

SCOTCH  
CORN-LAW RHYME.

By JOHN YOUNGER, SHOEMAKER,  
ST. BOSWELL'S.

"That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,  
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual fo'k,  
Fays, spunkies, kelpies, a' they can explain them,  
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them."—BURNS.

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MDCCCXLI.

# SCOTCH

## CORN-LAW RHYME.

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ONE terrible night, in the old burning linn,  
 Milton's Devil sat down with his friends *Death* and *Sin*,  
 Old Mammon and Moloch, and Belial and others,  
 His "right-trusty" fiend-friends, who rank as his brothers.  
 By the light of the blue flame, in horrible chat,  
 Like a parcel of grave holy-leaguers they sat ;  
 While to cool their hot hearts they were quaffing cap out  
 From their favourite old skull-cups the hellish brown-stout.

But not of mahogany, polish'd and old,  
 Their table was form'd of the hot-molten gold !  
 And the cups of their comfort, all floated around  
 On its liquified surface, like boats on a pond ;  
 Whate'er was their beverage, 'twas sparkling, not flat,  
 While lively, and *lordly*, and brisk was their chat.

Old Nick gave the toast, which was hip-hip about,  
 But in language so learn'd that we could not make out ;  
 Hence to council he call'd in a huddled divan,  
 To contrive an additional mischief for man.  
 Says Satan, (who still is the first to hold forth,  
 As premier in *Lordship*—as premier in *birth*,)—

" I've consider'd the state of the world quite well,  
 And see how they go on preparing for hell.  
 But well as things look, there's a drawback, of course,  
 Will require counteraction by fraud or by force,  
 Since a few of their fellows on Reform are so stout,  
 That the best of my generals are now kick'd about.  
 And even their children, and women so frail,  
 If I cross but a village, make sport of my tail;  
 I often disguise to escape the rude banter,—  
 Assume a red coat, and set out on a *hunter*.  
 My tail for a crupper to hold myself on,  
 O'er the fences I drive at the heels of Lord John,  
 And think how I feel when he oft beats me hollow,  
 'Accustom'd to lead, I'm indignant to follow."

And here, as he spoke, he grew passionately mad,  
 Being muzzy, of course, he look'd horribly bad;  
 While the blue flame, like gas-light, ooz'd awfully out,  
 In sparkles from crevice of eyes, mouth, and snout,  
 And there in mock-glory, as upward it burns,  
 Form'd rainbows around the tips of his horns.

Madam *Sin*, his old daughter, though fearfully grim,  
 Like the favourite spouse of a sultan, sat prim,  
 And wore her looks sweet, as at all she was able,  
 As being the one only lady at table,  
 And her Son\* shook his bones, till the echoes around  
 Sent a fearful—astounding—an earthquaking sound.

But the burst of his passion expended, he sunk,  
 As if <sup>2c</sup>sick<sup>ing</sup> a little, like emperor when drunk:  
 Then observ'd with a grin,—“ I have thought of a farce,  
 Will double and triple the original curse;  
 Though a thing never done yet in heav'n, hell, or earth,  
 Since angel, or devil, or man had a birth,

\* Death.



Of course, never tried, 'mongst the miseries of man,  
I'll bring it about if I possibly can.

As I wing through the vast, and examine creation,  
And scan every thought in its closest relation,  
There's no class of beings, on any one planet,  
Will allow to let tyrant-usurpers live on it ;  
Save on earth, where I've brought them so much to my mind,  
That I scarcely can wish them more wicked inclin'd.  
I have worn my wings to the rib of the feather,  
In brushing the planets all hither and thither,  
Exhausted my genius in plans to deceive,  
Yet none would be gull'd but the lovely young *Eve*.  
Hence I fix'd on the *Earth*, as my favourite Farm,  
And to foster my crops, keep their passions still warm,  
Though oft in *rebellion* they bluster amain,  
I always find means to enthrall them again.  
When they dream about peace, I make causes of strife,  
And give them no time for repentance to life ;  
Hence twelve-score volcanoes on earth yet in action, (1)  
Is nought like their uproars in national faction.  
And ambition is still my favourite invention,  
The veriest bone for a general contention ;  
Though it can't climb its way yet to height of perfection,  
Unless I be present to give it direction.

For if Nations were wise, they would seek for relief  
From the saddest of all their sad causes of grief ;  
Enchant but their *Houses of Commons* and *Peers*,  
And hush them asleep for a hundred years,  
Till the brains of these babbies get older and wiser  
To conceive some suspicions of me, their adviser,  
And then by the touch of a magical wand,  
Make them start up again at the word of command ;  
When with eyes wide awake, let them stare all alive  
To behold how the world in their absence would thrive !



But wanting the sense to combine for their good,  
 "The people" are kept in a miserable mood!  
 And it is my cue so to manage the matter,  
 That the *few* hold the *many* in work and hot-water.  
 For now since the few seize the land to inherit,  
 They uphold that the clay should bear rule o'er the spirit,  
 That *their* soil represent even the whole human race—  
 A doctrine so damn'd, it is utter disgrace.  
 And whene'er the productive succumb to oppression, (2)  
 I'm always in Court to improve the aggression.  
 This flatters the ruler, and raises his pride,  
 Till oft I'm asham'd to be seen by his side;  
 And, therefore, in shape of a Lawyer or Lord,  
 I give sage advice at the grand council board.

Now, I see very well, that these Britons are fools—  
 Their rulers goshawks, and their people all owls,  
 So patient and dull, the poor wretches indeed  
 Will allow their landholders to tax even their *bread*!  
 The French would not do it, nor suffer it done,  
 Nor no nation else living under the sun;  
 'Twas well I ne'er thought of the thing long ago,  
 No ancient would ever have done it, I know,  
 With ruler of old, either emperor or king,  
 I'd have lost even my credit to have hinted the thing.  
 This cup which I use, Caligula's old skull,  
 Of brains and of mischief so beastly once full,  
 Though he play'd at the cursedest games he could win at,  
 Being Roman, he still would have scorn'd to have done it. (3)  
 But the Lords of these Britons, in honour so lax,  
 From the breasts of their mothers suck substance of *tax*,  
 And hence being nursed up as *privileged* lubbers,  
 Will gorge, sans remorse, on the guts of their neighbours.  
 As for barest-faced doings these lordlings are such,  
 They would skin the lame beggar, and claim his old crutch.  
 Far worse even than Dives, in grand earthly state,  
 They would not let Lazarus have lain at *their* gate.

So much do their dung-heaps and soil bear the sway,  
 I suspect, after all, that their souls are of clay ; (4)  
 For actions like theirs, I have no where heard bruited,  
 Since the day that my hoofs and my horns first sprouted ;  
 And were I not a little o'er-heated with wine,  
 I'll be hang'd if I'd own them disciples of mine.

Now I'll work on their avarice, and make them so bad,  
 Till fifty are starved, and one over-fed ;  
 The one will wax wanton, and soon play the devil,  
 The fifty get hungry, and bearish uncivil ;  
 Yes ; this an additional misery will bring,  
 With wars to support it—a glorious thing !  
 For of all human doings, there's nothing so glorious  
 As legalized murder, for which they're notorious.  
 As in that world of theirs, when their life is yet new,  
 Their pleasures still rife, and their cares are but few ;  
 When as May leads the summer to deck their green earth,  
 The blossoms of man, like her blossoms come forth ;  
 He buds into leaf, and his heart heaves elate,  
 While he glories to reach to his manhood's estate,  
 'Midst his sunshine of hope, and his shadings of sorrow,  
 He smiles, or is sad, with his views of to-morrow,  
 Till his tide of wild passions bring wars like the storm,  
 The beauties of nature and life to deform.  
 Then all his gay glories of manhood are cast,  
 Like the green summer leaves on the wing of the blast,  
 He is dash'd to his earth in the madness of strife,  
 His eyes twisted, blank to the sunshine of life ;  
 Even he who exults in vain dreams of to-morrow,  
 From the height of his greatness falls struck like a sparrow.  
 His glories in dust, all laid equally low,  
 With the small bird that sinks from the bolt of the bow,  
 His visions of morning's vain glories so bright,  
 Look lustrous at evening in glow-worm light,  
 While he lies in a ditch, where the scream of the bird,  
 Or the growl of the dog, o'er his carcase is heard.

For of all things on earth, I most love and admire  
 Their *great ones*, so famed, who set nations on fire,  
 Since the world would agree to live quiet as asses,  
 Were it not for the spirit of their *privileged classes*.  
 For what are their wars ever urged in a country,  
 To defend, or extend, the domains of their gentry;  
 While the poor soldier's share in the *glory* of nations,  
 Is his own children's slavery to all generations!  
 And slaves let them be to the pride of ambition,  
 Who have not the manhood to change their condition.

And war is my game, above all other evils,  
 Makes men into Dukes, and then Dukes into devils!  
 Hear them boast of the *glory*, forsooth, it is fine,  
 The poor silly apes—all the *glory* is mine!

And now they shall taste of my newest invention,  
 And pick a cold bone of the hottest contention,  
 I'll give them in place of their cooing and billing,  
 A Waterloo taste of my general sow-killing—  
 The music of battle—its groans and its tears,  
 To me more delightful than songs of the spheres.  
 Then in place of a transient, old half-wither'd form,  
 We'll have thousands sent fresh here, all reeking and warm."

The idea of the plan pleased the bevy so well,  
 They sent up of laughter an eldritch wild yell,  
 Which shook to its centre the confines of hell.

### THE SEQUENT PART.

AND, now, as between the contrivance and action,  
 This Father of Lies—instigator of faction—  
 Sleeps never, nor rests, but is still busy doing  
 Whatever of ill he's concocting or brewing,  
 Though a little ashamed of it, still he must venture,  
 And whisper his scheme to a grave Parliament,



But in language as soft as a musquito humming,  
 He supposed his sweet Lady had murmur'd it dreaming.  
 And thus being tickled with the curious notion,  
 In coterie digested it into a *motion* ;  
 In both Houses bandied, and quipt with a while,  
 Then past into *act* in a true lordly style,  
 And since often talk'd of, and alter'd, of course,  
 At each alteration the worse and the worse,  
 And this to old Satan's a devilish good farce ;  
 While it fattens his lordlings, at full heck and manger,  
 The starved poor curse till their souls are in danger,\*  
 Of course, fall in value, and true sterling worth,  
 Till the creatures, tho' born now, are hardly worth birth !  
 The starvelings so nursed up in penury and squalling,  
 Though soul'd, yet confess'd to be hardly worth souling,  
 Since hungry starvation and high over-feeding  
 Alike are condemn'd on the true plan of breeding  
 Hence, lately our Lords and our Commons have been  
 So imbecile-minded—a shame to be seen—  
 That aliment naturally causing insanity,  
 That's wrung from the sweat and the blood of humanity.  
 Hence, clay-soil entailers—your privileged gentry,  
 Who shamelessly suck out the life of their country,  
 Talk big, as they may, about Lordship and thrones,  
 Great Britain is left them but debt and dry bones,  
 While the *mind* that is left us, at present runs frantic,  
 Unless it get shipp'd off across the Atlantic.

In your poor over-wrought and half-starved artizan,  
 You cannot expect the full-grown soul of man,  
 Since without time and means left his mind to adorn,  
 He remains just the wild-ass colt he is born.  
 And however he labours, he's robb'd of his money,  
 As the drones and the wasps rob the bee of its honey ;

\* “ He who withholdeth corn, the poor shall curse him.”

The brave little bee often uses its sting,  
 While the artizan 's hang'd if he hints such a thing ;  
 Hence he loses the spirit of natural resistance,  
 And, soul-less, dies down into passive existence.  
 Job's wild mountain Asses tamed down into Donkies,  
 Rode on by Lord Monboddo's crop-docked monkies ! (5)  
 With such looking serfs—and with such looking gentry,  
 The devil may laugh now to see such a country.

Even this, while professional doctors of souls  
 Harangue themselves hoarse to convince us we're fools,—  
 And dull fools we are, to believe grace so ample,  
 To save us who live by their general example,  
 While they preach up obedient contentment to sinners,  
 And assure us of next life for present good manners ;  
 Submit to be starved, and let markets keep dear,  
 As our priesthood are paid by the *fiars of the year*, (6)  
 And the meaning implied from their favourite text,  
 Is, give *them* this world, they'll assure *us* the next ;  
 " Submit to the powers,"—and remember our *breeding*, (7)  
 Let them feast on claret, and excellent pudding,  
 While faith and submission in times of inanity,  
 Is to us the true test of the true Christianity,  
 As doubtless it may, if themselves would but try it,  
 And give us example how they could live by it.

But these are examples we can't have in common,  
 Except from some single half-starved son of woman  
 Who is licensed to preach, but on this side of heaven,  
 No interest with Patron to get into *Living*.  
 There's no prophet lives now on pulse and well-cresses,  
 Our Priests must wear round rosy plum-pudding faces.  
 On the foot-path to heaven, those who sit at the gate  
 Must never look lean—but like servants of State,  
 Introduce people in who arrive from the country,  
 And be very particularly pleasant to gentry.

Yes, stud with State Churches the Island all o'er,  
 And endow them, by tax, on the procreant and poor,  
 They'll serve as snug *livings*, as well as preventers  
 To fortify Chalmers against the Dissenters.  
 Yet, know, the productive of our population,  
 Are weary of bearing the *weight* of the nation,—  
 Kept lean by your bread-tax—religious by law—  
 Till our faces are long, thin, and sharp as a saw ;—  
 For, to muzzle your oxen who tread out your corn,  
 Can hardly, by Christians, much longer be borne.

For see *that* religion—its precepts Divine,  
 So liberal—so generous—so glowing—so fine—  
 With no party spirit—but sweet native ease,  
 As open as sunshine—as free as the breeze,  
 Where it touches a soul with its spirit of grace,  
 That soul can admit of no sham in its place—  
 There is nothing in life that can ever impart  
 A glow of benevolence so sweet to the heart.  
 Could the selfish of soul but once feel the sensation,  
 It would open his arms to embrace the Creation ;  
 And the solidest proof of its beauty we have,  
 Is its garb being assum'd by the worldling and knave,  
 Nay, even the devil, when he comes to seduce,  
 Assumes, as he can, a sweet Christian face.

### SEQUEL.

WHEN the Devil takes to farming, he chooses his factors ;  
 When he turns to dramatics, selects all his actors ;  
 When his first aim is gain'd, then ever, of course,  
 At the end of the tragedy follows the farce.

This Corn-Law contrivance at first when he hit on,  
 He chuckled in hope of his triumphs in Britain ;  
 But though he thinks deeper than corn-law gentry,  
 So blind to the fate of themselves and *their* country ;



No prescience is his to foresee in the distance,  
 Since he still may be met by a moral resistance,  
 As in slavery, that once was all legal admitted,  
 Now we wonder it could for a day be permitted !  
 Though the friends of old Pit, with the Planters, persisted,  
 Morality press'd till the ruffians desisted.  
 Though public morality's starved in the nation,  
 There are yet wintry signs of its spring vegetation,  
 Though the worm and the canker have bitten it sore,  
 Vitality still is perceived at its core :  
 Though sad, to appearance, its present condition,  
 While it germs, there remains still a hope of fruition ;  
 Its friends will require to nurse it with caution,  
 Now physical force is, thank God, out of fashion.  
 Should *repealers* prevail in this yet coming *Session*,  
 We still may be saved as a great trading nation.  
 Of the issue we cannot pretend to determine,  
 Yet, one thing is certain, our prospect's alarming,  
 Since come to a crisis—it's *now* or it's *never*—  
 Three years more delay'd, and our Trade's gone for ever !  
 While at more than their own, still our landlords are grasping,  
 Our state-vessel's keel on the wreck-rock is rasping ;  
 If she fix, then adieu to your grandeur and ease,  
 And your songs about braving the battle and breeze !  
 O Britain ! so soon as your trade fails before ye,  
 A long, long farewell to your greatness and glory !  
 Your commerce and credit are very near gone,  
 Your children ask bread, and receive but a stone !  
 While your gentry, your Bishops—the devil and all,  
 Seem blind to their fate, as they near to their fall ;  
 For the means by which wealth has been hitherto raised,  
 Are nearly exhausted, invention gets crazed ;—  
 As with all these accursed restrictions surrounded,  
 The spirit of Trade's paralyzed and confounded,  
 And without foreign barter, for what we produce,  
 Steam-loomery and genius must fall out of use,

Or pack off abroad, to where bread can be found  
 Untax'd, as it springs for man's use from the ground;  
 And when once this is gone,—Oh, alas! unreturning,  
 Our grandees may put their Entails into mourning,  
 As then, when their goose with her gold eggs are flown,  
 They'll look very sheepish, and live on their own!  
 And that will be better than e'er they've done yet,  
 While they robb'd the productive, and still run in debt.

Has the like ever been in the history of nations?  
 That rulers do nothing in their generations,  
 With the soil all their own, and their thousands a-year,  
 But make laws to oppress the industrious poor!  
 Alas! that the honest, ingenious man's country  
 Should be ruin'd by a course of such idiot effrontery!  
 Though as true a Patriot, as ever felt sorrow,  
 Yet rather than starve here, I'd sail hence to-morrow. (8)

Now this, just as sure as the writer's a sinner,  
 Is wrote on the strength of potatoes for dinner,  
 And that too without even Irishman's whisky,  
 Which makes the Hibernian muses so frisky.  
 If your naked potato inspire such rhyme,  
 With beef, it might surely produce the sublime!

And the name of the Whigs let the muses exalt,  
 Who have reft the nefarious duty from salt,—  
 That was good legislation, we never had better,  
 When we can get salt, we can keep full with water.  
 Whilst against the inventions of Satan we nerve us,  
 From the horrors of *Radical pikes*,—Lord, preserve us!

## NOTES TO THE FOREGOING.

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### NOTE 1.

*“Hence twelve score volcanoes on earth yet in action.”*

Geographers make out about 230 volcanoes still in a state of casual eruption, over the surface of our globe; these may be called earth-boils, corrective of internal disorders, for the general health of her bodily system. Satan, who is understood to be more on the rove than our Cookes, Drakes, and other travellers, may very likely know of ten more than they have yet discovered, and be pretty correct in his assertion of twelve score.

### NOTE 2.

*“For whene’er the productive succumb to oppression.”*

*“Where oppression is, there is contention, and every evil work.”*

### NOTE 3.

*“Being Roman, he still would have scorn’d to have done it.”*

Satan was here wrong; though amidst so much business, it is natural he may forget some of his former ploys, as in Rome, it was at one time attempted to legislate on the price of corn, but the people would not submit to the rascally imposition, and the matter was smothered up. But in Rome, under even the iron-yoke, “the people” actually made themselves to be considered as somebody,—just a little above being considered the mere tools of tyrannical avarice,—a virtue now lost.



## NOTE 4.

*"I suspect, after all, that their souls are of clay."*

"Give honour to whom honour is due," is a beautiful Apostolic precept, provided we can find a worthy object. I like to see a brother mortal to whom I can consider honour due, for I never can conceive it due to Dumbie-dyke Dukes or Lords, or villain kings, or ruffian conquerors, or the mere proprietors of clay soil, just because they casually are such—most of whom one gets into the habit of doffing their old hat to. Who now could seriously think of lifting his hat, in honour, to a hill, or a great dung-heap? and yet such things are accounted the standards of respect, while their proprietors, like calves of their own stalls, often represent nothing else, and whose title of right, even to such, might often, with propriety in equity, be disputed, and of which divest them, they immediately sink into unqualified insignificance. They legislate by *clay-qualification*, and legislate for the benefit of *clay* alone! No wonder that Satan suspect their souls to be made also of *clay*. Indeed, when we think of their disregard of mind and moral sensibility,—their graspings after various conquest and false fame,—their swollen and consummate impudence, in supposing themselves born to abuse *general* humanity, and bespatter all around them,—how they sink from before the native grandeur of the human mind, under the influence of true Christian humility and generous feeling. What a pitiful declension of soul, therefore, to worship *body* rather than spirit, only because it is absurdly fashionable.

Equity, justice, and general benevolence, are the only qualities worthy of respect in the human character, and wherever these are perceived in the individual, should be honoured as portions of divinity in man. Whatever individual worth may be amongst our gentry, I cannot help considering them, as a legislative body, pretty free of such qualities, and, therefore, hold myself guiltless in denying them the submission of my mind.

## NOTE 5.

*"Rode on by Lord Monboddos crop-docked monkies."*

It is said, that Lord Monboddos supposed men to have been originally born with tails, but sometime or other got cropped, or walked away from them. Combe seems also inclined to some such ideas in his "Constitution of Man."

## NOTE 6.

*"Fiars of the year."*

Average price of corn for the year.

## NOTE 7.

*"Submit to the powers, and remember our breeding."*

I have heard no text of Scripture more mispreached than this—of submission to the powers that be, as ordained of God. For I observe, that however our Saviour and his apostles meekly submitted to suffer from reigning tyranny, they never once acknowledged the principle of oppression.

Throughout the course of the thirty years preceding the date of our Reform Bill, this was quite a favourite country-church text, and so strongly enforced, that one would almost have been persuaded to obedience to Satan, as also a power ordained of God. After the Whigs got office, however, I observed some of the same priests drop their submissive terms, seemingly on the point of turning turk themselves on the powers that then came to be; for, as somebody says in burlesque of the angels,—The priests are mostly all *tories*.

## NOTE 8.

*"Yet, rather than starve here, I'd sail hence to-morrow."*

So I would, could I pay my debts up here, and carry my family-friends along with me; but that is one principal evil of the curse entailed on any community by mis-legislation. A man might

sometimes be enabled to escape by himself like a runaway, while his impoverished circumstances disenable him to take his dearest friends alongst with him ; so he remains, because he is too generous to be unfeelingly selfish. Through the last forty years, I have laboured diligently fifteen hours a-day on an average, and yet cannot keep out of debt :—five hours for the natural support of myself and family ; five for government taxes,—my share of raising “ *the revenue*,” and of the interest of the everlasting eight hundred millions of debt contracted in late blasting Tory wars—a sum that would have made Great Britain one great garden, or hang with silver bells the entire circle of our earth’s orbit round the sun ; and five hours for the tax on bread ; which last, goes as my corn-bill proportion to my *rich good neighbours*, to advance their landed estates from their natural value of ten thousand a-year to fifteen. All the value they have given me in return, has been their manufacture of laws for my further taxation, restriction, and coercion, till it has come, as with Israel in Egypt, to my full tale of bricks without straw,—besides, to be sure, gratuitously hunting the foxes which might have destroyed my tender vines,—if I had any vines to destroy.

#### GENERAL NOTE.

It is extremely disgusting to hear the repetitions of the puny arguments of the interested on the other side of this question, as stated by most landholders, and those who suppose themselves individually benefited,—also, by several journalists, paid by the party with Corn-Bill money, extracted from the hard-hand of labour,—to persuade me that said corn-laws are something generally beneficial ; to make me believe it proper to give a robber my purse, to enable him to spend the contents on necessary shoes in my shop. I would rather see him walk barefoot to heaven ! Upon the whole, these Tory Journalists talk like a pettifogging quibbler, pleading on behalf of a notorious thief, catching at trifles, reasoning on suppositions, and surmising beyond the bounds of probability, as if collecting dust to throw in the eyes of a jury, to obscure the visible truth from their vision,—but to an eye calculated to see



through the flimsy sophistry, as hardly forming greater impediment than a lady's fan to shade the sun from a hemisphere. It is clear as that three and two make five, that the Corn-Bill is the most bare-facedly impudent—the most heaven-affronting—the most iniquitous, and, therefore, in an ultimate point of view, the most impolitic thing of legislation, ever unblushingly imposed by any party, upon any productive portion of humanity; as, if it is just two or three years longer continued, against the present remonstrances of common sense,—whoever lives till then, must see its senseless and avaricious supporters irremediably involved in the sweep of common ruin it must eventually produce.

A landlord who reasons otherwise, is more ignorant than his horse; a tenant who believes him, is a being immeasurably below a cobbler's regard; and a Corn-Billed cobbler who does not see it clearly, is blind as his own lap-stone.

These Corn-Laws were an imposition of Tory-government monopoly—as all *national* evils have been engendered and fostered in the hot-beds of Toryism.

The Tory assumes that he has a right divine to legislate for both you and himself—to govern exclusively; and that the Whig, with the mass of humanity, has no right but to sit down in submission to whatever imperious mode of coercion he, the Tory legislator, may choose to impose. The Tory taxes you for money with which he hires his priests to preach the propriety of submission to his supremacy as a ruler; his judges, to dispense whatever law he inclines to impose on the general community; and his hangman, to execute that law in the name of justice. He imposes taxes on the ruled, to make them pay the expense of his general and individual abuse of assumed *privilege*, even to the price of the fetters with which he chooses to bind them, or the rope by which they are suspended for any alleged crime of disputing his usurped authority.

On the contrary, the *Whig*, (which is a general name for a liberal,) avers that he has a natural right to an equitable share in his own, and the general government. But because “the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light,” those of liberal, or more rational sentiment, can never so long and generally agree on minor points of principle and process, as to combine, and carry out a general reform in the teeth of a hell-and-earth combination of wicked power, ever pressing like

a night-mare on the bosom of productive life, till its sinews are paralyzed, and its spirit worn with the longings of mental anxiety.

Toryism presupposes the world ordained to go on for ever in the same way—the few enslaving the many, and remaining in the same dull routine of ignorance, and hellish deeds, to the days of eternity, and insolently asks you to prove the likelihood of a change from all analogy with the insignificance of the past, and yet withal, forsooth, assumes the name of Christian! as if Christianity did not recommend and proclaim a new and progressive state of humanity, with the light of perfection ever beaming in its eye, like the pillar of fire in the Wilderness of Sinai.

The Whig believes in a progressive state of society, and that our Maker did not set up this grand fabric of man, and confer all the wonderful faculties of the human soul, to be thus for ever abused and debased by the rule of the mere brutal propensities, in place of being cultivated, and improved to His own glory.

If Tories were not “dead in trespasses and sins,”—past all hope of recovery, it might, perhaps, do their souls good, just to comprehend how cordially honest hearts have hated their ways, and that in spite of forty years’ prayers, that we might be imbued with the true spirit of Christian charity.

If Christian charity is capable of extension, to excuse their past deeds, it is not at all calculated to submit to them without taking protest. What were these, their past wars, to support themselves in power for the purpose of maintaining their abuses, but hell let loose upon earth. The devil gives your *Pitts* and *Wellingtons* the glory of it here; he will not give a particle of it in his own dominions, where he glories to reign paramount, beyond the control of his craven generals, and will reclaim all his preferred honours, such as they are.

You “fear the *revenue* may be hurt,” by late Whig relaxations of taxation! Did God give you the breath of life for no more valuable purpose than to raise *revenue*—to enable a very few fellows to revel at ease, and oppress yourself along with the millions of his poor creatures? Was your human soul given you to be pinned up in the tax-box of a tyrant aristocracy? Did your Maker provide you with a glorious body, and a reasonable spirit, to be slaved over lamp-light every night till eleven or twelve,—his Sabbaths of rest hardly excepted,—that you might keep a reptile-



mindful landholder lusting all the night over his wine, and hunting after foxes through the day, to evaporate the effects of his debaucheries, and prepare for a new nightly riot on the life-blood of common humanity !

Has humanity not yet been long enough debased, running with dirks at their hips, after their worse than wooden gods, whom they call their chieftains ! ready at their paltry bidding to rip the life-blood out of the man whom God has created to be their rational neighbours, and then sent home to starve with their poor degraded wives, and those who should have been their rational offspring,—yes, and in cottar-hovels, scarcely deserving the name of a shelter !

Were men not stone-blind, blank, and morally ignorant, could they submit to such things, or follow the wicked to war, when they have simply to agree in saying, we nourish the Christian principle of peace and good-will to men, and decline to kill each other ; and in such case, what profane and dominant ruler could force them ? What could an emperor of here or there say, should the millions say, We will not fight ; so keep the peace yourself, or we will choose another *servant* to administer an equitable government to us.

Whether are the Tories of past time more to be blamed for having so ruled us, or we for being so ruled ? The guilt is mutual ; the particular folly has been ours. Let it be so no longer ; as without relief from these unnatural monopolies, and restrictive duties, to the ruin of commerce—particularly these monstrous Corn-Laws, our manufacturers must, of necessity, fail of business, or carry their implements of industry to other countries. And who will then bring in money to our country, to supply the extravagance of exclusive *privilege*, besides paying the *revenue* ? By a little calculation, it can easily be proved, that for the last thirty years, our extra British mechanical labour has paid a premium to the landholders, far more than the amount of our whole national revenues ; and also, that this wonderful productive machine is now nearly suspended from the operation of this nefarious Corn-Bill monopoly, and cannot run on here to half production, above three or four years longer. It already struggles like a dying creature, and must fall, unless that accursed Bill is immediately rescinded.

If free-trade measures are yet immediately resorted to, this country may still stand eminent in the centre of the world. If



not, parties fall together, into that insignificance which is the infamous and ultimate lot of the weak and heartless—the impious tyrant, and the soulless slave,—who will then

Here huddled together in dust lie inglorious,  
While the glories of fast-coming ages roll o'er us.

*St Boswell's Green, September 1841.*