

English Mastiffs,

With the Address published and submitted, before God and our Country, for our Honours, Persons, and Lives, in the Defence of our Sovereign and all the Blessings of our glorious Constitution.

There is not a Man that hears me, I am persuaded, who is not prompt and eager to redeem that pledge. There is not, there cannot be a Man here, who would leave undefended our good, tried, and brave *OLD KING* in the Hour of Danger.

No, Sir! we need now no Warning-voice; no string of Eloquence; no Thoughts that heat, and Words that burn, are necessary to raise a Host of hardy Men, when the King, the Parliament, and the Country are in Distress. **CALL OUT TO YORKSHIREMEN, "COME FORTH TO BATTLE!"** ---our Answer will be, One and All---"**WE ARE READY! -- There is the Enemy! ---Lead on!**" --- Sir; that Enemy is not far off; a very numerous, well-appointed, ably-commanded Army, to whom is promised the Plunder of England, are now hovering round, and Part of them in daily Sight of the promised Land. They view it, like as many famished Wolves, Cruel as Death, and Hungry as the Grave, panting for an Opportunity, at any Risk, to come into our Sheep-Fold; --- *but*, and if they should, is it not our Business, our first Duty, to have such a Guard of old faithful **ENGLISH MASTIFFS**, of the old Breed, as shall make them quickly repent their temerity.

The **CHIEF CONSUL** of France tells us, that we are but a Nation of Shopkeepers: let us, Shopkeepers, then melt our Weights and our Scales, and return him the Compliment in Bullets. **SIR**; we may have a firm Reliance on the Exertions of as gallant a Fleet as ever sailed; but the Fleet cannot perform Impossibilities; it cannot be in two Places at once; it cannot conquer the Winds and subdue the Storms. Though our old **TARS** can do much, they cannot do every Thing; and it would be unsafe and dastardly to lie skulking behind them. With the Blessing of **GOD**, and a good Cause, we can do Wonders; but, if we depend upon our Naval Prowess only we have much to fear. **NO, SIR**: England will never be perfectly safe, until she can defend herself as well by *Land* as by *Sea*; until she can defy the haughty Foe: if there was *even a Bridge* between **CALAIS** and **DOVER**, and that Bridge in Possession of the Enemy, still she can say, in the Language of a good *English Boxing Match*, "**A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR!**"

Printed for **J. GINGER**, 169, Piccadilly,

Price **SIXPENCE** per Dozen, for Distribution.

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