

JOHN BULL;

OR,

THE COMEDY OF 1854.

“IF A WRITER RESOLVE TO VENTURE UPON THE DANGEROUS
PRECIPICE OF TELLING UNBIASSED TRUTH, LET HIM PROCLAIM
WAR WITH MANKIND, AND NEITHER GIVE NOR TAKE QUARTER.”

De Foe.

“WE, WHO NOW BEHOLD THESE PRESENT DAYS,
HAVE EYES TO WONDER, BUT LACK TONGUES TO PRAISE.”

Shakespeare.



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John Bull;
OR,
THE COMEDY OF 1854.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN BULL,

YOUNG ENGLAND, (his eldest son.)

COSMOPOLITAN, (the world's showman.)

JACOB PATCH, (servant to Cosmopolitan.)

FRIEND PRY, (a member of the Peace Society.)

THE PAPAL NUNCIO.

TRAPEZATRAPIST

PHRENOLOGIST

BIOLOGIST

ODYLIC PROFESSOR

RUSSIAN PROFESSOR

PROFESSOR OF SECULAR EDUCATION

} Tutors to
Young England.

MRS. BULL.

CLAIRVOYANTE, }
SPIRIT RAPPIS, } Governesses to Young England.

BRITANNIA.

HIBERNIA.

SCOTIA.

PROGRESS.

SCIENCE.

SCENE.—*Mr. Bull's House, London.*

JOHN BULL; OR, THE COMEDY OF 1854.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A room in Mr. Bull's house, where Cosmopolitan has arranged his show, concealed at first by a curtain.*

Enter JOHN BULL.

John Bull. Hallo, and who are you ?

Cosmopolitan. I wait on your

Commands, as I was bidden yesterday.

John Bull.—You are the fellow who sent up his card
Two days ago, ‘ the political naturalist ?’

Cosmopolitan.—The very same, your Honour ; and here is
My collection, which, if it please you,
I will forthwith exhibit, birds and beasts.

John Bull.—First tell your principles, your politics,
And your religion.

Cosmopolitan. My creed
Is like my name—’tis Cosmopolitan,

And I do dub myself philosopher,
And look upon the world with simple eye.
The world is like my coat, all shades of sects ;
No odds, for by a sect heaven ne'er was reached.
But I can pray with all mankind alike ;
With prim Dissenter in uneasy pew ;
The high Tractarian that loves to bow
Because 'tis fashionable ; the careful Priest
Who in one box locks up a dozen gods ;
The true Divine who makes green fields and hills
His church, and counts the flowers his rosaries :
And when of late I did with Mormons dwell,
I took most kindly to polygamy ;
And when at Rome with Friars and pretty Nuns,
I tried its opposite, celibacy,
But it went very hard against the grain ;
In Russia I am for Autocracy,
And in the States Democracy's the word,
Whilst here at home I'm for a Monarchy ;
With Mrs. Stowe, for Niggers I can weep,
And when with Southerners their trade I praise,
But in my elbow-sleeve I sneer at both,
The one for surfeit of humanity,
The other for its lack : the world was meant
For sneers, and when I die 'twill sneer at me.

I am a speckled fool, salted with wit,
 And I do play the fool with all the world,
 And bye and bye 'twill play the fool with me.

John Bull. Well, come then, Fool, shew me your goods ;
 draw up

The curtain of the play.

Cosmopolitan. 'Tis up, you see ;

Here is the great world's happy family. [*Cos. draws up curtain.*]

John Bull. Naked birds ! this won't do ; where's the
 'usual leaf ?'

Cosmopolitan. 'Tis an o'er prudish age that asks this, and
 its modesty is best seen by day : there are places in this
 town where I would see not leaves,—but whole rows of
 trees ; and there are men's and women's mouths which a leaf
 would well become.

The birds are pure, if men are not : sooner
 Go stick it on each man and women that
 Doth walk, on aged beldame, and on child
 In arms ; 'gainst every door within this town,
 Alike on brothel, and on convent gate ;
 Nay, if this prudery must be satisfied,
 Go place it on the navel of the earth,
 That Dian may not blush so every night.

John Bull. But why all birds ; we are not all birds.

Cosmopolitan. Man is a bird ; alas ! a fallen bird. In

his original state, as Bird of Paradise, he had wings no doubt, for angels and cherubs still retain them; but man, foolish man, lost them, and in their place has got the 'usual leaf,' yet he is a bird for all that. We have the sense to retain the language and the phrases of our bird-life still. When man is cheated he has to pay dear for his whistle; he who cheats is a 'gull.'

John Bull. Politicians; when Sidney Herbert removes the militia cap, 'tis a feather in his own; when Disraeli sees something 'looming' in the future, he has found a mare's nest.

Cosmopolitan. Man as in his original state still takes a bird s-eye view of things; now a 'lame duck,' now a 'pigeon,' ever retaining his bird-like habits.

John Bull. Kings, for the Railway King feathered his nest, and his toadies, Kingfishers.

Cosmopolitan. Man imitateth the cock, and weareth spurs, yet cannot sleep with them on, foolish man: rightly spoke the poet of woman—

"She seemed a chicken newly dressed,
Save wings, for Heaven."

It suits me then that every one here is a bird, for the licence the public give to *Punch* it may not grant *Cosmopolitan*.

John Bull. What bird is this that screams so loud and harsh?

Cosmopolitan. Stand near the cage, and I'll explain ;
'tis the

Bald Fishing Eagle of America ;
It swallowed late a herring-bone, which stuck
About the middle of its throat, and it
Has been hoarse ever since ; 'twas also said
That England gave her some fish-sauce, which made
The matter worse ; and now a Spanish Fly
Has raised a blister on its neck :
An egg for every State it has, but some
Are rotten eggs.—

John Bull. And some are black.

Cosmopolitan. The Nigger eggs, they bring forth Nigger
chicks.

She keeps an incubator for their use,
And never hatches them beneath her wings.

John Bull. She loves them quite as well as all the rest.

Cosmopolitan. Yes ; quite, stepmothers always do, don't
they ?

She'll sell them in the auction-mart, and when
The chicks are born, they are surprised to find
They have been bought and sold some dozen times.

John Bull. What eggs are those ?

Cosmopolitan. The ' whitewashed ' eggs
Of Mississippi, bred by a cock
Surnamed Repudiation ; drab eggs

From Pennsylvania ; and from Tennessee
 Some alligators'. We all do spring from eggs :
 The world's an egg, and has a yolk of fire,
 Which soon shall eat right through its shell of chalk.

British Sociable Bird. O, birds of the mighty Republic
 of Air, ye who bask in the sunshine and the moonshine !
 come ye Sandpipers and Mudlarks, ye Wagtails and Turn-
 stones and Turncoats ! come Gaol-birds and Gallows-birds,
 and we will build nests in the Air, and lay wind eggs.

The Common Stump Creeper. And I will harangue you
 at the bar of the Clouds, and give you the mysteries of the
 court of Heaven.

Strike, or Butcher Bird. And I, fifty per cent. in the
 mills of the Air, and the bank-notes of Fancy.

Dublin Canary Bird. And faith, it is I that will give
 you the vitriol to murder the Saxon.

Puffin, or Mormon. Come, all ye Hens and Tits, come
 to the Utah of the birds ; our "own correspondent" has sent
 his report ; there the chick knoweth his mother, but not
 his father,—yet no Bustards are there ; there the concubine
 is as the wife, and the wife as the concubine, they all lie
 down together ; and to him who cometh quickly will I give
 sixty hens and a big nest ; and ye shall all be as one feather.

John Bull. Look, the Spanish Hen wants to go.

Cardinal Grosbeak. O, all ye Rose-coloured pastors, all

ye Rooks and ye Scarecrows, come from your Aves and your aviaries, and leave your wafer-cakes, for the blessed Virgin of the birds calleth ! Come to the convents of the Clouds and the Prince of the Air, for the Pope hath sent his Bullfinches.

John Bull. What confusion !

Cosmopolitan. There is nothing else in this royal aviary of Europe, where the winged kings and emperors are married one with the other. Some time ago they drove my white Polish Eagle away, and the poor old French Cock and Hen ; and lately the Turkey Cock has lost his latch-key, and there has been nothing else but fighting about it ; and, to make matters worse, those Cochinchinas have dethroned their Emperor ; there they are again.

John Bull. Well done, Turkey Cock ! The Russian Eagle is showing the white feather in his tail.

Cosmopolitan. Turn him out of the Principalities ; neck and crop, out he goes.

John Bull. Here is the French Eagle coming to take the Turkey Cock under his wing ; I must help, too.

Cosmopolitan. The Prussian Eagle is coming as bottle holder.

John Bull. And the Austrian as a ' decoy duck.'

Cosmopolitan. Let us lead the Turkey Cock to his Harem.

John Bull. What a Fine French Eagle ! See how it pecks the crumbs out of my hand !

Cosmopolitan. Perhaps t'would take the bread out of
your mouth.

When first it came it used to sing
The Marsellaise, a red Republican,
Screaming for equal perches and for roosts,
And that all birds should lay eggs just the same ;
But now these feathers are all moulted off,
This royal croup and pip of policy.

John Bull. And what bird is this ?

Cosmopolitan. The British Freebird from St. Albans,
with a little bell round its neck.

British Freebird. Tingle, tingle, little Bell ;
O, you pay me very well ;
In the alley, blind and lone,
When the Inspector he is gone,
Then thou showest thy sovereigns bright,
Jingle, jingle all the night ;
Then the Freebird tunes his vote,
Thanks you for your five-pound note.
He could not his plumpers sell,
If you did not pay him well ;
And you never wink your eye
Till the Inspector he comes by ;
Then tingle, tingle, little Bell,
For I know you precious well

John Bull. He has rung all the changes on that bell.

Cosmopolitan. And taken all the change out of it, besides ; but come and see my animals.

John Bull. O, my poor old Lion ; O how glad he is to see me !

Cosmopolitan. This is very affecting.

John Bull. Did they call it a mangy beast, then ? did they ? But where's the Scotch Unicorn ?

Cosmopolitan. Gone to look for his hat ; but he does'nt know where he lost it, or when he had it last. But here's the Pope for you.

John Bull. Why, with the animals ?

Cosmopolitan. The Beast with the ten horns, and a cannibal.

John Bull. Why a cannibal ?

Cosmopolitan. When he reckons with his "host" he eats him. Once I meant to hire a Punch and Judy show, and instead of Punch and Judy, have it Pope and Judas ; and instead of dog Toby, a real English Bulldog, which should torment the Pope out of his seven sacraments ; and I should come forward tricked out like a priest, and say, there'll be a rise in the bread, twopence more and up goes the "host ;" and there should be a tragical scene, when Master Pope is about to hang Master Judas by the neck, till he is dead, dead, dead, the result shall be that Master Judas

hangs Master Pope by the neck, till he is dead, dead, dead ; and then Master Judas commits suicide as usual.

Slaveholder. That's my slave there ; five hundred dollars for him, dead or alive.

John Bull. Fancy his taking me for a slave, and yet, perhaps, 'tis too true, for the Devil is the biggest slaveholder, and earth but one vast slave plantation.

Alderman Gobble. Oui, oui, gobble, gobble, turtle, turtle.

Cosmopolitan. Only a Platonic pig.

John Bull. He has a ring through his nose.

Cosmopolitan. At his marriage, instead of putting the ring on his wife's finger, he put it through his own nose ; when he dies I shall have a neat pig-trough to his memory, inscribed '*Esse quam videri,*' to be translated '*eat rather than seem to,*' and some Cuvier will discover the '*Sus civicus Londinensis,*' commonly called the '*great unwashed,*' and will prove that an Alderman was the original ventriloquist, synonymous with a belly-god;—but here is a Tractarian Bishop.

John Bull. What has he got such large sleeves for, Master Fool ?

Cosmopolitan. The better to laugh in them, Master Bull.

John Bull. And what has he got such a large apron for, Master Fool ?

Cosmopolitan The better to carry the loaves and fishes in, Master Bull ?

Master Bull. And what does he want loaves and fishes for, Master Fool ?

Cosmopolitan. The better to feast upon ; for any day in the week his creed allows him loaves and fishes.

John Bull. I must go and see my old Lion again ; poor old beast ! take care of him, for my sake ; and then, Master Fool, come this evening and exhibit your animals to Mrs. Bull and the family. [Exit.

Cosmopolitan. This odd old Bird ; I fear he'll get himself into some springe or another. Here, Jacob Patch, bring the dose of senna to keep down the Pope's fat, and give half of it to the Sociable Bird.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A Study in Mr. Bull's House, where Young England is learning the science of Trapezatrapy.*

Young England. Here's a merry go round !

Enter JOHN BULL.

John Bull. You don't call this study ?

Young England. Trapezatrapy, and this the Trapezatrapist.

John Bull. Who ?

Trapezatrapist. Amphion II., much greater than Amphion I. He made trees go round ; I, tables and chairs go round, and talk besides ; join hands.

Young England. Capital exercise for old gentlemen.

Trapezatrapist. Don't break the Electro-galvanic circle, Sir.

John Bull. Puff ! puff ! puff !

Young England. Isn't this fun ? [table stops.

John Bull. Do all the tables go round ? I am off !
Stop the table. (table goes on.

Trapezatrapist. Can't without a sovereign to stop the electricity.

John Bull. Take one out of my pocket.

Trapezatrapist. Can't without two ; you have so much electricity.

John Bull. Take two—puff ! puff ! puff ! (table stops.

Trapezatrapist [pocketing the gold] Trapezatrapy is the science of the day,

John Bull. What's your advice ? for now I can't dine, lest the plates should go ; or play cards, lest my money should, as it did just now.

Trapezatriapist. Take the legs off, that it shan't have any to stand on.

John Bull. My own case,—I am so tired.

Trapezatriapist. And convert the round tables into square ones, in the language of science 'square the circle;' but I'll make the tables talk, at first only Curates believed; the news at last spread to the Vicars; from the Vicars to the Deans; from the Dean's wives to the Bishop's wives, and so to the Bishops; come, table, speak; this table stammers; I'll try this one.

Table. The Copernican theory of the earth's motion is wrong, the world is a green baise table, on which all men put their feet, and so moves round; for Trapezatrapy demands no "pou sto;" when the earth's end comes, it's legs will be broken: in proof that the earth is a table, don't we call some parts of it to this day table-land? The sun an or-molu table, so the stars; the moon, a white cloth on its table; and when the Man in the Moon folds down a leaf, we only see half of it; and when what philosophers call an eclipse, it is because the white cloth has got dirty; the spots on the moon, the dishes on the table; in proof that they are tables, the Man in the Moon doesn't say he'll borrow a leaf from the Man in the Sun, but he takes one from his table; astronomy is a misnomer; it should be termed table-talk, to which all science is reducible.

John Bull. Explain table turning and talking.

Trapezatrapist. You have heard of people walking and talking in their sleep, and have seen little boys in the streets spinning their tops ;—now the little boys, when their tops go round very fast, say they are sleeping ;—this is the same with the tables ; when the tables go round very fast, they fall asleep, like the tops, and when asleep, they walk and talk in their sleep.

John Bull. Commence operations at once, take the legs off the tables.

Trapezatrapist [*demolishing the furniture*]. Now, Sir, you'll be safe, and I'll come in the evening and explain it to Mrs. Bull.

John Bull. You had better ; for I shan't be able : this is more comfortable : what a clever man, he got £10 out of me.

(*Exit Trapezatrapist.*)

Enter PHRENOLOGIST.

Phrenologist. So you have been learning Trapazatrapy ? After Phrenology, 'tis the finest science.

John Bull (*offering him a broken stool.*) Sit down, and explain Phrenology.

Phrenologist. The Trapezatrapist will tell you that a head is a card-table, but I a card-box, and the bumps are the cards, the small bumps the small cards, the bumps on

the forehead, the face cards, the large bumps the trumps, and we play our bumps to suit the hour.

John Bull. When people shuffle in their transactions, they are only shuffling their bumps. Come, I'll test your theory, shut your eyes, and place your hands on this globe, on the broad forehead of the earth, and tell me what the bumps mean.

Phrenologist. Philoprogenitiveness (*feels the globe.*

John Bull. Your hand was on the Sultan's Harem: try again.

Phrenologist. Philoprogenitiveness again; but stronger than the last.

John Bull. On the Great Salt Lake, near the city of the Mormons. If you say right this time, I'm a convert.

Phrenologist. Philoprogenitiveness again; but much stronger than the other two.

John Bull. Astonishing! 'twas a Roman Catholic Convent.

Phrenologist. I'll feel your head, and you can tell me if I am right. Benevolence large; good natured to London beggars and insolent cabmen. Wonder very large; you believe in ghosts, miracles, table-turning, and the Peace Society.

John Bull. This is strange; I wonder how he knew.

(aside.

Phrenologist. Cautiousness, small ; you are imposed upon by Railway Swindlers and Chartist Delegates.

John Bull. He knows me better than I do myself ; (*aside.* Stop, stop, or you'll tell all my secrets.

Phrenologist. Firmness, very small ; you are frightened by money panics, French invasions, Mrs. Gamp, and King Bomba.

John Bull. This is too clever a science. Stop, and teach it me.

Phrenologist. These two cards, £10 each.

John Bull. Come at five, and feel Mrs. Bull's head. (*Exit Phrenologist.*) He is cleverer than the Trapaezatrapiſt. He got £20 out of me.

Enter ODYLIC PROFESSOR.

Odylic Professor. I am about to give your son his lecture in the mysteries of Odyle. This ring and thread is Time's odometer ; take it in your hand.

John Bull. The eleventh hour ; how correct ! How did you invent so simple a piece of mechanism ?

Odylic Professor. A true artist, I copied nature ; and perceiving that a hidden instinct prompted the infant mind to tell the hours from the seeds of the dandelion—those fragile clocks of Nature, for which she takes out no patent,

or even provisional register—a happy thought flashed across my mind, and this its result.

John Bull. No one will steal it; they won't know its value.

Odylic Professor. Its value is £20.

John Bull. What are all these?

Odylic Professor. This, life's crystal horoscope; this, the balance of equalities, for weighing Europe; this the divining rod, or anthropic compass; put it close to a man, and the hands will point.

John Bull. What, if put to the Peace Society?

Odylic Professor. One hand to a fool, the other to a rogue.

John Bull. To the operatives who were on the strike, and then to their delegates?

Odylic Professor. With the poor man to starvation; with the delegates to a fat thief and no surrender.

John Bull. To a convent?

Odylic Professor. The ancient history of Sodom.

John Bull. Bring your divining rod this evening. (*Exit Odylic Professor.*) Who is this classic lady, her hair like the capitals of a Doric column o'er a very pretty temple?

Enter SPIRIT MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANTE.

Spirit Medium. My sister Daphne, the Clairvoyante, and I the weird Spirit Medium, the Sibyl ; give her £10, and she'll tell you, not the bumps on the world's forehead, but the thoughts in its brain.

John Bull. (*aside*) The women are as clever as the men. What's the Czar doing.

Clairvoyante. Buttering his words, that he may be able to eat them.

John Bull. The Master of St. Cross ?

Clairvoyante. Studying architecture and the use of the screw.

John Bull. The Pope ?

Clairvoyante. Studying Madonnas with reference to optics.

Spirit Medium. If you have any dead relatives, I am the Medium.

John Bull. No dead relatives—plenty of money lying dead ; yes, my dear daughter Protection (the dead are forgotten sooner than anything) ; I'll ask her a question.

Spirit Medium. Pay, and take this.

Clairvoyante (*taking the money.*) Now she's *en rapport* (*rap, rap, rap.*)

John Bull. How unhappy she must be ! I asked if the Devil was a free-trader, and she said yes. But come

both of you at five. (*Exeunt Spirit Medium and Clairvoyante.*)

Young England. The Professor of Secular Education.

John Bull. How did you get your appointment ?

Professor of Secular Education. I went to Mr. Cobden, and told him I had no religion at all, so he gave me the appointment.

John Bull. What are the books in your school ?

Professor of Secular Education. Payne, Joseph Hume, and Voltaire ; but they are not quite secular enough for us.

John Bull. Don't you teach the Bible ?

Professor of Secular Education. The Bible ! what's the use of it ? It doesn't teach us how to spin cotton, or how to vote by ballot—the only two things needful for salvation.

John Bull. What's your system of arithmetic ?

Professor of Secular Education. Founded on the famous Brotherton bet of Mr. Cobden's ; all our own pupils learn arithmetic on this principle,—'tis a very safe one, and we are going to have the new decimal coinage, and the old florins without the D.G. upon them.

John Bull. Your histories ?

Professor of Secular Education. Our histories are written on broad, plain, unsectarian principles. We have been

obliged, it is true, to omit the Reformation, the Spanish Armada, and a certain Mr. G. Faux ; (but our pupils like that, as it gives them less to learn ;) and to write the life of Mr. Martin Luther without alluding to his religious peculiarities.

John Bull. I have had enough of secular education ; but if you come at five, you can give publicity to your opinions.

Professor of Secular Education. Good day, Mr. Bull.

(Exit.)

John Bull. The most stupid of all your Professors ; he didn't get a penny out of me.

Enter BIOLOGIST.

Biologist. I am the Biologist ; look at this Young England ; he is in a state of hypnotism ; he'll do whatever I tell him ; eat this leg of mutton *(gives him leg of a chair.*

Young England. Mutton recently killed.

Biologist. Drink this beer *(gives him water.*

Young England. Beer, with grains of Paradise.

Biologist. You ain't hungry, are you ?

Young England. No, I am not hungry, am I ?

Biologist. If financialists knew of this, 't would be a great thing. Napoleon need'nt buy corn for France ; just biologise the French at meal time ; what's Popery to this ? I transubstantiate chairs into flesh !

John Bull. Who invented it ?

Biologist. The world, ever since the days of Babel, has been given to building castles in the air ; but your aerial architect has had no rules to guide him ; I resolved to reduce it to certain fixed principles, that every one might enjoy this heavenly freemasonry, without the expense that usually attends it ; gaze steadfastly at this, and think about nothing.

John Bull. Russian faith.

Biologist. You are asleep—the nightmare of taxation.

John Bull. Take it off, the income tax

Enter RUSSIAN PROFESSOR.

Biologist. Who's that up in the corner ? The Emperor of Russia.

John Bull. The Emperor of Russia, I'll finish him.

Young England. My Russian Professor of diplomacy and lies.

Russian Professor. Descended from an ancient Cretan family, and professing an honourable calling ; for the imaginative faculty most fully developed, vulgarly called lying, is of ancient origin ; 'words were given us to conceal ideas,' so that a liar is entitled to our highest respect, as far as language is concerned ; and as for the Devil, who is the Father of Lies, he ought to be looked up to as the very Cadmus of political letters, and the Czar as his chief pupil.

White lies are indeed the property of the multitude; but 'tis only your Emperor can indulge in the luxury of black ones.

John Bull. Where's a Turkey carpèt ?

Biologist. Never mind my dear little Russian Professor, John Bull is only in a state of hypnotism; it won't last long.

John Bull. Put him in the balance of equalities, and see his weight; he is false weight, here are some of the false colours of Sinope about him.

Russian Professor. Me wants an interpreter, a medium.

John Bull. A Spirit are you, I'll give your medium something. *(kicks him.)*

Russian Professor. Me wants a material guarantee; "me non confundar in *medium*."

John Bull. Here's one for you. *(Kicks him out of the room.)*

Young England. What a pity it is you wern't biologised six months ago.

Biologist. Give me all you have in your pockets.

John Bull. Here. *(empties his pockets.)*

Biologist. Awake; you can't tell me anything you have done.

John Bull. No, but come at five, and biologise Mrs. Bull.

Biologist. I'll be punctual.

John Bull. The cleverest man of the whole, he has

taken every thing ; this must be the fellow who has biolo-
gised the Hospital of St. Cross ; how expensive education
is : ' the feast of reason and the flow of gold.'

ACT III.

SCENE—*A Study in Mr. Bull's House—the Furniture broken.*

John Bull. This watch of mine, it strikes all sorts of
hours,
But I suppose 'tis right ; there's twenty-one o'clock ;
Well, on this rug I'll sit, for chair there's none :
That clever man, to find that chairs can talk.

Enter FRIEND PRY.

Friend Pry. Friend Bull, you are surely in a state of
siege—
These broken chairs, these tables split in half !

John Bull. This is the one great science of the day ;
There are professors of the mystery.
Mystery, I call it ; still 't will clear up
All sorts of things, this table turning art ;
One day as I did walk the Strand last week,

A round gold watch within my trouser's fob,
 With round gold chain, some thievish imps
 Their hands electric on it placed ; and when
 I looked for time, I found 't was lost—Time, watch,
 And chain and key to boot ; so straight I bought
 This patent watch, which nobody will steal.—
 But come, what do you want ?

Friend Pry. I have come to wed.

Cupid to me last night did say, "Go, Friend,
 Accountred in thy gaiters and thy hat,
 I'll be with thee, and inspire thy flame ;
 Quakers and fops to me are all the same."
 No common suitor for thy daughter's hand,—
 I crave not for a handsome marriage dower,
 Or portion settled by the arm of law :
 I come to take thy burden off thy back,
 Thy tax from off thy purse, to set thee free
 From all thy scarecrow frights of war,
 Thy wealth to foison, and increase thy argosy.

John Bull. I am glad my daughter has such a suitor,
 since all my money is gone in my son's education ; how do
 you propose to do it ?

Friend Pry. War was only meant for poets to sing,
 newspapers to write, old women to talk about : I propose
 to do away with war.

John Bull. How? for there is nothing I should like to do away with better.

Friend Pry. First, I mean to abolish the colour red; it is a curse to the earth: the wars of York and Lancaster began about red roses: William the Conqueror (not his son), was called *Rufus*, and that not from his red hair, but because he was fond of war; so I shall paint the world a dove colour, or dun brown, and then there'll be no more 'lobsters;' for what is war but a large lobster salad, with a great number of young green things in it? Next, I shall expurgate from our nursery song-books any thing of a warlike and immoral tendency, such as 'Little Red Riding Hood,' who I am persuaded was a soldier's daughter, with her father's coat made into a hood; and,

'There was a little man, and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;'

for such strains have a prejudicial tendency on the infant mind; lastly, I shall destroy Burns' profligate song, 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' Rule Britannia, and that wicked tune, 'Pop goes the Weasel.' All warlike places, Cressy, Poitiers, Waterloo, and Chobham, they only breed bad blood, and inspire the people with noble deeds; and when this is done, there'll be no more war.

John Bull. But Russia has just made war upon us.

Friend Pry. No, you have made war on them; 'they

are much too gentlemanly, and there is nothing in England for them to gain.'

John Bull. Call it a gentlemanly war, then : what would you do ?

Friend Pry. I should arbitrate.

John Bull. They wont ; what then ?

Friend Pry. 'I should point the finger of scorn at them.'

John Bull. They don't care for the finger of scorn.

Friend Pry. 'I should crumple them up like a piece of brown paper.'

John Bull. Suppose you couldn't ?

Friend Pry. I should let them come ; 'twould be no great harm ; suppose they were to kill Queen Victoria, we could work our mills and spin our cotton all the same.

John Bull. Suppose they wouldn't let you work your mills, or spin your cotton ?

Friend Pry. There is such a dove-like innocence implanted in the human breast, and such a generosity even in our enemies, that I should advise thee and every person, as soon as the Russians were landed, to open his doors, bring out the strong box, bankers throw open their banks, farmers their barns, tradesmen their shops ; and depend upon it, that the principles of generosity would be so strongly excited in the Russians, that they would not touch our

goods, but falling in our arms, would exclaim, 'Magnanimous brothers, we will give thee just double what thee offered us.'

John Bull. This pleases me very much, especially to get double; by all means marry my daughter. What a clever son-in-law!

Friend Pry. Whilst I propose to your daughter, do you put on these clothes; so good bye, Bull. (*Gives him a broad-brimmed hat, gaiters, and umbrella.*) *Exit.*

John Bull (*putting on the clothes*). This is nice; I feel so peaceable; fancy my getting double of every thing! I'll offer Mrs. Bull. Who is this coming? a Russian—his blunderbuss, his sword, his pistols! Where's the cupboard?

Enter THE NUNCIO.

The Nuncio. Where are you, John Bull?

John Bull. In the cupboard; take anything, for I shall double.

The Nuncio. Come out of the cupboard.

John Bull. You must first put away that sword.

The Nuncio. That's my Sword of Faith.

John Bull. And this your blunderbuss of Hope? Make haste and help yourself.

The Nuncio. I am come about your soul.

John Bull. Take my soul, I shall then get two; but I would much rather you took something else; why don't

you take it ? I must feel your head, for this is the only way of discovering character. Nose, decidedly Roman ; mouth, the gate of a convent, with teeth like nuns in white robes, who can never come out till they are pulled out. The bumps are quite new to me : this, Inquisitiveness, the Inquisition bump ; this, the bump of Pious Frauds.

The Nuncio. I wonder where the bump of Simony is in English Clergymen ?

John Bull. For Benevolence is Indulgence, the bump for granting Indulgencies ; for Ideality is Jesuitry ; for Eventuality, Conventuality ; and here Imagination large ; but Celibacy very small ; you can't help your bumps, 'tis your head's fault ; but in my fright, I forgot to ask thee who thou wast ?

The Nuncio. The Pope's Nuncio.

John Bull. Nuncio ! 'tis Latin, surely ; what do you mean ? Why doesn't the Pope send an ambassador ?

The Nuncio. His Holiness is very poor, and can't afford an ambassador and embassadress and family ; the word is like my bumps, and means nothing ; 'tis the word's fault, and not the Nuncio's ; but here's some pious chloroform—taste it. *(produces a bottle, and gives dim a dose.*

John Bull (tasting it) O for a coat down to my heels ; no collar, a little lace and diamond ring ; it wont excite suspicion. *(flings off the Quaker attire, and takes a suit from the Nuncio. The dose is repeated.)*

John Bull. Wax candles and wax flowers; don't light the candles, and don't let the flowers smell; it won't excite suspicion. (*the Nuncio produces candles and flowers. Dose repeated.*)

John Bull. Light up the candles, and let the flowers smell; suspicion to the winds. (*dose repeated*)

John Bull. Confession! O, confess me, Priest.

The Nuncio. Your sins are so many, you can't pay for them.

John Bull. I have plenty of money.

The Nuncio. Then I'll forgive you; kneel down (*John Bull kneels down.*)

John Bull. I built Maynooth, and only gave the priests

A few poor paltry pounds, forgive that sin;

I passed the Titles' Bill, forgive that sin;

I asked a church at Rome, forgive that sin;

I disbelieved Salette, forgive that sin;

I hated images, forgive that sin;

I prayed to God and Christ, forgive that sin.

The Nuncio. Pay me ten pounds for each.

John Bull (paying) I am sure I won't sin again; 'tis too expensive. (*The dose repeated.*) My daughter Protection is in Purgatory; could you get her out?

The Nuncio. Another ten pounds—can't do it for less. Children, and baptized Niggers, at half price.

John Bull (*paying.*) This is one of the Professors over again. (*Dose repeated.*) Indulgencies, I want an Indulgence.

The Nuncio. For how many years ?

John Bull. I want one for the family, for the whole world, and for ever. If I take it wholesale, you'll let me have it cheaper ?

The Nuncio. I'll make you out the bill (*dose repeated.*)

John Bull. Private Judgment; I never had much, but I renounce it all; here's the bump of private judgment, put a padlock on it. (*the Nuncio puts a padlock on each side of his head; the dose repeated.*) Celibacy, why did I wed? avaunt, Mrs. Bull, I'll be a eunuch; shave my whiskers off, Priest: or could I be a nun? (*Nuncio commences shaving him.*)

Mrs. Bull (*at the door outside.*) Rap, rap; let me in Mr. Bull.

John Bull. Priest, go to the door. I have no private judgment you know; perhaps 'tis only the door talking.

Mrs. Bull. Let me in Mr. Bull.

The Nuncio. Your husband is settling his debts from Queen Bess's day, so go.

Mrs. Bull. Let me in, Mr. Bull.

The Nuncio. If he fails to pay, I'll get a writ from Hell, and the Devil's bailiffs, so go.

Mrs. Bull. O, how terrible ; I'll go. *(The dose repeated.)*

John Bull. Relics, coats, crosses, Salettes ; do give me a Salette. *(the Nuncio gives him a doll.)*

The Nuncio. Hold her like this ; don't show her legs.

John Bull. O, her head is off, and her inside is coming out.

The Nuncio. Pick up the holy bran.

John Bull. 'Tis holy chaff ; angels had no insides, I thought. *(the dose repeated.)* Peas, sackloth, and ashes ; *(Nuncio gives them to him.)* Am not I like a friar or a martyr ?

The Nuncio. Conquests surmounts the column of my vows,
Here lies John Bull, the vassal of the Pope ;
The Christian world had nearly gone too far,
A little further, and all hope was gone.
Come, Bull, another dose, 'twill finish him, and he'll be
entirely in my power. I do declare he's got the holy
bottle to his mouth ; he'll rave about ecstatic Nuns and
winking Abbesses.

John Bull (taking up the fire irons.) This poker is
the holy poker, sooth,
This shovel is the crosier, and this cap
A shovelled hat. I love the virgin Nuns ;
I'll to a nunnery.

Nuncio. Do try this antidote. (*produces another bottle.*)

John Bull. Begone, thou knave, thou pimp of holiness,
Thou cross and charm-hung slave, thou wafer cake,
Thou Friday-egg-and-omelet-eating-scamp,
Thou Wednesday-herring-bone. (*exit Nuncio.*)

SCENE II.—*The same; great confusion; clock is heard striking.*

Enter PHRENOLOGIST, TRAPEZATRAPIST, CLAIROYANTE,
RUSSIAN PROFESSOR, ODYLIC PROFESSOR, FRIEND
PRY, NUNCIO, SPIRIT RAPIST, &c., &c. .

Friend Pry. I can't find Miss Bull.

Russian Professor. Me non confundar in *medium*.

Friend Pry. O you dear little Russian Professor.

Enter COSMOPOLITAN AND JACOB PATCH WITH A DOG.

Cosmopolitan. What's the matter here? Seize them,
dog: this is my evangelical bull-dog.

John Bull. Good dog, seize them.

The Nuncio (who enters.) If you bite me, I'll make you
do penance with candle and bell in your paws.

Cosmopolitan. This dog has infallible teeth.

Jacob Patch. Can't you transubstantiate him into a cat?

The Nuncio. Dog, I'll send your soul to purgatory.

Jacob Patch. Call on some of your saints or stars; try
the dog-star.

John Bull. Here's my indulgence for you, dog.

The Nuncio. Dog, you don't intend to bite me?

Cosmopolitan. He has 'priestly intention' (*Dog seizes the Nuncio.*)

Friend Pry. Dog, you are too gentlemanly to bite.

Jacob Patch. This dog is a very vulgar dog.

Friend Pry. I'll point my little moral finger of scorn at you.

John Bull. Kick him with your big moral foot.

Friend Pry. Dog, I'll make a bet that Napoleon doesn't invade us.

Jacob Patch. Crumple him up like brown paper (*Dog seizes Friend Pry.*)

Professor of Secular Education. Dog, I never taught any religion.

Jacob Patch. This dog was brought up in the Exeter Hall kennels (*Dog seizes Professor of Secular Education, and then the Russian Professor.*)

Russian Professor. Dog, you are biting my medium.

John Bull. He wants a material guarantee.

Spirit Rappist. Oh, Sir! I'll tell the truth. I was but a poor governess, and took to spirit-rapping to help my poor old parents. Don't let the dog touch me.

Cosmopolitan. He won't; he knows you are wretched enough, and he couldn't make you more so.

Clairvoyante. And I a poor sempstress.

Trapezatriapist. I a poor Curate, with twenty pounds a year.

Phrenologist. I, a mechanic, starved during the "strikes."

Odylie Professor. I, a Hungarian refugee.

Enter MRS. BULL.

Mrs. Bull. So this is why I was kept rapping; all my furniture broken; and what are those two padlocks on your head?

John Bull. You can't undo them, my dear, they are Pope Pius's patent; the Nuncio has the key: send for Dr. Cumming.

Mrs. Bull. I'll have them off, if I pull your head with them.

John Bull. Oh, Mrs. Bull, you are hurting me!

Mrs. Bull. And where are your whiskers?

John Bull. My dear, I was going to be a ——

Mrs. Bull. A what, Mr. Bull.

John Bull. I was going to take the vow of celibacy—I was going to be a bachelor—you must know I only intended to be; but it's all right now I have seen you again.

Mrs. Bull. What are all these petticoats, wax dolls, and women? So you were going to be a bachelor with all these women, Mr. Bull? Get up you woman there. (*to the Nuncio.*)

The Nuncio. I am not a woman:

Cosmopolitan. Yes, you are—you are the Old Lady in Scarlet.

The Nuncio (to Mrs. Bull). O Holy Virgin of Reconciliation!

Mrs. Bull. I am not a Holy Virgin of Reconciliation, I am an honest mother of a fine family.

The Nuncio. The dog is biting my leg again.

Cosmopolitan. The dog's 'dental reservation.'

John Bull (to Cosmopolitan.) I'll make you a present of them all, they'll do for your menagerie.

Cosmopolitan. I fear the Professor of Secular Education will corrupt the morals of my beasts; but I'll try.

Mrs. Bull. And you, Mr. Bull, go up stairs and dress yourself, and wash yourself, for you are not fit to be seen, and we'll see that all the things are put right.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*A Room in Mr. Bull's House, where Young England is engaged at his Studies—Furniture restored.*

Enter SCIENCE.

Science. I am oppressed with grief, grief for my Son,
Who perished in Discovery's cause;

D

Where the small Lap, inhabiting as 'twere
 The topmost story in the house of earth,
 Sees just above his head night's fiery floes.
 O Ice, why didst thou tomb so kind a heart?
 O cruel snows that spread his winding sheet,
 Stiffened with diamonds of a thousand frosts,
 Why ran not thy pearl-frozen tears to rheum?
 Events are as they are,—why should I grieve?
 England, my child, what doest thou to-day?

Young England. I am working decimals for the new law
 And coinage system.

Science. Far better than
 The lessons which you lately learnt,—but list,
 I stood last night by Menai, where the stream
 Flows chafing underneath twin causeway yokes,
 And as in constant challenge to my work,
 Ever and anon flings down its billowy gauntlet;
 And flying southward, came I to the land
 Of forges, where blackmouthed chimneys spout
 Continual flame, and craftsmen peering forth
 Face the full stream of yellow furnace light;
 Past where from England to her Westmost child,
 Shall stretch the wires, art's umbilical cord,
 Flying I came; 'cross iron roads steam-tracked,
 By arch and viaduct, and the tunnel's gloom,

To where, upon the Thames, duck barge and sloop.
 And merchantmen in tow of smallest tug,
 I reached my home, which looks as on a day,
 Some crystal cloud had dropt from Heaven to earth,
 And frosted by the road,—(what time the moon
 Herself no thicker than a cloud, and Eve
 Together meet,) and with day's latest beams
 Glows red with all its brethren in the West.

[SONG.

Who detects with her eye, the fairies that lie,
 In the dew-drop, the sunbeam, and flower ?
 Who spans the blue sky with her arches on high,
 And her crystals that proudly do tower ?
 Who knocks at the star's golden doors,
 Impatient of space and of time ?
 Who tears up the earth's ancient floors,
 To reveal us its youth and its prime ?

Enter BRITANNIA AND IRELAND.

Britannia. There is a little Isle, whose swelling hills
 With churches crowned, and plains of wheat and oats
 With poppies red, green clumps of tall elm trees
 By which some river flows, hedges o'ertopped
 With creeping briony and the sweet wild rose,
 Farmsteads and trees mossed o'er and furr'd with grey
 And orange rime, and stacks like tents of gold ;

Banks veined with azure rills of violets,
 And ledges overhung with silent streams
 Of falling flowers, and bosky fields themselves
 One dark blue sea of summer hyacinths ;
 And for that Isle I'll fight, and may this sword,
 Grow stouter with the justice of its cause,
 Its edge grow keener if it fight for truth.

Ireland. I know where stands a Convent 'mid the trees,
 Where the wild linnet sings most strange and free,
 To the poor captive birds below.

Effie sleepeth in her bed,
 A stone cross is at her head,
 Daisy-fringed and violet,
 Is her grassy coverlet,
 Spare your pearly beads, rain,
 She will never come again.

Her eyebrows like the pansies' velvet streaks,
 Which over-arch a deep clear hazel eye ;
 Her lips a coral breakwater, 'cross which
 The silver stream of language gently flowed ;
 And there she pined day after day, calling
 Aloud for Lancelot, sweet Lancelot ;
 In each new face she thought she saw his face ;
 And if she wrote, she knew not how, his name
 The pen did write ; and if she sang, her lips

Unconscious lisped his name ; and when upon
The convent-mould she scattered seeds, they too
The flower-print of his name in spring did bloom—
That spring to her ne'er came. A dove she had,
His parting gift, which in her bosom lived,
And jewel-box, with tokens of his love,
Made from the thorn, whose wood on Ember Eves,
As the rough peasant tells, sweats drops of blood,
Like red May blossoms 'mid its foliage green—
The monks did take her jewel-box away,
And from her bosom's warm and downy nest
They stole her gentle dove, and in the fire
Her Bible flung ; poor Effie silent wept,
Nor to them did a single word gainsay ;
And one, more lustful than the rest, inflamed
With heat, his passion thus to her expressed ;
How he, the now apprentice to her love,
Would in the church indentures sacred sign,
Bound for a never-to-be-cancelled term ;
But baffled so, (for she with silent tears
Still answer made ;) with devilish device
The casket of her innocence broke through,
Which then became the grave to unborn flesh,
And living earth did but entomb the dead,
And she her child's pale outraged monument ;

Ah, then, as though the Ember Eves were nigh,
 The wood shed crimson tears from all its eyes,
 And when the glad May came with Zephyrs soft,
 To rock upon their stems those cradles green,
 Where lie the baby-buds so red and white,
 The golden time-piece of her heart did stop,
 The spring, within Life's silver vase grew dry.

She was laid on sarcenet,
 Stuck all about with yew ;
 Her forehead it was wet
 With death's clammy dew.

Her red lip coral changed to white,
 Whiter than her teeth,
 Tears that fed those pansies bright,
 Were frozen underneath.

Long did I gaze upon that face, and as
 I gazed, methought, Life's blush came back, (ah 'twas
 The shadow of my own red weeping eyes),
 For my two eyes were blazing furnaces,
 And dropt not gentle tears, but red hot sparks ;
 O that my cares had been tinder to these sparks,
 Then I'd have burnt a pyre of all my cares !
 So stunned with grief, I knew not what I did,
 I paced the convent walks, and started off,

To find me in some nook where she and I
 Had told our few, too few, short tales of joy,
 Where we to hide our griefs had turned aside,
 Upon some feigned excuse, and looking round,
 Had caught each other's eyes, and wept with smiles;
 I looked upon the clock, nor knew the hour;
 My sampler tried to sew, but could not sew;
 My prayers to read, but could not mind the sense;
 And now at times grief's tempest comes again;
 O I with song must dissipate my grief,
 Or else this heart will burst its cable strings,
 And on a sea of grief be borne away.

Effie sleepeth fast and well;
 The daisy, violet, and the harebell,
 Their sweet tufts wave
 Above her grave;
 But no flowers or buds I see,
 They are not flowers or buds to me,
 Only a sweet face
 Blooms in that place.

Britannia. Though woman we may be, we have our tasks,
 To help the weak from Priestcraft, and the sick
 To heal, the poor to free from ignorance,
 That waster in the candle of our life,
 To comfort Sorrow's child, the Afric Slave;

For the same Hand that did so freshly paint
The fresco of the European cheek
With rosy blushes, and with silver smiles,
That hand did bronze the Afric face.

ACT V.

SCENE.—*A Room in Mr. Bull's house where Cosmopolitan has arranged his Show.*

Enter JOHN BULL.

Cosmopolitan. I should hardly have known you.

John Bull. I feel quite different now ; but what have you been about here ?

Cosmopolitan. I have passed my Reform Bill, and revised my Menagerie of Europe.

John Bull. What have you done then for the Curate ?

Cosmopolitan. Ruled that no Curate should have less than £250 a-year.

John Bull. The Aldermen ?

Cosmopolitan. Gave him a piece of soap and a scrubbing brush.

John Bull. The Pope ?

Cosmopolitan. Incurable—'he plays billiards with the Nuncio to keep down his fat,' and calls it 'canon' law.

John Bull. The Factory-men starved during the Strikes?

Cosmopolitan. Imprisoned the Delegates.

John Bull. The Sempstress?

Cosmopolitan. The sewing-machine came to her aid.

John Bull. The poor Governess?

Cosmopolitan. Ah! she was beyond my power. (*To the audience.*) I must leave her to the kindness of all you good ladies.

John Bull. Where's the Professor of Secular Education?

Cosmopolitan. The Devil found that his little Secular establishment down below, couldn't get on without him.

John Bull. I always thought he would go to the Devil; and where's Friend Pry?

Cosmopolitan. He went too near the British Lion's den, who swallowed him up, and only left his broadbrimmed hat, which I have stuck on the Unicorn's head.

John Bull. I should like to moralise on the Unicorn wearing the hat of the Peace Society; and where's the Russian Professor?

Cosmopolitan. Shot himself with his own long bow.

John Bull. Funerals are oft merrier than weddings, and the world won't be sorry to hear of all these men's deaths. And what with your birds, the Freebird?

Cosmopolitan. Let him hatch his eggs in a ballot-box.

John Bull. The Sociable Bird.

Cosmopolitan. Gave him Education.

John Bull. The Mormon ?

Cosmopolitan. The same.

John Bull. The Spanish Hen ?

Cosmopolitan. The same ; 'tis your only share for the tillage of the intellect.

O there be minds whose soil is rank with weeds,
And some with gaudy flow'rs, but odourless,
A few bear fruit and flow'rs, and all alike
Exposed to blight of health and Time's decay.

Reformed Puffin, or Mormon.

Fix your heart on something good,
Stature, wit, and beauty ;
What are these if they do lack
Constant love and duty.

Reformed Sociable Bird.

Honour rusteth in its mail ;
Wit it shineth at a loss ;
Stature from its height doth fail ;
All is but an empty gloss.

Repentant Spanish Hen.

Eyes like hazel nuts, so fair ;
Eyelids like their tassels ;
Wit, and form, and lustre there
Are but senseless vassals.

John Bull. This is an improvement. And what with the Prussian Eagle.

Cosmopolitan. Made him a Teetotaller.

John Bull. The American?

Cosmopolitan. Healed his blister with gold ointment, but I fear 'tis constitutional.

John Bull. The Turkey Cock?

Cosmopolitan. Gave him the Bible for the Koran, and the Cross for the Crescent.

John Bull. The Russian Eagle?

Cosmopolitan. Made him pay for the damage done to the Turkey Cock's cage.

John Bull. He must pay me and the French Cock also, for the expense and trouble we have been at; and I have brought you back the Polish Eagle (to help to keep him in order), so put him in his old cage.

Enter LIBERTY WITH THE POLISH EAGLE, PROGRESS, SCIENCE, BRITANNIA, HIBERNIA, SCOTIA.

Science.

A mighty Spirit slept on earth :

Who gave that mighty Spirit birth ?

An arm was stretch'd out in the night,

Which roused that ancient Spirit's might ;

Mankind does but dream, but the Spirit of Steam,

Shall restore them their lost birthright.

Progress.

The noise and the din, the workings within,
 Are forgot in the whirl of the hour ;
 'Tis the first and the last, and the age rushes past,
 Increasing in knowledge and power.

Science.

There's the whisper afar, there's the hum and the jar,
 Great Spirits their powers are lending ;
 And the world's pulse throbs prouder and stronger by far,
 That its great task for ever is ending.

Liberty.

'Tis the age when earth's Despots are falling,
 Like leaves from a poisonous tree ;
 When the sons of Oppression are calling
 For the help of the mighty and free ;
 When the Bible's true light shines through the dark night,
 Like a watch-fire upon the lone sea.

EPILOGUE

Britannia.

Though by sword and gun,
 The battle is begun,
 Freedom leagued we'll stand,
 Sisters hand in hand ;
 Tumults in the North,
 Conflicts lower forth,
 A dark and grisley band.

Man to Man, there ran the cry,
Who will conquer, who will die ?
 Truth 'gainst Falsehood makes a stand,
 Freedom waves her glistening wand,
And the true man rises higher,
And the dayspring it is nigher,
 Beaming o'er the English land.

Chorus.

By our ships upon the sea,
By our hearts that leagued be,
By our England's dearest love,
By our England's God above,
 We'll conquer with the Free.

FINIS.