

7.
RIGHT AND EQUALITY, CONSTITUTION,
ORGANIZATION, AND KINGS,

E X P L A I N E D;

O R,

ONE PENNYWORTH OF TRUTH,

IN AN INGENIOUS

L E T T E R

FROM

er
FI
H O M A S B U L L

TO HIS

Brother John.

To which are added,

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
S THEY ARE NOW ADOPTED IN FRANCE.

ALSO,

KING, LIBERTY, AND LAWS,

A NEW SONG.

DUMFRIES: PRINTED AND SOLD BY

CUTHBERT M'LACHLAN.

One Pennyworth of Truth, &c.

Dear Brother,

THERE has always been such a good understanding between us, that you and I can speak our minds freely to one another. Our father, you know, was always maintained the character of a blunt, honest, sensible man; and our mother was as good a sort of woman as ever lived. They gave us the best teaching they could afford, and the neighbours have never counted us fools. But for some years people are taking great pains to make us so, and roge into the bargain. They have tried their skill upon me, and so they will upon you; but I write you this letter to give you warning, that you may look to yourself. For it seems, John, you and I are now to learn every thing from those conceited monkies, the French. Nobody knows anything now but they, and some Englishmen at home, who hate this country as bad as the French do. With talking about Right and Equality, and Constitution, and Organization, and such like, they made my head turn round; I see now pretty well what they mean.

They begin with telling us *all mankind are equal*: that's a lie, John; for the children are not equal to the mother; nor the mother to the father; unless where there is *petticoat government*; and such families never go on well, the children are often spoiled, and the husband brought to jail. But I say people are not equal. The clerk is not equal to the parson; the footman is not equal to the squire; the thief at the bar is not equal to the judge upon the bench. If it were as they say, then the clerk might get up into the pulpit—the footman might sit at the top of the table—the thief might take his place upon the bench and try the judge—and the coachman might get into the coach and drive his master on the box; who, not knowing how to drive, 'tis ten to one but he overturns him. Pretty work that should have with their equality; but let us have patience and go on with them.

You and I were taught that God governs the world, and at nobody has any power in it but such as he gives them: *there is no power but of God*: and our Saviour allowed it even in Pontius Pilate, the Roman Judge. But you are to believe now, out of the *French Bible*, that all power is of the people, that is, of you and I, Thomas and John Bull. But if the people in any great national question of difficulty, which is very possible, should be divided into two parties, who are the people then, John? They that lay hold of a sword first, and get to be strongest, will always call themselves the people, and the rest must go to be hanged, or lose their heads. If you and I should quarrel about our rights, and there were no law above us, then there's *People Thomas* against *People John*, and we must settle it by a civil war; for when there's no law, there's nothing left but the sword or the halter to settle all differences: so I must cut your throat or you must cut mine. That is what always comes of the power of the people, as it is now in France; where all questions have been carried by cutting off heads, and hanging people upon lamp irons; and then, you know, they that are hanged can give no vote, and they that are left are all of a mind. But, however, they are as far off from being settled now as they were four years ago; and one of their new Kings (*Marat*) said they must have *two hundred and eighty thousand more heads off* before they should be right.

Now for their wise notions about *Government*. As all power is in the people, they say there can be no lawful government but what the people make. When all power is taken from those who are now entitled to it by law, and put into the hands of the mob armed with pikes and daggers, that's a *Constitution*, John. Then out of this, the wild mob raises what they call *Organs* and *Functions*, and makes a Government; but they have been as it is in France for four years, and though they have worked very hard sometimes, they have hardly got to the beginning yet.— And now have you not sense enough to see what a fine contrivance this is for plundering every gentleman of his property, his house, his land, his goods, and his money, under a pretence that every thing belongs to the *Nation*?

And it holds as well, or better, against churches, than against private houses. They tell you farther, that no man has a right to any thing but what he *earns himself*; so you and I, *John and Thomas Bull*, worked ever so hard and leave what we have to bring up our children in the world, they will have no right to it because they did not earn it themselves. This notion cuts off all right of inheritance, which is the most sacred upon earth, and without which it would not be worth while either to work or to live; for the *Nation* may meet, make a new Government, and take it all away at a stroke. I'll tell you a story: Some while ago a highwayman met with his death upon the road for demanding a gentleman's money: 'Thou fellow,' (said a wag) 'was a good *Patriot*; who, supposing the gentleman might have more money in his pocket than he *had earned*, discovered that it was the property of the nation: so, making *himself* the nation he only demanded his own property. But the gentleman being rather too quick for him, shot the *Nation* through the head, and spoiled the new principles of Government.' This was bad luck: that man might have lived to have given us a continuation of *Thomas Pain*.— And now, John, I'll tell thee plainly, the new nation of Government from the mob, is the foolishest, as well as the most rascally, that ever entered into the world: and the very people, that have raised themselves to power and plunder by it, will be fools enough to deny it. They will be telling us presently how God has fought for the French against the Prussians and Austrians; while they don't believe there's a God in the world.

Let us hear next what they have to say about Kings. We are shortly to have no more of them, neither *below* nor *above*, *Tom Pain* having been heard to declare, that when he had made revolutions against the Kings upon earth, he would try his hand at a *Revolution in Heaven*. You see, John, who they are that talk against Kings:— they never fail to talk against God Almighty; and in such words as the devils of hell dare not utter! When they pretend to argue with us, they tell us, all Kings are bad, that God never made a King: and that all Kings are very

expensive. But that all Kings are bad cannot be true; because God himself is one of them: he calls himself *King of Kings*; which not only shews us he is a King, but that he has *other Kings under him*: he is never called *King of Republics*. The scripture calls Kings *the Lord's anointed*: but who ever heard of an anointed republic? There are now, Brother John, many thousands of Frenchmen, who have taken to themselves that power which belonged to their King: where shall we get oil enough to anoint them all?—And what would they be when we had done? They would not be the Lord's anointed; they would be the *Mob's anointed*: and there is little doubt but that, proud as they are at present, somebody will *anoint* them well at last.

That God never made a King is a great lie; when we hear him telling us in his own words—*Yet have I set my King upon my holy Hill of Zion!* Did not our Saviour say he was *King of the Jews*; and was not he crucified for saying so? The Jews who crucified him have never had a King of their own from that day to this: not because they dislike a King, but because they are not good enough to have one. They are the only nation upon earth that ever were or ever will be in a state of equality: and it has been a great and mighty work of God to make them so. No power can make men equal, but that which makes men Kings. And what should we get by it? We should be just where the Jews are; a proverb to all nations; a monument of the Divine wrath; and a disgrace to the world.

Kings are very expensive things, said the Presbyterian at Birmingham, when they were going to make their French Revolution dinner.

That may be true, Brother John; but if Kings keep us from such miseries as the *want of a King* has produced in France, they deserve to be well maintained, let them be who they will. When there is *no King*, then every man does that which is right in his own eyes; and you may see, Brother John, not in the eyes of any body else: and you may see in your Bible, how people were given up to Sodomy and murder, and how sixty-five thousand of them presently fell in battle, because there was nobody at that time set

over them. Look about you, like a man of sense, and you will soon see that bad subjects cost more money than good Kings. Our national debt, for which we are now paying such heavy taxes, was doubled by the troubles in *America* all brought upon us from the beginning by the Dissenters there and here. Did not Dr *Price* write for them? And did not the Birmingham Dr, (late one of the King's-children of France) encourage them, and write mob principles of Government, to justify them? Yet these people who brought our burdens upon us, are they that rail most at the expensiveness of our Government, and use it as a handle for overturning it: just like the devil, who drives men into sin, and then gets them damned for it if he can: and then he is pleased, because he delights to be the author of *Misery*: that is his *greatness*; and some people have no notion of *any other*: so they massacre poor Priests; rob and plunder their country and their church; put Kings and Queens in prison, try them as they please, and then behead them; and then sing *Ca Ira* for joy that *Hell is broke loose*.

I have Nothing more to say, (till my next Letter) but that the Government, which is most wicked, be the form of it what it will, is generally the weakest in itself, and the most expensive to the people: and so, after all that can be said, *Honesty is the best policy*, and the *honest man is the best subject*. Keep this in your mind, Brother John; and farewell. From your loving Brother,

THOMAS BULL

P. S. Perhaps they may tell thee, John, that thou hast nothing to lose, and that any change may be to thy advantage; but thou hast a *Body* and a *Soul*: and if the body goes to the gallows, and thy soul to the devil, won't that be a *loss*, John?

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, as they are now adopted in FRANCE, translated from the French.

1. NO Gods we'll have, like fools of old;
No Deity we'll serve but Gold.
2. Saints images you may purloin,
And melt them into ready coin.

3. God's name you shall no more adore—
For all *above us* we abhor.
4. No more on Sunday read or pray,
Religion now is done away.
5. No more regard what parents say,
Each child is free to take his way.
6. No more are ye forbid to kill,
Cut throat and murder whom ye will.
7. The crime adultery we disown,
And all mens wives use as our own.
8. Take every thing we meet by chance,
Thieving's no more forbid in France.
9. False witness bear in any thing,
That can injure a Lord or King.
10. Covet and seize whate'er you see,
French Liberty makes all men free.

KING, LIBERTY, AND LAWS; OR,
FRENCH LIBERTY & TOM PAIN IN THE SUDS.

A NEW SONG. (*Never before printed.*)

Tune—*Hearts of Oak.*

YE Britons so brave, so bold, and so free,
Come lend your attention and listen to me;
I shew you most clearly the plots that are laid,
To steal all your comforts—your blessings invade:
Chorus—But to join in the cause
Of King, Liberty, and Laws,
Ye always are ready,
And steady, boys, steady,
To defend our Old England, huzza! boys, huzza!
The French most perfidious we ever have found,
Old England they hate, and would fain pull her down;
Our glory they envy—our happiness too,
And would change our old gold for their tinsel so new:
But we'll shew in the cause, &c.
I'm afraid that the Lion of Old England should wake,
They try for to steal that they dare not to take;
They pay wicked men to seduce you with lies,
And to rob you securely, throw dust in your eyes:
But they'll find in the cause, &c.

over Religion or Laws the vile Jacobins own,
 Their God they deny—their King they've pull'd down;
 To gain their own ends the people they cheat,
 Then leave them too not a morsel to eat!

Then let us in the cause,
 Their trade is all gone—there is none now to buy,
 The rich are all banish'd—the poor left to die!

No corn in their markets—no coin in their states;
 No ships in their ports—no faith in their gates!

But they'll find in the cause,

But look ye, bold Britons, around you and see,
 The contrast how great—ye are happy and free;

Here Peace spreads her olive, and Plenty her store,
 And Justice alike guards the rich and the poor:

Then shew in the cause,

Our commerce is great—manufact'ers well paid,

The world is our mart, so extensive our trade;

All, all have employment—the idle alone

Have cause of complaint—but the fault is their own:

Then firm in the cause,

Our nobles for Liberty freely will bleed,

Since they planted her first in the fair Runnymede;

Most sacred our gentry her boughs will sustain,

From the blows of vile France, or their engine *Tom Paine*

is Then firm to the cause,

Our soldiers are loyal, brave, honest and true,

And our sailors unmatch'd should ye search the world thro'

The poor when industrious, have plenty and ease,

And charity shelters old age and disease:

Then firm to the cause,

Great George is our Father, Protector, and Friend,

And firmly our rights and his own will defend:

—Then uniting our hearts and our voices we'll sing,

And pray for long life and long reign to our KING!

And staunch to the cause,

Of King, Liberty, and Laws,

Be ever most steady,

And ready, boys, ready,

To defend our Old England, *buizza!* boys, *tuza!*

F I N I S.