



***WILLIAM  
COMBE***

***THE HISTORY  
OF JOHNNY  
QUÆ GENUS,  
THE LITTLE  
FOUNDLING  
OF THE LATE  
DOCTOR  
SYNTAX***



**WILLIAM  
COMBE**

***THE HISTORY  
OF JOHNNY  
QUÆ GENUS,  
THE LITTLE  
FOUNDLING  
OF THE LATE  
DOCTOR  
SYNTAX***

**William Combe**

# **The History of Johnny Quæ Genus, the Little Foundling of the Late Doctor Syntax**

**A Poem by the Author of the Three Tours**

EAN 8596547048947

DigiCat, 2022

Contact: [DigiCat@okpublishing.info](mailto:DigiCat@okpublishing.info)



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

[PREFACE](#)

[LIST OF THE PLATES](#)

[THE HISTORY OF JOHNNY QUÆ GENUS OR The Foundling of Doctor Syntax](#)

[CANTO I](#)

[Quæ Genus.](#)

[Sharpsight.](#)

[Quæ Genus.](#)

[Sharpsight.](#)

[Quæ Genus.](#)

[Sir Jeffery.](#)

[Sir Jeffery.](#)

[Quæ Genus.](#)

[Sir Jeffery.](#)

[Quæ Genus.](#)

[Sir Jeffery.](#)

[Quæ Genus.](#)

[Sir Jeffery.](#)

[Quæ Genus.](#)

[Sir Jeffery.](#)

[Quæ Genus.](#)

[Sir Jeffery.](#)

[Quæ Genus.](#)

[Quæ Genus.](#)

[Sir Jeffery.](#)

[Quæ Genus.](#)

Sir Jeffery.

Quæ Genus.

Quæ Genus.

Sir Jeffery.

Quæ Genus.

Quæ Genus.

CANTO II

Quæ Genus.

Letter.

Quæ Genus.

Lawyer Make-peace.

CANTO III

Chamber Maid.

Kitchen Maid.

Footman.

Coachman.

CANTO IV

CANTO V

His Farewell Speech.

Quæ Genus.

CANTO VI

Anodyne.

Quæ Genus.

Molly.

CANTO VII

CANTO VIII

Song.

CANTO IX

# PREFACE

[Table of Contents](#)

**T**HIS prolonged work is, at length, brought to a close.—It has grown to this size, under rare and continuing marks of public favour; while the same mode of Composition has been employed in the last, as in the former Volumes. They are all equally indebted to MR. ROWLANDSON'S talents.

It may, perhaps, be considered as presumption in me, and at my age, to sport even with my own Dowdy Muse, but, from the extensive patronage which DOCTOR SYNTAX has received, it may be presumed that, more or less, he has continued to amuse: And I, surely, have no reason to be dissatisfied, when Time points at my eightieth Year, that I can still afford some pleasure to those who are disposed to be pleased.

The AUTHOR.

May 1, 1821.

# LIST OF THE PLATES

[Table of Contents](#)

[Journey to London](#)

[In search of Service](#)

[Relating his History to Sir Jeffery](#)

[At Oxford](#)

[Conflict with Lawyer Gripe-all](#)



With the Sheep-Shearers

Assisting a Traveller

In the Sports of the Kitchen

In the Service of Sir Jeffery Gourmand

With a Quack Doctor

With a Spendthrift

Attending on a Sporting Finale

In the Service of a Miser

With the Money Lenders

Officiating at a Gaming Table

With a Portrait Painter

Gives a Grand Party

Interrupts a Tête à Tête

Committed with a riotous Dancing Party to the  
Watch-House

Engaged with Jovial Friends, or who sings best

The Party breaking up and QUÆ GENUS breaking  
down

Turned out of a House which he mistakes for  
his own

With Creditors

Discovers his Father

---

**THE HISTORY  
OF  
JOHNNY QUÆ GENUS  
OR  
The Foundling of Doctor Syntax**

[Table of Contents](#)

---

**CANTO I**

[Table of Contents](#)

**J** OHNNY QUÆ GENUS! what a name  
To offer to the voice of Fame!  
(Though she 'tis hop'd may condescend  
To act as Little Johnny's friend)  
This may be said, when first the eye  
Does, by a careless glance, descry  
The striking range of marshall'd words  
Which a gay TITLE-PAGE affords.  
But what's a name, as SHAKESPEARE says,  
It neither gives nor lessens praise;  
Adds no fresh odour to the rose,  
Nor any other flower that blows:  
Whether with rare or common name  
The fragrance will be just the same.  
'Tis not a title can confer  
The good or ill of character,



HOWARDS have been both beat and bang'd,  
And some with ancient names been hang'd:  
Look at a ship with convicts stor'd  
What noble names are oft on board!  
It is the living, current course  
Or of the better or the worse,  
That stamps, whate'er may be the name,  
Or with a good or evil fame.  
But howsoe'er the thing we view  
Our little Johnny's title's new:  
Or for the child or for the man,  
In an old phrase, 'tis *spick* and *span*.

Besides, as most folk do agree  
To find a charm in novelty,  
'Tis the first time that Grammar rule  
Which makes boys tremble when at school  
Did with the name an union crave  
Which at the font a sponsor gave.  
But whether 'twas in hum'rous mood  
Or by some classic whim pursued,  
Or as, in Eton's Grammar known,  
It bore relation to his own,  
Syntax, it was at Whitsuntide,  
And a short time before he died,  
In pleasant humour, after dinner,  
Surnam'd, in wine, the little sinner.

And thus, amid the table's roar,  
Gave him from good, old *Lilly's* store, }  
A name which none e'er had before.

—'Squire Worthy, who, perchance was  
there

Promis'd the Doctor's wish to share,  
That want, at least might not annoy  
The progress of the Foundling Boy.  
"—Syntax," He said, "We'll try between us  
To make the fortune of QUÆ GENUS:  
You feed his mind with learning's food,  
And I'll protect him if he's good."  
"While I," said smiling *Dickey Bend*,  
"Will add my mite as *Johnny's* friend;  
Nor shall he want the scraps of knowledge  
Which he can pick up at my College."  
—Thus, as they did the bumper ply  
To Johnny's future destiny,  
The warm, almost parental heart  
Of Mrs. Syntax bore its part;  
And her cheek wore a smile of joy  
As she beheld th' unconscious boy,  
Who, careless of the kind debate,  
Play'd with the cherries on his plate.

But such is life's uncertain hour,  
And such is fate's tyrannic power,  
That while our comforts smile around  
The fatal dart inflicts the wound:  
Thus e'er another month was past  
Syntax, alas! had breath'd his last.  
Whene'er he heard the widow sigh  
QUÆ GENUS wept he scarce knew why:  
Of a kind friend fate had bereft him,  
And an odd name was all he left him.  
His urchin fancy only thought  
As his enquiring mind was taught,  
That his adopted sire was gone

Where the good go to worlds unknown,  
To happy regions plac'd on high  
Above the blue and starry sky,  
Where, he was with the hope endued,  
That he should go, if he were good.

But the good lady took him home  
And kept him many a year to come;  
When he grew up a charming youth,  
In whom simplicity and truth  
Did o'er his ev'ry thought preside;  
While, with such an anxious guide,  
Life smil'd and seem'd to promise fair,  
That it would answer to the care  
Which her affection had bestow'd,  
To set him on his future road:  
But when she died poor John was hurl'd  
Into a bustling, tricking world.  
He had, 'tis true, all she could leave;  
She gave him all there was to give;  
Of all she had she made him heir,  
But left it to a lawyer's care:  
No wonder then that he was cheated  
And her fond anxious hopes defeated:  
So that instead of his possessing  
The fruits of her last, dying blessing;

He had, as it turn'd out, to rue  
What foul rascality could do;  
And his own wild vagaries too.

}

Here, gentle reader, here begins  
The account of our young Hero's sins:  
But all which thus far form'd his fate,

Quæ Genus will himself relate,  
And what truth bids him to rehearse,  
My hum-strum Muse records in verse.

Thus I proceed,—my humble strain  
Has hap'ly pleas'd.—I may be vain,— }  
But still it hopes to please again.

---

In this great overwhelming town,  
Certain receptacles are known,  
Where both the sexes shew their faces  
To boast their talents and get places:  
Not such as kings and courts can give,  
Not such as noble folk receive,  
But those which yield their useful aid  
To common wants or gen'ral trade,  
Or finely furbish out the show  
That fashion does on life bestow.  
Here those who want them may apply  
For toiling powers and industry,  
On whom the nervous strength's bestow'd  
To urge the wheel or bear the load.  
Here all who want, may pick and chuse  
Each service of domestic use:  
The laundry, kitchen, chamber, dairy,  
May always find an Ann or Mary,  
While in th' accommodating room,  
He who wants coachman, footman, groom,  
Or butler staid, may come and have,  
With such as know to dress and shave.  
—The art and skill may here be sought  
In ev'ry thing that's sold and bought,  
In all the well spread counter tells

Of knowledge keen in yards and ells;  
Adepts in selling and in buying  
And perfect in the modes of lying;  
Who flatter misses in their teens,  
And harangue over bombazeens,  
Can, in glib words, nor fear detection,  
Arrange each colour to complexion:  
Can teach the beau the neckcloth's tie,  
With most becoming gravity;  
Or with a consequential air,  
Turn up the collar to a hair.

—Besides, your nice shop-women too,  
May at a call be brought to view,  
Who, with swift fingers, so bewitching,  
Are skill'd in ev'ry kind of stitching;  
Can trim the hat, arrange the bonnet,  
And place the tasty ribbon on it.  
In short, here all to service bound,  
May in their various shapes be found.

—From such who may display their  
charms,  
By smirking looks and active arms,  
To those in kitchen under ground  
Amid black pots and kettles found:  
From such as teach the early rules,  
Or in the male or female schools,  
To those of an inferior breed,  
Who ne'er have known to write or read:  
From those who do the laws perplex  
In toil at an attorney's desk,  
To such as pass their busy lives  
In cleaning shoes or cleaning knives.

To these, perhaps, an added score  
Might swell the tiresome list or more,  
But here description says, "give o'er."

}

In such enregistering shop  
One morn a figure chanc'd to pop;  
(But here I beg it may be guess'd,  
Of these same shops it was the best,

His hat was rather worse for wear,  
His clothing, too, was somewhat bare,        }  
His boots might say, "we've travell'd far."

His left hand an umbrella bore  
And something like a glove he wore:  
Clean was his very sun-burnt skin  
Without a long hair on his chin,  
While his lank face, in ev'ry feature,  
Proclaim'd a keen, discerning nature;

And when he spoke there was an air  
Of something not quite common there:        }  
His manner good, his language fair.

A double cape of curious make,  
Fell from his shoulders down his back,  
As if art did the folds provide  
A very awkward hump to hide;  
But, if 'twere so, the cunning fail'd,  
For still the treach'rous bunch prevail'd.

By chatting here and talking there,  
He did his curious mind prepare  
With all the means by which to gain  
The end his wishes would obtain;—  
Then with half-humble, solemn face,  
He sought the ruler of the place,  
Who boasted an establish'd fame,

And *Sharpsight* was his well-known name.  
But ere we in our way proceed  
To tell of many a future deed,  
It may, we doubt not, be as well,  
To save all guess-work, just to tell,  
Of the part now upon the stage  
QUÆ GENUS was the personage.  
Fortune's dark clouds, for some time past  
That learned title had o'ercast,  
And he had borrow'd names in plenty,  
He might have gone by more than twenty;

But now arriv'd in this great town  
Without a fear of being known  
He thought he might assume his own:

}

And he had weighty reasons too  
For what he was about to do,  
Which, we believe, a future page  
Will reconcile as reasons sage.  
At length his statement he began,  
When thus the conversation ran.

in search of service





Drawn by Rowlandson

QUÆ GENUS, IN SEARCH OF SERVICE.

**QUÆ GENUS.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"'Tis the first time I e'er applied  
To ask your counsel for my guide:  
But strange events have brought me here,  
And at your desk I now appear,  
But not without the means to pay,  
For all you do and all you say.  
And here, good Sir, there's no concealing  
We must be cautious in our dealing:  
I want employment that will give  
Means to be honest and to live.  
Such is my warm, heart-felt desire,  
Such is the boon I now require,—  
And if you do my wishes aid,  
I tell you Sir,—*you shall be PAID.*"

Sticking his pen behind his ear  
And with a keen enquiring leer,  
*Sharpsight* the curious figure view'd,  
And thus the important talk pursued.

**SHARPSIGHT.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"In answer to your just desire,  
Permit me fairly to enquire,  
Which to my ledger is transmitted,  
For what your qualities are fitted?

And, in good faith, I wish to know,  
What you have done, and what can do?  
Nay, to whose word I may refer  
For your good name and character.  
Such is essential to the case,  
Such are the first steps to a place,  
Of whate'er kind that place may be,  
Whether of high or low degree;  
Without them no access to station,  
No character, no situation.  
—What you assert, you say is true,  
I'm sure, my friend, I wish so too:  
For what you ask, as you describe,  
Is ask'd by all the serving tribe:  
'Tis that to which they all pretend,  
But those I never can commend

In honour to my own good name,  
And to this room's establish'd fame, }  
But what the rigid truth may claim.

Though as you look this place around,  
But common folk are to be found:  
Coachmen who sit without a whip;  
Footmen, without a call to skip;  
Gardeners who have lost their spade,  
And Journeymen without a trade;  
Clerks whose pens have long been idle;  
With grooms quite dull, who ask a bridle;  
Cooks who exclaim for roast and boil'd,  
And nurs'ry-maids without a child;  
Young, sprightly girls who long to clamber  
From drawing-rooms to upper chamber,  
Ready the drudg'ry to assail  
Of scrubbing-brush, and mop and pail;  
Stout porters who for places tarry,

Whose shoulders ache for loads to carry;  
But character they must maintain,  
Or here they come, and pay in vain.  
In short, were I to count them o'er,  
I could name twenty kinds or more,  
Who patient and impatient wait  
About this busy, crowded gate.  
—But you might higher claimants see  
Within this crowded registry,  
Who do not at the desk appear,  
Nor e'er are seen in person here;  
But they are charged a larger fee,  
Both for success and secrecy.  
Thus you must see how much depends,  
To gain your object and your ends,  
That you should truly let me know  
What you have done,—what you can do;  
And I, once more, beg to refer  
To your good name and character."

### **QUÆ GENUS.**

#### [Table of Contents](#)

"I do profess I can engage  
With noble, simple, and with sage.  
Though young as yet, I've been so hurl'd  
About what you would call the world,  
That well I know it, yet 'tis true,  
I can be very honest too.  
—Of the good name which you demand,  
I tell you—I've not one at hand.  
Of friends, I once had ample store,  
But those fair, prosp'rous days are o'er,  
And I must mourn it to my cost  
That friends are dead, and gone, and lost;

But if to conscience 'tis referr'd,  
My conscience says, Sir, take his word.  
—Of character, though I have none,  
Perhaps, Sir, I can purchase one:  
I, from a corner of my coat,  
May just pluck out a pretty note;  
Which, with a view to gain an end,  
Might, in an urgent want, befriend.

Now, if to place me, you contrive,  
Where I may have a chance to thrive; }  
I'll give this note, if I'm alive.

It may be rather worth your while;  
Perhaps it may awake a smile."

*Sharpsight* appear'd to look astray,  
But still he took a glance that way.  
"I'm not," he said, "to be beguil'd;"  
Though when he glanc'd that way, he *smil'd*,  
And, turning to the other side,  
In a calm, soften'd tone replied.

### **SHARPSIGHT.**

#### [Table of Contents](#)

"Here money is not that way earn'd,  
My reputation is concern'd;  
But still I can my duty do,  
And strive to be a friend to you.  
*Sir Jeff'ry Gourmand* you may suit;  
A Knight renown'd, of high repute,  
As all who know his name can tell,  
For being rich and living well;

A gen'rous man, but full of whim,  
And you may be the thing for him:  
In such a way your case I'll mention  
As shall awaken his attention.  
And now, my worthy friend, I pray,  
Mind well what I'm about to say:  
Without a creature to refer  
Or for good name or character,  
And in a state which seems to be  
Involv'd in awkward mystery;  
And I shall add, with your excuse  
For the remark which I must use,  
That either accident or nature  
Has, on your back, plac'd such a feature,  
That were you e'en my dearest friend,  
I dare not such an one commend  
To any lady worth a groat,  
Unless to serve the dame for nought.  
—Just turn around, and you may see  
A Lady in deep scrutiny,  
With a nice quizzing-glass in hand,  
Glancing across a liv'ried band;  
And once a month she does appear  
On this domestic errand here.  
If of a maid she wants the use,  
Her woman comes to pick and chuse;  
But if a man,—she is so nice,  
She comes herself to make the choice.  
A widow rich, who gives high wages,  
If they should please, whom she engages:

But he must be of such a size,  
And look so well in her keen eyes,  
That she scarce one in twenty sees  
Fit to wear her rich liveries.  
There's one who has a squinting eye—  
I know full well she'll pass him by;  
On one poor rogue she'll turn her back  
Because his frightful beard is black;  
Another will not eat her bread  
Because his frizzled crop is red;  
These are too weak,—and those too strong,  
And some an inch too short or long:  
She'll take the best-made of the bunch,  
But would be fainting at a hunch.  
—Thus then, according to my plan,  
*Sir Jeff'ry Gourmand* is the man;  
But to his questions pray reply  
Without the veil of mystery:  
Your story from your very youth,  
If he should ask it—tell the truth;  
Your errors fail not to unfold—  
In telling them be firm, be bold;  
While you your better virtues own,  
E'en let your mischiefs all be known,  
But let not folly blazen forth  
Whate'er you have of conscious worth;  
Express the ill with down-cast eye,  
And veil the good with modesty;  
Though, if you can with prudence poke  
Into your tale a funny joke,

Fear not, 'tis what his humour loves,  
As his own daily chit-chat proves;  
And while he does his bev'rage quaff,  
At what he says—be sure you laugh.  
But should you not his service suit,  
He will not play the churlish brute;  
And if not gone too far astray,  
May serve you in some other way.  
Thus you must see I do my best—  
To Fortune I shall leave the rest:  
But now I see *Sir Jeff'ry* enter,  
And I must leave you to your venture."

*Sharpsight* then after humbly greeting  
This huge man-mountain of good eating,  
For a few minutes in his ear,  
Told that which he alone could hear.  
The Knight then cast a curious eye  
On Johnny, who was standing by,  
And just enquir'd from whence he came,  
What was his age, and what his name;  
Whom he had serv'd, and why he left  
The place of which he was bereft?

relating his history to sir jeffrey gourmand.





Drawn by Rowlandson

QUÆ GENUS READING TO SIR JEFFREY GOURMAND.

### **QUÆ GENUS.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"If, Sir, it were not thought too free,  
If I might take the liberty,  
I would not wish you here to wait  
While I my strange condition state,  
As it would take an hour or more,  
My various story to explore;  
Tho' 'tis not such, that I should fear  
The tale to tell or you to hear:  
You, who will kind allowance make  
For wants that press, and hearts that ache,  
And passions that restraint disdain  
When justice sues, and sues in vain;  
And 'tis to that tale I refer  
For name, for age and character,  
Whom I have serv'd, and what the scene

Where my frail manhood's years have been:  
And if you will but condescend  
To my young hist'ry to attend,  
And will not the fond hope deny me,  
That you, good Sir, will take and try me,  
And let my rude, misgotten shape  
From your observance to escape,  
You will command,—I will obey;  
When you may see from day to day,  
How far, Sir, I may make pretence  
To your good grace and confidence."

"Then be it so," the Knight replied,  
"I trust I may be satisfied.  
I'm told there's something droll about you,  
But droll'ry will not make me scout you;  
Nor do I mind, my friend, the pack,  
Which you now wear upon your back:  
We're rather equal on that score—  
Your's is behind, and mine's before;  
Nay, when of both I take a view,  
Mine is the larger of the two."

QUÆ GENUS, with a ready grace,  
Lifted his hat to hide his face;  
But still he so arrang'd the screen  
That his gay visage might be seen;  
Which seem'd to burst as from the hit  
Of the fat Knight's spontaneous wit,  
Who chuckled first, and then made known  
His further will to laughing John.

**SIR JEFFERY.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"Be punctual;—at the hour of ten  
We will, to-morrow, meet again;  
When I will hear, without delay,  
The whole which you have got to say:  
But know, you will offend my feeling  
If you should shuffle from plain dealing.  
I'm serious now:—on that depends,  
How far we may continue friends."

QUÆ GENUS fail'd not, at the hour,  
To pass *Sir Jeff'ry's* chamber door;  
Where, seated in a cushion'd chair  
As large as some post-chaises are,  
And though it may be strange to tell,  
The Knight contriv'd to fill it well;  
He seem'd attentive to peruse  
The pages of the daily news:  
When, with a look and with a loll,  
As if he thought on something droll,  
And in a sort of pleasant glee,  
He thus commenc'd the colloquy.—

**SIR JEFFERY.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"First, I must ask to know your name,  
Your parentage, and whence you came;  
And when these trifling things are past,  
The master whom you liv'd with last."

**QUÆ GENUS.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"QUÆ GENUS, is the name I bear."

**SIR JEFFERY.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"QUÆ GENUS? 'tis a name so rare,  
It never met my ear or eye,  
If I can trust my memory.  
I mean the surname that you own,  
By which your family is known:  
Not what your sponsor's pedant hammer  
Beat into use from Lilly's grammar.  
I want your father's name."—

**QUÆ GENUS.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"'Twere well!  
If I that honour'd name could tell;  
I must suppose that such a creature  
Was form'd in her own way, by Nature!  
That I had parents must be true;  
A father and a mother too,  
But who they were I never heard,  
Nor has the secret yet appear'd:  
They're known to Heaven,—but to me  
My birth's a perfect mystery:  
Though this I'm sure that I can tell—  
It was not worth a miracle."

**SIR JEFFERY.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"By whom, then, was QUÆ GENUS given?"

**QUÆ GENUS.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"By one who is a saint in Heaven;  
If ever mortal beings go  
To bliss above, from ills below:  
This I believe, nay I would swear,  
That such is his allotment there;  
And I would kiss the book I trow,  
The holy book that tells me so.  
A Grammar Title was his own,  
And therefore 'twas—he gave me one:  
'Twas DOCTOR SYNTAX, and I'm proud  
That 'tis to him the name I ow'd."

**SIR JEFFERY.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"I knew him not, but this I know,  
What pleasure to his works I owe;  
And you will meet my partial whim—  
Prove that you e'er belong'd to him.  
Treasur'd within that curtain'd case,  
His works possess a favour'd place;  
And if the binding aught can tell,  
They show that I respect them well.  
Go, take a volume down, and look—  
Perhaps, my friend, you know the book."

## QUÆ GENUS.

### Table of Contents

"I know it well, as you will see,  
It tells my infant history:  
This leaf will partly save the task  
Of answ'ring what you're pleas'd to ask.

That little infant whom you see  
In basket laid,—that, Sir, is me, }  
Now grown to sad maturity.

—It was within an Inn of Court,  
Where busy Lawyers plead and sport;  
Upon those stairs and thus enclos'd,  
My new-born figure was expos'd.

Of mercy they had little share  
Whose cruel purpose plac'd me there, }  
And left me to the Lawyer's care;

For, had th' Attorney been in town,  
Who did those very chambers own,  
I doubt what might have been my fate:  
The thing was strange—the hour was late;  
The work-house might be distant far,  
And dubious been the nursings there.  
But one, perchance, possess'd the floor  
When I was laid beside the door,  
Who would have felt a crying sin  
Had he not ta'en the stranger in.  
When I this pictur'd figure view,  
So innocent—so helpless too,  
A smile's contending with a tear,  
On seeing what I now appear:

A pretty figure for a casket,—  
A little Falstaff in the basket."

**SIR JEFFERY.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"Further of this you need not tell,  
I know the curious story well;  
At least as far as there appears  
In what regards your infant years,  
And all that did your fate betide,  
Till your good friend the Doctor died.  
—But now,—Of *Masters* name the last  
Whom you have serv'd for some time past."

**QUÆ GENUS.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"*Masters*, an' please you, I had none,  
And *Mistresses*, I had but one:  
Indeed, Sir, it may not be civil,  
But O, she is a very devil,  
Which I am sure you will allow  
Soon as you come her name to know,  
Tho' oft and oft, and o'er and o'er,  
You must have heard it spoke before,  
But not in any pressing hour  
Have you been subject to her power.  
It might not be a thing of course  
But I her servant was perforce,  
For sure as my name is QUÆ GENUS  
There seem'd a contract made between us;