

NAPOLEON AND FRANCE

SATIRE, SUSPICION AND FEAR



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING
PURVEYORS OF RARE BOOKS
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NAPOLEON AND FRANCE: SATIRE, SUSPICION AND FEAR

The summer and autumn of 1803 saw a widespread fear that Napoleon's forces would invade Britain. Domestic publishers responded by producing countless letterpress broadsides that warned, often in very stark language, that invasion might be imminent and that the population should prepare.

The engraved caricatures that were produced in this period often shared this sense of impending threat but as is clear from the examples offered here the artists took this national fear simply as a starting point and delighted in mocking Napoleon, pouring scorn on his army and conjuring up a grotesque world in which John Bull (and sometimes his indefatigable wife Mrs Bull) dismissed the diminutive Corsican tyrant and revelled in overblown English pride and, at times, absurdity.

One very noticeable theme is food. If Napoleon is supposed to have said that an army marches on its stomach then it is clear here that the temperature of the entire population can be taken from the state of their diet. Again and again, John Bull is shown with a fully belly, while an emaciated Napoleon dines on scrawny frogs and mice. England is shown—however unrealistically, given the naval blockades and bad harvests—awash with enormous joints of roast beef and overflowing frothy tankards of beer which ignited a gastronomic battle between the English and French which continues to this day (“Beer louts with unhealthy diets”: why British cooking still hasn't won over the French, *The Guardian*, 23rd March 2024).

The caricaturists were not beyond poking fun at their own side and so English politicians and princes can be made to look just as foolish as their French or European counterparts. Equally, these prints highlight

how national threats could be depicted as great matters of state involving well known individuals such as the Prince Regent, Talleyrand and Napoleon himself but also able to centre on the resolutely local problems faced by, for example, poor Molly Applegarth in Leeds (see no.37)

By the winter of 1816 visitors to William Bullock's London Museum in Piccadilly, gripped by a fascination with all things Napoleonic after his downfall, were fighting amongst themselves to get inside Napoleon's looted carriage while a group of women fight over one of Napoleon's old shirts.

It is too often repeated that great satirical caricaturists of the late 18th and early 19th-century were almost uniquely gifted in their ability to produce artistically striking, funny and powerful images at great speed so that important events which had happened only a few days before could quickly be mocked in a print seller's window by the end of the week, but looking at the prints gathered here it is once again striking that news of important peace treaties and bloody battles were quickly gobbled up by Cruikshank and his contemporaries and spat out as stark, satirical assessments of the state of the nation(s).

The effect is increased here as the caricatures are, almost without exception, fantastically fresh and bright with many coming from the remarkable sale of William J. Latta's collection in 1913.

Literature: *The Warning Drum, The British Home Front Faces Napoleon, Broad­sides of 1803*, ed Frank J. Klingberg and Sigurd B. Hustvedt (University of California Press, 1944) and *Napoleon in Caricature, 1795-1821*, Alexander Meyrick Broadley (London, John Lane, 1911).

Fifty Pounds REWARD.

Huddersfield, April 22, 1793.

AT a MEETING, held this Day, of the COMMITTEE, established, in *February* last, for the Aid of the Civil Magistrate, in enforcing due Subjection to the Laws of our Country,

AN ANONYMOUS

INCENDIARY LETTER,

Addressed to, and received by, the Rev. Mr. COATES, from the *Post-Office* in this Town, on the 15th Instant, was laid before them; which Letter being replete with Insolent INVECTIVE against the KING, and *unfounded Aspersions* and *unmanly Threats* against the Committee:

The Committee, believing it for the Interest of the Neighbourhood, that the Author or Authors of the Letter aforesaid should be brought to Justice, do hereby offer a Reward of FIFTY POUNDS, to any Person who shall discover to them, the Name or Names of the Author or Authors of the said Letter; to be paid, upon Conviction, by Mr. JAMES DYSON, their Treafurer.

Though crimes shall not go unpunished, I may venture to affirm, that there is no Nation whatever that is so careful of the natural Liberty of the Subject, or has made such humane provisions for offenders, as the Nation in which we live.

"Gentlemen, the enjoining of this preliminary deposit, I suspect, such as that on which you now appear, consists of a mixture of truth and flattery to the committee a good will to the committee to every other country. And after you have given your opinion, that the matter is fit for further inquiry, the council has a right to have the indictment tried by a Jury, which is a most desirable privilege.

"The Law, Gentlemen, is so far from being a protection to men's civil rights. There is no country where the Law is

will be impressed with your views, and that you will be anxious to improve our present form of Government. Such of you as are in a position to do so, will endeavour, by your example, to discourage such kind of doctrines and those of you who are charged with the Revenue Magistrate, will be diligent in exerting yourselves to bring to justice all who have been guilty of a breach of the Law, by publishing news of their own country.

"I shall not take up more of your time, but recommend it to you to proceed with all due dispatch to the Public Service and I have no doubt that you will discharge your duty to a Jury, which is a most desirable privilege.

"The Law, Gentlemen, is so far from being a protection to men's civil rights. There is no country where the Law is

seems to submit to these conditions, and the Treasury that it may be a crime for a man to have one coin, though he

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GEO. ARMYTAGE, Chairman.

MR. JUSTICE ASHURST'S CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY FOR THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

The following CHARGE, delivered by Judge ASHURST to the GRAND JURY for the County of MIDDLESEX, assembled in the Court of King's Bench, on Monday November 19, 1792, breathes so much the true Spirit of the English Law, and is so well suited to curb the Licentious Spirit of the Times, that it must be read with heart-felt satisfaction by all true Englishmen, to whose perusal it is strongly recommended.

"Gentlemen of the Grand Jury.

"I HAVE the honour of meeting you upon the stated return of this solemnity of putting in execution the Criminal Law, and of bringing such offenders to justice as have been guilty of a breach of the Law. Gentlemen, there is no Nation in the world that can boast of a better System of Government than that under which we have the happiness to live. Here no man is so high as to be above the reach of the Law, and no man is so low as not to be within the protection of it. The Power of the Crown on the one hand, and the Liberty of the Subject on the other, are both effectually secured, and at the same time kept within their proper limits. Gentlemen, the Law of this Country only lays such restraints on the actions of individuals, as are necessary for the safety and good order of the Community at large; and such restraints are so far from being infringements on Civil Liberty, that Civil Liberty could not exist without them: for if every man were left to the free and uncontrolled impulse of his own mind, in a state of Nature, no man could be secure of his person or property, and the weak would become a prey to the strong. But in a State of Civil Government, each individual grows strong in the strength of the Community.

"Gentlemen, it is Civil Liberty that is the parent of industry, and consequently of wealth. For in a state of Nature there was no security to property, and no man thought of property further than for the momentary supply of his own immediate necessities. But when men have entered into society, the confidence that their property is secure, induces to habits of industry. Man in that state does not bend his pursuits to the mere supply of his present wants, but looks forward to future ages. The mutual wants of men produce a mutual supply: this leads to Trade and Commerce, and extends a man's connections beyond the narrow limits of his own family: and thus mutual wants bring mutual happiness. But, Gentlemen, as a preliminary step to the protection of these enjoyments, it was necessary that mankind, on entering into Society, should give up into the hands of Government that species of Liberty which related from the perfect equality of man, and where no man had a right to impose on another a rule of conduct, but every man, as far as his strength carried him through, followed his own will. But Gentlemen, a state of society cannot subsist without Subordination: there must be general rules laid down by the coercive power of the State where ever it exists, as a standard by which the actions of men are to be measured and punished, so as to prevent them being injurious to the rights and happiness of their fellow-citizens. And there must be a coercive power in such hands as the constitution has thought fit to place it, to enforce such laws and rules of action as the wisdom of the State has prescribed. Happily for us, Gentlemen, we are not bound by any laws but such as are ordained by the virtual consent of the whole Kingdom, and which every man has the means of knowing; and if men judged right, they would be persuaded their happiness entirely depended on a due observance and support of these laws. There have, however, under the best systems of Government, been found men of corrupt principles, who, having forsaken honest industry, with its just principles, have turned to rapine and plunder; when that is the case, it is become necessary for the coercive power of the State to lend its restraining hand, and to punish offenders of such a diabolical nature. There is no pretence of Reforming till such corrupt members be cut off, to prevent others being contaminated by their example. But, though crimes shall not go unpunished, I may venture to affirm, that there is no Nation whatever that is so careful of the natural Liberty of the Subject, or has made such humane provisions for offenders, as the Nation in which we live.

"Gentlemen, the enjoining of this preliminary deposit—the deposit, such as that on which you now appear, consists of a mixture of truth and flattery to the committee a good will to the committee to every other country. And after you have given your opinion, that the matter is fit for further inquiry, the council has a right to have the indictment tried by a Jury, which is a most desirable privilege.

"The Law, Gentlemen, is so far from being a protection to men's civil rights. There is no country where the Law is

more uprightly or more impartially administered. For this blessing we are indebted to the wise and prudent form of our Constitution, and to that freedom which naturally results from it. Hence it is that our Commerce has been extended beyond the example of all former ages. And we all know that this is the case of every manufacturing Town in this country. Such is the flourishing state of this Kingdom, and such the happy fruits of Liberty and Peace, now would suppose there was not a man in the Kingdom who did not feel it, and feel it with a grateful heart; and yet, I am sorry to say, there are men of dark and gloomy hearts, who would wish to overturn the general fabric of our Constitution, which has been the work of Ages, and would give us in return a system of universal Anarchy and Confusion. There have been publications in which the Authors discuss all ideas of subordination, in contradiction with the natural rights and equality of mankind, and recommend the example of a reigning Nation as a model for our imitation. Alas! Humanity is called upon to pity the deplorable situation of this country: but it is a very ill chosen example of imitation, to hold forth to a Nation in a most flourishing state of happiness; and it is pretty extraordinary, that with our eyes open, we should wish to plunge ourselves into the same abyss of misery with that neighbouring Nation. One might naturally have expected, that desirous to stand, for example, and to perdition, would have been treated with that contempt they deserve, and would have sunk into oblivion. But when one not only finds such views held, but desirous of men humanely, who meet for the express purpose of disseminating such doctrines, and who hold a regular correspondence with other societies in a neighbouring Nation, it is time for every sober man who is at all interested in the welfare and safety of his Country, as much as in his life, to endeavour to crush such unchristian and pernicious doctrines. Gentlemen, His Majesty, who is always anxious and watchful over the safety and prosperity of his People, did some time ago issue His Royal Proclamation, which recited the approbation of every good Citizen of this Kingdom. And, Gentlemen, I am afraid the circumstances which gave rise to that Proclamation are not yet so totally at an end, as to make it unnecessary for me now to recite them in your resolutions. Gentlemen, His Majesty in that Proclamation, that every wicked and seditious writing, &c. (Here his Lordship recited the substance of the Proclamation.)

"Gentlemen, I cannot help expressing the happiness I feel, that his Majesty's Proclamation has been received with every mark of respect through the Kingdom; and there are scarcely any parts of the Kingdom that have not perceived an Address to His Majesty in consequence of it, and who have not expressed their hatred and abhorrence of such pernicious doctrines, and shown that they are not to be duped out of their happiness by the hollow artifices of such men as have nothing to sell, and who would wish to enrich themselves by the ruin of all Government. His Majesty's servants and functionaries have paid due attention to this Proclamation, in far as to have initiated proceedings against several Libellers and Seditious Publications. But, Gentlemen, though the Proclamation has tended to produce the desired effect, it has not done it so effectually as to prevent the dissemination of such kind of writings; and all sober men ought to be vigilant in supporting the cause of Order and Government.

"Gentlemen, I trust your minds will be impressed with these ideas, and that you will be anxious in supporting our present form of Government. Such of you as are in a private station, will endeavour, by your example, to discourage such kind of doctrines; and those of you who are charged with the Revenue Magistrate, will be diligent in exerting yourselves to bring to justice all who have been guilty of a breach of the Law, by publishing news of their own country.

"I shall not take up more of your time, but recommend it to you to proceed with all due dispatch to the Public Service and I have no doubt that you will discharge your duty to a Jury, which is a most desirable privilege.

"The Law, Gentlemen, is so far from being a protection to men's civil rights. There is no country where the Law is

seems to submit to these conditions, and the Treasury that it may be a crime for a man to have one coin, though he

GEO. ARMYTAGE, Chairman.

"TRAITORS, REBELS AND SEDITIOUS PERSONS" IN 18TH-CENTURY YORKSHIRE

1 [COUNTER REVOLUTIONARY POLITICS].

A collection of seven broadsides warning the inhabitants of Huddersfield in Yorkshire of the rising threat of revolution.

1. Fifty Pounds reward. Huddersfield, April 22, 1793. At a meeting, held this Day, of the Committee, established, in February last, for the Aid of the Civil Magistrate, in enforcing due Subjection of the Laws of our country, An Anonymous Incendiary Letter, addressed to, and received by, the Rev. Mr. Coates ... being replete with Insolent Invective against the King and unfounded Aspersions and unmanly Threats against the Committee ... Broadside (275 x 220mm). A

couple of small spots and with some old near fold lines but otherwise a very good copy. [No place of printing [but ?Huddersfield] or printer, 1793]. NOT IN ESTC.

2. Mr. Justice Ashurst's charge to the grand jury for the county of middlesex ... breathes so much the true Spirit of the English Law, and is so well suited to curb the Licentious Spirit of the Times, that it must be read with heart-felt satisfaction by all true Englishmen ... Broadside (303 x 206mm). A couple of old spots and some neat fold lines but otherwise fine. [?London: no printer, 1792]. Rare. ESTC records only a single copy of this broadside at the Baker Library Harvard.

YORK, March 23, 1793.

To the Honorable Sir FRANCIS BULLER, Baronet.

My Lord,

WE, the Foreman and Grand Jury of the County of York, fully sensible of the peculiar Happiness we enjoy under our present Constitution, and thankful for the many Benefits we have derived from the wise Administration of his Majesty's Government, and holding in just Abhorrence the pernicious Doctrines which have lately convulsed, and in their Consequence desolated a neighbouring Country, and regretting that Attempts to disseminate Principles so injurious to Society in general, should in any Degree have been countenanced in our own, return your Lordship our most sincere Thanks for the excellent Charge delivered to us Yesterday, and think that the Publication of it will greatly tend to confirm, in the Minds of those People who had not the Opportunity of hearing it, a due Sense of the Duty they owe to Society, and of the Liberty they enjoy under the equal Laws of this Country.

Impressed with this Belief, we request your Lordship will permit a Copy of your Charge to be delivered to us, that it may be printed. GEO. ARMYTAGE, Foreman.

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury,

NOTHING is more common in Life than to hear those who advance in Years lament the Wickedness of the Age in which they live, and to add that it was not so in their younger Days.

If the Idea be well founded that the World is gradually growing worse and worse, to be sure it affords but a melancholy Prospect when we contemplate the Remnant of our own Days, or the Lot of those who are to come after us. But it will require a great deal of Argument and much new Light before I shall be induced to subscribe in general to that Opinion, or to think that now and at all Times there have not prevailed the same Ingenuoufness and the same Hypocrisy, the same Integrity and the same Craft, the same Benevolence and the same Malignity, the same Virtue and the same Iniquity; though, perhaps, in recent Times, we may have found that something of foreign Growth and ungenial to a British Breast, has crept in, or been attempted to be imposed upon the Minds of the uninformed and deluded Part of our Countrymen.

The Manners, the Virtues, and the Vices of the Romans have been pretty faithfully transmitted to us by History; and, if we examine them, we shall find no Reason to bewail the State of Man as being since more fallen or degraded.

That different Societies of Men, and even whole Nations, have been subject, at different Periods, to Shocks and Convulsions, and sometimes have been totally subverted and destroyed, is undoubtedly true; and whether those Catastrophes have proceeded on the Ground that *Jupiter, quos vult perdere, prius dementat*, from the ambitious and unbounded Views of States, or from the Artifices of wicked and aspiring Individuals, who mean to return to the same, or a worse State than that from which they set out, and wade through an Ocean of Blood in order to put one Man in the Place of another, are Matters too copious for Inquiry now.

But it has been referred for these Days that one Nation should be audacious enough to say to another, You shall take our worthless Paper for your solid Property, and you shall receive every Miscreant whom we choose to send amongst you for the Purpose of subverting your Constitution, or we will go to War with you.

Such Conduct is as unjust as it is new and intolerable to a British Ear; and it is avowing, without Mask or Disguise, the determined Resolution, that either by Treachery or by War, one Country shall fall, if another can effect it.

Whatever internal Differences in Opinion may prevail amongst us on Subjects which the Freedom of our Constitution allow us to discuss, and which naturally employ our Thoughts when we are free from foreign Troubles, the Time is now arrived when such Differences should be hushed to Rest, and when every Hand and Heart should unite in Support of that Liberty and Freedom which our Forefathers, by long and unwearied Labours, have established in this happy Country, in Opposition to that cruel and arbitrary System of Tyranny which others may wish to introduce under the falsely-assumed Name of Liberty.

The massacring of Thousands of Fellow-Subjects, and even of the sacred and untainted Person of the Sovereign, in cold Blood, the visiting of Neighbours under the Pretence of Friendship and Assistance, and the seizing by Force, and selling the Property which they possessed, commanding how in future they shall be governed, and compelling the Inhabitants to submit to those Commands, and the Discovery that it may be a Crime for a Man to have two Coats, though he

has earned them both by his own honest Labour and Industry, are very heterogeneous to the Ideas of true English Liberty; and I trust in God that not one Englishman can be found who would be willing to hazard the solid and permanent Advantages which he enjoys, for a vain and illusory Phantom, which can only end in Anarchy, in Tyranny, and Oppression; which holds out to its Votaries that they must expect Distress, and prepare themselves for every Species of Want; and by which it is at last plainly avowed that the English must be crushed, and others eat the Bread out of their Mouths, or starve.

That Country alone can boast of true Liberty which is governed by certain and by equal Laws, which suffer no Man to invade the Person or the Property of another, but secure alike to all that which their Ancestors have collected, or their own Industry acquired.

Such is the Country in which we live, a Country which, as well as our Constitution, has for Centuries past been the Object both of the Envy and Admiration of the whole World.

Pliny, who wrote about the Christian Era, speaking of these Islands, broke into a Rapture and Enthusiasm, and addressing himself to them exclaimed, "O Thou most blessed and fortunate of all Countries! How deservedly has Nature with the Bounties of Heaven and Earth endued thee! Thy ever-fruited Womb not clothed with Ice, or dissolved by the raging Stars; where Ceres and Bacchus are perpetual Twins. Thy Woods are not the Harbour of devouring Beasts, nor thy continual Verdure the Ambush of Serpents; but the Food of innumerable Herds and Flocks, presenting thee their Shepherd with defended Dugs, or golden Fleeces. The Wings of thy Night involve thee not in the Horrors of Darkness, but have still some white Feather; and thy Day is that, for which we esteem Life, the longest."

Surely our Country is not now less embellished, less fertile, or less desirable than it was at that distant Period. It has not only kept Pace with other Parts of the known Globe, but it has surpassed them in Science, in Commerce, and in Industry.

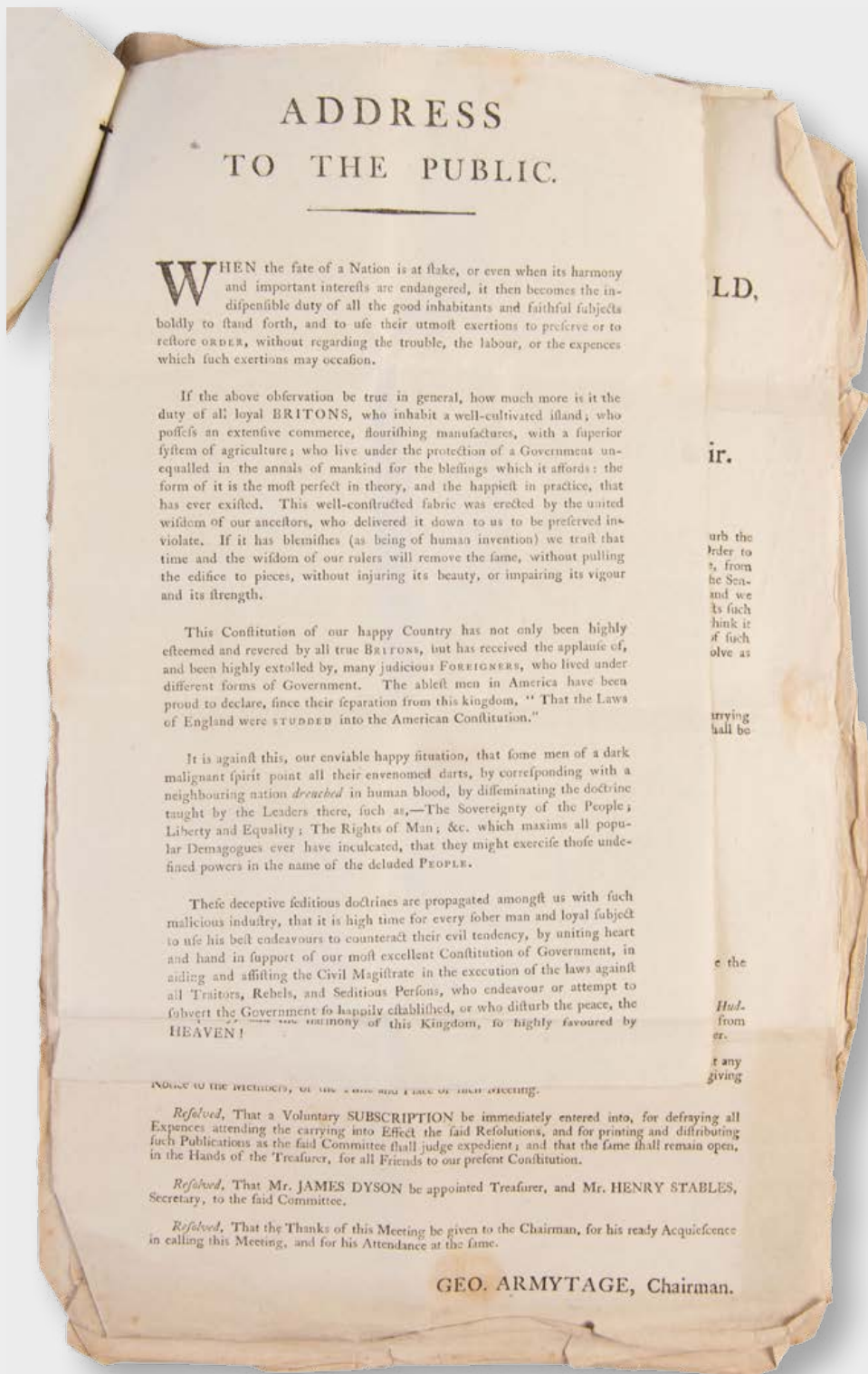
But it is not every Mind which can bear Prosperity; and perhaps if we search into the Condition of those who have growled Discontent in late Times, we shall find that it is bottomed in Abundance, and not in Want. Let those, who have complained, compare their present Situations with what were their own, or their Equal's thirty Years ago, and see whether in every Instance they have not got the Advantage. Above all, let every Man examine whether (provided he does not prevent it by Idleness, Inattention, and Dissipation) he has not the Means of procuring Health, Peace, and Competence for himself and his Family. If he has them, he has all that can constitute Happiness in this World. If he might have them, but neglects to improve them, the Fault is his, and he must thank himself alone. No Blame is to be imputed to his Lot in Life, or to the Laws by which he is bound to govern his Actions. If by Misconduct he makes himself obnoxious to the Laws, out of Justice to the Innocent and Well-deserving, the Laws will, and ought to fall heavy on him; for it is a very old Observation that *wise Laws, duly executed, prevent much Evil*.

If any Cases should be brought before you, in which it shall appear that Persons of any Description, in Defiance of their natural or temporary Allegiance, and with Ingratitude for the Advantages which they derive from living under a free and mild Government, have dared to execrate either the King or the Constitution, or have exulted in the Hope of annihilating them, you, I am sure, will not be wanting in your Duty to make them amenable to the Laws of our Country: But which Laws even they will experience the Mildness of, and find that they do not admit of that Extent of Punishment which, to ordinary Understandings, might seem due to their Crimes. For those who, without Reason, are discontented with the Constitution under which they live, do not deserve the Indulgence of being suffered to remain any longer Members of it. Let them go to other Climates in Search of what they may suppose will constitute their Happiness; and then, short Experience, pressing Want, lawless or uncontrolled Power, the Absence even of the Means of obtaining a comfortable Livelihood, or perhaps an indiscriminate Butchery and Assassination, if they survive it, will soon convince them that the Fault is wholly in the restless and turbulent Discontents of their own Hearts; and for the Remainder of their Lives they will worthily be left to chew the Cud of Repentance, and to lament that by their Crimes they have forfeited the Ease, the Comfort, the Competence, the Security and the Freedom which England alone can afford.

If there should be a temporary Stagnation in Trade, or if there should be a Check to that amazing and formerly unknown flourishing State in which this Nation has for some Years past found itself, we all know that we owe it solely to the boundless Ambition, the ferocious Tyranny, and the implacable Rancour of our constant Rival, and almost perpetual Enemy.

To avert those Evils, we may with Confidence look up to the Wisdom and the Vigilance of our most gracious Sovereign; and whatever temporary Inconvenience we may suffer, let us not forget that we are Englishmen; let us glory in the Appellation; and, by our Conduct, announce to all the World, that we revere our King, and will defend our Constitution. March 19, 1793.

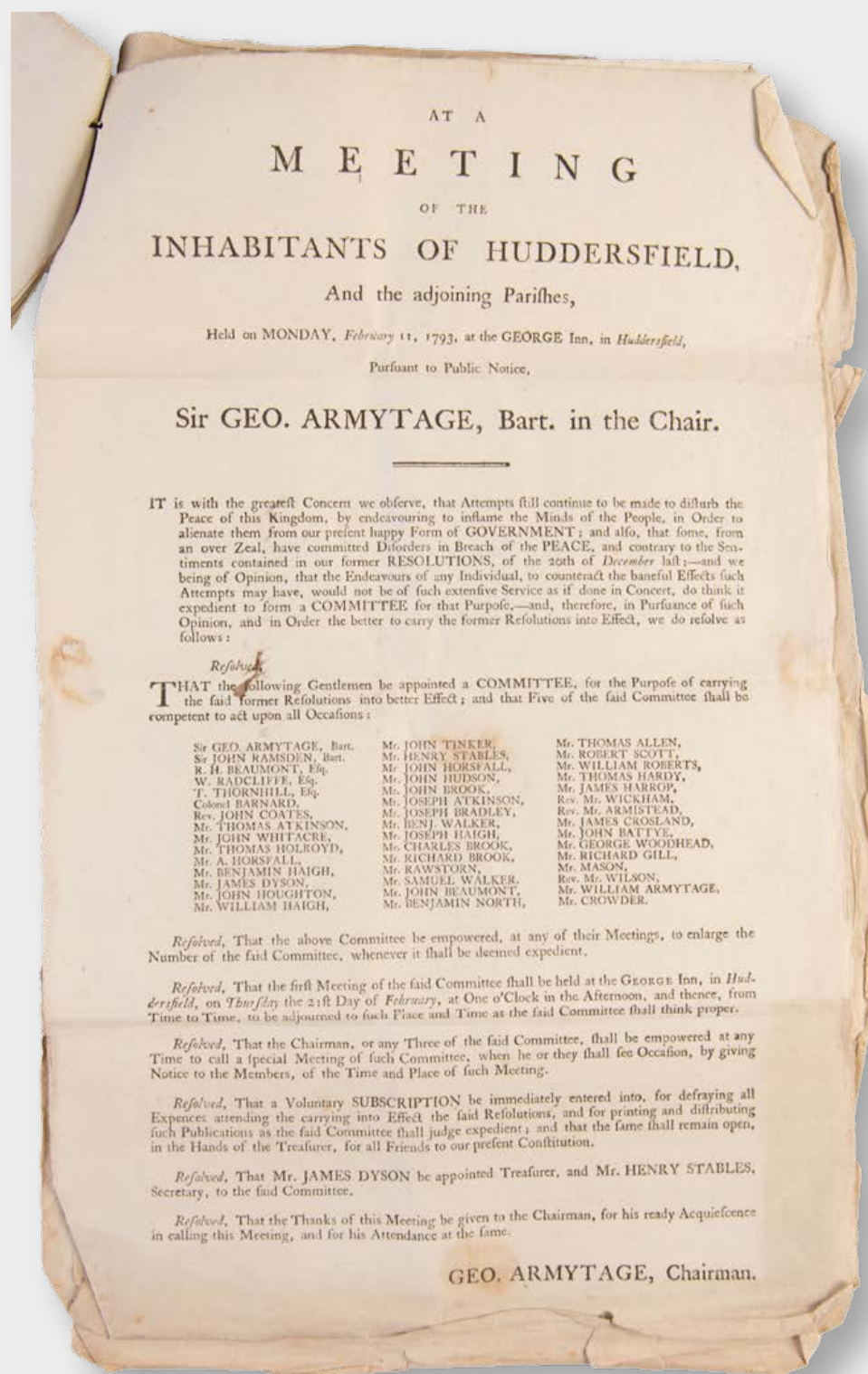
GEO. ARMYTAGE, Chairman.



3. York, March 23, 1793. To the Honorable Sir Francis Buller, Baronet. Broadside (383 x 230mm). A little browned at the edges and with some old neat fold lines but otherwise fine. [No place of printing or printer, 1793]. **NOT IN ESTC.**

4. Address to the Public. When the fate of a Nation is at stake ... Broadside (328 x 206mm). a little marked in places and with some old neat fold lines but otherwise fine. [No place of printing or printer, ?1793]. **NOT IN ESTC.**

5. At a meeting of the inhabitants of Huddersfield, And the adjoining Parishes, Held on Monday, February 11, 1793, at the George Inn ... Broadside (400 x 250mm). A little marked where an old postage seal has been removed and with the some neat old fold lines but otherwise fine; addressed on the blank verso "Benj. North, Fenney" [see below]. [No place of publication or printer, 1793]. **NOT IN ESTC.**



6. At a meeting of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Huddersfield, And of several neighbouring Parishes, Held on Thursday, December 20, 1792, at the George Inn, in Huddersfield ... Broadside (395 x 248mm). Hole in the centre of the sheet and a stain at the foot of the sheet where a wax seal has been broken and removed; some old neat fold lines and addressed to "Benj. North, Fenney" on the blank verso [No place of publication or printer, 1793]. **NOT IN ESTC.**

7. Advice to sundry sorts of people, by a Yorkshire Clothier. Broadside (430 x 260mm). A little spotted and duty and with some old fold marks; addressed to "Mr. North, Fenney" on the blank verso. **NOT IN ESTC.**

The seven broadsides have all been neatly stitched together with a piece of black ribbon and have been together for some time, possibly since publication. [1793]. **£8,500**

**MARCHING ON YOUR STOMACH:
PREPARING TO DEFEAT A FRENCH INVASION
WITH BUREAUCRACY**

- 2 MOTZ (Henry), d. Egypt 1801.**
Two volumes of letters to Henry Motz,
Commissary General of the Eastern
Division of England (and a few rare
printed documents) concerning the
preparations of the Lord Lieutenancies
of the Counties of the Eastern Division
(Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire,
Lincolnshire, Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire,
Leicestershire, for the supply,
transport and storing of bread,
wheat, oats, forage, etc.)

Folio & Quarto. [Bindings: 355 x 217 x 40; 264 x 210 x 23 mm]. Loosely sewn and bound in buff "Middle Hill" boards (the spine of Vol. 1 missing apart from a fragment with the printed MS number "23759"; the spine of Vol. 2 largely missing but with a loose fragment with a printed paper label "COLE | Autographs | Vol. [101 (added by hand)]").

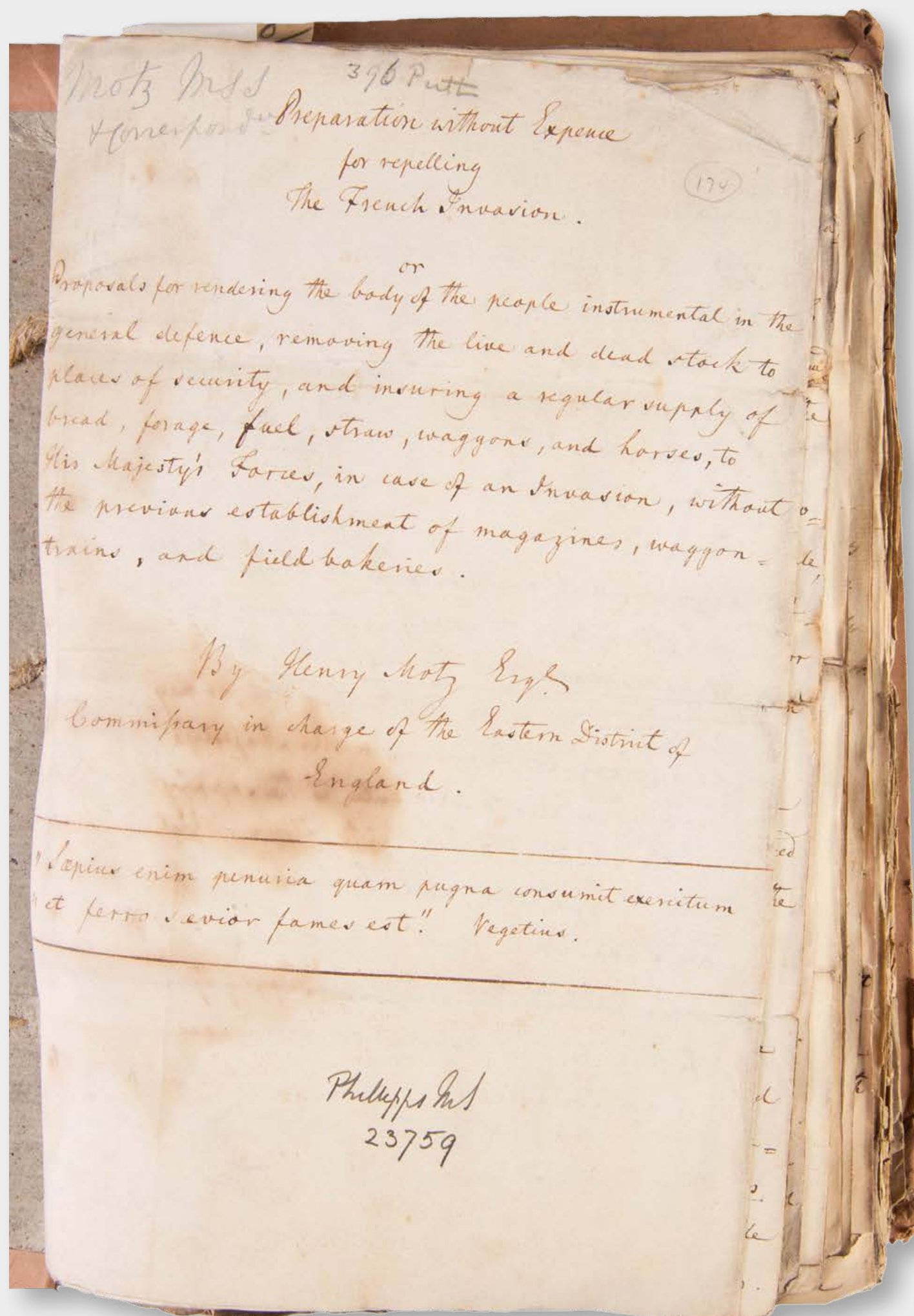
[England: Various places: 1797-98].

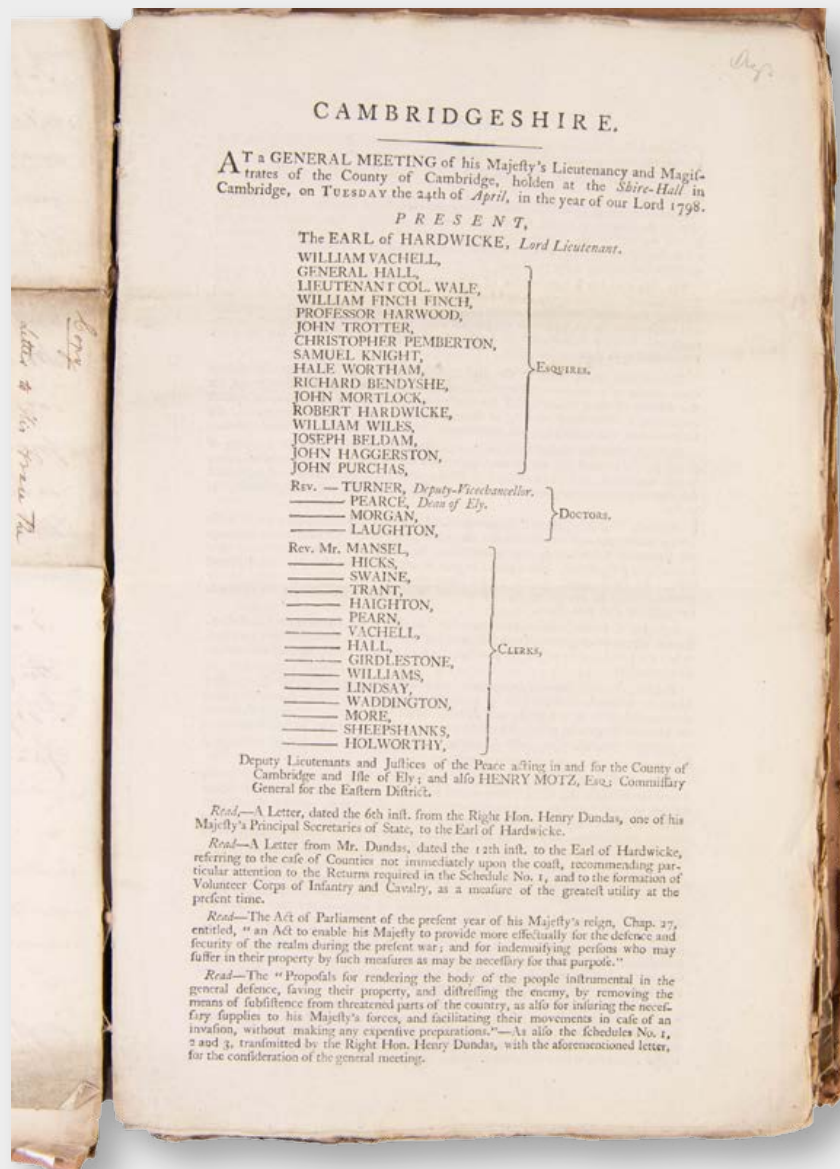
£8,000

The volumes contain a huge number of documents detailing plans for the repelling of a French invasion including proposals for encouraging the general population to participate in the defence, removing the live and dead stock to places of security, and insuring a regular supply of bread, forage, fuel, straw, waggon, and horses, to the army. Carefully assembled and supplied with a general title-page by Motz as though prepared for publication.

Henry [Heinrich Reinhard] Motz, was a native of Hesse in west-central Germany. He was probably the medical student from Hesse at Göttingen University who signed the *album amicorum* of Christian Friedrich Hübener in 1774 (now at Wolfenbüttel, Lower Saxony Archives). Like many thousands of his fellow Hessians he entered service with the British army as an auxiliary or mercenary (depending on your point of view) while nominally under the command of Frederick II, Landgrave of Hesse-Kassel.

In the first half of 1783 he was secretary in the Adjutant-General's office at No. 1 Wall Street, New York, under Lt-General Friedrich Wilhelm von Lossberg, commander of the Hessian troops in North America with responsibility for their withdrawal after the British surrender at Yorktown. Motz was involved in the release and exchange of prisoners and escapees and the evacuation of Loyalist refugees and freed enslaved people in New York to Nova Scotia, the Bahamas and Germany. On 13 July 1783, with other Hessian officers, he was signatory to a memorandum to Lt-General Sir Guy Carleton, who had succeeded Sir Henry Clinton as Commander-in-Chief, America, in May 1782, "begging to be recommended to the Governor of Nova Scotia for the same proportions of land and other prerogatives with Provincial officers of equal rank" (National Archives, 30/55/75/26 - 8045).

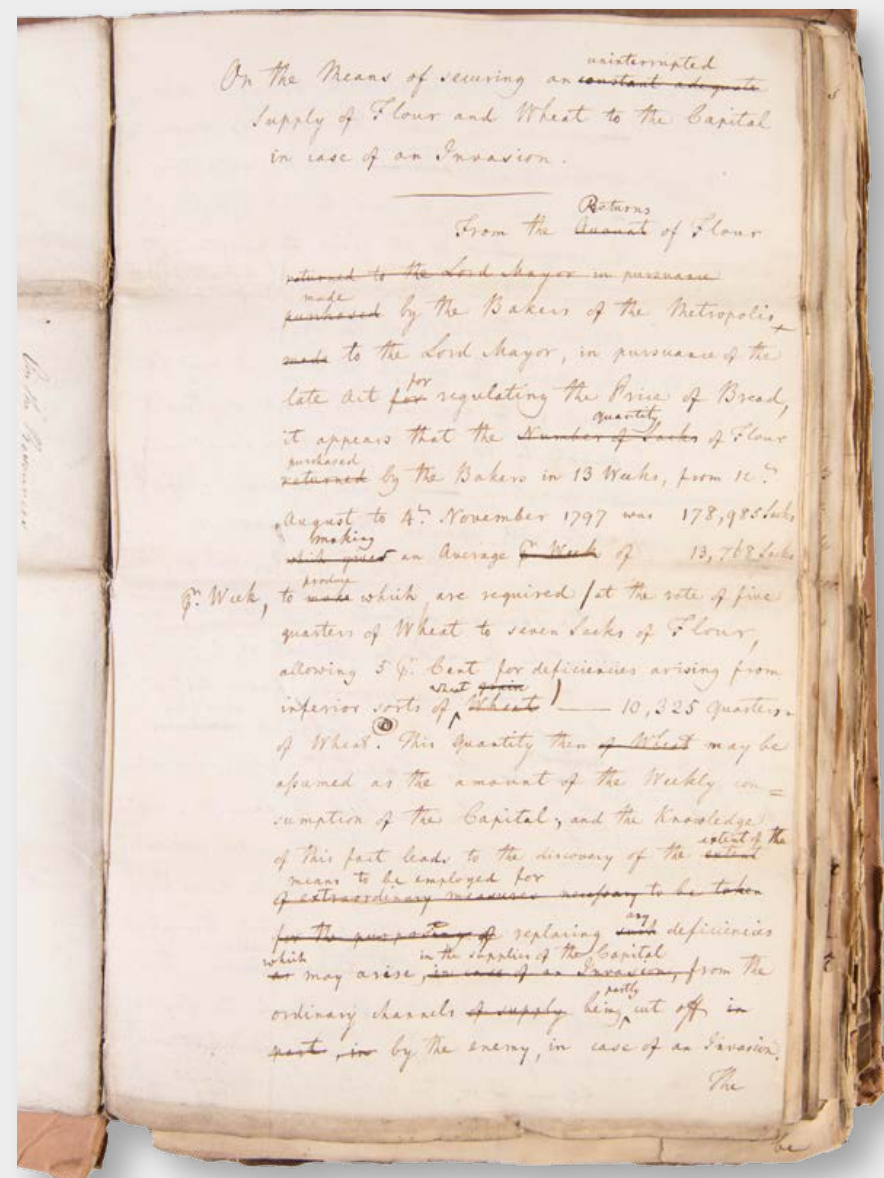




On 18 April 1797 he was appointed Commissary of Stores and Provisions for the Forces in South Britain (jointly with Haviland Le Mesurier, 1758-1806). However, by the summer of that year he held solely the same post for the Forces in the Eastern Division.

“If the French Directory should be desperate enough to realise its threats of an Invasion, the issue of the conflict cannot be doubtful. The armed Force already provided is ample, and may be increased at the moment of actual danger to any extent, which a concurrence of the most improbable circumstances may be supposed to require. The resources of the country are abundant, the spirit of it paramount to every obstacle. We have only to direct the impulse of that spirit, so as to give order and energy to its operation. The following plans are meant for this purpose. When the measures therein proposed shall have been carried into execution, the whole Force of the Kingdom will be enabled to act with vigour, celerity, and the most decided advantage, without putting the country to any further expense of preparation. But it is essential, that these arrangements should be well understood beforehand in all their necessary detail, that the minds of the people may be prepared, and every one ready to take his station.”

Literature: Condon (Mary Ellen), “The Administration of the Transport Service during the War against Revolutionary France, 1793-1802” (PhD Thesis,



University of London, 1968, available online), references Motz in the Helder and Egypt campaigns.

Provenance: The letters were assembled and docketed and supplied with a title-page and introduction, **as if for potential publication, by Motz**. It is likely that they were discarded by a government department, perhaps the War Office or Home Office in the mid-19th Century.

Later in the collection of: **1. Robert Cole, FSA** (elected 1851), solicitor and autograph collector, of 14 Tokenhouse Yard and 52 Upper Norton Street, Portland Place; sales, Puttick & Simpson, 29/7/1861 and 29/7/1867], lot 396 (in the latter). “It is a matter of notoriety that the mass of curious papers presented in this, the first portion only of Mr. Cole’s collection, has been acquired during the last twenty-five years mainly by diligent gleanings from the papers discarded as waste by various public and private offices.”—*Daily News*, 5 August 1861. **2. Sir Thomas Phillipps, 1st Bt., FRS & FSA** (1792-1872), his MS 23751 & 23579 - Cole MSS Vols 101 “Mazur” and 110 “Motz”; with his pencil purchase note “396 Putt” on the first page of each volume. Anonymous sale, Sotheby, 5/5/1936, lot 418, £9 to Baber. **3. André de Coppet** (1891-1953), Swiss-American collector of autograph manuscripts, sale, Part V, Sotheby, 14/15/11/1955, lot 1087, £10 to Maggs. Anonymous sale, Sotheby, 16-17/6/1969, lot 444, £?? (£84) to A. Edmund. **4. Peter (1924-2001) & Pat Crofts**, antique dealers, of Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, sale, Sworders, Mountfitchet, 23/8/2022, lot 274.

A much longer and detailed description is available on request.

**"THE EYES OF THE WHOLE KINGDOM ...
ARE UPON YOU"**

- 3** [FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY WARS].
Bank Meeting. February 6, 1798.
In the Press and speedily will be
Published ... The Interesting and
Patriotic Speech, made by Mr. E.
Kemble, Relative to the Support of the
State, in the Present Alarming Crisis ...

Letterpress Broadside (450 x 340 mm). Neat
old fold lines some slight browning and very
small area of repair to a blank section in the
lower half of the sheet.

[London: no printer or publisher, c.1798]. £1,250

UNRECORDED. Not in ESTC or OCLC.

An unrecorded broadside publication proposal for
an entirely lost book encouraging citizens and busi-
nesses to make a voluntary contribution to a fund in-
tended to raise money for the war with France.

In an attempt to finance the costly war with France
the Government launched a voluntary contribution
scheme in 1798. The Bank of England's shareholders
made the decision to contribute £200,000 to the cause.
Edward Kemble was a London Tea Broker and Bank of
England shareholder. Kemble's book—advertised here as
"in the press"—**does not appear to have survived.**

In the *Express and Evening Chronicle* (6–8th Feb-
ruary 1798) it was reported:

"Mr. Edward Kemble expressed his sorrow that the
doubts of any individual member should for an instant,
have delayed the meeting from coming to a resolution.
For his own part, he said, he was but a small holder of
Bank stock; but was it ten times its present amount,
most willingly would he give it, should it contribute to
the downfall of an implacable and ambitious enemy, or
the restoration of Peace. **The eyes of the whole kingdom,
said Mr. Kemble, are upon you; they are watching for
the example of the Bank of England, by which they will
be actuated. I have received, continued he, this morn-
ing the sum 50l. from a French schoolmaster; before
he enclosed it to me, he called his scholars around him,
and told them, that he was going to send that sum to
London, to be subscribed towards the public service,
and if there's any thing I can do for you, my lads, now's
the time, said he. **The spirit of the rising generation,
said Mr. Kemble, pleases me beyond description. The
boys (ninety in number) emptied their pockets; the
amount was nearly 20l. and I have received that sum
also towards the subscription. He entreated that some
member would not move to fill up the blank.****

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BANK MEETING.

FEBRUARY 6, 1798.

In the Press, and speedily will be Published,
With Notes and Illustrations,
The Interesting and Patriotic
S P E E C H,
MADE BY
Mr. E. Kemble,
Relative to the Support of the State,
In the Present Alarming Crisis,
WITH THE
Particulars of the Emigrant
French School Master,
WITH WHOM
Master K. is under Tuition.
TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
Master K's Age and Opinions of the Present Convulsed
State of France.

In a few Days will be Published, by Mr. KEMBLE, Sen. Thoughts and
Observations on the Spirit of the Rising Generation.

**"THEY, BY A STRANGE FRENZY DRIVEN,
FIGHT FOR POWER, FOR PLUNDER,
AND EXTENDED RULE"**

4 [SHERIDAN (Richard Brinsley)].
Sheridan's Address to the People.
Our King! Our Country! And our God!

Broadside (330 x 205mm). A little dusty; entirely uncut.
London: Printed for J. Asperne, successor to Mr. Sewell,
[1803]. **£450**

Bibl. Lind., No. 1514; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.16.

The playwright, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a staunch advocate of defense against a French invasion and served as a Lieutenant Colonel in the St. James's Volunteer corps. According to Klingberg and Hustvedt, Sheridan's final speech in Parliament, "was a vigorous plea for resistance against Napoleon, resting upon the conviction that should England fall the liberties of the world would fall with her" (p.236). The text of this broadside is taken from Act II, Scene II of Sheridan's patriotic play *Pizarro* (first performed in London in 1799) which was based on the 1796 German play *Die Spanier in Peru* by August von Kotzebue and told the story of the Spanish conquistador's conquest of Peru. Sheridan's play was revived in 1803—with Kemble and Sarah Siddons in the leading roles—to enormous popular approval.

Writing the year after this broadside was printed, William Cobbett, the pamphleteer and fellow MP, denounced it as "**typographical harlotry ... stuck up on every dead wall, rotten post, and dirty corner in the metropolis**" (William Cobbett, *The Political Proteus, a view of the Public Character and Conduct of R.B. Sheridan* (1804)).

SHERIDAN'S ADDRESS *to the* People.

Our King! our Country! And our God!

MY brave Associates—Partners of my Toil, my Feelings, and my Fame!—can Words add Vigour to the VIRTUOUS ENERGIES which inspire your Hearts?—No—YOU have judged as I have, the *Foulness* of the *crafty Plea* by which these bold INVADERS would delude you—Your generous Spirit has compared, as mine has, the *Motives* which, in a War like this, can animate *their* Minds, and OURS.—THEY, by a strange Frenzy driven, fight for Power, for Plunder, and extended Rule—we, for our Country, our Altars, and our Homes.—THEY follow an ADVENTURER, whom they fear—and obey a Power which they *hate*—WE serve a *Monarch* whom we love—a GOD whom we adore.—When e'er they move in anger, *Desolation* tracks their Progress!—Where'er they pause in Amity, *Affliction* mourns their Friendship!—They boast, they come but to improve our State, enlarge our Thoughts, and free us from the Yoke of Error!—Yes—THEY will give enlightened Freedom to *our* Minds, who are themselves the *Slaves* of Passion, Avarice, and Pride.—They offer us their Protection—Yes, such Protection as *Vultures* give to Lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call on us to barter all of Good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate Chance of Something better which they *promise*.—Be our plain Answer this: The Throne WE honour is the PEOPLE'S CHOICE—the Laws we reverence are our brave Fathers' Legacy—the Faith we follow teaches us to live in Bonds of Charity with all Mankind, and die with Hope of Bliss beyond the Grave. Tell your *Invaders* this; and tell them too, we seek no Change; and, least of all, such Change as *they* would bring us.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

London: Printed for J. ASPERNE, Successor to MR. SEWELL, at the Bible, Crown, and Constitution, No. 32, Cornhill, by T. MAIDEN.
[Price 1d. or 9d. per Dozen.]

"AN OBSCURE CORSICAN"

5 Who is Bonaparte?

Broadside (310 x 190 mm). Very lightly browned, slightly creased in a couple of places; edges entirely uncut.
London: Printed for J. Asperne, successor to Mr. Sewell, [1803]. £450

Bibl. Lind., No. 1522; Not in Klingberg & Hustvedt.

An English character assessment of Napoleon in which the reader is told he turned his "artillery upon the citizens of Paris", "put near 400 Turks to Death, in cold blood", "destroyed his own comrades by poison" and, "dared to attack what is most dear and most useful to civilized Society, the Freedom of the Press and the Freedom of Speech, by **proposing to restrict the British Press**".

Below the text is an advertisement for Asperne's Sheridan's *Address to the People* [see above] and a suggestion that, "**Noblemen, Magistrates, and Gentlemen, would do well, by ordering a few dozen of the above tracts of their different Booksellers, and cause them to be stuck up in the respective villages where they reside, that the Inhabitants may be convinced of the Cruelty of the Corsican Usurper**".

Who is Bonaparte?

WHO IS HE? Why, an obscure Corsican that began his Murderous Career, with turning his Artillery upon the Citizens of Paris—who boasted in his Public Letter from Pavia, of *having shot the whole Municipality*—who put the *helpless, innocent, and unoffending* Inhabitants of Alexandria, *Man, Woman, and Child*, to the SWORD, till *Slaughter* was tired of its Work—who, against all the Laws of War, put near 4000 Turks to Death, in cold Blood, after their Surrender—who destroyed his own Comrades by *Poison*, when lying sick and wounded in Hospitals, because they were unable to further the Plan of Pillage which carried him to St. Jean D'Acre—who, having thus stained the Profession of Arms, and solemnly and publicly renounced the religious Faith of Christendom and embraced Mahometanism, again pretended to embrace the Christian Religion—who, on his return to France, destroyed the Representative System—who, after seducing the Polish Legion into the Service of his pretended Republic, treacherously transferred it to St. Domingo, where it has perished to a Man, either by Disease or the Sword—and who, finally, as it were to fill the measure of his Arrogance, has *Dared* to attack what is most dear and useful to civilized Society, the FREEDOM of the PRESS and the FREEDOM of SPEECH, by proposing to restrict the *British Press*, and the Deliberations of the *British Senate*.—Such is the TYRANT We are called upon to oppose; and such is the Fate which awaits *ENGLAND*, should WE suffer him and his degraded *Slaves*, to pollute *OUR* Soil.

London: Printed for J. ASPERNE, Successor to Mr. SEWELL, at the Bible, Crown, and Constitution, No. 32, Cornhill, by J. and E. HODSON.
[PRICE 1d. or 6s. the 100, or 9d. per Dozen.]

WHERE MAY BE ALSO HAD,

SHERIDAN'S *Address to the People*.

PRICE 1d. 6s. the 100, or 9d. the Dozen.

Also a Collection of all the Loyal Papers that have been Published.

☞ *Noblemen, Magistrates, and Gentlemen, would do well, by ordering a few Dozen of the above Tracts of their different Booksellers, and cause them to be stuck up in the respective Villages where they reside, that the Inhabitants may be convinced of the Cruelty of the Corsican Usurper.*

**"I FEAR WE ON SHORE ARE
BY NO MEANS READY TO RECEIVE
SUCH AN ARMY OF BUTCHERS"**

**6 A Dialogue between a British Tar just
landed at Portsmouth and a Brave
Soldier lately returned from Egypt.**

Broadside (445 x 278mm). Evenly browned, minor
creasing in a couple of places.

Cambridge Printed; London re-printed for J. Hatchard ...
by J. Hales, [1803]. **£500**

Bibl. Lind., No. 1487; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.28.

A supposed dialogue between a British Tar (Sailor) and a British
Soldier on the threat of invasion by Napoleon's forces. We are
told at the outset that the "oaths usually interwoven" through-
out the speech of the men have been omitted "as at all times
highly improper, and particularly when talking upon such a seri-
ous subject as the utter ruin of the whole Nation". The dialogue
serves to warn the British public that despite the power of the
British Navy it is important that those, "on shore must prepare
for the worst".

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A British TAR just landed at Portsmouth,

AND

A Brave SOLDIER lately returned from Egypt.

[N. B. The Oaths usually interwoven, without either meaning or sense, in the discourse of the Valiant Defenders of their Country, are omitted; as at all times highly improper, and particularly when talking upon such a serious subject as the utter ruin of the whole Nation.]

Soldier.---What, Jack, ashore again?

Sailor.---Ah, our noble Captain, just run in to warn
you brave Landmen what you have to expect.

Soldier.---What, some naval victory?---Is the French
fleet out?

Sailor.---No, no, Tom; I wish it was. We'd soon pour
in a few broadsides, and sink every man of them that did
not acknowledge our superiority. But no such luck,
Tom; we have just been taking a peep into some of the
French ports, and see such multitudes of vessels of all
descriptions, and such quantities of troops all along the
coast, that no doubt the Bloody Atheist is resolved to at-
tempt the utter ruin of the British nation.

Soldier.---What then, Jack, is the report true, that
there are 8000 vessels prepared to bring over the army of
France into this country?

Sailor.---Aye, and more too, my Brave Egyptain Hero:
There will be plenty of laurels both for Sailors and
Soldiers too now.

Soldier.---Why, Jack, we on shore don't expect that you
Sailors will leave us any chance of shewing that Britons
fight even more fiercely if possible on their own native
land than they have done in Egypt.

Sailor.---Fear not, Tom.---You will have opportunity
enough of shewing yourselves; for tho' the British Navy
rides triumphant on the Seas, yet adverse winds, or calms,
or fogs and long dark nights may in all probability prevent
our giving more than half of them their belly-full of shot
and water; and even that is very doubtful;---for to con-
fess the truth, tho' the enemy can never stand against the
Navy of Britain when we chance to fall in with them,
yet the probability of meeting on the wide ocean is very
uncertain.

Soldier.---Why, Jack, there is great truth in that, and
I fear we on shore are by no means ready to receive such
an army of butchers; but if you tars will keep a good
look out for a few weeks, whilst the British heart is roused
to real exertion, we shall be ready for their reception, and
I have no doubt shall be a match for the whole force that
shall escape the vigilance of the Navy.

Sailor.---Well, remember, you on shore must prepare
for the worst; for the enemy are so numerous, and are so
determined to spare neither age, sex, or condition, that
if they should escape us, the British shore will stream with
blood; and ere you can conquer so large an army, thou-
sands must fall a sacrifice to their country's cause.

Soldier.---God forbid that that butcher of the human
race should pollute an acre of British ground, upon which
to shew his defiance of all the laws of God and Man, by
ordering his miscreant bloodhounds to fire into the midst
of thousands of English prisoners, who may chance to
fall into his hands, as he did the Turks at Jaffa; where I
have myself seen on a spot of rising ground, heaps of
bones, now whitened by time, which still prove the dia-
bolical fact of his having in cool blood ordered the mur-
der of all his prisoners. And Heaven grant that the
British name may never be contaminated by a repetition
of that vilest of all acts, committed by the order of Buo-
NAPARTE himself, who poisoned 580 of his own wound-
ed Soldiers to be relieved from the burden of supporting
them.

Sailor.---What say you---are these stories really true?

Soldier.---Aye, as sure as I have been in Egypt; and
many more villainous transactions of that desperate
Atheist, such as no Briton can ever hear of without shud-
dering from head to foot. If our honest countrymen at
home had seen the flood of blood shed on foreign land,
they would not delay one moment to come forward in
defence of their Country and their Religion, and to save
their Wives and Children from falling into the hands of
the determined extirpator of the British name.

Sailor.---Aye, Tom, you who have seen the horrors of
war against an Atheistical army, speak the true language
of a British Soldier; and when our brave Captain has
communicated to Government those preparations which
are making for an immediate invasion of this country in
various places at once, I have no fear but that all will
prepare to drive back the numerous and fierce army of
the Poisoner of his own Soldiers, to drink the last cup of
brine under the cannon of the British Sailors, who, having
destroyed all the vessels of the enemy, and cut off their
retreat, will still cruize near shore to join in a general
hallelujah to the God of Heaven, who, we trust, will ever
defend the British Christian against the Atheistical
Tyrant of Europe.

Cambridge, Printed; London, Re-printed for J. HATCHARD, Piccadilly, by J. Hales, Old Bafall Court.
Price Sixpence per Dozen.

“WE SHALL SHORTLY BE INVADED”

7 [A VOLUNTEER].
People of the British Isles.

Broadside (445 x 275mm). A little browned and slightly grubby at the edges, a couple of minor creases in places; entirely uncut.

[London]: for J. Asperne [by] Nicholson, Printer, Clerkenwell, [1803]. £500

Bibl. Lind., No. 1509; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.62.

A frank warning to the inhabitants of the country that invasion on land will be the most likely route of a successful French campaign. The “Volunteer” attempts to rouse his fellow countrymen with a quotation from Book XV of Pope’s translation of the *Iliad* (“Death is the worst, a fate which all must try”) and a rallying call from Richard Glover’s 1753 play *Boadicea*. The reader is reminded of the great advantages of the English nation over the French from the “Magna Charta” to our “Free Press”.

PEOPLE

OF THE

British Isles.

LET none affect to despise the idea that WE SHALL SHORTLY BE INVADED. Our Foe has pledged himself to it. He is at this moment disengaged from every Continental Enemy—he is supported, he exists only by warfare and plunder. Our Naval Victories have sufficiently taught him to despair of ever withstanding us on the Watery Element, and consequently the only possibility of any success rests in conveying his Land Forces on our Shores; and that this is by no means impracticable, is the opinion of the first Military Characters.

Let us therefore make known to Frenchmen that whatever difference in Political opinions may arise among ourselves, that when *our beloved Country is menaced by Invasion*, WE WILL AND HAVE RESOLVED ONE AND ALL, to defend with bravery and vigor its Honour, Freedom, and Independence.

“ Death is the worst, a fate which all must try,
But for our Country 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, tho' slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his Children safe, his Country free,
Entails a debt on all the grateful state,
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honor'd, all his race succeed,
And late posterity enjoy the deed.”

But let us pause, and contemplate for a moment what we have to defend.

We have to defend from brutal violation the British Fair, whose unrivalled beauty so far from protecting them, will add proportionably to their misery. We have to defend (and transmit unimpaired to our children) those Rights and Liberties for which our Ancestors have so often bled, from time to time, and even sacrificed their lives to preserve to us.

We have to defend and to maintain, such glorious privileges as collectively no other nation on the earth can boast of possessing. We have a MAGNA CHARTA and a FREE PRESS; but above all, our glorious and invaluable Constitution, the admiration and the wonder of the world.

What ardor will not the first consideration alone inspire in the breasts of our British Youths? What hitherto unheard of prodigies of valour, what feats of Courage may we not expect, in A CAUSE, SO TRULY GRAND—SO TRULY JUST.

“ Rely on fate, whose out-stretch'd hand
Shall still preserve thee from the hostile steel,
For scenes of future bliss.—Think on the day
When with a victor's emulation sworn
Thine arms shall clasp a mistress' throbbing breast,
When tears of joy shall grace thy mother's eye,
And rapt'rous smiles, to view a conquering son,
Play on her aged brow! O think—
And let the contemplation cheer thy heart.”

It is hoped and trusted therefore, that every individual, in proportion to his means, will imitate the glorious example of the Merchants and others of the City of London.

“ Those generous traders who alike sustain
Their nation's glory on th' obedient main,
And bounteous raise affliction's drooping pain.”

A VOLUNTEER.

Published by J. ASPERNE, 32, Cornhill.

Price One Penny, or Ninepence the Dozen.

Nicholson, Printer, Clerkenwell.

A
R E L I S H
FOR
O L D N I C K.

S O N G,

On the threatened Invasion.

Tune—Vicar and Moses.

I.

ARM Neighbours at length,
And put forth your strength,
Perfidious bold France to refit;
Ten Frenchmen will fly,
To shun a black eye,
If one Englishman doubles his fist.

II.

But if they feel stout,
Why, let them turn out,
With their maws stuff'd with frogs, foup, and jellies,
Brave Nelson's sea thunder
Shall strike them with wonder,
And make the frogs leap in their bellies.

III.

Their impudent boast
Of invading our coast,
Neptune swears they had better decline;
For the Rogues may be sure,
That their frenzy he'll cure,
And he'll pickle them all in his brine.

IV.

And when they've been foak'd
Long enough to be finok'd,
To the regions below they'll be taken;
And there hung up to dry,
Fit to boil or to fry,
When OLD NICK wants a rasher of bacon.

A LOYAL SUBJECT.

Printed for J. WALLIS, Ludgate Hill, Price 1d. or 8d. per Dozen, by J. Crowder and E. Hemsted, Warwick Square.

“FIT TO BOIL OR TO FRY”

8 [A LOYAL SUBJECT].

A Relish of Old Nick.

Broadside (433 x 275mm). A little dusty and slightly creased in places, single circular spots near the center of the sheet (not obscuring the text); entirely uncut. [London]: printed for J. Wallis ... by J. Crowder and E. Hemsted, [1803].

£450

Not in Bibl. Lind; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.60.

A four verse song sung to the tune of “The Vicar and Moses” in which the French forces are imagined “soak’d ... Long enough to be smok’d, to the regions below they’ll be taken; and there hung up to dry, fit to boil or to fry, when Old Nick wants a rasher of bacon”.

**"IN DEFENCE OF HIS NATIVE LAND,
AN ENGLISHMAN, A SCOTCHMAN,
A WELSHMAN, AND AN IRISHMAN,
ARE ONE AND THE SAME PEOPLE"**

9 [JOHN BULL].

John Bull to Brother Patrick In Ireland.

Broadside (440 x 280mm). A little browned, edges uncut.

London: printed for John Stockdale [by] S. Gosnell,
Little Queen Street, Holborn, 1803. £450

Bibl. Lind., No. 1528; Not in Klingberg & Hustvedt.

"But, dear Pat, as long as a drop of British or
Irish blood flows in our veins such things
can never come to pass ..."

A long letter (dated July 19th 1803) written by the English John Bull to his cousin Pat in Ireland calling for each side to put aside their differences in common support against Napoleon's French forces. This is one of a number of broadsides which attempted to unite the home nations against French attack by stirring the patriotic feelings of those countries concerned. John Bull warns that an attack on England will almost certainly lead to an attack on Ireland and that cooperation is the best form of defense.

JOHN BULL TO BROTHER PATRICK IN IRELAND.

DEAR PAT,

London, July 19, 1803.

AS you must be well aware that in times such as these a great many lies are told, I think it right to send you a few words of real truth, that you may be on your guard, and know how to act. All the talk on this side the water is about the French and the invasion; which, in the opinion of many, will certainly take place. I was fully convinced of it myself some time ago; I think it may still happen; but, as the people begin to be sensible of the necessity of exertion, my fears lessen, and my hopes and confidence increase. It really would do your heart good to see how every honest Briton is roused at the idea of a Corsican robber threatening to invade his country, and to reduce him to the miserable situation of a French slave. You have heard, no doubt, how he has bamboozled others, but we Englishmen are not such fools; we know how to distinguish between an honest man and a villain; between a benevolent king and a bloodthirsty despot; between a tyrannical government and a free constitution; between the laws of our forefathers and a foreign yoke.

I had long since discovered that the Corsican usurper was making every body miserable who was unfortunately in his power; but I did not till lately find out the cause of his success. It appears, however, that he is the most notorious hypocrite upon earth, and that he has deluded by false promises the wretched countries over which he now rules with a rod of vengeance. But I must explain to you, dear Pat, how he has been able so easily to accomplish his purpose. You must know then, that in the different states on the continent the inhabitants have never been blessed with those privileges which are our glorious birthright, and which distinguish us from every other people upon earth. They have no such thing as a parliament, trial by jury, or liberty of the press, and the whole population is frequently at the mercy of one man. Under some governments the poor peasants are chained to the land on which they are born, and when a master parts with his estate he sells them with it like the cattle. Now Bonaparte observing this, and the great and enviable distinction that existed between this country and others, in order to gain them over to his views, promised them a British constitution; it was indeed the greatest benefit he could promise them. The poor souls thinking him serious, listened and believed; they consequently admitted him and his armies into their country: but the moment he had them in his power, mark in what manner he kept his word. You could not well conceive it possible for poor creatures to be worse off than those who were already in the situation I have described; yet it is very possible; and the wickedness and avarice of the Corsican barbarian have contrived to render them ten times more wretched. It would make your hair stand an end to read a relation of all the atrocities which this demon has committed in the various countries he has enslaved; and, what is the worst part of the story, his greatest malice has been directed against the poor and needy, whose comforts every honest man is bound to protect. The peasants, artisans, and mechanics, have been every where exposed to the unconfined brutality of his soldiers, a set of infamous miscreants, who have behaved more like wild beasts than men. They have been guilty of every kind of wanton cruelty and excess, and have committed deeds of inhumanity at which even a savage would shudder. A scene of real misery is the delight of their eyes and hearts. Their usual plan, after having conquered a country, is to divide into small parties, and to break open the cottagers' houses; the trembling family are immediately attacked; the husband is torn from the embraces of his wife, and if he is unable to pay any arbitrary fine their avarice chooses to exact, he is instantly loaded with chains, and dragged to a damp dungeon, to linger out a miserable existence. His wife is next exposed to their brutal lust; his children, if he unfortunately has any, are murdered, or are carried off to be reserved for a worse fate; the cries of the little innocents cannot touch the hearts of these barbarians; the cottage is then plundered of every moveable, and the bare walls are left standing as a memorial of their cruelty.

You have no doubt heard of the four thousand Turks the infamous Bonaparte ordered to be shot at Jaffa. They were his prisoners, already disarmed, and, by the laws of war, as well as the rights of humanity, were entitled to mercy. Who would, after this, submit to be made prisoner by a Frenchman? How much more honourable is it, if we must die, to die in the field of battle, defending one's country, than basely to lay down one's arms to be loaded with chains, and the next day to be dragged from prison, like a malefactor, and butchered in cold blood! Who that has the feeling of a man could brook this? A few days after the murder of these poor defenceless Turks, the savage Bonaparte poisoned five hundred and eighty of his own soldiers—soldiers

who had fought his battles, and to whom he was indebted for many of the laurels he had gained. Although you must be acquainted with the fact, as it is a species of barbarity which no one but a cruel despot like himself could have imagined, I will relate to you a few of the particulars of this horrible transaction. You must know then, Pat, that many of the troops of this monster, in consequence of their exertions in his service at Jaffa, fell sick. The hospitals were crowded with them. Many died—others quickly recovered; but these five hundred and eighty were so worn out with fatigue, that it would have required some time and expense to bring them about again. Bonaparte, finding this to be the case, made a calculation, with as much indifference as if he had been adding up a few pounds, shillings, and pence, to see if their lives were worth preserving: he determined—hear it, Pat, with horror and indignation—he determined that they were not; and immediately ordered an apothecary, who has since confessed his crime, to give them poison. It was mixed up with food which he knew they would relish; but it was the last time they ate:—and these wretched deluded victims, whilst they were expressing their gratitude to their General for a palatable meal, were swallowing what had been prepared by his orders, and what he knew would occasion inevitable death. They died in agonies a few hours after. Bonaparte, the monster Bonaparte, is still alive! He is possibly reserved by Heaven for some signal mark of Divine wrath. These facts, dear Pat, are fully proved. The bones of the poor Turks and Frenchmen are still lying unburied on the plains near Jaffa. Denon, indeed, the companion of Bonaparte in Egypt, has related, in a work dedicated to the Corsican, and patronised by him, many other facts almost as atrocious as these. But these barbarities have not been confined to Egypt. Wherever the French go, they are the authors of similar calamities.

And, dear Pat, these are the wretches who have been long endeavouring to deceive us, and to persuade us to admit them as friends. In this, however, they have totally failed: our eyes are, thank God! open; and we know them too well. Having been disappointed in this object, which would certainly have been an easy way of getting us into their power, they now are endeavouring to terrify us, by swearing that they will invade our shores as enemies. In order to raise soldiers faster, Bonaparte tells them, that we are a degenerate people; that we shall be afraid to fight with Frenchmen; that universal pillage shall be allowed; and that, in order to increase the booty, every Englishman shall be put to death. This is, no doubt, the wish of the barbarian: but shall we, Pat, allow him to fulfil it? He knows we will not. He is aware of the reception he will meet with, and of what stuff we are made. He knows, that, whenever we have grappled with Frenchmen, we have vanquished them on foreign ground. What chance of success then can they have on British ground, if we are resolved to oppose them? And shall we not be resolved? Oh! that we shall; and, if they do venture to come either to England, Scotland, or Ireland, it will be a proud day for us all! Shall we, who are blessed with the rights of freemen, ever submit to be chained hand and foot by Frenchmen, who are themselves the slaves of a Corsican? Shall we allow them to rifle our pockets, to imprison our persons, to abuse our women, to murder our helpless babes, to trample under foot our aged parents, to lay waste our farms, to set fire to our cottages, to destroy our harvests, to rob us of our constitution, to dethrone our King? God forbid, that in the United Kingdom a single Briton or Irishman should be breathing, who, if he had an hundred lives, would not willingly sacrifice them, one after another, in defence of such objects!

But, dear Pat, as long as a drop of British or Irish blood flows in our veins such things can never come to pass. The French, indeed, who you know are near our coast, and have consequently frequent opportunities of hearing of our exertions, begin, I fancy, to be a little afraid. And what do you think they say, Pat? Why they say, that if they cannot come here, they will certainly pay you a visit in Ireland; and that, if they do, they will take care to revenge themselves there, for their loss and disappointment in Britain. They also say, that you will not oppose them so heartily as we shall: but I know, Pat, that this is an infamous lie; and I am quite at ease on that score. In defence of his native land, an Englishman, a Scotchman, a Welshman, and an Irishman, are one and the same people. So God bless us all! Long live the King! and may the Constitution live for ever!—I remain ever, dear Pat,

Your affectionate Brother, and sincere Friend,

JOHN BULL.

Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, 181, Piccadilly.—Price 1d. or 6d. per dozen.

S. GOSNELL, Printer, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

**“EQUALITY OF ENGLISHMEN,
IN THE HOUR OF DANGER,
AND THEIR COUNTRY’S CAUSE”**

**10 [CARACTACUS].
Friends, Britons, Countrymen.**

Broadside (435 x 280mm). A little dusty and with some minor creasing; entirely uncut.

London: printed by Jennings and Brimmer ... for J. Asperne, [1803]. **£450**

Not in Bibl. Lind. Not in Klingberg & Hustvedt.

“England, in the Nineteenth Century, owed not only its importance, but its preservations, chiefly to the preserving and spirited exertions of her artisans and mechanics!”

A call to the working classes (“the most numerous and most useful part of the nation”) to unite against the possibility of a French invasion. The address is signed “Caractacus” a reference to the first-century British chief who was responsible for resisting the Roman invasion of Britain.

Friends, BRITONS, COUNTRYMEN:

THE Threatened INVASION of this Country, by its perfidious and implacable Enemies, the FRENCH, is a subject so highly important, so deeply interesting, that to expatiate upon it in a continued strain of Levity, to indulge in fanciful conceits on the supposed folly of the Enterprise, or to reason on the improbability of it ever being attempted, is not only highly improper and reprehensible, but likewise the very reverse of that *jealous vigilance* and *undiverted attention* which is now, more than ever, the Duty of all those who venerate and justly appreciate those Glorious Rights and Privileges which the People of this Kingdom so uninterruptedly enjoy.—It is not with the shafts of Ridicule, however pointed, that an artful and powerful Enemy is to be repelled: our Ancestors employed far different weapons; and unless Englishmen follow, at the present momentous crisis, their animating and undaunted conduct, and bravely wield, in the CAUSE of LIBERTY and THEIR COUNTRY, the same death-dealing instruments of war, that Levity and Indifference which has too long characterised our conversation on this point: that tendency to Lampoon the Proceedings, and undervalue the Strength and Resources of our Foes, so visible in the publications of the day, will be turned into heart-breaking Sadness and bitter Reflections on the Folly and Criminality of Jest and Buffoonery, when all that is dear to us, Individually and as a Nation, is at stake.

COUNTRYMEN!—As the rolling of the Thunder-bell inspires seriousness in the contemplative mind, so ought the menacing aspect of our Foe, and the rumours of his projected Invasion, turn and fix our Minds and Attention on that GRAND and INDISPENSABLE MEASURE, the—

DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY!

Remember it was Levity of Manners, and its attendants Inattention and Indifference, that hastened the Overthrow of Ancient Rome—and beware of its emasculating Influence! There is, doubtless, an Unanimity of Opinion among the Inhabitants of GREAT-BRITAIN, with respect to the present Ambitious Views of FRANCE: it is not possible it should be otherwise—for the instances of the cruel and remorseless actions of that inconstant and inconsistent Nation are still fresh in the memories even of our Children—but the Sentiments of the Public Mind are not sufficiently freed from that indolent Security which degrades them—they have not yet assumed that firm and vigorous tone with which the Menaces of Invasion were wont to inspire every Englishman. These Sentiments should proceed from the hearts and mouths of BRITONS as *forcibly* and *expressly* as the clangour of ten thousand Trumpets and the sounds of ancient Warriors striking on their Shields. Let it not be said, that the progress of Civilization, and the increase of Information, so widely and so happily diffused through all ranks of our community, while it hath made us more sensible of the value of our Rights, and of that Glorious Constitution by which they are secured to us and our Posterity, has cowed in us that indignant Spirit which is necessary to maintain them inviolate from the incurious Innovations of Foreign Foes. Remember that the impartial eye of History is now attentively observing the passing events of this eventful period:—Chuse now, My COUNTRYMEN, whether you will imitate the conduct of your Gallant Forefathers, and live for ever in her illuminated pages—or tamely crouch beneath the galling YOE of the Ambitious, TYRANNICAL, and BLOODY BONAPARTE?

Not Civil or Political Motives alone urge you to the adoption of the former line of conduct:—RELIGION, who loves not “the Tented Field;” who turns with aversion from “the Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War,” when undertaken for purposes of Ambition or Aggrandisement, is neither insensible to the Merits of a Just and Virtuous Cause, nor unwilling to give her hearty assistance in its behalf.—Her Vigorous, Exalted, and Elevating Sentiments impressed upon the Mind, and deeply-rooted in the Soul of the TRUE PATRIOT—THE CHAMPION OF THE AGED AND DEFENCELESS—THE PROTECTOR OF HIS FELLOW SUBJECTS—THE GUARDIAN OF THE CONSTITUTION—THE DEFENDER OF HIS COUNTRY—are an invulnerable Shield. Unconquerable Energy will attend him in the Fight—for his PRINCIPLES can never be subdued. But if he should fall in such a Contest, he will fall covered with true Glory and the tears of his grateful Country.—No: he will not fall—he will rise to an happy Immortality. RELIGION will conduct him to the society of those ever-blessed Spirits, whose virtues and talents while on earth were exercised in the GRAND CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND HUMANITY.

Is there a BRITON, at the present moment, who scruples to DEFEND his COUNTRY, its CONSTITUTION, and GOVERNMENT, from the Attacks of those who *avowedly* seek its Destruction, merely because he conceives that there are Defects and Errors in the Constitution and Administration of that Government?—To such an one the united VOICES of NATURE, REASON, and OUR COUNTRY speak to this effect:—“Lose not now an instant in idle Discussion and unmeaning Debate—TO ARMS! AND HURL DESTRUCTION ON YOUR FOES!!! You say the Constitution is impaired and corrupted—now is not the time to dispute the point. If ever you revered it—if ever you acknowledged it to be founded on the Principles of True and Rational Liberty—faster it not to be still more corrupted and impaired. Endeavour energetically to preserve it unimpaired, *untouched*, by Foreign hands; and retain to yourselves the Glorious Privilege of reforming its Abuses and correcting its Errors. Imitate the conduct of some of your most distinguished Countrymen, on a late occasion, when the Army of WESTMINSTER was threatened with destruction. Those truly noble men were not idly occupied at that time in examining whether any of the rules of Architecture had been violated in the construction of the Building—they did not then survey with an eye of criticism its various parts, or endeavour to pry into its defects.—No: they forgot the distinctions of rank and talents in their anxious endeavours to save the venerable Edifice, and placed themselves upon an equality with the lowest ranks in activity and service. Such should be the EQUALITY OF ENGLISHMEN, in the HOUR of DANGER, and their COUNTRY’S CAUSE;—all minor considerations would be then either forgotten or disregarded; and the same glow of virtuous Enthusiasm would animate alike the bosoms of your Peasants and your Peers!”

Once more: Let the LABOURING CLASSES of the Community reflect, that it is *their* duty and privilege to unite in Defending the Country and Maintaining its Independence, as much as it is that of the most Opulent among us.—If your Enemies and your Circumstances conspire to make you indifferent to the present state of affairs, by telling you that *you have nothing to lose*—believe not the insidious LIE! Recollect that in Society we depend upon each other. Recollect that the Property of the Rich Man is a *Mine*, from whence Industry and Ingenuity may always draw *current Coin*. It is the duty of the Rich to encourage the Arts and Manufactures of their own Country—and the Rich Persons of England do encourage them: but if, through inattention or the undue consideration of this truth, the Working Class, the most numerous and most useful part of the nation, should be remiss in their duty;—if they should look with a selfish eye on themselves alone, and forget what Industry and Application is capable of achieving—then will the Enemies of our Country Triumph!—then will the Streams of Opulence be turned into different Channels, for the Encouragement of French Ingenuity alone.—Your Workshops, filled with those whom your Pusillanimity could not prevail upon you to oppose—the flower of our Nobility, degraded and disinherited by your want of vigour—and our Gentlemen, Merchants, and Tradesmen reduced to a level with you whom they *must* despise—to whom will ye look for Employment? To your Conquerors—to the French? *Shame* would forbid you from asking it; or if you so far forgot yourselves as to be insensible to those feelings, and did ask it—Contempt, on their part, would justify them in their refusal. You would then be severely sensible of your loss, and you would wish with bitterness that you had even lost your lives rather than be forced to submit to such *degrading Humiliation*—the sure result of which must be the *total Extinction* of all those Ingenious Acquirements and Valuable Qualities for which you are now so justly envied and admired even by your Enemies.

Let these Considerations make a deep Impression on your minds—Endeavour to feel your Importance: and, above all, Reflect how you will shine hereafter in the Annals of your Country, by freely displaying that Patriotic and Military Spirit which must be exerted should the Country be invaded.—POSTERITY, perusing the History of Our Times, shall read with rapture, that “ENGLAND, in the Nineteenth Century, owed not only its IMPORTANCE, but its PRESERVATION, chiefly to the PERSEVERING and SPIRITED EXERTIONS of her ARTISANS and MECHANICS!”

CARACTACUS.

LONDON: PRINTED BY JENNINGS AND BRIMMER, 32, UPPER MARY-LE-BONE STREET,

For J. ASPERNE, (Successor to Mr. SEWELL), No. 32, Cornhill.—Price 1d. or 9d. per Dozen.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CITY OF LONDON

11 BOSANQUET (Jacob). Substance of the Speech of Jacob Bosanquet, Esq. At the Royal Exchange, July 26th, 1803.

Broadside (435 x 280mm). Slightly dusty, some
minor creasing in places, entirely uncut.

[London]: printed for James Asperne ... by W. Lane,
[?1803]. £500

Not in Bibl. Lind. Not in Klingberg & Hustvedt.

A stirring address to, "those who rank first in the City of
London for character and wealth—men whose breath could
in an instant raise millions of money, should the service of
their country require it".

Jacob Bosanquet (1755–1828) was the chairman of the
East India Company.

SUBSTANCE OF THE SPEECH OF

JACOB BOSANQUET, ESQ.

At the ROYAL EXCHANGE, JULY the 26th, 1803.

A MEETING was this day held upon the Royal Exchange, of the Merchants, Bankers, Ship-Owners, Traders, and other Inhabitants of this Metropolis, for the purpose of expressing their sentiments in support of their King and Constitution, and the honour and independence of their Country.

At one o'clock between four and five thousand of the most opulent and respectable of the mercantile interest filled the area of the Royal Exchange, while those who were more immediately instrumental in forwarding the Meeting, occupied a temporary booth, erected within the walk upon the east side: among them we distinguished those who rank first in the City of London for character and wealth—men whose breath could in an instant raise millions of money, should the service of their country require it.

JACOB BOSANQUET, Esq. was unanimously called to the Chair, and peals of applause ratified the choice.

Mr. D'ALMEIDA, of the East India House, having read the advertisement under which the Meeting had been convened—

The Chairman stepped forth, and in a manly and energetic manner expressed himself in these terms:—

"Gentlemen, when I look round, and behold these walls, which have so often witnessed the honour and good faith of the mercantile interest of the British Empire—when I look round, and see this representation of persons under whom the country has been made almost the emporium of the world—Gentlemen, when I look round, and see myself surrounded on all sides by those among whom I have lived, and with whom I was born, I flatter myself that what I shall have the honour of proposing to you this day, will meet your unanimous approbation, because I know the honour, the independence, and, above all, the spirit of those among whom I have lived; and that their honour, independence, spirit, and integrity, have carried the British name from pole to pole. Gentlemen, it is almost needless for me, on the present occasion, to state what I believe you all know, that an enemy—a proud and imperious enemy, are at your doors—an enemy who think that nothing stands between them and universal dominion, except this country—an enemy who pant to act over in this country those scenes you have seen realized in every country to which their arms and power have reached. They are now burning with impatience to extend their ravages to this happy land; and should they succeed, you would see those scenes again transacted, which have spread desolation wherever their force has prevailed. You would see your wives and daughters violated, and put to shame before your eyes; you would see your dearest friends assassinated in the public streets, your altars profaned, and the land polluted with rapine, violence, slaughter, and blood. (*An instantaneous burst of applause. Many exclaimed—'Never will we live to see that day!'*)

"Gentlemen, when Rome and Constantinople, the two greatest cities the world ever saw, were sacked, the one by the Saracens, and the other by the Barbarians from the North, it is reported that, though every thing abroad bore the appearance of war, every thing within retained the semblance of peace, tranquillity, and quiet. It is said, the Merchants were seen as usual in their public walks, attending to their affairs, and that the money-changers were calculating their speculations with the indifference of perfect security. What was the consequence? They lost the whole of that wealth, in the accumulation of which their hearts and souls were concentrated; whereas, had they but sacrificed a part of what they possessed, and had they gone out themselves to meet the enemy, instead of trusting to others whom they had hired to defend them, Rome and Constantinople might have remained to this day what England is—the protectors of themselves and other countries from unjust violence and oppression. For want of their own exertions they fell—two of the greatest cities the world ever saw flourish, perished. God send their fate may never be our's!—(*Five thousand Britons repeated the words!*)—But God send, if it is to be so, that I and my children may perish in the first ranks, and not live to witness the ruin and desolation that will ensue!—(*"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the whole assembly.*) Gentlemen, it would be wrong, at a time like this, to deceive you. You have a numerous, bold, hardy, and determined enemy at your doors; and, if they ever should reach this country, there remains nothing for you but to conquer or die! (*Bursts of British enthusiasm!*) What! can I believe it of Britons, that you would be content to be the slaves of those who are themselves the vilest slaves? (*"Never! never!" resounded from all parts.*) Countrymen, it is in your power to be safe—you have only to exert yourselves, and it is impossible you should fall; for the history of the world does not produce an example of a free and determined nation ever having been conquered. You would ask me, what should be done? I say, let us join in an unanimous determination, if necessary, to conquer or to die; and, when that has been done, let each man go to his proper place, and endeavour, with hand, lead, and heart, to support the public cause. What! shall a

proud, lawless banditti—men who are fighting for plunder and for gain—shall they be prodigal of their lives and fortunes, and shall Britons, who have every thing to save and defend, shew cowardice, where they ought to shew the most determined resolution? But, Gentlemen, if our enemies were to reach this country, though they might fill the land with ruin and desolation, great would be their disappointment. They would expect to find the riches of the country in the pockets of the individuals, and in the coffers of the State; but it is not there our riches reside: they reside in the heads, the hearts, the commerce, and the industry of the people—and in the protection afforded them by the Laws, Constitution, and Government of this happy land. (*Loyal and patriotic acclamations.*)

Gentlemen, I am unwilling to trespass too long on the present occasion, (*Hear! hear!*)—and particularly as I am unused to speaking before so numerous an assembly; but I hope and trust that before we part, we shall all unite in an unanimous declaration to stand or fall with our Country and our King. (*Every voice gave assent to the proposition.*) I hope when that has been done, we shall determine to throw off all other cares except those for the defence of our country; that we shall also determine to consider as public enemies, those who would divide and turn our attention to other objects; in short, that we shall consider ourselves as having done nothing till we have placed our country out of the reach of danger. All I can urge upon this momentous occasion, I dare say you will feel from the bottom of your hearts. I am persuaded you have even anticipated what I have stated; I have only to add, that I shall be ready to appear the foremost of the ranks, resolved to stand or fall in the glorious cause of my country. I will not intrude further upon your time; I presume that such a declaration will be read to you, as will be consonant to your feelings, and meet with your warmest approbation. (*Incessant applause for some minutes succeeded this patriotic speech.*)

Mr. D'ALMEIDA then read the Declaration. He was repeatedly interrupted by bursts of applause.

Mr. FORSTER.—"Gentlemen, unexpectedly called upon by a set of my friends upon this occasion, to address you, I could have no time for preparation; but, in a cause like this, a very little preparation serves my turn. Gentlemen, the Declaration has been laid before you, and it is, I think, as pathetic and energetic an appeal to your feelings, as men and Britons, as could have been made. I have only to call upon each of you to play the man in defence of your estates, your families, your country, and your God; I have only to call upon you to recollect that on the ground of France, Englishmen have triumphed. Witness the glorious achievements in the fields of Cressy, Agincourt, and Blenheim; and if, in the cause of conquest, Britons have prevailed, never let it be said, they were unable to contend successfully with their enemies upon their own native soil. Abroad we have vanquished our foe, and of our exertions at home I can never despair. I will not detain you further, than by proposing that the Declaration just read, be approved of; and let all the people say Amen. (*Amen was re-echoed from every quarter.*)

The CHAIRMAN put the question, that the Declaration be approved of, printed in all the public Papers, copied, and circulated in the vicinity of the metropolis. Agreed to with acclamations, *namine contradicente*.

The CHAIRMAN.—"Gentlemen, allow me to congratulate you sincerely on your unanimity upon the present occasion."

Mr. FORSTER.—"And allow me to add, that with such unanimity there is no power on earth we need fear."

The CHAIRMAN.—"I have to move, that the Gentlemen who called the Meeting, be a Committee to carry the Declaration into effect."—Agreed to unanimously.

Mr. FORSTER.—"Gentlemen, though from circumstances I could not be present at the previous Meeting, there can be no impropriety in my moving the thanks of the Assembly to the Gentlemen who called the Meeting, and prepared the business of the day." (*Assented to with loud plaudits.*)

The CHAIRMAN moved, that EDWARD FORSTER, Esq. be a Member of the Committee. Agreed to *namine contradicente*.

Mr. FORSTER.—"I beg leave to move the thanks of this Meeting to JACOB BOSANQUET, Esq. our Chairman, for his animated, zealous, and truly British conduct this day."

(*Reiterated plaudits preceded the general assent to the motion.*)

"God save the King," and "Rule Britannia," were called for, and the whole Assembly having given thrice three cheers, the Meeting dissolved.

Such an expression of zeal, loyalty, and patriotism, as was exhibited in the whole conduct of the Meeting, was perhaps never paralleled at the most glorious era of the histories of Greece or Rome, or any other nation under the canopy of Heaven.

Printed for JAMES ASPERNE (Successor to Mr. SEWELL), at the Bible, Crown, and Constitution, No. 32, Cornhill; by W. Lane, Leadenhall Street.

Price One Penny, or 6s. the 100, and 9d. per Dozen.

Where may be also had, at the same price, Sheridan's Address to the People. Also a Collection of all the loyal Papers that have been or will be published. * * * Noblemen, Magistrates, and Gentlemen, would do well, by ordering a few dozen of the above Tracts of their different Booksellers, and causing them to be stuck up in the respective villages where they reside, that the Inhabitants may be convinced of the Cruelty of the Corsican Usurper.

Horrors upon Horrors;

OR,

What are the *Hellish Deeds* that can surprise us, when committed by the *Blood-Hounds* of that *Arch-Fiend* of Wickedness, the **CORSICAN BONAPARTE?**

BEING

A true and faithful Narrative of the Sufferings of a Hanoverian Blacksmith, who *died raving Mad*, in consequence of the dreadful Scenes of Barbarity, of which he had been late an Eye-witness, in his own Country. — For the further Particulars of this horrid Scene, *vide* The British Neptune, from whence this Relation has been extracted.

“DREADFUL SCENES OF BARBARITY”

12 [WARDACK (John)

“The Hanoverian Blacksmith”].

Horrors upon Horrors; What are the Hellish Deeds that can surprise us, when committed by the Blood-Hounds of that Arch-Fiend of Wickedness, the Corsican Bonaparte?

Broadside (445 x 270mm). A little dusty at the edges, a couple of neat minor creases.

[London]: printed for J. Ginger [by] W. Marchant, [1803].

£450

Bibl. Lind., No. 1495; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.63.

A supposed account of the “dreadful scenes of barbarity” witnessed by a blacksmith, John Wardack, in Hanover who later “died raving mad” due to the atrocities he saw.

The broadside directs the reader to the newspaper *The British Neptune*, “from whence this relation has been extracted”.

“ ————— If these be Men,
I'll hie me to the Woods, there dwell with Beasts.”

THE following dreadful Narrative has been just communicated to us, and this in so *unquestionable* a shape, and from such authority, that we loose not a single moment in laying it before the public. We shall now, without farther comment, give to our readers, *verbatim*, the narrative delivered to us:

“ One evening, as I was sitting at supper, in a paltry inn, at a small village, when, on my road to Toningen, a wretched looking man, apparently half frantic, and almost disfigured by dirt, rushed suddenly into my chamber. Before I had time to recover from my surprize, the poor creature was at my feet, embracing my knees so closely, that I could with difficulty disengage myself. He addressed me in German, and could not be prevailed on to rise from the floor until I had promised him what he was pleased to call my protection; in short, every assistance in my power. I then got him to take a basin of soup, and recommended him to go quietly to bed, which I had ordered to be prepared for him in the garret. This he at length acceded to, but not until I had declared to him, on the *word of an Englishman*, that I would take him with me to England, that he might never more be on land which was not separated by water from France. When the poor creature left me, his eyes had so wild an appearance, that I own, notwithstanding the compassion which I naturally felt for his sufferings, I was heartily glad to get him fairly out of the room.

“ The tale of this unfortunate man was of so simple a nature, that, the moment he left me, I thought I could not do better than to commit it to paper, as nearly as I could recollect, in his own words. But, before I enter upon this, I must acquaint you that I had not been in my bed two hours, before my servant came to inform me, that the poor Blacksmith had become *raving mad*, and that the people of the house had been obliged to tie him down to the bed. I immediately flew to the chamber, sent instantly for the best medical assistance that could be procured; and, in the mean time, endeavoured, by soothing and every humane effort, to tranquillize the wretched sufferer's mind: but all was to no purpose, for the poor man went off in a dreadful delirium, in less than eight hours, never ceasing, for one moment, to execrate the French as the most horrid monsters the world ever saw.”

The Blacksmith's Narrative.

I am by trade a Blacksmith, and my name is John Wardack; I kept my shop near Harbours, and was gaining my bread honestly, by the sweat of my brow, when the French army entered the country of Hanover. Shortly after, I was seized by a party of French soldiers, dragged out of my shop, had my hands tied behind me, and was driven forward by the point of the bayonet, expecting every moment would be my last. On turning round my head, to beg my guards to be a little more merciful, and not to prick me as they were doing for their fun, I perceived that the infernal villains had set fire to my house and shop, and that the whole was in flames. On the road to Harbours, we passed the shop of a person who

sold sausages, hams, herrings, and suchlike eatables. The door was shut, but this was instantly burst open, by the but-ends of the soldiers muskets. Here we saw a decent good-looking woman suckling her infant, whilst four other little children, who had been playing round her, had now fled to her for shelter, having been terrified by the noise of bursting open the door. In an instant, three of these monsters flew at the poor woman, like so many tigers, whilst another of them, seizing the poor innocent, dashed it against the floor, saying something, at the same time, in French, that I did not understand, though it must have been some jest, as it made them all laugh heartily. What I now beheld is almost too shocking to relate, but what cannot, and what will not Frenchmen do! Whilst the unhappy woman was in vain struggling to resist their villainous embraces, the children were filling the chamber with their mournful cries, when the eldest of them, a boy about six years of age, flew like a little tiger upon the corporal, who was violating his poor mother, and in a moment set his face in a gore of blood with his little nails. This so enraged the monster, that he called out something to his comrades, when in an instant the whole of these dear innocent babes were bayoneted, and thrown out of the door upon a dung-hill. As soon as all these wretches had satisfied their monstrous lust, the shop was stripped by them to the very last article, and then, to complete the whole, they set fire to the house, leaving it to Providence to spare or destroy the unhappy victim of their savage barbarity, whom they had left senseless. Shortly after, nearly a similar tragedy was acted by these wretches, but suffice it to say that savage ferocity, plunder, and bloodshed, marked their footsteps, wherever we passed. — Oh, how my poor brain boils, whilst I think of what I have of late seen! Here the poor creature dropped down in an agony on the floor. — On recovering himself, he continued his narrative thus: —

On my arrival at Harbours, I was told, by the officer, that I was a fine young fellow, and just the sort of man that Bonaparte wanted to send to St. Domingo to conquer the Blacks, that I need not make myself uneasy, as I should have many hundreds of my countrymen to keep me company, as the Grand Consul could not spare a single Frenchman, at present, from the Army of England, in which country he hoped soon to have better *sport* than they had ever had in Hanover; for, you know, added he with a hellish grin, that in that country the women are all pretty, and the men are all rich, or fit to recruit our victorious armies. These devils, supposing me safely secured, now all left me to go in quest of fresh plunder. By God's good providence, a German soldier, who had been forced into the French service, happened to pass that way, and, on hearing my lamentations, and beholding the pitous state I was in, he humanely cut the cords that bound me, at the hazard of his life. I instantly fled and hid myself in a hay-loft until night, when, by the darkness and heaven's assistance, I escaped from the clutches of these devils in human shape. Thus, hiding myself by day, and travelling by night, I am at length, thank heaven, safely arrived here, and my great object now is to embark for England, where I will live and die, it being now the only free and happy country that is left in all Europe.

PRINTED FOR J. GINGER, 169, PICCADILLY,

Price SIXPENCE per Dozen, for Distribution, or one PENNY each,

Where may be had the following: — Publicola's Addresses to the People of England, to the Soldiers, and the Navy; — John Bull turned Galley-Slave; — Bonaparte's Hand-Bills; — An English Taylor equal to Two French Grenadiers; — A Peep into Hanover; — An Address to the Ladies of England, &c. &c. &c.; — where all the Patriotic Hand-Bills and Books may be had, properly assorted.

W. MARCHANT, Printer, Greville-Street, Hatton-Garden,

**"HERE'S THE FRENCH FLAG WHERE IT
OUGHT TO BE, UNDER THE ENGLISH"**

13 [ROUSEM (Bob)].

Bob Rousem's epistle to Bonypart.

Broadside (365 x 260mm). A little dusty at the edges, entirely uncut.

London: printed for J. Asperne, [?1803]. £350

Bibl. Lind., No 1477 [Fifth Edition]; Not in Klingberg & Hustvedt.

"I say Bony, what a damn'd Lubber you must be ... you wont like, in a High Sea, upon a Grating, my Boy, without a bit of soft Tommy to put into your Lanthorn Jaws"

The text is supposed to have been written by the British sailor Bob Rousem, who signs his name at the end with a "X" because "you see I couldn't write, our Captain's Clerk put the Lingo into black and white for me, and says he'll charge it to you". Rousem threatens Napoleon with obliteration by the British Navy in language inflected with supposed sailor slang.

FOURTH EDITION.
BOB ROUSEM'S
EPISTLE TO
B O N Y P A R T.

THIS comes hoping you are well, as I am at this present; but I say, Pony, what a damn'd Lubber you must be to think of getting *soundings* among us English. I tell ye as how your Anchor will never hold; it isn't made of good Stuff, so luff up Bony or you'll be *fast a ground* before you know where you are. We don't mind your Palaver and Nonsense; for though 'tis all Wind, it would hardly fill the Stun'sails of an English Man of War. You'll never catch a Breeze to bring ye here as long as you live, depend upon it. I'll give ye a bit of Advice now; do *try* to Lie as near the *Truth* as possible, and don't give us any more of your *Clinchers*. I say, do you remember how Lord Nelson came *round* ye at the Nile? I tell ye what, if you don't take Care what you are about, you'll soon be afloat in a way you won't like, in a High Sea, upon a Grating, my Boy, without a bit of soft Tommy to put into your Lanthorn Jaws. I'll tell you now how we shall fill up the Log-Book if you come; I'll give ye the Journal, my Boy, with an Allowance for *Lee-way* and *Variation* that you don't expect. Now then, at Five, A. M. Bonypart's Cock-Boats sent out to amuse our ENGLISH MEN OF WAR with *fighting*, (that we like). Six, A. M. Bonypart lands (that is if he can), then we begin to blow the Grampus; Seven, A. M. Bonypart in a Pucker; Eight, A. M. Bonypart *running away*; Nine, A. M. Bonypart on board; Ten, A. M. Bonypart *sinking*; Eleven, A. M. *Bonypart* in *Davy's Locker*; MERIDIAN, Bonypart in the North Corner of —, where it burns and freezes at the same time; but you know any Port in a Storm Bony, so there I'll leave ye. Now you know what you have to expect; so you See as how you can't say I didn't tell ye. Come, I'll give ye a Toast: Here's Hard Breezes and Foul Weather to ye my Boy in your Passage; Here's may *you be Sea Sick*; We'll soon make ye *Sick of the Sea*; Here's may you never have a Friend here or a Bottle to give him. And to conclude; Here's the FRENCH FLAG where it ought to be, under the ENGLISH.

HIS
BOB X ROUSEM,
MARK.

P. S. You see as I couldn't write, our Captain's Clerk put the Lingo into black and white for me, and says *he'll charge it to you*.

London: Printed for J. ASPERNE, Successor to MR. SEWELL, at the Bible, Crown, and Constitution, No. 32, Cornhill, by I. GOLD, Shoe Lane.
[Price 1d. or 9d. per Dozen.]

**"GLUT THEIR LUST WITH
OUR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS"**

**14 [A SHOPKEEPER].
Fellow Citizens, Bonaparte
Threatens to Invade us.**

Broadside (435 x 280mm). Lower portion of the sheet
a little creased, dusty in places, entirely uncut.

[London]: printed for J. Ginger [by] W. Marchant, [1803].

£450

Bibl. Lind., No. 1493; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.58.

A rousing cry by the common man: the broadside is supposedly signed by an English shopkeeper who tells the reader that they should be ready to "shut our shops and march to give him [Napoleon] the reception his malicious calumnies deserve". A four line quotation ("Thee, Haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame") at the end of the broadside is taken from Act V, scene 7 of Shakespeare's *King John*.

Bertram Rota produced a facsimile of this broadside in 1940.

Fellow Citizens,

BONAPARTE threatens to invade us: He promises to enrich his soldiers with our property: To glut their lust with our Wives and Daughters: To incite his Hell-hounds to execute his vengeance he has *sworn* to permit every thing. Shall we merit, by our cowardice, the titles of sordid Shopkeepers, Cowardly Scum, and Dastardly Wretches, which in every proclamation he gives us: No; we will loudly give him *the lie*: let us make ourselves ready to shut our Shops and march to give him the reception his malicious calumnies deserve: Let every brave young fellow instantly join the Army or Navy; and those among us, who, from being married, or so occupied in business, cannot, let us join some Volunteer Corps, where we may learn the use of arms and yet attend our business; let us encourage recruiting in our neighbourhood, and loudly silence the tongues of those whom Ignorance or Defection (if any such there be) lead them to doubt of the attempt to invade, or inveigh against the measures taken to resist it. -- By doing this, and feeling confidence in ourselves, we shall probably prevent the attempt, or, if favoured by a dark night, the enemy should reach our shores, -- our Unanimity and Strength will paralyze his efforts and render him an easy prey to our brave Army. Let us, in our families and neighbourhood, thus contribute to so desirable an event, and the *blood-stained banners of the vaunted Conquerors of Europe will soon be hung up in our Churches, the honourable Trophies of our brave Army*: -- an Army ever Victorious when not doubled in numbers; and the only Army who can stand the charge of Bayonets. -- What Army ever stood THEIRS!!! -- *Let the welfare of our Country animate all -- and "come the World in Arms against us, and we'll shock 'em!"*

A SHOPKEEPER.

Thee, Haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their Attempts to pull thee down
Shall but arouse thy gen'rous flame
To work their woe and thy renown. ---

RULE BRITANIA.

PRINTED FOR J. GINGER, 169, PICCADILLY,

Price SIXPENCE per Dozen, for Distribution, or one PENNY each.

W. MARCHANT, Printer, Greville-Street, Hatton-Garden.

INVASION.

SCENE II.

Enter JOHN BULL,
TAFFY of Wales,



OF A PLAY.

SANDY of Scotland,
and PATRICK of Ireland.

“THIS LITTLE CORSICAN SCARECROW ...”

15 Invasion. Scene II. Of a Play. Enter John Bull, Sandy of Scotland, Taffy of Wales, and Patrick of Ireland.

Broadside (440 x 280mm)., woodcut vignette signed “Lee” [John or James Lee] in the upper part of the sheet depicting an Englishman, an Irishman, a Welshman and a Scotsman dancing in a circle hand-in-hand. A little dusty at the edges, entirely uncut.

[London]: for J. Stockdale [by] S. Gosnell, [?1803]. £500

Bibl. Lind., No 1498; Not in Klingberg & Hustvedt.

A call for national unity delivered in the form of a scene from a supposed play with countless tropes from each country utilized to present a common front against Napoleon. Patrick of Ireland cuts a “shillalah” to “thwack” Napoleon and “make the rascal feel queerish”. On the subject of what to do with Napoleon when he has been captured John Bull suggests imprisoning him in the dome of St Paul’s Cathedral while Sandy suggests dragging him “with a ring through his nose, like a dancing bear, and shew him to aw the Scotch lairds in the Highlands”. The four men leave the scene cheering, “dancing off, hand in hand”.

See Bibl. Lind., No 1497 (*Invasion. Scene of a Play. Enter John Bull and Bonaparte from opposite sides*) for the first “scene” of the play. The woodcut illustration shows John Bull seizing Bonaparte by the nose.

John Bull.

SO, my lads, the French are certainly coming, with the Corsican murderer at their head.

Taffy. So they say, Prother Pull; my plood already poils to be at him.

Patrick. So does mine too, my jewel, and I’ve just been cutting a shillalah, which, if I come acrofs him with a thwack, by my shoul I’ll make the rascal feel queerish.

Sandy. Hoot, mon; ne’er dreed! I hai got a guid tough claymore of my ain—and if he ventures our way—he’ll wisth to skip back agen in a crack. The baggarly elf has dared to say we canna fight him fingle-handed. Damn him; if I had him here, I’d gie him a thump in the guts would mak him seek for a month or twa.

John. Well said, my hearties. Then we are all of one mind in defence of our native land; and, that being the case, we shall soon give this raw head and bloody bones his gruel. We’ll soon play him a trick worth any two of his.

Patrick. Ara! hark ye, John, though I have none of the shiners to spare, yet I have hale health and a good pair of hands, and I can arn my bread as well, and ate it as well too, and sing a lilliburlero as merrily as any lad in his Majesty’s dominions, God blefs him! Besides that, I’ve a nice little cot of my own, and a nice little lasf, and two, I mean three, nice little brats, God blefs them; and doft think I’d let a Corsican thief plunder and abuse them? He’d better by half be quiet.

Sandy. And let me tell ye, Pat, I be nae warfe off than ye, as to that maiter. I can earn my poond sterling per week; and, as for my Moggy, she’s as blythfom a laistie as ony in the North; and I can play a tune o’ the pipes, my lads, while the wee anes are footing it awa at a wedding.—Dam him, say I, that dinna loo his country, and would na fight in its defence—He maun be a cowardly faint-hearted villain. As for me, mon, I’d rather dee a thousand deaths than let the Jaffa murderer come among us.

Taffy. Pravo, pravo, Sandy, petter and petter; you are one of the right fort—I’m not so padly off neither—I have a snug little cottage, and an acre of land, and I have two goats, and tree pigs, and six children, and I have my country, which is worth them all together. As for my poor wife, she, Got plefs her, is already aloft; but if I die fighting for my country, I shall be sure to meet her. A French slave master me! No, no; that cannot happen either. A Priton was never conquered from the peginning of the world, and I won’t be the first example. If the lousy tog comes among our mountains, we’ll soon peat out his prains, and learn him what’s what.

John. Well, God prosper us all, brothers and countrymen, we are all of one family and one mind, and fighting for one stake; and, being united, we have nought to fear. This little Corsican scarecrow has, to be sure, made terrible havoc in other countries; but that, d’ye see, was their own fault, for if they had not behaved like damned sneaking, cowardly rascals, they would never have been in his clutches. But this England, d’ye see, although ’tis a little place, ’tis inhabited by a brave and generous and loyal people, and that’s every thing. A man without a heart’s no better than a log of wood; but we are all heart, my boys. We are men, and are not to be kicked about like footballs by French slaves, headed by a little Corsican braggadocio.

Patrick. Why, brother Jack, what a damnable monster this wretch must be, if all they tell of him be true! What a bother he has kicked up all over the world!

John. True! ay, as true, Pat, as that you’re standing there. He’s the greatest vagabond, the most arrant knave, and the most bloodthirsty tyrant, that ever drew breath. Pillage and murder are the delight of his soul, and his highest luxury is a deed of vengeance. He loves a bad action as much as we do a good one. He is jealous of us, because we’re happy, because we have a good King and wholesome laws, and because a poor man is protected. He swears he will drag us all to prison, and rob us of our property, and deliver up our women to his soldiers, and make us his drudges, and harness us like cart-horses; ay, and flog us too, as he does his own down-hearted slaves.

Taffy. Ods plood—I wish I had him here, I’d soon put a stop to his pravadoes—tam the lying farlet—harness a Priton like a cart-horse, and trive him and lick him and flog him too?—Tam the peggarly knave, I wish I had him here, I’d make his eyes water, and twist off his nose, as an ex-ample and warning and terror to others.

Patrick. O, never mind, Taffy, never mind, my honey. This is all palaver for fools—he may boast in a whole skin now—but by my shoul if he comes within the fwing of my shillalah, I’ll soon stop his clack—I’ll make the scoundrel hollo till he’s sick of telling such thumping lies to an Irishman.

Sandy. Vary right, chield, vary right; I dinna like either to be in passion—I like to be moderate; but the de’el tak me, if I had him by the lug, I’d mak the rascal squeak looder than ony pig in the three kingdoms.

John Bull. But still, my friends, we must be on our guard; talking alone won’t do: this rascally Corsican has a great deal of power, and a great deal of cunning; and, if we be not prepared, he may do us a great deal of mischief. Every man must therefore be at his post, ready for action, and then, if he does come, we need not value him three skips of a louse. We shall soon overhawl him, and make him cry out peccavi.

Sandy. But what shall we do with the reptile, Johnny, if we tak him prisoner? For my part, I should like vary muckle to drag him about with a ring through his nose, like a dancing bear, and shew him to aw the Scotch lairds in the Highlands. It would be a pretty penny in one’s pocket.

John Bull. Now I should like to confine him in the ball of St. Paul’s, that he might have a fine view of London. He’s an ambitious youth, and the height would satisfy him. The damn’d dog would soon rot of the jaundice from our happiness and comfort.

Taffy. Well, I’d pack him off to Jaffa, to take his trial and be hanged, for all the fins, and ropperies, and murders, the bloody prute has committed there—But what say you, Paddy?

Patrick. Why, by Jafus, I’d make sure work of him, and hang him up here at once, as a usurper and rebel to his King and country—I’d then cut him in quarters like a rotten potatoe, and throw him to the crows. I’d stop his wind-pipe to prevent his escape, and make a harmless man of him for the remainder of his life.

(All hollo out Bravo! hurra! and go dancing off, hand in hand.)

Printed for J. STOCKDALE, 181, Piccadilly.—Price 6d. a Dozen, or 1d. each.

S. GOSNELL, Printer, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

Corporal Trim

ON THE

INVASION.

**"SO HUZZA FOR THE
TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND!!"**

**16 [CORPORAL TRIM
?pseud PAYNTER (David William)].
Corporal Trim on the Invasion.**

Broadside (445 x 280 mm). A little dusty around the edges, entirely uncut.

[London]: for John Stockdale [by] S. Gosnell, [?1803].

£500

Bibl. Lind., No. 1486; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.38.

The supposed author of the broadside, "Corporal Trim", takes his name from the military and fortification-obsessed character in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*. The text is a detailed statement on the possibility of invasion ("the most uncertain military operation in the world", yet one which we should still, "be prepared to look the circumstances sternly in the face"). The broadside finishes with a rousing – culinary themed – flourish: "I am, however, much afraid, from the natural partiality of our seamen to the inhabitants of their own element, that our poor crows will be cheated of their *French ragout*, and the *Armée d'Angleterre* be dished up to the fish, with broadsides and gunpowder sauce, in either case his Consular Majesty will be a welcome guest". The *Armée d'Angleterre* was a French force specifically trained for the invasion of England. David William Paynter (bap. 1791–d.1823) was known to contribute to newspapers under the pseudonym "Corporal Trim".

AS much of the public conversation is now engrossed with speculations on our means of defence against the threatened Invasion, it is vain to imagine that the ignorant and enlightened, the timid and the brave, will hold the same opinions; but that the majority of the most intrepid nation on earth can seriously entertain any apprehensions on that subject, appears to me utterly impossible. And I am one of those who place no less reliance in the perfect safety of conversing with the public on the subject, than I should in preparing the brave army destined for their defence to expect as much danger as glory, their companionship being inseparable. When the object of a general is to make an attack upon the enemy, secrecy must, for many obvious reasons, be held sacred; on the other hand, when the general expects an attack, he cannot be too explicit, both as to the nature of his expectation, and in the means intended to frustrate the attempt; and in performing this duty nothing can be worse policy than to attribute his security rather to the weakness of the enemy than to his own superior means of defence; or for him rashly to assert it is impossible the enemy should carry that position, that they should be able to cross that river, or to make a landing on the coast; because, if the reverse took place, the troops would be disheartened, and naturally lose their confidence in the general, whereas, every danger is already half overcome when it is steadily looked in the face. On the other hand, the greatest risk in war is acknowledged to be the occurrence of any circumstance not expected; as for example, it is known a corps of grenadiers will boldly advance upon a battery in the mouth of the cannon, and bravely force their way through the embrasures, yet if from an ambuscade an unexpected fire of musketry was opened on their flank, it is more than probable that a serious alarm would be the consequence of the discovery of a danger they had not made up their minds to. Therefore, though the most uncertain military operation in the world is doubtless the invasion of this country, yet we should be prepared to look the circumstance sternly in the face, and in this case our frown is perdition to the enemy. For though nothing can be more difficult than to place an adequate defence on every part of an extensive coast, by the construction of forts, batteries, and intrenchments, which can only take place in respect to particular points, and harbours; as the enemy floating at sea has the choice of landing with a greater force than can suddenly be opposed to him, under a superior fire from his shipping in deep water, and from his gun-boats in shallow water; nevertheless, on being informed of the enemy's approach, it is advisable to throw every obstruction in his way, and to cause as great destruction as possible; which the invaded troops may do with every advantage to themselves that soldiers can wish for, by marching down to the coast in different columns the moment when the enemy's boats stretch for the shore; at which favourable period our artillery may be advanced without being endangered from the fire of the shipping, which will be so masked by their own boats as to render it impossible for the ships to fire without endangering their own people; and if the boats, after suffering great loss from our guns, should still near the shore, the artillery may instantly be withdrawn to a more distant position, and the cavalry and infantry advance rapidly to cover the retreat of the guns, and to attack the enemy while in disorder. His loss will undoubtedly be ten times ours. Yet it is possible, that by very superior numbers, on a given point, he may be able to make good his landing, which in my mind will to him be no better than digging his own grave; or, in regard to his escape from our ships, be falling out of the frying-pan into the fire. As our generals will no doubt have taken such positions of communication as to secure the speedy assembly of a considerable body of troops and artillery, which, for the sake of argument, I now

suppose to be assembled within five miles of the enemy's leading column, and that at a certain distance between them and the enemy a ditch be dug across the road, and extending to the right and left of it a considerable distance in the fields, obliging the enemy thereby to remain longer under the fire of our artillery, while the ground on which we decide to give battle be laid open to clear the way for the irresistible impetuosity of our cavalry. Meanwhile the horse-artillery and sharpshooters are sent forward to salute the enemy in front, flank, and rear; who, exposed to this galling fire, must be reduced to the necessity of employing a considerable portion of his troops, provided with instruments, to clear away the hedges and ditches for his columns of march, or be confined to keep the high road in a single column: in either case his movements must be greatly retarded; and as cannon shot directed to large bodies will be destructive at two miles distance, he will, when he arrives within that range of fire, after passing through the ordeal of the horse-artillery and sharpshooters, be exposed to an exterminating fire from our heavy artillery, which will so enfilade his column, as that, according to his own favourite phrase, the column will be *foudroyé*—a salutation he cannot possibly return. As if it were practicable for him to land a hundred guns, and their attendant ammunition carriages, with horses to draw them, his ranks must still be devastated by the irresistible thunder of a superior artillery, both as to number, calibre, and celerity of movement, his guns would soon be silenced without a capacity on his part of replacing a shot he has fired, a man or horse that has been killed, or a gun that has been dismounted. Pelted in this manner, with an iron tempest in front, flank, and rear, the glitter of our bayonets and the sound of our horses would be sufficient, and he would scarcely venture within reach of our Egyptians; and if he did, they have experienced what it is to *fear God and level low*, and he has experienced also, that neither the possession of all the strong holds of the country, superior numbers united to a superiority of artillery and the means of its movement, with every other advantage and resource, could prevent their surrender to a handful of British troops, who from this reason he endeavours to *underwrite*, as he did Suwarrow and the Russians. But his publications were in vain, as it is well known the invincible citizens were constantly averse to a close connexion with the Russians, though the French generals as constantly pronounced them the worst troops in the world, and the Russian generals the most unskilful. In spite therefore of these gasconades, the French are very sensible that their march to the British capital will be the most wearisome their infatuated Consul ever devised for the victims of his ambition. Though by the boastful terms in which the rapidity of his movements is described by hireling writers, many of our old ladies are taught to believe that to march six and thirty miles a day is nothing for him; it may be so where there is no opposition. But however sorry I may be to differ from such respectable authority, it is my opinion that when the French van reaches London, their centre and rear will be eaten by the crows; and the Invincibles and Terribles be very glad to surrender their useless arms to our *Lambs* for the humble consideration of a dinner, which British magnanimity will not refuse.

I am, however, much afraid, from the natural partiality of our seamen to the inhabitants of their own element, that our poor crows will be cheated of their *French ragout*, and the *Armée d'Angleterre* be dished up to the fish, with broadsides and gunpowder sauce; in either case his Consular Majesty will be a welcome guest.

So Huzza for the Tight Little Island!!

Corporal Trim.

Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, 181, Piccadilly.—Price 1d. or 6d. per Dozen.

S. GOSNELL, Printer, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

“LET US LIVE A NATION—OR DIE”

**17 [AN OLD WHIG].
My Friends and Countrymen.**

Broadside (280 x 230mm). A little dusty in places, entirely uncut.

London: printed by W. Flint for F. and C. Rivington ...
and J. Spragg, [1803]. **£450**

Bibl. Lind., No. 1534; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.13.

The “Old Whig” calls for political allegiances to be put aside in the face of French threats to the British “Crown of Honour”.

“Shall we, with whom the sacred Flame of Liberty, of real national Liberty, has remained for Ages unextinguished; shall we crouch to a foreign Yoke; shall we bow to the Neck to a Despot, submit ourselves to a Corsican Usurper?—Forbid it, Honour! Forbid it, Freedom! Forbid it, Valour!”

The broadside is priced at “one halfpenny” or “2s. 6d. a Hundred; or One Guinea a Thousand”.

My Friends and Countrymen,

AN OLD WHIG begs to address you at this Crisis, a Crisis unexampled in the History of these Kingdoms—not as a Partizan—not to stimulate you to Party Prejudices—but to awaken that bold, that intrepid, that stirring Spirit, which in earlier Times led on to daring Deeds—to Victory, and to Fame.

No man surely can hesitate. His Country calls upon him to cast aside every Prejudice, every Party Pique; and gladly, joyfully to co-operate Hand and Heart, with every Sinew strained, to maintain her Dignity and Independence; it cannot be possible for him to remain indolently supine when these are assailed.

Shall we, with whom the sacred Flame of Liberty, of real rational Liberty, has remained for Ages unextinguished; shall we crouch to a foreign Yoke; shall we bow the Neck to a Despot, submit ourselves to a Corsican Usurper?—Forbid it, Honour! Forbid it, Freedom! Forbid it, Valour!

The determination of the French to invade this Island is no longer problematic; and though our Fleets are numerous, our Seamen brave, our Army large and well disciplined, there still remains a great Space for the Exertions of Individuals. Every Man possessing Property ought freely to supply a Part to protect the Remainder. It behoves us to be liberal: Let us shew to the World that we can give our Fortunes to preserve our Rights.—Let the young Men—let us all arm; let us live a Nation—or die: And let us exhibit to the admiring World, the grand Spectacle of an armed, unanimous Nation, at once eager to protect our Coast or annoy our Foes; then we can safely bid Defiance to the proud and haughty Gaul, and teach him his Expectation of Assistance here will serve but to render his Defeat more certain, more perfect.

Let us look up, my Friends, to the higher Walks of Life. They beckon us by their Example to Unanimity. Let us not tarry for Compulsion.

Press on, my Friends, to the first Rank. Be ready with your Bayonet for the first hostile Foot upon your Shore. The Romans decreed a Civic Crown for the Man who saved his Comrade's Life. Arise, my Countrymen. *We* have a glorious Crown before us—a Crown of Honour. We shall save our Wives, our Sisters, and our Daughters from Shame: our Liberties, our Religion from Violation; and ourselves from Slaughter.

AN OLD WHIG.

Little Britain, July 27, 1803.

London: Printed by W. Flint, Old Bailey,

For F. and C. RIVINGTON, St. Paul's Church-Yard; and J. SPRAGG, No. 16, King-Street, Covent-Garden.

Price One Halfpenny; 2s. 6d. a Hundred; or One Guinea a Thousand.

**"ABJECT SLAVES TO ALL-POWERFUL
AND ALL CONQUERING FRANCE"**

**18 [A TRUE FRIEND TO OLD ENGLAND].
Substance of the Corsican Bonaparte's
Hand-Bills; or, a Charming Prospect
for John Bull and his Family.**

Broadside (440 x 275mm). Very lightly spotted in the upper half of the sheet, a little dusty; entirely uncut. [London]: printed for J. Ginger ... by C. Stower, [1803].

£500

Bibl. Lind., No. 1515; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.64.

"But let England boast her Sheffield and her Birmingham, her Liverpool and her Bristol, her Newcastle and her other numberless towns and cities!"

In this broadside addressed to the inhabitants of England the author warns that Napoleon himself is waging a similar print campaign by producing hand-bills that explain to the French people how England can easily be conquered, its people turned into slaves and its industrial towns given over to the conquering nation.

A note at the end of the broadside advises that "It is earnestly recommended to the Editors of the Sunday Papers to insert the above Hand-bill".

SUBSTANCE OF THE
**Corsican Bonaparte's
HAND-BILLS;**

OR, A

*Charming Prospect for John Bull
and his Family.*

BRITONS AWAKE!

—And though it may be galling to your feelings, and make your blood boil with indignation, to read that which is to follow, it is surely far better that you should experience this, than the direful effects of that ruin and destruction with which you are now menaced, and which must inevitably be your lot, should you not rouse and meet the danger with one hand and with one heart.

Know then

That the Corsican Bonaparte, the *grand Subjugator of the great French Nation*, has at length thrown off the mask. This relentless Tyrant, this insatiable Monster of cruelty and ambition, this eternal enemy to the repose and happiness of all mankind, no longer conceals his long buried rancorous designs of annihilating this truly happy country, the envy of all Europe.

This atrocious intention he has not only made known to Mr. Marcoff, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, in an affected fit of merriment; but he has proclaimed it by *hand-bills* in every hole and corner of France. There is not a Town or Village, between Paris and Calais, where may not be read hand-bills to the following effect:—

Road to England!

But now mark, my brave Countrymen, what follows. It is an invitation to every dastardly Frenchman, whose courage is only to be roused by the hopes of plunder, to enlist for the *Army of England*; which country, the haughty Tyrant boastingly tells them, shall be devoted to its Conquerors as their just reward. Behold, says this rapacious Plunderer and Assassin, the *Paradise of the World!* the richest and most flourishing Nation the sun ever blest with its beams! Nature and art seem here to have combined to leave nothing wanting to its happiness.—Observe the riches of her plains; not an acre but what is covered with grain and matchless cattle. Towns, villages, stately mansions, beautiful country-seats, villas, gardens, orchards.—Was there ever beheld so enchanting, so lovely a scene! Brave Frenchmen! could you but see the interior of these invaluable towns and happy dwellings, you would there find not only every desirable comfort of life, even among the very lowest classes of the people, (I mean compared with your own wretched hovels) but go but one or two steps higher, and there you would discover almost every article which industry can produce, or luxury ever thought of. But from whence flow all this superabundant riches? The answer is plain—'tis their industry and commerce; 'tis their manufacturing towns that are her inexhaustable mines; and these are the *true seed* of her *boasted British Oak*; that *insolent and unconquerable Navy*, which has set all Europe at defiance for ages past.—

But let England boast her Sheffield and her Birmingham; her Liverpool and her Bristol; her Newcastle and her other numberless rich towns and cities!—All these, brave Frenchmen, shall be yours!—aye, I repeat it, they shall be yours—Nay, your reward shall not end here; for though the haughty Britons must *bite the dust*, their wives and daughters must be spared—for what purpose, I need not tell you. Rouse, rouse then, brave and heroic Frenchmen; brave all dangers, and look to your reward; for, spite of that ridiculous lying song, *Rule Britannia*, I now announce to you, that Britains shall be *Slaves*; and what is more, they shall be the most *abject Slaves* to all-powerful and all-conquering France.

Such, Britons, is the Boast of the Corsican Tyrant, the *grand Subjugator of the great French Nation*; and such are the Hand-bills spread throughout France. I do not say that the above are the very words; but I say such are their true sense and meaning.

What answer, my gallant Countrymen, shall we give to this?—Surely there can be but one; and that, thank Heaven! will be found engraven on the bottom of your hearts.—"Or *Death or Freedom*; or in other words, *Annihilation to every Frenchman, who shall dare to set his cloven-foot on these happy and matchless shores*. Let this bloody-minded Corsican then dare to land on British ground, with his thousands and hundreds of thousands of his hell-hounds at his back, and he shall find, that that same spirit and bravery that enabled our gallant Egyptian Army to compel double its numbers of French to lay down their arms, shall now again, with the blessing of the Almighty, drive our enemies into the sea, whenever their rapacity or temerity may tempt them to reach our shores.

A true Friend to OLD ENGLAND.

N. B. It is earnestly recommended to the Editors of the Sunday Papers to insert the above Hand-bill.

Printed for J. GINGER, 169, Piccadilly, Price 6d. per Dozen, or 1d. each,
BY C. STOWER, CHARLES STREET, HATTON GARDEN.

"MURDER, RAPINE, SLAVERY AND DEATH"

**19 Proclamation made to every Man
in the United Kingdom of Great
Britain and Ireland, this First Day of
August, in the Year of our Lord One
Thousand Eight Hundred and Three.**

Broadside (310 x 195mm). Lightly browned and a little
dusty at the edges, entirely uncut.

London: printed for J. Asperne ... by J & E. Hodson, [1803].
£450

Bibl. Lind., No. 1538; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.8.

An outright appeal to "every Man" to be ready for the planned invasion of Napoleon who is "moved by the instigation of the Devil, and filled with Envy, Malice, and Hatred to us". The broadside goes on to warn that a large army is being put together who plan "to murder all our inhabitants bearing arms in our defence, violate the wives and daughters of our people, and plunder our Cities".

PROCLAMATION,

Made to every Man in the United Kingdom of *Great Britain and Ireland*, this First Day of August, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three, and in the Forty-fourth Year of the Reign of our especially dear Son *KING GEORGE THE THIRD*.

WHEREAS by the Blessing of God, the Patriotism, Courage and Industry of Englishmen, the natural Advantages of our Situation, the Excellence of our Constitution, and the Wise Administration of our Government; we are a Glory to ourselves, the Seat of Freedom, the Empire of Happiness and Wealth, and *Mistress of the Seas*:—And whereas at the Head of the Corrupt and Despotic Government of the Neighbouring Realm of France, there is an USURPER, a *Corsican* by birth, and called by the Name of NAPOLEONE BUONAPARTE, who having subjugated to the most Abject Slavery the whole of the vast Empire over which he *unjustly* reigns, and on the Continent of *Europe*, as well as in *Asia*, *Egypt* and *Syria*, and divers other places, spread MURDER, RAPINE, SLAVERY and DEATH, in *Cruel and horrible Wantonness*; and not having the Fear of God before his Eyes, but being thereto moved by the instigation of the *Devil*, and filled with Envy, Malice, and Hatred to Us for the aforesaid Blessings We enjoy, as well as at our Magnanimous Resolution to resent effectually his Outrages and Insults, hath presumptuously threatened, and doth actually intend to attempt an INVASION OF OUR LAND, and for which said Diabolical Purpose he hath been, and at present is collecting a vast Armed Force, whose Orders are to *Murder all our Inhabitants bearing Arms in our Defence, violate the Wives and Daughters of our People, and plunder our Cities*; and all this to reduce this Happy and Independent Empire to a mere Province under his Vile Dominion: We have therefore thought fit to address this Proclamation unto you, calling upon you as you would express your Love to us, and your wish to transmit to Posterity your Country as you received it from the hands of your Forefathers, and to preserve yourselves and yours from the aforesaid Barbarous and Sanguinary Measures, that you, with one heart, immediately give effect to the Wise and Salutory Proceedings of our Government, thereby exhibiting to those who would destroy You, AN ARMED HOST OF BRITISH FREEMEN, READY TO DIE IN OUR DEFENCE—And altho' in Reliance on God, we know the Blood and utter Discomfiture of the Enemy will be the price of his Temerity, yet it is your Duty so to arouse and prepare yourselves, and so vigorously and unanimously to join in the Common Cause, that you may be able not only to inflict an Awful Punishment on the Legions of Murderers who may assail you, but by a Grand and Dreadful Direction of your Vengeance, strike Deadly Terror and Confusion into the Hearts of all your Enemies:—And as our brave SEAMEN, should they meet them, will save you on Land, great part of the trouble, if not the whole, yet as in the nature of things our Fleets may miss them, have no other reliance for your safety than what arises from TRUST IN PROVIDENCE, CONFIDENCE, UNANIMITY, AND VIGOUR AMONG YOURSELVES.

Given at our Metropolis of London.

BRITANNIA!

London: Printed for J. ASPERNE, Successor to Mr. SEWELL, at the Bible, Crown, and Constitution, No. 32, Cornhill, by J. & E. HODSON.
[PRICE 1d. 6s. the 100, or 9d. per Dozen.]

WHERE MAY BE ALSO HAD,
A Collection of all the Loyal Papers that have or will be Published.

AWAY WITH SUCH FRENCH BOMBAST!

20 Britons to Arms!

Broadside (420 x 325mm). A little dusty and slightly grubby at the edges, entirely uncut and with some minor paper repairs to the extreme edges of the sheet carefully laid down on a sheet of thicker paper.

London: printed for J. Hatchard [by] J. Brettell, [?1803]. £500

Not in Bibl. Lind.; Not in Klingberg & Hustvedt.

A bombastic warning of the imminent threat of invasion and a desperate call for national unity against the “plunder of our country ... and the murder of the inhabitants”. The broadside concludes by reminding the reader of the “libels” published by Napoleon and proclaims “Away with such French Bombast! We not only dare to contend, But we dare to Conquer!”

Britons to Arms!

AMONG the various THREATS used by the TYRANNICAL and INSIDIOUS ENEMY, who is attempting our DESTRUCTION and OVERTHROW,

The Plunder of our Country! Is held out as the REWARD to the ARMIES which are to INVADE us, and the MURDER of the INHABITANTS!

to gratify the REVENGE of the CORSICAN USURPER, whose diabolical and restless Spirit cannot endure to see us in the Enjoyment of the Fruits of our honest Industry, and the LIBERTIES of our happy CONSTITUTION.

That this is the avowed Intention of the Invasion of BONAPARTE,

he has told us in a Hundred different Ways—he has moreover insultingly called us a Nation of Shopkeepers, Tradesmen, Mechanics, and Manufacturers—too fond of our Ease to engage in the Hardships of a Soldier's Life; and that as we depend on our Safety upon our Fleet, he will attempt various LANDINGS BOTH HERE AND IN IRELAND, at the same Time, relying on the Success of one of them to carry his Point—such are his Plans. Be it ours to turn them into DEFEAT and DISGRACE.

It is no wonder he should Wish to escape the Vigilance of our BRAVE TARS who have so often made FRANCE feel the Power of their Thunder, and will again whenever they meet them. But, BROTHER COUNTRYMEN!! the present Moment calls to us who inhabit this happy Island, TO PERFORM OUR DUTY ON SHORE, while our Fleets are employed on the Ocean. It is probable, that, from the various Points that FRANCE can make her Attacks, she will succeed in effecting a Landing somewhere.—Let us then be prepared, not only to meet it with Vigilance, but repel it with Success. Let us shew FRANCE, AND ALL THE WORLD,

That there are BRITONS ON SHORE, spread over every Part of the UNITED KINGDOM, ready to meet them at the Point of the Bayonet, and resolved not to allow one to return to FRANCE to tell the Tale of their Overthrow. Let every Man among us, who is capable of bearing Arms, repair to the Spot nearest to his Home, and give up a Portion of his Time to learn the Use of them, and how most to annoy the Enemy with Success, who shall have dared to set his Foot on BRITISH GROUND. This is the Moment to give a bright Example to the World, as we have often done in Times past, by uniting as one Man for the Defence of our Families, and every Thing that is dear to us. Never was the Appeal so strong to BRITONS as at present. But strong as it is, never will our National Character shine forth with greater Strength and Energy. We will shew the World what they have never before seen—

One Million of Free-Men in Arms!

resolved to defend their Country to the last drop of their Blood—In such a Cause, SUCCESS WILL ATTEND OUR EXERTIONS—And those who survive the Conflict, will be rewarded by a happy and joyful Old Age, and teach their Children, and their Children's Children, that all the Sacrifices they made of Time, Exertion, or Fatigue, are nothing compared to the Comforts they have thereby transmitted down to them, in having saved their Country, and all that was dear to them, from a cruel and bloody Tyrant. Bold and determined in our Conduct, let it be our unremitting Care to be Vigilant and Active at the present Moment, and shew FRANCE that justly as we Value our Navy, for its Vigilance and its Prowess, THE INHABITANTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM ARE ONE AND ALL at their Posts ready, not only to meet them on BRITISH GROUND, but to avenge the Insult of any Army, however numerous it may be, that dares to land.

Fellow Countrymen! Do not be deceived!!

It is only by being thus prepared to repel by Force of Arms every ATTACK that can be made upon us, that we are to look for a SECURE and HONOURABLE PEACE—Let the World see this, and she will be your Friends and Allies—Let FRANCE know this is your internal State, and she will compel BONAPARTE to seek for PEACE with you—You know the MAN against whom you have to contend—He has written his own perfidious and blasphemous Character in LETTERS OF BLOOD, in every Country where the deluded People have listened to his Promises—To compromise the Question between him and us, would be to SURRENDER OUR INDEPENDENCE and even our EXISTENCE AS A NATION—And shall this happen in our Days? Shall we give up what our Ancestors purchased with their Blood, and what has raised this Country to the highest Pitch of Greatness and Prosperity?—BANISH THE IDEA FROM OUR HEARTS—We will, by our UNWEARIED EXERTIONS, at this present important Moment, give the Lie to all the Libels which BONAPARTE published, even during the short Period we were at Peace with him, and which, in Fact, were all hatched from this one impudent and insulting Menace, that “WE DARED NOT CONTEND AGAINST FRANCE SINGLE HANDED.”

*Away with such FRENCH Bombast!—We not only dare to CONTEND,
But we Dare to Conquer!*

London: Printed for J. HATCHARD, No. 190, PICCADILLY.—Price 6d. per Dozen.

[J. BRETTALL, Printer.

**"WOMAN OF ALL RANKS VIOLATED /
CHILDREN MURDERED"**

**21 The Consequences of
Buonaparte's Succeeding in his
Designs against this Country**

Broadside (445 x 280mm). Evenly browned, entirely
uncut, edges very slightly chipped.

London: printed for J. Hatchard ... by J. Hales, [?1803].
£500

Bibl. Lind., No. 1485; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.55.

Klingberg and Hustvedt describe this broadside as essentially
a summary of the "forbidding elements" of all the other broad-
sides. The center of the sheet simply records the supposed con-
sequences of a Napoleonic invasion in list form:

"Universal Pillage.
Men of all Parties Slaughtered.
Women of all Ranks Violated.
Children Murdered.
Trade Ruined.
The Labouring Classes thrown out of
Employment.
Famine with all its Horrors.
Despotism Triumphant.
The remaining Inhabitants carried away by
Ship-loads to Foreign Lands."

In smaller text underneath this list the people of Britain are
reminded that only through their own "vigorous resistance" can
they be spared the above fates. The reader is also directed, for
a fuller examination of the points raised, to study a "small tract
entitled 'The Prospect'"; this appears to be *The Prospect*; or, *a
brief view of the evils which the common people of England are
likely to suffer, by a successful invasion from the French* (1803).

THE
CONSEQUENCES
OF
BUONAPARTE'S
SUCCEEDING IN HIS DESIGNS
AGAINST
THIS COUNTRY.

Univerfal Pillage.
Men of all Parties Slaughtered.
Women of all Ranks Violated.
Children Murdered.
Trade Ruined.
The Labouring Claſſes thrown out of Employ-
ment.
Famine, with all its Horrors.
Deſpotiſm Triumphant.
The remaining Inhabitants carried away by
Ship-loads to Foreign Lands.

Britons! Look before you;

And REMEMBER, that by Combined and Vigorous Reſiſtance, under GOD,
You may prevent all theſe Evils: Yet do not trifle with Your Danger; for
nothing ſhort of this may be ſufficient for Your Security. Although theſe Hor-
rors be threatened, Your Cauſe is Good, and Your Reſources are great: Let
Your Courage be equal to the Magnitude of the Evil, the Goodneſs of Your
Cauſe, and the Strength of Your Reſources.

See a ſmall Tract entitled the "PROSPECT," in which the Arguments, on which the above mentioned Conſequences
are grounded, are Calmly and Freely ſtated. The Tract is Sold at Meſſrs RIVINGTON'S, St. Paul's Church-Yard, and at
HATCHARD'S, Piccadilly, price *Threepence*.—Of the latter may be had an extenſive Aſſortment of Tracts, Poſting-Bills,
Songs, &c. calculated to ſhew the horrid Conſequences of French Invaſion; and that the only Means, under GOD, of pre-
venting it is our all UNITING as ONE MAN, in Defence of Our Beloved KING and unrivalled CONSTITUTION.

London. Printed for J. HATCHARD, Piccadilly, by J. Hales, Old Boſwell Court. Price Sixpence per Dozen.

“RID THE WORLD OF SUCH A MONSTER”

22 [TAURUS].

**Britons, the period is now arrived,
when it is to be discovered whether
you are to be Freeman or Slaves.**

Broadside (440 x 275mm). A little dusty and slightly
chipped in a couple of places at the edges, minor crease
to one corner, entirely uncut.

[London]: printed by W. Glindon, for J. Ginger, [?1803]. £450

Bibl. Lind., No. 1483; Not in Klingberg & Hustvedt.

A rousing of nationalistic spirit signed “Taurus”, a character from
Sheridan’s *Pizarro* (the broadside ends with some lines from the
play). The broadside begins by challenging the British people to
decide if they would rather be “freemen or slaves”. A contrast
is then drawn between the safe inhabitants of “these snug little
islands” [Britain] and the “murderer, robber, barbarian” Napoleon
who does not care if his country of “millions of Soup-Eaters”
should die in trying to conquer Britain.

The broadside was printed for John Ginger of Piccadilly,
“where all Patriotic Publications may be had”.

BRITONS,

THE Period is now arrived, when it is to be discovered whether you are to be
FREEMEN OR SLAVES;

Whether you are to be the VASSALS of a CORSICAN, or the Independent Sons of a Race
of Heroes, who for Ages past, have been the SCOURGE of TYRANNY, and OPPRESSION.

Your Enemy is at your Door, and he insultingly tells you, “*that every one he finds in
Arms in Defence of his Country, his Friends, his All, he will put to the Edge of the Sword.*”

Countrymen, not many Months are elapsed, since the Four Corners of the World rang
with the Clamour of your Arms, and the Fame of your Valour, and shall this base-born, upstart
Usurper, (Goliath like) dare to defy the Armies of the SONS of FREEDOM—Heavens forbid
it! had I a Thousand Lives, I would exert them all, in such a Cause, and thank GOD, these
SNUG LITTLE ISLES contain Millions who will pay the same.

My Countrymen, you are threatened to be Sacrificed, Plundered, and Massacred for
your dutiful Attachment to your KING, your LAWS, your WIVES, your CHILDREN, and what
ought to be dearer than all the Rest, for your Love to your Country.—If you Love your
Country, it appears that this *Enemy of the Human Race* loves it also—may he perish in it, and
may that Country, which he now wishes to OVER-RUN and ENSLAVE, (with the Blessing of
Divine Providence) be his Grave, if he dare to put his Cloven Hoof on this LAND of FREEDOM.
The Legislature, my Good-Fellows, is at this Moment, adopting Measures the most Energetic
and Powerful, not only to repel this *CORSICAN INVADER*, but any other Foe, who dare
level a Blow at our Independence; rally then my dear Countrymen, let us rally round the
Standard of UNITY and INDEPENDENCE, and hurl Defiance to all the World.

That this restless Enemy, to the Repose of the World, will attempt your Subjugation is not
to be doubted. We are the only People he has assailed, who have checked him in his ambitious
Views of Universal Conquest; for this he vows Revenge, nor does he care if Millions of *Soup-Eaters*
should fall in the Contest, if he can but carry his infernal Project at last. He has been called
a HERO, with more Propriety he might be called a MURDERER, a ROBBER, a BARBARIAN.
—He has not a Spark of true Heroism in his Nature. The real Hero is a Character very different
indeed from that of *General BONEYPART*.—The very Soul of the *General* is wrapped up in the
deepest Duplicity; Blood and Massacre mark his Steps, and Posterity will look on him as we do,
The Disturber of Mankind.—Let us for a Moment suppose we had in our Country a Foreigner, who
by similar Deeds had raised himself to that pitch of Distinction, to which this Man has raised himself
in France, and that this restless Foreigner, (absorbed in Views of Universal Conquest) was for ever
fomenting Discord among his Neighbours, and should in the full-face of Day declare, that
“*he would sacrifice Army after Army, in his diabolical Attempts to enslave a FREE PEOPLE.*”—
I say, if our Land was cursed with such a FOE to the HUMAN RACE, that FREEMEN would
be found to rid the World of such a MONSTER.

Perhaps while I am now addressing you, our blessed Land is already defiled by the Slaves of this
UNRELENTING DESPOT;—methinks I hear of his *Proclamations, Manifestations, Abjurations,*
Protestations, Tergiversations, and base Misrepresentations.—Methinks I see Hand-Bills describing

Gen. Boneyheart’s Proclamation,
And blustering Denunciation,
Fraught with Defamation,
Threat’ning Devastation,
And a speedy Juggulation,
To the Good English Nation,
Who shall his pious Way shun.

Methinks I hear that our pure and *virtuous Mussulman*, in the plenitude of his Meekness and
Piety, is expressing with pathetic Energy, the Multiplicity of Evils we groan under, and how that
he (our Guardian Angel) is come to redress them all, and make us the happiest People on Earth.—
To a Nation of Idiots such hypocritical Cant might have its due Weight.—But BRITONS see
with Horror, that Murder, Sacrilege, Devastation, and Plunder, have marked the Foot-Steps of
this *political Cheat*, and Ages to come may Curse the Hour that gave him Birth.

Under the full Persuasion that BRITONS require no Stimulus to their Valour and Patriotism,
I take my Leave for the present, with a Prayer (from SHERIDAN) for that amiable King, who “*born
and educated among You, Glories in the Name of BRITON.*”

“ From ev’ry LATENT FOE,
“ From the Assassin’s blow,
“ God Save the King;
“ O’er him thine Arm extend,
“ For BRITAIN’s sake defend,
“ Our Father, Prince and Friend,
“ God Save the King.”

TAURUS.

Printed by W. GLINDON, for J. GINGER, 169, PICCADILLY, where all Patriotic Publications may be had.
(Price 6d. per Dozen.)

"RAVAGE, PLUNDER AND DESTROY"

23 [DENON (Vivant)].

To the Infamous Wretch, if there be such an one in England, who dares to talk of, or even hopes to find Mercy in the Breast of the Corsican Bonaparte, the eternal sworn Foe of England, the Conqueror and Grand Subjugator of France.

Broadside (445 x 280mm). A little dusty and slightly creased in places, entirely uncut, one corner previously folded.

[London]: printed for J. Ginger [by W. Marchant], [1803].

£450

Bibl. Lind., No. 1518; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.68.

The central portion of the text is taken from Vivant Denon's *Voyage dans la Basse et la Haute Égypte* (Paris, 1802) which was an eye witness account of Napoleon's Egyptian campaign. The quote from his book is used as a threat and the reader is reminded underneath the quote that the ill-treatment delivered to the people of Egypt will be nothing compared to that served on England, a country which Napoleon vows to "ravage, plunder, and destroy".

A note underneath the imprint states: "It is earnestly requested that those who can afford it will distribute these papers to those who cannot. **Ladies and Women of all Ranks think on this!**"

To the infamous Wretch, if there be such an one in England, who dares to talk of, or even hopes to find *Mercy* in the Breast of the *Corsican Bonaparte*, the *eternal sworn Foe of England*, the Conqueror and Grand Subjugator of France.

IF there be any Englishman so base, or so foolish, as to wish to trust to the *Mercy* of a French INVADING ARMY; let him read that which follows:---The accuracy and veracity of the account cannot be doubted, it being an Extract from a Book, not only written under the Inspection of the French Government, but, moreover, dedicated to the *Grand Consul*.

I shall make no comment on this most scandalous public avowal, or rather boast of so inhuman and atrocious a proceeding, as the simple Fact sufficiently speaks for itself.

"We, who boasted that we were more just than the Mamalukes, committed daily and almost necessarily a number of iniquities; the difficulty of distinguishing our Enemies, by their Form and Colour, made us, every day, *kill innocent Peasants*; the Soldiers took Caravans of *poor Merchants* for enemies, and, before justice could be done them (*when there was time to do it*) *two or three of them were shot*, a part of their cargo was *pillaged or destroyed*, and their Camels exchanged for those of ours, which had been wounded. The Fate of the People, *for whose happiness we no doubt came to Egypt*, was no better. If, at our approach, terror made them leave their houses, they found, on their return, nothing but the *Mud of which the Walls were composed*: utensils, ploughs, gates, roofs, every thing served as fuel to boil our Soup; their pots were broken, their grain was eaten, their fowls and pigeons roasted, and nothing was left but the carcasses of their dogs, *when they defended the Property of their Masters*. If we remained in their Villages, the wretches were *summoned to return*, under pain of being treated as *Rebels*, and, in consequence, *double Taxed*; and when they yielded to these Menaces, came to *pay their Tax*, it sometimes happened, that, from their great Number, they were taken for a body of Revolters, their sticks for arms, and they received *some discharges of Musketry before there was time for explaining the Mistake*; the Dead were interred, and we remained friends, till a safe opportunity for revenge occurred. It is true, that when they staid at home, *paid the Tax*, and *supplied all the Wants of the Army*, they were saved the trouble of a Journey to a Residence in the Desert, *saw their Provisions consumed with regularity*, and were *allowed a Part of them*, preserved some of their gates, sold their eggs to the Soldiers, and had **BUT FEW OF THEIR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS VIOLATED!**"*

Such was the Treatment which Egypt experienced; a Country which the French were desirous to possess and to conciliate; very Different is their Design upon Great Britain, which it is their avowed Intention to RAVAGE, PLUNDER, and DESTROY.

* Denon's Travels in Egypt, translated from the French. See *London Quarto Edition*, Vol. i. p. 256, &c.

Printed for J. GINGER, 169, Piccadilly,

Price SIXPENCE per Dozen, for Distribution.

N. B. It is earnestly requested that those who can afford it will distribute these Papers to those who cannot. Ladies and Women of all Ranks think on this!

W. MARCHANT, Printer, 3, Greville-Street, Holborn.

"HALF A MILLION OF BRITONS"

**24 [TIMOLEON].
Englishmen!**

Broadside (545 x 435mm). A couple of light brown patches, edges of the sheet dusty, grubby and a little chipped in places, entirely uncut, paper mount torn at the right hand side.

London: printed by J. Brettell, for J. Hatchard, [1803]. **£450**

Bibl. Lind., No. 1491; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.27.

The broadside includes a statement by "the natural Enemy of England" Charles François Dumouriez (1739-1823) who is quoted as saying that if France were not successful in invading England it would lead to their total ruin. Dumouriez would in fact defect shortly after the publication of this broadside and, secretly, assisted the British Government in defending the country from Napoleon. Special emphasis is placed on local defense of the country in the "counties and shires" against the "daring invader".

Englishmen!

YOU have been unjustly charged with Supineness and Despondency. The Enemies of Government, and the Admirers of the

Corsican Tyrant, have interpreted your silent Confidence, into despair and dismay. They allege against you, that although the Union, Courage, and patriotic Spirit, which you displayed in the late Contest, deterred the Enemy from the design of INVADING YOU, your present Inactivity bespeaks your Disapprobation of the War, and raises in the Mind of your INSOLENT AGGRESSOR the Hope of Success. Let not however a well-founded Confidence in your Strength, Bravery, and Resources, be misconstrued into distrust by an artful Enemy, with whom Bravado and Clamour are held as the only Indications of Courage, and who observes Silence, only under the Influence of Terror and Oppression.

EXAMPLE is but wanting to embattle the Nation—**SYSTEM** only is required to call forth

Half a Million of BRITONS

to avenge the Insults they have too long endured from a Love of PEACE, and to shew themselves the Avengers of their own RIGHTS, and of HUMANITY herself, so grievously outraged in every other Corner of the civilized World!

Your Counties and Shires

are now assembling for the Purpose of LOCAL DEFENCE, under a System, which will be found as formidable to the Enemy, as efficacious towards your Security and internal Peace. Hasten then to demonstrate to your DARING INVADER, how high your National Spirit rises at the Insult, and that although his DISCOMFITURE and RUIN be certain in the Attempt, let your strenuous and unceasing Efforts in

General Armament

manifest to the Foe, a firm Appearance of the same manly Vigour in Defence of every Thing dear to ENGLISHMEN, which purchased with so much Blood, your envied LIBERTY and glorious CONSTITUTION, and which can emanate only from the Spirit of BRITONS!

The final overthrow of FRANCE will be the Reward of your Courage, and the certain Consequence of her Temerity and Madness. Hear the prophetic Words of General DUMOURIEZ, the Natural Enemy of England, and the most sanguine Officer who ever commanded the Armies of France:

"Should this Expedition however, be unsuccessful, which is very possible; should the *Invincible British Fleet* gain a decisive Victory over the French, Spanish, and Dutch Fleets, whether combined or separate; should the English Nation, proud and energetic as the French, equally animated by Patriotism and National Dislike, repulse the French Army soon after it has landed; should they destroy it, force it to re-embark with Loss, and cut off its Communication with the Sea; should they weaken, harass, or reduce it to Famine, and render this Great Expedition abortive, which on a large Scale can only be attempted, and may partially or altogether fail in the Execution, then FRANCE IS TOTALLY RUINED; all her LAURELS ARE WITHERED; her Allies will ABANDON HER AND TURN AGAINST HER; the other Powers of Europe will attack her on every Side; she will have lost the Flower of her Warriors and the Reputation of her Arms; she will be without Money, and internal Discord will complete her DESTRUCTION. It is at PARIS HER DISAPPOINTED AND INDIGNANT SOLDIERY, will seek the Rewards and PLUNDER PROMISED THEM IN LONDON. The Generals themselves will either be the first Victims of the excusable fury of the Troops, or will partake of their Indignation, and their Revolt!"

Such, ENGLISHMEN, will be the Fruits of your Activity, your Steadiness, your UNION, and Valour.

Lose not therefore a Moment in preparing the Means of achieving so much Glory for your COUNTRY, of gaining so much Honour for YOURSELVES, and your proud POSTERITY!!!

TIMOLEON.

London: Printed by J. BRETTELL, for J. HATCHARD, No. 190, PICCADILLY.—Price 6d. per Dozen.

**“IS THERE A FRENCHMAN WHOSE
BLOOD DOES NOT CHILL WITH HORROR
AT THE RECITAL OF SUCH A FACT”**

**25 [WILSON (Robert)].
The Tender Mercies of Bonaparte
in Egypt! Britons, Beware.**

Broadside (550 x 435mm). A little grubby,
chipped and slightly creased at the edges, a
couple of minor paper repairs, paper mount
torn at the right-hand side.

London: for J. Asperne ... by T. Maiden, [1803].
£450

Bibl. Lind., No. 1529; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.4.

The first portion of the text is an extract from Sir Robert Wilson's *History of the British Expedition to Egypt* (1802), which listed the various cruelties of Napoleon towards his prisoners at Jaffa (Siege of Jaffa, 3rd to 7th March 1799) and his own soldiers at Cairo (Battle of the Pyramids, 21st July 1798). The accusations made by Wilson were such that Napoleon complained to the British government and ordered a counter-report. The second part of the broadside is Wilson's epistolary reply to the counter-report. The work ends with a quotation from Book II of Horace's *Odes*.

The tender Mercies of Bonaparte in Egypt! BRITONS, BEWARE.

SIR ROBERT WILSON, in his "History of the British Expedition to Egypt," gives the following narrative of the cruelties committed by order of GENERAL BONAPARTE, now First Consul of France.

"The Turks justified themselves for the massacre of the French by the massacre at Jaffa. As this act, and the poisoning of the sick, have never been credited, because of such enormities being so incredibly atrocious, a digression to authenticate them may not be deemed intrusively tedious; and, had not the influence of power interfered, the act of accusation would have been preferred in a more solemn manner, and the damning proofs produced by penitent agents of these murders; but neither menaces, recompence, nor promises, can altogether still the cries of outraged humanity, and the day for retribution of justice is only delayed. Bonaparte having carried the town of Jaffa by assault, many of the garrison were put to the sword, but the greater part flying into the mosque, and imploring mercy from their pursuers, were granted their lives; and let it be well remembered, that an exasperated army in the moment of revenge, when the laws of war justified the rage, yet heard the voice of pity, received no impression, and proudly refused to be any longer the executioners of an unrelenting enemy. Soldiers of the Italian army, this is a laurel wreath worthy of your fame, a trophy of which the subsequent treason of an individual shall not deprive you! Bonaparte, who had expressed much repentment at the compassion manifested by his troops, and determined to relieve himself from the maintenance and care of 3000 prisoners, ordered them to be marched to a rising ground near Jaffa, where a division of French infantry formed against them. When the Turks had entered into their fatal alignment, and the manifold preparations were completed, the signal gun fired. Volleys of musketry and grape instantly played against them; and Bonaparte, who had been regarding the scene through a telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, could not refrain his joy, but broke out into exclamations of approval. Indeed, he had full reason to dread the refusal of his troops thus to dishonour themselves. Kleber had remonstrated in the most strenuous manner; and the officer of the état-major who commanded, (for the general to whom the division belonged was absent,) even refused to execute the order without a written instruction; but Bonaparte was too cautious, and lest Berthier to enforce obedience. When the Turks had all fallen, the French troops humanely endeavoured to put a period to the sufferings of the wounded; but some time elapsed before the bayonet could finish what the fire had not destroyed, and probably many languished days in agony. Several French officers, by whom partly these details are furnished, declared that was a scene, the retrospects of which tormented their recollection; and that they could not reflect on it without horror, accustomed as they had been to sights of cruelty. These were the prisoners whom Alkaim, in his very able work on the plague, alludes to, when he says, that for three days the Turks shewed no symptoms of that disease, and it was their putrifying remains which produced the pestilential malady which he describes as afterwards making such ravages in the French army. Their bones still lie in heaps, and are thrown to every traveler who arrives; nor can they be confounded with those who perished in the assault, since this field of butchery lies a mile from the town. Such a fact should not, however, be alleged without some proof or leading circumstance, stronger than assertion, being produced to support it; but there would be a want of generosity in naming individuals, and branding them to the latest posterity, for obeying a command, when their submission became an act of obedience, since the whole army did not mutiny against the execution; therefore, to establish farther the authenticity of the relation, this can only be mentioned, that it was Bonaparte's division which fired; and thus every eye is afforded the opportunity of satisfying themselves respecting the truth, by enquiring of officers serving in the different brigades composing this division.

"The next circumstance is of a nature which requires, indeed, the most particular details; to establish the idea can force be entertained, that the commander of an army should order his own countrymen (or, if not immediately such, those amongst whom he had been naturalized) to be deprived of existence when in a state which required the kindest consideration. But the annals of France record the frightful crimes of a Robespierre, a Carnot; and historical truth must now create one equal to any which has hitherto been page. Bonaparte, finding that his hospitals at Jaffa were crowded with sick, sent for a physician, whose name should be inscribed in letters of gold, but which, from weighty reasons, cannot be here inserted; on his arrival, he entered into a long conversation with him respecting the danger of contagion, concluding at last with the remark, that something must be done to remedy the evil, and that the destruction of the sick in the hospital was the only measure which could be adopted. The physician, alarmed at the proposal, bold in the confidence of virtue and the cause of humanity, remonstrated vehemently, representing the cruelty as well as the atrocity of such a murder; but, finding that Bonaparte persevered and menaced, he indignantly left the tent with this memorable observation: "Neither my principles, nor the character of my profession, will allow me to become a human butcher; and, General, if such qualities are necessary to form a great man, I thank my God that I do not possess them." Bonaparte was not to be diverted from his object by moral considerations. He persevered, and found an apothecary, who, dreading the weight of power, (but who has since made an atonement to his king by unequivocally confessing the fact), consented to become his agent, and to administer poison to the sick. Ought at night was administered in grating food; the wretched, unsuspecting victims banqueting, and in a few hours 200 soldiers, who had suffered so much for their country, perished thus miserably by the order of his job. Is there a Frenchman whose blood does not chill with horror at the recital of such a fact? Surely, the names of these murdered, unoffending people must be now hovering round the seat of government and . . . If a doubt should still exist as to the veracity of this statement, let the members of the legislature at Cairo be asked what passed in their fitting after the return of Bonaparte from Syria: they will relate that the same virtuous physician, who refused to become the destroyer of those committed to his protection, accused Bonaparte of high treason, in the full assembly, against the honour of France, her children, and humanity; that he entered into the full details of the poisoning of the sick, and the massacre of the garrison; aggravating these crimes by charging Bonaparte with strangling previously at Robeur, a number of French and Corsica, who were ill of the plague; thus proving, that this disposal of his sick was a premeditated plan, which he wished to introduce into general practice. In vain Bonaparte attempted to justify himself. The members far petrified with terror, and almost doubted whether the scene passing before their eyes was no illusion. Assuredly, all these proceedings will not be found in the minutes of the legislature!—No! Bonaparte's policy forebode the danger, and power produced the eraure; but let no man, calculating on the force of circumstances which may prevent such an avowal as is solicited, presume on this to deny the whole; there are records which remain, and which in due season will be produced. In the interim, this representation will be sufficient to stimulate enquiry; and, Frenchmen, your honour is indeed interested in the examination."

GENERAL ANDREOSSY, in the late Official Correspondence, terms the above "a most atrocious and disgusting calumny." In consequence, Sir Robert has since written the following Letter to the Editors of the Public Newspapers, which we consider as conclusive on the subject.

"Bonaparte had in person inspected, previously, the whole body, amounting to near 5000 men, with the object of saving those who belonged to the towns he was preparing to attack. The age and noble physiognomy of a veteran Janissary attracted his observation, and he asked him sharply, 'Old man, what did you do here?' The Janissary, undaunted, replied, 'I must answer that question by asking you the same; your answer will be, that you came to serve your Sultan; so did I mine.' The intrepid frankness of the reply excited universal interest in his favour. Bonaparte even smiled. 'He is saved,' whispered some of the anti-du-camp. 'You know not Bonaparte,' observed one who had served under him in Italy; 'that smile, I speak from experience, does not proceed from the sentiment of benevolence; remember what I say.' The opinion was too true: the Janissary was left in the ranks, doomed to death, and suffered."

"Sir,

TO THE EDITOR, &c.

"In the official correspondence lately published, there appear some remarks, which the French Ambassador was instructed to make on my History of the Expedition to Egypt, and of which I feel called upon to take notice; not in personal controversy with General Andreossi, for, conscious of the superior virtue of my cause, I find myself neither aggrieved nor irritated by the language he has used; but that the public may not attribute my silence to a desire of evading further discussion, and thus the shallow mode of contradiction adopted by the Chief Consul acquire an unmerited consideration.

"The Ambassador observes, 'That a Colonel in the English army has published a work in England, filled with the most atrocious and disgusting calumnies against the French army and its General. The lies it contains have been contradicted by the reception which Colonel Sebastiani experienced. The publicity of his report was at once a refutation and reparation, which the French army had a right to expect.'

"But surely a new signification must have been attached in France to the word calumny, when such a term is applied to my account of the conduct of the French troops in Egypt, and the consequent disposition of the inhabitants towards them!

"Independent, however, of the proofs to be adduced in corroboration of my statement, Europe may justly appreciate the probable truth of what I have written, when she recollects the unparalleled sufferings endured by the unoffending countries into which, during the last war, a French army penetrated; and she will at least hesitate to believe that the same armies should voluntarily ameliorate their conduct in a country more remote, where the atrocities they might commit would be less liable to publicity, and that this extraordinary change should be in favour of a people, whose principles and resistance might have excited the resentment of more generous invaders.

"I will not enter into an unnecessary detail of the numerous facts which I could urge; but I appeal to the honour of every British officer employed in Egypt, whether those observations are not sacredly true, which describe the French as being hateful to the inhabitants of that country, which represent them as having merited that hatred from the ruin and decalation with which their progress through it has been marked; and I am ready, if there be one who refuses to function this relation, to resign for ever every pretension to honourable reputation, and submit, without farther struggle, to that odium which should attach to calumny, and a wilful perversion of truth.

"But, Sir, I feel confident there is no individual, who will not amply confirm all that I have written on this subject, and perhaps, Europe has a right to condemn me for not having made the accusations still stronger, when I can produce general orders of the French army, for the destruction of villages and their inhabitants; when I can prove, that above 20,000 of the natives perished by the swords of the French soldiery; and that every act of violence was committed, and particularly in Upper Egypt, which could outrage humanity, and disgrace the character of civilized nations. When writing a history of the campaign, was it possible not to express indignation against the authors of such calamities? Would it have been natural not to have felt the assumption of that vicious pride, which a reflection on the different conduct of the British soldiery must inspire in the breast of every Briton? I have asserted that a British soldier could travel alone through any part of Egypt, or even penetrate into the Desert, secure from injury or insult. I have described the natives as considering the British their benefactors and protectors, soliciting opportunities to manifest their gratitude, and adorning their uniform as surer as the turban of Mahometanism; and I may venture to predict, that hereafter the French traveller will be compelled to conceal the name of his nation, and owe his security to the assumption of the British character.

"But, Sir, does the effect of Colonel Sebastiani's report justify the Chief Consul's conclusion, that it is "a complete refutation of what I have advanced," even if we attach to that report implicit belief in its candour and veracity? Is it possible that the Chief Consul can suppose the world will trace respect for the French name in the circumstance which occurred to Colonel Sebastiani at Cairo, and which rendered it necessary for him to demand protection from the Vizir? or could he imagine that the analogue of d'Gexzar Pacha was not intelligible even previous to the instructions being published which M. Talleyrand sent to the French commercial agents?

"That illustrious senator, to whose virtues and stupendous talents England owes so much of her prosperity, has declared, that this report of Colonel Sebastiani in no case contradicts my statement; and I should consider that high opinion as amply sufficient to remove any impression which the French Ambassador's note might otherwise have made; did I not think it a duty to prefix some observations on that part of the paragraph which alludes to the direct accusation against General Bonaparte, that the public may know I was fully aware of the important responsibility which I had voluntarily undertaken, and in which much national honour was involved. I would with the world seriously to examine, whether the accuser or accused have shrunk from the investigation, and then hold him as guilty who has withdrawn from the tribunal of enquiry.

"I avowed that I was his public accuser; I stood prepared to support the charges. The courts of my country were open to that mode of trial, which, as an innocent man, he could alone have required, but of which he did not dare to avail himself. It was no anonymous libeller against whom he was to have filed his answer, but against one (and without any indecent vanity I may say it) whose rank and character would have justified his most serious attention.

"The charges were too awful to be treated with neglect, and we know that they have not been read with indifference. Nor is it possible that the First Consul can imagine the fame of General Bonaparte is less sullied, because a few snuff-boxes bearing his portrait were received by some avaricious individuals with expressions of esteem. Or can he hope, that the contemptible, but not less unworthy insinuation, directed against the gallant and estimable British General, will divert mankind from a reflection on the crimes with which he stands arraigned?

"Fortunately for Europe, she is daily becoming more intimately acquainted with the character of this hitherto misconceived man; and I confess that I feel considerable gratification when I indulge the thought that I have contributed to its development.

"Success may, for infernal purposes, continue to attend him; abject senates may decree him a throne, or the Pantheon; but history shall render injured humanity justice, and an indignant posterity inscribe on his cenotaph—

"Ille venena Colchia
Et quicquid ulquum concipitur nefas,
Tractavit.

"I am, Sir, yours,
ROBERT WILSON, K. M. T.
Lieutenant-Colonel."

London: Printed for J. ASPERNE, at the Bible, Crown, and Constitution, No. 32, Cornhill, by T. MAIDEN, Sherbourn-Lane.
[Price 2d. or 1s. 6d. per Dozen.]

“AREN’T YOU A BIT AFRAID OF US?”

26 [JOHN BULL].
Plain Answers to Plain Questions,
in a Dialogue Between John Bull
and Bonaparte, met Half-Seas
over between Dover and Calais.

Broadside (540 x 420mm). A little browned
and with a couple of light spots in places,
edges a little creased and chipped, entirely
uncut, paper mount torn at the right-hand
side.

London: printed for J. Hatchard... [by] J. Brettell,
[?1803]. **£450**

Bibl. Lind., No. 1510; Klingberg & Hustvedt no.22.

A supposed conversation between John Bull and Napoleon
on neutral territory in the middle of the English Channel.
Napoleon immediately rebuffs the polite John Bull (“How
do you do?”) by openly stating his desire to take over
London. John Bull enquires why Napoleon is “an enemy
to our Liberty of the Press” and ends with him threaten-
ing the French leader: “You had better let it alone Bony
... if these are your only grounds for hope, you’re a
damn’d Fool if you attempt it”. Napoleon makes a refer-
ence to wanting “foggy weather” and “long nights” for
an invasion.

Plain ANSWERS to plain QUESTIONS,
IN A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
JOHN BULL
AND
Bonaparte,
Met *Half-Seas over* between DOVER and CALAIS.

John Bull. **H**OW do you do?
Bonaparte.—Pretty well; but hope to be better when I am in *London*.

John Bull.—When do you expect to get there?

Bonaparte.—About the end of September; or October at latest.

John Bull.—Why would not you remain at PEACE with us;
which you know we were anxious to preserve?

Bonaparte.—Because I had set my heart on the recovery of EGYPT, which
I had disgracefully quitted; and in recovering EGYPT, to pave the way for
driving you out of INDIA, to the productions of which you owe so much of
the Wealth, the Strength, and the Prosperity, which you enjoy.

John Bull.—But what did *Malta* signify?

Bonaparte.—I could not cleverly get to EGYPT without it.

John Bull.—Why are you such an Enemy to our LIBERTY
OF THE PRESS?

Bonaparte.—That’s a foolish Question, *John*. Why?—Because it exposes all
my deep designs. Because it makes me odious amongst my own subjects, and in
all Europe, by pointing out all the bloodshed, defolation and rapine by which I
have obtained power, and by which I must preserve it. Because it recommends
love, loyalty, and support to a King whom I mean to dethrone; and unanimity
to a country, which I mean to conquer, to ravage, and to annihilate.

John Bull.—What RELIGION are you of?

Bonaparte.—None.—I was first a Deist; then a Papist in *Italy*; afterwards a
Mahometan in *Egypt*; and am now an Atheist.

John Bull.—Why then did you restore the Catholic Religion in
France?

Bonaparte.—Because it answered my purpose best.

John Bull.—Why have you suffered your Soldiers to burn so
many Towns, shed so much innocent Blood, destroy Cottages as
well as Palaces so indiscriminately, murder in cold blood Thou-
sands of poor Men, and ravish Thousands of poor Women, in
ITALY, in EGYPT, in SYRIA, and lately in HANOVER?

Bonaparte.—Foolish again, *John*.—I did not merely suffer it—I encouraged it.
—My object has always been to strike terror. I don’t mince matters. Witness
the deliberate massacre of four thousand Turks at *Jaffa*, who were my prisoners;
and my poisoning several hundred of my own soldiers, who were of no use to me.

John Bull.—What do you mean to do if you come here?

Bonaparte.—I won’t tell you. It would make your hair stand on end.

John Bull.—Aren’t you a bit afraid of us?

Bonaparte.—To tell you the truth, I am. But I am not afraid to sacrifice
100,000 men in an attempt to invade you.

John Bull.—As an honest man, what do you most depend upon
for success?

Bonaparte.—On foggy weather—long nights—a want of discipline in your
troops—a want of spirit and of union in your people.

John Bull.—You had better let it alone, *Bony*;—if these are your
only grounds for hope, you’re a damn’d Fool if you attempt it.

Bonaparte.—To tell you the truth, *John*, I don’t much like some of your
late proceedings in Parliament. But I am determined on the attempt; so, look
to it.

London: Printed for J. HATCHARD, No. 190, Piccadilly. Price 6d. per Dozen.

Printed by J. BRETTELL, 54, Great Windmill Street, Haymarket.

"ALL ENGLISH BOOKS TO BE SEIZED"

27 Bonaparte's Plan for subjugating this Country, when he has got a Footing and Established Himself and his Bloodhounds here.

Broadside (400 x 325mm). Folded for postage, a little chipped and torn at the edges, large piece torn from the upper right-hand corner (deleting a single letter of text from the headline), small mark from a postage seal, verso dusty and with the recipient's name and address in ink.

Lancaster: printed by J. Jackson, opposite the Town-Hall, Market-Place, Lancaster, [1803]. £650

Not in Bibl. Lind.; Not in Klingberg & Hustvedt.

A provincially printed broadside warning of the consequences of a French invasion both in terms of larger issues, such as requisitioning land and disbanding the British Navy, but also, most hauntingly in terms of domestic life—children "above the age of twelve, and above that of four years" are to be sent to France to learn the language or forced into the French army and all teachers are to be French.

Special consideration is given to the freedom of the British publishing industry: printing anything in English will be punishable by death and "all English books to be seized, and sent to France, and books printed in France, to be the *only* ones permitted to be sold or distributed in England".

Bonaparte's Plan

For subjugating this Country, when he has got a Footing
AND ESTABLISHED
Himself and his Bloodhounds here.

" 1st.—*ALL* those who do not voluntarily submit to the French army, as soon as it arrives within twenty miles of the place where the property is situated, are to be put under the footing of emigrants and rebels, their property confiscated, and their persons seized where found. By submission, is understood laying down arms, appearing in person to a person authorized to sign a total acquiescence in all orders and decrees issued by the Commander in Chief of the forces of the *First Consul*. Those who submit, to have protection for their persons, and *one half* of their property.

" 2d.—All the Children under the age of *twelve*, and above that of *four* years, are to be sent into France, to *learn the language*; their *parents* either to pay an annual sum for their maintenance and education, or, when they cannot do that, to *maintain a French Soldier in England*.

" 3d.—All persons above the age of twelve, and under sixteen, to be *compelled* to learn French, and as soon as they can speak that language, either to be *fined or flogged* as often as they are found speaking English.

" 4th.—All persons of a riper age to learn French as fast as they can, and to be subject to a requisition, and to be incorporated into the *French armies*, but not in greater numbers than *one English for five French*; and to serve on the Continent, in France, or some of the nations under the dominion of the Republic.

" 5th.—One half of the produce of all *mines of copper, tin, &c.* to belong to the French. One half of the *collieries* to be let overflow with water, and all *cotton mills, spinning machines, fire engines, looms for weaving, iron furnaces, mills, or such other machines* as the Commissioners and Commander in Chief of the Republican armies shall order, to be broken.

" 6th.—The *shipping and naval* stores to be sent to France; and all the royal ports, such as Portsmouth, Plymouth, Yarmouth, &c. that can receive a frigate of 44 guns, to be destroyed or filled up.

" 7th.—That the *decrees* may be better understood, the intention is declared to be, that England, which is the rival of France, shall become a province of the Republic, in which the French language alone shall be spoken, and French laws obeyed. Liberty of *religious* opinions may be allowed; but as there are *too many* Churches and places of public worship, one half shall be turned into barracks for soldiers, or otherwise converted to the use of the French Government.

" 8th.—The only teachers in public schools, universities, or academies shall be *natives* of France; and the English language prohibited to be taught, under the heaviest penalties.

" 9th.—Death to print or publish any thing in English, except by order of the Commander in Chief.

" 10th.—All English books to be seized, and sent to France; and books printed in French, to be the *only* ones permitted to be sold or distributed in England.

" 11th.—All laws and regulations made for England, to *extend to Ireland also*."

* * BRITONS, ATTEND!--IF YOU ARE LOST, YOU LOSE YOURSELVES. ROUSE---AND
AVERT YOUR DISGRACE AND IRRETRIEVABLE RUIN!!

Printed by J. JACKSON, opposite the Town-Hall, Market-Place, LANCASTER.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE MIGHTY OAK AND THE FRENCH MUSHROOM

28 [NAPOLEON]. The Oak and the Mushroom.

Etching with colouring by hand (340 x 242mm).
A very fine impression with excellent colour;
neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid
paper.

[London]: by [Piercey] Roberts, [May, 1803].
£1,500

Rare. OCLC records **Harvard** only in the USA. There is an impression in the **BM** of this print which has "Buonaparte" etched below the figure on the left-hand side and "May 1803" on the right but these have been scratched from the plate on our example (the Harvard impression seems to be the same). There are also examples as the **V&A** (undated) and at **Brown University** (undated).

A very strange print showing Napoleon as a mushroom growing from the ground and being confronted by an English sailor next to a large oak tree.

The sailor informs Napoleon:

"You may look as cross as you Please master mushroom but here stands the British Oak—and by St George and the Dragon not a leaf of it shall fall to the Ground."

Published at the time of the breakdown of the Peace of Amiens and Britain's re-declaration of war (18 May 1803).

For the Oak Tree and Mushroom analogy see: Yen (Brandon C.), *The Excursion and Wordsworth's Iconography* (Liverpool, 2018), chapter 3 ("Rooting") where the Brown University impression is reproduced as fig. 12.





A GENTLE SALUTE from the BRITISH LION.

THE MIGHTY ENGLISH LION TAKES A SWIPE AT NAPOLEON

29 [NAPOLEON]. A Gentle Salute from the British Lion.

Etching with colouring by hand (240 x 335mm). A good impression with strong colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper. London: [Piercy] Roberts, [in ink] May 14th 1803. **£1,400**

Rare. OCLC records Harvard only in the USA. There is also an example in the British Museum and at Bodley. The design of the print was copied a few years later for a Spanish engraving titled Primer saludo del Leon Español à Napoladron, y valerosa huida de su hermano Pepe (see BM catalogue and described in Print Quarterly XI 1994, p.48-50).

An enormous English lion knocks a tiny Napoleon's hat from his head in a gesture of national power.

Napoleon responds, threatening, "What are you about there with your great Paw—you have knock'd my hat off—depend upon it I will Retaliate"

This is the impression offered in the Latta sale in 1913.



"I'LL, I'LL, I'LL BE KING OF THE UNIVERSE"

30 CRUIKSHANK (Isaac).
Olympic Games or John Bull introducing
his new Ambassador to the Grand Consul.

Etching with colouring by hand (231 x 333mm). Closely trimmed to the plate mark, paper discoloured with light spots in places, some foxing in the upper left corner of the print.

London: S.W. Fores, 16th June, 1803.

£850

There are examples of this print in the **British Museum** (also rather spotted and marked), **Bodley** and at **Yale**.

A satire on the increasingly hostile relationship between Napoleon and Russia. The boxer stood with John Bull may well be a representation of James

(or Jem) Belcher (1781–1811) who the month before had defeated John Firby (known as "the young ruffian") in a famous fight near Newmarket.

The print shows a young boxer being guided into the ring by a fat and jovial John Bull to fight a diminutive Napoleon. Bull points towards Napoleon, then styled as first consul of France, who stands between two Russians, striking the one on the left upon the chin. Napoleon declares "There Sir take that, and tell your Master, I'll thrash every one who dares to speak to me I'll thrash all the World D-me I'll, I'll I'll be King of the Universe." The injured Russian retorts "Why this is club Law; this is the Argument of force indeed the little Gentleman is Dérangé". His compatriot mutters "The monarch I represent, will return this insult with becoming dignity."

The print satirises the increasingly tense political climate between France and England following the dissolution of the fragile peace established between the countries by the Treaty of Amiens in 1802.



"I LOVE TO BE DRILLED DEARLY"

32 WEST (T[emple]?) designer.

The Hopes of the Nation in its perilous situation.

Etching with colouring by hand (282 x 380mm). A little marked in places and with a small area of damage at the lower margin (just touching part of a letter in the title) but otherwise a good impression with strong colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by W. Holland, July, 1803.

£3,500

UNRECORDED. We have been unable to locate any other examples of this print. This is the impression offered in the Latta sale in 1913 described as "The only recorded copy" ("Unequalled collection relating to Napoleon and the French Revolution of William J. Latta of Philadelphia, PA." sold at Anderson Galleries, New York, in 1913, lot 2023).

A remarkable and otherwise unknown print satirising the fear of invasion by Napoleon in 1803 showing a group of fashionable ladies being trained in military drills with a marked sexual overtone.

The drill sergeant suggestively tells the women assembled before him to, "let your legs keep time always with the person in your front" while the women respond in an equally suggestive way calling out, "I love to be drilled dearly" and "I can lift my legs as well as any but I move them too fast in all my motions."

This print is notable for not only satirising the national fear of invasion in 1803 but also taking aim at women's fashion. The women show in the print wear parodies of the fashion of the day with their legs and breasts exposed and one woman has an elaborate feather in her hair.

Temple West was an amateur caricaturist who produced a number of designs for Holland. It may well be that the language used in the print was too suggestive and that it was not distributed widely.

124
Oh! Sacra Diable— Terrable John Bull—
Mercy— Mercy— Mercy—



Damn ye, You black hearted treacherous Corsican,
if you were not such a little bit of a fellow, in spite
of your large cocked hat, I'd crack your skull in
an instant with my fist, (Seizes him by the Nose) if
your beggarly Soldiers come among us they'll soon
have enough of it, and damn me if
any ten of ye shall have my person or
property; So be off— (Kicks his A---)

JOHN BULL peppering BUONAPARTE in the FRONT and REAR.

Published August 30, 1803, by John Fairburn, 140 Minories, London.

"OH! SACRA DIABLE TERRABLE JOHN BULL"

33 C[RUIKSHAN]K (Isaac).
John Bull peppering Buonaparte
in the Front and Rear.

Etching with colouring by hand (252 x 360mm). Some slight marking
in a couple of places and a small messy repair to the right-hand side
of the sheet; but otherwise a good impression with strong colour;
neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by John Fairburn, August 30, 1803.

£1,500

Very Rare. Bodley appear to have a reversed copy of this print but we
have been unable to locate any other examples. A similar design though
does feature on a number of pieces of pottery from this period (see British
Museum catalogue for a Staffordshire-ware mug). This is the impression
offered in the Latta sale (1913).

**A stark print showing a muscular John Bull beating up Napoleon while in the
background an effigy of Napoleon is hung from a gallows.**

"THE MONSTER FROM JAFFA"

**34 ROBERTS (Piercey) engraver.
John Bull treating Buonaparte, on his
Arrival in London, to a Jaunt in an Up-
and-Down, at Bartholomew Fair.**

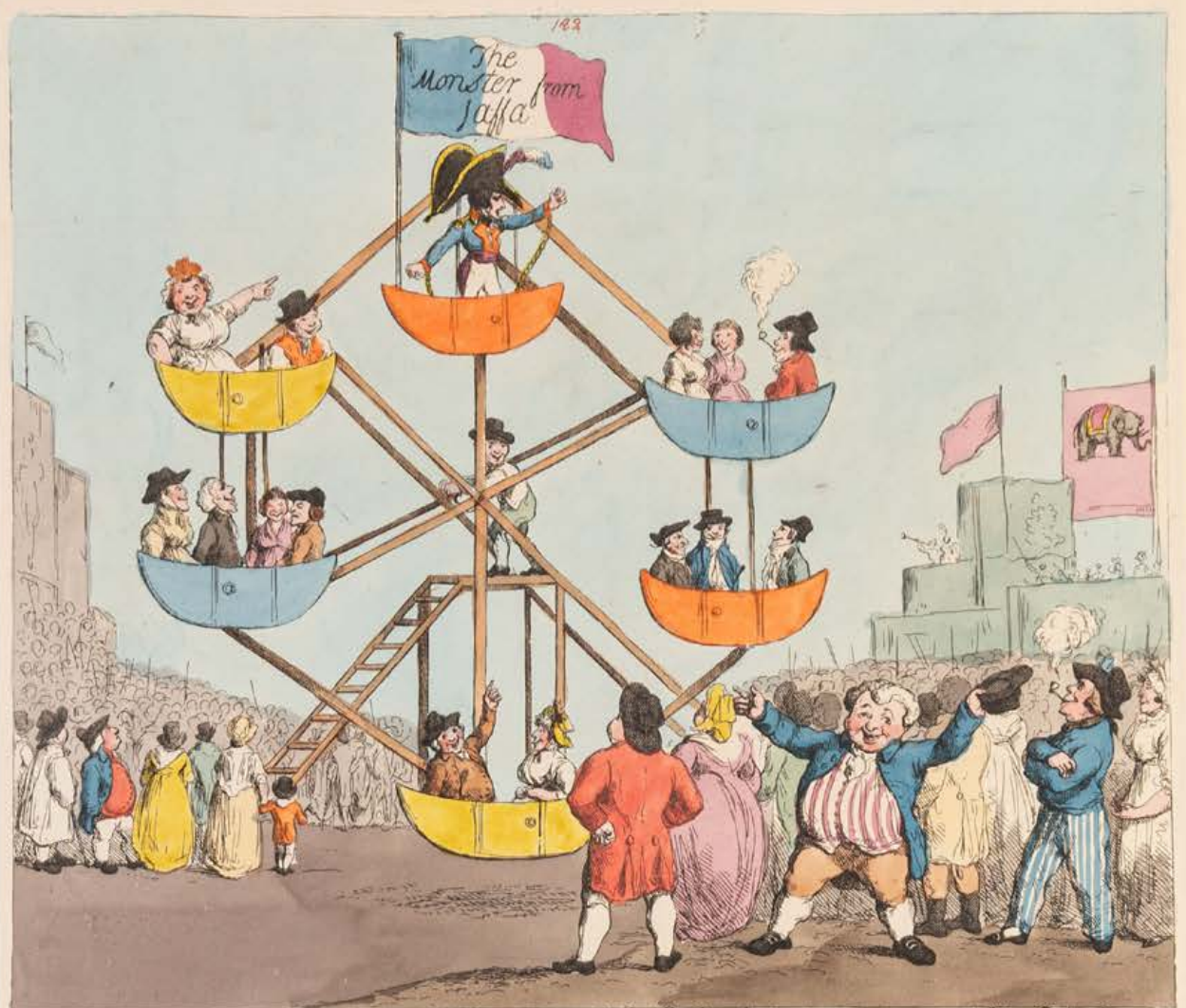
Broadside with large hand-coloured etching and letterpress text beneath (440 x 250mm). Some old neat fold lines, small repaired tear to left-hand margin, small hole through the upper section of the sheet but otherwise very good and with bright colouring; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper. London: November 3rd, Pub' by F[ortescue] Bate [printed by] Wheeler, 1803. **£1,500**

Rare. OCLC records Havard and Brown only in the USA. There is an example in the British Museum and at Bodley.

A light-hearted response to the perceived threat of Napoleone's invasion in 1803 which led to an avalanche of printed broadsides warning the English public of the imminent threat. The present example though sees Napoleon chained in a fairground wheel (or "Up-and-Down") while John Bull looks on.

The song beneath is to be sung to the tune of "Hey, My Kitten" and contains the verse:

"Where was his fury and rage
Exerted so much like a monster?
It would blacken history's page
To name Jaffa, with others among, Sir;
For there he practiced that power
Assign'd him by Pluto, his master,
And hurled to death, in an hour,
His troops, who had met with disaster"



Pub' by F. Bate no. 11. Vigo Lane near Sackville Street London

Engr'd by Roberts

**JOHN BULL treating BUONAPARTE, on his Arrival in LONDON, to a JAUNT
in an UP-AND-DOWN, at Bartholomew Fair.**

SONG.---TO THE TUNE OF "HEY, MY KITTEN, &c."

1.
HEY, my BUONA, my BUONA!
Hey, my tight BUONAPART-I!
Such a d---mn'd Imp as it is
The de---I doth love in his heart-i.
There he goes up, up, up,
And now he goes down-e, down-e;
Then he goes backwards and forwards,
And here he goes round-y, round-y.

2.
Where was his fury and rage
Exerted, so much like a monster?
It would blacken history's page
To name JAFFA, with others among, Sir;
For there he practised that power
Assign'd him by Pluto, his master,
And hurled to death, in an hour,
His troops, who had met with disaster.

3.
And now, my BUONA, my BUONA!
Now, my fierce BUONAPART-I!
You'll not have the air of a lord,
When you come to be drawn in a cart-i;
For then you must up, up, up,
And there stay till you're cut down-e,
Nor will you go backwards or forwards,
Or can you go round-y, round-y.

NOVEMBER 3, 1803.

WHEELER, PRINTER, WARDOUR-ST.



London Pub. Nov. 1803 by W. Holland, Cockspur Street - Pall Mall.

Mrs BULL'S VIEW of the FRENCH COAST!

MRS BULL'S BOTTOM

35 [?WEST (Temple), designer]. Mrs Bulls View of the French Coast!

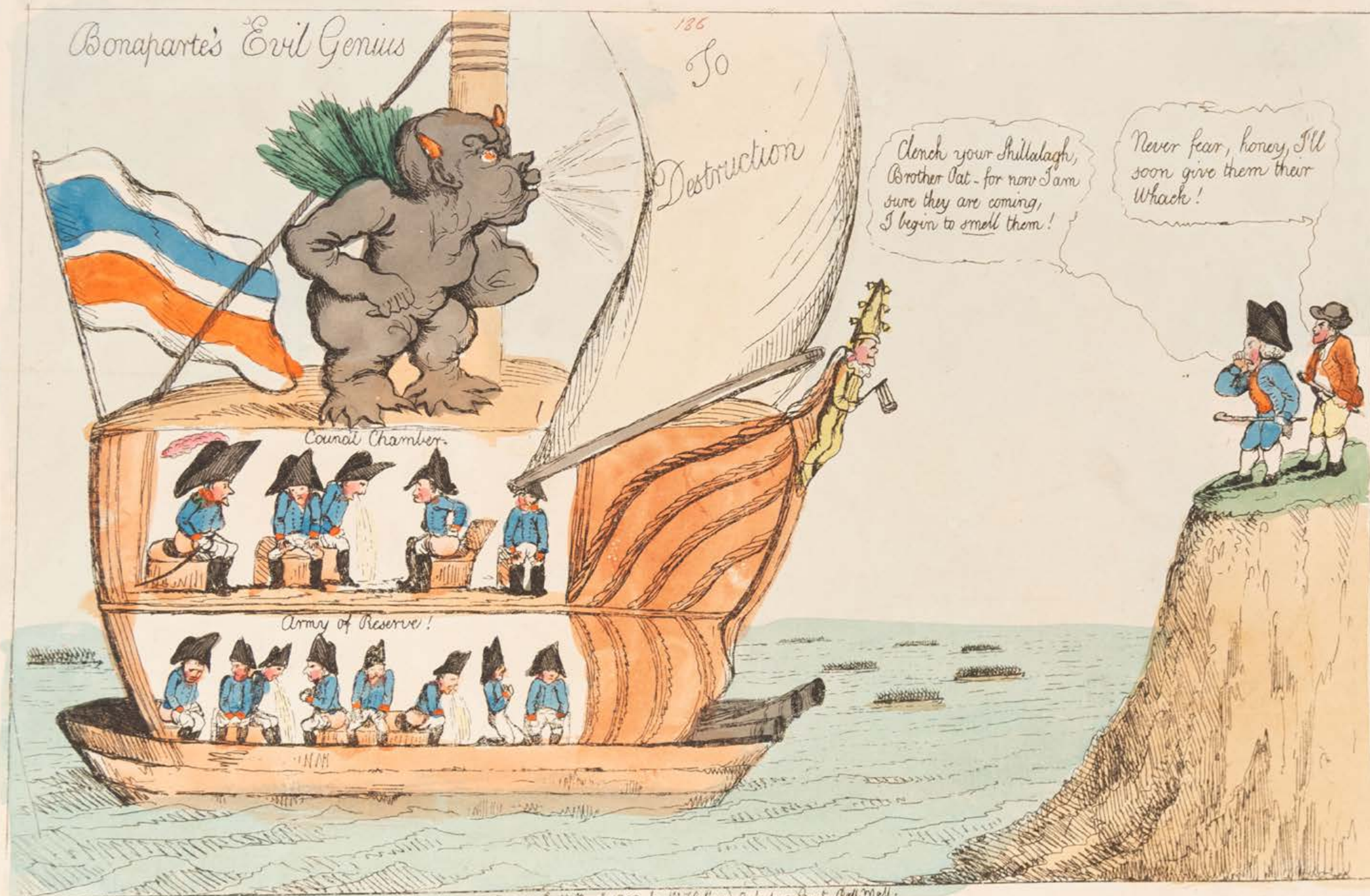
Etching with colouring by hand (245 x 340mm). A good impression with strong colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper. London: by W Holland, November 1803. **£2,800**

UNRECORDED. We have been unable to locate another example of this print. This is the impression offered in the Latta sale in 1913 described as "The only recorded copy" ("Unequalled collection relating to Napoleon

and the French Revolution of William J. Latta of Philadelphia, PA." sold at Anderson Galleries, New York, in 1913, lot 2017).

A shocking print with Mrs Bull (the female embodiment of England) exposing her bottom to the French coast and their armed forces while declaring "They may all Kiss"

The print is most likely supposed to be a companion to West's *John Bull* viewing the preparations on the French Coast (see BM catalogue; published by Holland October 13th 1803) which sees John Bull defiantly staring out to sea with his back to the viewer. John Bull declares "You may all be D---d!!!"



THE GRAND FLOTILLA or BONAPARTE really COMING!!

BONAPARTE'S EVIL GENIUS

36 The Grand Flotilla or Bonaparté really Coming!!

Etching with colouring by hand (245 x 360mm). A good impression with slightly amateurish colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by W. Holland, Nov^r, 1803.

£2,500

UNRECORDED. We have been unable to locate any other examples of this print. This is the impression offered in the Latta sale in 1913 ("Unequalled collection relating to Napoleon and the French Revolution of William J. Latta of Philadelphia, PA." sold at Anderson Galleries, New York, in 1913, lot 2012).

A striking and hitherto unknown print depicting the fear of Napoleon's invasion of Ireland.

The print shows a French ship being propelled by the devil towards the Irish shore. Below deck the troops are shown sea sick and defecating.

The two men on cliff are presumably supposed to be Irish and call out to the French ship, "Clench your Shillalagh [Shillelagh, a traditional Irish club], Brother Oat - for now I am sure they are coming, I begin to smell them!" The other man responds, "Never fear, honey, I'll soon give them their whack!"

“BONEIES BASTARD”

**BASED ON A REAL WOMEN WHO CLAIMED
TO BE PREGNANT WITH NAPOLEON’S CHID**

**37 An Exact Likeness of Molly Applegarth
of Leeds, nursing Bonies Bastard.**

Etching with colouring by hand (325 x 230mm). A few marks to the plate and some of the red colouring from the woman’s shawl seems to have slightly smudged but otherwise a good impression with strong colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: Pub’ by [Piercy] Roberts middle row Holborn,
[c.1803/4?]. **£3,500**

UNRECORDED. We have been unable to locate another example of this print.

The only reference to this print is in a 1919 Maggs catalogue (no. 375, as part of a large group of Napoleonic caricatures).

A very curious print featuring a real woman from Leeds who claimed to be pregnant with Napoleone’s child. Molly Applegarth is shown nursing her illegitimate child who is a tiny Napoleon-like figure.

The *Sun* (and a number of other newspapers) reported in November and December of 1803:

“A very singular circumstance has excited the attention of the neighbourhood of Leeds. A pregnant female, of the name of Applegarth, has actually made an affidavit before the Mayor of that town, at the instance of the parish officers, to the following effect:--- ‘That she had been employed at St. Cloud, in France, in the Palace of the First Consul, as an upper housemaid;; but was obliged to leave her situation in an early stage of her pregnancy, on the breaking out of the war, and that Bonaparte is the father of the child’”

The *Madras Courier* followed this up in May 1804 noting:

“This damsel has undergone several whimsical examinations touching the origin of this misfortune; their Worships in the neighbourhood begining to credit the girls tale, and as the nine months are expected soon to expire, the female curiosity of their Wives and daughters is all a gog for a peep at the Suckling Consul”

The woman in the print speaks to her baby: “My Dear your Pappa – is a gay deceiver – thats what he is – but never mind my darling – I am sure you are a chip of the old block – and if you grow up you’ll be a precious comfort for Old England.”

A number of other prints were produced that alluded to Molly Applegarth’s story including *The Accouchment of Leeds*, *The Affecting Interview at Leeds* and *Molly put the Kettle on*.





“ROAST BEEF AND FRENCH SOUP”

38 [LAMBERT (Daniel)].

The English Lamb and the French Tiger.

Etching with colouring by hand (235 x 332mm). Small areas of repair in the corners from an old adhesive and trimmed closely to the border but otherwise a very good impression with excellent colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: S W Fores, April, 1806.

£1,400

There are examples at the British Museum, University of Sheffield Archives, Bodley, Harvard and Brown.

A popular theme for Napoleonic satire: English and French diets are contrasted with Daniel Lambert (1770–1809), a famous entertainer known for his colossal weight, shown eating a huge joint of roast beef and drinking a large tankard of beer while a skinny Napoleon eats a thin soup.

Lambert was born in Leicester and became famous for his weight which is stated here as “above 50 stones.” Lambert moved to London in 1806 (the same year as this print) and was exhibited at various locations with many prints depicting him.



"AH GRANTEE MEE VON LITTEL BITE"

40 WILLIAMS (Charles).
Diplomatic Dispatches or a New Messenger for Peace.

Etching with colouring by hand (240 x 335mm). A very fine impression with excellent colour, very short repaired closed tear to the right-hand side of the print; window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by S W Fores, Sept, 1806.

£1,200

Rare. There is an example in the British Museum and at Harvard and Brown.

During a series of secret exchanges between the French and British during 1806 aimed at ending the War of the Third Coalition it was said that Sir William Curtis had sent a turtle as a gift to Talleyrand. Here the turtle is shown riding in a carriage towards Paris with diplomatic dispatches strapped to the roof of the vehicle.



Boney for want of proper Sail,

Bonaparte Blockading
John Bull.

By threats bombastic would prevail.

“YE, YE ENGLISH SCOUNDREL”

41 HEIDELOFF (Nicolaus) engraver.
SAULEZ (George) designed.
Bonaparte Blockading John Bull.

Etching with colouring by hand (260 x 360 mm). A very fine impression with strong colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by R. Ackermann, Dec, 1806.

£1,800

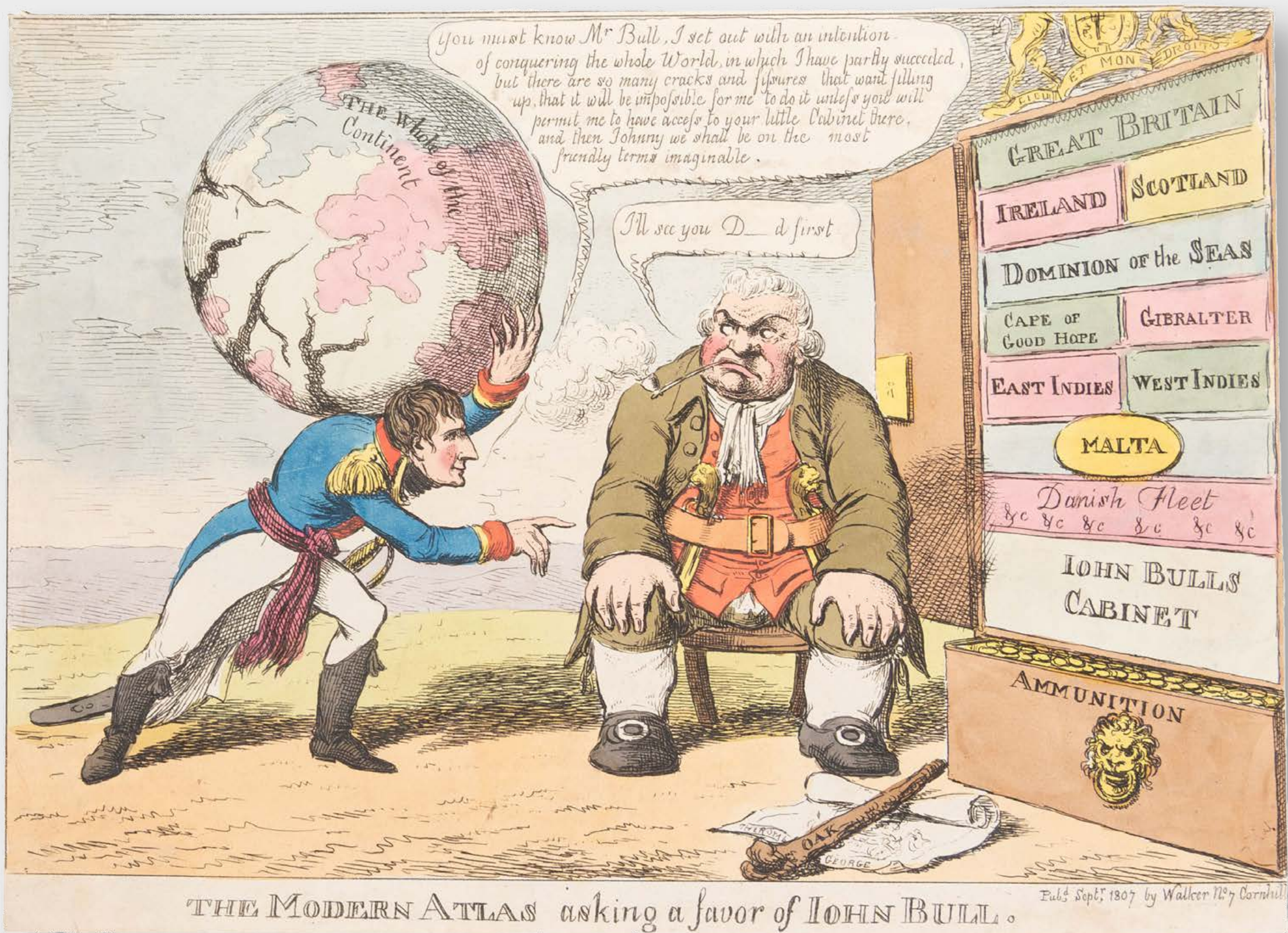
Rare. There are two examples in the **British Museum** (one coloured, the other not) and an uncoloured impression at the **National Maritime Museum** in London. There is also an example at the **Art Gallery of Ontario**.

Napoleon sails towards the English shore in a ship fashioned from his iconic bicorne hat threatening to blockade English supplies.

John Bull on the English shore replies:

“Shive me Timbers—there’s a go! ah ah! ah! ah! thy master Boney you look like Neptune crossing the Line. I suppose next will be Blockading the Moon”

A piece of English propaganda designed and executed by three European immigrants: Heideloff was of German descent but worked in London from the end of the 18th-century before becoming Director of the Mauritshuis in the Hague in 1815; Saulez was of French descent and worked as schoolmaster in London whilst also designing caricatures for Ackermann who was also German but came to London in 1787 and became one of the most successful publishers of the 19th-century.



"I SET OUT WITH AN INTENTION OF CONQUERING THE WHOLE WORLD"

42 Modern Atlas asking a favour of John Bull.

Etching with colouring by hand (235 x 315 mm). A very fine impression with strong colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by Walker, Septr, 1807.

£1,500

Rare. Not in the BM online catalogue. There are examples of this print in the Library of Congress and at Bodley.

A fine print showing Napoleon bearing the globe on his back but enquiring enviously of John Bull about English colonies in South Africa, the East and West Indies and domestically in Scotland and Ireland.



Price 1 Shilling
London Published 10 Oct^r 1807 by T^h Tegg & Co. Cheapside.

The Bear and the Monkey preparing to attack the Turkey.

"BROTHER. BROTHER. I WILL HAVE THE FIRST CUT"

43 [TREATY OF TILSIT]. The Bear and the Monkey preparing to attack the Turkey.

Etching with colouring by hand (225 x 330mm). A very fine impression with excellent colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by T[homas]. Tegg 10th Oct^r, 1807.

£2,200

Very Rare. Not in the BM catalogue. We have located only a single example at Bodley (rather stained and has a small section at the foot of the plate obliterated in black ink, this is visible in our impression and shows a price of 1 shilling.

A French and Russian alliance was proposed during the Treaty of Tilsit in July 1807 which threatened to divide Ottoman land in Europe between the two sides. Disagreements between the two countries (as shown here) led to the breakdown of the resolutions.



“VAT YOU TINK OF DE GRAND EMPEREUR NOW YOY JACK ANGLOIS”

44 WOODWARD (George Moutard) designer.
National Contrasts.

Etching with colouring by hand (236 x 328mm). A good impression with excellent colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper and possibly laid down on another sheet of paper in order to repair some short tears at the edge of the sheet.

London: by Walker, Oct^r, 1807.

£1,200

There are examples in the **British Museum** and **Bodley** and at **Harvard** and the **Library of Congress**.

A down-at-heal member of Napoleon's army boasts about the success of “de grand Empereur” to an Englishman who blows a puff of smoke in the soldier's face. The print is a response to the French victories on the Continent in 1807 such as the Battle of Friedland in June.



"BRAZILS A HOA"

45 CRUIKSHANK (Isaac) engraver. Boney Stark Mad or More Ships Colonies & Commerce.

Etching with colouring by hand (230 x 350mm). A very fine impression with strong colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: S W Fores, January 1st, 1808.

£1,100

Rare. OCLC records examples at Harvard and Brown in the USA. There are two impressions in the BM (one without colour) and one at Bodley.

The print shows an enraged Napoleon kicking Talleyrand as the Portuguese Royal fleet escape the French Navy and head for Brazil.

Napoleon had ordered the attack on Portugal to force the country to comply with his so-called Continental System which aimed to block British ships from European ports and thus cut off supply lines.



"LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR--VIVE LA LIBERTÉ!!"

46 WOODWARD (George Moutard) designer,
WILLIAMS (Charles) engraver.
National Opinions on Bononaparte [sic].

Etching with colouring by hand (236 x 345mm). A good impression
with excellent colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid
paper.

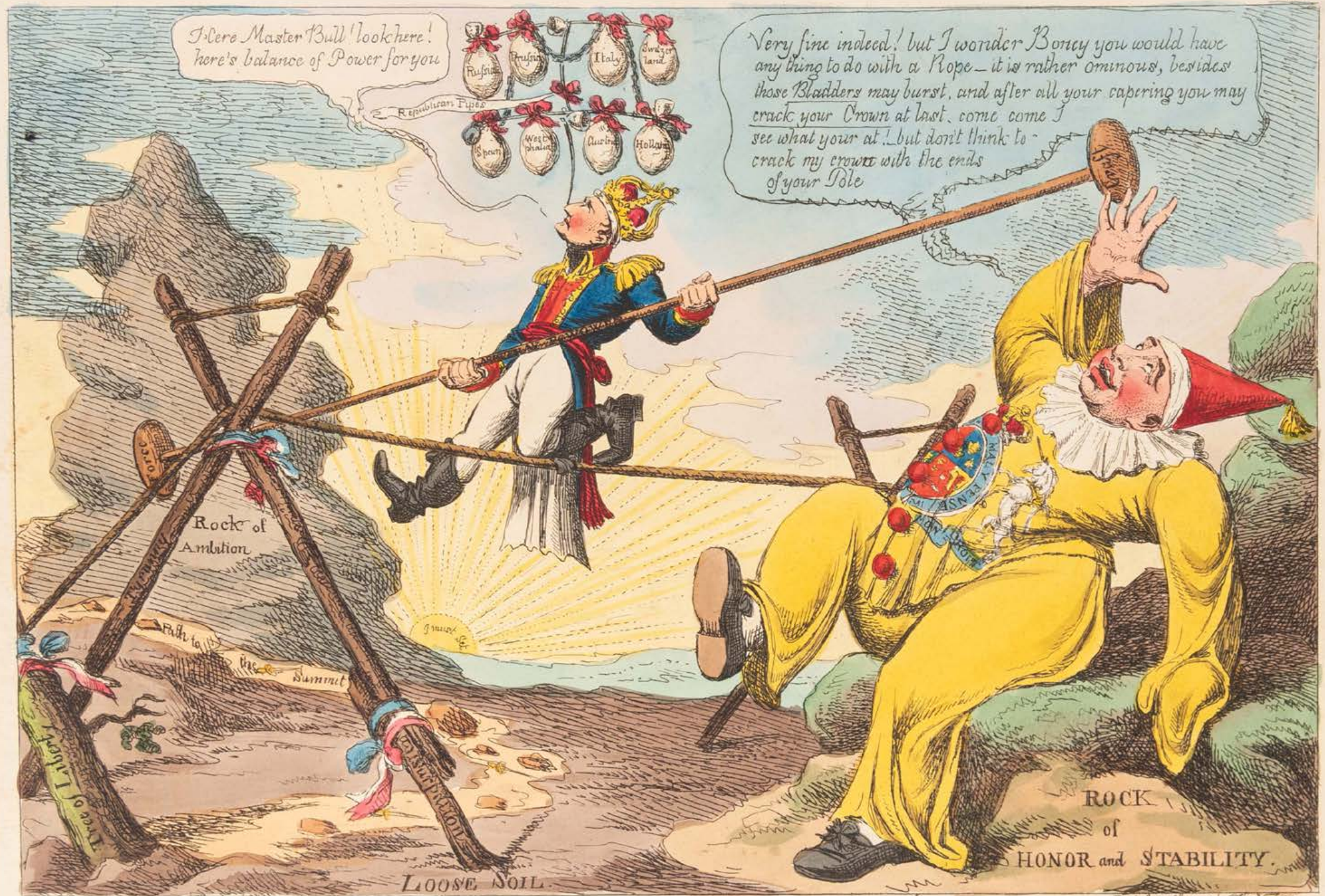
London: Thomas Tegg, 20th April, 1808.

£1,400

There are examples in the **British Museum, Bodley, Yale and Harvard and New York Historical.**

Fifteen figures in two rows, each representing a different country, give their opinions on Napoleon.

This very fine satire shows a chained French man exclaiming "Long live the Emperor.. Vive la Liberté!!" while an America man comments, "Verily the Spirit doth not move me to shake hands." John Bull, the final figure, states, "I laugh at him, and defy him, but still I don't much like him." The other countries include Egypt, Russia, China, Turkey and "Asia."



THE CORSICAN ROPE DANCER. with the Humours of John Bull. (as Clown)

Publ. June 6th 1808. by Tho^s. Tegg.
111. Chancery Lane.

"VERY FINE INDEED!"

47 WOODWARD (George Moutard).
The Corsican Rope Dancer with the
Humours of John Bull (as Clown).

Etching with colouring by hand (235 x 335mm). A good impression with excellent colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by Thomas Tegg, June 6th, 1808.

£1,800

Not in the British Museum. There are examples at Exeter Museum (Heber Mardon collection), Bodley and at Harvard and Library of Congress.

Napoleon is shown as an acrobat balancing precariously on a rope with a number of balloons (or bladders) perched on his nose representing various countries. John Bull is dressed as a clown and is being hit on the head by a balance beam held by Napoleon.



"GALLIC SUDS"

48 [PENINSULAR WAR].

Boney at Bayonne blowing a Spanish Bubble.

Etching with colouring by hand (240 x 345 mm). Small marks in the upper corners from an old adhesive but otherwise a very good impression with excellent colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by Thomas Tegg, June 12th, 1808.

£1,800

Not in the British Museum. OCLC records examples at Harvard and Library of Congress. There is also an impression at Bodley.

Napoleon is shown bombing Madrid with a cannonball marked "Friendly Visit" while blowing a bubble depicting the dejected Spanish Royal family.



Published Aug 3 1808 by T. Tegg, 111 Chancery Lane. Price 1 Shilling
Liberty arousing the Continental Powers from the Couch of Indolence!!

"AWAKE AND BEHOLD"

49 [PENINSULAR WAR]. Liberty arousing the Continental powers from the couch of Indolence!!

Etching with colouring by hand (230 x 335mm). A little grubby at the edges of the sheet but otherwise a very good impression with strong colour; window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by T[homas] Tegg, Aug 3rd, 1808.

£1,400

Rare. Not in the British Museum. There are examples at Bodley and at Princeton and the Library of Congress.

John Bull attempts to wake a Dutch man from sleep encouraging him to help fight in the Peninsular War spurred on by the Spanish victory over the French at the Battle of Bailén.



King Joe disposing of his Spanish Crown!!!

"WILL NO ONE BID FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL CROWN"

50 [BONAPARTE (Joseph)].

King Joe disposing of his Spanish crown !!!

Etching with colouring by hand (235 x 335mm). A very fine impression with excellent colour; window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: [by T[homas] Tegg, Sept 19th, [1808].

£1,500

Rare. Not in the British Museum. There is an example in the **Library of Congress.**

Napoleon's elder brother Joseph, who had recently been installed as King of Spain, is shown as an auctioneer offering his crown to representatives from various countries including an English farmer who calls out, "I'll give thee two & sixpence for it just for the fun of the thing"

Joseph Bonaparte was installed as the King of Spain in 1808 after Napoleon had persuaded the reigning Spanish monarch, Ferdinand VII, to stand aside and abdicate. Joseph Bonaparte and the French occupation were deeply unpopular in Spain and Joseph was forced to abdicate after the French defeat at the Battle of Vitoria in May 1813.



THE CONTINENTAL DOCK-YARD

"I SAY MY LADS IF HE GOES ON THIS WAY WE SHALL BE OVER STOCK'D"

51 **WOODWARD** (George Moutard). designer,
WILLIAMS (Charles) engraver.
The Continental Dock-yard.

Etching with colouring by hand (236 x 335mm). Slightly spotted in places but otherwise a good impression with good colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by Thomas Tegg, November 27th, 1808.

£1,500

Rare. There are examples of this print at the **British Museum** and **Bodley** and at **Amherst College**.

A celebration of England's naval power with John Bull shown in front of a ship yard proclaiming famous naval victories while the French ship yard opposite is shown in disarray with a ship builder warning Napoleon that it is pointless to build ships any quicker as they are simply captured by the English.



“HE HE HE. RAISE DE WIND”

SIGNED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK AND FEATURING MINITAURE VERSIONS OF PRINTS BY HIS FATHER

52 [CRUIKSHANK (George) and CRUIKSHANK (Issac)].

French Generals receiving an English Charge.

Etching with colouring by hand (245 x 335mm). Ink inscription on the image: **“By me Geo Cruikshank, / assisted by my Father I.C.”**
A very fine impression with strong colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by S W Fores, August 28th, 1809.

£3,500

Rare. There is an example in the **BM** and at **Bodley and Library of Congress.** OCLC records **McGill** only.

A very fine and important engraving signed by the 17-year old George Cruikshank and featuring examples of prints by his father, Isaac.

In a welcome break from the Napoleonic Wars the young George Cruikshank here turns to the scandal involving the Duke of York and his mistress, Mary Anne Clarke. In the print the French military officers are shown looking (and laughing) at prints (or in French “charge” or “portrait-chargé”, i.e. a caricature) which are miniature versions of prints by Cruikshank’s father Isaac on the Clarke scandal including, *Raising the Wind* (published a month before in March 1809), *Military leap frog or hints to young gentlemen* (published in 1807) and *Mrs Clarke’s Petticoat* (February 1809).

There is also a nod to reversed Irish piracies of English prints as one of the prints on the right-hand side there is a print titled “Irish Introduction” with the lettering backwards.



JEAN QUI PLEURE.

Ou le Poète Dramatique.

A Paris chez Noël, Rue St. Jacques, N° 16.



JEAN QUI RIT.

Ou le Fortuné Gastronomique.

A Paris chez Noël, Rue St. Jacques, N° 16.

A FINE PAIR OF PRINTS ILLUSTRATING THE DIVIDE BETWEEN RICH AND POOR

53 [POVERTY]. ALIX [(Pierre-Michel) engraver. Jean Qui Rit. Ou le Fortuné Gastronomique [...] Jean Qui Pleure. Ou le Poète Dramatique.

Etching with aquatint (approx 365 x 245mm). Very fine impressions on large uncut sheets.

Paris: chez Noël, Rue St. Jacques, No. 16, [1811].

£2,500

Rare. There are examples of each of the prints in the BnF but we have not traced any others.

A very fine pair of French satirical prints highlighting the vast divide between rich and poor during the Continental Blockades of the Napoleonic Wars.

Jean Qui Rit shows a man in three quarter length seated in a chair. Well-dressed in breeches, shirt, cravat and waistcoat he rests his right hand on his round belly and points out of the window with his left. The laughing man is sat in a lavishly decorated room; the arms of his chair are carved in the shape of a swan's necks, the corner of a painting can be seen over his shoulder (showing an abundant cornucopia), tasselled curtains hang over large windows and the corner of a chest on the left is loaded with sacks of cash.

Jean qui Pleure shows a man seated at a small writing table in a garret. His unruly hair stands on end, his face wears an expression of anxiety and exhaustion, he clasps his hands together. The lapels and cuffs of his frock coat are torn, his breeches are un-buttoned at the knee and his un-gartered stockings roll down his shins. A bundle of papers at his desk sit under an inkwell and quill. The top paper reads 'Drame en 5 actes. Le crime et la vengeance ou le brigand de la Calabre' [Drama in 5 acts. Crime and revenge, or the bandit of Calabria.]. The first of another stack that folds over the table ledge reads, 'Au premiere

acte une Chaumiere bone de gazon [...] le Latin. Foret on entend [...] pour un melodeame de ferie' [In the first act, a turf-covered cottage [...] Latin. In the forest, we hear [...] for a fairy melody]. Above the table a window without glass cut into the building's eaves shows a glimpse of other roof-tops and chimneys. On the far wall a bookshelf holds a couple of books a rat and torn papers reading: 'Reflesions d'un dessomate sur les arts', 'L'art de vivre Econn[...]'].

In this pair of prints, "Jean qui rit" embodies the well-fed profiteer, while "Jean qui pleure" represents the impoverished dramatist in tattered clothes, emaciated by hunger. Placed side by side, "Jean qui rit" appears to point out of his window at "Jean qui pleure", his satisfaction enriched by the misfortune of the other.

The Continental Blockades of the Napoleonic Wars were intended to support French industry and commercial power by blocking imports from the British Empire. The blockade was put in place between November 1806 and April 1814 and massively hit the French economy and lead to high inflation and rising food prices. The two prints here show how the wealthy were in many way insulated against this depression and were even able to profit by it, while the poor (including the classic writer in his garret, as here) were left in a challenging position and forced to economise.

These caricatures of the wealthy bourgeois and the starving artist were created by the engraver Piere Michel Alix (1762–1817). He studied under Jaques Philippe Le Bas who ran the largest engraving workshop in France during the eighteenth century and went on to be known for his images of the figures of the French revolution. These included prints of the members of the National Constituent Assembly, Voltaire, Helvetius and Rousseau among others.

ENGLISH MANNERS AND FRENCH PRUDENCE OR



FRENCH DRAGOONS BROUGHT TO A CHECK BY A BELVOIR LEAP.

A SCENE AFTER NATURE NEAR CIUDAD RODRIGO SEPTEMBER 1811.

London, Pub'd 25 November 1811
By H. Humphrey, J. & James Street.

Chiswick Press, Uxbridge.

"ADIEU MESSIEURS": THE TRIUMPH OF ENGLISH HORSEMANSHIP

54 ROWLANDSON (Thomas).
English manners and French prudence
or French dragoons brought to a check
by a Belvoir leap. A scene after nature
near Cuidad Rodrigo September 1811

Etching (240 x 345mm). A couple of small spots but otherwise a fine impression; window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by H. Humphrey, 25th November, 1811.

£1,200

Rare. There is an example with colouring by hand in the **British Museum**. We have also located an examples at **Princeton** (also with colour), **Windsor Castle** (coloured), **Belton House** (National Trust, coloured), **National Army Museum** (coloured) and **Brown** (coloured).

Lord Charles Manners, the famous English horseman, is shown leaping a stream on his horse leaving the disorganised French cavalry behind.

The dating of the print suggest that the print was published in the lead up to the Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo which took place in January 1812 where Manners is said to have become entangled in the French lines and avoided capture by leaping a wide stream on horseback to escape.



WHICH DROWNS FIRST, or, Boney's improved Bucket.

London, Publ'd May 1st 1812 by W^m Holland, 11 Cockspur St.

TRADE WARS

55 Which drowns first, or, Boney's improved Bucket.

Etching with colouring by hand (236 x 335mm). A very good impression with excellent colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by W. Holland, May 1st, 1812.

£1,500

There is an example in the **British Museum**, at **Exeter Museum** (Heber Mardon collection) and at **Harvard and Brown**.

A very detailed satire in which the British Secretary to the Treasury George Rose is shown submerging his head in a bucket of water while Napoleon looks on. Behind them Sir Charles Mordaunt threatens an American man, "you shall have neither Mouse Traps nor Razors" and the American man replies "You shall have no grain" while clutching a sheet of paper titled "Resolutions of Congres [sic]"

A comment on the state of trade during the Napoleonic wars with Napoleon's attempts to stifle the English economy complicated by the influence of America. Bad harvests had led to high grain prices in England and rioting had taken place which is shown in the background here with Manchester in flames.

"THE ROGUE WILL BE ROBB'D OF HIS TRADE"

56 [?HEATH (William)].

The Bear the Bulldog and the Monkey.

Etching with colouring by hand (350 x 250mm). A very fine impression with strong colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by William Holland, 24th August, 1812 **£1,200**

Not in the BM online catalogue. There are examples in the Library of Congress, Bodley and BnF.

A striking image of Napoleon with the legs of an ape being mauled by a British bulldog (with a collar reading Wellington) and a Russian bear.

A comment on Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign which ended in the winter of 1812. The text beneath reads:

*"So Bruin and Growler each play your part
And worry this troublesome Blade,
then Peace shall again delight ev'ry Heart,
And the Rogue will be robb'd of his Trade"*



THE BEAR the BULL DOG and the MONKEY.

*Damn Mischief may say "spare my Monkey good Sirs"
But I'll tell you what's best to be done
The Villain delights in such mischievous shins
That 'tis wisest to stop all his Fun*

*So Bruin and Growler each play your part
And worry this troublesome Blade,
Then Peace shall again delight ev'ry Heart,
And the Rogue will be robb'd of his Trade.*

London Pub. August 24th 1812 by William Holland. No 11 Duck Quay Street.



"COME ALONG MY PRETTY LITTLE HEROS"

57 CRUIKSHANK (George) designer.
French Conscripts for the years 1820, 21, 22, 23,
24 & 25. Marching to join the Grand Army.

Etching with colouring by hand (241 x 332mm). Neat old fold line down the centre of the sheet but otherwise a fine impression with excellent colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper. London: [published by] S. Knight ... March 18th, 1813. **£950**

OCLC reports impressions at **University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill**, **Brown**, **UCLA** and **Harvard** only in the USA; **British Museum** only in the UK and **BnF** in France. The National Library of Ireland have a reversed Dublin copy of the print by McCleary.

A satire on the aftermath of Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign of January 1813 which prompted the French to conscript 300,000 additional troops. In this print, Cruikshank imagines a future in which the French army is comprised of infants who struggle under the weight of their military equipment.

A grotesque and mutilated adult veteran calls to the children assembled round him:

"Come along my pretty little Heros. I will lead you to the Horrible Climate there you shall see the Dancing bears & play at snow balls & you shall get all the nice sugar plumbs & if you behave yourself like good Children you may perhaps get a pair of pretty wooden legs & your heads coverd with nice patches of Glory"

A child soldier wearing an over-sized helmet says "Peep bo" and another infant is struggling to hold a rifle, pleading, "I want to do [go] home to my Mamme."



THE WAGS OF PARIS or DOWNFALL OF NAP. THE GREAT.

But the circumstance said to have annoyed the Emperor most was, some Wags of Paris taking Dogs, and for several nights together, tied Tin Kettles to their tails & labels round their necks, with the words "Run away from Moscow" & giving them liberty they ran with velocity & fury in various directions to the great Entertainment of the Parisians

Courier March 1st 1813.
Pub^d March 6th 1813 by S. Knight, Sweetings Alley, Cornhill London.

"PLOT ANGLOIS!!"

BASED ON A SUPPOSED TRUE STORY

58 The Wags of Paris or Downfall of Nap the Great.

Etching with colouring by hand (233 x 335mm). A very good impression with excellent colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by S. Knight, 6th March, 1813.

£1,400

Rare. There are examples at the British Museum, Bodley and at Harvard.

A satire on Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow based on a real story reported in the English newspapers of "some wags of Paris" who "having obtained a number of dogs, they for several nights together tied tin-kettles to their tails, and labels round their necks, with the words, 'run away from Moscow,' and giving the animals their liberty, they run with great velocity and fury in various directions, to the great excitement of the Parisians" (see for example Saint James's Chronicle, 2nd March 1813).



NAPOLEON RETURNS FROM RUSSIA

59 CRUIKSHANK (George) engraver.
**Boney tir'd of War's Alarms, Flies for
 Safety to his darlings Arms.**

Etching with colouring by hand (235 x 338mm). A very fine impression with strong colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by Walker & Knight, 1813.

£1,400

OCLC records copies at **Brown** and the **Morgan Library** only in the USA. There is an example in the **British Museum**. The design is also crudely reproduced on an earthenware jug in the British Museum. There is also a reversed copy at Bodley.

A satire on Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign.

Napoleon in a ragged uniform is shown riding on the back of the devil towards his family. Napoleon exclaims, "My Reputation is gone for ever. I must plead for Peace ..." while Marie Louise consoles him, "Come to my arms my Hero, & tell me all the secrets of your Glorious Campaign."



"THEY ARE ALL COMING DOWN JONNY"

60 CRUIKSHANK (George) engraver, after,
HUMPHREY (George) designer.
Peace & Plenty or good News for John Bull!!!

Etching with colouring by hand (265 x 360mm). A very fine impression with bright colouring; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by Hannah Humphrey, March 25th, 1814.

£1,200

There are a number of impressions of this print in the **British Museum** (both coloured and uncoloured). There are also examples in the **Metropolitan**

Museum of Art, UCLA Princeton, Library of Congress and the V&A and Bodley.

A celebration of the Peace of Fontainebleau, the exile of Napoleon to Elba and the subsequent fall in food and drink prices for British consumers.

John Bull is shown dining with Louis XVIII as the Prince Regent sends down various foodstuffs such as bread, porter, and mutton marked with low prices. Beneath the table is a large cooler filled with French wine and sherry. Napoleon is shown in the background seated on a rock in the sea. Whilst the two men feast at the table a sign reading "The Old Constitution New Revived by John Bull" hangs precariously from a tree branch with the suggestion that despite Napoleon's exile the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy still posed a threat to England.

**"I THINK EUROPE WILL BE SECURE
FROM YOUR MACHINATIONS!"**

61 [WEST (Temple), artist].
Boney Boned.

Etching with colouring by hand (325 x 250mm).
A little grubby at the edges of the sheet but
otherwise a very good impression with strong
colour; window-mounted into a sheet of laid
paper.

London: by W. Holland, May, 1814. **£1,500**

Rare. Not in the British Museum. There are exam-
ples at **Bodley** and at **Brown**.

Marshall Blücher, the Prussian military leader, exam-
ines a tiny Napoleon in a marrow bone as the various
allies look on. In May 1814 Napoleon was exiled to the
island of Elba after his abdication the previous month.

This print bears a striking resemblance to a satire
published over a decade before titled *The king's dwarf
plays Gulliver a trick* (by Charles Williams for S W Fores,
1803, see BM catalogue) in which a tiny Napoleon is
again shown trapped in a marrow bone while Lord
Kirkcudbright (who was himself of short stature) towers
over him saying, "There you little insignificant Pigmy,
I've Bone'd you."



BONEY BONED.

Pubd May 1814 by W Holland. N^o 11 Cockspur St.



NAPOLEON IN EXILE

62 MARKS (John Lewis) designer. Boney and his new Subjects at Elba.

Etching with colouring by hand (230 x 335mm). A very fine impression with excellent bright colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper. Paper watermarked 1809.

[London: no publisher given, c. June 1814].

£1,500

Rare. The impression in the British Museum has "June 1814" engraved in the lower right-hand corner of the plate but that does not appear to be deleted or scratched from the present example so it may be a proof. As well as the impression in the **BM** there is one in the **BnF**.

A rare supposed view of Napoleon exiled on the island of Elba in impoverished circumstances and commanding a small gang of ragged troops who he promises to make, "Kings of you all."



A SCENE. in the ISLAND of ELBA. or *Boney and his old Friend*
STUDYING MATHEMATICS

PLOTTING AN ESCAPE FROM ELBA

- 63** HEATH (William) engraver.
A Scene in the Island of Elba, or Boney
and his old Friend Studying Mathematics.

Etching with colouring by hand (245 x 345mm). A fine impression with very good colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

[London: no publisher, c.1814].

£1,500

Very Rare. Not in the BM. We have located another impression at Bodley and one at Harvard and at Parma, Italy (Museo Glauco Lombardi).

A very striking caricature showing Napoleon seated on a commode beneath a gallows on the island of Elba with the devil at his shoulder.

Napoleon's early aptitude in mathematics had drawn him to the military and he remained interested in the subject all his life. He is shown here—rather prophetically—with a globe at his feet, quadrant in hand, plotting his escape from exile on the island of Elba.



"BEGAR I DON'T LIKE DIS WARM SITUATION"

64 [BATTLE OF WATERLOO].
MARKS (John Lewis) designer.
Boney in a Stew!!

Etching with colouring by hand (235 x 330 mm). Some old adhesive marks on the blank verso but otherwise an excellent impression with fine colour; neatly window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper.

London: by S. Knight, [1815].

£1,500

Very Rare. Not in the British Museum. OCLC records BnF only. We have located other impressions at **Bodley** and **Harvard**.

A fine satire on the Battle of Waterloo with Napoleon shown in a cauldron while Wellington and the Prussian military leader von Blücher look on.

"YE SHALL BE VAIN, FICKLE & FOOLISH ..."

65 CRUIKSHANK (George), engraver.
The genius of France expounding
her laws to the sublime people.

Etching with colouring by hand (390 x 254 mm). Slightly stained at the edges but otherwise a good impression with vivid colour; partially window-mounted into a sheet of laid paper, some old adhesive marks on the blank verso of the sheet

London: by H[annah]. Humphrey, April 4th, 1815.

£1,400

There are a number of impressions in the **British Museum**, we have also located examples at **UCLA** and **Princeton** and **UCLA**.

A striking satire on the Napoleonic Code.

A tall hideous ape holds up scroll titled "French Code of Law" for an audience of small monkeys dressed in French military costume. The Napoleonic Code, which came into effect in 1804 was seen as a modernizing and unifying system of law that replaced the many regional feudal laws that had governed France up to that point. Here the laws include: **"Ye shall kill your King one Day, and Crown his Relative the next—Ye shall get tired of him in a few Weeks—& recall a Tyrant ..."**



A Swarm of English Bees living in the Imperial Carriage!! — Who would have thought it !!! !!! !!!



A Scene at the LONDON Museum Piccadilly, or - A peep at the Spoils of Ambition, taken at the Battle of Waterloo - being a new Tax on John Bull for 1816 &c &c.

“LENT TO MR BULLOCK AS A PRUSSIAN TROPHY WITH WHICH TO AMUSE JOHN BULL”

66 CRUIKSHANK (George).
A scene at the London Museum Piccadilly,
- or - a peep at the spoils of ambition,
taken at the Battle of Waterloo - being
a new Tax on John Bull for 1816 &c &c.

Large etching coloured by hand (c.270mm x 350mm). A little foxed in the margins and on the left-hand side of the plate, large chip from the blank left-hand side of the sheet (outside the plate mark), otherwise a very nice impression with bright colour. Preserved in a modern mount.

London: published by Hannah Humphrey, Jan^y, 1816

£1,800

There are two examples of this print in the **British Museum** catalogue (one coloured and the other not). There are also examples at the **V&A** and the **Library of Congress**.

A satire on the English fascination with Napoleonic relics.

After Napoleon's capture in July 1815 his carriage was seized with the *Monthly Magazine* noting how it was: “taken by the Prussians, sold to Government, and re-sold, or lent to Mr Bullock as a Prussian trophy with which to amuse John Bull, under the sufferings which the acquisition has cost him ... Mr Bullock's rooms are constantly filled with company and at least a hundred thousand persons have already gratified themselves by sitting in the very chariot which once held Napoleon le Grand.”

This print shows English visitors to Bullock's Museum literally crawling all over the carriage and pushing other visitors out of the way to get inside. Three ladies stood to the left of the carriage clutch some white material while a gentleman tells them, “This is one of Napoleon's shirts ...”

William Bullock (bap.1773–d.1849) grew up in a family which operated a travelling exhibition of wax works. William ran various museums before eventually taking over the Egyptian Hall building in Piccadilly in 1812 where he opened his popular and lucrative London Museum. Bullock is said to have made £350,000 from selling tickets to see the carriage.