

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.

“ ————— 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 Harbourgh, 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 Harbourgh, 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 Harbourg, 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 piteous 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.

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