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SAMPFORD GHOST.

STUBBORN FACTS

AGAINST

VAGUE ASSERTIONS,

BEING

AN APPENDIX

TO

A PLAIN AND AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE

OF THOSE EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES

HITHERTO UNACCOUNTED FOR,

AND STILL GOING ON

AT THE HOUSE OF MR. CHAVE,

IN THE VILLAGE OF SAMPFORD.

Wherein the scandalous falsehoods, mean motives, and gross misrepresentations of the Editor of the Taunton Courier are clearly and satisfactorily exposed, and some curious facts which have since occurred, faithfully detailed.

"What reward shall be given unto thee, thou false tongue."

By the REV. C. COLTON, M. A. Col. Reg. Soc.

TIVERTON :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY T. SMITH,

Sold also by

CRADOCK AND JOY, 32, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON ; J.

BINNS, BATH ; T. CLARK, BRISTOL ; POOLE, TAUN-

TON ; BRADFORD, EXETER ; POLYBLANK,

PLYMOUTH ; AND ALL OTHER

BOOKSELLERS.

Price 6d.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

1810.

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Facts against Assertions.

TO THE PUBLIC.

AS I have been much misrepresented, and as Mr. Chave has suffered materially in the opinion of all who *do not* know him, I have been under the unpleasant necessity of administering, on some occasions, an oath * to those whose evidence was of much importance. But the Public, I trust, will not accuse me of trifling with an appeal so sacred, when they consider the very peculiar situation in which I am for a season placed, by unfounded assertions, and mean insinuations; when they also reflect that wantonly and unjustifiably to attack the character of Mr. Chave, or any other man, is an attack upon Society; and lastly, when they call to mind how little danger there is of the unnecessary multiplication of oaths from a case so remarkable as the present and which so *rarely* occurs.

The body of *disinterested* evidence about to be submitted to the Public, must, I conceive, carry some weight with it, when it appears that in the opposite scale we have nothing but some vague and desultory assertions, communicated in some way or other to Mr. Marriott, (most probably over a bottle,) by a very *interested* person, Mr. Tally. Mr. Tally may have some good qualities, but I appeal to all his acquaintance, whether a contempt of money be one of them. Now it is clearly Mr. Tally's interest to have it understood that Mr. Chave's house, of which he is the landlord, is a quiet, commodious, and eligible dwelling. But Mr. Chave, *it has been asserted* is also interested in having it thought other-

* An oath administered "*coram non judice*," is as conscientiously binding as any other, nor do the persons administering or taking such oath incur any penalty.

wise. Suppose we allow this *for a moment* ; then it will follow that the evidence both of Mr. Chave and Mr. Tally is interested, and therefore suspicious ; and according to the spirit of our laws ought to be admitted *cum grano salis*. To come at the truth, therefore, we must patiently examine the unbiassed testimony, substantiated on oath, of disinterested and impartial persons, to whom Mr. Tally and Mr. Chave are alike indifferent. Mr. Tally has not brought forward a single evidence to prove what Mr. Marriott has so confidently asserted for him ; many of the most material of those assertions, Mr. Tally himself denies, and all of them that go to establish the existence of a plot, or a conspiracy, shall now be made appear, on evidence as clear as the Sun, and as impartial, to be a shameful fabrication of falsehoods.

It is true Mr. Marriott has prudently chosen the popular side of the question, and he has a just right to discuss it freely. Neither is *his object* in this discussion, namely to give publicity and an extensive sale to his paper, a culpable object, until it is dishonourably and unfairly pursued.

It may be necessary, first candidly to inform the public who and what Mr. Chave *is* ; Mr. M. hath informed us what *he is not*. The family of the Chaves are very opulent farmers in this neighbourhood ; the father of Mr. Chave is still alive, a very respectable man. The Mr. Chave in question, his son, rents about one hundred per Annum, and keeps a very large shop, containing an extensive assortment of goods. He belongs to that respectable class of the community the Yeomanry of England, has been a member of a troop of Cavalry since the commencement of the war, and is at this moment a serjeant in that troop. I know few men in Mr. Chave's sphere of life whose character stands so high. For the blameless and unimpeached integrity of his conduct, I confidently appeal to the whole neighbourhood, generally, to the members of his corps, particularly ; hundreds are ready to bear witness to this, who have known him from his youth up, and who have seen him in different situations. If this account of Mr. Chave be not strictly true, I am willing that the whole body of evidence about to be produced, shall be pronounced a baseless fabric of lies.

But we must now come to the point. The first material assertion advanced by the Editor of the Taunton Courier is this. *A letter was received on Saturday last by the proprietor*

of this paper, threatening to shoot him if he attempted to expose the AUTHORS of this PLOT. Mr. Marriott did indeed receive on that morning a letter, containing a serious hint that if he took improper liberties with any Gentleman's name, he would be called to an account for so doing. But I humbly presume that this can never be construed into any thing like a threat to *shoot a man* if he attempts to *expose the Authors of a Plot!* If Mr. Marriott is not to die until he have discovered what he terms a plot, I sincerely wish him joy of his longevity. Here, to swell his own *short-lived* importance, we have a gross misrepresentation of a plain fact, and a construction put upon a letter, that it cannot possibly bear. Let Mr. M. produce that letter fairly to the public; it shall be produced if he does not.

For my own part, I am at any moment ready solemnly to swear I knew nothing directly or indirectly of that letter, its author, or its contents, till the moment when it was so pompously announced in the Taunton Courier. But the gentleman who gave me the information, and repeated to me the substance of the letter, makes not the smallest secret of it. I have myself in the presence of more than three witnesses, at one time, heard him affirm the same. He is at this moment ready to satisfy any fair enquirer. But observe, although he knows *full well* the contents of that letter, I by no means intend to insinuate that he was the writer of it. This explanation, to use the very words of the Editor, *forcibly corroborates beyond a volume of testimony the correctness of my opinion*, that Mr. Marriott is not in every instance to be depended on.

The very next assertions advanced are thus introduced by Mr. Marriott, *The said Mr. Chave then, it appears, has lived in this house he now occupies at Sampford Peterell, about seven months. About SEVEN MONTHS, reader, for we beg that every circumstance, however minute may be duly attended to. Before he came to this place to exercise his present business of an huckster, the premises in question were unmolested by its present troublesome guest; but Mr. Chave, the huckster, brings into the aforesaid premises two servants, the one somewhat stricken in years, the other a girl about eighteen, called BALLY. A person named Taylor, (Mrs. Chave's brother,) is also another inmate of the house, a strapping black haired young man, about twenty-five years of age.*

We are here pompously instructed to attend to every minute circumstance, but truth seems to have been a circumstance so minute as to have escaped the attention of Mr. Marriott. Here in the space of fourteen *short* lines we have five palpable falsehoods, and one of them twice told. Mr. Sully exciseman of Sampford can swear from the entry made on his Books, that the house in which he now lives became Mr. Chave's absolute and *only* place of residence, so early as the third of July, 1809. To confute the next assertion, that this house was not troublesome until Mr. Chave came into it, the two following facts are selected from many. Mr. Merson, Surgeon, of Sampford, a man not easily to be alarmed or deceived, can affirm that, on returning from his professional duties at a late hour by this house, he has repeatedly seen lights in it when he assuredly knew that it was inhabited by no person whatever. William Harris, an honest labourer, voluntarily made oath in my presence and in the presence of Mr. Sully, exciseman, to the following effect. That he was standing at some distance from this house, on a very dark night, no moon, in company with his son in law, They both clearly saw a strong light in one of the windows. That he had a lantern in his hand, the light from which he immediately blinded by covering it up in the skirt of his coat. That knowing the house to be uninhabited, he was much alarmed, that he himself kept his station while his son in law ran up to the house, to ascertain, if possible, the cause; that his son in law can swear to the same, in as much as they both perceived this light; and that they fully satisfied themselves that no one on that night, or any night previous, either was, or had been in that house. We are next informed that Mr. Chave *brought with him two servants into the premises, the one somewhat stricken in years*. Now this woman has not lived with Mr. Chave eleven weeks. The father of Sally Case, an apprentice girl, will inform Mr. M. that his daughter is not more than sixteen. I appeal to all that have seen her, whether she looks more than thirteen. To be convinced of the scandalous baseness of Mr. M's insinuations with respect to this girl, it is only necessary to see her. To suit the purposes of Mr. M, five long years at once are added to the life of Mr. Taylor. Mr. Taylor's mother-in-law can inform us, he is not more than twenty. But these, I presume are the five years which make up that part of Mr. Taylor's life, which

we are informed he spent with Mr. Moon ! this is another of Mr. M's *lunar observations*.

But when it happens to favour his own side of the question, Mr. Mr. can inform us that *Mr. Tally* has lived in this house two years. Now this might perhaps be true, if Mr. M. gave back those months of residence to Mr. Chave, he has gratuitously added to Mr. Tally. But this is with a vengeance borrowing from Peter to pay Paul. We are next informed by Mr. Marriott that *Sally* saw in the *dark* under the bed-clothes a man's hand and arm perfectly white. In the presence of Mr. Sumpter, Mary Dennis and Sally Case deposed voluntarily to the following effect. That on a Sunday Morning, at half-past seven o'clock, they were violently beaten while in bed ; that the bed in which they slept was opposite to the large modern window described in my former pamphlet ; that while nothing interfered between them and the light but a thin sheet, they distinctly saw a large arm, suspended over the bed, without any body attached to it. The possibility of seeing such a phenomenon, *if it was there to be seen*, I have convinced myself of. After a great deal of prate and nonsense, in lieu of Mr. M's long promised detection, we have a stale exploded story of a painting bill of nine Pounds. This tremendous bill Mr. M. would insinuate, produced a most violent altercation between Mr. Tally and Mr. Chave. This is utterly false. Mr. Chave had about as much to do with this dispute as the Lord Chancellor. This dispute was intirely confined to Mr. Escott, Painter of Halberton, and Mr. Tally. The truth is this ; Mr. Tally had given an order to Mr. Escott to paint some part of Mr. Chave's house. When the bill was presented, Mr. Tally conceived that Mr. E. had exceeded his orders, and presumed that the additional work done, had been done at the desire of Mr. Chave. "No such thing," says Mr. Escott, "you alone gave me the order, and by you alone do I expect to be paid." "Prove that," replies Mr. Tally, "and then, and not before, will I pay the bill." Mr. Escott on this voluntarily comes to Tiverton, with his man, and they both make oath before a very respectable Magistrate, from whom I have this information, that they heard Mr. Tally give this order, and that no one besides had given any such order. Mr. Tally then immediately paid the Money. Observe, Mr. Tally is not the most likely man in the world to pay for

work which he did not order. Then follows a very angry kind of conversation asserted to have taken place between Mr. Tally and Mr. Chave. Mr. Chave and his wife, both voluntarily swore before me on Friday morning last, the fourteenth of this present month, September, in the presence of Mr. Sully, that no such conversation ever did take place; also, that they do not recollect any angry words that have ever passed between them and their landlord. But where it is *dangerous* to affirm, Mr. M. can insinuate, *in utrumque paratus*. In a passage very prudently left out of this pamphlet, but which will be produced in a court of justice, we are slyly led to suspect from some passages in the shape of a play bill, that Mr. Chave and his domestics are getting money by this mysterious Visitor. Mr. Chave can swear he has already lost more than forty pounds in consequence of this affair, and justly fears his losses will increase as the days diminish. It will be also shortly proved to the satisfaction of the public, though not perhaps to that of Mr. M. that Mr. Chave has already sustained damages in consequence of his unfounded assertions, and foul insinuations. But to the Point, for the present. Mrs. Chave and the two servants, in the presence of Mr. Sumpter and myself, voluntarily made oath that they have in no instance taken so much as a single sixpence on this occasion. This I knew before to be the fact. But suppose Mr. M. could prove, what is certainly false, that Mr. Chave has an object in view in encouraging these proceedings, we are even then as far as ever from the promised detection of the plot. Mr. Marriott first told us he knew the end in view; *his end in saying so is apparent enough*; but he has now at last told us all he knows, and we are just as wise as ever. His Mopstick story had been told and confuted ever since the middle of last June. But we want *the detection*; we want the means by which these phenomena are produced; we want, presumptuous wish, to be a little wiser than Mr. Marriott; we want to know the end in view, which he has not, and the means, which he cannot inform us of. Let him fulfil his promise, and he may depend on it I shall not be worse than my word, nor shall I envy him the triumph of the discovery. Of him at present it may be truly said, *fallere et effugere est triumphus*.

But suppose Mr. Chave was even growing rich in conse-

quence of all this; are we therefore uncharitably to conclude that all who are getting any thing by this mysterious affair, are necessarily coadjutors in it, and conspirators? In this case I have my doubts whether Mr. M. himself would escape suspicion; and this would in that case be one of the most black and diabolical plots that ever existed, comprehending most of the hawkers, publishers, printers, and printer's devils in the neighbourhood. But to the point again. As more of Mr. M's falsehoods must now *rapidly unfold themselves*. When Mr. Tally slept in this house, on the eleventh of last June, we are informed by Mr. Marriott that *Mr. Tally stipulated that none of the servants should remain in the premises, and that this was also, with much reluctance, acquiesced in*. Now it happens that Mr. and Mrs. Chave are ready to swear that no such promise was made to Mr. Tally, that it was never asked! and the whole family can swear that not a single servant was sent out of the house on that occasion. Then follows a very *dark and mysterious* conversation between Mr. Dodge and Mrs. Chave, overheard by Mr. Tally. Now this conversation is the most wonderful part of Mr. Marriott's whole account, it is *rare and precious*, for it happens to be true!!!!!!

Marvellous to relate, an apprentice boy had been frightened by something in this House, and was afraid, as from a certain little Anecdote, I suspect the magnanimous Mr. Marriott himself would be, to sleep alone in that apartment. Still more marvellous, Mr. Dodge the Cooper consented to sleep with him, and this is that mysterious promise which Mr. Tally so ingeniously, if not *ingenuously* overheard. No attempt nor even wish was evinced to conceal this circumstance from Mr. Tally; and even if it had, those who are ingenious enough to carry on the plot, must be possessed of too much cunning to post their agent where he was only *half* concealed, and where it was impossible for Mr. Tally to avoid seeing him. But observe, Mr. Tally himself now *admits* that he *recollects* he did not see any man half concealed, behind a curtain, for the plainest of all possible reasons, **THERE WERE NO CURTAINS** to that bed on which he saw Mr. Dodge sitting. Mr. Dodge is a Cooper, and has nothing at all to do with Mr. Chave. His evidence therefore is impartial. Before Mr. R. Aldridge, Merchant, Queen's Parade, Bristol, myself, and Mr. Sully,

the exciseman, he solemnly deposed as follows. That his reason for sleeping there that night was as I have related; that there were no curtains to the bed on which Mr. Tally saw him sitting; that it is false that Mr. Tally desired him to pull off his clothes; but that he did pull them off according to his constant custom; and that he never once that day or night entered that room where Mr. Tally slept.

The following assertion is next made, *This fellow contrived to get up stairs by one of the three entrances.* Hear the oath of 'Edward Brown, an experienced carpenter,' made before the same witnesses. "I have minutely examined the premises, and depose that there is but one entrance to get up stairs." We are next informed that *Mr. Tally then took the precaution to lock ALL the doors, and taking the keys with him, went into the bed prepared for him in Sally's room;* and then it follows that *Mr. T. on the following morning went into the Chamber where Dodge was, who could not quit his room till Mr. T. rose to let him out of it, he having taken the key!* This is rather miraculous, as I shall now make it fully appear that the door of this identical chamber where Mr. Dodge slept, on that memorable night, with the apprentice boy, hath never had since its formation, either key-hole, lock, bolt, bar, or any thing to secure it, but a very common thumb latch, even the catch of which was gone. But what is curious enough, Mr. Tally does now recollect that he did not lock up any one on that night, or unlock any one on that morning; and also he now recollects that he did not lock a single door in those apartments, nor put a single key in his pocket! This wonderful door is an half inch, red, unpainted, deal door; Elizabeth Merson, a disinterested witness, aged fifty three, formerly a servant to Mrs. Bellamy, was sent for on wednesday last by me, to look at this door. In the presence of many witnesses, she swore to her perfect recollection of that door; that it had always stood where it now stands, that it never had any other mechanism to secure or fasten it than a simple thumb latch before described, the catch of which was then gone.

But Mr. Tally could neither lock up any other man nor himself, as is quite evident from the formation of the door of the room wherein he slept. On the inside of it there neither is nor has been any keyhole, bolt, or bar. There is a key and keyhole on the outside of the door, but none on

the inside. There is not the smallest question about the room in which the Cooper slept, Mr. Tally allows that he did sleep in that room.

But it appears Mr. Tally was terribly haunted three different times by a ghost in the shape of a Mopstick. Surely those who are wise enough to play such marvellous freaks with a mopstick, as the *credulous* Mr. Marriott would persuade us to believe, are not quite fools enough to leave their instrument about in so careless a manner, in pump troughs, by the side of walls, and in other conspicuous places, where Mr. Tally could not fail to perceive it. But wherever Mr. Tally went, this wooden ghost seems to have stuck to him like his shadow. *Is this a Mopstick that I see before me? Come let me clutch thee!* Indeed, I really wonder, that Mr. Tally, who knows the value of such an instrument, did not carry it home in triumph. It would have been singularly useful at Prescott house, as the winter is approaching; seeing that this marvellous mopstick has a power of sitting up beds with curtains, without the expensive aid of an Upholsterer, and giving locks, bolts, keys, and keyholes to doors without the instrumentality of a blacksmith. But this Mopstick has another very extraordinary property; it acts without an agent; for Mr. Dodge the cooper will come before any magistrate, at any time, and voluntarily swear to the following effect; that he, never, directly or indirectly, with or without an instrument of any sort, did make on or in any part of those premises of Mr. Chave, any noises, by blows, knocks, &c. the object of which was to alarm or deceive any one human being whatever, or to cause a belief that there was any thing supernatural in that house; also, that he never had even an intention of so doing, nor was ever requested by another person to attempt it. He signified his willingness so to do immediately, yesterday, before Major M—d—d, Mr. Latham, Solicitor, Mr. Latham, his brother, and myself, and the above gentlemen, with the addition of Mr. Sully, exciseman, and Mr. Aldridge, before mentioned, know the situation of the doors, and the reports of the witnesses to be exactly and minutely as I have described. *

* But Mr. Chave, his wife, his relations and domestics are also coming forward in a few days to swear to the same effect, that they never attempted to make any noises of this kind, and of their ignorance of their cause.

I must repeat that it is rather odd that these conspirators, who have puzzled the whole neighbourhood, for so many months, should post their principal agent in the very place where Mr. Tally could not possibly fail to see him ! Did the conductors of this plot presume that this marvellous mopstick, which they also left about in so slovenly a manner, would make Mr. Dodge invisible. By its talismanic influence it had made Mr. Tally so *keen sighted* as to see *invisible* curtains, and so ingenious as to lock and unlock doors that had neither keys nor keyholes ! Nay, we are informed he put the keys of all those wonderful doors in his pocket.

The trifling impossibility of this little affair has refreshed Mr. Tally's memory, and he now admits that he did not lock a single door, nor put a single key in his pocket. Yet all this, the *credulous* Mr. Marriott presumes the public will believe on his bare assertion ; to all this, Mr. Tally a man of irreproachable character, is to swear, to oblige his friend, *not on a greek testament, but on an english bible* ; and to complete the climax, this *par nobile fratrum*, undertake to prove all this in any court of judicature in the kingdom ! Let them do this, and I shall not despair of their finding out *the conspiracy at Sampford*.

It is a circumstance rather strange that this Mopstick story, known to the whole neighbourhood very early in June, should be produced as a new discovery by Mr. Marriott in September. I presume Mr. M. immediately perceived this would make but a bungling ghost, and therefore wisely kept it in the back ground, trusting to time for something better to help him out of the scrape ; but finding he had as usual committed himself in promising more than he could perform, he boldly sallies forth with his mopstick in his hand to pay the reckoning.

But the truth in a moment clears up all these absurdities ; Mr. Dodge took no pains to hide himself, for a very plain reason,—he did not wish to be concealed. Did he not immediately give a plain answer to Mr. Tally's plain question ? Was there any hesitation, any confusion ? “Cooper, how came you here ?” “I came to sleep with the apprentice boy, because the boy was afraid to sleep alone.” Really it is not to be wondered at that Mr. M. gave up the Law, when having the popular side of the question to defend, he murders it so miserably.

But this Mr. Dodge is a very extraordinary person, altho' Mr. Tally could lock him up without a key, yet it seems Mr. Dodge himself could imperceptibly ascend into his chamber thro' the cieling! Alas, the ideas of Mr. Dodge are not quite so high flown. Mr. Dodge will come forward and swear he got into his chamber by ascending the very same stair-case that Mr. Tally afterwards did. Mr. Tally says *he thinks* this was impossible, as he must have seen him; for Mr. Tally tells us now what Mr. Marriott had suppressed, that he supped in the lower room, through which Dodge must have passed, in which case Mr. Tally tells us he must have seen him. Gentle reader, if thou hast ever seen Mr. Tally sit down to supper, at another man's house, I need not inform thee that at such an interesting moment, Mr. Chave on his charger, might have rode up the stairs, without arresting his attention.

Mr. Tally, we are informed, knows all the subterraneous Passages in the house; I challenge him to shew one of them. But when Mr. M. finds the upper apartments are not such as *suit* his purposes, he descends into the lower, *flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*. Like a fox hard run, he takes to earth.

That Mr. Tally himself was much alarmed by noises in the night, the candid Mr. Marriott has studiously suppressed. Mr. Taylor who slept with Mr. Tally can swear that the following conversation took place between them; during the noises by night Mr. Taylor wished Mr. Tally to go into that room where they were most audible, to convince himself of their cause. This he refused to do, but wished Mr. Taylor would go. "If I do," said Mr. Taylor, "you will perhaps say to-morrow that you have heard nothing." Mr. Tally promised he would not; on which Mr. Taylor struck a light and went into the room where the noises were.

Speaking of the house, Mr. Marriott has this assertion; *The building is a very ancient one, and is what Carpenters call battened from top to bottom from one extremity of the premises to another.* Hear again the oath of Edward Brown, Carpenter, sworn before Mr. Sully, Mr. Aldridge, and myself, viz. that he has minutely examined the house, that the walls of the two rooms in which the noises by day were principally heard are not battened but solid walls; also

B

that in all the upper apartments the joists are but four inches deep between the floor and ceiling; and that it is impossible any human agent could act between them; that it is his firm belief that such noises as were described this morning to him, by those who heard them, could not be produced by any art or ingenuity with which he is acquainted.

This is also the firm opinion of Mr. Sully the exciseman, a very ingenious mechanic, as all who know him can testify. He living on the spot, has paid these noises very particular attention, is completely puzzled by them, and will swear that he cannot guess any possible means by which they are produced. He has always had full liberty to examine any of the premises at any time, is well acquainted with the nature of building, and has tried and thought of every means in his power to produce the same effects, but without success.

On last Wednesday morning September 19th Mr. Sully and myself accurately examined the premises; many were present who had heard repeatedly these noises; we tried to imitate them in every possible way we could think of, but the persons present distinctly could recollect the difference between those noises we then produced, and those they heard. There was only one way in which we could imitate them, namely, by ripping up one of the boards of the floor, and then by striking with some instrument on the under side of the board adjoining.

The mutilations in the ceilings beneath were a fine handle for the mopstick, and of course Mr. Marriott sets it immediately to work. Now these marks and mutilations were caused by those persons who very naturally from curiosity went below, while others continued above, and from time to time attempted to imitate those noises while they occurred by striking the corresponding ceilings with sticks or other instruments. But this marvellous mopstick is a *Proteus* also, for none of the marks on the ceilings, as Mr. Sully and others can testify, correspond to the shape of such an instrument. I can refer any persons who wish for further information on these marks to many Gentlemen who made them.

In this same marvellous page we are next informed that Mr. Tally will swear to all the foregoing assertions of Mr. Marriott's. Indeed! Then Mr. T. will do more for Mr. M. than any other man in the kingdom. The friendship of *Pylades and Orestes is nothing to this.*

The public are next informed that I begin to flinch from my promise; produce the man that has heard me even hint such a thing; if Mr. Marriott after his base insinuations does not do this, I must then leave my readers to form their own conclusions concerning him. I am ready to fulfil *my* promise, the moment Mr. Marriott fulfils *his*.

Mr. M. has often asked what possible employment Mr. Chave can find for Mr. Taylor? He eats the bread of industry by working on the Farm; an occupation much more creditable than that of those who live by vilifying their neighbours.

But this bottle conjuror Mr. Marriott knows a great deal more of others than they know of themselves. The public would be much obliged to Mr. Marriott if he would inform them the time, and the place, the when and the where Mr. Taylor received this marvellous education under Mr. Moon. Mr. Moon himself does not remember one iota of the circumstance. Mr. Taylor and all his relations are ready to swear to the utter falsehood of the whole assertion. But the whole difficulty vanishes at once, if we reflect that the five years which Mr. Marriott has been so bountiful as to tack on to Mr. Taylor's life, were passed not with Mr. Moon, but with *the Man in the Moon*. But what are dates and seasons, what is time and place to Mr. Marriott; when once he has taken a pen in his hand? *fiat injustitia ruat cælum*.

It is perhaps true that Mr. Taylor now and then attends Mr. Moon's performances during his occasional exhibitions; nor am I prepared to deny that he might have been at times in his company. But is Mr. M. warranted from hence to assert that Mr. Taylor was a regular pupil of Mr. Moon's? *that he put himself under his tuition; became versed in the various arts of necromancy, so as to enable him to display cabalistic attainments?* If Mr. Taylor knew indeed all this; as we are pompously informed, I suspect he would in that case be qualified to teach Mr. Moon.

Mr. Marriott informs us that himself and another gentleman were permitted to visit the haunted room, after a short delay, because the maid servants were not up.

Here Mr. Marriott would have us suspect a falsehood in Mr. Taylor. Did this conversation rest on the sole authority of Mr. Marriott, I should not in that case think it worthy the slightest attention; of the other gentle-

man I entertain a very different opinion; he is sterling. Now it has been very much the wish of both Mr. and Mrs. Chave, so to manage as to satisfy the curious from the *testimony of women quite unconnected with the house*. But when the above gentlemen called, it was so late that their whole family had been some time in bed; therefore at so late an hour, to procure any disinterested woman whose evidence would of course be more satisfactory than that of the two servants, was impossible.

But what is rather extraordinary, this *detected plot* is still going on. Hear the affidavit of Mr. Sully, exciseman, voluntarily made before Mr. Aldridge and myself. Mr. Sully deposes on Friday the 14th of this present month, he went about ten at night into that chamber, which in my former pamphlet I have described as having a large modern window in it; that he desired Mr. Chave, and Mr. Taylor, to walk up with him, and to place themselves at that window, and on no account to move from it; that Mr. Sully then held the door in his hand that leads from the larger into the lesser room, in which lesser room a single woman only slept; that Sally was confined with Mrs. Chave during the whole of that time in another apartment, at Mr. Sully's request. While Mr. Sully held this door half open in his hand, which door is about three feet from the foot of the bed in which this single woman slept, he clearly and distinctly heard something coming up the stairs; he heard it plainly cross the antichamber, and came upon the bed, in which this woman was. It immediately beat her violently, principally as Mr. S. could perceive by the sounds, over the hips and legs. In the midst of these blows, while they were at their greatest height he instantaneously drew the door fully open—the moon shone very bright, directly into the apartment, had any thing material attempted to escape, he affirms he must have seen or heard it, as the window is very large (occupying I think two thirds of the breadth of the whole room.) He is quite positive that he heard and saw nothing escape, and that Mr. Taylor and Mr. Chave kept their position at the window. Mr. Sully is in Tiverton usually once a week, and to him I refer those who would wish to hear this fact, or any others wherein I have mentioned his name.

On another very late occasion, also, Mr. Chave, of Chief-Lowman, a Cousin of Mr. Chave of Sampford,

was not a little astonished by some occurrences he related to me, equally unaccountable with the above. He is in Tiverton every Tuesday, and to him I refer the curious.

Mr. Marriot could not conclude his last paragraph without four falsehoods, *ad innum. qualis ab incepto processerat*, I there find to my great surprise that I have attempted to bully Mr. Marriot into an abandonment of his duty. I was not before aware that Mr. Marriot thought it his duty to tell a *sarrago* of lies. But Mr. M. is in this instance also much mistaken; as on the contrary, after the manner in which he has treated me, I was not very much displeased to see him make himself a great fool, which he invariably does whenever he takes up a pen. I know of no such Treatise in favour of the Manichean System as that for which he has given me credit.

The Heresiarch Manes gives us but a lame account of that mixture of good and evil which we must admire and deplore. The immortality of the soul brought to light by the gospel, and confirmed by reason, no less than revelation; this is that key of the moral world that unlocks every mystery in the natural. I look not for optimism in a state of probation, and when I meet with such an head and heart as Mr. Marriot's, I do not go to the Manicheans to solve the difficulty.

But as Mr. Marriot has informed the public what I learnt at college, I wish I could return the compliment by informing them what Mr. Marriot has ever learnt at any time, or in any place.

After what has been here advanced, I suspect the magistrates of this county will not go to Mr. Marriot to learn their duty; neither do I conceive he will find it very easy *when called upon* to fulfil his promise of proving his statement in any court of judicature in the kingdom.

To the following simple fact I beg my reader's particular attention. Mr. Milton, a very respectable tradesman of Tiverton, will come forward and swear at any time, that in the presence of R. Pell, Esq. he heard Mr. Tally positively assert that he never in his life gave Mr. Chave warning to quit that house or directed any other person to do so. *

* This Morning, September 25th, Mr. Chave informed me he received such notice Yesterday.

Having thus traced this Gentleman through his mazy Labyrinth of falsehoods, and misrepresentations, I shall cheerfully acquiesce in the decision of the public. That impartial tribunal must now decide who deals most in facts, and who in assertions. It is much easier to affirm what is false, than to prove what is true. Like a pack-horse that has kicked off his Panniers, Mr. Marriott gets nimbly over the ground, having divested himself of those two trifling incumbrances truth and reason. Really Mr. Marriott thinks too highly of himself, and too meanly of the public, when he presumes the pert flippancy of his remarks will cover the fallacy of his affirmations, or the failure of his promises. *Have patience and I will fulfill them all.* On the first part of this sentence Mr. M. has harangued week after week most drowsily; the second part has been invariably put off to a more convenient season. Is Mr. M. a friend to sober inquiry, so am I; but not to abuse and misrepresentation. Is it not a shameful thing, first to lower Mr. Chave by degrading appellations, to ruin his peace and that of his family, and then to accuse him of a crime which by our laws is felony, on such absurd and unfounded allegations as those produced by Mr. Marriott?

Suppose fifty or an hundred copies extraordinary of the Taunton Courier are thrust into circulation in consequence of the contemptible farrago it has of late contained, yet must it derive from so mean a source but a momentary popularity, and now that the bubble is burst, it must fall below even its former level. That man deserves to starve and to shiver who burns down his neighbour's house to warm his fingers at the blaze. Far better would it be for this babbler to pursue the original plan on which he first started, and whip a few more hucks to death, in order that the good people of Taunton may know a few hours sooner than their neighbours, that London stands just where it did, than thus to court a short lived notoriety by mounting himself upon the shoulders of a Ghost!!! Let him stick tight, or the Ghost will throw him in the mire. Surely Mr. M. will have time enough to rail at Mr. Chave and to call him a detestable conspirator, when he has proved him to be such; till then these terms injure only the man that uses them. Mr. M. professes himself a friend to the constitution, then let him act up to the spirit of its laws, and conclude all men innocent till they are proved to be guilty.

The public are much displeased at the slow progress made by Mr. M. He has merely told us, but in not quite so gentlemanlike language, what Mr. Tally had told us before. Mr. Tally's story was always a lame one, but as it now comes from Mr. M. it hobbles most miserably. But surely a man who undertakes to inform the public, might at least aspire to the humble merit of being correct in his statements, and not lend a gossip's ear to every idle report in circulation. But what we condemn most in Mr. M. is that rancour and resentment so very apparent in his remarks. It is true his anger smokes rather than blazes, and blackens rather than burns.

But if he cannot be witty, is it necessary he should be abusive? If the ports of Attica are shut against him, must he throw himself into the arms of the Nymphs of Billingsgate? Mr. Chave is to the full as respectable a member of society, in every point of view as Mr. Marriott, and if he were not, he is not to be trampled under foot. But Mr. M. would persuade us that he has acted thus rashly, from an overweening regard for the interests of society. To attack the innocent is rather an odd way of shewing this regard. I will indeed allow that he has leaped into a gulf with all the temerity of Curtius, but with none of his patriotism. But suppose he could substantiate any of his accusations; Yet even in that case, candour and charity are sacrifices too costly to be offered up even at the altar of truth; much less to the idol of falsehood. In his zeal without knowledge Mr. M. defaces what he means to defend, and with the blind fury of the father of Virginia, murders his cause to prevent its violation.

But it is impossible to be serious on such a subject as Mr. M. The powers of Mr. M. are as marvellous as any thing that has occurred at Sampford. He fills pages and columns with matter, which after all is *immaterial*; he has the faculty of talking a great deal, and *saying very little*, of looking into every thing, and *seeing into nothing*. The stale scraps of the Taunton Courier by the help of a little book-making, and the liberal use of a pair of scissors, no longer slumber in the office of their Editor, but are again resold to the public in the inviting shape of a pamphlet, rendered irresistibly alluring by those two tremendous words *a Ghost!!!* and *a Conspiracy!!!*. The two I suspect will overpower poor John Bull, he will exclaim with Macheath, *How happy*

could I be with either, were to'ther dear Charmer away.

These ghostly fragments embodied in a pamphlet quit that dark region, the Brain of Mr. M. and are again ushered into the world, *Supera ut convexa revisant, Rursus et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.*

This wonderful performance is the joint production of Mr. Norris and Mr. M. Mr. M. found the scissors, and the paragraphs, Mr. N. the types and paper. People are sadly mortified that they have not in the slightest degree added to their stock of knowledge by reading it; that they have less in their pockets, but nothing more in their heads. But I think the second paragraph contains three pieces of intelligence, of which the public were entirely ignorant before, and never would have found it out had it not been there communicated. First, That the Editor of the Taunton Courier industriously applied himself to the investigation of this subject; next, that this same Courier is a widely extended, and very popular publication; and lastly, that it contains information in its pages! I will allow that these three pieces of intelligence are all that any man can learn from this performance, but if they are worth two pence a-piece, we have no right to grumble. But I beg Mr. Marriott's pardon, we learn another truth from the perusal of this pamphlet; The vulgarity and ignorance of the writer. Mr. M. has given up one profession and taken to another, but he has not yet found his *forte*. His *feable* is sufficiently evident. I cannot but suspect that Nature meant this good man for a Taylor, for in this, as in all his other publications, he has certainly made more use of his *scissars* than his pen. Nature is irresistible, and must be obeyed. *Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.* Nature meant that he should use the goose; he vociferates for the goose-quill; he snatches at the pen, but nature forces the *scissars* into his hand.

These scissars take, she said, these fatal shears
Shall slit the goblin's nose, and clip his ears.

As a Taylor Mr. M. might certainly shine, he might be useful and ornamental to Society. By the help of this little instrument, he might *still cut up the cloth!* and also convert all the *bad steps* he has lately taken in his Taunton Courier, into *excellent measures*. How grateful ought Mr. M. to be to me for this profitable hint.

I now come to what I consider the most extraordinary Phenomenon in this whole affair, namely, that Mr. Marriott should be able so far to impose upon the public as to attract the slightest degree of their attention. A great man in a small circle, but a very little man in a great one ; Mr. M. mounted on a few copies of his Courier, crows once a week triumphantly. *Primitiæ miseræ, bellique propinqui dura rudimenta.* With Mr. Tally for his Apollo, a three legged stool for his tripod, a *mopstick* in one hand, and a pair of *scissors* in the other, we view in Mr. Marriott the Oracle of Taunton, large as life. It is true, he has neither the inspiration of the Pythian Priestess, nor her spirit of prophecy ; but he has something of her fury, much of her madness, and all her ambiguity.

I shall now inform the public of Mr. Marriott's motives in his attacks upon me. A Parson is *Nuts* to an half starved printer. I may perhaps prove a little hard in the cracking. Mr. M. had attempted to amuse the public at my expense for some time ; I permitted him to go on a few weeks with his innuendos, insinuations, and as much slander as he dared venture upon. I clearly foresaw, from his style and manner, that he would commit himself very shortly ; accordingly I gave him rope, and he has hanged himself. When the public disgust excited by the falsification of Mr. M's promises, was at almost as great an height as it is at present, a very unfortunate discovery was made by this gentleman. He found out at last that all the world, whom he suspected had been laughing *with* him, were laughing *at* him. This discovery, like that of the longitude turned the brain of this mistaken man, and the last rational words he uttered were these, *Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.* He was, in addition to all this, a good deal pestered by those whose patience he had exhausted, and who were determined to live no longer upon wind. Every body wondered at Mr. M's delay ; but I foresaw his progress must be slow, and that he would not soon reach the end of his journey, for a very simple reason ; when he started, he put the cart before the horse ; he began just where he ought to have finished ; and wasted that precious time in abuse and invective, which he ought to have dedicated to investigation. He was also nettled by the receipt of that memorable letter before

described ; he was nettled because Mr. Chave would not get out of his bed to let him into his house at a very unreasonable hour ; he was nettled because after having vapoured a great deal to those good people of Taunton who pin their faith upon his sleeve, he was sent home again after a sleeveless errand. Now Mr. M. has a great advantage over most men when in a passion ; other men in such a state of mind, run a risk of losing a little sense, but there is no danger to be apprehended on this score by Mr. Marriott. *He cannot lose what he never had.* But to raise the harmless indignation of this poor man higher still, the following Poem about this time made its appearance. Some friends of his insinuated to Mr. M. that I was the Author of it, and Mr. M's own conscience whispered to him that he deserved something at my hands. I think from the increasing virulence and decreasing argument in his writings, I could point out the very period when this terrible poem came to hand.

MARPLOT'S GHOST.

*Arriv'd at last My Masters, What ! What ! What ?
Marplot's long promis'd Ghost, All hot ! All hot !*

HEAR blust'ring Marplot, like Glendower bawl,
At Sampford's vasty Pond for Goblins call,
Be not deceiv'd my Friends, tis all an Hum
Roar as he may, and rant, *No Ghost will come ;*
To morrow never comes, while Day by Day
Marplot grows rich, like Lawyers by Delay.
Arm'd at all Points like Stubborn Hudibras,
Not quite so bold. but a much greater Ass,
With Sword and Pistol belted, Cap-a-pie,
Forth Marplot rode, Sampford's dread Ghost to see !
By his thick Bushell Head he swore, they say,
To drag this hideous Monster into Day ;
He swore ! then Mounting thunder'd Half a God,
And *all his Devils* trembled at his Nod ;
He swore, tho' hot from Hell to bring the Ghost,
He starts, and Sixteen Miles are instant lost . .
Unbar thy door this Moment Huckster Chave,
A Ghost I'm come for, and a Ghost must have !
Zounds *I must live*, and pay both Scot and Lot,
My Devils too are starving for a Plot !
Back to those famish'd Imps a Ghost I'll take

By heavens Huckster, or a Ghost I'll make. !!!
 Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape
 Quoth Chave, I dread some Robbery, or Rape,
 I strongly do suspect, stay let me see
 Not far from hence, some Gael Delivery :
 I'd rather fifty Ghosts mine house each Night
 Did haunt, than such a d---d ill looking Wight ;
 That Thou must live, didst say? I tell thee flat
 I see no great necessity *for that* :
 Get home, read o'er again thy conj'ring Books,
 They 'll shew thee plain there's hanging in thy Looks.
 Marplot, sent bootless, weather beaten back,
 Vents all his Rage upon his half starv'd Hack ;
 But made, as he is wont more Haste than Speed,
 Tho' his Pulse gallop'd faster than his Steed,
 And thumping heart with Rage and Malice hot,
 Boil'd in his Breast, like Dumplings in a Pot !
 At home arriv'd, this madly furious Elf
 Wrote quick a bloody Challenge to himself :
 'Twas prudent with himself alone to fight,
 Who had of all Men the most Cause for fright ;
 For sure each Ball, by strong Attraction led,
 Must seek their Kindred Metal in his Head ;
 He fills a strange unheard of, piteous Post,
 That cannot *live*, nor yet *give up the ghost* !!!
 Who follow'd once the Law, Law's lamest Limb
 Now justly fears the Law may follow him ;
 Have Patience Truth, that Moment is not far
 Shall call again this Bully to the Bar.

Whether I wrote the above poem or not, I shall leave Mr. M. to find out as he can. But I will do him one piece of justice ; I will attempt to convince the world, notwithstanding there is a kind of similarity, that Mr. Marplot and Mr. Marriott are two different and distinct men. And first the name—now the plot that Mr. Marriott would fain persuade us he has marred is still going on, and has by no means ceased. Next the motto—here we are informed that Marplot's ghost is fairly come to Town, now all the world knows that Mr. Marriott's ghost, tho' it has been long on the road, *is not yet arrived*. Marplot is compared to Hudibras, and Hudibras, tho' he had much obstinacy, had also much wit: but no one can accuse Mr. Marriott of any. *Forth Marplot rode*; but as I have said that Mr. Marriott was meant for a Taylor, strong doubts are entertained whether he can ride or not, and the fact is that Mr. M. performed his memorable expedition to Sampford in a kind of Taxed

Cart. Marplot's head is said to be as big as a bushel, now it is well known that Mr. Marriott can get his head into a peck. In Marplot's speech to Chave the difference is very striking. Marplot speaks six lines of tolerably genteel legitimate english ; a thing never yet accomplished by Mr. Marriott in his whole life. And lastly, we are told that in Marplot's pericranium there is a vast mass of lead, now all who know Mr. Marriott can positively affirm that he has nothing in his head half so solid.

Having thus done Mr. M. this common piece of justice and civility, let us hope that the gloom of his visage be immediately discolled ; that the suavity and amenity of his manners return unto him again ; that his sleep be no longer broken by visions of dancing bibles, and death's heads upon mopsticks ; that he dip his pen no longer in gall but in oil ; that he deal only in panegyrics and not in philippics. I hail this golden change in the offspring of his brain ; *Jam nova progenies redeunt Saturnia regna.* Mr. M. in the foreground chaunting forth my praises in that delectable and deservedly popular work, (*as he himself informs us,*) The Taunton Courier. *Laudari a laudato.* Preferment smiling in the back ground, and showering mitres on my head. Alas, I fear with Sterne, not one of them would fit it !

Thursday, September 27th, 1810, John Chave, William Taylor, James Dodge, and Sally Case voluntarily and cheerfully make oath *this day* as follows.

That they are intirely ignorant of the cause of all those extraordinary circumstances that have and are occurring at the House of Mr. Chave in the parish of Sampford. Also, that they have never made in or on any part of the premises any sounds or noises by day or night, by blows, or knockings, either with or without an instrument, in order to induce any one human being whatever to believe or even to think that there was any thing unaccountable or supernatural in that House. Also, that they have never requested any other Person so to do, and that they firmly believe no such attempts have been made by others. Also,—that if such attempts have been made, it was without their knowledge or consent. Also, that they have repeatedly heard in

mid day most violent and loud noises in their house, when numerous persons have been assembled, some in the upper and some in the lower apartments at the same time; and all of them anxious and eager to discover the cause. Also that the marks on the cieling have been made by persons trying, but in vain, to imitate the same sounds. Also that to the best of their knowledge and belief there are no subterraneous passages in or about that house,

Sworn before me 27th of September, 1810.

J. GOVETT, Mayor of Tiverton.

Mr. Taylor also solemnly and voluntarily swears to the following effect.—That he never saw Mr. Moon exhibit but three times in his life; that he never was in his company but twice in his life; that he never was under Mr. Moon's tuition one hour. Sworn before me, 27th of September, 1810.

J. GOVETT, Mayor of Tiverton.

In confirmation of the truth of this affidavit Mr. Taylor appeals to all his friends and relations, and lastly to Mr. Moon himself.

In the Taunton Courier of yesterday Sep. 27th, a kind of scurrilous and threatening letter was addressed to Mr. M. the Editor of that paper, which to *suit his own purposes*, Mr. M. would fain persuade the public was written by me. But I should be very sorry to bear the blame of all the Letters Mr. Marriott receives from others, and the still greater blame of those he may chuse to write *to himself*. The *real* contents of the first Letter received by Mr. Marriott have long been well known in Tiverton, and the neighbourhood. Mr. M. was aware that he was about to be presented to the Public in *his true Colours* shortly; it was therefore his business to prejudice the Public *directly* and *indirectly* against that Man who was about to undeceive them. Let Mr. M. shew both these terrible Letters to my Friends, my Hand is pretty well known, and not easily imitated. Will Mr. M. come forward and swear that he did not write this last letter *himself*, nor cause it to be written. Will he swear that he has *never* written Letters *to himself* in his Taunton Courier, and then *palmed* them upon the Public, as the production of others?

To do away such foul insinuations I deposed on that same day to the following effect. I voluntarily make oath that I knew nothing directly, or indirectly, of that letter dated from *Collumpton*, the 20th of September, its author, nor its con-

tents, until it appeared in the Taunton Courier of the 27th September, 1810; also that I knew nothing of the former threatening Letter alluded to by Mr. Marriott, directly or indirectly, its author, or its contents, until its Receipt was announced in the Taunton Courier.

SWORN before me at }
Tiverton, Sep. 27th 1810. }

C. COLTON.

J. GOVETT, Mayor.

Witnesses { CAPTAIN JONES,
Mr. Wm. BESLEY.

I must now by way of conclusion beg my Readers seriously to weigh the great body of evidence here adduced; against the single and interested assertions of Mr. Tally, the principal of which it now appears were crammed into his mouth by Mr. Marriott; since Mr. Tally himself now denies them. I have completely set aside every material allegation advanced by Mr. M. but not one fact in my former pamphlet has he presumed to deny, or even dispute. They are literally and strictly true. But it also now comes out that Mr. M. got all his information from Mr. T. while the latter was housing his corn in his field. Alas, Mr. T. was then thinking of something more substantial than a ghost! He paid very little attention to the gossiping impertinence of Mr. M. He had read in a very old Book that a certain description of men were like the chaff which the wind scattereth away from the face of the earth. He walked indeed and talked with Mr. M. *Cui fidus Achates it comes*—but we may not add, *paribus premit vestigia curis*.

Out of this wonderful conversation, nicely embellished with a few such romantic and ideal beauties as *invisible curtains, self-enlivened Mopsticks, keys, locks, and key holes, by "mortal hand ne'er form'd," hollow walls, and subterraneous passages*, that neither have beginning nor end; out of these creatures of his own brain has Mr. M. manufactured a pretty little sixpenny pamphlet about a Ghost and a conspiracy.

Upon those who can believe Mr. M's sarrago of falsehoods, I think we may now venture to retort the charge of credulity. We have hitherto learnt nothing from Mr. M's lucubrations but his own malice and ignorance. But he himself has told

us there is information in his pages—indeed! then they contain more than the *head of their writers*.—As for me, if such dull realities as facts, and truth, and argument, will not support me, I must fall. I have no such powerful alliances as some can boast of, *non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis*! I keep in pay no hawkers, newsmen, nor ballad singers; I have no newspaper in which I can vent my weekly slander to the world; I have no convenient correspondents who will write, just at the moment I want them letters, that may serve as an handle for the basest insinuations; I have no friend ready to come forward, and swear to the truth of all my falsehoods on an *English Bible*. Neither, if I had, could I hope to prove them true in *any court of judicature in the kingdom*.

Mr. M, with his usual correctness, introduces a single line of mine into his newspaper; just half of it is misquoted. I do not deny that I was the author of that little trifle; but as it is evident he did not read it with any attention, I recommend the following lines in it to his particular perusal. Nay, it would be well if he would commit them to memory.

What Demon lent thee suicidal rage
Thyself at once to blacken, and thy page?
And bade thee write, to prove thou wert at last
A knave, who for mere fool might else have past.
Still let thine anger smoke, it cannot blaze,
Thy friendship ruin is, thy satire praise,
While I thy slanders to improvement turn,
As fire but brightens what it cannot burn;
And truth with fear, and cautious care, pursue,
Fearless and careless what may thence ensue.

I shall certainly take no public notice of the weekly contemptible fabrications of Mr. M. in future; the CHARGER re-echoes not the *braying of the Ass*.

Mr. M. may go on to trumpet me forth as a believer in Ghosts; it is true I have paid this subject much attention and the Public may wish to be acquainted with my Creed concerning it.—I believe in nothing but the difficulty of detecting it.

Thus in defence of an honest man I have taken up the gauntlet, thrown down by Mr. Marriott, although I am ready to allow *I have stooped in doing it*. Time may do much for us in developing this mystery; while it continues there is a chance of discovering it, and it has by no means ceased.

That Mr. M's *three chief agents* could have nothing to do with *this Plot* was satisfactorily proved in the presence of myself and two gentlemen a very few nights ago. Mr. M. will as usual make up in abuse, what he wants in argument, but till he disproves the facts I have advanced, I shall not think him worthy of an answer. Neither shall I till then read any of his trash, but shall direct my Solicitor to watch him narrowly. I recommend him on the receipt of this appendix to the care of his friends; they will do well to secure him in a strong room, and lower him by venesections, sudorifics, cathartics, and emetics. They may then by way of stimulus venture to administer unto him a few prescriptions from these pages, in such gentle doses as his constitution may enable him to bear. They will be sure to take especial care to keep out of his reach all such dangerous instruments as knives, dancing *bibles*, flying *swords*, talismanic *mopsticks*, pistols, ropes, and silk-handkerchiefs.

**GOOD NIGHT TO MARRIOTT!!! I'LL MEET THEE
AT PHILIPPI!!!!**



Printed at Smith's Printing-Office, Tiverton.