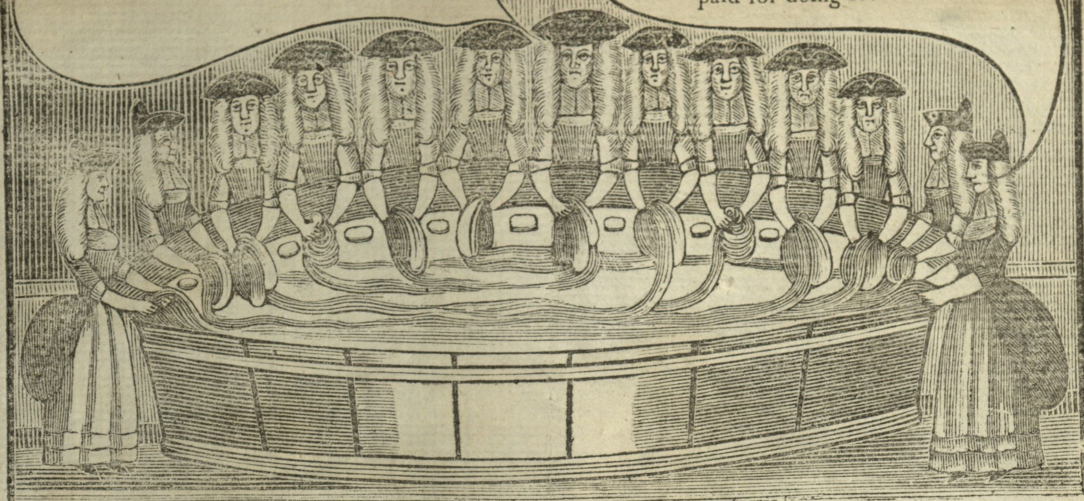


Sister CLERK, this is very dirty Work.

Yes, Sister KENYON, this is very  
dirty work—but we are well  
paid for doing it!

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## ODE. To the Judges.

**H**ALL Veterans of the Law, sage upright men;  
So merciful, impartial, and so good;  
We ne'er shall look upon your like again—  
Indeed it were a pity if we should.  
Behold! the humblest of the humble bows,  
Imprest with reverence at each look so big;  
Each frown that awful dignifies your brows;  
Each nod that shakes the vast important wig.  
But yet, my Lords, although you look so charming;  
Some wicked sniggerers will have their jokes,  
And say, that strip you of your wigs and ermine,  
You very much resemble other folks.  
Impossible! no wight of mortal race  
Can boast such intrepidity of face.  
No! no!  
Your faces never felt the crimson glow.  
For blushing argues guilt—ah! then how pure,  
How very innocent the man must be,  
Whose visage wrapt in sevenfold bras secure,  
Never possess'd the blushing faculty.  
Your penetration too, my Lords, is deep;  
Into each mouse-hole of the law you creep,  
With microscopic eye,  
You for interpretations search and pry.  
Yet do the swinish untaught vulgar think  
Sometimes at things before your nose you wink;  
Explain away the law-maker's intent,  
And find out meanings that were never meant.  
His Lordship on the bench the laws declare  
Is council for the pris'ner at the bar:  
A very blessed function! most inviting,  
To folks, like you, in equity delight in;  
To drop down pity like the dew of heaven,  
And pity crimes too great to be forgiven.  
No doubt you sigh as though your hearts would break,  
When vile seditious libellers you sentence,  
(The tear of pity rolling down each cheek),  
You only with them punish'd with repentance,  
On GORDON were your tender mercies shewn,  
Condemn'd in gaol to languish year by year,  
Like yours, the tender mercies of the crown,  
'Till the jail-fever snatch'd him from your care.  
TOM LLOYD too, vile incorrigible wight,  
Who against legal traffic dar'd to prate,  
Got a snug three years spell—as well he might—  
And pillor'd only once—too mild a fate.  
RIDGWAY and SYMMONDS too—a precious pair—  
Midwives to half the libels in the town—  
Keep them, my Lords! keep! keep them where they are,  
Or far and wide Sedition will be sown.  
'Twere politic indeed  
To lock up all the folks that write or read.  
HOLT was a very thoughtless youth 'tis plain,  
Nor knew the glories of a George's reign;  
But, sure, your merciful, your just rebuke,  
Will shew him all depends on time and season,  
That what was duty once may now be treason;  
And crimes in him are no crimes in a Duke.  
Gadzoos, friend WINTERBOTHAM, thou'rt a fool,  
A most unreverend fool, although a Parson,  
That could'it not of thy bible make a tool,  
To carry, silly priest, the regal farce on.  
Could'it not thou find in sacred prose or song,  
The right divine of Kings to govern wrong?  
Man of short memory! has'thou forgot  
The Meal-tub, Rye-house, and Gunpowder Plot;  
Cannot thy purblind ken discern most clear,  
Warriors in crowds  
Encamped in the low ring clouds,  
And plots of God knows who, hatch'd God knows where.  
Blow then the priestly trumpet, loudly preach  
Truths, such as prophets us'd of old to teach.

The law divine,  
By which men are directed to resign  
Their reasons, consciences, and such like things,  
To the safe custody of priests and kings.  
Had HODGSON minded purges, vomits, clysters,  
Nor clapt on Monarchy his caustic blisters—  
Hog-butcher's ring was a trade he might have known  
For plebeians alone;  
And had this loyal maxim on his tongue,  
That though *the man* may plunder, cheat or kill,  
Sell human carcases, do what he will,  
The King is sacred, and can do no wrong.  
Such your high deeds! ye mighty law bell-weather,  
Leading behind your fable bleating flock,  
Who (save a very few) knit legal tethers,  
To bind the swinish herd—fast as a rock.  
Go on, great men, preserve our constitution,  
Against all tamperers with revolution;  
And such there are 'tis plain;  
For Pitt says so, who never speaks in vain.  
Our Constitution! glory of the earth!  
A mystery above all myst'ries rare,  
What nook, what epoch gave the wonder birth?  
Where is it hid? my good Lords, tell us where?  
What not one word! and are your Lordships mute?—  
Indeed 'twere rude  
To ask an answer to the multitude,  
That aggregate of swine-hood, that vile grunting brute.

UNHAPPY I, doom'd to a foreign land,  
Far from the care of your kind, fost'ring hand,  
For days and days on hoary ocean tost,  
Yet shall my pen new dipt in loyal flame  
In distant regions celebrate your fame,  
And write your names on every gallows post.

*Similes for your Lordships consideration—  
Effusions of my loyal veneration.*

MY Lords, you must have seen, I'm sure you must,  
A pair of bagpipes, mark'd the drones  
Humming forth dull continual monotones,  
As the press-bag discharg'd its constant gust,  
Two equal drones, and one just twice as long,  
(The king of pipes) pour out the hum;  
But chanter tunes along the nasal song,—  
What matter though the other three were dumb!  
The chanter is the Minister, 'tis clear,  
But who can brag,  
That he the bellows blows and fills the bag;  
Or whom the drones depict, does not appear,  
But this is certain,  
Great things are done by folks behind the curtain.  
Sometimes, my Lords, I know you go to church,  
Though not for miracles to pray,  
Of loaves and fishes every day,  
But lest God leave some monarch in the lurch.  
There you have heard solemn and slow,  
An orchestra compress'd, the deep-ton'd organ blow.  
Wond'rous machine! whose varied found  
Now floats in curls of air, now shakes the ground.  
Nice its construction, for harmonic rows  
Of vocal pipes, its tuneful frame compose.  
Of equal dignity each in its place  
The shrillest treble, or the deepest bass,  
United all in one majestic whole,  
The swelling tide of harmony they roll.  
Feeble apart, yet powerful they join,  
To swell the chorus of a strain divine.  
Pouring th' united note, full, clear, and strong—  
A Commonwealth of harmony and song.