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OPPRESSION

O P P R E S S I O N

A

P O E M

BY AN

A M E R I C A N .

W I T H N O T E S

BY A

N O R T H B R I T O N .

*Blest harmony of verse! you 'tis command
The ear of princes, cramp the tyrant's hand.
You strip Oppression of her gay disguise,
And bid the hag in native horror rise:
Strike tow'ring pride and lawless rapine dead,
And plant the wreath on virtue's awful head.*

ANON.

*To see such crimes, and in so good a reign,
What hoops of iron can my spleen contain?*

ANON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;

And sold by C. MORAN, in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden

MDCCLXV.

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK

REPRINTED

WILLIAM ABBATT

1921

BEING EXTRA NUMBER 71 OF THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

OPPRESSION

“WHEN private faith and public trusts are sold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold:
When giant-vice and irreligion rise
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies:
When fell corruption, dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of *our happy state*:”*
When gath'ring murmurs spread throughout the realm
And fav'rite pilots bungle at the helm:
When tyrants skulk behind a gracious T (hrone),
And practice what their courage dare not own;
When M (iniste)rs like screening G (renvill) rule,
A Pedant talker, and a B (ut)ean tool:
When law is chain'd, when M (ansfield) holds the rod,
And Justice trembles at his partial nod:
When nought but fawning, flattery and lies
Are the just emblems of our brave and wise:
When *sons of famine* (a) swarm throughout our coast,
Unknown to fame, yet rise to ev'ry post:
When countries groan beneath Oppression's hand,
And pension'd blockheads riot through the land:
When COLONIES a savage Ex (CI)SE pay,
To feed the creatures of a motly day:
When 'tis too late for men to seek reward,
And few but M^c can have at C (OUR)T regard:
When dunce on dunce successive rules our S (tate),
Who can't love P (I)TT, and who a G (renvil)l hate?
When all these ills, and thousands yet untold,
Destroy our liberty, and rob our gold,
Should not then SATIRE bite with all its rage,

*BROWN'S *Essay on Satire*.

(a) *Sons of famine*] This the North-British reader must not take as a reflection on the inhabitants of his country, (it being only a quotation) as our author, through the whole of his poem, has carefully avoided, as much as possible, any thing of that nature.

And just resentment glow through ev'ry page?
 Who can indignant bear to hear such crimes,
 And not commence an Author of the Times?

Some mercenary souls for profit write,
 For nation some, and some through party spite;
 But be their motives whatsoe'er they may,
 Enough of treason glares in open day,
 Enough of tyranny's oppressive hand
 Destroys our freedom and enslaves our land,
 To make all hireling poets change their side,
 Forswear their folly, and give up their bribe.

And shall I mingle with the C(OUR)TLY throng,
 When truth and reason tells me they are wrong?
 Or, if poetic madness seize my brain,
 Shall I not rhyme, when conscience guides my strain?
 Shall I subscribe to ev'ry dunce's nod,
 Call P(I)TT a villain, or L(OR)D B(UT)E a god?
 Or yet ascribe all virtues to the THANE,
 And to his wretched conduct say, Amen;
 Shall I extol the late severe Ex(CI)SE,
 Call it mere nought, and d— myself by lies?
 Shall I proclaim th' H(AVA)N(NA)H'S leader brave,
 Nor think his agent, nor my L(OR)D a kn(a)ve;
 Or yet commend the mildness of their reign,
 Where woes on woes appear'd, an endless train;
 Shall I my COUNTRY, at thy distant call,
 Not mark vile H(US)K(E), that first propos'd thy fall?
 Or shall I turn a traitor to my clime,
 And be like HIM, accurs'd to latest time?
 No! first I'd be the meanest, meanest wretch,
 A player, pimp, a scavenger, a ketch;*

*Hangman.

Or dead to honour, honesty, and truth,
 Commence a statesman's minion from my youth;
 Rather than change my mind, and turn a foe,
 To K(IN)G, to BRITAIN, COLONIES, to STOW.

I want no places at a servile (Court),
 To be the dupe of M(ini)st(eria)l sport;
 Where honesty sincere but seldom dwells;
 Where ev'ry tongue with adulation swells;
 Where great fools smile, tho' greater fools may laugh;
 Where fawns our H(US)K(E), at best a meer state calf:
 Where miscreants in ev'ry scene of strife,
 Get bread for bastards and themselves, for life;
 Where fav'rite falsehood only seems to charm,
 And statesmen promise never to perform;
 Where round are plac'd a pension'd servile herd,
 For meanness honour'd, and for guilt prefer'd;
 Where public virtue meets with abject hate,
 Gives way to pleasure and intrigues of state;
 Where men, devoid of decency as grace,
 Get *titles, pensions, perquisites, and place*;
 Where ev'ry ill that now annoys our state,
 Have their fell source, from thence their baneful date.

From such I can't expect the least, least good,
 An uncouth genius from a western wood;
 Who've neither wealth, election votes to bribe,
 Nor will, to hackney falshood for a tribe.
 When valiant CON(WA)Y, veteran in wars,
 Now starves at home, rewarded for his scars!
 Because he scorned to be a meer ST(A)TE mute,
 To harm his country for a F(O)X or B(U)T(E).

Let ought like TWITCHER have a brazen skull,
 Or been like EG(RE)M(ON)T, profoundly dull (*b*),
 Or be he sprung from Caledon'an blood,
 Tho' dead his genius as the Fleet-ditch mud,
 He shall be rais'd to posts of highest fame,
 Tho' injur'd millions daily hiss his name.

Does not this ISLE enough of troubles know?
 That ev'ry STATE CL(ER)K must fresh discord sow,
 That ev'ry HE!—whom M(A)J(ES)TY promotes,
 Dare trample freedom, and enslave our votes.
 Too much of this we've seen three passing years,
 Too oft has liberty bewail'd in tears,
 Nor causeless has she wept, tho' wept in vain,
 Yet flow her sorrows, endless yet her pain.

A P(eace) was patch'd, 'twas voted to be good,
 So numbers may pronounce a sea a wood;
 Votes may decree that day is truly night,
 That right is wrong, that only wrong is right:
 But he that joins with such C(ourt) cringing tools,
 Must be a Tory in the B(UTE) AN schools;
 Must cease to hear, to think, or act the man,
 But like a fawning spani'l, court yon clan;
 Must like a Proteus change in ev'ry shape,
 Be here a monkey, and be there an ape.

Despising this, the freeborn W(ILKES) arose,
 And nobly dar'd each traitor to oppose,

(*b*) In this line our author is guilty of a breach of unity, in regard to times; by uniting present and past things under one head; which I hope the candid reader will overlook.

Their crimes to publick view he bold explain'd,
 Their actions, persons, characters he nam'd,
 Condemn'd the P(eers), with a true British zeal,
 And nobly wrote for Britain and her weal;
 But he alas! unmeaning said too much,
 At least his foes could construe it as such;
 They took the hint, and voted him a knave,
 As some would fain have voted S(AC)K(VIL)LE brave.

Before PRESIDING JUSTICE oft he stood,
 As oft his righteous cause appear'd as good;
 But not content, an IRON J(U)DG(E) was found,
 With solid front, impenetrably sound,
 Who conscience oft had try'd, as oft in vain,
 To form the blush, or cause repenting pain:
 With him join'd W—B, the diadem of truth!
 "Who ne'er knew falsehood from his very youth;"
 (Of heart as senseless as the hardest stone,
 And dead to ev'ry feeling but his own.
 When abject want his aged SIRE oppress'd,
 Unmov'd he heard, he knew, but never bless'd,
 Ne'er reach'd a helping arm to save from fate,
 The best of parents, in a wretched state;
 No ray of pity ever warm'd his breast,
 Nor e'en a father's cause disturb'd his rest;
 For had he mingled with the wretched poor,
 And begg'd an alm, he'd thrust him from his door.
 This parricide! this honest upright man!
 Inrob'd in truth, adopts no perjur'd plan)
 He made an oath, and M(ANSFIEL)D read the laws,
 M(ANSFIEL)D gave sentence, and W(ILKE)S lost his cause.
 Oppression here triumphant gain'd the day,
 And W(ILKE)S and Liberty were doom'd its prey.

EX (CI) SE, another plague, came hissing forth,
 Hurl'd by a SON of the rock-blooming north,
 And as it went ten thousand demons sung,
 And all Acheron in his plaudits rung;
 They hail'd him "*brother*," for the good he'd done,
 And sent him imps to help his EX (CI) SE on:
 Nor wonder Britons, if he gain'd his end,
 When Hell assists, what mortals can contend?
 In vain did T (EM) PLE, G (RA) F (TO) N, P (I) TT oppose,
 When the proud Thane, with Hell-bred imps arose;
 When he with numbers, all a pension'd tribe
 Of purchas'd votaries, by place or bribe,
 A servile crew, prepar'd by nod to go,
 Or right or wrong, with him say yes or no:—
 When these collected, HE on EX (CI) SE call'd,
 "CYDER and PERRY!" all his creatures bawl'd;
 With one assent, on liberty they trod,
 And sold their freedom for their HIGHLAND god.

Strange! that in Britain there should live confess'd,
 Such spani'l L (OR) DS, and C (O) M (MONE) RS at rest;
 And not be hunted in each country town,
 Until they've pull'd the cringing mongrils down;
 Strange! that a people fam'd for freedom's cause
 Can suffer ST (UAR) TS to oppress their laws,
 Can suffer stale ECONOMY to rule,
 Nor send the HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN back to school
 Far i'the north, where thrives the frugal itch,
 To coin new words, to patch a R (OYA) L speech;
 To learn that truth, not words, true Britons move,
 That judgment is the road that leads to love.

Go B(UTE), thou minion!—to your country go,
 For England loud proclaims you freedom's foe;
 Why will you stay, where mankind scorns your name,
 Where ev'ry year adds blackness to your fame,
 Where if you die, few friends your deeds will bawl
 In Irish cries, or ditties of Fingall?
 Haste, haste my P(EE)R, to coasts betake your way,
 Where snows eternal chill the face of day:
 Where torpid rocks and mountains threat the skies,
 And hills o'er hills in barren pomp arise;
 Where poverty supreme forever reigns,
 Nor envy'd wealth disturb the peasants' brains.
 E'en croaking ravens will rejoice your flight,
 And join in chorus with the birds of night:
 The rav'nous tyger with the hind will play,
 And glad with joy, th' unfeeling ass will bray.
 If thus all nature for your absence long,
 What wonder then, if I should join the throng:
 When yet of evils I more fell can name,
 Enough to blast you to the latest fame:
 Of ills! that half the western world annoys,
 That mars their trade, their liberty destroys,
 That makes them slaves or meer mechanick tools,
 To work for nought, as fools do work for fools.

Since first a CABOT trod their distant shores,
 No time so dreadful! not their Indian wars!
 No time! when fell oppression rear'd its head,
 And even dar'd their sacred groves to tread;
 Groves! that their fathers found a safe retreat,
 From ST(UAR)T'S tyranny and party heat.
 Could those brave heroes, who now sleep in rest,

But know how much their children are oppress'd,
 And that by ST(UAR)TS race, that made them roam (c)
 As exiles, from their country, friends, and home.
 Methinks they'd rise and murmur from their graves,
 "Were we not wretched! must our sons be slaves!
 "Are there no stores of vengeance for that race
 That long have dar'd th' Almighty to his face?
 Who to half earth have prov'd so fell a pest
 That living, dying, and the dead can't rest;"
 And as they vanish'd, pray; "Hear, oh my God!
 "Preserve this country from a ST(UAR)T's rod."

Ye M(INI)S(TE)RS that do surround the T(hrone),
 Has not that land enough of trouble known?
 Have not her sons seen wild destruction rage,
 And war with war a dreadful battle wage?
 Have they not felt too oft, the savage steel,
 And fought and dy'd for Britain and her weal?
 Have not her daughters moan'd in captive chains
 And been the subjects of the worst of pains?
 Are not such ills sufficient for that land

(c) This circumstance which our author mentions, mostly happen'd in the reign of the *greatly pious* CHARLES the First, and it is a fact that all, or by far the greatest part, of the ancestors of the *Northern colonies*, fled their native country, Britain; to the then inhospitable wilds of AMERICA: to avoid the (allow'd of,) tyrannical persecutions and oppressions of Archbishop LAUD, this pious and bigotted KING's favourite. These oppressions, (which were of the religious kind,) they avoided by this banishment; thus giving to their children after them, a freedom to enjoy, what they in a great measure were deprived of: which freedom it is hoped they long may enjoy; nor is it much fear'd, but what it will be lasting: unless amidst the new oppressions that now threaten, (from a branch of the same detested STUARTS family,) their civil liberty; their sacred(?) should fall a victim: or suffer a tax, from the officious kindness, of some adventrous money-making, soul-saving BISHOP. But be he who he will, let him remember, and dread the fate of the BISHOP of GLASGOW.

But must oppression add its iron hand?
 Dare that fell HE, that sows sedition here
 Waft his foul minions for to sow it there?
 Is he not curs'd by Britons' loyal souls,
 And wish'd to HELL, to S(CO)TL(AN)D, or the POLES?
 Yes! he that's dar'd t'abuse the R(oyal) ear,
 To give to sighs for liberty the sneer,
 That's dar'd, by meanest arts to gain a wealth,
 And ruin M(ajesty) by vilest stealth;
 Has dar'd to make a tribute on their waves,
 And load their ocean with a tribe of k(nave)s
 To marr their trade.

Thou first, thou tyrant man!
 Whence sprung that scheme too vile for mortal plan?
 Was it thy genius, and thy plodding brain,
 That gave the Hell-born infant first a name?
 No! justice bids me give to H(US)K(E) his due,
 The meanest upstart of thy menial crew;
 From him the infant sprung, he gave it birth,
 And first proclaim'd the monster here on earth;
 Envious the fiend you saw, it gave you pain,
 You bid it die, but made it live again:
 Because you could not bear the galling thought,
 That H(US)K(E) should form a thing you never sought;
 That he should plan a method, way and rate,
 To gain five hundred thousand to the state.
 If you at first despis'd the Hell-bred scheme,
 Why have you made it since your darling theme?
 Does not our shores now swarm by your command,
 With licenc'd OFF(ICE)RS by sea and land?
 A crew! more dreadful than our savage foes,
 A locust tribe! that feed on others' woes.

By arms, the savage from our lands we drive,
But law-made plunderers will live and thrive.

Go on ye pilferers, with all the rage
That half-starv'd spani'ls for a bone engage,
Be like your brothers HERE, a tyrant crew,
Do all that fell rapacious souls can do;
Make right and wrong an equal ballance hold,
And prove or disapprove, as weighs the gold.
Like *these*, in all the majesty of desk,
Look big, command, and flout, and jeer the best.
Like *these*, take six days for to do a deed
Which scarce a day an honest man would need.
In haughtiness like *these*, and proud disdain,
Build all the honour of your new-got name:
Ne'er once reflect, from nothing you arose,
What once ye were, from whence your honour flows.

I'd have you honest, faithful to your King,
And all just tribute to his treasure bring:
T(A)XES must be, they should be justly laid,
But to no scoundrel should a T(A)X be paid:
To no proud he! that takes it from my hand
With all the scorn of half your C(U)STOM band;
To no such menial, upstart, haughty race,
Many, once lacquies to my LORD or GRACE;
Meer kitchen gentry! great in kitchen wit,
Shall I, ye gods! pay duty to a spit?
Shall honest tradesmen that support our state,
Cringe, bow and knuckle at so mean a rate?
Shall ought possess'd of loyalty and gold,
With coachmen, grooms and valets converse hold?
Or wait obsequious to their haughty nod,
And hear their dictates as they'd hear a God?

Shall such low vagrants, whom some L(OR)D has rais'd,
 For such harsh conduct be esteem'd or prais'd?
 Are they more faithful to the ST(A)TE or C(ROW)N
 Than those who honesty with friendship join?
 No! I proclaim that man at once a knave,
 Who scorns those virtues which adorn the brave:
 Honour can't bind him that no friendship knows,
 He's sure a villain, that delights in woes,
 And proves or disapproves as profit flows.

Must it not fill all men of sense with scorn,
 To see a muckworm of the earth, low born,
 A creature, but at best a CUSTOM CL(A)RK,
 The chance production of some am'rous spark,
 In ignorance supreme, profoundly dark?
 To see him seat his mighty self in state,
 With arms a-kimbo, deal to each his fate;
 To see the hornéd scribbler force along,
 And elbow here and there, the busy throng;
 What awful consequence transforms his face,
 To shew th' importance of his mighty place;
 As if on him all excise solely hung,
 And fates of kingdoms, "*ballanc'd on his tongue.*"
 Peace to such triflers! such a writing crew!
 Such pen-ink heroes! from my soul, adieu!

Too much already have I loos'd the reign,
 Too much have wander'd from my former strain,
 But I'll return, again I'll sing the wrongs,
 That my poor country feels, and on her throngs;
 But hold! first mark th' inventor of their woe,
 And brand the caitiff, as their greatest foe.

From H(US)K(E), the veriest monster on the earth,
 The fell production of some baneful birth,
 Their ills proceed; from him they took their date,
 The source supreme, and center of all hate.
 "If I forget him, then forget me Heaven!"
 Or like a W(ILKES), may I from right be driven.

From meanness first this PORTSMOUTH Yankey (*d*) rose,
 And still to meanness, all his conduct flows;
 This alien upstart, by obtaining friends,
 From T(O)WN (SEN)D'S clerk, a M(A)LD(O)N member ends,
 Would Heaven that day was dated in record,
 Which shin'd propitious, on one so abhorr'd;
 That day, which saw how threats and gold could bribe,
 And heard the HUZAS of a compell'd tribe:
 That horrid day, when first the scheme he laid,
 T' oppress AMERICA, and cramp her trade;
 Would it were mark'd! that thousands yet unborn,
 Might read the story, and the vagrant scorn;
 That hate coequal to their wrongs might last,
 And never cease, till the H(US)K(EAN) name is lost.

Fly cringing minion! from all converse fly,
 Den with the wolves, and learn the wolv'rins cry,
 Go join in concert with the croaking frogs,
 Or howl in chorus with a pack of dogs;
 With monkeys go, and chatter on a stage,
 Or turn a mastiff, and each curr engage.
 Better thus act, thus beast-like live and die,

(*d*) "PORTSMOUTH Yankey," It seems, our hero being a New-Englander by birth, has a right to the epithet of Yankey, a name of derision, I have been informed, given by the Southern people on the Continent, to those of New-England: what meaning there is in the word, I never could learn.

Than think of schemes to make the free-born sigh :
 Better do worse! turn pander's pimp or slave,
 Turn highwayman, turn murderer or knave;
 All do, that thy fell soul can think as evil,
 And be a B--R--N, CARTOUCH, or a DEVIL.

What are such crimes when ballanc'd with the woes,
 That from thee vagrant! to thy country flows;
 Meer nought and trifling, light as empty air,
 They harm but few, but these whole countries share;
 On one and all th' oppressive evil lights,
 And like a tyrant robs them of their rights.

Their trade, alas! how much restrain'd and cross'd,
 Their money wasted, and their credit lost;
 To these alone great Britain owns her sway,
 They make her monarch of the watery way,
 They give her all that ever wealth imparts,
 Freedom, plenty, elegance and arts:
 Depriv'd of these, how wretched must they fare!
 Unless camelion-like, they'll feed on air.

Can jealousy extend its horrid sway
 To harm the tender offspring of a day,
 To hurt a country, but in opening bud,
 A people link'd by strongest ties of blood?
 It can, it does, all kindred ties begone!
 Nought here but riches please the rav'nous throng;
 A golden fury rages in each breast,
 Let sink who will, or swim, they will be blest.
 Like fools they've plan'd, it is to keep you down,
 To make you love them, and to fear their frown.

Ye paltry schemers! did ye ever hear
 That vile oppression causéd love and fear?
 Fear it may cause, in coward slavish souls,
 But love is free, disdainng servile rules.—
 Go search antiquity from days of yore,
 With strictest care each tyrant's reign explore:
 Ever ye'll find, when nations have rebell'd,
 Thro' fell Oppression they have been compell'd.
 When civil discord shakes the props of state,
 And wild distraction howls with deadly hate;
 When from the Royal head the crown is torn,
 And on the front of some usurper borne;
 When frightful horror glares in ev'ry street,
 And friends with friends in dreadful battle meet;
 When dead to ev'ry kindred social good,
 Brothers remorseless shed a brother's blood;
 Know then the cause! Oppression lawless reign'd,
 And ev'ry right with liberty was chain'd;
 Revenge at last a horrid war prepar'd,
 And high and low her deadly fury shar'd,
 Till righteous rage had pull'd the monster down,
 And made the subject happy as the Crown.

OPPRESSION no more suits the freeborn there,
 Than the destroying damps of midnight air;
 They're not a restive race of menial drones,
 That sit unmov'd, to hear affliction's groans,
 But sprung from fathers that despis'd the sway
 Of those fell tyrants that usurp'd their day,
 A British ardour glows in ev'ry breast,
 They, Briton-like, love liberty and rest:
 More loyal subjects to our gracious king
 England has not, nor MAJ (ES) TY can bring:

And yet, prophetic spirit bids me tell
 A horrid tale! on any tongue to dwell;
 A woe, by Heaven! I would not wish to see,
 Were ev'ry evil doubly heap'd on me.

Ere five score years have run their tedious rounds,
 If yet OPPRESSION breaks o'er human bounds,
 As it has done, the last sad passing year,
 Made the new world, in anger shed the tear;
 Unmindful of their native once lov'd isle,
 They'll bid All(e)g(ia)nce cease her peaceful smile,
 While from their arms they tear Oppression's chain,
 And make lost LIBERTY once more to reign.

FOOLS may suppose they never can engage,
 Or stand the mark of B(RI)T(AI)N'S mighty rage;
 That time don't add to numbers, but that all
 At once would meet a universal fall,
 If with R(e)b(e)ll(iou)s arm, they held the spear,
 And dar'd to make their MOTHER C(OUN)TRY fear,
 Be such their doom, I'd echo to their fate,
 If without cause they urg'd BRITANNIA'S hate.
 Tho' Heaven knows! I greatly love my king,
 And oft his real worth with rapture sing;
 Yet if my country'd groan'd OPPRESSION'S hand,
 And rose in arms, to save their sinking land;
 I could not wish them harm, but wish them gain,
 And to their righteous cause, must say, Amen.

But let them live, as they would choose to be,
 Loyal to KING, and as true BRITONS free;
 They'll ne'er, by fell r(e)v(o)lt, oppose that C(rown),
 Which first has rais'd them, tho' now pulls them down:

If but the rights of subjects they receive,
'Tis all they ask, or all a CR(OW)N can give.

See ALB(E)M(AR)LE! what havock he has made,
And how he lawless dar'd, t'oppress their trade,
With rapine force, their merchants' traffick seiz'd,
And tax'd their goods, with duty as he pleas'd;
Nay! made them sell, for what he chose to give,
As if no MERCHANT, but my L(OR)D should live.
The pedlar K--N--N, he upheld the strife,
And AGENT for my L(OR)D, e'en threaten'd life, (e)
These combin'd bankrupts, to retrieve a loss,
Resolv'd all int'rests but their own to cross.
All arts that Hell, with the just agent schem'd,
Or that our hero, in his hammock dream'd,
Were try'd t'inrich, two tyrant kn(a)vish souls,
Dead to all honour, reason, shame, and rules.
To tell the tricks th' H(AVANNA)H'S GEN'RAL us'd,
How much for wealth the SPANIARD he abus'd, (f)
How K—N—N whisper'd, what the gift should be.
That he might finger with my L(OR)D the fee;
Would be to tell what's foreign to my song,
They're crimes its true, but only Spaniards wrong.

(e) "*Threaten'd life.*" Amidst the other oppressive and unheard of methods, contriv'd to make money at the H(AVANNA)H, this scare-crow was try'd; and by our Jamaica hero, MR. K—N—N first put in execution; for when CAPT. F—L, of NEW-YORK, represented to him the hardships impos'd on their trade, and begg'd that they might be alleviated; our courageous agent, (as he inform'd me,) made this laconick reply, "SIR, NOT A WORD,—NOT A WORD,—IF YOU SAY MUCH MY L(OR)D WILL HANG YOU UP IMMEDIATELY."—Language indeed, for a Turkish Sultan!—but not for a man, (that is now said,) intends as soon as convenient, to purchase a seat in P(A)R(LIA)M(E)NT.

(f) This alludes to the immense sum of money, some have call'd a gift, which my L(ord) obtained from the Sp(a)n(iar)ds at the H(avanna)h, as a compliment, in consideration of the extraordinary lenity of his administration; an unheard of lenity!—extended only to the conquer'd subjects of another PRINCE; while those of his own were treated at the same time with the greatest oppressive severity.

The wrongs I'd mark are those impos'd on friends,
Meerly to gain th' intripid l(ea)der's ends.

Hear sordid man! earth echoes loud your name,
But *fiction*, louder shall ascribe your fame;
Shall blaze the deeds your arm victorious wrought,
How brave you conquer'd, and how brave you fought.

Like matchless FREDERICK you fac'd the war,
And scorn'd to hear the battle from afar;
In foremost lines you bid destruction rage,
And seem'd yourself, the MARLB'ROUGH of the age;
All coward ease, you bid to cowards go,
And like another HECTOR, met your foe:
None e'er like you, the pond'rous sword did wield,
Or like you spread pale terror o'er the field.
The brave VALASCO saw you, loud he cry'd,
Ye gods, a hero! down he sunk and dy'd,
Unable to behold your warlike stride.
At you apostate angels were amaz'd,
Forgot their talk, and at your valour gaz'd.
MARS trembl'd, when you rear'd the fatal spear,
And JOVE himself, e'en shook with unknown fear.
The MO(R)R(O)'S walls before your thunder fell,
And all H(AVANNA)H deem'd your frown a Hell.
Rocks, hills and dales, with beasts, your courage sung,
And not an ass but bray'd you on his tongue.

But why thus trifling sing, why longer praise?
A P(EE)R unworthy of e'en *fiction's* lays:
No more my L(OR)D shall *fiction* lead the van,
Shew but yourself an honest, upright man,
Pay back a wealth, injustice has detain'd,
Nor let your Title, by defraud be stain'd,
By soldier, sailor, merchant you're arraign'd.

No more my L(OR)D, in lazy riot live,
 But share a wealth which justice bids you give.
 The trader you oppress'd, by unheard ways,
 Will that give lustre to your future days?
 By lawless rapine you may swell your store,
 But will mankind a Catiline adore?
 How many widows did your campaign make?
 Will you each orphan to your bosom take?
 Were all those thousands, slaughter'd for your gain,
 And shall you reap the profit of the slain,
 Nor injur'd friends their injuries complain?

Shall then the small surviving valiant few
 Be robb'd by distribution of their due?
 Ye gods! shall armies die, t'inrich a k(nave)
 Nor K(ING) nor P(AR)L(IA)M(EN)T reward the brave?
 Were I a (KING)! I'd think it noble sport
 To kick such mongril tyrants from my (Court).
 No knavish soul, that's aggrandiz'd by wealth
 Obtain'd by force, or got by meanest stealth,
 Should tread the threshold of the R(oya)l dome,
 But like a robber, be exil'd from home;
 Or share, what best becomes a thievish wretch,
 A Tyburn salutation from a Ketch.†

Enough of such!—let other themes take place,
 Muse, speak the conduct of a distant race,
 What happen'd in the gloomy North proclaim,
 And sing how Scotland greatly loves the THANE.
 Tell how in flames you've seen a leathern WILKES, (*h*)

† Hangman.

(*h*) It is evident from our author, if the English have been fond of burning and beheading a Boor, the Scotch have not been behind them in using the effigy of the person of their greatest hate, with equal marks of contempt and resentment.

Before HE left us, for the land of silks;
 How oft for him EDENA'S† streets have rung,
 And WILKES and curses, burst from ev'ry tongue:
 How oft you've view'd the boys, with stones engage,
 And pelt his picture with their utmost rage;
 While gather'd round, their friends beheld the strife,
 And for their children wish'd the paper life,
 That like a PORTEUS (*i*) he might hang in state,
 Nor longer live, the mark of Scotland's hate.

To name great WILLIAM, Britons' noblest boast,
 And how he drubb'd guid CHARLEY with his host,
 Not half so galls our Caledonian friends
 As he who blames a B(U)T(E), or W(IL)K(E)S commends.
 B(U)T(E)'S all perfection, SCOTLAND'S only brave,
 ENGLISH are gluttons, and their W(IL)K(E)S a knave:
 Are the false themes each Scottish dunce repeats,
 Who drinks to CHARLEY, often as he eats.

Hear how two Loons their Chieftain's worth extol'd,
 And loud his praise in sick'ning raptures bawl'd,
 Sowens and Whiskey all their mirth awoke,
 And for their favour'd B(U)TE, thus SAWNEY spoke;
 "Deil take me DONALD, bat he's unco' guid,
 And foal'd (*k*) my friend frae best o'HIGHLAND bluid (*l*)

†Edinburgh's.

(*i*) "PORTEUS," An unfortunate captain of the Edinburgh town guard; who, in the year 1736, to restrain a mob, fir'd and kill'd some of them, for which he was condemn'd to be hang'd; and through fear a reprieve should be obtain'd for him, the prison in which he was confin'd, by a mob was broke open, and he immediately carried to the place of execution, and hung; and left hanging, as I have been informed, for above twelve hours after his death.

(*k*) As our author has given a specimen of the Scotch dialect, a translation of a few of the most material words might not be amiss, *e. g.* Foal'd—Born.

(*l*) Bluid—Blood.

Frae NORTH to SOUTH there's nane in a' the land,
 Before this doughty L(OR)D for bluid can stand,
 He was na' foal'd, as a' the ENGLISH crew,
 Kings sprang frae him, as bearns (*m*) frae me an' you.
 Saul man! I'd spang, with muckle glee I'd sing,
 If but bra' CHARLEY was the BRITISH king."

"Haud, Chiel! (says DONALD) troth! ye are nae blate (*n*)
 Wat (*o*) ye no' weel? wha's M(INI)ST(E)R o' ST(A)TE;
 Is it no' B(U)T(E)? tho' G(REN)V(IL)LE has the name,
 G(REN)V(IL)LE, a creature o' nae muckle fame;
 B(U)T(E) gives us places, pensions at the C(OUR)T,
 An' scorns the English, for his ane dear sport;
 A hantle siller (*p*) has our Laddies made,
 Oh! this C(OUR)T traffick is a blessed trade!
 Was the GUID PRINCE to govern BRITAIN'S T(hrone),
 He could nae mair (*q*) do, than L(ORD) B(U)T(E) has done;
 Ye ken fu' weel, a ST(UAR)T can no reign,
 Ah dreadfu' thought! it gies me unco pain;
 Bat ST(UAR)TS can be M(I)N(I)ST(E)RS o' state,
 Tho' England loath them wi' the muck' lest hate;
 Thus our guid L(OR)D, God bless his noble soul,
 Makes goud in goupins (*r*) to us Scotchmen roal;

(*m*) Bearn's (more usually, Bairns)—Children.

(*n*) Blate—Clever or genteel.

(*o*) Wat—Know.

(*p*) Hantle siller—Much, or a great deal of money.

(*q*) Mair—More.

(*r*) Goud in goupins—Gold in handfulls.

Lat you an' I, friend SAWNEY, gang to town,
 An' speer (s) o' the bra' L(OR)D, some feckless (t) boon,
 Enough o' places he has gien our lads,
 Perhaps for me an' you, some post he hades."
 "Wi' a' my saul, (cries SAWNEY,) lat us gang,
 Lat's buss our bearns, an' down to LONDON spang."

These NORTHERN BRITONS greatly I commend,
 To wealth as others, all their actions tend:
 They would be basely mean, they'd act the brute,
 Not to ascribe all virtues to their B(U)TE;
 When from his partial hand they share all good,
 Because ally'd by Caledonian blood.

Sure none can blame them! to accept a place,
 When solely proffer'd to their kindred race.
 They're poor, they're proud, but ENGLAND knows they're
 BRAVE,
 Witness each war, and how they've fed the grave.
 In friendship they're sincere, in honour just,
 They love a nation, and they love a trust:
 But to one center, like the Jews they move,
 Their greatest crime, is a too partial love:
 It is an inbred passion, SCOTLAND feeds,
 From a too narrow mind the fault proceeds.
 Thus they love B(U)T(E), and B(U)T(E) he loves a SCOT,
 Hence ev'ry profit is their nation's lot.

(s) Speer—Ask.

(t) Feckless—Trifling, or small.

B (UTE) is the man we only should detest, (*u*)
 As UNION'S foe, as ENGLAND'S greatest pest;
 Before his horrid, dark, and gloomy reign,
 The souls of SCOTCH and ENGLISH were the same,
 One general love presided through the land,
 All like good brothers, gave to all their hand;
 No party words nor scornful taunts were us'd,
 None for his COUNTRY, or his TONGUE abus'd;
 But now! oh strange! how alter'd, how unjust!
 A nation, for the crime of one is curs'd.

Blame B (UTE) ye Britons, don't despise that land,
 Because they take what's offer'd to their hand:
 On him alone, if curses you must pour,
 Let loose your vengeance, and exhaust its store;
 Bid injur'd peace its outmost fury shed,
 And fall as pond'rous ruin on his head;
 Bid haggard conscience treat him as her foe,
 And like the rolling stone (*w*), give constant woe;
 Bid justice mark him, as it marks a knave,
 And deep repentance bow him to the grave;
 Till then, and only then, will England rest,
 So deep the rancour in each English breast.

(*u*) Differing from the most of my countrymen, in point of politicks, I can't help joining with the author, that we should trace party differences to their first source, nor attribute the political compositions of a W(ilke)s as the only cause. W(ilke)s could never have found fault, (as he has done) had there not been too just reason for it, both from mal-adm(ini)strat(io)n, and partial bestowment of favours; by which only, has that friendly UNION subsisting between two N(A)TIONS been greatly marr'd.

(*w*) This has an allusion, (according to the Grecian mythology) to the punishment of Sisiphus in Hell.—Who is said by some to have been a Trojan secretary, and thus punished for certain crimes of state.

For me, I cou'd not wish him a worse fate
 Than galling conscience, and his master's hate.
 The R(OYA)L ear he greatly has abus'd,
 For selfish ends the R(OYA)L name has us'd;
 Thus has estrang'd his subjects from their (King),
 That few alas! too few, his praises sing.
 Where are the shouts that wont to rend the sky,
 And where the joy that gleam'd from ev'ry eye,
 At sight of him, what acclamations rung,
 Long live our (King), was echo'd from each tongue;
 But now, unheeded may he pass along,
 And scarce a wish is whisper'd by the throng.

Whence comes this coolness in each English breast?
 The English are despis'd, the Scotch caress'd;
 Their country feels a tax-destroying waste,
 While Scotchmen have each profit and each post,
 At HOME, ABROAD, C(OURT), ARMY, and the F'LEET,
 You Mc on Mc in endless numbers meet;
 While England's sons, as true and brave as they,
 Are scarce in office, pension, post, or pay.
 Hence all this coolness, hence the daring hiss,
 And all th' affronts, a (King) must take amiss.

Th' unhappy man! I pity from my heart,
 That can't distinguish foes from friends apart,
 That's close encompass'd by a flatt'ring crew
 Of base dissemblers, of the blackest hue;
 Who prate of virtues which none ever had,
 And call that pleasing, which the world calls sad:
 Fellows! that round in cringing order wait,
 Meer servile dupes, to pageantry and state,
 "Whose greatest merit lies in doing ill,
 In constant changing, and in erring still."

Such round our K (ing), like Stygean demons stand,
 A flatt'ring, crafty, fawning, trait'rous band;
 Who bar all access to the R (oyal) ear,
 Nor whisper what a gracious K (ing) should hear;
 Creatures! that follow fairy-fancy'd dreams,
 And turn the wheels of state with idle schemes;
 Meer abject blockheads, in the scale of worth,
 Yet bent on novelty, incompass earth
 And ruin countries, for a mouse's birth. (x)

Such mighty nothings, from my soul I hate,
 And do despise them, as the banes of state:
 Nor would I change my happy sphere of life
 For all the folly of a c (ou) rtly strife:
 My country's cause has solely urg'd my song,
 And made me mingle with the scribbling throng:
 Else I'd ne'er ventur'd "on a sea of rhyme,"
 The critic's lash, and "perils of the time."

I envy none the favour of the C (ourt),
 While B (UTE) makes G (RENVIL) LE truckle for his sport:
 Pull but the lawrel from that tyrant's brow,
 Send him to SCOTLAND, G (RENVIL) LE to his plow:
 Make S (AN) D (WIC) H, M (ANSFIE) LD, each resign their post,
 And roaring N (OR) T (O) N, scamper with the rest;
 Then will I cease; then high Heaven adore,
 That falsehood, pride, oppression, are no more.

(x) This line seems to have a reference, to the impolitical and tyrannous proceedings of the M (INIS) T (R) Y; and the trifle the N (A) T (ION) must receive from the C (o) L (o) N (IE) s, amidst all the arbitrary, ruinous, and oppressive methods they are taking; in regard to the S T (A) M P DUTIES, T (A) XES, &c. &c.

F I N I S.

