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L I F E A N D A D V E N T U R E S

O F

J O B N O T T,

BUCKLE MAKER, OF BIRMINGHAM;

First Cousin to the celebrated Button Burnisher ;

AND AUTHOR OF "ADVICE TO SUNDRY SORTS OF FOLKS."

AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

With here and there a *Cap* for those that they'll fit ;
 Here and there a *Dressing* for those that have *fore* places ;
 And here and there a *Flogging* for those that deserve it.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? This man shall stand before Kings.

He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity, and the rod of his anger shall fail.

King Solomon—Proverbs 22d chap.

B I R M I N G H A M :

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P R E F A C E.

AS my advice to fundry sorts of people has been so well received, having gone through four editions in this town, besides many thousands printed in other places;—I thought an account of my life and adventures (the object of which is, if possible, to do some good) might not be unacceptable. I know I must expect a few shots from *Corporal Robert Spear* and his *foraging parties*, but whilst I am backed by that well known soldier *General Approbation*, I shall keep these gentry at a distance, and so render their bosom friends the Daggers useless. This Narrative was ready for the press last week, but seeing there was something to come out at the Poison Shop, I stop'd it thinking that whatever it was it might want answering. It came out this morning, and a pretty thing it is; I am really afraid I cannot condescend to take any notice of it, least I should give it a consequence and preserve it from those mean purposes for which it is only fit: however if I should change my mind, I shall knock up a bit of a Postscript and send after it, but I must have a

D E D I C A T I O N

TO my Book, and to whom can I so properly dedicate it to as the *Merchants Factors, Manufacturers* and other worthy Inhabitants of this noble town of Birmingham, you on every occasion shew how desirous you are to spread plenty and happiness o'er this highly favoured Town. Even in the course of the last week you have subscribed near 1400l. for the purpose of supplying the poor people who are out of employ with Six-penny Loaves for Three-pence a piece. For myself, I am proud of belonging to such a place; a place where every man may get forwards by his industry, as you and I have done:—And happy it is that the same road lies open at present for every one, and will remain so if the world is not turned up side down by the Jacobins, who are industrious in nothing but in sowing sedition, in hopes of setting the nation in a blaze: filching from the affrighted inhabitants and running away by the light.

Gentlemen, one of my objects is, if possible, to separate our good old friends (whom I term the old fashioned Dissenters) from this dangerous crew, that so we may again live in love and peace with them, as heretofore. I must now beg you to protect my book from the sneers of these hot-headed bigoted foolish fellows, and if you should approve it, I entreat you to give it to the rising generation, particularly remembering them who behave well at the Sunday Schools. I wish these establishments success with all my heart; and may the good seed sown in childhood blossom in the man. And may the children live to express their gratitude to those who are sparing of neither money or trouble to make them happy.

And so wishing Unanimity and good Trade to this flourishing Town,

I remain as before,

Your's to Command,

J O B N O T T,

P. S. Perhaps like other great authors, as Swift, Pope, &c. I may here and there have used an expression that some delicate parents would not choose should meet their childrens eyes, if so, take your pen and blot out what you don't approve.

The LIFE, &c. of Job Nott.

MY poor father departed this life when I was only four years old, and it was very well that my mother had no more than one, for if she had she could not have gone out to work, and maintained herself and me as she did. . When I was five years old my mother took me to the shop and agreed with master for 9d. a week at biting off. But I was soon promoted to sticking in shanks, and got a rs. and then 1s 6d. a week. I was now 7 year old; and thought myself a workman, and begun to run my rig as well as the best on 'em. I remember once a fine French Gentleman (who I suppose by this time is boiled down for Jaccobin soup) coming to see master's manufactory, and took notice of me. How much said he does this little man get a week. Twelve and sixpence says I. Twelve and sixpence says he, lifting up his hands. Its no wonder Birmingham flourishes, if your *children* get such such wages. Its double what *Men* can get in our country, in France.

But master explained that twelve and six made eighteen and all was *pence*---so the Gentleman laughed heartily, said I was a wag and gave me 6d. which I carried home to my mother. This was the first money that ever was give me, and poor as my mother was she said it should be saved, and so a money box was bought and in it went. After this time I got on apace, and my wages was raised to half a crown, three and sixpence, and so on to five shillings a week.

I was now about 14 year old, and tho I say it that should not say it-- I was a tidy lad, and always took my wages home full weight as the saying is. And I lost nothing by that, for mother always remembered the money box and gave me a trifle back, and said I was a good lad and deserved encouragement; and so I soon found that honesty and industry was the way to get on. About this time it was that the Queen and Mr. Raikes begun the Sunday Schools at Glöster and Winsbr and other places. And Birmingham who is never behind hand when a good thing is to be done, established a good many of 'em, and

I had the good luck to be put into one of the first that was opened. I could then just say my letters, and that was all; for my mother was all that I had to teach me and the poor woman didn't no much more; but she taught me all as she know'd and we can't do that we can't do. I wish all parents would teach their poor children all the good they know and none of the bad, for its no use going to Sunday Schools unless the parents at home will lend a helping hand. And if its ever so little its better than none. For as the Bible says where little is given much is not required. But I would have the reader to know without wanting to be my own trumpeter, that Job Nott is not one of them who preach and dont practice; for as soon as I could read better than mother I paid her in her own coin; that is I taught her; and she soon could read a chapter in the Testament off at hand. Well I was put prentice to a Buckle-Maker, and I have not been long out of my time, but I must tell you how I conducted myself during my prenticeship, tho' it would be better for the matter o' that to come from any one else. Howe'er I must speak truth or else writing a life or any thing else, is *not* writing a life or any thing else. I say during my prenticeship I did all in my power to please and serve my master. I saw how he liked to have things done, and I strived to do'em so. I was always early in the shop; and many a time has master come out of mistresses room thro' the counting house with nothing but his breeches on just to see who and who was together; and found nobody but me. Job says he, thee beest the best o' the bunch Lad, and now and then slipt a penny or two-pence into my hand.

Master was a very punctual man--a Churchman--but he married a Dissenter. Mistress was a good sort of a Woman and he as good a man as ever was born. He liked to see every thing neat and clean; and used often to say that a Tradesman without Punctuality was like a rusty Weather-cock that would not turn upon its centre. There was no dependence on't, so all our Journeymen as was'nt punctual got the name of *Rusty Weathercock Jack*--George or what not. As I said before I lik'd to please my Master and therefore I was always punctual when I went of an errand. And also kept my bench tight. A place for every tool and file. And though it may appear an odd fancy I used to look at my vice, tools and bench, with as much pleasure as mayhap Mr. Richards does at his grand toy shop; where
I once

I once saw him reaching out of the window a pair of plate Buckles and put into a fine Lady's hands; who little thought that the poor dirty lad as was peeping in did most at making of 'em. I declare it had such an effect upon me that I could gladly have kiss'd her foot. And I directly thought to myself this is the blessing of having rich people in the nation. They wear the fine things as us poor folks get our bread by making

But to come back again to master and mistress. They was both extreme good sort of people, and went constant to church and liked that I should do so to. And I was very careful never to swear nor lie, nor to do any such bad practices. And if I heard any of our shopmen swear I always said to them what my Sunday School Master told me to say; — shop-mate don't swear, for swearing brings a man nothing but repentance, upon this they sometimes call'd me a methodical dog, but I used to say how can I be a methodist when I go constantly to the New Church, this always set 'em and they had'ent another word to say. One of our Shopmen was a Methodist, and the other Journeymen was always a badgering him till one day Master come into the shop, when they was all on him full cry, and was very angry: my lads says he, if I hear any more of this I shall give you the bag, I shall do by my men as the King does by the people of this nation; let every one enjoy their own opinions, and serve God their own way so long as they remain peaceable on the premises. You all know that James is as quiet a fellow as any among you, and let me tell you that Old John Westley's flock, instead of being sneer'd at as they are, deserve the thanks of this Kingdom for their peaceable behaviour; a great deal of good has been done by that man, He was a stirring old bishop, and look'd sharp after his shepherds, and if he heard that any one of his flock had the scab, he went or sent and gave him a good dressing: so my lads let me hear no more of this noise. Do your duty stick to your work, get as much as you can and make a good use of it in your families and I shall never enquire what religion you are of. Now my thinks Master was very right, for it seems to me a fast and wicked thing to run your rig upon any body about their religion, for suppose my father had been a Catholic or a Dissenter or a Quaker, its most likely I should have been
the

the same ; let a man *act* well, say I, and then no matter much what he calls himself.

For modes of faith let zealous bigots fight,
His can't be wrong, who's life is in the right.

And I think Poet Free's opinion express'd in his new song, is much the same as Poet Popes, and exactly the same as Author Nott's. My arrow is only aim'd at the violent impudent insidious and wicked. I hate violence and bigotry, no bigot can be a good man, nor can a good man be a bigot. I warrant when those of us that are sincere and good, and try to learn the will of God and do it, I say when we're all in heaven together, we shall often be shaking hands and wondering how we could be such fools when on yonder little spot of earth, to be for everlasting kicking up a dust about difference in religious opinions.—— Well, I went regularly on with my learning a little and a little every meal time, and as Master let me get a little over work, I went to an evening school to learn writing. And now thank God I can read and write well enough to answer *my* purpose, and having a little spare time in an evening, I thought I could not use it better than in telling the young fry, how I have got forwards from nothing as you may say, to be a master man, for as I says to my Betfy who knows but some poor Lad as reads my life may try to do the same as I did, and so be as well off in the end ; I used to do little jobs for Master's Clerk, and he was very kind to me, he was a very civil man and understood french and short hand, he help'd me forward a good deal in my learning, and taught me short hand & just at last he offer'd to teach me french, no says I, thank you for your love Mr Mills, but no outlandish dialect for me, I don't 'spire to it, if I can read and write and cast accounts well enough to make out a tidy bill of parcels, and write a note to a factor for a draft to go to the Bank with, its enough for me, tho' there's no great occasion for going to the Bank now, as the five guinea note men come round as regular as the white sandmen & will do a bill for nothing a'most, but I'm told Mr. Pitt is'ent over and above fond of their goings on, and means soon to make'em come to book and give security for a good round sum a piece ; but to come back again Mr. Mills press'd me to learn french, says I Mr. Mills what use will french be of to me ? unless I was to have to do with the french folks, and who in his senses would have any connection with such a nation, while rul'd by such bloody minded barbari-

barbarians, why they are worse than the Antipoads that kill'd and chop'd our brave sailer Captain Cook to pieces, and mayhap the same cause makes them act the same,— What do you mean says Mr. Mills? What do I mean says I, why I mean that they had no bibles where Captain Cook was kill'd and cut up, to teach 'em better; and tho' they might have bibles in France yet the people was not permitted to read them, and me thinks I shou'dn't be much the better for mine, if I was not to read it a bit, these french have been call'd for a great while past a polish'd people, a *polished people* indeed, they give fine proofs of it forsooth; mayhap it is that their tongues are made of polish'd steel, and their hearts made up of the file dust; however let *them* act as they like and may I and all my brother chips remain in the *ruff* and yet *act smoothly*. I wish you well with all my heart, I gave you very sincere advice in the paper I published the 2nd of December last, and it does my heart good to find how kindly you and almost every body all over the nation great and small have received it, and had it printed over again at those famous towns of Sheffie'd and Manchester. I say *almost* all, for there are a few Jacobines who have turn'd up their noses at it, who my brother chips are men that will neither lead nor drive, so if you please we will leave them to do as they like. I am only sorry and surpriz'd to find that out of false delicacy so many of the *old fashioned Moderate Dissenters* will so long be led by the nose by a man, merely because his nose is longest, and because he lives at the sign of the gibbet, why don't be frighten'd *mun* at this he can't hang you up on it. Not one quarter of you believe one half that either he, -- Paine, or the Doctor are continually bothering you about. However lets learn to be charitable, and as the Poet says '*forget and forgive*,' mayhap these sly hands who are artful enough to tickle every one in the right place, may when the Emiffaries are sent to Canada, which I hear they are soon to be, I say when this is the case and these Bell Affes are left without any to *lead* them, or any to *follow* them, they may feel sorry and become more modest and better men, or else transport themselves with their collegues to Cannada.

Brother Artificers and all who I advis'd before, depend upon it these are disappointed tottering men, who because they can't have a birth on board the State Vessel, would rather hazard the shipwreck of it than not gratify their resentment. I would

wish

wish to ask these busy bodies—these orators—these men who so conceitedly lay down the law with their fore finger on their left hand all along the High Town and look as staring and earnest as tho' they was a giving orders for the Alarm Bell to be rung ; I say I would ask these neglecters of business what but the want of the Coal makes them unhappy, and what but want of attention to business and setting up for orators keeps the purse empty.

But it is really of no use to advise these men ; for as they think they are wiser than any body ever was before ; they cannot be expected to take any saving advice. They are unquiet beings ; and like the troubled sea can never be at rest. It was justly said by a Scotch Clergyman in the News-paper that if the Doctor and his little impudent set was in Abraham's bosom they wouldn't be easy till they had kick'd his guts out.

I could say a good deal more to these Gentlemen ;—— but as it's unfair to hit a man after he's down ; and as my Cousin John said, Fair play's a jewel ; I'll say nothing further on that head ; hoping that as I have only stroked their faces I've not broke any bones. But to come back again. I was speaking of the great blessing of every poor persons being permitted to read the Bible. And as I'm sure the French Cannibals (as Mr. Burke justly called 'em for he said they cut out Gentlemen's hearts, and squeezed the blood into wine and drank it) I say if these French Cannibals had read the Bible they cou'dn't have acted thus. That blessed book teaches men better things. It teaches them to do as they would be done by. For my part I dont wonder at any Wickedness among men who deny God, and dont read the Scriptures ; which teaches them those things they ought to do and those they ought not to do. Only look back and see how other men have behaved before the Gospel shone among them and then you wont wonder at the conduct of those men in the present days ; who wont suffer it to enlighten their minds and soften their hearts. Why before the Gospel there was a prodigious large round building at Rome called the Amphitheatre as would hold thousands and thousands of spectators, And what do you think was their diversion. Why two poor men as they called Gladiators were turned in naked to fight with swords, and kept fighting till one was killed dead upon the spot, for the entertainment of the company : just like the barbarous practice of Cock-fighting here.

But as soon as the Gospel of Jesus Christ shone among them, there was an end to these barbarous amusements. Let us then my Brother Artificers, encourage the reading of this blessed book which (as Mr. Harvey says---I mean him that wrote the Meditations among the Tombs)

Heals the maladies of life.---and
 Subdues the fear of death--
 Which strikes a lightsome vista
 Through the gloom of the grave--and
 Opens a prospect---a glorious prospect
 Of Immortality in the Heavens.

In short if men follow what the Bible teaches them they will be happy whilst they live, and happy when they come to die, and be happy in heaven. But you'll think I'm preaching you a sermon, and that isn't what I mean to do. I only pray you not to be got the better on by men as dont believe the scriptures; and so turn Savages and disgrace human nature. No no I dont mean to preach you sermons. Every man to his trade say I; and let them preach as make it their business: tho' by the by its all my eye---unless they practice what they preach. Methinks if they dont its almost like making a joke of one. I have seen many a dispute tween master and mistress (who as I said before was a Dissenter) about many things---and as I write short hand pretty well I used to make memorandums. And now talking about preaching puts me in mind of what mistress begun on a little While ago about Mr. Paine's book and the Parsons, &c. She railed against them sadly and said that they ought not to have Tythes; nor to have more livings than one at a time: and that the disturbances ought to go on. Mary says master, fair and softly if you please. You know I never argue against you when you speak reasonable. But as to the matter of Tythes. Was not they appointed by God himself. And if a Farmer takes a farm of a Landlord does he not take it at a price according. Who then has any right to deprive the Clergy of their Tythes. Nevertheless said master I wish with all my heart they had a proper allowance instead of Tythes because I believe they often cause quarrellings between the Parson and his Parishioners; and this is a thing as ought not to be. The Parson of the Parish should methinks be at all times on the kindest and friendliest footing among his flock: for he is their Shepherd, and he ought not to be burthened with a greater flock than he is able to look after. And I'm

told by some as I think knows. that it is to be so. That every one should have the care of just as many souls as he could take good care of; for which he is to be handsomely paid as a good gentleman ought. And that the Bishops are to look sharply after them to see that every one does his duty; and strike them off the rolls as dont, and that none but pious men are to be appointed Shepherds; and such as are deeply learned so as to be able to silence the Corrupters of Christianity.

My Mistress seem'd much satisfied with Master's answer; but went on to say as there was many other grievances, as the Test Act--the Game Laws--Imprisonment for Debt--the Mode of Elections--Excise Laws--Prefs Warrants--Pensioners--and many other things as ought not to be; and therefore the *English Jacobins* was in the right and ought to kick up a dust.

Mary says my Master don't be in a pet, I perceive that your mind has been inflamed by the person who called upon you this afternoon with a book from the Poison Shop, but hear me patiently and I hope you will see that the evils are not so great as you fear and will not warrant that torrent of abuse which has burst the banks and threatened to deluge the nation. A torrent which if it is not timely check'd may end as dreadful as in France. My Mistress still insisted that the King and his Ministers ought to promise to remedy all grievances before the progress of the Jacobines was stopt. Mary says my Master you argue foolishly: suppose a rich man possessed a great estate which lay in a most beautiful vale near the sea, suppose in this valley a delightful village inhabited chiefly by his tenants who liv'd comfortably and had by their industry cultivated their gardens and lands and neatly furnish'd their houses; suppose some French Emisary who envied the landlord and the villagers happiness came into the village and pick'd a hole in the landlords coat and magnified every little fault till the once happy villagers became a little dissatisf'd with him. Now suppose some vile wretches in league with this village incendiary went in the night and cut a sluice in the bank so that at high water the sea begun to pour and roar into the valley, Then suppose the landlord concern'd for himself and his tenants was instantly to ride among them and beg them to assemble without a moment's loss of time take their spades with them and away to the breach to stop the increasing torrent of water that threaten'd to deluge the village. What then do you think they'd do? Would they stand parleying and say, no-- let us first settle these disputes; let us have these grievances that Mr. Emisary

Emiffary tells us of redress'd and then we'll go. I ask you Mary says my Master what should be the conduct of men whose *Wives, Children, furniture, gardens, improvements &c.* were all threaten'd with destruction from this increasing torrent? Why my dear says she they would hasten instantly to stop the breach, and then throw themselves on the gratitude of the landlord to remove whatever might prove real grievances. Mary says he, its just the same with *Brittania and her children.* Master says I, if I may be so bold Mr. Mills has been telling me something about Overt Acts and that these Paineites say that we have no occasion to be frighten'd and prepare to defend ourselves till the danger is more evident which I think Master is as much as to say, don't attempt to stop the breach till its out of your power. And if I cock and level a pistol at you, you have no occasion to be alarm'd till the ball enters under your fifth rib--just plumps through your heart and sticks in your backbone As soon as you're certain its safe there--Then load and fire away---Bravo---Bravo!

The pride of all nature was sweet Willy-O.

And now, my dear, continued my master, let us talk a little more about these mighty grievances you speak of as the *The Test Act, the Game Laws, Imp:sonment for Debt, the Mode of Elections, the Excise Laws, Press Warrants, Pensions, &c.* and first of

THE TEST ACT.

WOULD any men in their senses admit others into places of power and trust without their giving some conscientious proof of their firm attachment to that government those powers are meant to support and cherish? Surely not. They talk of a stigma. Why they cant expect to go through the World without a little stigma; tho' for my part I think it none And as long as they have the credit of being *Wiser, Richer, and Better* people than the church folk, which *according to their own account* they are, I think they should not make so much fuss about next kin to nothing at all. I dont find that the church people have acted otherwise than friendly towards them. Have they made any efforts to keep them *ignorant, poor or immoral*? It was out of their power, says my mistress. That I deny says my master. For if they had been oppressed they might not have been what they say they are. I say if they had not been suffered to have had schools, they might not have been so *wise*. If church folks had made it a rule to trade with people of their *own persuasion only* (as most of the Dissenters do) they might

not have been so *rich*; and if they had not been permitted to assemble and hear their Pastor's *Bible*-admonitions they might not have been so *virtuous*. And therefore dont let the mild government of this blessed country have it to say, "I have nourished up children and they have rebelled against me."

And next as to the

GAME LAWS.

WHAT advantage would it be to us Birmingham people to have a right to go a shooting? None. But evidently a disadvantage. If I want a hare for a christening dinner, I can get one for 4s. and I fancy I should lose more by neglecting my business to go and shoot one, besides the expence of powder and shot, and the danger of my gun going off at half cock, or in shooting across the road, and blowing the brains of some worthy man out, who perhaps might have a family to lament his loss. Upon the whole depend upon it the Game Laws serve to make men industrious and to keep them at their work. And as to

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT

I AM surprized that it should be objected to How was I enabled to begin business, and consequently to marry you, and see these dear babes in my house? Why entirely thro' the friendship of Mr. Jones lending me the 50l. And do you think he would have lent it me if he could not have come over me by law, supposing I had refused to pay it. I tell you this is a wife and salutary law; and I fancy few but very knaves are long imprisoned; for I never knew an honest man who came forward and gave up his All to his Creditors, that did not find support; and even as the law now stands, any man may clear himself after *he is* in goal to a certain amount by delivering up his All upon oath. As to

THE MODE OF ELECTING MEMBERS

OF Parliament, I do think it would be better altered and no one to vote but those who had houses or land, for all others may be called Citizens of the World; and if any commotions happen in one nation, they may pack up their Alls, and be gone to another, and leave the Landholders and Owners of Houses to fight the battle. So that it seems to be *their* care to make good and proper laws more than any body, in order to encourage others to live among them, and rent their land and houses. What, says my mistress, wou'dn't you have tradespeople vote? My dear, says master, you know I am no politician, but it strikes me that when tradespeople get money, and

and wish to have a vote, it would be easy to buy a bit of land, or a house; and I say again, that (as houses and land would be of little use without people to live in the former and eat the produce of the latter) the owners would take care to have such laws made as would keep us tradespeople among them. As to unequal representation, as they make so much fuss about, it does at first sight seem unequal that the great cities of London and Westminster, which are so numerously inhabited, should send no more members to Parliament than other places where there is not a twentieth part of the number of people; but then methinks it would be well to look at what sort of members are sent by this and that place; and if those members that are sent by a *many* voices are no more virtuous than those sent by a *few* where is the evil complained of? For as soon as a man sits down in the British House of Commons, they tell me he is a representative of, (and assists in making laws for) the whole people of England. I shall some day, when I can awhile, contrast the characters of those members that have been sent to Parliament by the *Many* with those that have been sent by the *Few*, and see which have been the best men. But what's further I should like them to vote by Ballot, so that no member should know who voted for him, and who did not; and this certainly would prevent much wickedness, such as false swearing, drunkenness, bad neighbourhood, ruined estates, &c. &c. but let us be quiet, Mary, and depend upon it something of this sort will take place by and by. But the masons would never have finished the Old Church Steeple if they had been continually pelted and hindered from their work. As to the

EXCISE LAWS,

WE have a heavy National Debt brought on by the French and Americans. This debt is due to individuals mostly of our own nation, among whom are numberless Widows and Orphans. How are these people to be paid the interest of their money without taxes; and as to an exciseman coming to gauge my malt, and see that I paid my due and no cheating, who is against that but those as want to cheat. "The Law is a terror to evil doers but to the praise of them that do well."

This heavy debt I say, that requires the taxes to pay the interest, was, as I said before, brought on chiefly by the French and Americans, who was stirred up to oppose us by those restless beings who are now finding fault with the taxes. However taxes must be had in every kingdom, and as well by the Excise Laws as any other Laws. The honest man has nothing to fear. Mind

Mind Æſop's Fable, upon the *Belly and Members*.

“THE hands and feet on a time were in a desperate mutiny against the belly. They knew no reason, they said, why one should pamper itself with the fruit of the other's labour; and if the belly would not work for company, they'd be no longer at the charge of maintaining it. Upon this mutiny, they kept the body so long without nourishment, that all the parts suffered for it, insomuch that the hands and feet came in conclusion to find their mistake, and would have been willing then to have done their office, but it was now too late, for the body was so pin'd with overfasting, that it was wholly out of condition to receive the benefit of a relief, and so they all perish'd together.

“MORAL. The Publick is but one Body, and the Fable cautions the particular Members of it how they withdraw themselves from their duties, till it shall be too late for their superiors to make use of them for their mutual advantage.

Lets see says my Master what were the other grievances Mary, other grievances says she, why the Press Warrants and Pensions, — Oh'aye,

PRESS WARRANTS;

IT is I grant a grievous thing to have poor fellows taken against their will, but there is something to be considered here, and first you should recollect that when these people enter upon the sea service, (which is generally their own or their parents choice) they know that the safety of their country occasionally makes them liable to these hardships, besides considering it an evil which it certainly is, how much greater an evil would it be to have an Army of French Soldiers landed on our coast, set our towns on fire, pillage our houses, take husbands hostages, violate our wives, kill our children and commit all kinds of excesses, let us set one evil again t'other, and then let me ask you Mary, if of two evils we should not choose the least, and now lastly, as to

PENSIONERS.

I Agree with you that some worthless people may enjoy pensions, but we should consider that perhaps they might be granted to their ancestors for real and good services to their country suppose for instance I was to do something for the good of this nation, why I should have some claim upon the nations gratitude, and suppose for the sake of arguing, the King was to say to me, I have consulted my ministers about rewarding
your

your services, and we have agreed to give you a 1000*l*. unless you prefer any thing else that will be nearly equal, why now suppose I was to say, please your Majesty I thank you, but if it is agreeable to your Majesty, I should prefer fifty pounds a year to me and my heirs for ever. Why, its very likely in fifty years time when I was dead and gone and all my service were forgotten, that some make-believe philosopher would blackguard my great grandson and say, its such fellows as you as swallows up the public money for doing nothing, whilst I am obliged to pay taxes. Now if I had taken the thousand pounds for my services to the nation, it might have been of much more advantage to me, and there would be nothing to reproach my grand child with,—I cant be sure tho' I make no doubt but this is the case with many who receive Pensions now.

I was much pleas'd with my Masters conversation, and as he was always reckon'd a sensible man, I took it down in short hand. Upon the whole I dont think we have much to complain about, it is'nt to be expected that our constitution can be more perfect than the makers of it as I said in my advice, and if upon looking into it any thing is found that wants rectifying, Job Nott will be as ready and as free to advise Master Pitt as he is his brother Artificers, but let him do what he will he cant please every body a law that benefits one, may and often will be hurtful to another, and indeed how is it to be expected that what a minister does should please all, when what the great God of the universe does is not pleasing to all. The blessed rain that makes the grass grow, by which Cows and Sheep are kept alive and produce us milk, butter, cheese, leather for shoes, wool for coats, gowns, cloaks, and stockings, besides many other comforts and conveniences; I say this blessed rain which God sends and which makes the farmers grass grow, may spoil Miss Fanny's best hat and petticoat, or prevent Molly Hoptop from going to the fair. But what's more to the purpose the rain that does good to one sort of soil, dont to another, so let us be content poor and rich say I, for my-thinks the difference between being poor and rich is not so great as it seems to be. The poor get victuals, cloaths and a coffin when they die. The rich get no more, the cash must stay behind. But I think I am got quite out of my life and its high time I come back again. Well, I was saying that towards the latter part of my time Mr Mills taught me short hand, and that enabled me many a time to take down what my Master said about these national concerns.

JOB'S TIME UP!

WELL the day arriv'd when Job come out of his time, my Master call'd me into the counting-house, Job says he, to day you're out of your time, heres your indenture, and here's a guinea for thee, you have serv'd me well, and you wont be a journeyman long I assure you, I thank'd him and told him I was as much oblig'd to him and Mistress for their good counsel and care as they could be to me for my services. Well I went home and reported all to my poor mother, who now poor soul is dead! or how glad she would be to see me a master man and so happy with a good natur'd wife, I told her all that my Master had said and she v'd her the guinea, of which I had now nine all new ones that I had sav'd by over work. Says I Mother I am now determin'd to open the money box, and I'll have a fortnights holliday and spend one of my over work guineas or perhaps half one more, I'll go some-where to see a little of the world, where shall I go? Colad says her, if I may advise thee, go where thee may st pick up something, go to Walsfall or Wolverhampton and there you may see some'at of thy own trade and the difference of work and then thy journey wont be without some profit, right mother says I, and as you are poor'y I'll hire

THE ONE HORSE CHAISE

AND you shall go too, so off I went and hired the Chaise and it was settled to go the next morning, but one as my new cloaths was to come home on the morrow: Well the morning came and the Chaise come to the door soon after seven, the neighbours stair'd like stuck pigs, it put me in a bit of a flurry, but however we got in and off we went merrily towards Walsfall and a mighty fine morning and very pleasant it was until we come to the hill leading up to Mr Eggintons the great Window Painter, there we met a Stage Coach coming down the hill full gallop, which put us both in a frightful stew and som'ow mother pulling one rein and I the tother we got full near and so it dash'd one of our wheels off, and over we went, but thank God neither on us much the worse for the fall the Coachman did but laugh at us and drove on, to be sure I hardly knew what to be at I was so sadly asham'd of going home again, for you must know there was quite a wake to see us sett out, however I led the horse home a round about way, and mother walk'd home and got in at the back door. The man we hir'd the Chaise from, was sad and angry, he d--'d me for a lubber headed awkward afs, and swore hed take a jack'ass

and fetch the Chaise home, and come and stand an hour at my mother's door, I was sneaking off out of the stable, when he shouted after me, where's the money, what is it says I, seven shillings says he, seven shillings says I for riding to Hockley Brook, ah says he seven shillings, and if you dont pay, the courts your portion, then says I if I'm to pay seven shillings I'll have the horse all day, and so we agreed that I should have a ride into the bargain. And as I had never been to Sutton I thought as there was no turnpike I'd ride that way.

THE HUNTING BUSINESS.

JUST as I come upon Sutton Cosfield a Hare run across the road and instantly the Hounds and Huntsmen, this put me in a sweat for my horse would go, however tho' I should not say it I sat him as well as the best of 'em. I did not understand hunting language and therefore I determin'd not to say nothing untill I heard what others said. Very soon we began to go faster and faster all among the gos and ruts, and a most all the gentlemen begun to cry smook the brum, smook the brum, and as I thought it would be right I hollow'd as loud as I could, smook the brum, smook the brum, upon which they laugh'd monstrously and look'd at me, and I began to think they must be laughing at my horse, however an unfortunate circumstance put an end to their laughing, for my horse would jump over a hedge and throw'd me plump over his head in a heap of mud, and I believe they thought I was kill'd out right, but thank God that was not the case, one good gentleman staid with me till he saw all was well and then said be hop'd there was no harm done, and gallop'd off after the hounds. To be sure this was ten times worse than the Chaise job, for I had half spoil'd my new cloathes and lost the horse, he having gallop'd off as soon as he had thrown me, however I walk'd home determin'd to make the best of a bad bargain, and upon going to the stable I found my horse had found his way before me, so I paid the man and all was right so far. But I cant say I am mightily pleas'd with these Hunting Country Gentlemen for running their rig upon us Birmingham folks, tho' we may nt all be quite so polite as they are, I was as well or better dress'd then any one of 'em, and for ought I saw, till I was thrown, rode as fast tho' to be sure I did not sometimes sit quite so tight on the saddle. I had on all fire new cloaths from head to foot, a very handsome fashionable long skirted great coat, a new cock'd hat, black everlasting breeches, and a very good pair of blue worsted boot stockings, so that there was no great deal to laugh at me—
thinks, — besides,

The COUNTRY GENTLEMEN

SHOULD consider that if it was'nt for me; and such as me; perhaps they might not have so much money to hunt with. Dont we eat butter--dont we eat cheefe---dont we drink ale--dont we eat beef and mutton--and dont we wear Woollen clothes--and dont all these articles come off their lands --and dont they set their Farms for double price in consequence of the quantity of provisions devoured in this place; so that I think there isn't much to laugh at. Methinks if Mr. Pitt was to neglect the trade, and trade should be dead, and popilation didn't go on in the manner it does here, these laughing Gents might laugh a tother side the mouth, and mayhap some of their children or grand-children be glad to be Buckle-makers, and then they might happen to be in the same condition as Job Nott. Gent efolks should consider these things a little.

I was now taken up full two days in cleaning my clothes; and in talking to mother about this sad Hunting business, and was now determined not to ride no more, but thought I'd e'en walk it to

W A L S A L L :

SO off I set I went to a great many of the manufactories to see how they come on: and I didn't go to no purpose, for I was soon up to their stroke, and put down what I observed in short hand. It was dark before I had satisfied my curiosity; so I staid all night and spent the evening among a good many hearty souls. I was always told that the Walsallites was Hobgoblin sort of folk, but for what I see they are up to as much as we are, and their daughters are as pretty and go full as fine. The Conversation turned upon

THE RIOTS.

BUT nobody was inclined to believe that there was any truth in the scandal circulated by the Jacobine Rest'less Dissenters viz. That it was plann'd by the Churchmen, and winked at by the Justices. *Restless Jacobine Dissenters*, says I, that's a proper distinction, for it's hard to brand a whole set for a few. There'll be some scabby sheep found in every fold. - In short it was generally understood just as I understand it, That the imprudencē and impudence of those men as would in spite of fate commemorate the French Revolution in this happy flourishing country, and drink Toasts, and use expressions signifying that they wished to see a similar one here, raised the indignation of a few who had assembled before the Hotel door just to see who dined; and mayhap to hiss them a Bit. But being disappointed

by

by these revolution gentlefolk (who carried themselves off thro' the back door,) in their rage began to do what they never had propos'd to do, and what in their cool moments they'd have shudder'd at. And when the game was begun, the hundred thieves which I mention'd in my paper of advice, and who are always ready to begin or second any mischief, I say these thieves kept up the Ball for the sake of plunder. If it had been a plan Gentlemen says I, I fancy they'd not have been sent to many of the peaceable and worthy men's houses which are destroyed, for who but madmen and thieves would destroy property which every one is obliged to contribute towards restoring again. Depend upon it the Jacobine men keep up this idea and are continually buzzing it into the ears of the *old fashioned moderate dissenters*, in order to keep the breach from healing. As a Birmingham man I was asked for my opinion and I gave it just as above stated and which I believe from the bottom of my heart, to be the true state of the case. A gentleman in the corner who came out of Cornwall said, it was a proverb among the Miners in his country, "*as peaceable as a Birmingham man*" and that it was the last place he should have expected to have heard of riots at. Why says I Sir, you and your Miners are right for I believe there never was a place of its size so remarkable for a quiet and peaceable behaviour. A many years ago when we chose to show the Country Gentlemen the odds on't, and brought Sir Charles Holt in, because we would bring him in, there was a most 20,000 people assembl'd and yet not a shin broke or a toe trod upon, as you may say. A great number assembled when a fellow was stuck in the pillory for false swearing, again when the two bloody murderers were hung, and yet all was quiet and not the least mischief done; and so we should have remain'd if these few violent, impudent would be thought wise men, would have been easy and have let our *own King*; and *glorious Constitution* alone. We love our King because he is virtuous, and bless God for our Constitution, because it is the very best in the known world, and if we like to support our King, as such a distinguished person ought to be supported, whats that to any body; if he has a good deal of money allow'd him he dont eat it I reckon, nor will it be buried with him; I warrant it comes round again and encourages trade, so here's his good health says I. This was highly relish'd and God save Great George our King, concluded a merry evening.

Next morning I went to Wolverhampton, Bilston, &c.

Bless me what work is going on here ; the country is top full of fire and smoak, and labouring men are so scarce, that the Horses are obliged to eat their oats without threshing.

THE COAL PIT.

I Was prevail'd upon to go down into a Coal Pit, at first I was sadly frighten'd, but seeing the hardy and fearless Colliers sitting round a jug of good Ale, I cheer'd up a little and upon paying my foot Ale, another jug was let down, they begun to get merry, but I begun to get sad, for I did not like my situation, however they behaved so civil and good humour'd that at last I was really sorry to come away. They had just let down an old fellow who formerly had work'd with some of 'em but was so maimed in his arms years ago, by the Coal falling on him, that he never could work in the Pit again, and so he had been travelling all over the kingdom with a basket selling a few buckles and garters and such little things. And as it was a many years since he saw any of his buttys as he call'd them, they gave him a hearty welcome and club'd to treat him. He told them many stories and one among the rest tickled my fancy a good deal —

THE OLD COLLIER'S STORY.

ONE time says he, when I was a bankrupt, that is, when my basket was empty and I had no money to stock it, I call'd at a good looking house a begging ; God bless your honour says I, relieve a poor old maim'd Collier; the Gentleman *smil'd* and went in, and soon return'd with a bundle of books and said, Silver and Gold have I none (*to give away,*) but such as I have, give I unto thee, here are a dozen of little books which will bring thee 2d. a piece, at any of the Farm Houses you may go to. I thanked him and came on my road with a heart as light as a feather. I soon come to a pretty village, and call'd at the first house to sell my books, a good motherly woman came to the door, which she slam'd in my face as soon as I had shew'd her one of the books, and said she'd send for her husband to put me in the stocks. Oh, Oh, says I, let me be off with myself, and so I budg'd on till I came to tother end of the village and then I went into an Ale house ; there was a good fire and seven or eight Soldiers and a Sergant sat round it, says I Gentlemen, please to buy a book of a poor old broken down Collier, lets look at one says the Sergant,—I gave him one.—You d---'d old rogue says he, but I'll pepper your hide for this,— fetch the Cat.-- At which I stared and said Gentle-

men

men no offence I hope, what do you mean, he'll tell you says one of the Soldiers as soon as the Cat comes; presently the Cat came, and a devilish odd looking one too, with nine tails, which the Sergeant took into his hand, and vapouring it over my head; now you old rascally treason-monger says he, if you dont directly throw every book into the fire, and upon your bare knees drink the Kings health and success to his Army, I'll flog you for an hour if I am broke directly for it; We'll give him ten a piece, shouted all the Soldiers. Gentlemen says I, what do you mean, I'm in the dark and dont understand you. Tie him up says a young dog of a Recruit, upon which the Landlord came in and ask'd what was the matter, and said I must not be hurt, for that no British born man or even *peaceable* foreigner who took up his abode in Britain, could be punish'd till he had been before the Justice. And now it come out that the books which this Gentleman had given me, was full of treason, and call'd the "*The Rights of Man.*"

I then up and told my story, and the Landlord said that he hadn't any doubt of the man as gave me the books, by my description of his person and house. So that the soldiers soon saw I was quite ignorant what the books was (for I couldnt read) and then they made as much on me t'other Way, and filled my belly with good victuals and drink, and gave me a penny a-piece, and the Landlord gave me 6d. We then burnt all the books, and sung, "God save the King," the While. Upon this the Landlord said, the very same Scoundrel left one of 'em at my house t'other day, but I'll soon do it over. Upon this he fetched out his children, five in number, and telling them what it was, he set it on fire in the middle of the floor, and the pretty little ones danced round it. I could not help crying at the sight; and I noticed some of the soldiers in the same situation. Poor fellows, it grieved me to take their money, tho' I was so very poor myself; and I said, Gentlemen, you have been very kind; but as the Landlord has given me 6d. I'll return yours if you please, for you get but a little more than me. Upon this one of them jump't up, and taking me by the hand, said my old Heart of Oak, we dont want money. We fight for *Honour*, for our King and Country, *not for money*; and immediately sung,

"How happy's a Soldier that lives on his pay,

"And spends Half a Crown out of 6d. a Day."

I then thank'd them, and left them, rejoicing at my good luck: The next place I stopt at was

Says the Landlord to the Banker,
Should you like to sleep with Spanker?

I forget the rest, but it was a deadly good song.--Come push about the jorum, says one of the Colliers, as soon as he'd done laughing at the Old Boys story, and give us a Toast.--Here's the King and Constitution, says the Old Cock. Three huzzas The next man that took up his tot said, Here's Confusion to Tom Paine, and all such Blackguards.--Three huzzas again. I cant think what sort of employ Tom Paine and such as sociate with him in giving about his books, are put to in t'other World, said a Youth as sat next me. I can tell you, said the Old Collier, for in my travels I once met with one as folks call a nickromancer, and he said as he had been there and know'd all about it. I was telling him what an escape I had with the Soldiers for offering Tom Paine's books to sell, and this brought on the conversation. Well, but what are they employed at, says the young Lad, seeming very anxious to be told all about it. Employ'd at, says the Old Collier, Why they are *not employ'd* at all, as you may say, for they're hung up in rows each side a dark long passage, and every time the D----I go to s----t he takes one of them to wipe his a----e with.

I thought I should have burst with laughing; and so when we had taken the parting tot, I was wound up in the Old Colliers Lap, and he went strait to Wedgebury, and I proceeded to Birmingham.

I was so pleased with my journey, that it took me a whole day to tell mother, and poor soul, she'd such a loyal heart that she roared like a bull for joy to hear that all was for supporting the King and Constitution.

I spent some days going about from one place to another; but as nothing particular happened, I took it into my head to have a strolling Walk somewhere, and take my gun with me.

The SHOOTING BUSINESS.

I Borrowed a gun of a neighbour, and walked towards Perry Bridge. I got into the fields, and seeing a bird in the hedge I let fly at him, but I missed him.—It would have been fortunate for me if I had *miss'd every thing else*; but the fates seem'd against me. I forgot that the great road run along-side the hedge, and unfortunately some of my shot knock'd an old Lawyers hat and wig off, and what was worse, frightened his horse and threw him. I was truly sorry, and was doing all I could to beg his pardon, and pick his Wig and Hat out of the dirt, when two fellows in green coats came up, and a little gentleman,

man, and upon the Lawyer telling him the tale, he abused me in a most shameful manner, and ordered one of the green coat men to break my gun. This and his foul language exasperated me past bearing, and as I knew my gun wasn't charged, I levelled it at him. Upon this he seized me by the collar, and swore he'd hang me. And as the Old Lawyer said I was very much to blame to point the gun at a gentleman. I consented to be horse-whipped, rather than be took before the Justice. So they borrowed the Lawyers long lashed Whip, and finely they did belabour me. They soon flogged the lash off, and was going on dreadfully with the handle, but here the Lawyer put in his caveat. Stop, stop, Gentlemen, says he, the poor fellow's had quite enough; besides that handle's an old antiquary, and is very valuable. I wish with all my heart, the lash had been an old antiquary too, thought I. However whether the Lawyer considered his Whip handle or my back, I shall always respect him, and if ever I raise cash enough to buy a bit of freehold, he shall make the writings out; for Gratitude is a blessed and heavenly virtue; and he that has not Gratitude in his heart is fit to be a Murderer or a Jacobin, or a Thief, or any thing else thats bad. I was in a woeful pickle, for as the Whip had fell into the mud, it marked my coat all over, so I was obliged to bundle up my coat in my handkerchief, and walk home in my shirt sleeves, with my Gun broke all to-pieces.

This was a pretty settling. And I was now cured for a Shooter as well as for a Hunter. So young Working Men my advice to you is, Not to undertake that as you dont understand. And especially Shooting, for I must confess an honest man can hardly go along the Roads these Holiday times without running the risque of having his brains blow'd out by some Tom Tit Peter Gunner, I suppose I cou'dn't be far from the Lawyer's brains, or I shou'dn't have knock'd his wig off, and what a shocking thing that would have been, besides you know, what is a Lawyer good for without brains?

Well, finding that nothing agreed with me so well as work, I went to the Shop again and set to, hard and fast, and so I went on getting good wages sometime, until Mr. Mills left my Master to go into a place of better wages, and then I was taken to do a part of what he had us'd to do. Now I was if possible more careful than ever. I try'd to do every-thing just as Mr. Mills had done it, I kept all the business down and never let any run behind hand. I was punctual to my hours at meal times, and never absented myself without Master's knowing. And when any body came about business, there was I in my
place

place to give an answer. In short I've reason to think that I gave Master and his customers satisfaction. And thus I went on for sometime, till one morning Master coming into the Counting-House,— Job says he I have observed thy industry and good conduct a long time, and now I shall make thee a proposal that will reward thy virtues and faithful services. This disorder that I labour under, will not suffer me to apply so close as I have been used to do. I am therefore come to a Resolution at next Christmas, to give thee a small share of the business on conditions of your taking the burthen of it. I was as you may suppose very thankful and happy, and Master was as good as his word, for when Christmas come, stock was taken, Master was to have five per cent. interest for the money and goods he had in trade, and I was to have five per cent. for 20*l*. which I had saved, and after this the profits was to be divided thus, I was to have three-pence in every shilling that was gained and Master the rest, this I guess'd would bring me in a good round sum.

JOB ADVISED.

WHEN all things was settled and a proper partnership article drawn up, my Master thought right to give me a bit of advice. Job says he thee be'est now a Master. Let this text be always before your eyes, "*Do as you would be done by.*" Deal kindly and honestly by the Workmen, give them as good wages as you can afford; but always get your Buckles up, as good and as cheap as you can, for that will bring you more orders, and the nimble nine-pence is better than the slow shilling, both for Master and Man. Always let the men have part of their wages by nine o'clock of a Thursday morning, that their Wives may go into the market and lay it out to the best advantage pay them the remainder at 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, that they may have time to provide for their families.

If you should ever be distressed for money, never get into that ruinous practice of drawing bills, and getting other people to endorse and discount them; for this will soon destroy your peace of mind, and make you unfit to attend to your business, Therefore never *ask* nor *grant* such a favour. If you do, distress may overtake you, and you may be induced to commit the worst of crimes, as many miserable men have done, I mean that horrid crime which never can be repented of, *Self Murder.*

No, no, my good fellow, always keep within compass:

The larger Ships may venture more,

But little Boats should keep near shore.

And

And if it ever should happen from losses, that your own property should be destroyed, never sport or make experiments with the property of others. Call your Creditors together instantly, and lay before them the honest state of your affairs, and you will find that "Honesty is the best Policy." You will find yourself respected and encouraged: and on a second attempt, your mind at ease, and your body enabled to take rest by sleep, you may soon arrive at the mark to which a different conduct would never have carried you.

I thanked him for his good advice, and told him, if the greatest care and living at a little expence would help me forward, that should not be wanting. And so, God blefs him, say I, and all such men. And I hope he will never have reason to repent his Generosity.

And so, my Brother Artificers, and more especially you, the smaller fry, I wish you all to act as I have done, and may you be rewarded as I have been, is the sincere Advice of

Yours to Command,

JOB NOTT.

Birmingham, 31st December 1792.

P S. And now for the Song that Poet Free made at my request. And then we'll begin again

LOVE AND UNANIMITY.

(Tune, ——— "The hardy Tar.")

WHEN Party feuds and hateful broils,
 Distrust and mad delusion,
 Disturb the happiest of Isles,
 And all is wild confusion;
 When each pursues his stubborn will,
 And minds are much divided,
 It then requires the utmost skill,
 Until the storm's subsided.

C H O R U S.

Then let us hand and heart exert,
 With manly resolution,

Determin'd firmly to support

OUR GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION.

Our

Our best endeavours us'd should be
 Lost Friendship to recover,
 Let Peace and Unanimity,
 Spread all the Kingdom over;
 Fair Commerce then will more expand,
 Nor shall our hopes be blighted,
 No foreign foe can harm our Land,
 If *Britons* are united.

CHORUS.—*Then let us, &c.*

The chearful and industrious heart,
 Who oft perhaps in need is,
 If well in life he acts his part,
 I care not what his Creed is;
 Dissenter,— Churchman,— Catholick,
 Whatever their persuasions,
 Good Subjects are to me alike,
 Of all denominations.

CHORUS.—*Then let us, &c.*

Let harmony without controul,
 Be quickly reinstated,
 'Twill glad the breast of each free soul,
 To have the work compleated;
 For War — whoe'er may be dispos'd,
 Away with melancholy,
 And now the British Lion's rouz'd
 France will repent her folly.

CHORUS.—*Then let us, &c.*

To quell at once the hateful storm,
 And stifle all confusion,
 Tho' cherish'd be the word *Reform*,
 We'll have no *Revolution*;
 By British Patriots may we see,
 The wheels of State directed,
 And Freedom, Life and Property,
 For ever be protected.

C H O R U S.

*Then let us hand and heart exert,
 With manly resolution,
 Determin'd firmly to support,*

Our KING and CONSTITUTION. J. FREE.

As I have made up my Mind to write a
Postscript,

I shall take the liberty in the first place, to address it to the
 Old fashion'd Moderate DISSENTERS;

I HAVE now before me a scrawl in which I'm sure *you* had no hand, I mean that infamous publication which came out the 31st of December last, at (which I shall ever call) *the Poison Shop*, in Moor Street; methinks it smells very much of that *modest* publication which begun to come out some time ago in numbers, but which you in your wisdom and moderation order'd suppress'd: I fancy this trash by its stile was the production of a junto of

SAD DOGS;

AND therefore I say in the stile of the Oxford Doctor,—Ye mistake me Gentlemen if ye think me a party man,—ye mistake me Gentlemen if ye think me a parson,—ye mistake me Gentlemen if ye think me to be that infernal Scoundrel which you have described me to be, in your infamous dose of sedition,—yea Gentlemen, ye mistake me if ye think me *such an one as yourselves*;—In fine Gentlemen, ye altogether mistake me: for however my wrath and indignation may be call'd out towards the *violent and designing few*, I am a man of *peace*, and would not have a miserable being on earth if it was in my power to make them otherwise. I appeal to all moderate men, whether my *advice to sundry sorts of people*, was not written in the spirit of moderation. Why then abuse me in the unwarrantable manner you do? Because Gentlemen you will pervert, you will deceive, you have hardened your naughty hearts and will not understand.—When I look at you from the top stair as one may say to the bottom, you make a very pretty appearance, you are upon my honour a very pretty set, a remarkable pretty set,—Job knows a thing or two about a few of you, and if you dont mend your manners, he probably may take the liberty to dance a horn-pipe or so upon some of your honours. But it would be much better to take my advice and be off,—now do,—there's my good fellows now do be off for fear of an accident,—only think of the New Drop.—And when you are mended we will receive you back again and make it up. Dont despair, you are not I hope past cure, the worst of wretches have mended, and why may not you, its a long lane that has no turning,—I assure you Gentlemen,

TRANSPORTATION

HAS a fine effect, a remarkable fine effect, you know Gentlemen that nothing cur'd Miss Polly Flanders, vulgarly call'd

MOLL FLANDERS

BUT Transportation, - - poor woman! she was a sad one, full as bad as you are Gentlemen, and yet she came about in time, I think history says that she was

Twelve Years a Whore

Five times a Wife

Twelve years a Thief

Eighteen times in Bridewell

Nine times in the New Prison

Eleven times in Wood-St. Counter

Six times in the Poultry Counter

Fourteen times in the Gate House

Twenty-five times in Newgate

Fifteen times Whip'd

Four times Burnt in the Hand

One time condemn'd to die.

And yet Gentlemen all this didn't do, the date of her reformation does not appear, till we read that she was *once transported*, and then history says she liv'd to see the error of her ways,--- liv'd honest, grew rich and died penitent. Now Gentlemen when the great blessing of transportation's set so clearly before your eyes, I'm sure I hear you one and all say,---we'll go,--- we'll certainly go. But I say Gentlemen, one word more to you, before I wish you a good voyage,--wasn't you rather too quick at that there meeting about thanking Reynard for his fine speeches, now methinks he has bepiddl'd his brush and wisk'd it in your faces as a body may say.— Befure dont be too quick in giving the view holloo another time, for fear you should get horse whip'd as I did when I went a shooting, and didn't understand what I was about ; but I suppose Gentlemen, you have been peeping into history and have seen Wat Tyler and another or two in print, and so you want to be in print too, but it wont do,--- no,--- you have too many competitors equal or superior to you in the business, for your merit as sedition-mongers to confer any distinction, nevertheless dont let me discourage you. some of you may chance to be printed in another book, mayhap in the Newgate Calender or so,--- Oh ! dear Oh ! ! what a sad thing it is to be a smiling artful sychophant, pray Gentlemen did you never read our countryman, Shakespeare ?

I'll walk, I'll talk, I'll eat with thee no more ;

Thou smiling pleasant mould of mischief.

Bring me a man of appearance the most odious,

Mishapen limbs and distorted spine ;

Let his eyes, his nose, his mouth be scarcely human,

His ears pick'd pointed, like asses ears ;

Let his teeth be long and filthy, encrusted

With green, and black, and yellow ;—

Let his breath so noxious be, that a lamp

At arms length would cease to burn ;

His blood so foul, that e'en the hungry

Half starv'd leech, would turn up's nose at it.

And with all these imperfections on his head

So he be honest, generous and sincere,— He doth far surpass

The man whose *external* only is pleasant to behold ;

But whose *internal* is miserable *deformity*.

You see Gentlemen what lessons I point out to you, to make you good ; and now let me only hint to you, the danger of being the leaders of a Revolution, you know Mr. Necker, Mr. La Fayette and Mr. Rochfaucoult were the beginners of the French Revolution, they were at first drawn about the Streets in their Carriages by the populace. Now let us see what is become of them, Mr. Necker is run away to save himself from being hang'd. Mr. La Fayette threw himself into the arms of his enemies to save himself from assassination, and is now in goal, but poor Rochfoucoult was not so fortunate, the dagger gentry overtook him, pull'd him out of his carriage and shut the door again, they then stabb'd him with their daggers, and afterwards mangled his body into pieces, and then put him in at his carriage window again by a bit at a time,— Gracious Heaven ! ! ! The brave are always merciful, but cowards are always cruel. So Gentlemen with these things before your eyes, I hope you wont think any more about kicking up a Revolution by staying here and telling lies to make us working people dissatisfied, — Lies says you,

Ah Lies say I, and fine siz'd ones too : Didn't you set out by saying we was to be all equal a purpose to please those that had nothing, and dont you now say that you didn't mean any such thing ; in short there is no knowing what you do mean *by what you say* and every body hates and detests a liar ; happy for Englishmen they discover'd in time what you did mean,---- you meant to persuade us that we were unhappy, you meant to persuade us to kick up a dust, whilst you riggl'd yourselves into power, and *then* you meant to say that we quite misunderstood you, and that you didn't mean any such thing.

But Gentlemen we're loosing time, the Boat waits and the tide is going down, you are considering where to go,---In France many of you don't choose to venture your dear-selves,--- In Holland, in Germany, in Russia, in Sweden. in Denmark and in Spain, you will be hunted down as beasts of prey,--- In the thirteen United States you are too well known, and will not be received ; what then is to be done ? In Botany Bay you will be too much alike for your genius to shine. Why then, my advice to you is, go to the interior parts of Africa,--- Go to the kingdom of *Pant*, were King *Bobo* and his Wife *Nicumbo* lives: Oh dear ! what a fine figure you would cut at a palavour ; who knows but that *Nicumbo* might be so charm'd with a long nose or a fine oration, that she might aid in pushing Old *Bobo* off the Throne for the sake of a younger and prettier bed-fellow. Then shall a Chaplain of fury or of art cry aloud,--- *Let your Moderation be known unto all men*, found the Chum Chumbs,--- beat the Bang Bombs *Bobo* to the scaffold.--- Long live King *Billy* Sovereign of all the *Pantiles*.--- But now all things are settl'd so far let me return again to the

The old fashioned Moderate DISSENTERS,

MANY of whom I highly respect, and have the honour to be respected by, be assur'd I wrote my advice in a spirit of affection towards you, and with an earnest desire that peace and good neighbourhood might be restor'd. You see that Churchmen took my advice for was there ever more love and moderation manifest then at the Hotel great meeting, they held out the *Olive Branch* but it does not seem that these impudent and violent men, who presume to dictate to and lead you, who I know intrude themselves upon you ; intrude ourselves,--- methinks I hear one of those bablers say,--- ah *intrude* yourselves, and if you dont know it I can tell you, that old acquaintance keeps up a civility, but take my word for it, you often sit down to dinner where you are not welcome. I say these fellows wont suffer you to have an opinion of your own, pray be advised and come out from among them, or rather turn them out from you, and be for ever seperate from them, for fear you should be involved in that disgrace which awaits them. There is nothing *new* in what these would-be-thought wise men have found out, it is only the old broth warm'd up again. You must know I lately stumbl'd upon a very good book call'd, *Louth's* directions for reading the Scriptures, and I see the very same spirit prevailed among a few, before any man now living was born, it is in his preface and I'll copy a bit of it, but perhaps some of you will say who is this Louth,--- I will tell you, He was a most excellent divine, and as it is written in his life, the most valuable part of his character was (what least appear'd in the eye of the world) the private
and

and retir'd part,---That of the good christian and useful parish priest, He was father to that eminent scholar and divine, Doctor Louth Bishop of London. He died and was buried at Buriton in Hampshire, and here follows his epitaph.

E P I T A P H.

Near the Outside of this Wall,
 Lyeth the Body of Mr WILLIAM LOWTH,
 Late Rector of this Church,
 Who died May 17, 1732,
 And being dead still desires to speak
 To his beloved Parishioners,
 And earnestly to exhort them
 Constantly to attend upon the Worship of God,
 Frequently to receive the Holy Sacrament,
 And diligently to observe the good Instructions
 Given in this Place,
 To breed up their Children in the Fear of God,
 And to follow Peace with all Men,
 And Holiness.
 Without which no Man shall see the Lord.
 God give us all a happy Meeting
 At the Resurrection of the Just.

And now having given you some idea who the man is, you shall hear his opinion and advice.

“ The seat of the scorners is nowadays looked upon as the only *infallible chair*, and that temper which *Solomon* so frequently brands with the worst of characters, as the most incapable of instruction, the most pernicious to him that hath it, and the most dangerous to the public, is thought by many among us to be the surest indication of wit and parts. But *whether such persons will bear or whether they will forbear*, it is certainly the duty of those, who are appointed to be *watchmen over the house of Israel*, to warn men to take heed, least there be in any of them an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God, and despising his holy word, by which they must expect to be judged at the last day. It becomes those, who are set for the defence and confirmation of the Gospel, to stand in the breach, and endeavour in their several stations, to give a check to the *overflowings of ungodliness*, which threatens to break down all our banks, and whose principles, if they are pursued to their just consequences, cancel the authority of all laws both divine and human, and set men loose from the obligation of them: Licentiousness in *opinion* always making way for licentiousness in *practice*, which is the true reason why it finds so many abettors amongst us at this day. Upon which account it is the earnest wish and prayer of many good men, that God would put into the hearts of those who are in authority, to take care that the *Toleration be confined within the bounds which the law hath prescribed to it*; for it is great pity that *liberty of conscience* should become a shelter for men of no conscience, to vent such doctrines as are not only destructive of all revealed religion, but even of civil society itself.

“ *It were well if the teachers of the separate congregations* (I mean as many of them as have any regard for a rule of faith or discipline) would shew
 their

their zeal upon this occasion, in standing up for the maintainance of those common truths, which all that deserve the name of Christians, agree in. It would be great weakness in them to take the *author of the Rights of the Christian Church*, and men of their stamp for their friends, because they discover a particular Spite and Hatred to the *Established Church*: That indeed is the principal object of Envy, (and we hope it always will be so to men of ill designs) and they are encouraged in their attempts against it, because they hope to find their own account in the unsettling of its foundations: But he must be blind that does not see that the same arguments, which are levelled against the present establishment, may be easily applied to other constitutions, some of which extend their claim to a *jus divinum* further than the *Church of England* does." So far the pious Mr. Louth.

I most sincerely hope the nation will forbear---but the British Lion is evidently roused against some of his bastard children, and foreign whelps, and I shou'd not be surprized if finding them determined to abuse the liberty granted them from time to time, they should again be deprived of it. And if it should be so, and you should be involved by not washing your hands of them in time, you will have no one to blame but yourselves. Remember that Job Nott warned you in time. Turn out the wolves in sheep's cloathing, and let them be sent to their favourite Paine who I think must feel himself completely *transported*---from this highly favoured country for ever. As to me I am but a poor writer, but I can understand what I hear, see and experience. However as many of my

BROTHER ARTIFICERS

ARE less learned, I think it my duty to inform them of the blessings which they enjoy---And I hope they will always have the wisdom to reject the plausible reasoning of conceited, proud and angry men, who have nothing, or but little to loose, and prefer the *Substance* to the *Shadow*.---We have every proof that we can have of a most excellent constitution; witness the inestimable blessing of Trial by Jury. And let us just contrast this with the French law, and what the atheistical Convention are now acting.

In England if the very poorest man is accused of a crime he must be legally apprehended by warrant, then taken before a magistrate, where he must see the man who accuses him, and hear all that he has to say. After this at the assizes or sessions a jury of Gentlemen called the Grand Jury examine his accusers, and if they think the evidence weak the prisoner is not even disgraced by being put to the bar. Judge Ashurst says this is a caution unknown in any other country. Upon the Grand Jury writing a single word on his indictment, the man is discharged, but if they find the evidence good, then the man is brought to the bar, his indictment is read to him: a jury then is sworn to give their verdict according to the evidence; and as every man comes to the book, the prisoner is directed to look him in the face, and if he has any reason to dislike any one or all of the Jurymen, he may object to him, and he is ordered away without the prisoner giving any reason. When a Jury that the prisoner approves is sworn, the trial goes on. The witnesses are not suffered to give any hearsay evidence, but to speak to real matter of fact within their own knowledge. When they have done, the prisoner or his Counsel may ask them what questions they please. After all the evidence

has

has been heard, the judge who takes it all down in writing, repeats it to the Jury for fear they should have forgot it, and then they bring in their verdict—if guilty, and it is a capital crime, sentence is pronounced in the most awful and solemn manner, and a proper and decent time allowed for the unfortunate man or his friends to apply to the King and to make his peace with God,—and finally, if mercy cannot consistent with the good of society be extended, he is allowed a minister of his own choosing to go with him to the fatal tree, to comfort his soul in his last moments.

Blessed priviledges! Blessed England!! Besides this, let us ever exult that an englishman's house is his castle, the most sturdy bumbailiff dares not so much as draw the latch string of the feeblest man's door to molest him. And again, we go to what place of worship we think proper, and serve God in our own way. *is not this* living under our own vine and sitting under our own fig-tree? Is not this (every mother's son of us) enjoying our own loaf and cheese? Blush ye vile men and hide your diabolical faces, who would wish to persuade us we are unhappy and want such a government as the French have got.

IN FRANCE,

A POOR man might be apprehended and imprisoned for months without knowing for what, or without his wife and family knowing any thing of him: and when brought to trial his Judge was his Jury. And now let's see the conduct of the present governors, these men who say there is no God. Here is poor Louis Capet and his wife, as they call them, accused of sundry crimes, they are confined without being permitted to see each other, their accusers would have denied them, *if they durst*, even a copy of their indictment, or any Council, the accusers are to be the *judges*; the accusers are to be the *witnesses*; the accusers are to be the *Jury*, Good God! is this the way to begin their liberty? is this a specimen of what you wicked men want to reduce happy England to; Heaven avert the danger, and turn your councils as he did Ahitophel's into foolishness, that you may be a by word and proverb among all the nations on Earth.

If the French were a brave or generous people why did they not prove it to the world by acting generously. If their cause was good, why not act manly and depend upon its justice. Had they done this, every nation would have been friendly; for I believe every body was pleased when the yoke which the poor in that kingdom laboured under was about to be thrown off, but when they proceeded with violence in every step they took, and disgraced human nature---when they slaughtered men and women like oxen in cool blood, and like savages dragged and exposed their naked bodies about the streets, every good and honest man turn'd his back upon them. They talk of Liberty, but its only *talk* God knows, for they jump up and make laws in less time than I could file a pair of buckles; laws which knock down all liberty. They make laws to search every mans house, and turn about all his beds and furniture, under pretence of looking for a gun or a pistol. They make a law for all men to march from their families---to go to the D---l's a---se a peake at an hour's notice---They transport Clergymen by ship loads, and give the care of *ens* to fellows who contrive to sink the ships---They send their soldiers into cold countries to fight up to their backsides in snow without breeches---See their own General's account of these things---They try a man for an
effluence

offence committed in time past when there was no law against it. *This is never done in England.* Their enormities indeed would fill a book as big as the Church Bible, what do they do deserve for their vile ingratitude to the poor King whom they have got into their power, and whom even his enemies acknowledge to be as humane and good a kind of man as breathes; a man who ever since he came upon the throne has studied the good of his subjects. One *Worthy* gets up and tells the Assembly that he will undertake to stab him if they dont condemn him. Another starts up and cries, cut off his head at a blow, or if its two or three blows it dont matter so it comes off at last. Cruel Wretches! What would Englishmen think of men who were to say of a poor fellow being tryed at the bar, Jurymen, if you dont condemn him I'll stab him; or, Jurymen hang him up, and let the halter be so placed that he may hang and kick in misery *a quarter of an hour*---or if its *half an hour*, or *three quarters*, it does not matter, so he dies within the hour. And then if any discreet person gets up to speak, the most boyish conduct ensues, a downright Battle Royal; some wringing noses, others kicking shins, some boxing, &c. &c. Is this a Parliament House of *Equal Representation*! O shame! Shame! Shame! And what are we to think of those fellows who are come over here to stir up a revolution so produce such work as this; what of our own countrymen who encourage---approve---and try to defend such conduct.

These disappointed people say ours is a bad constitution, and that we are not represented, Let us judge of a tree by its fruits, and I fancy we shall see that our Constitution and Representation bear full as good fruit as theirs---*maybep a little better.* Whilst good laws are made, its no matter who makes them. I'm told that the people at Kidderminster, and fifty-six other towns in England, used to send members to Parliament, but chose to decline it of their own accord; and I suppose they dont find any inconvenience from it, Birmingham never sent any members, and yet methinks it grows *a bit.* Warwick and Coventry send two members each, and yet methinks they haven't grow'd *a bit* this 50 years. Nevertheless when there is time I think my p'an of elections wouldn't be a bad one. They murmur about the Test Act.---They must murmur about something. I should be glad to know who feels himself the richer or the poorer for it. But they must have an excuse, and its well they can't find any thing worse to complain about.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I JOB NOTT, a notorious Churchman, being of sound disposing mind, do offer to convey to any restless dissatisfied Dissenter, all the advantages I shall ever enjoy from being a Churchman instead of a Dissenter, for the sum of *Three Farthings* of lawful money of Great Britain.

N, B. None but principals will be treated with, nor no Farthing Assignats taken.

I tell you my brother Englishmen, its all my eye. It isn't the Test Act that causes all th' bustle. Its pride and self-conceit and ambition, and an opinion of superior abilities, that causes these impudent asses to bray so prodigiously, and encourage the circulation of treason. At first (as in the fable) the Lion himself is a little frightened at the strange noise, but when it becomes a little more familiar, the Lion approaches the braying animal and with a contemptuous grin, cocks up his leg and pisses upon him, and so at once quenches the great blaze of seditious oratory.

THE FRENCH EMISSARIES,

ARE a vile set of vagabonds, that undertake to go into all nations, to tell lies and make people dissatisfied, some on condition of being released from prison; others for pay. I am told that there is a fine set in London that must hop the twig soon, Now we are told what a sad thing it will be to go to war; that we shall lose the French trade—lose the French trade? that's a good one however, who'll trust 'em: but you know we have a bit of trade to all other countries; and if these fellows are not stopt in their career, methinks we shall soon see all the world in a tumult, and no trade to no place. So my advice again to you is, to be off while your shoes are good, for fear you should get your bones broke. And if you want peace (as Lord Grenville said) don't go about disturbing other governments, but keep in your own territory and then you may eat one another if you like it.

Nevertheless, far be it from Job Nott to condemn *all* for the actions of a *few*; there are doubtless thousands and thousands of good men in France. And I most sincerely hope and pray that, that JUST and HOLY BEING whose center is every where, whose circumference is no where,—I say, I fervently pray that this DIVINE BEING, whose existence those few vile Frenchmen (who have piratically seized the state vessel) impiously DENY, may in his great forbearance and mercy turn their hearts, that so *true* religion, happiness, and liberty, may overspread the French nation. But I must say a word or two to those violent mad French Jacobins who talk of sending an army to make a descent upon our coast, in expectation of being joined by some of the British to pull down our King and destroy the Constitution,—French Jacobins you have been deceived by your rascally correspondents here. Friends to your principles are very thinly scattered indeed.—Englishmen admire their King & his present ministers—we, sirs, are of *one mind*, & one heart. So my advice to you is, don't send your poor half-starved, ill-treated soldiers without either shirts or breeches, but come yourselves, I say come yourselves, ye worthies, make your descent and leave it to us when you shall return back again. Remember I warn you in time, that it will be easier to set your feet on British ground than to take them off again. We hear of all your generous and valiant doings at Frankfort and other places. Your Jacobine general knows how to trumpet about his own fame as well as our Jacobine Doctor and his little set whose bouncing we regard just as we do the bouncing of maggots in a Cheshire cheese. Upon my honour, I thought I should have burst a laughing at seeing the paragraph in the Universal Magazine for the last month, page 467, where it is set forth that the Dissenters of Birmingham have sent Doctor Priestley 500l. but that he had wrote a *very polite* letter back with the money, saying that his losses at the riots had been *more* than compensated by presents, and particularly from Churchmen. What, said Spanker, its an ill wind that blows nobody good, the Doctor comes in winner at last. Why now Gentlemen don't you think the world sees through all these manuevers. In the first place, a lying idea is to be conveyed in Newspapers, &c. to Assia, Africa and America. that not only *the* Dissenters, *all* the Dissenters in Birmingham, but Churchmen too love the Doctor; I say not one tenth part of the Dissenters, and as to Churchmen, what sort? Why *betwixenites*, Bats such as a late dinner president: men

men who have little religion, and less cash, and so shelter themselves under the establishment, ready to take any side that seems the strongest. I tell you we're down upon you. In the next place the Doctor's *greatness of soul* in refusing the *trash* of this world is to be trumpeted abroad! Bravo, my little lads of wax!! "You tickle me,— I tickle you." But, Gentlemen, let me refer you to that book which says, "When thou dost thine alms do not sound a trumpet as the *Hypocrites* do, &c."

I tell you, Gemmen, its too bad, but we are up to all your pantile rigs. The Doctor has no occasion of being afraid of his name dying as I see he is put into the dictionary about air and philology already, but methinks we shan't have much about him when we come to religion and politics. A philosopher I believe he is; so my advice to him is to stick close to that as he understands and then he'll have deserved praise :---

But as Politician or Divine,
Job Nott thinks he'll never shire.

Let us brother Englishmen be thankful to heaven that we're a high'y favour'd *sea-girt* island, equal as men on earth ever can be; enjoying Liberty in its truest sense, and all the Rights of Man. We have a right to do every thing short of hurting our neighbour. We have a right to hang up Tom Paines effigy and ridicule his foolish friends, but we have no right to hurt a hair of his or their heads, In Britain the *person* and *property* of every man is sacred, and herein is our glory and happiness. Therefore let us live in love and peace, and hurt no man's property. Let us be an example to all other towns in the kingdom for peace, moderation, and unanimity. Let us be staunch to that King and Constitution under which we feel such prosperity and happiness. Let us all guard against the sly, artful reasoning of the few who are paid or paying others to sow sedition. Take care of the *smiling gentry*, you know Shakespeare said, "A man may smile and smile and be a villain," I hate a man who can make his face smile when his heart frowns. I never lik'd my Unkle's Old Mare because her name was *Smiler*.

Your's to Command,

Birmingham, January 8, 1793-

JOB NOTT.

