

### The Law overthrown.

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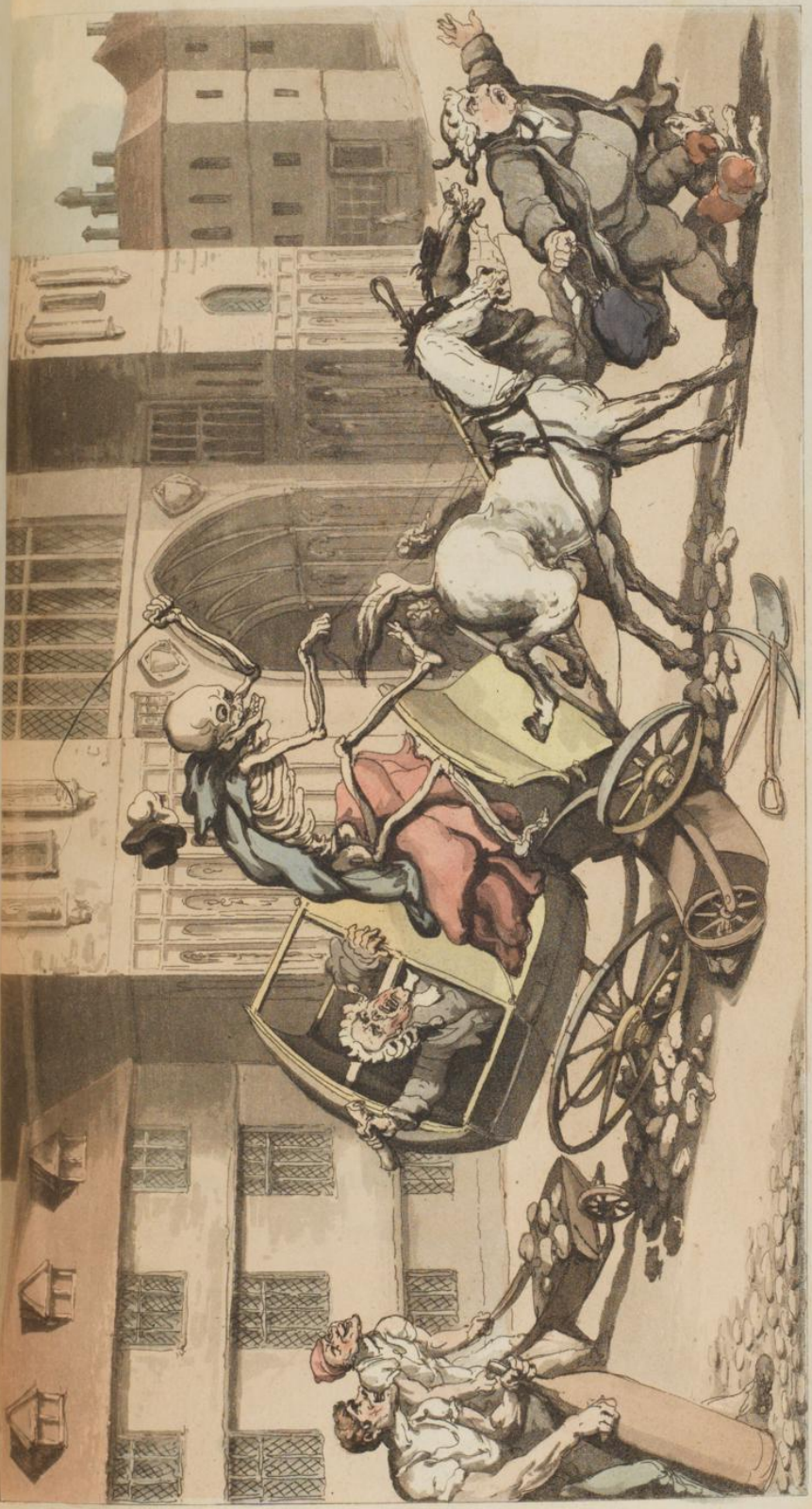
IT is not easy to conceive,  
That social Law should e'er deceive;  
That what for our protection's made  
Should prove a pettifogging trade.  
Form'd on maxims just and true,  
Bearing Man's happiness in view,  
And in the clear distinction strong  
Of what is right and what is wrong;  
Yet it is made our lives to fill  
With sad varieties of ill;  
And thus the most opprobrious fame  
Attends upon the *Attorney's* name.  
—Nay, these Professors seem asham'd  
To have their legal title nam'd:  
Unless my observation errs  
They're all become *Solicitors*,



THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Law overturned.

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The Serjeant's tongue will cease to brawl  
In every Court of yonder Hall.

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of the Fraternity.  
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the News-paper Diari  
the now the Fashion to  
To such a one—*Sollicito*  
his *Attorney* his Add  
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To account that an *Atto*  
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between the Classes of t



A change that's now assum'd, we see,  
By all of the Fraternity.  
If they're oblig'd to advertise  
In the News-paper Diaries,  
'Tis now the Fashion to refer  
To such a one—*Solicitor*,  
Ask an *Attorney* his Address,  
He will no more the name confess,  
And on his printed Card is seen  
*Solicitor*—in Street, or Inn,  
Though he had never got so high  
As one fat Suit in *Chancery*.  
—Unless the daily Prints deceive  
*Attornies* must for ever live;  
At least, no Paragraph supplies  
Th' account that an *Attorney* dies:  
Tis the *Solicitors* alone  
Whom they with deathly notice own.  
—But still distinction must be made  
Between the Classes of the Trade:

For he who guides the wordy war  
 That marks the Contests of the Bar,  
 Where we oft hear superior sense  
 Cloth'd in the brightest Eloquence,  
 Must not partake the common feelings  
 That wait upon th' *Attornies'* dealings.  
 They are a class in ev'ry Nation  
 Who live alone by Litigation ;  
 Who oft grow rich by working strife,  
 And fatten on the Ills of Life.  
 Whether 'tis Shakespeare, or Moliere,  
 Johnson or Congreve, or Voltaire,  
 Whatever Country's comic Stage  
 Does the dramatic mind engage,  
 Th' *Attorney* with degraded mien  
 Appears to turpify the scene.

Law in itself is just and good  
 When it is practised as it should,  
 And Lawgivers can ne'er intend  
 What Justice never can defend.

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 that Cheats should, for  
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 passing through a Ch  
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 begin their Suits, an  
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 had by the Pettifogger  
 Law and Justice  
 well it is the Pleader  
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 always to his own  
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It therefore, very strange appears,  
 That Clients should, for twenty years,  
 With all appliances to boot,  
 Be wading through a Chancery Suit;  
 And, after twenty years are run,  
 May gain their Suits, and be undone.

—Still there are Men whose names rank

high,

Lawyers who may reproach defy,  
 There's REDESDALE and there's ROMILLY:

REDESDALE, who snatches from the claw

Of the vile Harpies of the Law,

The Debtor in his hopeless state,

And opens wide the Prison gate:

While ROMILLY, though oft in vain,

Strives to correct the low Chicane

That, by the Pettifogger's art,

Keeps Law and Justice far apart.

But still it is the Pleader's fate

His reasonings to accommodate

Not always to his own Belief,

But to the Attorney's dubious Brief.



And though his knowledge may cry fye o'nt,  
 He turns and twists it for his Client ;  
 Nor will his Practice think it treason,  
 To make the worse the better reason.

Some Writer of our age and nation  
 Has made the following observation :  
 That Annals old the time display,  
 When Priests bore universal sway ;  
 And nought was seen but spire and bower,  
 The seats of their o'er-ruling power.  
 But now the Lawyers seem to ride  
 In a new form of power and pride.  
 Some, though the numbers are not great,  
 Are seen to rise to rank and state ;  
 While many, as it were by stealth,  
 Creep on to figure and to wealth ;  
 Not as by chance, now here now there,  
 They're known and noted every where.  
 —As you pass through a country town,  
 Ask, who doth the best mansion own ;  
 You're told 'tis Lawyer such a one.

And the reply, rough and uncivil,  
 May, perhaps, wish him with the Devil.  
 —But still no groundless wrong is meant,  
 I reason not with foul intent,  
 I plead the general Assent :  
 On those opinions rests the tale  
 Which universally prevail.  
 Lawyers, like other men, are made,  
 'Tis not their nature I upbraid ;  
 No,—'tis the nature of their trade,  
 Which feuds create and quarrels bless,  
 And whose chief dealing is distress.  
 When their curs'd offices they quit,  
 When out of sight of Bill or Writ ;  
 When they think not of *Scire Facias*,  
 Nor Bailiff waits to take a *Capias*,  
 Like men, in other occupations,  
 They do the duties of their stations,  
 And pass through Life with equal grace :  
 Lawyer's not written in their face.  
 —I wish 'twere otherwise, that Law  
 Were practis'd without Quirk or Flaw ;

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But while these Quirks and Flaws remain  
The Practice must reproach sustain.

I've somewhere read, though I've forgot  
The Author who the Story wrote,  
Perhaps *Quevedo* here may claim  
The honour of the Author's name :  
But, though I can't precisely tell,  
The Narrative will do as well.  
Suffice it then, that it should seem,  
Some lively Sleeper had a dream,  
In which, as Fancy took its turn,  
He thought he was by Spirits borne  
To the terrific, vast Domain  
Where Satan holds his dismal reign.  
But it were needless to describe  
The flaming pomp, the sable tribe  
Which on th' infernal Sov'reign wait,  
Compose his train and form his state.  
The Devil, however, did his best,  
And graciously receiv'd his Guest ;  
Then drove him, in a *Tandem*, round  
His awful Kingdom's ample bound.

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So swift he went there was no need  
To urge the Dragons' rapid speed.  
He then display'd the parts assign'd  
To different classes of Mankind,  
Whose Spirits, borne on Fate's dark pinions,  
Are daily peopling his Dominions.  
At length they reach an arid space  
Which crags and sulph'rous thorns deface,  
Where the weak, dazzled, mortal eye  
Could not discern the Boundary.  
When, as the livid Lightnings flam'd,  
The Dreamer thought that he exclaim'd—  
“ This Plain's of an enormous size,”  
“ But not too large,” the Devil replies :  
“ For no Attorney e'er drew breath  
“ Who will not dwell there after death ;  
“ And all who live in times to come,  
“ Will find the same allotted doom,  
“ Unless a change yet unforeseen,  
“ Should, in their practice, intervene :



" While, in a smoking vale behind,  
 " Some of their Clients are confin'd,  
 " Who in their various trickings join'd;  
 " And they, at seasons, to amuse 'em,  
 " Are there permitted to abuse 'em."

When, as he spoke, such horrid noises  
 Were utter'd by their mingled voices,  
 That the poor Dreamer's sleep was broke,  
 And glad he was when he awoke.

But some, who've been reputed wise,  
 Explain dreams by their contraries:

In fact, these visions of the Night,  
 May be, by chance or wrong or right;

And this same dream may prove as well,

The Attornies never go to Hell;

As by the simple meaning given,

That these same folks ne'er go to Heaven,

But yet, perhaps, without pretence,

To more than common, mother sense,

We may the knotty point determine

As well as Judges clad in ermine.

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Let us suppose that Power supreme,  
 Where-ever placed, should form a scheme  
 That, if in Equity or Law,  
 A Suit by any Trick or Flaw,  
 By any counterfeit contrivance,  
 Of crafty plea, or sly connivance,  
 Should last beyond *four Terms*, at most,  
 Th' ATTORNIES *should pay all the Cost.*  
 Then, that the power of Legislation  
 Should ask the voice of all the Nation  
 Whether the change, well understood,  
 Would not be found a *public good*?  
 Now, when this question were afloat,  
 How, say you, would the ATTORNIES vote?  
 Would they, like honest men and true,  
 Keep right and Justice in their view,  
 Or *think* 'twould hurt the Revenue :  
 And, therefore, for th' Exchequer's sake,  
 They must th' opposing party take.  
 But this I leave to the decree  
 Of those who wiser are than me.



O that sage, SERJEANT BRAWL were  
 here,  
 To try and make the question clear!  
 But he is gone I know not where.  
 —Full fifty thousand cases load,  
 As it is said, the British Code,  
 Compil'd in Judgments, call'd Reports  
 Which dictate to the puzzled Courts;  
 From these he could collect a string,  
 And to aid any reasoning bring;  
 While, to oppose it o'er and o'er,  
 He could find out as many more.  
 But he has met a sudden Fate,  
 Near Rufus' Hall wide op'ning gate.  
 A Hackney Chariot waited there,  
 To take him home to *Bloomsb'ry Square*.  
 DEATH mounts the Box and plies the thong,  
 The angry horses dart along:—  
 The wheels a Paviour's barrow meet,  
 Brim full of stones to mend the street  
 To stop, th' affrighted Serjeant calls,  
 And, as the o'erturning Carriage falls,

“ I'll bring an Action,” loud he cries,—  
Fate to the stones his head applies;—  
The Action's brought—The SERJEANT  
dies.

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