

1828. Reply

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*The Reply of ROBT. B*L*W*N, Esq. on being asked what could induce him to undertake the defence of the Editor of the C*n*d**n F*ee*an, in the recent indictment for libel, commonly called the Bu*kw*e*t Indictment.*

My name is Robert. On the Gallows Hill
My father hatches treason, a lawless swain,
Whose constant aim is to embroil the state
And teach his eldest son, myself, the same.
For I had heard of riots and I long'd
To follow to the Court some Rebel Lord.
And Hell soon granted what my soul desired.
This Judge * who came last year (mad as March hare,)
Had but scarce ta'en his seat, when at his beck
A band of rank Republicans from Town
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the Court,
Railing at Bench and Bar ; the lawyers stared
With wonder and amazement ; I alone
With briefless bag, and purpose full of mischief,
Hover'd about the Radicals, and mark'd
The steps they took. Then hasted to my friends,
Whom with a list, with fifty signatures,
I met advancing. The address I read
'Till it puff'd up the Judge's vanity.
I praised and flattered. E'er my speech was done
A falsehood from my lips traduc'd the man †
Who wore that day the gown I ought to wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The common course of law ; and having heard
That this mad Judge had promised these poor gulls
He'd bear their troubles to the Royal ear,
I left the upright path, and took with me
A chosen villain ‡ to assist my schemes,
Yon smiling wretch who comes from Middlesex.
Practising with this intent, I took this cause,
And Hell-directed came this day to do
The shameless deed which blasts my rebel name.

* J*d*e W*ll*s.

† The Att'y. Gen. R*b*n*on.

‡ J. R*l*h.