Moore's General Almanack for 1835
Being the third after Bissextile or Leap Year

INDEPENDENCE AND BEGGARY

A second Daniel come to judgment ("MP formerly for Colchester, and latterly for Southwark"): "Oh dear! this is through not voting against my conscience!"

Conscience be d–d! who ever heard of conscience in a Member of Parliament? You dirty spalpeen, why the devil don't you do as I do, turn any way to suit the People, and then you would not lose your place!"

The Collision: or anything but a "Free Conference" between the PRIME COVES of the State

You'll perhaps ax wot means by the representation –
Why it's roguery, practised in every nation;
'Tis a mirror wherein at full length do appear,
Lords & Commons reflected in true characters queer;
All statesmen are Prigs, and most all, we know,
For interest sake false actions will show.
Twig O'Connel in one cart, driving the Commons,
As the second-rate Scamp – all reg'lar sessions;
Whipping on Russel, a high-mettled horse
Who gallops on merely by weedling and force,
Twig Nosey the Soldier, with a cart full of muck –
Scamp Lords, or "Smell come end o' luck";
The first order of Scamps, who live by the crack,
Drawn by Sly Lyndhurst, an old Yankee hack.
Each drives different roads, to wit their own views;
Knowing, when honest ones sleep, rogues get their dues.
Take which road they may, they drive over the people,
These two orders of Prigs have broken asunder.
About a division of shares in th' general plunder;
A hatred quite mutual starts thro' this division,
And, to upset each other, they cause a collision.
'Tis true the first order of prigs is the weakest abreast,
Being on the wrong side of the road, they come off second best
And are nearly capsized, & shook in the main,
But the pluck of the Yankee soon rights 'em again.
Now who's to decide upon damages done?
Poor John Bull, their victim, will pay for the fun;
They're both on the cross, and comes in collision –
Bull is their victim, and they scorn his decision.
Thus, gentle Reader, you see ('tis plain observation)
The Great are all Scamps, in every nation;
All Patriots about Freedom will kick up a riot,
Till their ends are all gain'd – their jaws then are quiet;
And by dint of their Tricks, each feathers his nest,
And plundered Bull, in collision, comes off second best.

"Popery or no popery?
That is the question! - or
John Bull in a fix"