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Title: John Bull's triumph over his unnatural countrymen, or, The landholders and the contractors in the dumps : to which is added, Royalty in motion, or, An emperor awake and a r.....t [regent] asleep, a poem
Author: Daniel, George, 1789-1864
Edition: 2nd ed.
Publisher, year: London : E. Wilson, 1814

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ISBN of reproduction: 978-1-926748-53-5

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Second Edition.

JOHN BULL'S TRIUMPH

OVER HIS

UNNATURAL COUNTRYMEN;

OR, THE

LANDHOLDERS and CONTRACTORS

In the Dumps.

To which is added,

ROYALTY IN MOTION;

OR,

AN EMPEROR AWAKE,

AND

A R. T ASLEEP.

A POEM,

BY PETER PINDAR, JUN.

Author of the Royal Brood, &c. &c.

“What! he's an early riser, ha!
Abroad before the break of day;
One of your sober, virtuous, souls,
That takes no joy in flowing bowls.

“One, who perhaps, throughout his life,
Was ne'er inconstant to his wife!
Knows nothing of the joys that wait
On drinking hard and rising late!”

◆◆◆
LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY E. WILSON, 88, CORNHILL.

1814.

Price 1s. 6d.

Maurice, Printer, Howford-buildings, Fenchurch street.

JOHN BULL'S

TRIUMPH, &c.



1

OH! ye, who twenty years have fed
On blood, in fields of battle shed,
Whose gains from others' pangs arose,
The sluices of your eyes unclose ;

2

At length the sun of mercy beams
And dissipates your sordid schemes ;
Plunder and pillaging are past,
And Peace, to spite you, comes at last :

3

Not as a visitor of state,
Unknown, except among the great,
Merely a season to remain,
And leave the harass'd world again ;

4

But, as a steady settl'd guest,
She takes abode in ev'ry breast ;
Comes like a friend, with willing mind,
To bless and benefit mankind.

5

Hail, Peace! thrice-welcome stranger, hail !
Thy presence gladdens hill and dale ;
The world surveys thy long-lost charms,
And nations quit the use of arms.

6

No more shall dreadful battles rage,
Or foes with deadly hate engage ;
No more shall streams of human blood
With dye of crimson tinge the flood.

7

No more shall warlike banners wave,
Or field of gore entomb the brave ;
The martial trump is heard no more,
And drums and cannons cease to roar.

8

Mankind no longer meet as foes ;
E'en the poor steed shall feel repose,
From military trappings freed,
Amidst his native pastures feed.

5

9

Fate had decreed the tyrant's fall ;
That Fate, which hovers o'er us all,
From step to step our course pursues,
And aids or counteracts our views.

10

Felt at the early part of life,
When man first ventures on a wife ;
Impell'd by youthful love and pride,
Selects a female for his bride.

11

Too fondly dreams of blissful hours,
Elysian fields, Arcadian bow'rs ;
Anticipates a happy lot,
And rashly ties the fatal knot :

12

A knot, though fasten'd with delight,
Alas, how frequent found too tight !
A knot, which all the works of art,
Combin'd, can never force apart,

13

Unless the bridegroom or the bride
Step from the common course aside ;
And, bent on cutting it in two,
Try what a razor-blade will do.

Or, urg'd by griefs, no matter what,
 Make fast a still more fatal knot ;
 One, if strict justice had its due,
 Would tie up many rogues to view.

For, ah ! what wedded Pair can tell,
 E'en those who love each other well,
 If the dear Partners of their lot
 Will keep their promises or not !

To love, to honour, and obey,
 Are words the Ladies always say ;
 One out of which is never us'd,
 But with intent to be abus'd.

Which, like the oaths our Merchants take,
 Are modes of form and made to break ;
 At least, so say the British fair,
 And let those contradict who dare !

Come hither, Hope ! Misfortune's friend !
 The Poet's humble steps attend ;
 Teach him, whate'er his lot may be,
 To look with confidence to thee.

So that, when Fate shall bid him wed
 Some lovely maid to share his bed,
 (Though she should prove an errant shrew ;
 As women very seldom do !

Though she possess more tongue and pride
 Than any of her sex beside ;
 Though jealousy should fire her soul,
 And reason fail of its controul ;)

He may anticipate her end,
 And find in thee a faithful friend ;
 Keep, through thy aid, his cares at bay,
 And drive the fiend Despair away.

Muse! we have oft' of Princes sung,
 The old, the am'rous, and the young ;
 Now let us tune our lyre to those
 Who fatten on the people's woes.

Such as are loyalty itself,
 Whilst loyalty produces pelf ;
 Cheese-parings, coals, and candle-ends,
 Make them the steadiest of friends.

Ye army-clothiers! men of taste,
 Who never cut an inch to waste;
 Guardians, from penetrating moth,
 Great Britain's military cloth!

Who, when political disputes
 Turn'd human beings into brutes;
 When bloody battles thinn'd your race,
 And Death star'd full in ev'ry face;

When murders, massacres, prevail'd,
 And Mercy's peaceful counsels fail'd;
 Us'd every art the strife t' increase,
 And barr'd the avenues to peace;

You, who were more agog for news
 Than jobbing, money-loving, Jews;
 Who, on illuminating nights,
 Cramm'd all your windows thick with lights;

Display'd, by firework, smoke, and noise,
 Full proof of patriotic joys;
 And big with loyalty, no doubt,
 D——d the poor Jacobins about;

You, who were eager to defame
 And blackguard Buonaparte's name ;
 And yet were real friends, at heart,
 Of that same blackguard Buonaparte ;

Ye cutters of regimental coats,
 How alter'd are your sprightly notes,
 How chang'd your looks from gay to grave !
 Do, Gentlemen, for heav'n's sake, shave !

So grim your visages appear,
 So woe-begone, so pale with fear,
 The common people, wond'ring, stare,
 And ask, what Bedlamites ye are ?

What, though your cabbagings are stopp'd,
 And all your working men unshop'd ;
 What, tho' the hissing geese no more
 Shall set the table in a roar ;

What, though your highly-useful sheers
 May one day crop your lordly ears,
 And measures, of employment slack,
 Take measure of each Taylor's back ;

10

34

What, though your overbearing pride
May now, nay must, be laid aside ;
And your dear wives and daughters too
Walk, as the lower orders do ;

35

Out from their carriages descend.
And learn the useful art to mend ;
Quit dear St. James's and the Court,
Where none but loyal folks resort ;

36

Where wealth and dignity combine
To make the charming place divine ;
No more with Lords and Ladies mix,
Or dine, like quality, at six ;

37

No more be present at the scenes,
Where smiling Regents talk with Queens ;
Those scenes where envy, guilt, and fear,
Forbid fair Virtue to appear.

38

Alas ! though all these joys are o'er,
Delights which you will taste no more,
Do not, in bitterness of grief,
Fly to self-murder for relief.

39

Leave it to more experienc'd hands ;
 Jack Ketch the business understands :
 He is an artisan of skill,
 And never makes a heavy bill !

40

Ye grave Contractors ! tell us true,
 Has Peace a welcome sound to you ;
 You, that supplied the beef and bread
 On which our gallant armies fed ;

41

Who, whilst it pass'd your loyal hands,
 Found means to purchase freehold lands ;
 Built Houses to indulge your pride,
 And did a thousand things beside.

42

Your object, Gentlemen, 'tis thought,
 In every article you bought,
 Was not so much the love of gain
 As that of liberating Spain !

43

An hatred of despotic laws
 Increas'd your ardor for the cause ;
 And what was always next your heart ?
 The pulling down of Buonaparte !

12

44

Well, Sirs, the object is achiev'd ;
Your minds' anxiety reliev'd ;
The reign of tyranny is o'er,
And despots vex the world no more!

45

Why is your countenance o'ercast,
As if some friend had breath'd his last?—
The man, you all profess'd to hate,
Has met and merited his fate.

46

The warlike Devil is destroy'd
Who kept so many rogues employ'd ;
The bugbear of the times is down,
Stripp'd of his consequence and crown.

47

Bereft of all those pow'rful charms
Which kept the harass'd world in arms,
He falls, with scarce a single friend
To witness or lament his end.

48

Whilst other folks with joy run mad,
How is it you are dull and sad?—
Whilst millions glory at his fall,
You seem to feel no joy at all!

13

49

Why, aye, your contracts will be few,
And you must learn to bake and brew;
That is, in other words to say,
Obtain your bread some honest way!—

50

Ah! but you cannot stoop so low!
What! labour for support, oh no!
Work all your fingers to the bone!
There's madness in the thought alone!

51

You, that were constantly supplied
With large recruits of useful pride;
Pride, which obeys the beck and call
Of every rascal, great and small;

52

You, that had always at command
The choicest dainties of the land;
Liv'd, like our noblemen, in state,
And kept an equipage as great;

53

You, who did ne'er sit down to dine
Without the most expensive wine;
And had at all times, for your use,
What art or nature could produce;

14

54

You quit your mansions, sumptuous boards,
To taste what common life affords !
Dismiss your servants, luckless elves !
And learn to wait upon yourselves !—

55

“ Ah, no ! impossible,” you cry ;
“ ’Twere better we should learn to die !
Cut off from hope of future gains,
What place for us on earth remains ?

56

“ No, let us fall like early flowers,
That blossom a few transient hours ;
Bloom in some cold unfriendly clime,
And wither e’er they reach their prime !”

57

Ye hirelings of a venal race !
Or whether in or out of place ;
Who, since the earliest stage of youth,
Have seldom spoke a word of truth ;

58

Whose time has been engag’d, for years,
In setting nations by the ears ;
Acting a hypocritic part,
And libelling of Bonaparte ;

15

59

At length these occupations cease,
And rogues and robberies decrease ;
Truth shews its long-neglected face,
And covers falsehood with disgrace.

60

No propagating French defeats
To vend your papers thro' the streets ;
No trumpeting of nauseous lies,
To cheat the weak, disgust the wise ;

61

No killing Bonaparte anew,
As you so often us'd to do ;—
Those profitable times are o'er,
And *third editions* sell no more.

62

Ye lordly owners of estates,
Who keep a porter at your gates ;
Whose elevated mansions stand
On some choice eminence of land :

63

Where, with true loftiness of soul,
Your eyes can overlook the whole ;
See your domains extended wide,
And swell at every look with pride ;

16

64

What is the public weal to you ?
Let poverty its toils pursue,
Let mean mechanics pine for bread,
And starving children go unfed ;

65

Let commerce languish, arts decay,
And strangers steal our trade away :
Let public misery increase,
E'en in the very lap of peace ;—

66

You are the pillars of the state,
On whom the smiles of fortune wait ;
And, let what will the poor betide,
Your luxuries must be supplied !

67

Dread sirs ! for once receive advice,
And let a word or two suffice ;
As well for our sakes as your own,
Leave corn-importing bills alone.

68

Let grain its proper level find,
'Tis barely justice to mankind ;
The poor, that labour for their bread,
Will go much better cloth'd and fed.—

“ Ah! but consider,” some will say,
 “ The enormous rent our farmers pay ;
 Tythes, taxes, what a serious thing
 Between the parson and the king !—

“ Bad seasons, scanty crops of grain,
 Damage from mildew, blight, or rain ;
 If corn is suffer'd to be low,
 'Tis plain they can't afford to grow.

“ Take what makes labour sweet away,
 And farms must rapidly decay ;
 The object of the public fail,
 And real scarcity prevail.

“ John Bull has made complaints, we know,
 And did a century ago ;
 That grumbling fellow's never still,
 Be times or seasons what they will.

“ Forsooth, because 'tis time of peace,
 Our trifling incomes must decrease ;
 Our happiness, so long enjoy'd,
 To please his caprice be destroy'd.

18

74

“ And those estates which now produce
But just sufficient for our use,
Merely to stop his discontent,
Must let for half the present rent !

75

“ Were we to give up half our lands
And place them freely in his hands,
His envious discontented soul
Would very shortly crave the whole !

76

“ What does the idiot know of grain ?
His views are troublesome, 'tis plain !
There's nothing which the brute enjoys,
So much as breeding strife and noise !

77

“ Would it please heav'n to stop his tongue,
Or could we see the rascal hung,
Then might we, perfectly at ease,
Enact what sort of laws we please !” —

78

What ! shall the blessings just in view
Be blasted by a sordid few ?
Shall baneful avarice and pride
Turn the Almighty's gifts aside ?

19

79

Shall we be treated worse than brutes ?
Have Peace, and not enjoy its fruits ?
See others revel in the sweets,
And beggary pervade the streets ?—

80

No! be we resolutely bent,
To share the blessings heav'n has sent ;
Our foes already shrink with fear
And corn is spar'd another year.

81

Britain! were you at once possess'd
Of P——s dignified and just ;
Statesmen, unlike the present tribe,
Who scorn'd to give or take a bribe ;

82

Who, careful of the public weal,
Allow'd no pilferers to steal,
Up from the meanest wretch that crawls,
To such as grace St. Steph—'s walls ;

83

Then would your happy land be free,
Your sons enjoy true liberty ;
The poor man meet his daily toil,
And welcome labour with a smile.

War, the destroyer of mankind,
 Had scarce its influence resign'd,
 Ere the young Hero of the North
 To visit Britain's P—— set forth.

Through crowds he travell'd in disguise,
 Unknown amidst a million eyes ;
 And, scorning empty shew of state,
 Unguarded reach'd the palace gate.

P—— G——, who loves the modish way
 Of changing darkness into day ;
 Who is too polish'd, too polite,
 To sleep, like vulgar souls, at night ;

Not dreaming, the imperial guest
 Was likely to disturb his rest,
 Lay in a most engaging snore,
 When Alexander reach'd the door.

'Twas noon ; the time near one o'clock ;
 Mac —— n heard the thund'ring knock ;
 And, starting up with lengthen'd jaws,
 Rush'd down to ascertain the cause.

Close by the entrance of his room,
Lay careless Betty's carpet broom ;
She, artless but unthinking maid,
Down from her morning's work had stray'd ;

And, struck with love of John the groom,
Had quite forgot the unlucky broom ;
That broom which shook a warrior's head,
And fill'd a R——'s soul with dread.

Alas ! poor Mac, no help was near,
To stop him in his swift career ;
His toes entangle in the hairs,
He flies like lightning down the stairs.

In vain the hero's arms are spread,
To save his highly gifted head ;
On every hollow stair it knocks,
And rattles like an empty box.

The P——, from balmy sleep awakes,
His mighty soul with terror shakes ;
He springs from out his downy bed,
A night-cap decorates his head.

In haste to reach the chamber door,
 He falls at length upon the floor ;
 Mugs, china, the concussion feels,
 And fragments fly about his heels.

He rings with violence his bell,
 The servants hurry in, pell-mell ;
 “ Slaves !” cried his H——s, out of breath,
 “ You all deserve to suffer death.

“ Begone ! and bring me instant word
 Who caus'd the tumult I have heard ;
 If it from your neglect arose,
 Villains ! I'll strip you of your clothes ;

Have ev'ry careless scoundrel beat,
 And turn you naked in the street ;
 I'll treat you, spite of musty books,
 Worse than my father serv'd his cooks.

“ He merely shav'd away their locks
 And clapp'd a wig upon their blocks ;
 But, should I find you caus'd the brawl,
 Damme ! I'll shave off heads and all !”—

But, lo! the warlike Mac arrives,
 To save the frighted servants' lives;
 He brings intelligence that clears
 Their conduct and dispels their fears.

“Dread Sir!” the mighty C——l cries,
 With vast importance in his eyes,
 “I wait to let your H—— know
 The Russian Monarch is below.”—

The R—— with amazement hears,
 Unwilling to believe his ears.
 “Arriv'd so early in the day!
 Are you aware of what you say?”

“Dear Mac, excuse me, if I think
 You've made a little free with drink!”——
 “Most noble P——, I drink, 'tis true,
 And so I always mean to do ;

“But let me turn a sober Monk,
 And never from this hour get Drunk,
 If the intelligence I bring
 Comes not directly from the King !

“ I’ve seen and spoke to him alone.
 He’s an odd subject for a throne ;
 When we, my P—— , retire to rest,
 He, like the sky-lark, leaves his nest.” —

“ What! he’s an early riser, ha!
 Abroad before the break of day ;
 One of your sober, virtuous, souls,
 That take no joy in flowing bowls.

“ One, who perhaps, throughout his life,
 Was ne’er inconstant to his wife ;
 Knows nothing of the charms that wait
 On drinking hard and rising late.

“ Mac, it would give me true delight
 To make him thorough drunk to-night ;
 Fill brim with wine his sober head,
 And send him reeling home to bed.

“ For, how can we endure the thought
 Of monarchs visiting at court,
 Who, over scrupulous and nice,
 Consider drunkenness a vice!

109

“ We, that delight in drinking deep,
 Whilst sober fools are fast asleep,
 We, that are not unoften led
 And sometimes carried up to bed ;

110

“ No, Mac ; this night shall prove our guest,
 And put his mettle to the test ;
 If he go soberly away,
 I'll turn devout and learn to pray.

111

At dinner be upon your guard,
 We must of consequence drink hard ;
 When you observe me give the wink,
 Be sure you hand the strongest drink.

112

“ If we can fix him to his seat,
 Then will our triumph be complete ;
 To morrow's sun shall see his head
 Lock'd in the arms of sleep, in bed.

113

“ If we accomplish it, dear Mac,
 And keep him to his daily whack,
 Stop those disgusting early hours,
 So widely differing from ours ;

D

114

“ If we do this, my worthy mate,
 I'll make thee affluent and great ;
 Repay you for our present whims,
 And have you titl'd Duke of Limbs.

115

“ You, C——l, shall about it straight :
 But, soft, we make the emperor wait.
 Return, and tell our royal guest,
 I'll wait upon him when I'm drest.”

116

Reader, the drunken frolic fail'd,
 Good sense o'er sottishness prevail'd ;
 The monarch, with unblemish'd fame,
 Return'd,—as sober as he came.

THE END.

