

Second book : lectures and examinations for King's College students : with the inaugural address of the Duke of Wellington.

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Royal College of Surgeons of England

Publication/Creation

London : B. Steill, [1828]

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(2.) A.
SECOND BOOK.

L E C T U R E S

AND

EXAMINATIONS

FOR

KING'S COLLEGE

Students,

WITH

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS

OF

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

But above all, O, bless this Royal College ;
Make it a *Hot-bed* of such heavenly knowledge,
As will suffice to guard the Church from evil,
And frustrate Brougham, Bentham, and the Devil.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY B. STEILL, 14, PATERNOSTER ROW,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1828.

Price One Shilling.

JUST PUBLISHED,

WITH FOUR CARICATURE PLATES,

Price One Shilling—Coloured, Two Shillings;

THE FIRST BOOK FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF
THE STUDENTS IN

KING'S COLLEGE.

Also, Price One Shilling, Coloured, or Sixpence Plain,

WITH TWO HUMOROUS PLATES,

DEEP MOURNING; or WIG versus BLACKBALL,

Being a Trial of H. HUNT, Esq. for Defamation and
Blackening his Majesty's Subjects, contrary to the Earl
Marshall's Order.

PUBLISHED BY B. STEILL, 14, PATERNOSTER ROW.

ADDRESS
OF THE
COMMITTEE
TO THE
SUBSCRIBERS.

KING'S COLLEGE,
Late New Bedlam, April 1.

YOUR COMMITTEE cannot permit the Inaugural Address and the Lectures to be committed to the press, without offering a few preliminary observations on the numerous obstructions and difficulties which have impeded their progress in this undertaking; as well as the causes that have led to the occupancy of a building, originally erected for the purpose of *instilling correct notions and principles*, into the minds of a much humbler class of his Majesty's subjects.

Your Committee, at an early period of their labours, were assailed by the base portion of the public press, in the most gross and unjustifiable manner; their *pious motives* and designs were foully libelled and misrepresented; and their valuable patrons and supporters, the Clergy,—*as virtuous and conscientious a corporation as any in the Empire*,—made the subjects of the most heartless ribaldry, and daring licentiousness. Nay, to such an extent has this infamous system been carried, that books and prints have been published, wherein the language and ideas of the venerable heads of the Institution are so successfully imitated, and daringly pirated, that many well-meaning but unwary persons have been drawn into the perusal of sentiments, the most revolting to genuine loyalty, and orthodox religion, and from which, under other circumstances, they would have turned with abhorrence.

As specimens of the prostituted ingenuity which has been used in the fabrication of such works, Your Committee refer to * “Remarks on the Objects of Public Education, addressed to the Provisional Committee of the King’s College,” and “The First Book for the Instruction of Students in the King’s College, by order of a Committee,” published by Rivington, and Steill, of St. Paul’s Church Yard, and Paternoster Row; both evidently intended, under the mask of gravity, to bring into contempt the proceedings and principles of our noble Institution.

But your Committee can now look back on such unhallowed efforts with unmingled scorn and contempt; and say to their unprincipled railers: “*Look at this magnificent and appropriate Building!*”

Your Committee found much difference of opinion amongst its Members, as to the situation most eligible for the College. The variety offered to their notice so much distracted their attention, that it gave rise to a most unfounded rumour, propagated by “The Age” Newspaper, that your Secretary and the Bishop of London were making a *job* of it!

Happy, however, are your Committee in bringing their labours to a close. They are now able to point to the various apartments of this *appropriate and commodious building*, and show that the comfort and convenience of the *Patients*† have been objects of their especial and unceasing solicitude. It will be seen that the various able Professors have, in the different galleries, *suitable stations allotted*; and the Committee have great pleasure in informing the Subscribers that the *most active and experienced Servants of the late establishment*, have been engaged, at moderate salaries, to preserve that *order and decency* becoming an *Asylum*‡ for the maintainance of *undulterated* Church and State doctrines and principles.

* This work is evidently written under the impression that the Committee are mere dolts, as it recommends the adoption of such measures, as are evident to the meanest capacity, it is written by a friend of the College, and contains nearly as much letter-press as the First Book for the King’s College without illustrations, and is charged 1s. 6d.

† The Printer’s error.—*Students* it ought to have been printed.

‡ Another vexatious error—read “*establishment*.” N. B. Wanted a good printer.

Your Committee beg to offer their most sincere thanks to the Corporation of the City of London, and to the Governors of Bridewell Hospital, for the very kind manner in which they received the application for this building, and for their promptitude in removing the former lunatic inhabitants; as well as for the facilities which they afforded the Committee when they were nearly overwhelmed by the difficulties which surrounded them. Such, indeed, at one time, was the critical state of their affairs, that a union with the pestiferous London University, seemed *the only chance of avoiding destruction*.

Your Committee have also to express their fervent gratitude to the Clergy of the Church of England for the efficient support they have received at their hands. The Committee are happy to find them so "tremblingly alive" to the *interests* of their holy and valuable establishment, and so anxious to preserve the *advantages* they have so long enjoyed; of which it is *evidently the interest*, as well as the duty, of every soldier of "the true Church Militant," to say, with Paolo Sarpi,

"esto perpetua."

The Committee cannot conclude this address, without explaining to the Subscribers and the Public, why the usual mode of constructing Lectures and Examinations is departed from in the following pages.—*We live*, as the illustrious Kenyon observes, *in extraordinary times*, and must adapt our means to the circumstances by which we are surrounded.

The Professors of King's College, after long consideration, and frequent conferences with the Committee, have determined to deliver some of their Lectures, and hold some of their Examinations in verse; requiring also, that the answers and exercises of the Students should be constructed in the same manner.

They have been induced to adopt this somewhat novel regulation, partly by the consideration that verse is a valuable auxiliary to the memory; but chiefly on account of the *intricate* and *figurative* nature of the subjects which form the most important features of the King's College System of Education. There are many axioms and doc-

trines connected with a truly orthodox course of study, which, in this "*Marching*" age, it is impossible to express in plain prose, without exciting the vigilance and hostility of the many-headed hydra of popular opinion. But in the equivocal meanderings of "lofty verse," the Professors will not only be able to express their ideas with more force and pathos, but to provide for any *future modification of sentiment* which a change of political circumstances may render unavoidable—for the public good.

To these considerations, it may be added, that there is an attractive moral influence in verse, as is well expressed by the poet,—

"A verse may catch him who a sermon flies,"

which every experienced and judicious instructor knows how to render available for the purposes of loyalty, and true religion. Your Committee hesitate not to give it as their deliberate opinion, that if the *Fathers*, and the *Homilies*, and the *Thirty-nine Articles of the Church*, were translated into modern Byronic verse, it would infinitely increase their attraction in the eyes of those who are intended to be the orthodox spiritual guides of the rising generation.

The excellence of the Lectures and Examinations which have been prepared by the able Professors of our Institution, render further observations upon this head a work of superogation; they are splendid models of eloquence and erudition, and will serve to convey to future ages some notion of THE VIRTUES, TALENTS, LEARNING, AND PUBLIC SPIRIT OF THE ARISTOCRACY AND CLERGY OF GREAT BRITAIN, IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

OPENING OF THE KING'S COLLEGE.

Monday, April 1st, 1829.

THIS being the day appointed for the opening of this Establishment early in the morning, the bells of the different Churches rang a merry peal on the joyous occasion, the sun shone most brilliantly, and all nature seemed to rejoice at the auspicious event. Long before the doors were opened, a number of old ladies were assembled, anxious to obtain admittance, and a great crowd was assembled in the neighbourhood to see the company. Soon after eleven, the carriages of the Nobility and Gentry commenced passing over Westminster Bridge; the smiling faces of the pedestrian groups, passing to the scene of action, indicated the approach of an event worthy of record. The houses in the Westminster Road were decorated with flags of various devices, emblematical of the satisfaction felt by the inhabitants at the establishment in their neighbourhood. At the College, as the time arrived, much impatience was manifested for the doors being opened, and at twelve the gates were thrown open, for the admission of those who had tickets. Our space will not allow us to enter into any particulars respecting the building, and we can only remark that the part generally known, as the RAVING WARD, has been selected for the Lecture Room: it was fitted up with much elegance and taste, and was well adapted for the accommodation of the Lecturers and Students. The room was soon crowded by nearly all the rank and talent of the country, among which were many of the friends of the London University. At a quarter past one, the Committee entered the room, accompanied by Lords Kenyon, Eldon, Winchelsea, &c. and nearly the whole Bench of Bishops, they were received with great applause, and having taken their seats at the Lecture Table, and silence being restored, the Archbishop of Canterbury, rose with evident feelings of exultation, and in a loud and full tone, spoke as follows:—

My Friends, and Fellow Christians,

let me say:—

God bless for ever this auspicious day:

God bless the King, who lends his glorious name,
To give our infant College grace and fame :
God bless great Wellington, our brave Com-
mander :

Britain's Machiavel and Alexander :
God bless the Duke of Cumberland—the hope
Of those who wish to *Brunswickize* the Pope :
God bless the Bishops, and the House of Lords ;
And give them wisdom in their deeds and words :
God bless those valiant Heroes of the Pinion,
The Duke of Newcastle and Baron Kenyon :
God bless our good Home Secretary, Peel :
God bless all champions of the Church's weal :
God bless the tithes, and dues, and surplice fees :

(*With peculiar fervour.*)

God bless the Herald, and Sir Harcourt Lees :
God bless Old Cobbett, that seven-sided—*sage* :
God bless John Bull, the Standard, and the Age :
But, above all, O, bless this Royal College !
Make it a hot-bed of such heavenly knowledge,
As will suffice to guard the Church from evil,
And frustrate Bentham, Birkbeck, and **THE DEVIL** !

*His Grace here, turning his head, added in a
low, ventriloquial tone :—*

O, pardon me, thou gentle Prince of Soot,
That I thy name with these Reformers put ;
I *must* abuse thee, for our mutual ends,
But let us still *behind the scenes* be friends ;
For howsoe'er our Bishops seem to flout thee,
Great Arch-divine ! we cannot do without thee.

How can this poor Woman whose income
is but fifteen shillings a week, with a Family
To support pay you one pound four for
Tithes My Lord Bishop?

By Fasting and Prayer



SCENE AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



This benediction was received with tumultuous applause ; when it had subsided, he stated he had composed a Song for the occasion, which he begged permission to sing, and the whole assembly would join chorus in the heigh ho's and *hiccups*, to the tune of

“ WHAT SHALL WE POOR MAIDENS DO.”

Knowledge once was all our own : heigh ho ! heigh ho !
But the jade is faithless grown : heigh ho ! heigh ho !

Oh ! the wicked, wicked Press !

Cursed cause of our distress :

'Twill surely make our incomes less—

Heigh ho ! heigh ho !

Knowledge now is every where : heigh ho ! heigh ho !
Flirting here, coquetting there : heigh ho ! heigh ho !

Wooing Shopmen, Clerks, and Pages,

Slighting venerable sages ;

Oh ! the thought my heart enrages !

Heigh ho ! heigh ho !

Tithes, alas ! are growing old : heigh ho ! heigh ho !

Almost all their days are told : heigh ho ! heigh ho !

When they're dead and buried too,

What shall we “ Good Bishops” do ?—

Why, cease to put up prayers for you :

I know ! I know !

Old and young, King's College Men : pray do ! pray do !

Try to set us right again : pray do ! pray do !

Mystify and Catechise,

Shut up people's ears and eyes ;

That we may drink and gormandize,

Hic-cup ! Hic-cup !

*His Grace the Duke of Wellington then rose, and delivered
the following*

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

My Lords and Gentlemen—

“ I am not blest

With the set phrase of peace ;”

These scars attest

"My dearest service in the tented field :

Besides,

In scenes like this,

"Tis fit that *Mars* * to Mercury should yield.

Yet, by your patience, gentle hearers, I

A round " unvarnish'd story will recite,"

Of that grand master-stroke of policy

Which bade this Institution see the light.

"Tis now some five-and-twenty summers since—

While I was busy teaching Christianity

To the poor Hindoos—that a Quaker man,

Who, doubtless, was afflicted with insanity,

Proposed a plan

By which, at small expense,

The boys and girls of this religious nation,

With ease and speed,

Might, every man of them, be taught to read—

(Almost as well as *we* do)—

And commence

A general course of useful Education.

The " good old" Genius, that is dead and gone,

Look'd on the project with a fav'ring eye—

(At least 'tis *said* so—I think 'tis a libel)

Its latent treason he did not espy ;

But forthwith made his royal wishes known,

That every child should learn to read the Bible.

' And no great harm in *that*,' perhaps you'll say ;

And so did all the Bishops of the day—

' But,' (said they too)

' 'Twill never do.'—

Does not your gracious Majesty perceive,

That when they once have learn'd to read their Bibles,

They'll read the libels

Which the vile Press will scatter in their way ?

Let them not read *at all*, illustrious sage—

If we can help it—for *they cannot read*

Much good of us—(the Standard and the Age,

And the John Bull were then, I think, unknown.)

But if, indeed,

The project *must* go on,

Let's do our best to counteract the evil,

And send this Joseph Lancaster to the Devil.

* One of the Reporters affirms, that the Noble Orator said *Venus*, and not *Mars* : but he must be mistaken, for the word has no connection with the subject ; nor is it adapted to either the metre or the metaphor. To be sure his Grace did make a mistake about the Methodists the other day.

Just so they did—they set up Doctor Bell ;
 And how the plan succeeded, you know well :
 When Bishops teach, we need n't think the Thames
 Will by their pupils e'er be set in flames.
 " The snake was scotch'd," my Lords and Gentlemen,
 But treason now another form hath taken ;
 And we have taken measures once again,
 To check its growth, and save the Church's bacon.

The London University—I see
 You shrink with pious horror as 'tis named—
 That steaming hot-bed of iniquity,
 Illustrious hearers, was expressly framed
 To undermine the Mitre and the Crown,
 And turn the Constitution * upside down !

What's Phisiology, or Hydrostatics,
 Or Larc'ny, or Materia Medica,
 Or any other branch o' the Mathematics,†
 Or Exact Sciences—what is 't, I say,
 If Church and State be left without protection,
 Or rather given as " subjects for dissection ?"
 Better, my Lords, "*the schoolmaster*," were drown'd,
 And Harry Brougham ten feet under ground !

Much did we strive against this innovation ;
 We wrote and spoke, and spoke and wrote again ;
 We muster'd all our ratiocination—
 (And 'twas n't much, God knows)—(*Aside.*)
 But all in vain :

We said that none but madmen would propose
 Such an establishment in Cockneyshire :

Good Heaven ! did they suppose
 That learning, virtue, taste, would flourish here ;
 ('Midst tallow, cotton, tea, and current prices,)
 As on the classic banks of Cam and Isis ?

Thus Wisdom cried of old, and no man heeded—
 But suddenly a *new* light on us shone ;

We saw at once, *two* colleges were needed ;
 And straightway plann'd a brave one of our own :
 So here we are in Bedlam—a fit place
 For our proceedings ; here are strength and space,

* Vide King's College Dictionary, First Book.

† This trivial *lapsus* will be liberally overlooked by those who reflect upon the nature of his Grace's former avocations. Venus and Mars are jealous deities, and allow their devotees but little leisure for cultivating an acquaintance with the puzzling technicalities of modern science.

HON. SEC.

And many circumstances that agree
 Surprizingly, with Tory policy.
 And here we'll teach the rising generation
 The arts and sciences that we admire ;
 How to transmute the labour of the nation
 Into such things as Church and State require,
 That the Old Couple may be well protected,
 Against the malice of the disaffected.
 And if the rogues of Gower Street should conspire,
 With other sparks, to—set the Thames on fire,
 King's College Mitres will be found, no doubt,
 Famous extinguishers, to put it out.

My Lords and Gentlemen,
 I cannot stay
 To say one-half of what I meant to say :
 There's Miguel, Nicholas, Lawless, and O'Connell,
 And *many other people*, who go on ill,
 Want looking after.—God be with you,—Oh !
 That one small head should carry all I know.

After the Duke had sat down, he immediately rose, and stated it was the wish of the Committee to combine *amusement with instruction*, and he would sing them the following

SONG.

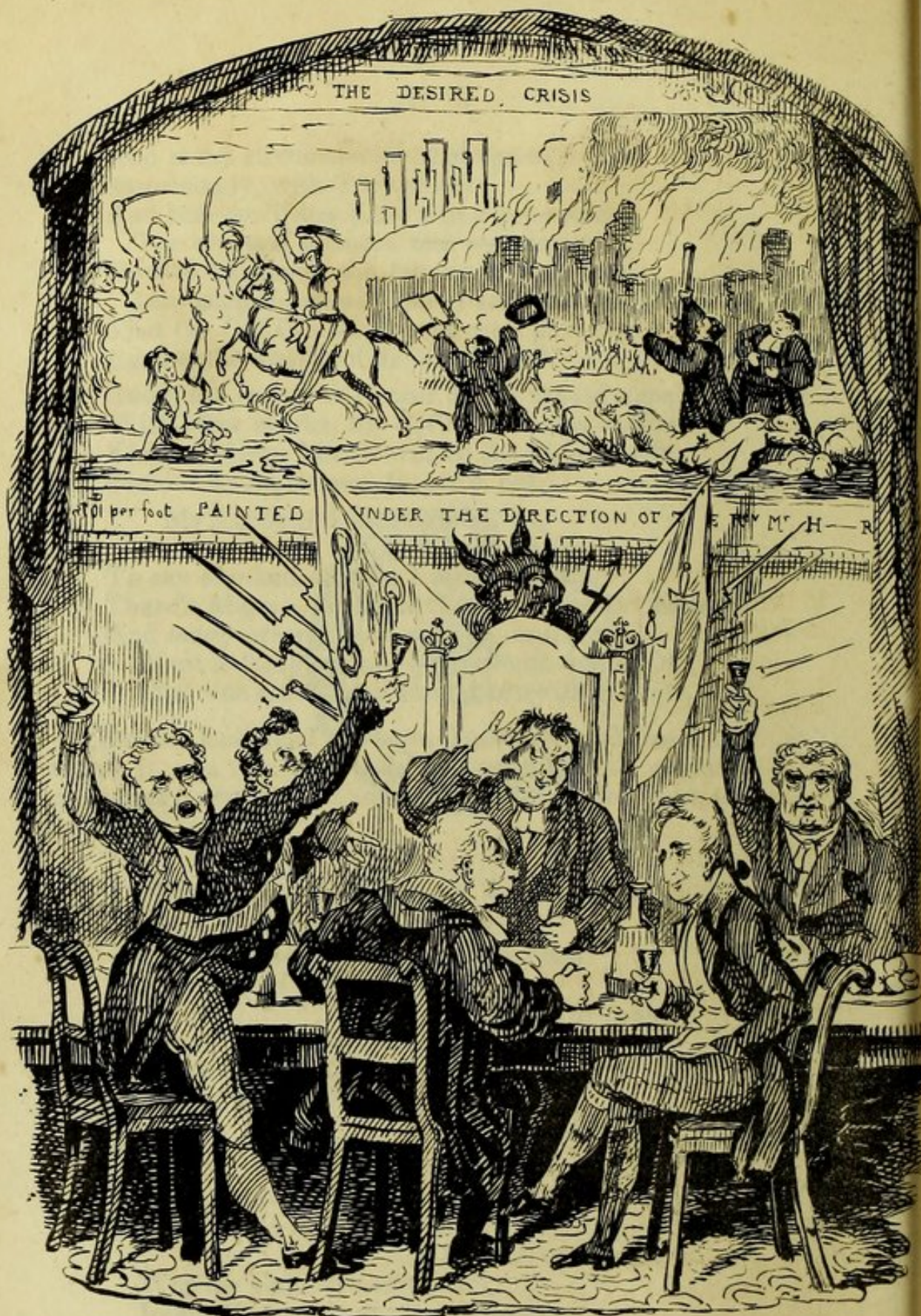
TUNE.—“ *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*”

Chiels ! who are by interest led,
 Chiels ! who sigh for Treasury bread ;
 Welcome to King's College, Bed-
 Lam, or to penur y
 Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 Think of Dan O'Connell's power ;
 See the brows of Brougham's lour,
 U-ni-ver-si-ty !

Wha would be a seedy knave ?
 Wha would fill a Liberal's grave ?
 Wha would not a pension have,
 From Church or Treasury.
 Wha for Cumberlandian law,
 Interest's sword, or pen will draw,
 Here stand, or *sell his* fa'* ;
 Let him on wi' me !

* The writer may have understood this Scottish or rather Irish phrase, but I confess I do not.—NOTE BY THE PRINTER.





A SNUG BRUNSWICK CLUB
 Gentlemen! the Health of our worthy humane & modest Chairman
 the Rev M^r H-n-r

By Lord Kenyon's moving strains ;
By Newcastle's rich domains,
By old Bags's countless gains,
Brunswickers will be.

Christian! strike the papal foe,
Lay the vile Reformers low;
Interest prompts the glorious blow,
Let us do or die!

LECTURE II.

April 2nd, 1829.

The Lecture Room was this day crowded to excess, to hear the Lecture of the Rev. Mr. Horner, who spoke as follows:---

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN :---Patrons, Professors,
and Students of King's College.

In addressing a body of men distinguished by *more intelligence* than all the rest of the world together, it would be impertinent in me to expatiate upon the excellence of the Constitution in Church and State, as by law established. I shall content myself with the statement of a notorious truth; viz. that it comprehends *more good things* than ever were before concentrated in so small a compass. I appeal to the Noble Sinecurists and the Right Reverend Prelates, by whom I am surrounded, for a confirmation of this statement. Is there not a *something worth having*, for every one who deports himself loyally and prudently, from an auditorship of the Exchequer, down to a Parish Beadle: and from the Primacy of England to a rural Vicarage?

“And shall these labours and these honours die?” shall the Papists and the Radicals, headed by the Priests and O’Connell, compete with us for the enjoyment of privileges which are peculiarly designed for the *reward and encouragement of industrious loyalty* and unhesitating orthodoxy? I persuade myself that there is not a man who pretends to rise in the scale of being, above the dignity of a cucumber, who will subscribe to so diabolical a doctrine! Gentlemen, you may, if you please, adopt a trimming, temporizing, pagan-hearted policy; you may

cloak all your timidity or your treachery under the specious name of conciliation. You may concede to the rapacity of the Popish Hierarchy the "regium domum." You may concede the land and tithes, which the state has allotted as the endowment of the Church of England. You may concede the ecclesiastical property, which by the decrees of Providence has fallen into the hands of laymen. You may concede to some needy Agitator, or Bankrupt Demagogue, those estates which the treason* of past ages forfeited, and the valour of past ages won. You may concede the Game Laws, and the Penal Code, and the Excise, and the Court of Chancery, and take in their place the Civil Code of Rome, or the Code Napoleon, or the Code Cobbett, or the Code Bentham; and when you have done this, when you have endured all these sacrifices, when you have submitted to all these concessions—then you will be rewarded with this precious alternative:—either to renounce your liberty of conscience—to close against yourselves the word of God; to abjure the religion of Henry the Eighth, and Percy Jocelyn—or to rise from the dust wherein your unresisting innocence and meekness have been trampled; "put on the whole armour of light"—that is, of light-horse Brunswickers—and leave the rascally, starving Papists not even the choice between Connaught and Hell!—(*tremendous cheering.*)

GENTLEMEN—As a sincere and humble advocate of the true religion, I would recommend a species of policy worthy of the possessors of Church Emoluments: the policy of resistance,—resistance to all who would presume to place themselves upon a level with orthodox Protestants. RESISTANCE BY AN APPEAL TO THE SWORD."†

The Reverend Gentleman was here interrupted by a burst of applause, which lasted several minutes.

I warn the Papists—I warn the Radicals—I warn the London University-ites, that if they do not look well to their goings, "they may bring down upon their heads a retribution that will be tremendous." "All that is recorded of past severities shall be light, compared with what may be then inflicted." A holy but indignant

* Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers—none dare call it treason.

† Morning Chronicle, October 2nd, 1828.

Church, "giving a loose to its resentment, and measuring punishment by provocation, may rid the country of them altogether, and rescue itself from the cruel necessity of chastising them again."*

To render unnecessary this *striking* demonstration of our zeal for religion, nothing will more materially contribute, than the formation of Brunswick Clubs, and King's College Seminaries; let every man then hasten to enroll himself a Brunswicker, and every boy a Bedlamite. If the emissaries of sedition should come preaching their pestilential doctrines, suffer them not to dwell among you, let them not find rest for their foot, but make them run the gauntlet from Paddington to Donnegal Bay. "On, for your God and your King, your Boroughs, and your Tithes! Teach your heterodox enemies that if your Christian swords have slumbered awhile ingloriously in their scabbards, they have not disgracefully rusted there. Manifest to the world that you have lost nothing of the pious energies, and loyal prowess, which signalized the days of Castlereagh and Derry, and Vinegar Hill, and Wexford Bridge. Prepare your Cords, your Scourges, your Triangles, your Cats o'nine tails, and all the hallowed evidences of Irish Protestantism, and Newcastle Loyalty; launch the blessed bark of orthodoxy upon the crimson current of subdued sedition, and sail triumphantly into the goodly haven of Aristocratical influence.

(The Reverend Mr. Horner here sat down amidst waving of Students' Caps, Professors' Gowns, and Orange Handkerchiefs, accompanied by the most tremendous cheering we ever heard. The Bishops, and other dignified Members of the Hierarchy, simultaneously sprang upon the Benches, threw up their Mitres and Fire Shovels, and danced the new O. P. dance, till they sat, or rather tumbled down, quite exhausted by the bodily exertions which this spiritual movement occasioned.)

As soon as these tumultuous indications of ultra loyalty and pure protestantism had subsided, an interesting young gentleman, whose name we understood to be Fry, (son of the celebrated "*bolter*,") stood up and sang the following song, which had been written for the occasion, by the REVEREND MR. STACK, F. C. T. D.

* Morning Chronicle, October 2nd.

SONG.

TUNE—"Huzza for the Bonnets of Blue."

Huzza! for the Bishops and Priests!
 Tithes, Offerings, Glebe-lands and Feasts!
 Like ivy we'll cling,
 To the Church and the King,
 Huzza! for the Bishops and Priests!

'Tis good to have livings in store,
 Ten thousand per annum, or more;
 So ne'er in the lurch,
 Will we leave Mother Church,
 Unless—*she should chance to get poor.*

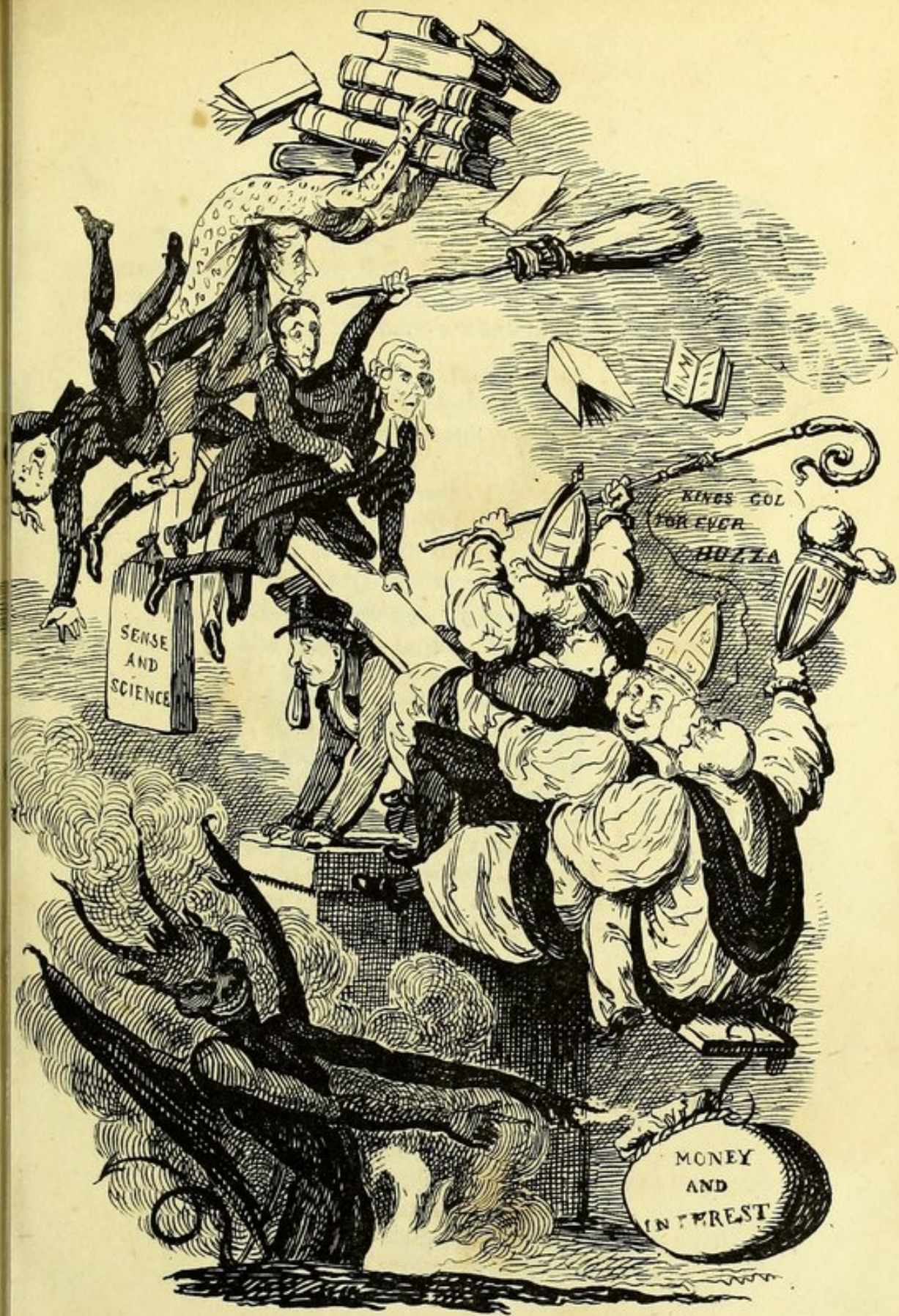
Because we wont give them the same,
 The Paddies are all in a flame;
 Let's over the water,
 The Scoundrels to slaughter,
 And Catholic turbulence tame.

Away with your peace-making balms,
 And mercy's inglorious qualms,
 With cannons and swords,
 And not with mere words,
 We'll keep our old Mother from harm.

Dan O'Connell may talk himself dry,
 Huff and swagger, swear, slander, and lie;
 The Duke of Newcastle,
 Shall cope with the Rascal,
 And hang the old Papist on high.

Our Crusade the Bishops will bless,
 And the Parsons in flocks to it press;
 Another would come,
 But he weighs twenty stone,
 And can't leave his dear Marchioness.

So now all ye Brunswickers brave,
 As you hope your choice *morceaux* to save,
 Come gird on the sword,
 With the help of the Lord,
 Send each Catholic brute to his grave!



KINGS COLLEGE VERSUS LONDON UNIVERSITY
or Which is the Weightiest



April 3rd, 1829.

The interest caused by the Duke of Newcastle delivering a Lecture, on Catholic Emancipation, drew a most fashionable audience.

Previous to its delivery a Student sang the following

SONG.

NEW CHURCHES.—Tune, "*L, A, W.*"

Good people all who hear me,
Now pray don't try to jeer me,
I've something sad—Oh! dear me!

To say about the Church;
It's almost in the lurch;
Yes, nearly off its perch.

His Majesty has lately sent
His gracious Letters Patent,
To have the Pewter Plate sent,

Collections to obtain,
And pious purses drain—
I speak it with much pain.

The Bishops are too needy,
The Parsons all too seedy,
To part with any ready,

To build up Churches more,
Which makes us very sore:
And, what's a greater bore,

The nobles can't afford it,
Their money, they will hoard it,
So snug they all have stored it,

They wont subscribe a *sous*;
We therefore come to you;
This awkward fact is true,

The Parsons are too many;
Some have not Churches any,
Whereby to turn a penny,

And take their tithes when due:
They are quite a wretched crew:
For your kind help we sue.

And if your cash you'll lend us,
To Heaven you'll attend us,
Where the church will surely send us,

Beyond the Devil's paw;
Which has got such a deuce of a claw,
All niggard souls to draw!

'Tis all very well
 for Republican jaws,
 To talk of a share
 in enacting the laws ;
 And managing " National interests "—
 Oh, ho !

*I wonder where my
half score members would go!*

If swinish Plebeians
should doctor the Nation,
With cure-all specifics
of Representation!

No, no, my young heroes,
our only dependency
Is, to *study* and *fight for*
the Protestant ascendancy.

I've written a letter
to Kenyon to say,

That Religion will shortly
be put on half-pay,

And *Boroughs* come down,
at a devil of a rate,

And Tithes and Morality
share the same fate,

If we do not throw in
the NO POPERY leaven,

As we did in the year
eighteen hundred and seven.

I've talked about "*Mammon*,"
and "*God*," and "*the Nation*,"

And the glorious
Percival Administration,—

(Little Spencer will laugh,
when he hears of our tricks

By the next Brunswick steamer
that crosses the Styx)—

And the old "Scarlet" Lady,
and "*hot-beds of Popery*,"

With a great deal of other
legitimate *tropery*,—

(Not *trumpery*, Students
but *tropery*, from τροπος :

An elegant *twisting*,
to answer one's purpose.)

I have shewn that a system
of pacification,
Is nothing but public
“ demoralization ;”
That “ concession” and equity,
are acts of insanity,
Destructive entirely
of *our* Christianity ;—
I ask’d very gravely—
“ if we go on thus,
Deserting *our* God,
will not *he* desert *us* ?”
And added, with splendid
rhetorical *vis*,
“ Will he not be avenged
on a nation like this ?”
Our Government seems to be
moon-struck, quoth I ;
Rebellion hath lifted
her banners on high,
And stalks with her sev’n-league boots
through the realm ;
Yet still, “ Moderation’s” the word
at the helm.—
There’s the Catholic Rent, too ;
Why do they not seize on
That fellow, who, many years since,
for his treason
Deserv’d to be hang’d ;—
but instead—do you see ?
He’s suffered to write himself down
an M. P. !
A member, O shame !
of that model of purity,
Which, *under good management*,
forms *our* security.

All this pretty logic,
and full as much more,
I us'd, (and by George,
'twas our *dernier resort*,)
To stir up the people,
to shield us from evil ;
And make them believe
that the Pope was the Devil.

But Students !
 A word of religious
 Imprimis ; remember,
 The glorious prospects
 That beam on this College,
 Who'll study to quell
 Who'll rival the Frys
 And save our religion,
 Keep Winchester, Lambeth,
 And never forget,
 Oh ! do not commit
 As to give up the blessings
 But shuffle and truckle,
 And keep your own council,
 And if conscience should whisper
 Tell the cottage-bred hag,
 Denying yourself,
 For the good of the Church,
 before I can utter adieu—
 instruction for you.
 my promising boys,
 of sinecure joys
 of Bedlam, for those
 the Church Militant foes ;
 and the Horners in brawling ;
 and Boroughs from falling :
 and York in your eye ;
 that your hope is *on high*.
 such an act of insanity,
 of our Christianity.*
 and lie and deceive ;
 and laugh in your sleeve.
 a word of remorse,
 you are carrying your cross :
 and her foolish dictation,
 and the state, and the nation.†

* "Every patriot rejoiced in the appointment of the Duke of Wellington to the head of affairs. The lover of his country fondly hoped that the time had at last arrived, when an end would be put to the hateful system of liberalism, neutrality, and conciliation. The last session of Parliament was pre-eminently stained by liberalizing religion. We thus invest our enemies with the power taken from our friends, and to fill up the measure of our misdoing, we offend our God in the disowning of Christianity.—Will he not be avenged upon a nation like this ?"—*Vide Duke of Newcastle's Letter to Lord Kenyon. Bravo ! Legitimate Legislator ! ! !*

† "NATION :—The Clergy and the Aristocracy united."—*Student's First Book.*

I'd lengthen my Lecture ;
 but Winchelsea waits,
 To shew me a draught
 of some Brunswick debates,
 Which he wishes, to-night
 by the steamer to go,
 For the use of friend Satan's
 King's College below.
 Be steady ; be cunning ;
 be solemn ; be true
 To Protestant Ascendancy ;
 Pupils, adieu !

As the Noble Lecturer quitted the chair, a Student commenced singing the following appropriate parody ; and the walls of the Asylum reverberated with the chorus of the whole assembly.

Tune.—Rule Britannia.

When Newcastle, at Nick's command,
 Arose from out his dark* domain,
 This was the watch-word of the band ;
 And Cumberlanders sang this strain—
 Rule, Newcastle ; Newcastle, rule the knaves :
 Brunswick-ize the low born slaves.

Let Statesmen, not so bold as thee,
 To " liberalizing " schemes accord ;
 But thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 Our glorious letter-writing Lord !
 Rule, Newcastle, &c. &c.

MATHEMATICAL EXAMINATION.

By Doctor Fry.

1. The successive gradations of rank in the Aristocracy being in proportion to merit, a proof is required.
2. Where must an eye be placed, to see distinctly the object of the Catholic Association, the consequences of the Blockade of the Dardanelles, the occupation of the Morea by the French, and the effects of a Civic Feast?
3. Given, that a dignified Clergyman will preach six

* " Coals, My Lud, come from Newcastle."—*Tristram Tickle.*

sermons in the course of a year, having an income of £3,000 per annum, how many would he preach if he had no income at all?

4. To determine the least quantity of intellect sufficient to qualify an individual for a lucrative sinecure place; the subject being in possession of a powerful Parliamentary Interest.

5. Construct a *Pericranium* on the principles of the Duke of Newcastle's, and point out the uses to which it will be applicable.

6. A chasm appears, reaching from the base to the parapet of the New Palace; how much money will it take from the French Claimants' fund to fill it up?

7. Find the periodic time of a suit in Chancery, and determine in general, the extent of justice awarded.

8. Determine the quantity and quality of food sufficient for three pigs, and six Irish Catholics, making allowance for the portion of nutriment absorbed by the hog-trough.

9. Find the actual value of the National Debt; and thence explain the general expression of a Fundholder's Phiz, on receiving a Government Circular, declaring the necessity of reducing the interest.

10. Construct a theorem by which the precise time of the next General Panic may be ascertained.

11. Prove all the roots of *radical reform* to be *irrational* or *impossible*.

12. Given that Candied Orange Peel is a component part of an English Plum-pudding; what similar body, and what proportion of it will be necessary for the construction of a substantial meal every day, and a glass of whiskey punch, for five millions of Irish Catholics.

13. Compare the eccentricities of Dan O'Connell, Parson Irving, and Jeremy Bentham.

14. Find practically the nature, extent, and public utility of the income of a Protestant Bishop.

15. Seventeen lawyers are suspended from different points, in a common system, at the Old Bailey; to find the justice of the execution.

16. Compare the dimensions of intellect of the Earl of Winchelsea and Richard Shiel.

17. Given, that fourteen *dead* bodies are necessary for the Monthly Anatomical Lectures at St. Thomas's; how

many living subjects will be required in the year 1829, for the Brunswick experiments at St. Patrick's.

18. Required to find the *functions* of a sinecure.

19. Investigate the stultifying power of King's College, and ascertain how many such Institutions will be required to *unteach* the people of Great Britain and Ireland what they have learned during the last twenty years.

20. Construct a theorem by which every troublesome and impertinent question put to the Houses of Parliament may be instantly answered.

21. Given, the three tails of a Counsellor's Wig required the amount of Common Sense contained beneath it.

22. Sum the Public Services of the Aristocracy of Great Britain; and determine how many pages foolscap will be necessary for the record.

23. Compare the intellects of the former, and present occupiers of this Building (New Bedlam), and determine which preponderate in the scale of public utility.

NOTE.—Our readers will perceive a plate, descriptive of a scene that took place at the Mansion House, on the subject of a poor woman being summoned for not paying a rate imposed in lieu of tithes; it was our intention to have delivered a Lecture on that subject, but the want of room has caused this omission. We intended to show that priests were always an artful race of men, determined to obtain all the worldly advantages that ignorance, fraud, or law would allow; and we were not disposed to shelter the present Bishop of London from this general charge, as Rector of the Parish of Bishopgate, in which the transaction took place. Many of our readers are aware of a claim being made of 2s. 9d. in the pound in some parishes in the City of London, in lieu of tithes. Although in this country tithes are of Popish origin, and device, and is one of the greatest robberies ever perpetrated by that church, in the plenitude of its power, still they have been retained by the Church of England in spite of the disaffection and hatred they engender. The Bishop of London, possessing the cunning of the tribe, knowing that the claim of 2s. 9d. in the pound was legally doubtful, and that the demand for tithes in the City of London was odious, and that his parishioners (many dissenters and quakers) were unable and unwilling to contest the matter in a Court of Law, agreed to an Act passing to extinguish tithes, and in lieu thereof to secure for ever to the Rector for the time being the sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED POUNDS per annum, clear of all deductions and expense of collecting. In order to raise this enormous sum, the scene at the Mansion House was selected, as a specimen of the misery caused by the imposition of such a vile tax.