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EPIGRAMS.

On the Ladies Pads.

WHEN women's minds were undefil'd and chaste,
Even wives would blush, to shew a swelling
waist;
But now the pads that give the fashion'd swell
Mere misters want, and wanton wibes tell;
Tho' great in size, their modesty is small,
They rise to shew how easily they fall.

Says Laura to Kitty when fixing her pad,
A natural one must be charming, egad!
Yes, laughing, says Kitty, "for who can neglect
To advert to the cause when they see the effect."

EPI TAPH.

On a Mr. SHARP, a Musician.
THIS is to let you know,
Mr. Sharp lies Flat below.

JACK his own merit sees—This gives him pride,
That he sees more than all the world beside.

PETER PORCUPINE.

From the BOSTON CENTINEL.

MR. RUSSEL,
THE public of the United States has for some months past been instructed by and entertained with the writings of Mr. William Corbet, of Philadelphia, bearing the signature of Peter Porcupine.—These writings have been generally read; and the severity of their satire, their lucid argument, and pungent wit, have greatly chafed the disorganizing faction of our country. Of course the champions of that faction have resorted to their darling weapon scurrility, falsehood, and Billingsgate abuse against him. Finding these could have no effect in deterring the Porcupine from using his quills, or warding off their barbs, they have been reduced to the pitiful shift of an incendiary and threatening letter. This measure has produced a pamphlet from Mr. Corbet, which a correspondent has inclosed me, in the last mail; and as none of them have yet reached this town, I send you an analysis of part of it, and extracts from the other part, for the amusement of your readers. Yours, A. B.

The pamphlet is intitled—"The SCARE-CROW: being an infamous letter sent to Mr. John Oldden, threatening destruction to his house, and violence to the person of his tenant, William Corbet; with remarks on the same, by Peter Porcupine."

The letter was handed to Mr. C. by Mr. Elmlee, partner of Mr. Oldden, and is as follows—

"To Mr. JOHN OLDDEN, Merchant, Chestnut-street, S I R,

"A certain William Corbet, alias Peter Porcupine, I am informed is your tenant. This daring scoundrel, not satisfied with having repeatedly traduced the people of this country, vilified the most eminent and patriotic characters among us, and grossly abuse our allies the French, in his detestable productions, has now the astonishing effrontery to expose those very publications at his window for sale, as well as certain prints indicative of the prowess of our enemies the British and the disgrace of the French. Calculating largely upon the moderation or rather pusillanimity of our citizens, this puppy supposes he may even insult us with impunity. But he will ere long find himself dreadfully mistaken. Though his miserable publications have not been hitherto considered worthy of notice, the late manifestation of his impudence and enmity to this country will not be passed over. With a view therefore of preventing your feeling the blow designed for him, I now address you. When the time of retribution arrives, it may not be convenient to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty. Your property therefore may suffer. For depend upon it, brick walls will not screen the rascal from punishment when once the business is undertaken. As a friend therefore, I advise you to save your property by either compelling Mr. Forcupine to leave your house, or at all events oblige him to cease exposing his abominable productions or any of his courtly prints at his window for sale. In this way only you may avoid danger to your house and person, and save the rotten carcase of your tenant for the present."

After noticing the false orthography of the above, and hinting that Mr. Viceffimus Knox would do well to preserve it as a master-piece in its way—Peter guesses "that the family of the author of this powder blunder-bus makes a considerable figure in the *Tyburn Chronicle*. His grandfather was hanged for house breaking, and his papa came to the southern part of these States on his travels, by the direction of a righteous judge and twelve honest men. He then says, that the cut-throat acts in character. He proceeds exactly in the manner of the revolutionary tribunal at Paris:—that is, he arraigns, condemns and executes all in the space of about five minutes. The first charge he brings against me, is, that I have "repeatedly traduced the people of this country." I take notice of this, not because it is found in this base and cowardly letter, but because it has long been the theme of all those who wish to decry my

performances, and because I am willing to let slip no opportunity of declaring my respect for a public, from whom those performances have ever, from the publication of my first essay, to the present moment, met with the most liberal encouragement.

"Let any stupid member of the broken-up back door clubs point out, if he can, one single sentence in the writings of Peter Porcupine, where the people of the United States are traduced. It is true, I have not fallen into the beaten track of confounding the good with the bad, of lumping the enemies and the friends of public happiness together, and fawning on them indiscriminately. I have not said that they are all vicious and wile, and that virtue and wisdom is to be found amongst them alone. No; I am no spaniel, nor will I be one. I address myself to the good sense of my readers, and to that alone: if they want a buffoon or whining parasite, I am not their man."

"But, I have, it seems, "vilified some of the most eminent and patriotic characters among us." It is pity, to be sure, that these patriotic characters should be vilified more than they have vilified themselves. What could I, or any body else, say to vilify a man, for instance, a man who had made overtures to sell his country for "a few thousand dollars;" or another, who had done all in his power to stop the wheels of government "by stirring men up to open rebellion against it? It is not I who have vilified the eminent patriots, it is Joseph Fauchet, the father confessor on the banks of the Schuykill, when he calls them, "the pretended patriots of America," and when he says, they have already their prices." Surely I might take upon me to repeat the expressions of the minister of France, of our good and faithful allies, without being chargeable with vilifying the eminent patriots. And, if I have laughed at little Mr. Swanwick, what have I done more than every man, every woman, and every child in the United States, at least every one that saw his person, listened to his harangues, or read his poetry!—I wonder what I have done, that I must remain in a corner as demure as a cat, while every body else are bursting their sides."

Porcupine then vindicates himself from the insinuation, that he had "abused our allies the French;" and compliments Louis XVI. as indeed the ally, "the great and good ally" (to make use of the words of Congress) and whom he never abused.

"The next charge is: I have "the astonishing effrontery to expose for sale, certain prints, indicative of the prowess of the British and the disgrace of the French." Here the hang-in chains writer alludes to a print, intitled "Earl Howe's decisive victory over the French fleet, on the first of June, 1794."—This print has had a vast concourse of admirers. I had but two of them, one was sold instantly, and I have the other. What is very singular, is, that one third part of those who have wished to purchase this print were French republicans.—The print is not sold, nor shall it be. I will keep it in my window as long as any violence is talked of, and when that ceases, I will have it put in a gilt frame and hung up in a conspicuous part of my house.

"This offensive print is no more than a true representation of the action of the famous first of June, and if it be "indicative of the disgrace of our allies, it is no fault of mine. If defeat is disgrace, they were most shockingly disgraced on that day. But, I thought it had been long ago agreed on, that, tho' the fleet got a drubbing, and a pretty decent one too, the victory was, in fact, on the side of the French. I am sure Barrere told the French people so, and I am sure most of our news papers told the people of America the same story. How many believed them I will not pretend to say; but if it was a victory, in fact, I am treating the people with a representation of it, that is all, and am by no means exposing what is "indicative of British prowess."

"When WILLIAM PENN was tracing out his beloved city of Philadelphia, if any one had told him, that the time would come, when a man should be threatened with murder for offering to sale, in one of the streets, a print "indicative of British prowess. I much question if the good man, though a Quaker, would not have said that it was a d—d lie. Poor old fellow! he little dreamed what was to happen at the close of the "enlightened eighteenth century."

"Mr. OLDDEN is told, that there is but one way left of saving his house and that is by obliging me to cease exposing my "courtly prints" at my windows for sale. It would seem by this that the cut-throats look upon me as OLDDEN's vassal; I shall convince them that I am not: to oblige me to desist from any branch of my lawful occupation would prove the toughest job that ever my landlord undertook, should he be silly enough to attempt it. As to obliging me to quit his house there are no hopes there neither; for I have a lease of it, and a lease that I hold in spite of all the sans-culottes in America."

"But, what does the cut-throat mean by "courtly prints." I have Ankerbom the regicide; that can be no courtly print at any rate. I have, indeed, the portraits of the late king and queen of France; but as they are dead, one would imagine that they could create no alarm. Poor LOUIS little thought, when he sent hither those portraits of himself and his queen, which now hang up in the Congress House, that the day would come, when a book-seller would be threatened with murder for exhibiting his likeness,

in the capitol of the Union. Others have exhibited him at their windows, stretched on the scaffold; they had a right so to do; every man to his taste, and I to mine. It is true, I have the portraits of Billy Pitt and Lord Grenville and several other noble personages; but then I have Marat and Lepelletier, by way of rubbing-off as I go. I have a right reverend Father in God in one corner of my window, and if I could procure that right irreverend Father in the Devil, *Tou Laine*, I would hoist him up in the other; for want of him I have Dr. Priestley, who upon a shift, is very capable of supplying his place.

[This attack on the amiable and persecuted Priestley every American will consider as ungenerous and ill-timed, though in the instance before us it gives a point to the writer's wit. The "Birmingham philosopher" is, however, invulnerable to the shaft, and panoplied as he is in conscious rectitude of mind and action, must smile at this effort to asperse his character.]

"I am promised a print of poor Richard, in the arms of a brace of angels, who are carrying him off God knows whither.

"And then, there are my books and stationary, almost the whole of which is English—I have been looking round, and cannot for my life find any other American book than Adam's defence of the *American Constitutions*, and *Peter Porcupine's* works. The latter of these my sovereigns have procribed, and the former speaks about the *well-born*; so that, unless my gracious Lords will condescend to permit me to sell these offensive things, I must shut up shop. But, if I must, I hope all the rest of the trade will be compelled to do the same. There is Mr. Campbell has published Hume's History of England, a book as full as it can hold of kings' and queen's pictures, and aristocracy of all sorts and sizes, and contains, besides, a great number of instances of "British prowess," and of "the disgrace of our allies." Mr. Dobson too, and Mr. Carey, have published books on *royal* paper, and Mr. Brown has dared to publish his gazette even on *Imperial*. These are crimes that I had never either committed or attempted. Is not this anti-republicanism to the last degree, and a downright insult on the citizens of the United States? Again, there is Mr. Young, and several others that I could mention, who have the assurance to expose for sale, Walkden's Royal British ink-powder, stamped with the "tyrant George's" arms. Shall all this go unpunished, and shall poor I be eat alive merely for exposing a print or two? forbid it justical Democratic justice forbid it!

"Nor, should a strict inquisition take place, will the great Mr. Franklin Bache himself, come off blameless. He has informed the public, that he is in correspondence with Peter Pindar, and it is notorious that this Peter is not only an aristocrat, but a declared royalist. He has given Tom Paine the severest lashing he ever met with. And, as to "traducing the people of this country," does not Peter traduce them, when, in speaking of the U. States, he says:

"Where sons of liberty their treasons sing,
"And every scoundrel convict is a king."

Is not this traducing the people? And yet Mr. Bache publicly boasts of his intimacy with this fellow, and takes infinite pains to propagate his works! "Birds of a feather will flock together," says the old proverb, and it is no more than reasonable to suppose, that Mr. Bache, whatever mark he may choose to wear, participates in the sentiments of his friend Pindar.

"Nay, even Dr. Franklin was an aristocrat, and an abominable one too, as may be seen in the very last item of his last will and testament. "I bequeath," says he, "to my worthy friend George Washington, my gold headed cane, surmounted with a liberty-cap: if it were a scepter he is worthy of it!" Thus, you see, reader, after all the Doctor's clamour against kings, he thought a scepter something better than a liberty-cap. The tho Dr. was sincere here there is no doubt: men are generally so upon their death-beds, howsoever profound their hypocrisy may have been through life. Poor Richard certainly deserves to be tumbled from his niche for this dying confession, and I trust, "when the day of retribution comes," as my cut-throat terms it, he will not be forgotten. It is ridiculous, to be sure, to lay violent hands on a statue, but as this kind of heroism has made a very considerable figure in this "Age of Reason," I do not see why old Lightning-Rod should escape any more than another.

[The remainder in our next.]

To the OFFICERS and SOLDIERS
WHO served in the army of the United States of America during the war with Great-Britain, the Subscriber offers his services—Such as may think proper to communicate with, or call upon him, may be assured his best exertions shall be made to become useful to them, and on moderate terms. He has already received many applications from this USEFUL class of citizens, and therefore has resolved to devote a part of his time to their benefit.

His OFFICE is opened at Warrenton for the purpose, where diligent attention will be given to all persons applying. WILL. FALKENER.

COME IN TIME, AND YOU MAY BE SERVED WITH GOOD EFFECT.

A Variety of BLANKS for sale at the Printing-Office.