotty, 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 NEW STREETS ACT.

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, potatoe 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 the 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— 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 quack doctor's butler who shall be seen giving out bills relative to extraordinary cures of incurable cures shall be treated as a treasonable 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 nursemaids 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, poodle-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 expence, 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 shoeblack 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 stocking 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 gent 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!



# THE POOR LAW CATECHISM.

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 H—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 bastiles, 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 beak, 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 loathsome 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 lost to find,  
And your great Master, He whose name is good  
Will hold you guilty of your brother's blood.



# 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 so 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 ease, and sitteth 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 flogging 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-sergeants'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 desirest 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.



**Question.**—What is your name?

**Answer.**—Drunken Sot.

**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 fire side; 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.

**Catechist.**—Rehearse the articles of thy belief.

**Answer.**—I believe in the existence of one Mr Alcohol, the great head and chief 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 sots to keep?

**A.**—Ten.

## THE DRUNKARD'S LOOKING GLASS!

What will the drunkard do for ale?  
Shall I unfold my dreadful tale?  
Yes, I'll unfold it if I can,  
To benefit a drunken man.

What will a drunkard do for ale?  
It will make a sober man turn pale,  
Sell his hat and pawn his coat,  
To satisfy his greedy throat.

Sell his stockings and his shirt,  
Strut about in rags and dirt,  
Sell his shoes from off his feet,  
And barefoot go about the streets.

What will he do to gain his end?  
He will deceive his dearest friend,  
His crafty plans he will devise,  
And tell the most atrocious lies.

Farewell landlords, farewell jerry's,  
Farewell brandy, wine, and sherry,  
Farewell horrors and blue devils,  
Farewell dens of midnight revels.

Farewell fires that have no coals on,

What will a drunkard do for ale?  
Dark and dismal grows my tale;  
Sell his bedstead and his bed,  
Nor leave a place to lay his head.

Sell his blankets and his sheets,  
Lie in barns or walk the streets,  
His thirsty soul will cry for more,  
He's starved and miserably poor.

He'll beg for half-pence when he can,  
And say he is a dying man;  
But if three half-pence he has got,  
He'll go and find another sot.

As mean and shabby as himself,  
A dirty, ragged, drunken elf,  
In some alehouse corner seated,  
Waiting longing to be treated.

Farewell shoes that have no soles on,  
Farewell children with wry faces,  
Farewell to the pop-shop races.

Farewell wash and all wash vendors,  
Farewell duns and all dun senders,

**C.**—What be they.

**A.**—The same which the landlord and landlady spake in the bar, saying, We are thy master and thy mistress who brought thee out of the paths of virtue, placed thee in the ways of vice, and set thy feet on the road which leadeth to New South Wales.

**I.**—Thou shalt use no other house but mine.

**II.**—Thou shalt not make to thyself any substitute for intoxicating drinks, such as tea, coffee, ginger-pop and lemonade; for I am a jealous man, wearing the coat that should be on thy back, eating thy children's bread, and pocketing the money which should make thee and thy wife happy all the days of thy life.

**III.**—Thou shalt not use my house in vain.

**IV.**—Remember that thou eat but one meal on the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou drink and spend all thy money, but the seventh day is the Sabbath, wherein I wash my floor, mend my fires and make ready for the company the remaining part of the day.

**V.**—Thou shalt honor the landlords, the landladies, and the gin-shops with thy presence, that thy days may be few and miserable, in the land wherein thou livest.

**VI.**—Thou shalt commit murder, by starving, hungering, and beating thy wife and family.

**VII.**—Thou shalt commit self-destruction.

**VIII.**—Thou shalt sell thy wife's and children's bread and rob thyself of all thy comforts.

**IX.**—Thou shalt bear false witness when thou speakest of the horrors, saying, Thou art in good health when labouring under the barrel fever.

**X.**—Thou shalt covet all thy neighbour is possessed of; thou shalt covet his house, his land, his purse, his health, his wealth, and all that he has got, that thou mayest indulge in drunkenness, help the brewer to buy a new coach, a pair of fine horses, a new dray, and a fine building, that he may live in idleness all his days; likewise to enable the landlord to purchase a new sign to place over his door, with "Licensed to be drunk on the Premises" written thereon.

They freely enter into chat,  
If they can but catch a flat;  
With every one they will be friends,  
If they can but gain their ends.

Then with his bosom full of strife,  
Each man goes home to beat his wife,  
The children beat and sent to bed,  
Because the wretches have no bread.

No meat, no butter have they got,  
Such is the dwelling of a sot,  
The wife in tears and ragged too,  
Say, drunkard, is my statement true?

## THE DRUNKARD'S FAREWELL TO HIS FOLLY!

Farewell landlords and your spouses,  
Farewell spiders and your houses.

Farewell to your noise and babble,  
Farewell to your foolish gabble,  
Farewell pockets that are empty,  
Farewell landlords, you've had plenty.



# 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 skilly 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 pork 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 tasters, 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 cholic 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,  
It was in the praise of Nelson, as you shall quickly hear;  
Said one unto the other, if we could behold another,  
In old 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 a smile,  
He said, "Stand firm, my British tars, 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 be slain 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,  
Causing 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 it does increase, though Britons say we live in peace,  
This grand conversation on brave Nelson arose.

Some hardy tars they did survive, in Greenwich College now  
Will 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 flinching from the enemy—no action he did shun;  
He many powers did defeat, and never was that hero beat,  
Neither would he surrender till he had thrashed his daring foes,  
Altho' 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 tars 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 mem'ry 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 of  
To commemorate the battle, it is call'd Trafalgar Square. [ground  
You British tars as do pass by, look up aloft and you will spy,  
The visage of that hero respected as it shows, [day,  
Tho' his remains are 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 over-  
throw,  
But Britons 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.  
It's now the dreadful night comes on, 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.

Now beef has come to fourpence a pound,  
It's a pity you should want,  
Folks talk about America!  
But don't you Emigrate.  
But stop 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  
O ! '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.

Now beef and mutton has come down,  
And so is pork and flour too,  
Which is what this country wanted,  
A many years ago ;  
The cutlers now may go to work,  
And grind 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 or four,  
And as for churning 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 reversion,  
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,  
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 floors then,  
Must not venture out of doors then.

All those who brew their home brew'd beer then,  
At times I'm sure will quake with fear then,  
And dread to let it in the vat lay,  
Lest it should happen to work on that day,  
Then if you're seized with cough or phthisic,  
You must not even swallow physic !  
For 'its 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 kitten,  
The hen must leave her nest through 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.



# 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 thumping 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 gives no quarter,  
They one and all gave their consent,  
Their stubborn hearts they soon were bent,  
And the bread tax chains they quickly rent,  
That long oppress'd 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 gout,  
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 long they've liv'd in clover;  
The granaries with corn and flour  
Into our markets will pour,  
And the bread tax loaf we'll soon devour,  
That caus'd 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 debts 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 will have to call,  
O what an alteration!  
Away with the hungry cry that's been,  
Such mumping of bread was never seen!  
Long life attend 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 drop 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 ne'er be forgotten;  
But now wag your jaws, lad, the ports are thrown open.

## CHORUS.

Chaw, chaw—banish this ruin, lads;  
Your grinders in motion, it's keep 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 clam'd died through 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,  
Forget what is past, now the ports are thrown open.

These millers and swailers, and other corn dealers,  
Their granaries well stocked with corn and meal 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 years 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 parts, now they are got 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 ditty,  
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 rattling of grinders, and porridge pots wopping,  
For some when they start there will be no stopping—  
Shout huzza, lads and lasses, the ports are thrown open.



A NEW SONG ON THE  
LIBERATION  
OF  
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

Rejoice you 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 defeated,  
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 !

A  
NEW SONG  
ON  
THE TIMES.

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 lal de ral lal 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 starv'd in a Jail,  
And the worst of it is—IT IS TRUE!  
Fal lal 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 lal 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 lal de ral lal de ral.



# FLEETWOOD, STRICKLAND, AND REFORM TRIUMPHANT.

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For Fleetwood and Strickland hurrah !  
Hurrah, 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 Peter-  
loo.

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 glo-  
rious cause,  
While meanly tyrants, crawling minions too,  
Tremble at their feats performed on Peter-  
loo.

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 time together they did range,  
All classes thro' Great Britain now appear 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 ostlers swear they'll buy a rope and go to fello-de-se.

The steam boats to old Belzebub the watermen do wish,  
For they say they've nearly ruined them 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 find his children bread.

The farmers' daughters ride about well clad and pockets full,  
With horse and saddle like a queen and boa like a bull,  
In their hand a flashy parasol, and on their face a veil,  
And a bustle nearly seven times as big as a milking pail.

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,  
And the labourer 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'll be all sorts of shuffling and all kinds of rigs,  
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, coaxing, and thumping there'll be,  
While some will shout — and — so clever,  
And others bawl — and free trade for ever.

O the Whigs for ten years have cut a great swell,  
But now by the Tories they've been wollop'd well,  
And to pay off the bad boys with a good tit 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 the're out,  
While some of the boobies will do a deal worse,  
By loosing their election, and emptying their purse,

O the Elections are 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 Boobots attends to collect all their senses;  
Crying, landlord, fill up now, and damn all expenses.

Then to see the great nob, who a canvassing go,  
In the house, or the garret, or the cellar below,  
Altho' by infection he dreads his sweet life,  
He'll shake hands with the cobbler or kiss the sweep's wife,  
Or perhaps he will dandle the sweet little child,  
Till he suddenly finds that his trowsers are spoiled,  
Tho' his heart it 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 shuffers, each other they call,  
And stick their good characters up on the wall.  
Each party seem ready the other to mill,  
About rural policy, or the new poor-law bill.  
While the Elections are on, what patriots they are,  
But when they get in, the d——l may care.



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 brav'd 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 quickly 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,—Badagoz, and Talevara 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,  
Died 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 ever 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 curs'd 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 began,  
As hearts of oak only ball'd at the Redan;  
The French blaz'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 for to quench,  
When a thundering big bomb shell came in from the  
French,

They all turned dizzy some spued and some spit,  
And the Russian commander in his breeches did s—t,  
For he had got the skitters 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 stopt any longer we'd have tickled their hides,  
The Russian commander these words he did say,  
We must now all hook it without more delay,  
We can stop no longer in Sebastopol;  
If we do they will choke us with long iron tools.

So come my brave fellows let's sing and let's dance,  
Both Turkey, Sardinnia, 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.

# BATTLE OF ALMA

Oh! boys have you heard of the battle,  
The allies brave had on the shore,  
The joybells and cannons did rattle,  
Announcing it o'er and o'er,  
The total defeat of the Russians,  
Was echoed with joy everywhere;  
Success to John Bull and Napoleon,  
And very soon peace may we hear.

## CHORUS.

Then here's to the army and navy,  
In Russia they're on the advance,  
Supporting the standard of freedom,  
Success to old England and France.

It was on the heights of Alma,  
The Russians were laying entrench'd  
Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud,  
Commanding the English and French;  
In front of the fortified walls,  
The allies marched into the fight,  
Fifty-eight thousand men in bright armour,  
Put all the wild Russians to flight,  
Then here's, &c.

On the twentieth of September,  
The desperate battle was fought,  
The Russians will ever remember,  
Tho' dearly my boys it was bought  
With the blood of our courageous allies,  
Who fell on the fortified plain,  
They brought the flag of old England,  
Without either blemish or stain.  
Then here's, &c.

The Russians held up their position,  
And fought for the space of three hours,  
Secluded behind their entrenchments,  
The balls flew around us in showers;  
At last at the point of the bayonet,  
The Russians were forced to retreat,  
And run in the greatest disorder,  
Compell'd by a total defeat.  
Then here's &c.

The number that lay dead and wounded,  
Is awful my friends to recite,  
Let's mourn the loss of our allies,  
Who fell in the desperate fight;  
They fought them with great desperation,  
And forced the wild Russians to yield,  
While cannons did rattle in battle,  
They conquered and died on the field,  
Then here's, &c.





## 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 Nightin-  
gale.

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.

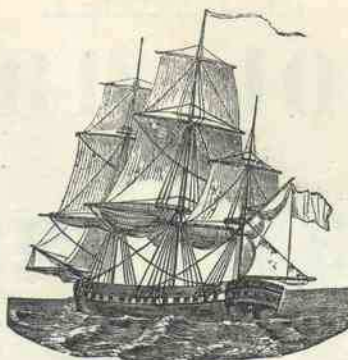
With fever some brought in, with life almost gone,  
Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments are torn,  
But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail,  
Now they're cheered by the presence of a sweet Night-  
ingale.

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 Nightin-  
gale.



## 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 seize 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 woes,  
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 scorching,  
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  
glancing,

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 rattle 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 weltering in their gore,  
With one determination and one loud exclamation,  
We went with desperation against our mighty foes,  
We cut 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 lads 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 Proosian, an Austrian, a Roosian,  
And off to Vienna they sent me afar;  
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 scout 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 kettles 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 displease;  
I wish all the Russians and Austrians and Prussians  
Were tied in a blanket, and smothered with fleas.  
Oh dear, hey down diddle, I have the Scotch fiddle,  
I know that I caught it of old Aberdeen,—  
Now I will so clever sing England for ever,  
Down with the Russians, and God save the Queen.

*Chorus. I'm, &c.*

JOHN MORGAN.





## 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 got 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 crown'd  
"To get the people bread."

Yes, bread untax'd that all might live,  
In every time of need;  
Amidst the strife with truth as guide,  
"To get the people bread."

He's now enshrin'd in the cold grave,  
Which Kings and princes dread;  
He died in peace, he smil'd at death,  
"He'd gained the people bread."

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

## GREAT NAVAL ACTION BETWEEN THE KEARSAGE & THE ALABAMA.

Come all you gallant hero's  
Of high and low degree,  
And listen to the glorious fight  
Was fought upon the sea;  
The Alabama and Kearsage  
Not far from the French shore,  
Met on the 19th day of June,  
Eighteen hundred and sixty four.

It was a glorious battle,  
The crews fought manfully  
In the Alabama and Kearsage,  
That day upon the sea.  
The English Yacht Deerhound  
Was all the time quite near,  
She belonged to Squire Lancaster,  
Of Wigan in Lancashire;  
And many a gallant seaman  
So nobly did save,  
Who when the Alabama sunk  
Would have met a watery grave.

About nine miles from Cherbourg  
This gallant fight took place,  
The noted Alabama,  
She did the Kearsage chase,  
The Alabama's guns did rattle,  
And Captain Semmes believed  
That he would win the battle,  
But he was much deceived.  
The men did fight like hero's,  
And round the decks did run,  
Each ship did shake and no mistake,  
As they fired their powerful guns,  
Brave Captain Semmes did loudly call,  
As he on the deck did stand,  
Don't move or flinch a single inch,  
"Do your duty every man."

But alas! the Alabama,  
Began to feel affright,  
Her sides were dreadfully shaken,  
And she could no longer fight,  
The Kearsage was chain plated,  
And her guns were fired so free,  
She beat the Alabama,  
And sunk her in the sea.

The Deerhound was in readiness,  
The conquered to receive;  
And rendered great assistance,  
My friends you may believe;  
When the battle it was over,  
The conquered, void of fear,  
Safe in the Steam Yacht Deerhound,  
Did to Southampton steer.

Now to conclude this gallant fight,  
Undaunted brave and bold,  
As great and glorious battle  
As ever yet was told,  
To the seaman and the officers,  
We drink with three times three,  
Who did their duty manfully  
That day upon the sea.



# DIZZY'S LAMENT.

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 wollop 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 Disreali,  
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.

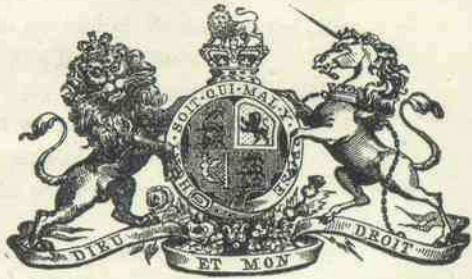
If the public parks of London  
Are only for one class,  
They ought to put this notice up :—  
The poor they cannot pass.  
It's time our laws they altered were,  
You'll say it is a bore,  
That one law should be for the rich,  
And another for the poor.

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.



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,  
Announc'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.

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!



# 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 dunderheads 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 nuffin,  
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 cheek,  
To give their men eight bob a week,  
And tell them to be happy  
When they get Johnny's Reform.

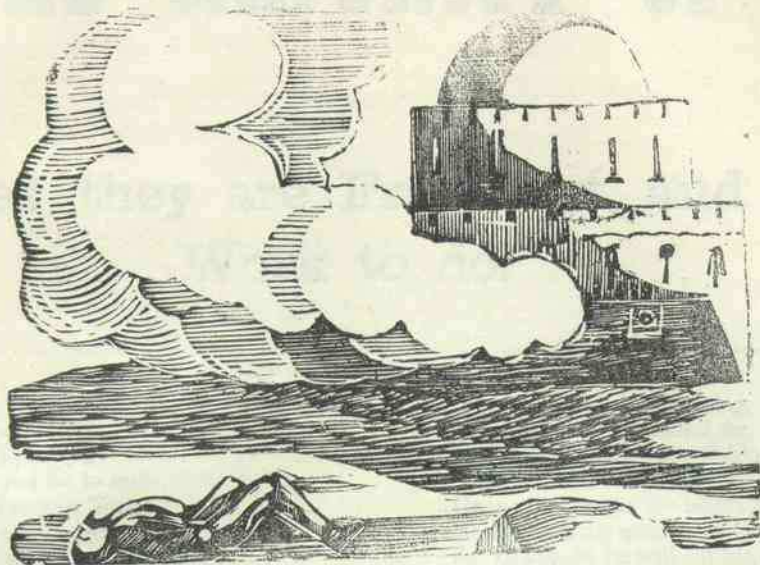
Many they aloud will shout,  
For Reform, Reform,  
Scarcely knowing what about,  
Bawl Reform, Reform;  
They think no poor there will be then,  
But all be ladies and gentlemen,  
And be so jolly happy,  
When they get Johnny's Reform.

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 ought,  
And make us jolly happy,  
When we get Johnny's Reform.



# FREEDOM & REFORM.



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 promis'd 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.

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 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 sarve 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.

Ben Dizzey, 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.

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 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 cock 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 Poleaxes 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.



# REFORM MEETING

AT

## BLACKHEATH.

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 bashful and blue,  
Colonel Catchem and General Doodlem doo,  
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 could'nt 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, philliloo whack,  
Then a jolly old fiddler from famed Mullingar,  
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 skillagalee,  
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.



A W F U L  
**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 watereresses 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 nobs 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,  
Lest 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 bloaters 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 sow 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.



# 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 covetuous 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 Waterlow,  
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, lick me you shall never,  
She jumped complete to Toloey 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 codger,  
Neither you or Waterlow  
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 Waterlow 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.