



Pitt and Fox spend most of their time squabbling in Parliament, but they are of one mind in their dislike of Napoleon Bonaparte, the common enemy of all. He styles himself Emperor of France, but we call him Boney: a touch of humour revives the spirits when an invasion is threatened. Those on the south coast spend anxious hours watching for the windmill boats Boney has constructed to cross the Channel. Societies have been set up to thwart French revolutionary ideas. We don't want any of their bastilles and guillotines here.

Me? John Bull, your servant, representative of the British people. I beg your sympathy, for I fear I am in for a bad time of it: deceived by politicians, menaced by Boney, my pocket picked by insolent Tax....

And this is Thomas Rowlandson, a man of high spirits, who makes his living from laughing at the lot of us. So much for Prologue, now enter Farce.