

SIMON SPUNKEY'S PEPPER POT OR, AN ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Simon, attend his harp, & re-echo forth  
Thou red of bland Arcadia's peasant,  
And channeth poetry more prettily  
Than e'er did ancient Greece, or Italy—  
Then, suddenly, conceives a notion  
To cross the broad Atlantic ocean—  
There, leath'ry fables and dreadf'ul  
Which fill with horror every head—  
Now, having found his former track,  
The Peep's appearance forth—  
And spouts such Jacobin's jargon—  
Such flighty politics, you can't say  
As it appeared in the French.

OLD Times, a pe' fevering cogder,  
Like Temor dund, a nimble dodger,  
Who, having found out one inch by you,  
Will never afterwards come high yet;  
Whole fortune one might side a cat in,  
But bald, behind, a school-boy's station;  
Who never yet, by faint or finer,  
Was brib'd to fly, 'till after dinner;  
Who never 'bates his usual jargon,  
Nor robs his feed for oars or grog;  
But, Jehu-like, drives all the world round,  
As swiftness top by triant 'twild' sound;  
Who lours at love-sick Postelers,  
But puffs productions of a maller;  
Before whom Grandeur's gorgeous palaces  
Melt, like a dream's fantastic fallacies;  
Now jogs the Bard with flag bark bows,  
And aims, with lifted fowls, a fall blow,  
To level Stratons' reputation,  
Unless the Post be a narrative;  
A kind of Hudibrastic summary  
Of politics and other fumery;  
Of matters tragical and queer,  
Which mark the annals of last year;  
And, with a conge low and p'cant,  
With people happy through the present.

Now, gentle Reader, take thy trouble  
As mine, my name, he carries double,  
I mean my Pepp'us, lo' strike,  
And bid him center 'erols the Atlantic,  
While we'll be close as bride and groom, tick,  
And rise, like witches on a broomstick;  
And bid mad Gallia's coat we'll light on,  
And then, to Paris I've right on,  
Where discord makes a cur'd rout;  
And see what Frenchmen are about;  
Here all's confusion, worse confounded,  
Than e'er in Milton's Hell abounded,  
When Death and Satan, stout and furry,  
Excited horrid hurly burly,  
And threaten'd war, with grim battalions  
Of desperate duns, Calouses rascalions,  
Fivetyants, chosen from the mob,  
Well known in every dirty job,  
By nature meant to bore and hector ye,  
Compute the omnipotent Directory;  
What cruel wars these fellows carry on,  
While Aie blows the blasing clarion!

Behold their Corsican commander,  
Who bears the palm from Alexander!  
Behold him mashing in turbulence;  
The 'lighted Alps recede before him;  
The embattled legions of Vienna,  
He values not a single penny;  
Marius succeders, Womler's taken,  
The German Empire fastly shaken,  
The mighty Charles meets dire mishap,  
Who lives to manage such a chap;  
The Emperor trembles on his throne,  
And fearfully thinks his head his own;  
But remarks on sad affairs,  
And makes his will, and says his prayers.

Now Frenchmen rob the Virgin Mary,  
Nor stand in awe of Papes Thara;  
But bid Italy's peasants learn  
The art to turn and overturn;  
Provoke, with vigour for surprising,  
A rage for revolutionizing;  
Persecute the mob, by great execution,  
That Liberty and French Caerion;  
Tho' not each by different name,  
In fact and essence are the same.  
Such principles in many places  
Of Commonwealths they make the bases,  
Which commonwealths, I'll risk a sou,  
Will fall—at least a moon, or two.

Of many battles might we tell,  
On Rhine, on Sambre, and Mollé;  
Of bloody skirmishes, sed' delect,  
Of Moreau's wonderful retreat;  
But we, perhaps, by such procedure,  
Might tire ourselves, as well as reader,  
Then let us take a transient glance  
To view the interior part of France,  
And see, by mobocratic dictacted,  
The part of Satan overacted!  
State revolutions every moon,  
Secure dame Fortune's shadowy boon;  
They will'd men, the prisons haul'd in,  
The armies too, by tyrants call'd in;  
The constitution thus intriguing,  
To give the patriots a fingering;  
Of two Directors, who were honest,  
One banish'd is, the other on e'll;  
And Legislators more than fifty,  
I hat liberty might flourish in thy,  
Without defence, without a hearing,  
Or any marks of guilt or bearing,  
Are sent by freedom's mild decrees,  
To end their days beyond the sea;  
Or else, perhaps, a scuttled boat in,  
To find a lousy chance for floating!

See sister Gallia make wry faces,  
To lure American embraces,  
With bulletins, aircis abusive,  
Claims all o'errate, by rights exclusive,  
Now lawlets, as a drunken pirate,  
The norms, and blusters at a high rate;  
And imitating fierce Algiers,  
Sends forth her hordes of privaters,  
A cruel gang of fell marauders,  
Are fitted by Directors' orders,  
To bill each arm'd brig defiance,  
And plunder vessels in alliance!  
Now England lends her powerful aid,  
A firm protection to our trade,  
Belabours buccaners with sad knocks,  
And helps us out of many a bad box!  
Britain, invincible at sea,  
Before whom Dons and Monsieurs flee,  
Has block'd up Cadiz, Brest, and lo forth;  
And Dons, and Monsieurs dare not go forth;  
And Netherstoos, coo'd up in Texel,  
With anger foam enough to vex hell;  
But fill the devil a bit of one can,  
Get by the English Admiral Duncan!

A length De Winter ventures out,  
The coast is clear he makes no doubt;  
Thinks Duncan will not treat a man ill,  
Who calmly courses through the channel,  
But soon, the latter, overjoy'd  
To find the Hollander decoy'd,  
Paruses him like audacious eagle,  
In chase of plover, fripe, or red gull!  
But now we such a frize get light on,  
And when the council fell of old Triton;  
Just let the green-eyed dog a blowing,  
And Proteus charge with thirty pounders,  
Or head a cawle of Bounders!  
Grim Neptune leave Miss Amphitrite,  
And join the battle, hoity toity!  
Gods flock from every point of compal,  
And make a devil of a rumus!!  
But stop! your mercilese reviewers  
Will spit the bard on satire's skewers,  
For introducing such machinery,  
To lumber his poetic scenery,  
A man be all this pagan stuff,  
And tell in English, plain enough,  
That Ducaco Dutchmen fell treated,  
Spout Admirals' White's fleet detected,  
And captured vessels and prisoners,  
And bid 'em a hooey to men,  
Their decks could scarcely steps man on,  
But was delivroy'd by British cannon;  
And many a Dutchman made a moaning,  
Toss'd afloat, & beyond the ocean,

Where captain Death his bill, unfurl'd,  
And anchor'd him in 't'other world.  
Behold the (Amour Admiral) Jesta  
Has Spaniards, much a lutt and service,  
Scatters their fleet, like grass, on bay days,  
As takes their Soma Trinidad!  
But not so many could he win from,  
They made him Admiral Lord St. Vincent!  
For Spaniard thinks his fortune made is,  
If he defends himself in Cadiz;  
And force nor art can ever make him  
Give Englishmen a chance to take him!

From Europe turn my bounding Pegasus,  
Where fighting fellows make a playfu' fall,  
To bid Columbia's peaceful shores,  
Where no rude din of battle roars,  
Where plenty fills her wicker bask-ets,  
And wealth unlocks his golden casket;  
Health brings the nerve of ruddy farmer,  
And tints the cheek of ruddy charmer;  
Where once was night, but dawn howling,  
With wamps scarce fit to pasture owls;  
Where meagre famine often kill'd us,  
Where Indians tomahawk'd and kill'd us,  
We quaff the bumper, smoke cigar,  
Nor dread the howl of Indian war!  
Where lately were but two or three men,  
Are many happy bands of freemen!  
Where hemlocks grew of monstrous size,  
Tow'rs, villas, cities, empires, rise!

The Providence our patience tries  
Tho' death, belarr'd with horrid cleaver,  
Depopulates with yellow fever;  
Still not a nation out of seven,  
In favour'd half so much by Heaven,  
Thanks to our liars, feditious phans  
Of Demostrick partizans,  
Have hitherto been all decaied,  
And fashion's Hydra form, retreated,  
Feebly emits discordant yell,  
From Bache or Grealcap's dirty cell,  
Apollo views, with honest pride,  
His favourites all on Fedeal side,  
For scarce an Antifederal niddy,  
Has half a fool to bless his body!  
But Benay Bache, I'll bet a bowl,  
Once sw'n'd a puny, factious soul,  
But lack a day! who would have thought it!  
For half a crown a Frenchman bought it!

Another way both arch and funny,  
That fellow has for making money;  
Itruce he is, as people say tis,  
He's paid by France for printing gratis!  
But this is true, I know full well,  
A cent a ream, for all his lies,  
Will make him rich before he dies!

In Botton garrets, stinks, and bye byops,  
Full many a misch'd, feditious Cyclops,  
Is forging lies for Chroniclers,  
While justice clamours for his ears!  
But why of Jacobins complaining?  
Their number and their strength are waning,  
How fall these ragamuffins dwindle,  
Nor dare feditious faggot kindle,  
Except imported desperados,  
Bog trotters, nated for bravados,  
And vagabonds not worth a silver,  
With now and then a negro driver,  
Who, should methinks be placed in one row,  
With Swanwick, Gallatin and Monroe,  
And these fine fellows should be led,  
By Lyon, sturdy Antifed,

Who ought to howl with broken head  
As we conceive with great humility,  
For lack of common place civility.  
The poet thinks it would be pretty,  
Sometimes in Philadelphia city,  
To view, while Congress is in session,  
Some such defecable procession.  
But here there are some decent chaps,  
Who once were Jacobins, perhaps,  
And feel a superstitious terrour,  
Gainst owning they have been in error;  
These half way folks, will shift about  
And join with Fedealists, no doubt,  
Reverse our government and laws,  
And quit feditious dying cause.

When our first Magistrate was chosen,  
Dame France was anxious to impose one;  
In faction's Synod was a grand debate,  
And Jefferson proposed a candidate,  
Long visig'd Jacos, spruce Adets,  
Dame Discord's cohort of cadets,  
Are marshal'd under French protection,  
In aid of Jefferson's election.  
But vain the efforts of these fellows;  
In vain each Demo spouts and bellows,  
Urges to please Dame France, our sister,  
Till throat and lungs are all a blifter,  
And sweats we ought to be unanimous,  
To worship allies so magnanimous,  
Because she made a deal of safe  
To help herself by helping us;  
That this our continent should be tender'd  
For services which France has render'd;  
That Jefferson's the very man  
To give effect to such a plan.

In vain, I say, is all this racket,  
With now and then a bribe, to back it,  
The man, whom sages must revere,  
Whose name admits of no comper;  
The man who has been faithful found,  
His country's friend, when fortune frown'd;  
The man, who spite of Gallia's art,  
Is thron'd in every Federal heart;  
The man, who justly may look down,  
On paltry things that wear a crown;  
Whose virtues, even foes declare,  
While envy shrinks to pale despair,  
Presiding o'er a happy nation,  
Adorn his elevated station.

The timid Mufe dares not relate  
Each wife Congressional debate;  
How every auditor to sad is,  
When braggart Swifts, and Irish paddies,  
With pride and nonsense, overweening,  
Alfurdly "blunder round their meaning";  
Fellows, who have combin'd to level;  
With their friend Democrit, the devil,  
Tear up the pillars of society,  
Pull down the fabric of propriety;  
Give meeky'd piety a flogging,  
And send morality a joggling;  
Fellows, who sped away betimes,  
To seek a refuge from their crimes;  
Who, if transported back to Europe,  
Each hangman there, would lack a new rope.  
I say, it is not my intention,  
One word about these folks to mention,  
Left Gungo so fierce, or Blount so cruel,  
Should challenge Spunkey to a duel!

Full many fine things might be written,  
Of Blount's deep plot to join with Britain,  
And make the Spaniards rue the sorry day,  
When he should drive them out of Florida!  
But then, perhaps, 'twould be a pity,  
To interfere with our Committee,  
Who put in motion wheel and pulley,  
Resolv'd to trace the matter fully;  
The many a Demo, evil fated,  
Confious that he is implicated,  
Has sworn the plot they shan't develop,  
Not even should they rip all hell up!  
Besides all this, we fear, moreover,  
If ball, we know, we should discover,  
Some one may swear, tho' others doubt it,  
That we ourselves knew all about it.  
And then you see, the matter's plain,  
We shall be forc'd, like our Romayne,  
Full forely too, against our will,  
To testify ag'inst Sir Bill!

The Mufe a holy profess' fratcher,  
At folks who quarrel at the Natchez,  
Our troops with Spain are sent to join,  
To run the territorial line;  
The haughty Dons' excite disputes,  
The Indians a' ke pack of brutes;  
I've yemien rise, the matter's settled,  
And Dons are not a little nettled.  
Now Messrs. Elliot and Pope,  
By letters sent, express their hope,

That far said Dons would be so polit'd,  
As not to have the forts demolish'd,  
For if they did, 'twould be a pity,  
And violate the Spanish treaty;  
But high Don Manuel Gayolo,  
Was fure the treaty did not go!  
At length from Spain he has his orders,  
To retrograde within the borders;  
And Dons, as vex'd as people could be,  
Leave every fortress as it should be.

We will not stop to flate the bickering;  
'Twill foppish Yrujo, niazily Pickering;  
And how the former, all forlorn,  
Crept thro' the shaft end of the kora;  
For this with many other capers,  
May ext a dash in Hartford papers;  
For Hartford joys such things can burnish,  
In brighter lays than we can furnish.  
But Mufe is under contribution,  
To sing the frigate Constitution,  
Lest this diry ode be bit on  
Commercial wits and fays of Boston.  
Bostonians built a frigate,  
And undertook to man and rig it,  
Which fit feditious fons a fawling,  
And madden'd Jacobins to howling!  
The fofaid Frigate, on a day  
Appointed, was to glide away,  
To hoary Ocean's oozy bed,  
To hoary Neptune then and there wed.  
The wid' d far day arriv'd, when lo!  
His Constitution would not go.  
How Jacobin fimmers foff!  
Beside the fail to travel off!  
They swore she was prophetic wench,  
And forefaw trouble from the French,  
If she to federal floy kept true,  
And fought the arms of Master Neptune.  
At length in merry mood he went in;  
And foforber natural element in,  
And may the ever triumph there,  
The watry god's peculiar care.

My willing Mufe is pleas'd to squint her  
Eye on worthy Walpole Printer,  
Who wraps in paper of each week,  
What'relises of true antique;  
To greet each good and letter'd man,  
A Journal form'd on generous plan,  
None of your dull mechanic, Dutch things,  
But fraught with poetry, and such things,  
With politicians, wife as Solon,  
With PRAECERER, HEXMIT, SPONDER, COLON,  
With pointed, pithy, pretty PETER,  
Who's Ladies call the charming creature,  
And chaunt his sentimental metre,  
Which tells how Solomon, se' p'le,  
Coas'd d'intro bed a leering fyppe!  
My mind with rapture swells, when e'er I  
Contemplate brother HESIOD BEAR;  
And CRIC, with an eagle ken,  
Skill'd to discern the faltering pen,  
Who shly plies the polish'd file,  
To give new gloss to Churchill's style;  
And fives to make each rhyming elf,  
As pure a writer as himself,  
And bids instructed Tute to scorn,  
The fons of Della Crucis's horn;  
But swift to Myfan fields clope,  
Hearkening to Poetry and Pope.  
To COMMON SENSE and fobter MORALIST,  
Who highly ornaments out thorough lill,  
To them with wife Apollo's leave I,  
Erect a monumentum zvi.

Now courteous reader, since a while,  
To sing in Della Crucian style,  
By frolic fancy bore along,  
WE STEW'D THE CATACTAR OF SONG!  
'Tis time I think, with aching heart,  
For Mufe, and you, and I, to part,  
Still cherishing the hope, however,  
That we three gentlefolks, lo clever,  
When eke another season passes,  
May meet on summit of Parnassus;  
Like crazy Sybil, who did mutter once,  
As fage Apollo gave her utterance,  
To till a new year's ode lubliner,  
Than ever flow'd from lip of rhym'er!

LONDON, November 11, 1793. NEGOCIATION AT LISLE. Official Documents laid before Parliament.

(Continued from yesterday's Gazette.)  
I shall not attempt to follow the French minister through the very elaborate and certainly able speech he made in reply, with a view to convince me that the enquiry into the extent of my full powers was the strongest proof of the Directory could furnish of their pacific intention, and the shortest road they could take to accomplish the desired end. It was in order to give activity to the negotiation, (admirer was his word) and to prevent its flagging; that this demand was made so specifically; and he intimated to me, that it was impossible for the Directory to proceed till a full and satisfactory answer had been given to it. I interrupted him here by saying, their manner of acting appeared to me calculated to decide the negotiation at once, not to give it activity, since it must be known I could not have powers of the description he alluded to: and even supposing I had, the admitting it would be in fact neither more nor less than a complete avowal of the principle itself, which once agreed to, nothing would be left to negotiate about. The other French plenipotentiary interposed here, by saying, that would not be the case; many articles would still remain to be proposed, and many points for important discussion. I said, every word I heard seemed to prevent difficulties. Without replying to me, the first mentioned minister went on by endeavoring to prove, that the avowal of having powers to a certain extent, did not imply the necessity of exercising them; that it was the avowal alone for which they contended, in order to determine at once the form the negotiation was to take; that the note and the time prescribed in it, were in consequence of the most positive orders from the Directory; and that if I drew from it a conclusion different from the assurances they had made me in the name of the Directory, I did not make the true inference. I replied, that although the prescribing the day on which the question was put to me as the term within which I was to give my answer to it, was both a very unusual and abrupt mode of proceeding; yet as a day was much more than sufficient for the purposes, I should forbear making any particular remark on this circumstance: that as to the inference to be drawn from the positive manner in which they appeared to maintain the question put to me, I really could not make it different from that I had already expressed, after an interval of two months, to a question already answered, and which question involved the fate of the negotiation, certainly could not be considered as wearing a very conciliatory appearance. That in regard to my answer, it could not be different from that I had given before: that my full powers, which were in their hands, were as extensive as any could be, and it did not depend on me to

give them more or less latitude; but that in fact their question went not to the extent of their full powers, but to require of me to declare the nature of my instructions; and on this point they certainly would forgive me if I did not speak out till such time as the circumstances of the negotiation called upon me to do it.

The French minister strove to prove to me, what he had before attempted, that the claiming a right of enquiry into the nature of the discretionary authority confided in a minister, by no means implied an intention of requiring of him to act up to its utmost limits. I observed, if no such intention existed, why institute the enquiry? and if it did exist, why not say so at once? He said, what we now ask is little more than a matter of form; when you have given us your answer, we shall follow it up by another step, which we are ordered to take. I said, my answer was given two months ago; that although I was ready to give it them again, and in writing, as due to their note, yet, as it could not be different, I did not see why they should not proceed immediately to the other step, by which I was told the question was to be followed up. It would be premature, said the French minister; but in drawing up your answer, do not forget the force of the arguments I have used, or in your report to your court, the assurances we have given of the earnest wish of the Directory to terminate the war.

I replied, that I still must maintain, that from the manner in which they thought proper to define full powers, I could see no distinction between acknowledging the power and admitting the principle, and that the question itself could not be put with any other intention.—(Your lordship will observe, from the subsequent notes which passed between us, that I was perfectly grounded in this assertion); that in my reports they might be fully assured I should act up to that conciliatory spirit, which, from the earliest period of the negotiation, had always decided my conduct; and that, incautious as appearances were, I certainly would be careful not to make them look hostile. At the word hostile, both the French plenipotentiaries were most warm in their protestations, that nothing could be less so; that the idea of the negotiation breaking off was as far from their thoughts as from their wishes. I said, that although I heard this with pleasure yet, I could not avoid adverting to facts, and that when, instead of an answer, and the favourable answer which I had every reason to expect, I received only the repetition of a demand which had been already satisfied two months ago, I certainly could not think this a good omen. If it did not bode an immediate rupture of the treaty, it assuredly did not announce a near and successful termination of it. The above mentioned minister persisted I was mistaken; that the business would end speedily; that speed was their wish, and speed with peace for its object.

On breaking up our conference, I said, that I took it for granted we should meet again at the usual hour, on Sunday. He said, that perhaps it might not be necessary, but that they certainly would let me know in time; and this conveyed to me the first idea of what has since taken place.

I enclose to your lordship the note A, I received in this conference from the French plenipotentiaries, and the answer B, which I made to it yesterday morning at 10 A.M. At 6 P.M. the note C, was transmitted to me; to which at 8 P.M. I returned the answer D, by Mr. Bofs, whom I sent in order, that he might bring me the passports I asked for; but a quarter before 10 P.M. M. Derche, secretary of the French legation, delivered to me the paper marked E; and this morning at 9 A.M. I replied by the note F, which immediately produced that marked G.

The notes sent me by the French plenipotentiaries speak for themselves; and it is unnecessary to enter into any reflections on them. I am willing to hope that the answers I have made were such as became the situation in which I stand, the importance of the cause intrusted to me, and the steady but temperate conduct which the spirit of my instructions enjoin me to hold.

It was my wish to give every opening to the French plenipotentiaries to recall the violent steps they had taken; and, if possible to convince them of its extreme impropriety. And it was with this view, and with a most anxious desire not to exclude all hope of the restoration of peace, that I determined on suggesting the idea of our meeting once more before I left Lisle.

This meeting took place to-day at noon; I opened it by observing, that the several notes they had received from me since the preceding evening had been too expressive of the purpose I felt at the measure the directory had thought proper to adopt, to make it necessary for me to enlarge upon it in this conference; and indeed my sole motive for suggesting that it might be for our mutual satisfaction that it should be held, was, because that this measure appeared to me to be in such direct contradiction to the very strong assurances I had so constantly and repeatedly heard from them, and to the pacific intentions with which they declared they were sent, that it was my earnest wish (before I considered their conduct as forcing me to a step which must so materially affect the success of the negotiation) to be perfectly certain that I understood clearly and distinctly the precise meaning of their official notes. On their admitting that nothing could be more reasonable than that I should, on so important a point, require explanation or more satisfactory to them than to give it me (as far as lay in their power), I proceeded by saying, that it appeared to me that I was called upon to produce immediately my full powers, or rather my instructions (for however different these were in themselves, in their demand they seemed constantly blended); and that if either I refused to consent to this, or if, on consenting to it, it was found that I was not authorized to treat on

the principle they laid down, I was then in the space of twenty-four hours to leave Lisle and return to my court; and that I was required to obtain full authority to admit this principle, if it was wished the negotiation should proceed. This I said appeared to me to be the evident sense of the notes, and I begged to know whether I had mistaken it or not? One of the French plenipotentiaries said, "you have understood it exactly; I hope you will equally understand the intention of the French government, which is to accelerate peace by removing every obstacle which stands in its way."

I replied, that having now no doubt left on my mind as to their exact meaning, and being quite sure, notwithstanding the observation they had made, I'avais fait la véritable intention de leur note, it would, I feared, be a very unprofitable employment of our time to argue either on the nature of the principle they announced as a sine qua non, to even a preliminary discussion, or on the extreme difficulty of reconciling the remptory command with which they opened their mission, to the pacific professions that accompanied it; that if they were determined to persist in this demand, it was much better to avoid all useless altercation; and nothing in that case remained for me to do, but to ask for my passports, and to signify to them my intention of leaving France at an early hour the next morning. They said, they had their hands tied by an article of the directory, and were bound to observe the conduct they had followed by the most positive orders; and although we remained together some time longer, not a hint dropped from them expressive of a wish, that instead of going myself for new instructions, I should either write for them by a messenger, or obtain them by sending to England one of the gentlemen who are with me. I endeavor'd by every indirect means to suggest to them the necessity of adopting some such modification, if they meant that their wishes for peace, in the expression of which they were this morning more eager than ever, should meet with the slightest degree of credit. I again brought to their recollection that I was authorized to receive any proposal, any contra-projet they tendered to me, but that they must be aware that it was not possible for me to alter the orders I had received, or to assume an authority with which I was not invested. I dwelt particularly and repeatedly on my being competent to take any thing they said for reference; but this availed nothing except drawing from one of them a remark, that the full powers which authorized a minister to hear proposals, were widely different from those which would enable him to accede to them; and that it was such full powers that the directory required me to solicit.

An early answer presented itself to this mode of reasoning; but I saw no advantage to be derived from prolonging a conversation, which, after the positive declaration they had made, could lead to nothing I therefore ended the conference by declaring my resolution to begin my journey at a very early hour the next morning, and by saying, that immediately on my arrival in England I would make an exact report of every thing that had passed since their arrival.

I trust, my lord, I shall not incur censure for having declined to offer in distinct terms to wait at Lisle till I could know his majesty's pleasure on the preperatory proposal made to me: But when I considered the nature of the proposal itself, the avowal that this would not be the last, nor perhaps the most humiliating condition required of us, and the imperious style with which I was enjoined to depart in twenty-four hours it was utterly impossible for me to assume a language or affect a manner that could be interpreted into sollicitation and entreaty; I felt myself called upon to treat the whole of this extraordinary proceeding with calmness and temper; and notwithstanding the deep and poignant concern I must feel at an event which I fear will remove all probability of an immediate pacification, I trust that in the expression of this sentiment I have not used a language unbecoming the character with which I am vested, or the greatness of the sovereign and country whose dignity and interests it is my primary duty to consult and maintain.

I have the honor to be, my Lord,  
With great respect,  
My Lord, your Lordship's  
Most obedient humble servant,  
(Signed) MALMESBURY.

TREATY OF OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE between the French Republic and the King of Sardinia.

ratified by the council of five hundred on the 11th Brumaire (Oct. 21), and by the council of ancients on the 4th of the same month (October 24).

The executive directory of the French republic, and his majesty the King of Sardinia, being desirous, by every means in their power, and by the most intimate union of their respective interests, to contribute as speedily as possible to the restoration of that peace which is the object of their wishes, and which will secure the repose and tranquility of Italy, have determined to enter into a treaty of offensive & defensive alliance; and have charged with full powers to that effect, viz. on the part of the executive directory of the French republic, citizen Henry James William Clarke, general of the division in the armies of the republic; and on the part of his majesty the king of Sardinia, the chevalier D. Clement Damaio de Priolo, knight of the Grand Cross of the order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, first secretary of state in his majesty's department for foreign affairs, and president of the home department; who, after exchanging their respective powers, concluded as follows:  
1. There shall be an offensive and defensive alliance between the French republic and the king of Sardinia until the period of continental peace. This alliance shall then become purely defensive, and shall be established upon a basis agreeable to the reciprocal interests of both powers.  
2. The present alliance having for its object