

311
B79
Copy 1

A
REFRESHMENT
FOR THE MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM COBBETT.

BY

SAMUEL F. BRADFORD.



E 311

, B 79

A REFRESHMENT, &c.



“ The gods take pleasure oft, when haughty mortals
“ On their own pride erect a mighty fabric,
“ By *slightest means*, to lay their towering schemes
“ Low in the dust, to teach them they are *nothing*.”

THOMSON.

YOU will, doubtless, be surpris'd on finding who it is that now addresses you ; but, your surpris'e will be of short duration, when you recollect, that it is one, whose father's transactions with you, all your store of lies and misrepresentation have been expended to present in false coloring. I was at New-York when a gentleman first inform'd me that the serpent we had saved from perishing had *endeavour'd* to sting us. Amazement rivett'd me to the spot where I stood—I could not believe it was possible that Cobbett would be guilty of such baseness ; that the man, whom I (like an imprudent and unsuspecting youth) took to my bosom as a friend, and treated with every mark of attention and politeness a stranger could expect, would thus reward me ; but, however, I found it *was* possible, and do, here, render you my most sincere thanks for the valuable lesson of prudence which you have taught me.

Ms. No. W. 2/16/04.

I must confess that I admired your private character for a long time; but, is it any wonder that a young man, unskilled in the ways of the world, should be deceived by so artful a creature and so consummate an hypocrite as yourself. It is beneath the dignity of a man of honor, or of virtue, to be a traitor to his fellow man at all; but, this turpitude receives additional aggravation, when practised on an unsuspecting and un-hackneyed youth—However, as you confess yourself, in your letter to Mr. Bache, that you “*aimed your poisonous darts at an innocent woman*” (Mrs. Rowson) it ought not to astonish me if you should even attempt the murder of infancy itself!—

Your public writings, it is well known, I approved so far as they respected our justly celebrated constitution, and the Great Man whom the unanimous voice of the people of America has appointed their Chief Magistrate; but, as to your principles, *you yourself* must acknowledge that I detested them as much, and even more, than I did those of the party against whom your *public* attacks were made. What repeated, what numberless arguments have we not had on the subject of Republican and Monarchical governments—*Absolute Despotism*, and nothing less, accorded with your *private* sentiments: *even the British Government was not despotic enough—it savoured too strongly of Republicanism.*

You well know how warmly I defended the cause of Republicanism; and with what ardor I justified the laws and constitution under which you *now* live, and which you have so frequently abused and vilified in my

presence : but, all my arguments were in vain—you were “nursed in the lap of Aristocracy.” Even the very people, who now treat you with so much attention on account of some of your public writings, have been, in private, grossly abused by you. Our most respectable characters were (according to your account) a set of *Speculators, Land-jobbers, &c.* seeking to entrap and deceive every foreigner who landed on our shores ; our industrious mechanics, nothing but a *vile mob, a factious herd, &c.*—The courtly stile of Burke was ever in your mouth.

Call to mind the expression of Mob (meaning the citizens of Philadelphia) which you wished to introduce into the title page of your Plain English, and which my father, with indignation, erased. Deny this, if you dare : even your friend Beelzebub will stare with amazement if you attempt it.

How grossly did you frequently abuse the People of America, by repeatedly asserting that they were, for the greater part, good *Aristocrats, good Royalists* in their hearts, and only wore the mask of hypocrisy to answer their own purposes. You even had the vanity to say, you had “*converted many who were staunch Republicans,*” and that you wished your arguments could have the same effect on me ; but, that you feared I was too much a Sans-culotte (meaning a friend of liberty I suppose) at heart ever to be reformed by you. This you intended as a disparagement to me ; but, I considered it as the highest of compliments ; for, remember your own words, “*Men of integrity*”

are generally pretty obstinate in adhering to an opinion once adopted,"—This maxim, however, my conscience will not permit me to apply to you ; for, though " stiff in opinion, always in the wrong," I will not offer such an insult to virtue as to call your obstinacy the offspring of integrity ; besides, your reasons were, like some of your writings, mere froth ; for, although you can declaim and scandalize with the greatest hero of Billingsgate, yet, in sober argument, and chastity of manner, you are, as far as my judgment goes, the merest nicompoop of the whole group of the defenders of Aristocracy and Royalty—and, in all our numerous conversations, your argumentative powers have proved insufficient to convince me that—" *to be a citizen of America was to be a Slave, and to be a subject to the king of Great Britain, in comparison, a Freeman.*"

There is one circumstance that I give you credit for ; that is, the love you bore Old England, and every man must allow the amor patriæ to be commendable. There was no affectation then (as now) of love for America * and a Republican form of government, I mean in private ; for hunger (since you have now forced me to tell the secret) made you write in a different style from what you spoke. You knew there was a party here who were charged with an intention to subvert the government, and who were said to be enemies to it ; you were then teaching a few frenchmen, in this city, to parler Anglois ; (you think proper to make no mention of this in your life ; but if

* No wonder—the stripes on her flag bore too great an analogy to a certain part of your body.

you have impudence enough to deny it, remember witnesses are at hand) but, finding yourself too dogmatical for a teacher, not of *Boys* over whom you could exercise your tyranny, but of *Men* who would not brook your imperious manner, and fearing to starve, you thought of becoming an author. My father, when you offered him your first productions, saw in them some marks of a ready writer, and *hoping*, (vain hope indeed !) as you were then extremely anxious for concealment, to make you serviceable to his Country and himself, printed them ; but, too much of the colouring of your private sentiments would, frequently, appear in your public writings, in spite of the many alterations and amendments we made.

You say in your life that you were “ never of an accommodating disposition,” in order to prove that we made no alterations in your writings. Your memory is, really very bad “ *my Lad,*” or you would not assert falsehoods with such unblushing effrontery. Remember what you wished inserted in the New Year’s Gift ; remember what was erased from the Congress Gallery, and remember, too, the many alterations I made, independently of my father—I would insert some of the erased passages here, but they are too blackguard, too low, and too insulting to Americans, for my pen to write. Yes, Billy, you may thank me for refusing several things which you wished inserted, and especially the piece I made you erase from the manuscript of the New Year’s Gift the moment I saw it, and on account of which, if it had been

published you would now be, where many a British Corporal has been before you.

Excuse my refreshing your memory with these circumstances ; but, I find it is, really, grown so treacherous (notwithstanding your own assertion to the contrary) that I could not avoid it. You have already “ *my Lad,*” proved yourself a *Liar* and I can prove you to be a poor pitiful *Coward* !

I well know, that you never expected to receive an answer, or you would not have written what you did. You endeavoured to vilify my father, and, except, in one instance, steered clear of me. You knew my father—You knew he never would stoop to answer the lies of a British Corporal—You knew his character was too well established, and, therefore, you expected your base insinuations would not be refuted. You avoided saying any thing to discredit me ; and, every one, who knows your knack at lying, cannot but believe, your fertile brain could have engendered some story or other to injure me, had you not been withheld by *cowardly motives* ; yes, I say *cowardly* motives ; for, you were conscious

“ I could a tale unfold
 “ Whose lightest woes would harrow up the souls”—of
 the freemen of our country.

You, also, knew I was a young man, who had a character to establish in the world—that I was jealous of that character, and, that the least aspersion from you, would produce an answer on my part. This was what you dreaded ; and, by saying (as you thought)

nothing to affect me, you expected to save "your bacon"—But you are mistaken. Remember, "*my Lad,*" I am not the heart-breaking rascal to my parents, that you have been to yours. I love my parents—Say you loved yours, if you dare, when you caused them so many hours of anguish. You thought I could read your lies, concerning my father, unmoved, provided I did not come in for a share myself. You did not know me ; but, remember, from this time, that every aspersion on his character, I consider as a detraction from my own. Were you to write ten thousand lies, concerning me, I could easier forgive you, than for one concerning him. Let fly your whole store of envenomed Quills against me—I am prepared—Armed with the shield of truth, I fear you not. Methinks I now behold you, swearing vengeance on my head, and biting your under lip 'till the blood almost issues from it. Yes, methinks I see all this ; for, though you pretend to have no feeling, I must confess, that when (in our store) you read the *Rub from Snub*, poorly written as it was, you knit your eye brows, shrugged up your shoulders, and "*grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile ;*" but, recollecting yourself, you threw it down, and, with an affected laugh of contempt, said "*He's a poor scurvilous dog, and not worth minding.*" Yet, spare me for this time, Billy, and keep your temper a little longer for I have more in store for you—If you do *slaver* a little, only be careful that it does not come in contact with any of your neighbours ! ! !

If any person still doubts your being a *Cooward*, he may have further proof in the manner of your attack-

ing Mr. Carey and my father. In order to avoid Mr. Carey's anger, you endeavour to make up with him, by commending his secrecy. My father, you well knew, gloried so much in the name of Whig (or Rebel, as you generally stiled him) that you thought to curry favour with him, and make him forgive and forget your abuse by laying open his principles to the public. He *has* forgiven you ; and, has disdained (as you, naturally, supposed would be the case) to answer your insinuations. Nor should I (a boy) have honored you so much had it not been for the opportunity which the preceding pamphlet offered me of annexing a refreshment for your excellent memory. I shall content myself, at present, with making some remarks on your *half-told* life and your misrepresentations and reticence of your transactions with my father.

But, to your life—"Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the Devil." Here we see you, *Mr. Corporal*, mounted on your prickly beast, cutting and flashing as you go ; friend or foe, it is all one to you, so that you can belch forth your acrimony and discharge your rancour.

Whether you were drummed out of your regiment or regularly discharged (though, by the bye, it is not common to discharge a good foldier, as you would make us believe) or whether you arrived at New York or Wilmington ; whether you remained, in obscurity, teaching a few Frenchmen to *parler Anglois* in the latter place and afterwards here, or whether you were skulking in our suburbs, 'till you supposed it was time

to flash upon the astonished world, and display your superior abilities, by telling us, that William Cobbett was the writer of certain pieces under the title of Peter Porcupine, I say, these things are matters of little consequence to me. Your insinuations, misrepresentations and reticences are what concern me.

Whether the expression "that my father found you a coat," was really told to you, or whether it was your own consciousness, I will not pretend to say. But this much I will declare, that neither he, or any of the family, ever did make use of the expression; however, on recollection and perusal of your life, the view of your regimentals, which, no doubt, were the best in your wardrobe when you attempted to dispose of your writings, when I view these things, the change in your dress, the addition to your household furniture your living down stairs instead of the Garret you were first found in, I make no doubt he contributed to put better cloaths on your back, and better furniture in your house.

Had not my father risked his property in order to print your essays and convince you that his press was free, you might, ere now, have enlisted as a soldier, indulged your love of rambling, or *have been maintained at the public expence.*

You wish to insinuate, page 38, that my father's press is not a free press. This is so false as not to merit an answer. You and your essays prove the contrary, and the people of America well know, that he, as well as his father and great grandfather, have all had

the honor of being prosecuted for maintaining its liberty in spite of the frowns and menaces of a British Ministry. And, while I am its conductor, it shall be open and free to any and every party, whether in politics or literature; it shall roll as a free and independent (not licentious) press ought to, *in spite of the clamours of faction, the slander of hirelings, or the frowns of Power.* Nay, were the President of the United States, that first, that greatest of men, to make an attack on its freedom, it should repel him with its native energy.

Apropos, Billy; I saw at the end of your Scare Crow, "*From the Free Press of William Cobbett,*" What! you have set up a Free Press, have you?—A Free Press of your own too, I suppose!! Pray, how long is it since you bought a press? You have been very secret about the business, indeed: you never let a single brother Typo know a word about it, 'till you flashed upon us with "*From the Free Press, &c.*" None of the press-makers, *here*, had even the least knowledge of it, no not one. But, I suppose you imported it; and your workmen too, eh! for, I have never yet heard of any American journeyman having worked in Billy Cobbett's printing office. At the end of your "Life and Adventures" I do not see any more mention of the Free Press; the plain imprint "*Printed for and sold by William Cobbett*" is sufficient now! What! sold it already!—Shame on you Billy.—Sell a *Free Press* a month after its establishment! Oh tempora! Oh mores! But, to be serious, as I see you have repented, if you will promise to continue your good behaviour, I

will not tell your friends how you employed another printer, and, plagiarist like, called his press your own; but, mind, this is on condition that I see nothing more of “WILLIAM COBBETT’S FREE PRESS.”

You say, page 40, your pamphlets were not “honored with the bookfeller’s name.” I see you will be at your old trade of *lying* still. The books, as they now stand in the store will give you the lie. The imprint of “*La Nomenclature Angloise*” says “*Imprimé chez Thomas Bradford*”—but, you forget to place this book in your *very accurate account*; you forget that you ever wrote it, and got paid for it. However, that is no great matter of surprize; it was written for the use of Frenchmen, and you know, that a man, who cannot remember having been a teacher *de la langue Angloise* might, easily, forget receiving payment for a Nomenclature, purposely written to facilitate its acquirement. He might also, with the same ease, forget that he ever wrote a grammar, entitled “*Le Tuteur Anglois—Imprimé chez Thomas Bradford*,” and that he received a considerable sum of money for it, together with two hundred copies of the work, which he gave his word never to dispose of here (as he had an intention to leave this “*damned country*” and seek his fortune elsewhere) but, which he *did* dispose of to his scholars, and others, at an under price, and thereby injured our sale so much that the chief part of the edition is now on hand, and, if he chuses to purchase, will be sold to him again for half its value.

In the same page you say, (speaking of the Observations on Doctor Priestley's emigration) that my father did not put his name at "the bottom of the title page." Pray, Billy, have you grown blind lately. If you have, get some one of your "*numerous and respectable friends*" to look at the "bottom of the title page" or imprint, (properly speaking) of the very first edition, that edition which he and you published together, and they will there behold "Philadelphia: printed by Thomas Bradford, No 8, South Front Street." The first part of the Bone to Gnaw, I confess was not so much honored; but, my father had nothing to do in the affair. If there is any blame, let it fall on me; for, I am the superintendant of his press, and certain reasons (not very flattering to you) restrained my inserting his name. It was afterwards inserted you say! True; but, remember "*my lad,*" I am not a run-away—a father's wish is a command with me.

Again, page 41, you assert that your "writings got into better paper." Oh! Billy, your memory is exceedingly treacherous, or you are no judge of paper, and that is a terrible thing for a Bookfeller. However, should the latter be the case, I beseech you to get some papermaker, and let him compare the paper in the first editions of the Observations and Bone to Gnaw with that contained in their succeeding editions, and he will report to you that it is far superior. The different editions may be seen, by any of your "*numerous and respectable friends*" at No. 8, South Front Street.

You mention, in the same page, that my father and you published the first edition of the "Observations on Doctor Priestley's emigration" together, and that you received twenty one cents for your share of the profits; but, you forget to tell your readers, that when so small an edition (as was) is printed there can be no more profits than will barely pay for the printing, binding, &c. of the edition. Though, now I think of it, this could be no fault of your memory; it was a base reticence, and intended to give your readers an idea that my father did not do you justice. That this was your intention, looks more likely, when I consider, that you wish to make it appear that he gave you 125 Dollars for the first part of the Bone to Gnaw; so that people, by comparing your profits of the Observations, and the price he could afford to give you for the Bone to Gnaw, would draw very unfavourable conclusions against him. This was what you wanted; this was your design; but, your conscience must tell you, that there were five times as many of the first edition of the Bone to Gnaw sold, as there were of the Observations. You take especial care to forget that there was a second and third edition of the Observations published, and that you made several additions to them; that my father printed them on his own account, and that he has a Copy-right for the work. Pray, "*my lad*" did you make him a present of the Copy-right? I do not see any charge of it in your account. You are a generous fellow indeed! But, further, how came he to give you 125 Dollars for the first part of the Bone to Gnaw, and and but 40 for the second? They

are both, nearly, of the same size. It is true the first fold better than the second; but, he did not know, at the time of making the bargain, this would be the case: the presumption was, that the second would have a much quicker sale than the first, because the writings were more generally circulated and known. Your conscience must tell you what the 125 Dollars were given for, and, if you have the least spark of honor remaining, you will undeceive a public, already, too much duped by your artifices.

Through your dealings with my father, you cannot say but that he paid the price you asked for your essays and some other works which he *hired* you to do; and, perhaps, it might be made to appear you got something more; but, the principle business, your conscience (if you have any) told you, should be accounted for was that of the Congress Gallery. This, in conversation was started by you or my father it matters not which; but, on conclusion, he asked you what you would have for the work. Your answer was, one quarter of a dollar per page. This he agreed to give you, and, accordingly, issued proposals for subscription, as it was intended to be a large work, and continued through the session; but, B. Davis, the Bookseller, who came frequently to our store, one day, by popping in, as you were mentioning the Bloody Buoy, discovered you; and, my father not being over-anxious to publish it he contracted with you for it. While writing this, you were several times applied to for the second number of the Congress Gallery—you made various excuses to put it off; but, my father, finding

you meant to publish the work under another title, called on you, and asked you for the work; you *denied writing*, tho' it was, then, nearly ready for the prefs, and, being pressed, you said, that if you did write, no other than he should have it.

My father had, as far as the word of a man could go purchased the copy-right of the *Prospect*, and had entered the same; but you, like an artful villain, finding it had a ready sale, forfeited all ties of contract (supposing you an honest man he had taken no more than your word) and continued the work under another title, as if that would screen your villainy. Had the proposals, issued by him, by and with your concurrence, been filled, the loss to him must have been very considerable; and when the arrangements, made by him, are taken into view, perhaps, had he pursued his ideas (which I am now sorry I dissuaded him from) when he wrote the note, dated the 22d of March, 1796, a jury might have given a few pounds damages, to convince a *British Corporal* that he ought to keep his word, with an "*American Rebel*" as well as with any other man!

In page 48, I see the following sentence " *Mr. Bradford once told me, that Mr. Allen, the father-in-law of Mr. Hammond, said he was acquainted with me.*" Do you really mean that my father told you so? If you do, the following exact statement will prove either your admirable talent of misrepresentation, or the *excellence* of your *very excellent* memory. My brother, William Bradford, one day, told you, that Andrew Allen, the

son of Mr. Allen, the father-in-law of Mr. Hammond, had, as they were walking together, pointed you out as Peter Porcupine. My father never mentioned the circumstance to you at all; he did not even know it.

I will now proceed to the assertion you make concerning myself. You mention that Mr. Bradford's son (you forgot I suppose he has three) offered you a hundred dollars a number for the Prospect, in place of eighteen, and that he observed, that their customers would be much disappointed, for, that his *father had promised* a continuation, and *that it should be made very interesting*. The first part of this, for a wonder, is strictly true: I did offer you one hundred dollars, and my father *did promise a continuation* in the proposals; for, as he had your word of honor! for the fulfillment of the contract, he fully expected it would be continued during the session; but with regard to the expression *that it should be made very interesting*, you have fallen into your old failing. I never did make use of it, either to you or any other man, and it is only a fabrication of your own in order to account for your rascally behaviour.

What a pity it is, Cobbett, that you did not entrap me in the Geneva affair. Perhaps you don't recollect this either. I will refresh your memory. Remember that you came across a copy of the history of the late revolution in Geneva, written in French, and that having proposed translating it you wished me to appear as the translator by inserting in the title-page, "*Translated from the French by Samuel F. Bradford.*" Remember too, that you mentioned to me that you designed, also,

to write a preface, which was to appear as if coming from me : your intention in so doing, you hinted, was to make the public (who would compare your style of writing with the preface) take me for the author, and this you supposed I would be proud of. Your real intention was to perplex the public opinion and avoid being discovered ; for you were at that time excessively frightened at the bare idea of such a thing. This was the time I began to see your cloven foot. Do you think you acted as a man of virtue, honor, or principle in endeavouring to draw an inexperienced young man into an affair of such a nature ? Suppose, for a moment, I had consented, what sweet nuts you would have had to crack ! Thanks to my pride I did not consent. Yes, to my pride, I say ; for it was wounded by such an offer. If I had wished to become known as a translator of the French language or some other modern ones, I need only to have affixed my name to, and published those works and miscellaneous pieces which have hitherto employed my leisure hours. Perhaps, even now, you do not remember, why you dropt the publication—I will again refresh your memory : You began the translation and intended to publish it in another name ; but, a few days after, you found it was printed by Mr. Fenno, and accordingly gave it up.

I must now dismiss the subject, confident I have treated it more fully than it deserved. The time I have been writing the foregoing I consider as lost indeed ; but, I could not behold so many abominable falsehoods with indifference. “ *My lad,* ” you may now write against *me* till your “ *red head* ” turns black.

I here throw you the gauntlet—take it up, and however poorly written this first public answer of mine may be, however devoid of all the beauties of style, and the graces of composition the whole of this Refreshment may appear; yet, you will feel, on reading it, that it contains more *stinging* truths than a cat o' nine tails.

You may, perhaps, suppose, that being a boy, I might forget myself and descend so far, as to honor you with a criticism upon your works. No, I disdain it; your blunders are so great that it would be an Herculean labour to enumerate them; your writings are made up of blackguardisms and grammatical outrages. But, were I to descend to criticism, I might tell you that the very page which lays before me (49) and which is next to the one from which I but a little while ago made an extract, contains the following elegant and grammatical sentence. “ This we daily see verified in the distribution of certain blasphemous *gazettes*, which, though kicked from the door with disdain, *flies* in at the window.” Had I, while at school, written such a sentence, my school-mates would have hissed me from my class. *Gazettes flies!!!* Oh! Billy, Billy!!

I will conclude by giving the public your own sentiments of your own works, which I have in your own hand writing. If you have forgotten this also, come and refresh your memory, or if *you are ashamed to come nigh our house*, get some of your friends to look whether or no it is not your own hand-writing. It shall be open for the inspection of the public. Here it is—read and “ *grin horribly a ghastly smile.*”

“ Mr. Bache,

“ A pamphlet has lately made its appearance among us
 “ —entitled *A Second part of a Bone to Gnaw, for the De-*
 “ *mocrats*, which is at once perhaps the most impudent
 “ and insolent performance that ever disgraced a free
 “ press.—I do not censure this piece for its being
 “ written against the Democrats; for I am certain that
 “ every careful peruser will see that its true object is,
 “ not to combat those societies, but to vilify all Ame-
 “ rica, and its allies, its faithful allies, and raise the
 “ interests of Great Britain on their ruins. The writer
 “ has seized the opportunity of a pamphlet containing
 “ the proceedings of the United Irishmen (which
 “ the editor had certainly as great a right to publish as
 “ he has to publish his trash) to introduce to the unwa-
 “ rily public a trait in the French revolution, which,
 “ though it must give pain to every humane mind, is
 “ not less excusable than other excesses to which every
 “ nation is inevitably impelled by its revolutionary
 “ motion. He has introduced this trait, however,
 “ with all the exaggerated circumstances that can be
 “ conceived, and while he sets out with telling his
 “ reader that his genius is not adapted to the tragic,
 “ he is preparing to “ harrow up his soul” with hor-
 “ ror. But what had the seige of Lyons to do with
 “ the Democrats in this country or with the United
 “ Irishmen? There was not the least shadow of a neces-
 “ sity for introducing it, and it could be done only to
 “ vilify the French and *all other republican governments*.
 “ Observe where the author says p 42. “ when France
 “ was a *monarchy* the common hangman at Lyons en-
 “ tertained a higher sense of honour than has yet been
 “ expressed by any one of the convention.” Is not
 “ this insinuating that it is impossible for republicans
 “ to possess any sense of honour? This shallow writer
 “ has perhaps never heard of the Brutuses and Catos
 “ and of many republicans of modern times that might
 “ vie with them.

“ The conclusion of this piece bears the stamp of
 “ its origin ; it finishes with endeavouring to persuade
 “ the citizens of this country, that they ought to pre-
 “ fer *conneccions* with Great Britain to those with
 “ France. But this author does not *feel* as an *Ameri-*
 “ *can* ; the injuries that Great Britain has heaped on
 “ this country are not imprinted on his heart as they
 “ are on ours. This reasoning from the present situa-
 “ tion of France is falacious—whatever may be her mo-
 “ mentary distresses, she cannot fail in the end to *raise*
 “ herself superior to all her enemies, and to put to the
 “ blush all those who are now rejoicing in imaginary
 “ prospects of her destruction.

“ This writer takes particular delight in vilifying those
 “ characters whom Americans have been long accus-
 “ tomed to admire—the piece would not be his, if it
 “ did not contain some sarcasm on the venerable Doc-
 “ tors *Franklin* and *Priestley*—in this last production he
 “ seems to have gone a little further than usual, he
 “ has placed one of them in hell and given us to un-
 “ derstand that the other will soon follow him.

“ His low attempt at wit on this subject can only
 “ draw a smile of contempt from a man of sense. The
 “ two great men he has thought proper to treat thus,
 “ are so far above the reach of his malice, that it
 “ would be useless for me to attempt their justification.
 “ The dead have ever been looked upon as exempted
 “ from reproach, but this pamphleteer disregards de-
 “ corum ; it is not astonishing he who has been base
 “ enough to aim his poisonous darts at an innocent
 “ woman, should not look upon the grave as a shelter
 “ from his malice.

“ I shall make but one observation on the stile of this
 “ pamphlet, it is this ; that, if possible, it is some-
 “ thing worse than any thing this author has before
 “ given us, and that if this is the way he improves,
 “ we may expect him to arrive very soon at that per-
 “ fection of insipidity which will ensure him the title
 “ of *Jerry Snake*. I would advise him to desist—let
 “ him leave off while he is well—whatever he may
 “ imagine, he was never formed to make converts in

“ America—his would-be wit never ceases to awaken
 “ disgust, *Bone to Gnaw* and *Grub-street*, will soon be
 “ synonymous.

A Correspondent

BURLINGTON, June 2, 1795,

“ *I have copied this loving epistle, word for word and letter for letter, preserving the false orthography;*” it was written by William Cobbett for publication. He requested me to transcribe it, and send it to Mr. Bache, which I did; but, whether Mr. Bache’s discernment led him to suspect the author, who wished by *any means*, however *foul*, to bring himself into notice, or whether he considered Peter Porcupine as too contemptible to merit public animadversion, I will not pretend to say; certain it is, however, that he did not publish it. The original remained in my hands, and may now be seen by any person who wishes to behold a specimen of *very accurate writing!*

SAMUEL F. BRADFORD.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 782 451 2