

THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

11 'The National Debt', *The Iris*, Issue 65, 25/09/1795

John Bull, no longer fear nor fret,
 Tho' flouncing in a sea of debt,
 Whose depth no line can fathom;
 Hold up thy head- thou shalt not sink
 So speedily as some fools think-
 Attend to Doctor Tatham.

This sage Divine has lately writ
 To thy illustrious Master - Pitt,
 A most *consoling* letter,
 In which he plainly proves and shews,
 That as thy load the *larger* grows,
 Thou'lt *bear* it still the *better*.

The Doctor proves, that *funds* and *flocks*,
 Like vast exhaustless *mines* and *rocks*,
 Can never fail a nation;
 That *war* and *toil*, yield *ease* and *health*,
 That *taxes* are the *springs* of wealth,
 And *spurs* of emulation!

The Doctor shews, that without these
 Nor Freedom, opulence, nor ease
 Would long thy borders bless:
 Then bow thy back, and still bear on!
 Since 'twill promote *thy interest*, JOHN,
Plunge deeper in distress!!!

Teague's Fort

See a critique in the Monthly Review for June 1st, on 'a letter to the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Edward Tatharu, D.D.
 & C.C

Anon.

