

THE GENUINE  
DYING SPEECH

OF THE REVEREND

*Parson* Coppock

PRETENDED

Bishop of Carlisle:

Who was *drawn, hanged and quartered* there, OCT. 18.

1746, for *High Treason and Rebellion*;

Containing an ACCOUNT of his *Education*, his Method of obtaining ORDERS, the *Motives* of his going in to the REBELLION, and the *Conduct* of some of his BRETHREN, with many other *curious Particulars*.

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Publish'd by *Parson COPPOCK'S ORDER*, for the Satisfaction  
*of the Publick*.

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*Ludgate*, LONDON, and by the HAWKERS there. Price SIX-PENCE.

*Carlisle Oct. 16, 1746.*

**T**HE following Account of my *Life*, and what I thought proper to have publish'd as my *last and dying Words*, I order Thomas Harris to print, and that he publish it with all Expedition.

Thomas Coppock.

## GOOD PEOPLE,

**I**T having long been the Custom for *Malefactors* at the fatal Tree, to give a Narrative of their Lives and Conversations, for the Satisfaction of the Audience I think it highly incumbent on me, now in the like melancholy Situation, to comply with so antient and laudable a Practice, and the rather as I am a Stranger to most of you, and would gladly have been your *Bishop*, I am bound in Duty to give you a faithful Account of myself. You see Gentlemen by my Habit and Appearance I am no common Criminal, and it would be very indecent in one of my Rank and Character in Life to go out of the World in Silence: Therefore as you do me the Honour to attend on this solemn Occasion, I will freely relate my History, and warn you of those rebellious Principles and Practices, which have brought me to this shameful End, concluding with some Pastoral Instructions for your avoiding the like: Then I hope I shall be entitled to your Pity, and in the mean Time to your serious Attention.

Know then, that I was born in the Town of *Manchester* famous of late for the Production of Rebels; but I hope my Brethren and Townsmen will think it high Time to take Warning and grow better for the future. My Parentage indeed is not very illustrious; nor yet so mean as malicious People give out, for my

Father follows one of the most useful and primitive Professions in the World. By his Dexterity therein he got Money to hoard, till I became of Age and Taste to give it Vent and set it a-going.

To pass over the many Pranks of my Youth (too trivial to be now related) I shall hasten to the most important Incidents of my Life. I had my School Learning and Education at the Free-Grammar School in *Manchester*, and not at a private one in the Neighbourhood which has made People wonder where I imbibed my Rebellious Principles; but of this by-and-by.

When I had gone through Classical Learning my loyal Master was pleased to tell my Parents, that I had a Sharpness, of Genius, that, (if governable) wou'd enable me to push my Way handsomely in the World. My Father pleased with this Report, and being then strong in Cash resolved to send me to *Oxford*; dreaming of nothing less than a Bishoprick for me; too soon, and too sadly alas! verified. Away I was pack'd to BRAZEN-NOSE, the next Step usually made from that School. There I began to make large Draughts on my Father's Purse; which he open'd very freely a-while, not doubting I was laying out his Money to good Purpose; But instead of following my Studies, I soon turn'd the Fine Gentleman, and got the *Appellation of sweet-scented Sir*. Tho' I did not increase my Learning I added to my original Assurance; and in two or three Years became so famous that

the whole University took Notice of me;—but it was to desire my Departure out of their Coasts, or else (to whisper a Secret) I was to be fairly expelled. So I am forced to come down, an unexpected Guest to my Parents.

By this Time I had almost exhausted their Cash, and they suspected I had not finish'd my Studies. To make Matters easy, I assured them I had. taken my Batchelor's Degree, and, in the Judgment of the College, had made such prodigious Advances in Learning and Piety, that I was even then fit for any Ecclesiastical Preferment. This pretty well pacify'd them, and they insisted I should go into Orders; but

*Hic Labor, hoc Opus!*

Or in plain English

*There was the Rub:*

For Testimonials of my Learning, and good Behaviour I had none, and was conscious the Clergy of M——r knew me too well to sign any such. However I resolved to make a Trial, and as I suspected found them uncommonly squeamish. They made many Objections, and at last flatly denied me. But I was determined not to be baffled, and that the Costs my Parents had been at in my Education, should not be fruitless; for get into Orders I would, by Hook or by Crook. What should I do, or which Way should I turn? I wilt disburthen my Conscience and freely confess; I prepared a pompous Testimonial of my Education, Sanctity, Learning, &c. and put the Names of two young

Clergymen to it; confidently Showed it to one of my quondam Schoolmasters, who believing it genuine, subscribed it himself. Thus furnished, I gave the finishing Stroke to my Father's Cash, and posted to London, where, by the Strength of this half-forged Certificate, I compassed my Point, got into ORDERS, and strait began to look out for Preferment.

At this Time a Pluralist, who had a Curacy vacant in K—, was come to the Ordination to pick up a Curate. The Income being small, and the Situation unhealthy, there were few Candidates for it. Hearing of this I offer'd myself; and, my Price being lowest, was accepted at once. I had then already cook'd up some Sermons, being very ambitious of beginning my Trade so directly went down to my Cure It was seated on the Sea Coast, and most of my Flock I found to be Smugglers. I adapted my Sermons accordingly, and in Imitation of a Reverend Brother, who had lately preached up, before the African Company, the Lawfulness of the Negro Trade, I preach'd up to my Company the like of Smuggling. My Doctrine, squaring with the Consciences and Practices of my Hearers, was greedily swallowed, and, in Return, they made me Presents of Anchors of Brandy, Pounds of Tea, and store of other good Things, so that I could have lived very comfortably among them, had not the Malice of some of my Reverend Brethren in M—r followed me thither;

making more Noise and Clamour against me for a little Forgery, than if I had been hatching Treason and Rebellion. In short, as if they had been the most innocent People themselves, (of which you will judge before I have done) they pursued me so closely, I was forced to Give Way and. lose my Curacy.

Thus turn'd adrift, I had no Refuge to fly to, but Home; and an unwelcome Guest I was, having, as I said before, reduc'd my father's Purse to a Consumption. He was now redoubling his Diligence at his old Trade to recruit it, and soon told me "*Orders to preach, or Orders to march was the Word*" I understood him, and made another Excursion in Quest of Preferment.

After much Shifting I applied to the Bishop of C—r; and putting on an Air of Modesty, told him of many Misfortunes and my Repentance. To ingratiate myself I fram'd a long Story of my Education in Brazen-Nose, dressed up the Characters of the Fellows and Tutors there, and pretended I could write a secret History of that Col— for the Service of the Government. The Bishop, with his usual Readiness to save People in Distress, said he would try me in a Curacy then vacant in W—l, and gave me Credentials to go thither. I found my new Flock were also Inhabitants of the Sea-Side, but no Smugglers, so I could get not thing among them, but a little Ale now and then after Service. Being merry with them one Sunday

Evening in Summer, I proposed Bathing in the Sea, and tempted some of them in; who being no Swimmers had like to have lost their Lives for my Frolick. They were so heartily vex'd, that they sent a railing Remonstrance against me to the B——p, wherein they called me a Dutchman, and said I was fitter for a Sailor than a Parson. This Prank effectually ruined me; for the B——p complied with their Request to displace me, and I was sent pennyless home a third Time.

My Parents were now out of all Patience, and could no longer support me; and indeed I was so blown there was no Chance for Preferment, or even a Subsistence, in the Church, under the present Government. So I now began to cast about and look another Way; for at this Time I heard of a Stirring in Scotland; and to learn how Matters were likely to go, I associated with some of my Reverend Brethren, and pretended a thorough Change of Life and Principles. In Return I heard nothing talked of but strange Revolutions in Church and State, and many Bishopricks, Deanries, and other fat Benefices, soon to be vacant, I determined to come in for a Slice, and therefore began to equip myself with High Church Principles, to be ready for such an Event, and borrowed *Filmer's Patriarcha*, of one Reverend Brother, and the *Hereditary Right* of another; for to tell you truly among the Laity I could meet with no such Books. These Principles, being suited to



my future Views. I greedily imbibed and resolved to enter into Rebellion the first Opportunity.

I waited not long: For Sir *J— C—*'s Defeat was soon after whisper'd about, and I perceived some Reverend Countenances to brighten up and look smart on that Occasion. I learned some secret Intelligence that the Scots would bend their Course Southwards and be shortly at *M—r* in their Way to St. *James's*. I thought with myself I would not be behind any of my Brethren in my Preparations for that joyful and long-wish'd-for Occurrence, so privately provided a Plaid Scarf and Cockade, and intended to pay my Devoir to the *P—*<sup>1</sup> as soon as he arrived at *M—r*.

Accordingly within a short Time after he came, I went to wait on him and tender my Service, and pleased myself with thinking I was the first of my Order that did so. But how great was my Surprize upon finding the contrary; for, upon my Admission into his Presence, lo! who should be there but two of my Reverend Brethren, one of them upon his Knee, kissing the *P—*'s Hand and praying for his Success. I was struck dumb, and even my keeling Brother blush'd to be so unexpectedly caught. The *P—* raised him up and advancing to me was pleased

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<sup>1</sup> Here, and in other Places where this Capital Letter occurs, may be read Prince or Pretender, as the Reader stands affected.

to receive me very graciously. He expressed great satisfaction at the Clergy's beginning to appear for him, saying, that truly till then he thought there had not been a Clergyman in *England*, not having seen one of the Order before he came to *M---*; but from so good an Appearance of us he hoped more would follow our laudable Example, assuring us it would be of the greatest Service to his Cause, and the ready Road to Preferment. And to convince us of his Sincerity he offer'd, as a Reward for our early Loyalty, to bestow any Ecclesiastical Dignity we had set our Hearts on, as soon as we should be pleased to ask.

Here we all made very low Obeyances; and my Reverend Brethren, being seized with unusual Modesty, stood silent. But I, like Sir *Francis* in the Play, embolden'd by the last Words, shot him flying, and thought, then was as good as another Time; so I boldly asked for the Bishopric of *Chester*, or at least the Wardenship of *Manchester* to be doing with at present.

Hearing this my little Reverend Brother's Fit of Modesty expired; and with his wonted Pertness he interposed and said, If that was a Time for begging of Bishoprics he must do himself the Justice to put in his Claim; alledging many publick and private Services he had done to the Cause; concluding, that tho' he had not so openly declared himself for the P— as I had done (sneering at my Scarf and

Cockade) yet as soon as his Highness arriv'd at *St James's* he intended to throw off the Mask, and, with his Flock to follow him thither, and therefore thought that he was intitled to be both Bishop and Warden.

Here he ceased, and I thought it high Time, for I was quite confounded at such consummate Assurance; but yet, conscious that his Merit and Services far exceeded my own and were of much longer standing, I gave up my Pretensions, and the P— directly conferr'd on him the B—ric and Wardenship too.

I was nettled you may be sure to see those two delicious Morsels snatch'd from me thus. The P— perceived it, and being unwilling to lose me, promised, on the first signal Service I did him, to give me, a Bishopric too. I was so far engaged I could not retreat, so determined to be active in the Cause, that I might strut the Bishop as well as my Rival.

The next Day being the Festival of *St. Andrew*, the Titular Patron of *Scotland*, was a High Day with the *Scots*. The Rebel Chiefs ordered that Prayers should be read to them in their own Way, in the great Church, at an unusual Hour. Hearing of this I offered to officiate. They told me they heard the Chaplain of the Week was upon the Spot, and their Cause would shew better to the Vulgar if he read the Service; but if he refused I should be the Man. Overjoyed at this I thought myself sure of the

Office; for having neither heard nor seen that he had been at the P—'s Levee, I took it for granted he would look upon such a Compliance as criminal, and either persist in refusing or go out of the Way. But he did not; so here I met with a second Rebuff, and began to be jealous of more Reverend Rivals, and that if I did not secure a Bishopric soon, I should be in Danger of losing all among so many Competitors! As I found I could shew no Merit in the Way of my sacred Function I took another Course; and that was to raise Recruits; and who should be the first I inlisted think ye! but my only Brother? who being an excellent Drummer I inveigled into the Rebellion and presented him to the P—, who instantly made him Drum-major in the *Manchester* Regiment. Pleased with this Success I grew hotter in my Zeal, and condescended to walk through the Town, in my Clerical Habit, after my Brother's Drum to encourage Recruits; and without Self-flattery may say I was pretty successful.

So extraordinary a Procedure soon reach'd the P—'s Ear, and the next Time I paid my Devoir to him he expressed great Pleasure at it, and said he would keep me no longer in Suspence, for the Bishopric of *Carlisle* was then at my Service. I took it with both Hands you may be sure, but little thought I was so soon to lose it and make my fatal Exit here. So blind and ignorant is Man.

I now began to swell with Episcopal

Thoughts, and meditated how to procure my *Conge d\* El ire* before my Brother Bishop of C—r. To have Precedency of him would, I knew, exceedingly gall him, mortify his Vanity, and sufficiently revenge me for my former Disappointment. Full of these Fancies I was, when we had Orders to march the next Day. We left M—r early and were going, as I thought, directly to *London*.

Nothing happen'd in our March relative to my sacred Function till we came to *Derby*, where the Clergy, not taking Pattern by us in M—r had withdrawn themselves; thinking it inconsistent with their Characters, and the solemn Oaths they had taken, to stay to give Countenance to Rebels, or be intimidated by them into criminal Compliances. I was therefore call'd upon to officiate in *All Saints Church*, which I readily undertook, and did not mince Matters, to come off with Jesuitical Evasions afterwards, but boldly pray'd for the Pretender by Name, and took for my Text these Words, *Render unto Cæsar the Things that are Cæsar's*. I confidently asserted, God forgive me, that by *Cæsar* was meant the *Old Pretender*, and that the Things that are Cæsar's, were our *Lives, Persons, Fortunes, and Estates*, which were all his by *divine Right and Appointment*, with much more of the like absurd, popish, and high-church Doctrines. My hungry Highland Auditors made a quick Application; for as soon as I finish'd, they

began, as in other Places, to seize whatever they wanted; and even stripp'd People of their Cloaths, to the very Shoes from their Feet.

The P— was so great a Bigot to Popery that he refused to be present at this Protestant Service, tho' his Father and Brother were expressly prayed for by Name, and a Sermon preached to his own Heart's Content, as he declared when the subject Matter of it was rehearsed to him. He told me I had done singular Justice that Day to his Cause, and for my further Encouragement should have a better Bishopric soon. I flattered myself he meant *London*, and indulged the Thoughts of giving my little Competitor of C—r some fresh Mortifications, on my getting a Bishopric so much superior in Rank and Profit to *his*. But alas! how was I stun'd the next Morning, when the Word was given out, to march back by the Way that we came; which went heavily down with us; especially the Ladies and *Jenny*, who, in Imagination, were already in the Palace of *St. James's*.

Various were the Reasons assigned for this retrograde Motion; all equally false and delusive. At length I smelt out the true one. There was a Royal Hero indeed in our Front, and nothing but the most precipitate Retreat could save us from his victorious Arm. So away we posted—Helter Skelter indeed it was; and after many Frights and Fatigues we got back to our Hospitable M—r.

At our Return I found the Face of Things altered even there; no Ringing of Bells; no Bonfires and Illuminations; no Levees. and Kissing of Hands as before. Nay I missed my two reverend Brethren. They had either wholly forsook the P—'s Lodgings or more privately haunted the Place; for I saw nothing of them. It gave me some Pleasure at least to see the Stage clear of my Rivals. In short, after one Night's Rest, for the very Name of the *Duke* prevented our taking more, away! to Horse! to Horse! was the Word, and we pushed through thick and thin to secure our Retreat.

I was much discontented, you may imagine, to be thus in Danger of being unbishoped; for I well knew there were no Bishoprics in *Scotland*, where we were posting. However I resolved when we came to *Carlisle* to lay hold of that, and to make the best Use of my Time. At our Arrival there I quartered myself at the Chancellor's of my Diocess, who very undutifully was gone out of the Way and would not stay to receive his new Bishop. To be revenged, I plundered every Desk and Drawer for Papers relating to my fancied Income and Revenues. I looked upon all as my Right, and determined to be levying some Cash, being then in great Want. My Episcopal Reign was but short; for the brave; pursuing *Duke* gave us no Rest, and soon overturn'd all our fine Schemes. I and my Brother Rebels of *M—r* were treacherously betrayed (my Eyes are now

open and I will speak): and forceably left and penn'd up in *Carlisle*, as Scape Goats, for the, rascally, cowardly *Scots*, and their sham, run-away Prince. What followed you all know and I need not repeat.

The Fate we met with I own we deserve, for joining so nasty and rebellious a Crew. Oh! my dear Countrymen and Friends, too late am I convinced of my Errors and fatal Delusion. All the Amends I can make, to you and the Publick, is to exhort and admonish you to stand firm and unshaken in your Allegiance, to your true and lawful Sovereign King George: Under him only and his illustrious House can your Religion and Liberties be safe, and your Country happy and glorious. And if ever the like Mountaineer Rebels should invade you again, resist them, and, like the Devil, they will flee from you. Don't be tamely passive, but stand to your Arms in Defence of your Lives, and Families, and Fortunes. And if any of your Neighbours, how great soever, would intimidate, or persuade you to the contrary, regard them not. Depend upon it they are no Friends to the Government or you, but, it is to be feared, secret Enemies of both. Above all Things, avoid keeping Company with *Jacobites* and *Nonjurors*, that your Religion and Loyalty may not be tainted; for, believe me, you will find, as I have wofully done, their Pretences to be vain and ruinous in the End. The Time and Occasion will pot permit me any longer Speech



far see! all Things are ready; the Sheriff calls  
and I must now make my Exit. Farewel —  
God bless you and forgive me — And I beg of  
you all to pray with me, and for me, in that  
emphatical Petition you heard at my Sentence,

*The Lord have Mercy on my Soul!*

*FINIS.*

