

**THE SAFETY OF JERSEY: BEING A
FAMILIAR ILLUSTRATION OF
THE FORMS, PRACTICE, AND
PRIVILEGES OF THE ROYAL
COURT**

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The safety of Jersey: being a familiar illustration of the forms, practice, and privileges of the Royal Court by Various

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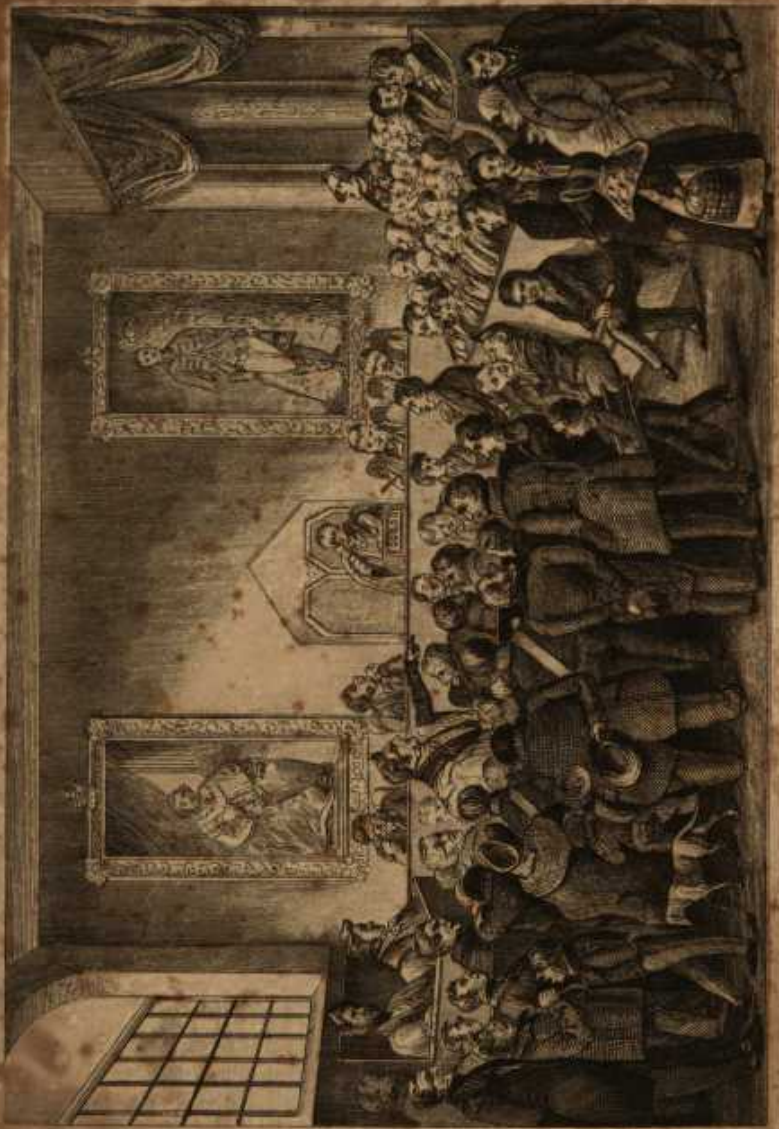
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VARIOUS

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THE FORMS, PRACTICE, AND
PRIVILEGES OF
THE ROYAL COURT**



THE
SAFETY OF JERSEY;

BEING A FAMILIAR ILLUSTRATION OF THE

FORMS, PRACTICE, AND PRIVILEGES

OF THE

ROYAL COURT,

SHOWING HOW THIS ISLAND WAS

MIRACULOUSLY PRESERVED AND THE PLOT DISCOVERED.

"Toads, for which Jersey has been stigmatized, are of several species, and some are of a monstrous size."—*Vide Pices, page 47.*

JERSEY:

P. PAYN, PRINTER, BRITISH PRESS OFFICE, 45, KING-STREET.

1841.

ADVERTISEMENT.

If the following observations, which embrace a few of the prominent evils so widely complained of—not by the English residents only, but by the enlightened natives of the soil—should have a tendency, however remote, to amend them, the writer will not be without his reward.

An acknowledged public grievance is ever the legitimate mark for the exercise of censure. Were it, however, the writer's desire to give a stronger colouring to the circumstances of which the following trivial pages are but a faint exposition—he might have been justified in drawing to a far larger amount on "PRECEDENTS,"

Uninfluenced, however, by spleen or malice, he has rather avoided than embraced the opportunities extended to him of swelling the catalogue of grievances, having rejected much "*materiel*," whether conveyed through the channel of private information, or the medium of those published authorities, which have received their stamp of verity in the sanction of public opinion.

Having, he repeats, no private feeling to gratify, it has been his sole aim to set forth on the Island chart, the true bearing of a *few* only of those sunken rocks whereon the inexperienced navigator might founder—so that the risk of danger may be somewhat diminished by a knowledge of their “WHEREABOUT.”

For his pilotage, the writer claims no other reward than such as the danger encountered in the task may entitle him to, and which can never be so pleasingly experienced as in the assurance of PUBLIC APPROBATION.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

Now, indeed, you talk a little reasonably—but one word more before we part of the manner of introducing this *treasure* to the public. You will, of course, see to a LARGE TYPE and GOOD PAPER, and would not a few designs, if well done by the best hands, be very proper, as giving the public to understand that they have to do with no vulgar writer?

BOOKSELLER.

All that in due time.—When a book has made its fortune with the lower class these directions may do well and help to bring it into better company—but there is no hazarding this expense at first—your plain English reader loves his penny worth for his penny—and he is apt to startle at a thin page

and large margin, and thinks your *pictures* but a pretty device to cheat him of his money.—*Hurd's Dialogues*.

In compliance with the preceding hints, the writer begs to inform his friends and the public, that anxious to gratify both, he has provided type which had never hitherto known ink, and nothing daunted by expense, determined to present them with striking portraits of their distinguished friends and acquaintances.

This uncontrived improvement, he trusts, will satisfactorily explain the necessity which has compelled him, though very reluctantly, to lay a further embargo on the public purse; notwithstanding, to the malcontents, he may say in the phraseology of Neddy Bray, their acceptance of this additional ornament "is quite *hoptional*."

Again! as it is the writer's ambition that the following pages may secure an *entrée* into FOREIGN society, he has judged it wise to adopt an opposite course to that proposed by the Bookseller, and has provided that they should first make their bow to the most distinguished circles at HOME,—and further to secure a more flattering reception, hazarded the enormous outlay, which in the year 1760 was so much an object of alarm.

Plain Englishmen of the 19th, no less than the preceding century, like value for their money—an honest loaf for their penny, but are much more pleased when they get a stratum

of butter into the bargain. Now, the writer hopes that the public will have cause to exclaim with the amiable Mrs. Mouser in the play, "La! Mr. Mug, why *sure-ly* how you *do* butter a crumpet."

Well then, kind reader, this extra design is, as 'twere, butter to your bread, and intended to enable you to swallow with comparative glibness, what might otherwise have a tendency to choke you; besides, a writer must keep step with the times, and be as far as practicable in harmony with the spirit of the age.

One word more and he has done. It has been said that a *Dedication* always looks like a distrust of one's merits—on that account it is that the writer concludes by embracing so favourable an opportunity of evincing his diffidence, and propitiating indulgence for numerous errors by respectfully dedicating the following trifle to the PUBLIC.

CHAPTER I.

Tired of the great metropolis, and its mill-round monotony of *agremens*—for even of a *good* thing it is possible to have too much—I had resolved, by way of shaking off the cobwebs which "*ennui*," like a loathsome spider, was daily weaving round my heart, fairly to make a bolt of it.

When a man is moved by the spirit of change, and yet undetermined as to place, a very trifling circumstance will often settle that matter. This reflection calls to my mind the great responsibility of those tourists, who, under the sanction of a literary reputation, and the illusive garb of a fine broad margin of vellum, and sundry pages of post octavo, prettily dotted with beautiful pica, and looking like new dominoes, fancy themselves legalized to seduce comfortable old bachelors from their cosey chimney corners, to revel in luxuries oftentimes as unreal and intangible as those promised to the Governor of Baratavia.

The deuce take your history, Mr. ———. I wish your seductive eloquence had been exhausted on the poor laws, the corn laws, the tithe, or church property question, or any other equally abstruse, and which would never have called into action my natural curiosity—as it is, the evil you have done will be scarcely less immortal than your fame. Had I never read *your* history, it is more than probable I should never have perpetrated *this*, as it is, under the stimulating influence of