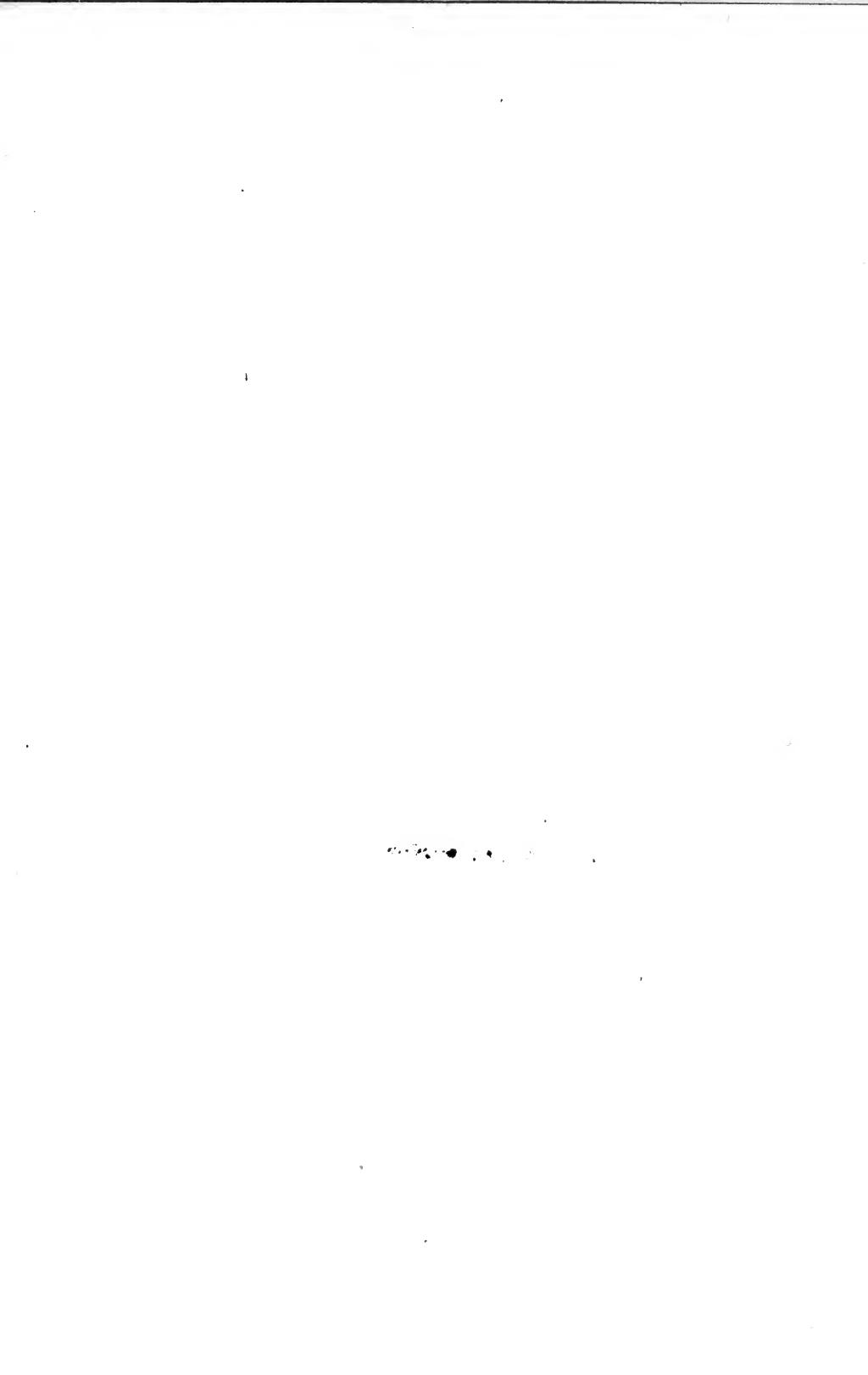
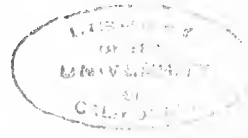


PERIODICAL ROOM.



THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH



NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 27

THE PATRIOTS OF NORTH AMERICA—A Sketch, 1775

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32^d STREET

NEW YORK

1914

T H E
P A T R I O T S
O F
NORTH-AMERICA:
A
S K E T C H.
W I T H
EXPLANATORY NOTES.

*Urbem, quam dicant Romam, Melibæ, putavi,
Stultus ego, huic nostræ fimilem :
Sic canibus catulos fimiles, sic matribus bædas
Noram; sic parvis componere magna solebam.*

N E W - Y O R K :

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

IN THIS curious Revolutionary poem the original thirteen States are characterized as schoolboys: and notwithstanding "a Tory here reviles the Whigs in verse," it is a clever performance, with curious notes. It was probably printed by James Rivington.

Only two copies of the original are known to exist in the United States—hence it may be classed among the rarest items of Americana—and we believe it has not before been reprinted.

ADVERTISEMENT

THERE is not a single Pamphlet written in North-America, that does not, by some Accident or other, find its Way to England. At a Time when the English News-papers may probably be filled with Equipments of Fleets, Embarkations of Armies, &c. the dullest Composition, relating to the Affairs of this Country, will be read there with Avidity. The author has therefore thought it proper to subjoin here and there a Note, for the Information of his English Readers. He has occasionally quoted a few Scraps of Latin, not because, like Panurge, he chooses to speak any Language rather than his Mother Tongue; for he abhors Pedantry and Affectation of every Kind: But partly from his dreadful Apprehension of the Tarrers and Featherers of the Country in which he resides; none of whom, he is well assured, were ever bred at a Latin School: And partly, from Respect to the female Part of his Readers, for whose Innocence and Modesty he has a sacred Regard. At the same Time, lest while the latter acquit his Manners they should think hardly of his Morals,—he begs Leave to assure them, that Ribaldry is unknown to that Language. The Philosophers, Poets, and Historians with whose Names the Men are too prone to insult their Understandings, abounding with Expressions, which literally translated, would be too foul for the Mouths of the most brutal of a modern Rabble.

THE
P A T R I O T S
O F
N O R T H - A M E R I C A,
A S K E T C H.

MEN plac'd by Chance, or sov'reign Fate,
In Life's low, unambitious State;
Whilst undeprav'd, all amply share
Wise, bounteous Nature's equal Care

To them impartial Heav'n assign'd
Contentment calm, sweet Peace of Mind,
Deny'd them Fame and Pow'r and Wealth,
But gave them Temp'rance, Mirth, and Health;
Preserv'd them from the fatal Snares
Which Lux'ry spreads for Fortune's Heirs.

From all the dire insidious Train
Of Wants unreal, Wishes vain,
Refinements false, and fierce Desires,
Voluptuous Arts, and lawless Fires;
Soft Blandishments of Wealth, and Ease,
Which ruin while they smile, and please
From childish, restless Whim, that reigns
In satiate Taste and pamper'd Veins;
From the dire Weight of vacant Time,
(That fatal Source of many a Crime;)

Envy of Pension, Power and Place,
 Vain Competition, sad Disgrace;
 Honour and Virtue meanly sold
 For Titles, Rank, or sordid Gold:
 Corroding Cares, that constant wait
 To check the Triumphs of the Great.

Doom'd them to earn their wholesome Fare
 By gentler Toils, than anxious Care:
 Free from the Woes Ambition brings,
 And made them happier far than Kings.

To them our equal Laws dispense
 Fair Liberty and sure Defence;
 From Pride, from Force, and brutal Scorn
 Of Knaves, to Power and Fortune born:
 Of Foplings, dainty, weak and nice,
 Who hold plain Poverty as Vice.

The same great sacred Rights afford,
 They give to every splendid Lord;
 Subject alike to just controul,
 Dear social Parts of one great Whole;
 Whilst undeprav'd, and just, and free,
 Content with modest Liberty,
 Industrious, Temp'rate chaste they live,
 They merit all that Praise can give:
 With Morals pure, Affections kind,
 They claim the Love of all Mankind.

The Men deprav'd,¹ who quit their Sphere }
 Without Remorse, or Shame or Fear, }
 And boldly rush, they know not where; }

¹ See the names, in the list of Committees, in the Federal Districts of North America and enquire what are their callings.

Seduc'd, alas! by fond Applause
 Of gaping Mobs, and loud Huzzas.
 Unconscious all of nobler Aim,
 Than sordid Pelf, or vulgar Fame;
 Men undefin'd, by any Rules,
 Ambiguous Things, half Knaves, half Fools,
 Whom God denied the Talents great
 Requir'd, to make a Knave complete;
 Whom Nature form'd, vile Party-Tools,
 Absurder much than downright Fools,
 Who from their own dear Puppet-Show,
 The World's great Stage, pretend to know.
 In Politics mere Punchinellos,
 Yet pass for rare, for clever Fellows;
 Like Punch, who struts, and swears and roars,
 And calls his Betters,² Rogues and Whores;
 Like Punch, who speak their Prompter's Sense,
 Like his, their pow'rful Eloquence,
 Like his, their wond'ring Audience. }
 Poor, busy, factious empty Things,
 Who nothing know of Courts or Kings;
 Who Lords or Commons ne'er have seen,
 But think they're like Committee-men;
 By Rote, like clam'rous Parrots prate
 Of Trade, Revenue, Church, and State.

2 It is the practice of these Orators, all over America, to summon the Mob by some anonymous portentous handbill, addressed to the public; to mount into a gallery or elevated Station, in or near a place of public resort; and from thence, with a grave important face, harangue on the deplorable state of public Affairs and the total loss of liberty in a country which, were it not for them, would be the happiest and the freest country in the Universe. To retail from Scraps of Party Papers the Merits of the Leaders of Opposition; ascribe Opinions to them which they would hear with the highest indignation, and to engage for their countenance and support Opinions, Designs, &c., as if they were familiarly known to them as their own Characters are to their Wives, Children and Servants if they happen to have any. On the first Personages of Great Officers of State and the Majority of both Houses, they liberally bestow the delicious Epithets of Jacobites, Papists, Tyrants, Hirelings and Scoundrels, amidst the repeated Shouts of their greasy followers.

Born to be lodg'd, and cloth'd, and fed,
 By other Toils than Toil of Head;
 Form'd for the Oar,³ the Sledge, the Saw,
 Yet rave of Government and Law,
 As fond at Committees to prattle,
 As Babe and Suckling of its Rattle.

In costive Brains whole Weeks revolve,
 To frame some lawless, mad Resolve;
 Some Hand-Bill vile,⁴ with Threatenings dire,
 Of Murder, Feathers, Tar, or Fire,
 Of rich and poor decide the Fate
 With Scorn, of every Magistrate.

Is there among them who can read,
 It serves to turn the Ideot's Head;
 Is there among them who can write,
 It serves to wreak the Miscreant's Spite;
 With Vipers leagu'd,⁵ in borrow'd Name,
 They hiss and blast their Neighbour's Fame;

³ The Author could have added the Awl, the Trowel and many other tools, but he thinks his Rhyme rough enough in all Conscience as it is. Such Tools are as little adapted to Poetry as to Politics.

⁴ The Oracles of North America, like the Sibyl's Leaves, scattered over the whole Country. They have been lately collected with great labour and Expense, digested by the Sanhedrim at Philadelphia, and compiled into a regular Code. A memorable *Æra* in the Annals of North America. A Code by which the Principles of Common Sense, every System of Ethics, ancient and modern, the Authority of the most celebrated Jurists, the Common and Statute Laws of Great Britain, the laws of the several Provincial Legislatures, the Authority of Provincial Magistrates and the revealed Laws of God, are all abrogated and done away. A Code which the gaping vulgar of America thumb with the same Delight as they con *Jack the Giant-Killer*: which the great and little Vulgar of England will laugh over as at the farce of *High Life Below Stairs*: and which every Man in Europe of Sense and Benevolence will read with Grief and Indignation.

*Invida satorum series, summisque negatum stare diu.
 Antiquum repetens, iterum Chaos.*

⁵ Alluding to the Figure of a Snake with which certain Printers of American Newspapers adorn their Publications, designed to allure a certain Set of Customers, and to enlist a certain Crew of Writers, who have contributed in a most criminal Degree, to subvert the laws of this Country, have already enflamed it into the most dangerous Convulsions, and threaten to complete its final Destruction. These Standards were erected perhaps in Imitation of certain well-

Vipers like, — — — — — *

— — — — — or Dolt.

Fair Truth exclude from many a Press,⁶
 On Pain of every dread Distress:
 As Priests, their Flocks to circumvent,
 Forbid to read Christ's Testament,
 With senseless Jargon, stupid Lies,
 Like Morpheus, close the People's Eyes,
 Vile, false, pernicious Doctrines preach,
 Rebellion rank and Treason teach,
 Malignant o'er the Land they crawl,
 And wither, blast, and poison all.

So when the Dev'l with horrid Joy,
 Hatch'd the dire Project to destroy
 Mankind, created frail and weak,
 He took the Form of groveling Snake,
 And stung with Envy, Rage, Despair,
 To see a World so gay, so fair
 A World as erst, alas, was this
 The Seat of Pleasure, Ease and Bliss:

known Signs in Blood-Bowl Alley of London, and in la Rue D'Enfer of Paris: the Resorts of Bullies, Spies, Informers, Incendiaries, Highwaymen and Murderers. This Custom is not common to all the Publishers of Newspapers; some of the Fraternity, equally malignant in their Designs and more successful in their Operations, hang out no Sign at all. They are of old-established Credit; their Wine needs no Bush.

* The name of John Holt, editor of *The New York Journal*, was evidently meant to be inserted here.—[Ed.]:

6 Not every Press; Mr. Rivington of New York continues to discharge the duties of his Profession faithfully, in Spite of frequent letters from unknown Villains, threatening him with Fire, Assassination &c., in Defiance of many unwarrantable Associations in different parts of America, exhorting some and compelling others to withdraw their Subscriptions to his useful and impartial Gazetteer, in the Face of numerous Committees, who have taken the same sage Precautions to prevent the Introduction of his Publications into their respective Realms as if they had been consign'd from Smyrna or Aleppo in a Time of a general Pestilence. He grows bolder by Persecution, to the Confusion of a pernicious set of Scriblers and of an envious Gang of Rivals, who constantly mark him in their News-Papers to the deluded Rabble for Destruction. The Public is, in the Author's Opinion, much obliged to him, and to the good Sense and Liberality of the Gentlemen of all Parties in that Province, by whom he is countenanced and employed indifferently, as his Gazetteer and his Catalogue of Pamphlets testify.

The Author believes there is likewise a free Press or two at Boston, defended by an Army and a Fleet, by which alone they preserve their Freedom.

A World where Spirits foul from Hell,
 Were too impure, too black, to dwell
 With Mortals, harmless as the Dove,
 'Midst Innocence, and Peace, and Love,
 Till they had made the simple Elves,
 As foul and guilty as themselves;
 Triumphant, us'd the same Device,
 And made a Hell of Paradise.

In Brothels, Corners, Fields, who lurk,
 Fond of Cabals, detesting Work,
 Neglect their useful Occupations,
 And starve themselves to starve whole Nations.
 Whose foul, remorseless, guilty Souls,
 Nor Laws of God or Man controuls;
 Who scowl on Wealth⁷ with envious Eye,
 For Wealth and Fame, and Influence sigh,
 And strive intent, on Pelf and Spoils,
 To plunge the Land in civil Broils.
 Furious and sleepless, till they see
 One general, glorious Anarchy.
 (Sad Scenes! where idle Ruffians gain
 Riches unearn'd by Toil or Pain,)
 And ruthless, clear their bloody Way
 To wild, despotic, brutal Sway.

7 No Man of common Observation who has crossed the Atlantic can have failed to remark the great Difference between the Manners of the lower and middling sort of People in England, and of People of the same Classes here. Altho' those Orders of Englishmen are not much celebrated for their Civility, The Author, who had often beheld in certain Countries of Europe the miserable and abject State of that great and Sacred Portion of the human Species, and had seen the insolent and brutal Abuse of Rank, Titles and Power, on his first arrival in North America exulted in an Appearance so honourable to Humanity; he recollected the Observation of a Philosopher, in discovering a Circle exactly described on an unknown Shore where he happened to be wrecked; and thought this as sure a Proof of general Felicity as that of Civility and Science. Jealous tho' he is naturally of his Superiors (and his Superiors are innumerable) he begins to find he was mistaken, and to perceive that there are Pleasures, like the Pleasures of Excess, exquisite but short-lived, and ending in Disease and untimely Death.

These Men begin to look upon their Superiors as if the Order of the Universe had been inverted in their Favour: as if they were possessed of what naturally belonged to themselves, and were determined to seize the first Opportunity to recover it *Vi et Armis*.

"Ye take too much upon yourselves, seeing all the Congregation are holy, every one of them: Wherefore then lift you up yourselves above the Congregation of the Lord?"

Like Thieves and Plund'ers, Traitors fell,
 The same vile Progeny of Hell.
 When some fair City, rous'd from Sleep,
 In calm, Oblivious Mid-night Deep,
 Alarm'd by dreadful Din of Bells,
 Loud Cries of Fire, and dismal Yells;
 When Int'rest, Duty, Love demand
 Th' Aid of every friendly Hand,
 Whilst the wide-spreading Flames resound,
 With joyful Ears all catch the Sound;
 Rush on their Prey, a grisly Mob,
 And seize the dreadful Hour to rob.

Shall we applaud this vagrant Crew,
 Whose wretched Jargon, crude and new,
 Whose Impudence and Lies delude
 The harmless, ign'rant Multitude:
 To Varlets, weak, impure, unjust,
 The Reins of Government entrust.
 Will Raggamuffins bold like these,
 Protect our Freedom, Peace, or Ease?
 Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
 These are false Sons of Liberty.

The Men who form their Hopes and Fears
 From Hand-Bills, Pamphlets, Gazetteers;
 Swallow like Gudgeons, every Lie
 Which Malice, Rage, and Guilt supply;
 Whose Views reach not an Inch from Home,
 Who think their little Mantua,⁸ Rome.

⁸ There is a very remarkable Difference between the Opinions, Principles and Conduct in general, of the Natives of this Country, who have resided in Europe or have conversed much with Europeans, and of those who never passed the Limits of their own or of some neighbouring Province. Arts, Sciences, Knowledge, Accomplishments, Wealth, Power, Dignity, are all comparative. Comparisons are frequently mortifying in the extremest Degree to that Vanity which is inseparable from our Nature: But without it no Man can form a true Estimate of him-

The dullest Ignorance betray⁹
 In all they do, and write, and say.
 Boldly affirm each wild Position,
 As if inspir'd by Intuition;
 Untaught in Wisdom's modest School
 That Confidence proclaims a Fool:
 Their scanty Stock of useless Knowledge,
 Taught them by Floggings sheer of College,
 Or which, alas! is ten Times worse,
 Deriv'd from some polluted Source.
 From Clodius, Judge of Men and Things,
 Of Statesmen, Ministers and Kings;
 Of power supreme, of just Protection,
 Of Order, Peace, and due Subjection;
 Too fond and credulous to see
 Treason in Mask of Liberty.
 What false Conclusions Knaves can draw
 From Gospel Truths, from Statute Law;
 How much like Fools these Knaves can write,
 From Hunger, or from Party Spite,
 Of regal Power, of legal Right.

self or establish a just Rule of his Conduct. However nauseous the Medicine may be, it is a salutary one. An overweening Conceit of the Importance of this Country, and a very inadequate Knowledge, or a total Ignorance of the Parent Country are among the fatal Sources of the dreadful Calamities at this Moment impending over a Part of this Country; may they never extend over the Whole.

⁹ Ignorance of the true Nature, Conditions, and Ends of Government, and of the Application of general Doctrines to particular Circumstances, in which they resemble certain bold Empiricks, who by administering excellent and efficacious Medicines unseasonably and in too large Doses, throw their Patients into Convulsions and destroy them. There are three or four Pamphlets, said to be written in America within these twelve Months, by Gentlemen called Whigs. These Gentlemen appear by their Writings to be Men of Sense and Candour. They are Proofs, in the Author's Opinion, how frequently Men are led by Youth, Inexperience, Confinement to narrow Scenes, Want of Leisure and general enlarged Knowledge, to form false and fatal Conclusions from the noblest Principles. The Epidemic, may it not prove the mortal Disease of this Country. *Esto Perpetua.*

There is a Pamphlet likewise lately written by a Gentleman who calls himself a Whig, under the Title of *Strictures*, very different from the former in its Design, if not in its Effect.

"Abominable, unutterable, and worse
 Than Fates yet have feign'd or Fear conceiv'd;
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire."

From Curio's frothy Declamation,
 Decide on Trade, on Legislation,
 On Charter Rights, and dread Taxation;
 (That nauseous Cant of old and young,
 That Theme of every Booby's Tongue;) }
 Like Pettifoggers, pert and raw,
 Who grope in Indexes for Law,
 Prating of Books they never read,
 Toiling o'er Parchment for their Bread;
 Form'd at the most to scrawl a Lease,
 Yet dare to judge of War, and Peace;
 Whom God for Scriv'ners only, meant,¹⁰
 Yet dare to ape high Parli'ment;
 Scorning o'er mouldy Books to pore,
 And learn what pass'd in Days of yore,
 With wise, important Lessons fraught,
 How Patriots acted, Sages thought.
 How Greece, that Seat of every Art
 That charms the Eye, and mends the Heart;
 By Phoebus, by the Muses chaste,
 Inspir'd with Genius, Wit and Taste:
 Of Heroes erst the blest Abode
 Of many a Sage and Demi-God;
 Source of a long illustrious Line
 Of Sculptors, Painters, Bards divine,
 Favour'd of Heav'n, immortal Land,
 Form'd to enchant, to teach, command;

10 The Author has been assured that no less than 28 of the Members of the Sanhedrim were Lawyers: he expressed Astonishment on hearing this, but on enquiring he found they were what they call in England Attorneys at Law, his Astonishment ceased. When he recollected the Observation of the celebrated Judge Blackstone "on Gentlemen placed at the Desk of some skilful Attorney, *ita lex scripta est* is the utmost his Knowledge will arrive at, he must never aspire to form, and seldom expect to comprehend, any Arguments drawn *à priori* from the Spirit of the Laws and the Natural Foundations of Justice". In the same Page he admits one or two shining Exceptions in all Great Britain; how many he might admit here, the Author is no Judge. By the abuse of certain Words of an ill Sound, much debated about in this Country, he is afraid there are many among them who are not well acquainted even with *Lex scripta*, nor much versed in English Dictionaries.

Whose various, wise instructive Page,
 (Fond Theme of ev'ry Land and Age)
 With sense sublime, with Truth replete,
 With Precepts wise, Examples great:
 Midst Ignorance dark and deep as Night,
 Diffus'd its kind, refulgent Light;
 From Goths and Vandals, fierce and blind,
 From Slav'ry, rescu'd half Mankind.
 How ev'n wise Greece, illustrious Greece,
 Wanton with Plenty, Wealth, and Peace,
 To lawless Mobs resign'd its Pow'r,
 Chang'd Men and Measures ev'ry Hour.
 For ev'ry Whim, Town-meetings call'd,
 In greasy, tatter'd Troops cabal'd,
 Conven'd, intrigu'd, harangu'd, resolv'd,
 The Laws of God and Man dissolv'd,
 Till Liberty was prostrate laid,
 By hireling Demagogues betray'd:
 Her Offspring now, a hapless Race,
 Expos'd to Want and dire Disgrace,
 Extinguish'd all those sacred Fires,
 Which warm'd the Bosoms of their Sires;
 Each Trace of ancient Worth effac'd,
 Their Souls by Servitude debas'd,
 See all around, with brutish Eye,
 Stupendous Arts in Ruin lie:
 The vast, magnificent, sublime,
 The Prey of Rage, and mould'ring Time;
 Yet when or why erected there,
 The wretched Slaves nor know nor care,
 Unconscious that a noble Race
 Renown'd, for Valour, Genius, Grace;
 Chosen of Heav'n, the World's great Pride,
 Their Ancestors, did there reside;

There, where their hapless Offspring lurk,
The abject Slaves of haughty Turk.

How dreadful! awful, was the Doom
Of wise, imperial, haughty Rome,
Freedom's and Honour's glorious School,
Ordain'd by Heav'n for sov'reign Rule;
Whose glorious Deeds, through many an Age,
Adorn th' Historian's wondrous Page;
Whose Sons were taught, from earliest Youth,
To fear the Gods, to rev'rence Truth,
The Syren Pleasures to oppose,
Wisdom's and Valour's mortal Foes,
To look on Danger with Disdain,
And smile at Want, at Grief and Pain;
To shrink from nought but mean Disgrace,
Heroes of more than mortal Race:
In Battle fierce as thund'ring Jove,
In Peace as mild, as timid Dove;
As gentle, modest, and as plain
As artless Child or simple Swain;
In all the' endearing Scenes of Life,
To Friend, to Parent, Child, or Wife
To love, to pity, taught to yield,
And only dreadful in the Field;
Yet fir'd with noble patriot Zeal,
Prefer to all, the Public Weal,
Their own, their Wives, their Children's Blood,
The sacred Pledge to general Good.

How Manners simple, Morals pure,
Fair Liberty and Peace ensure.
How arts Voluptuous soon efface
The Virtues of the happiest Race.

By Wealth, from foreign Lands acquir'd,
 How Knaves to Fame and Pow'r aspir'd,
 For Plunder, won from conquer'd Greece,
 Their Honour sold, their Ease and Peace,
 Wanton, and vain and turbulent,
 Fit for no Form of Government;
 Assum'd the Patriot's sacred Guise
 By bold Harangues, and specious Lies,
 Allurements false, and sordid Bribes,
 Seduc'd the poor Plebian Tribes;
 Taught them their fav'rite, darling Theme,
 To spurn the Rights of Pow'r supreme,
 The sacred Bonds of Peace dissolve,
 To meet, to plot, cabal, resolve,
 At Cinna's Beck, at Sylla's Nod,
 Trample on ev'ry Law of God,
 At Will of each alternate Lord,
 To plunge, (as Ruffians gave the Word,) }
 In kindred Breasts, the murd'ring Sword:
 How by ambitious Tribunes led,
 Deluded Millions fought and bled,
 And see to mad Sedition prone,
 The Mistress of the World undone.

Sad mournful Truths! Examples great!
 Mirrors to every happy State!
 Faithful, unerring Guides to shew
 How Plans ideal, Doctrines new,
 Blind Zealots, void of Worth and Sense, }
 To patriot Love, how false Pretence.
 Ambition, Lies, and Impudence,
 How vain Desires, and fond Conceit,
 Treach'ry, Revenge, and mean Deceit;

Fair Fortunes squander'd, Debts unpaid,
 Profusion, Lust, unprosp'rous Trade.
 Wild Mobs, to mad Sedition prone,
 And Liberty licentious grown,
 Must make the fatal Hour draw near,
 Of civil Discord's wild Career,
 Must cause one general Anarchy,
 Must end in Loss of Liberty;
 And this free Country soon become
 Like Carthage, Florence, Greece and Rome,
 Unless some God should interpose,
 And save it from domestic Foes.

Men to Atlantic Empire born
 Look down on Greece and Rome with Scorn;
 Disdain their Maxims, Laws or Rules,
 To take from any States or Schools,
 Prefer their Mohawks, and their Creeks,
 To Romans Britons, Swiss, or Greeks,
 Their nobler Souls no Systems please,
 But Savage Life, of Shawanese;¹¹
 Or Monsters fierce of Woods and Seas. }
 Such Notions crude the Fools retail,
 As paramount to Coke and Hale;
 Hold ----- stuff as sound and true,
 As Blackstone, Grotius, Montesquieu:
 Scorning to tread the beaten Road,
 To take a Hint from any Code;

11 A Tribe of North American Indians. The Americans wish to live in populous Towns or cultivated Countries, to have Manufactures to cloath them or Money to buy cloaths, their regular Meals, good Beds to lie on; to be protected from foreign and domestic Violence to their own Persons and Property and to the Persons of their wives and Children, without paying for it. To have their injuries redressed without the Risk of shedding their own blood, and to enjoy at the same Time, the native unrestrained Freedom of a Savage. They are not contented with being Men. "Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods."

And while they act like Imps from Hell,
 Ween they're as wise as Machiavel.¹²
 So oft the giddy Eton Boys
 Disturb, Oh Thames, thy peaceful Joys,
 With sullen Murm'rings, loud Complaints,
 Of Studies hard, of sad Restraints;
 Calling their Comrades Knaves and Fools,
 Who tamely crouch to College Rules,
 Wanton and bold, in Pride of Youth,
 Deaf to Remonstrance, blind to Truth,
 Fond premature, to play the Man,
 They meet, and form their little Plan;
 Talk not of Task, they scorn to learn it.
 They know what's what, as well as Barnet.¹³
 Scarcely five fleeting Years revolve,
 But they cabal, harrangue, resolve,
 Rebel, associate, run away;
 Exult in Anarchy's short Day,
 At Dormer's Arms¹⁴ in Congress meet,
 A medley Herd, of small and great,
 Their little Sufferings to redress,
 They pen some petulant Address,
 The gen'ral Tenor of it runs,
 That Fathers shan't controul their Sons,
 That none but downright sneaking Fools
 Will tamely sit, and drudge in Schools,

¹² The Gentlemen of the Sanhedrim have acted in direct contradiction to the first Maxim of that extraordinary Man, "never to do anything by Halves." They have employed his flagitious and atrocious Means, wantonly and without remorse, with as much Ferocity as Cæsar Borgia, his Hero, but without regard to his Ends.

¹³ Doctor Barnet, Master of Eton College, very generally respected both on account of his exemplary Virtues as a Man, and of his uncommon Attention and Kindness to his Scholars as a Master. His Scholars were much more numerous than they had ever been known to be under the Direction of any of his Predecessors.

¹⁴ A noted Inn on the River Thames, some miles distant from Eton; their usual rendezvous when the Boys rebel and run from the College.

There o'er their Cups, on Usher, Master,
 Denounce some terrible Disaster;
 "D--n all his Threatenings, never fear,
 We'll starve the Dog in half a Year,
 By this bold vig'rous Stroke we've made
 The Churl will soon lose all his Trade:
 Square-Toes, no Doubt, will call it Treason,
 No Matter, he'll be brought to Reason."
 Swear they're as wise, more stout, and bold,
 Than Men infirm, and weak and old.

Then curse and rail, and roar and bluster,
 With flowing Bowls, their Senses fluster;
 Forget th' impending pain and sorrow,
 The floggings dire, of sad To-morrow;
 And while they're jovial, round the Table,
 "Think they're august, and venerable;¹⁵
 And to preserve th' Association,
 All swear religious Observation."
 Enjoy the dear, delusive Instant,
 While Masters, Fathers, all are distant;
 Thoughtless, how void of all Resource,
 How weak their plans, how scant their Purse:
 Gay as at Cricket, Play, or Ball,
 Defenceless, weak, a Prey to all.
 In three short Days, not worth three Groats,
 They fall to cut each other's Throats,
 Upbraid, recriminate retort,
 "You brought us here, you'll answer for't;

¹⁵ Epithets selected with great Diligence and used with singular Propriety and Precision by the Members of a late Cabal (much resembling that at the *Dormer Arms*) in speaking of themselves in imitation of the masculine Simplicity of the Ancients: *fiducia potius morum, quam arrogancia, e. g. Sum pius Aeneas.*

Ye little Scoundrels, York¹⁶ and Penn,¹⁷
 Take care Boys, how you talk to Men.
 None of your sneaking, shirking Farces,
 Or hark'ee, Lads! we'll whip your A---s;
 You snotty Urchins, dare to sham
 Car, Vir, Mar,¹⁸ Con, Rhode, Mass, and Ham!¹⁹

16 A very genteel, good-natured, sensible, generous young Gentleman; once a great favourite, and on his Part very fond of Doctor Barnet; but had lately taken a Pique to him, was continually pouting and had grown very refractory. The Doctor, it seems, had given Orders that for the future no Scholar should deal with Mother Bat, the Apple-Woman. She had been detected in bringing the Boys by Stealth Brandy and Rum, to make Punch, the Commodities of the green Cannister, Serpents, Crackers &c. &c., all which were absolutely forbidden by the Rules of the College. As Goody Brit, who was recommended by the Doctor in her Room was a very decent Woman, who scorn'd to get her Livelihood in any way but an honest one, she could not afford to sell quite so cheap as Mother Bat. Poor York was very much nettled at these Orders, for he was a very kind-hearted Boy, and used to lay out a great Deal of Money upon Oranges and Cheesecakes &c., to treat his Comrades. Moreover, Mother Bat happened to be a near relation of his Grandmamma. However he never would join'd the Scholars if he had not been afraid of the great Boys. He was forgiven, upon Condition that for the future when he thought himself ill-treated by the Praepostors or Servants, he would come and tell his Complaints to the Doctor, and not run up and down as he used to do, telling Stories against him to all the Bargemen, Coblers, Tinkers, Blacksmiths, Newspaper Carriers, Pedlars, &c., of the Parish.

17 A Descendant of an Illegitimate Son of Admiral Penn, who with Venables conquered the Island of Jamaica. His paternal Relations, according to the benevolent Spirit of their virtuous Ancestor, treated him with as much Kindness as if he had been legally descended; he was (not long ago) the very best Boy of the College, a plain, modest, amiable, sweet-tempered Youth; so very inoffensive in his Behaviour that he was never known to Quarrel with any Body, for he had often heard his Relations, who were excellent, exemplary Men, remark that it was preposterous and horrible for Creatures who pretended to be Rational, to be one Moment bowing, scraping, cringing and flattering, and the next damning one another's Bloods for Scoundrels, knocking each other's Eyes out, and running one another thro' the Body, for every Trifle. It is said, however, that he is of late very much altered, by keeping Company with Vir., Car., Mar. and Mass., and by the Conversation, during the Holidays, of some Foreign Merchants who frequent his Uncle's House upon Business, and is grown a Fop, Swears, Drinks, Bullies, and talks of Duels, &c., to the extreme Grief of his venerable Relations. However, as early Impressions are not easily wholly effaced, it is hoped a little gentle Correction, and his Uncle's Remonstrances, may have reclaimed him. His Pique to the Doctor was for much the same Reason as York's, excepting that he was not related to Mother Bat; he was uncommonly tall for his Age, of which he was not a little Vain, and would mutter now and then, that the Doctor durst not touch a hair of his head; he was a match for the old Fellow.

18 All of them much alike, very accomplished, sprightly, sensible Lads, but the sauciest Boys of the whole College, as proud as Lucifer. They were nicknamed by the Rest of the Scholars, your Honour, your Grace, your Majesty. They had been accustomed from their Infancy to wear tawdry Cloaths, to ride in Coaches and six, to eat and drink what they liked, to be waited upon by a great Number of Servants, whom they saw every Day goaded like Oxen and beat like Dogs. At College they were pert and idle, and of course much disliked by the Doctor. They were hated by the Dame's where they lodged, for they used to D—n her for a old B—h, because she did not cure her Bacon with Salt Petre and put Cinnamon and Mace into her minc'd Pyes. Their Holy Days were spent at Sadler's Wells, Mary-Bone Gardens, Taverns and B-w-y Houses, where they hectorred and swore like the Bullies of the House. At College they distinguished themselves by robbing the Ban-Yards, Quarreling with the Barge-Men,

With half an Eye, one may discern it,
 You'd Sugar Plumbs, from Doctor Barnet."
 With all this Bullying, Rant, and Noise,
 They're giddy, thoughtless, helpless Boys;

Forming a Maccaroni Club, Gaming, Drinking, Whoring and talking of New-Market Meetings. Several Reasons were given for their running from the College. They were in debt to all the Public Houses, B-w-y Houses, Shopkeepers, Taylors, Pastry Cooks, and Fruit Shops at Windsor. Car. took a Pique to the Usher, and stole behind him one Day as he was going into the School, and with a Piece of blue Crayon slyly marked on his Back, S. T. in Capital Letters, to the great Diversion of all the Boys, especially of Mass., Con., Ham., and Rhode; another time he miched into the Doctor's Kitchen, and while the Cook was winding up the Jack threw a Paper of Jallop into a Rice Pudding; a Servant who happened to pass by the Kitchen Window observing what he was about, informed the Doctor, who invited him to Dine with him that Day, gravely recommended to him a slice of Pudding, and sent him to his Dame's with a horrible Fit of the Gripes. Vir. was obliged to run off: His Master, it seems, had threatened to flog him for some Fault or another, if he did not mend his Manners; upon which he had the Impudence to throw a Chaw of Tobacco in his Face, take to his Heels and call to the Boys to follow him. These young Gentlemen would have been all expelled if some of their very near Relations, well known to the Doctor and highly respected by him, as they well deserved to be, had not interceded for him; telling the Doctor it was pitty to ruin the por Lads utterly for a few boyish Tricks which Age and Reflection might make them ashamed of. After very severe Correction, and begging hard for forgiveness, they were permitted to remain at College.

19 The Character of either of these Boys will serve for a Description of the rest. They are among the oldest Boys of the School. Their Fathers, being often at Sea or constantly employed in their Farms, had left them in the earlier Parts of their Life to the Care and Tuition of their Grandmothers and maiden Aunts, who made them read every Morning and Evening some select Chapters of the Old Testament; entertained them in the Winter Evenings with Stories of the Bloody Queen Mary, the Gun Powder Plot, the Irish Massacre, the Act of Uniformity, &c. Told them what a wicked profane Monster Charles the First was, to let People fetch a Walk, Play at Cricket, and go aSkaiting on the Sabbath. Made him read Prynne's *Histrio Matrix Killing no Murder*, &c. Repeated to him the crying Sin of Fornication, Swearing and taking the Lord's Name in vain, made him get by Heart how Mr. Pride the Drayman, Mr. Hewson the Cobler, came to be Colonels, Mr. Praise-God-Barebones the Felmonger a member of Parliament, and Farmer Cromwell of the Isle of Ely Lord High Protector of Great Britain and Ireland. They led him to Church every Sabbath, where he spent five hours twice a day, hearing the Minister preach about David's Rebellion against Saul, about Agag and the Amalakites, Binding Kings in Chains and Nobles in Fetters of Iron, the glorious Achievements of Joshua at the Siege and Surrender of Jericho, the Priests of Baal, &c. Their Fathers were a Sagacious Sort of Men, and hearing that Boys sometimes made Acquaintances at Eton that proved very Advantageous to them when they engaged in Business and the World, sent them there contrary to the Custom of their Ancestors and of their Relations. These Boys did not appear to be so bad as Car., Vir., and Mar., but some how or other they were much less beloved by the whole College. They rarely mix'd with the rest of the Boys; if they did it was only to set them against the Doctor, calling him a cruel abominable Tyrant: that he design'd to give them harder Tasks, flog them more than ever, and keep them at Eton all the Holidays. If a Boy happened to take the Lord's Name in Vain they would give him a Knock in the Face, and tell him the D—l would carry him to H—l in his sleep. They never play'd at Cricket, Fives, Leap-Frog or any other Game with the rest. When they bought Apples they stole into a Corner and eat them by themselves; if they saw any of the Youngsters with an Orange or a Cheesecake they would snatch it out of his hand, vow it was theirs, that they had stole it out of their Pockets; if they dar'd to complain they gave him a Kick on the Breech, bade him go and complain to the Doctor, the Doctor might K—ss their A—. These Boys would have been infallibly expell'd, but they had a great number of very near Relations very unlike themselves; to whom the Doctor had the highest Obligations, who condemned their undutiful Behaviour as much at

Ah! cruel fate, alas! how soon
 Their idle, truant Race is run.
 Lo! Father comes, with wild Affright,
 Their glorious Noon is chang'd to Night:
 Question'd poor Things, they cry and pray,
 "T'was H-n---k,* A---s,† led the way.²⁰
 They call'd the Masters Rogues and Fools,
 Swore 'twas a Shame to be such Tools;
 That Ushers all were hellish Imps,
 The Servants Scoundrels, Rogues and Pimps!
 Combin'd, the Scholars to defraud,
 To pamper, cozen, wh--e or baud;
 That Boys were all by Nature free,
 And College Laws rank Slavery.

least as himself. They had been confin'd several Months to their Chambers, to hard Study, when the Author last heard of them: and were not to be released till they had publicly acknowledged their Faults on their bare Knees, asked the Doctor's forgiveness, solemnly promis'd to be good Boys for the future, and received a very severe and exemplary Flogging.

There was at the College a young Gentleman of the Name of Can., the only Scholar of any consequence who was not invited to the *Dormer's Arms*, because they knew it would have been to no purpose. Can. was a very polite, good-natur'd, sprightly young cavalier, danc'd the best Minuet of any Boy in the School, had rode the great Horse, very brave and an excellent Fencer; he had lately been remov'd from another public School, where he had been very hardly used, seldom had his Belly full, was flogg'd unmercifully by the Master, Ushers and Praeposters for the slightest Fault or Mistake, and kicked and cuff'd about by all the Servants of the College; of whom he never durst complain, for fear of worse Treatment. Finding this so very different from the School he had left, he conceiv'd a great Affection and reverence for Doctor Barnet, and behaved so modestly and dutifully that there never was a single Complaint against him. Can. was much liked by the Boys who were acquainted with him, always chearful and obliging, laughing, singing and dancing, never complaining. If at any Marid' eve, Malagorge, Navire-gage, Dicksils, Oyseau-blue, Temps, Cuillier, or any other of the discontented Boys began to insinuate any Thing in a round-about way against the Doctor, his Ushers or Praeposters, or the Rules of the College, it was a sort of Gibberish he had never been used to. He would stare, shake his head, shrug up his Shoulders, Mutter "Nontong Pas, Comprong rieng de too Slau, Allong, Joung." If Mass. spoke out and call'd the Doctor Tyrant and the Ushers Scoundrels in plain Terms, he fell in a furious Passion, kick'd 'em and cuff'd em like a Madman. At last they let him alone, flatter'd him always to his Face and abus'd him behind his Back; for he had given many of them a black Eye, and they were more afraid of him than of the Doctor, Ushers, Praepostors and Servants all joined in a body.

*Hancock. †Adams.

²⁰ The Characters of these young Gentlemen are too well-known to need any Description, as their Fellow-creature the Author sincerely pities them, as a real Friend to the Doctor and his Scholars: He wishes them Repentance, Euthanasia, and the Forgiveness of the Father of Mercies.

For naughty Language,²¹ he had held,
 Foresaw he must be soon expell'd;
 Laugh'd at our idle, boyish fears,
 Set us with Ushers by the Ears,
 Let Fly in Master's Face, a F--t,
 And cried G-d d--n him, let's desert."

Cowards when sober, bold when drunk,
 At thoughts of Birch, their Spirits sunk,
 Their Shillings prodigally spent,
 Conscious of Weakness, they relent;
 Acknowledge they have play'd the Fool,
 Repent, return, are flogg'd in School;
 And by their suff'rings wiser grown,
 Their just Subordination own.
 Some of the Lads, perchance have Sense,
 Talents, and Wit, and Eloquence:
 But want Experience, Practice, Knowledge,
 And think the Cock-pit,²² Eton College,
 Like them, the Men whom Worlds unborn
 Shall name with horror, grief, and scorn;
 Their Mem'ries and their Deeds detest,
 Who robb'd a Land supremely blest,
 Of sacred Rights, their Sires possesst. }
 As savage fierce, as savage raw,
 Averse from Order, Power and Law;
 Less fit for Senates than for Toys,
 In politicks, at best but Boys,
 Are these the Men to bring Salvation
 To a distress'd, unhappy Nation;
 Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
 'Tis Licence this, not Liberty.

²¹ "Oh, Absalom, my Son, my Son," Not long ago an Acquaintance of the Author, who affectionately laments his undutiful Behaviour: A young Gentleman to whom "God has given rare Talents, but the Devil the Application of them." *O quid agis? Fortitur occupa Portum.*

²² The Chamber where the Privy Council of Great Britain sits.

The Men who make Revenge their Rule,
 By which to judge of Knave, and Fool;
 Who tho' no Kingdom can exist,
 Without at least, some civil List,
 Swear that all mortal Men in Place,
 Are void of Honour, Sense, and Grace.
 Forget what once they learnt at School,
 That Burrhus, was nor Knave nor Fool;
 That Barnevelt, Colbert, Sully too,
 All claim'd their Pensions as their Due;
 That Somers, C--t--m,* M--s----d,† More,
 Heroes and Statesmen many a Score;
 Receiv'd rich Salaries, or what's worse,
 Titles and Pensions, (Rogues of Course.)
 That Hampden, Pym, and fierce St. John,²³
 Were all with Place and Pension won;
 But like true Patriots, did resign,
 And scorn'd to act like Cataline.
 Forget that high Rewards are due,
 To Men who're able, just, and true;
 That they themselves, each passing Year
 Their ----- take, with Conscience clear;
 Griev'd only 'cause 'tis much below,
 The hidden Talents they could show:
 Who swear no Honour, Virtue, Grace,
 Is proof against a Bribe, or Place;
 Leave us full fairly to conclude,
 (What else would be unjust and rude;)

That being but poor frail Men, at best,
 Their virtue ne'er had stood the Test:

* Chatham. † Lord Mansfield.

²³ See Whitelock, the most candid Historian or Journalist, &c., of the Times of which he writ.

That Title, Pension, Power, or Place,
 Or Rank, had alter'd quite the Case.
 Made Opposition, Fiends accurs'd,
 Made B--e* a Saint, made M--s---d just:
 Made N---h† the Gift of bounteous Heaven,
 And Virtue dwell with pure St. Stephen,²⁴
 Made them all foam, and "swear by G-d,
 "A better King, on Earth ne'er trod;
 A better King, ye Rebel Crew,
 Than d---n your B-----s ye ever knew."
 Can men disguis'd in Virtue's Mein,
 To wreak their mad, vindictive Spleen;
 Who spurn Religion, Law, Obedience,
 And damn as Slav'ry, just Allegiance,
 Who fume, and fret, and dart their Stings
 Like Wasps, 'gainst Ministers and Kings;
 Who roar, 'tis glorious to oppose,
 The Patron, by whose Love they rose.
 Virtuous and grateful, just and fair,
 To starve the Sire, to please the Heir;
 Unfit for Court or Camp, or City,
 Without Remorse, or Love or Pity.
 Squand'ring a wretched, frantic Life,
 In sowing jealousies and Strife;
 Can Men who all Subjection hate,
 Prove Subjects true to any state,
 Submit their furious boisterous Souls,
 To legal Pow'r, or just Controuls:
 Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
 They wear the Mask of Liberty.

* Lord Bute. † Lord North.

²⁴ The Chamber where the Commons of Great Britain sit.

The Men who like a Trooper swear,²⁵
 And neither God nor Devil fear;
 Who shake their Sides at holy Writ,
 Spout Smut and Blasphemy for wit:
 And while they damn their Souls to Hell,
 Swear Hell's a lie, the Parsons tell.
 Can they with Covenanters dine,
 Get drunk with Rum, instead of Wine;
 Preserve unmov'd a jovial Face,
 Whilst snuffing Fanaticks say Grace.
 To puritanic Modes conform,
 Whom God, nor Man, could e'er reform;
 Long Hours in Conventicle sit,
 For Taverns, Brothels, only fit;
 Hear ghostly Pastors cant and chide,
 With Texts and Comments they deride.
 Midst bawdy Catches, nurtur'd long,
 In Chorus join, of Heavenly Song!
 Curb their impetuous, lawless Fires
 When artless Maidens raise Desires.
 Will they those Charter Rights maintain,
 They treated erst with high Disdain;
 To legal Power, who drink d-----n,
 Truckle to H-n---k's Proclamation;
 And march, encamp, retire, or stand,
 As General P--n-m,* shall command,
 Ah! surely, no it cannot be.
 They'd d--n to H-ll, such Liberty.

²⁵ Some of the Features described in the following Lines are common to many of the Author's intimate Friends and Acquaintance, for whom he feels the sincerest Affection and Respect: Men possessed of all the heathenish Virtues in the highest Degree; if they do not possess every Virtue it is the fate of Humanity. He supposes that liberal Taste and Habits to be incompatible with the Manners of the Covenanters of New England. "Oh my Soul, come not thou into their Assemblies; to their Councils mine Honour be not thou united."

* Putnam

The Men whose envious Souls repine,
 Unless they're rais'd aloft, to shine;
 Who think no Place their proper Sphere,
 Save where they rule, and domineer;
 Men vain, aspiring, insolent,
 On lawless Pow'r and Int'rest bent,
 Prone by Defect of Head and Heart,
 To act each bold, flagitious Part;
 To whom sweet, humble Peace serene,
 Appears a dull, insipid Scene:
 And deaf to Pity's sacred Voice
 In Tumults, Riots, Broils rejoice,
 Intent, as Hunger dire on Food,
 On Rapes, Adult'ry, Spoils, and Blood;
 With wild Ambition raving mad,
 Tyrants in Garb of Freedom clad,
 The Laws of God and Man defy,
 With furious Mein and Blood-shot Eye;
 Haggard, from Discord's fatal Lap,
 Display the sacred Staff and Cap.²⁶
 And Freedom's Ensigns fair pervert,
 To pierce fair Freedom to the Heart;
 Who bid us all, to Arms resort,
 That they may reap delicious Sport;
 Who'd rather see us all in Hell,
 Than wisely scruple to rebel,
 Who boast no Daughter, Wife or Son,
 Nor care if this dear Land's undone.

²⁶ Ensigns of Liberty, not as they are engrav'd on the Front of a certain American Newspaper. It would be an Affront to the Understandings of such consummate Politicians as the Printer, Designer and Engraver employed in that Paper, to insinuate that they were ignorant even of the very Ensigns of legal Liberty; possibly therefore they were designed as Hieroglyphicks, to signify that particular Species of Liberty for which they and their Friends the Chartres, Renaults and Lotharios of this Country so nobly contend. The Hint may peradventure have been taken from the pathetic Complaint of the indignant *Belvidera* to her husband, in the tragedy of *Venice Preserved, or a Plot Discover'd*: "No sooner was I laid on my sad Bed" &c.

Quicumque, impudicus, adulter, ganeo, manu, ventre pene, bona patria, lacetaverat: quiquealimum aes grande constaverat" &c.

Thirsting for War, for fighting Sake,
 Alike to them what Part they take;
 Whether unjust, or just the Cause,
 To shield, or to subvert the Laws.

As G----e,* or H----k† gives the Word,
 They draw th' impatient, murd'ring Sword:
 Be Men, or Measures bad or good,
 Fond to imbrue their Hands in Blood;
 Would you trust Men in any Cause,
 Who love not God, nor Man, nor Laws.
 Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
 Or farewell, sacred Liberty.

Great Shade of Locke,²⁷ immortal Sage!
 Bright Glory of thy Land, and Age.
 Apostle blest! of Toleration!
 Benign to every Sect and Nation:
 Friend to Mankind, in Mercy given,
 The choicest Boon of bounteous Heaven;
 To curb the lawless Tyrants Rule,
 And rescue Slaves from Filmer's School;
 Refute what Hobbes, what Oxford dreamt,
 And shew the Ends of Government;
 To ridicule the bigot Rules,
 Which Knaves devis'd to govern Fools;
 To prove in spite of pedant claims,
 God made not Men for Charles, or James.
 But bid them Tyrant Pow'r controul,
 Nor let a Part enslave the Whole;
 To shew that Nature, common Sense,
 Gave them the Rights of Self-defence.

*Gage. †Hancock.

²⁷ See Life of Mr. Locke, *Biographica Britannica*.

To prove when Kings the Laws invade,
 By Nature, God, or Compacts made,
 And claim like Hell, the Right divine
 To treat Mankind like Herds of Swine;
 To rob or murder, as they lift,
 'Tis just and virtuous, to resist.
 That James full justly lost his Crown,
 And Laws of old, of high Renown;
 By Valour, Wisdom, all restor'd,
 Made great Nassau our lawful Lord.
 Patriot! and Legislator wise!
 Look down with Pity, from the Skies!
 Behold a vain, deluded Race,
 Thy venerable Name disgrace;
 As Casuists false, as Savage rude,
 With Glosses weak, with Comments crude.
 Pervert thy fair, instructive Page,
 To Sanctify licentious Rage;
 To form some wild, ideal Plan,
 And break the Laws of God, and Man.
 Oh! let thy bright Example show,
 What Subjects to their Sovereigns owe;
 Thou liv'dst when Britain's glorious land
 Was torn by Faction's daring Hand.
 When Foreign Gold, when Gallic Bribes,
 Seduc'd the sordid venal Tribes;
 When William's self, that Land to save,²⁸
 Was forc'd to bribe each factious Knave:
 When every Sect by turns complain'd,
 And curst the Hour that William reign'd.
 Call'd Freedom's guardian, Virtue's Pride,
 Usurper, Tyrant, Parricide;

²⁸ See Burnet, whose authority the Author presumes is rarely called in Question by the Whigs of this Country.

Stunn'd gaping Crouds, with Tales of Woe
 Of Darien's Host, and sad Glencoe.
 Mid'st these mad Conflicts, vain Alarms,
 Say, did'st thou call the Land to Arms!
 Declare the solemn Compact broke,
 And Subjects free from William's Yoke.

Thou know'st that Subjects, Statesmen, Kings,
 Are frail, impure, imperfect Things;
 The polish'd Town, the Savage Wood,
 Comparatively bad, or good.
 That More's, St. Piere's, and Plato's Themes,
 Are all but flatt'ring, Golden Dreams;
 Know'st that a perfect, legal Plan,
 No more exists, than perfect Man.
 That Wisdom warns us not to grieve
 For Ills, that Wisdom can't relieve;
 Thou know'st, to mark the gradual Lines
 From Nero, to the Antonines.
 That Freedom, ev'n in Gallia reigns,
 Compar'd with Asia's hapless Plains;
 Compar'd with Gallia's boastful Page,
 Great William's was a Golden Age:
 Compar'd with That, still happier This,
 The Age of Freedom, Age of Bliss.
 Blind Superstitious Zeal, no more
 Bids Hood-wink't timid Fools adore,
 And crouch to Usurpation dire,
 On pain of God's eternal Ire.
 No more deluded Mortals fight,
 For vain, hereditary Right;
 No more the murd'ring Sword is drawn,
 For Pastor's Cloak or Prelate's Lawn.

Now Whig and Tory, Country, Court,
 No longer make the Rabble sport;
 Now Subjects, Monarchs, all combine,
 To laugh at cant of Right Divine.
 Appeal to common Sense, for all,
 And think like Thee, of good St. Paul;²⁹
 Thy general Truth's by all confest,
 And noisy Faction lull'd to Rest.
 Some Ray of thy pervading Mind
 Oh, shed on Mortals, weak and blind;
 Their wand'ring Steps to Truth recal,
 Oh save Them, save Them, e'er they fall.
 Teach them to view th' historick Page,
 To trace the Scenes of every Age;
 To look o'er Asia's, Africk's Coast,
 And see Mankind in Slavery lost.
 Born to fair Nature's equal Law,
 Doom'd to hew Wood, and Water draw;

²⁹ General as these Reflections are on the Doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non Resistance, it has occurred to the Author since he writ them that they may be wrested to gratify the Malignity of Party Zeal, into a personal Reflection.

Even the Name of the Gentleman who writ the *Friendly Address* is unknown to him: he never read a Pamphlet truer to its Title, or that appeared to be written with a more benevolent intention. It would be well for this Country if they could distinguish their true Friends. It is vulnerable in one small part only: in the rest invincible. No Man who has read the *Citizen* of Hobbes, the Decrees of Oxford, the wretched shifts that Bishop Burnet had recourse to in order to accommodate the Doctrine of his Church to the Revolution, or the bungling of the learned Grotius in endeavouring to reconcile capital Punishment, War and Resistance with the Meekness of the Gospel: no Man of Candour and good will, can wonder at or be angry with the Author of the *Friendly Address*. It is one of the sad effects of such Times as these to force Men of certain Tempers to fly for Refuge into the gloomy regions of Passive Obedience and Non Resistance. This was the case of Hobbes, and of the University of Oxford, of many other Men, and of Bodies of Men, possessed of too much Benevolence, Virtue, Learning and Abilities to be treated with petulant or arrogant Content. Such Men fly from Anarchy into these dismal but peaceful Retreats; they do not wish to remain there. Under a James the Second, Oxford and others retracted.

Naturam expelles furca: tamen usque recurret.

With the good leave of St. Peter and St. Paul, had the Author lived in the days of Nero with his present Opinions and Feelings, he would have united with Mr. A—s Mr. H—k, yea, with the Generation of Vipers, and under the Auspices of— —(could he have been assured that he would not have deserted them and gone over to the Enemy) have done his utmost to tumble Nero from his Misnud. Thank God.

*Non tali auxilio, nec desensoribus istis
 Tempus eget.*

The Weak, the Strong, the Young, the Old,
 Like Cattle bought, like Cattle sold;
 Their Wives, their Daughters, bed and board,
 At will of some imperious Lord.
 Fawning like Spaniels, train'd and link't,
 And every free born Thought extinct;
 The Book of Knowledge fair conceal'd,
 And Heaven's most sacred Laws repeal'd.

See ev'n in Europe's happier Climes,
 Popes, Emperors, Kings, immers'd in Crimes;
 Deaf to kind Love, to Mercy's Call,
 Th' Industrious, Good, and Wise enthrall;
 Form'd from the same Promethean Clay,
 To Nobles, Hirelings, Priests a Prey.

Bid them, some few, short Leagues advance,
 From Albion's Shores, to polish'd France;
 Alas! how soon, how great the Change!
 There bid their Contemplation range.
 There view the blind, sequacious Herds,
 Govern'd by Cowls and monkish Beards;
 See the poor Gaul, whose merry Soul
 Nor Priests, nor Tyrants, can controul;
 Give him his Onion, Soupe, and Bread,
 No idle Cares perplex his Head.
 Intendants, Farmers, Soldiers, Spies
 Unnumbered, pass before his Eyes,
 He sees them all, and never sighs. }
 Judges corrupt, and Racks, and Wheels,
 Hang o'er his Head, he nothing feels;
 Contented, in his humble Sphere,
 To mind his Work, the Laws revere,

As Sprightly as the Wine he Quaffs,
Midst dire Oppression sings, and Laughs.

Woes of next Cent'ry ne'er revolves,
Nor breaks his Rest with Town Resolves;
Of Slav'ry, nor of Want, complains,
But sings, and Dances in his Chains.
Such Bliss, a Free-born Briton scorns,
His Breast with gen'rous Ardor burns;
He scorns to be the Tool or Slave,
Of King, or Priest, of Fool, or Knave.
All that Grimace, and Mirth and Glee,
Is mere Insensibility:
That Animal, in human Shape,
Is but at best a merry Ape;
Plunder'd, of every natural Right,
And plung'd in Ignorance dark as Night.
His Intellects as gross, and dull
As Bear, or Ass, or Horse, or Bull;
Doom'd to the same, insipid State,
Born but to feed, and Propagate.
Is this the boasted, happy Gaul!
How blest then, every Animal!
Yet even an Ape, a Bear, or Goose,
Is happier much, than Men let loose;
From all restraints of God and Man,
In search of wild, ideal Plan.
Sate with Pleasure, Wealth, and Ease,
And left to do whate'er they please;
Yet ev'n in France, in shackl'd France,
Midst Want and Slav'ry, Song and Dance:
E'en there, the Friends to Truth and You,
Helvetius, Diderot, Montescue;

D'Alembert, Rousseau, Marmontel
 In spite of Slav'ry lov'd, to dwell.
 Yet there the Wise, the gay Voltaire,
 Freedom's and Candor's lineal Heir;
 There form'd his sweet instructive Page,
 To curb the Priests', the Tyrant's Rage,
 To scourge, divert, and mend the Age.
 Nor chang'd, for Brunswick's mild Command,
 The Pleasures of his native Land:
 Midst Power despotic, Monkish Cells,
 Thy Beccaria peaceful dwells.
 These chosen few, the Wise, and Great,
 Lament their hapless Country's Fate;
 View all with Philosophick Eyes,
 See thro' the Gaudy, thin Disguise.
 Vile Tartuffes, Sorbonne, all combin'd,
 To check the Free-born, gen'rous Mind:
 Like Harpies, grieve to lose their Prey,
 Like Goblins, fly at dawn of Day;
 And damn Philosophy to Hell,
 That dares to break the Magic Spell.

They know why Men from Woods and Caves,
 Consented to be partial Slaves;
 United Intrests, Hopes, and Fears,
 Rather than live like Wolves and Bears,
 Resign'd their Wills to just Controul,
 And gave a Part to guard the Whole.
 They see the social Compact broke,
 They feel the heavy, galling Yoke;
 See Virtue, Honour, prostrate laid,
 Fair, equal Liberty betray'd.
 See Vice triumphant, Worth disgrac'd,
 Truth, Mercy, Justice, all effac'd;

Men born to Freedom abject Slaves,
 The Property of Fools and Knaves.
 See Kings whom God and Men design'd,
 The Friends and Fathers of Mankind;
 The Laws of God and Man oppose,
 And treat their Subjects as their Foes.

Yet ev'n in wretched Lands like these,
 True Wisdom finds Content, and Ease;
 Knows that these Ills, are gentler far,
 Than horrid Discords, civil War.
 Fatal Resource! sad last Relief!
 From just, substantial, real Grief;
 From Woes that urge, to wild Despair,
 From Ills that Patriots scorn to bear.
 On Wisdom's Arm, great sacred Shield,
 Not made for vulgar Hands to wield;
 Not made for Sport, like idle Toys,
 For peevish, froward, thoughtless Boys.
 For Lies, which factious Knaves obtrude,
 On the poor, ign'rant Multitude;
 For wild Chimeras, idle Dreams,
 Causeless Complaints, and airy Schemes.
 To combat Wind-Mills, wage with Sheep.³⁰
 Reserv'd our sacred Rights to keep,
 When Giant Power makes Millions weep.

³⁰ Alluding to the well known Life of a very amiable worthy Country Gentleman whose Imagination, by an intense Application to a certain favourite Study became so disorder'd that his Ideas of Right and Wrong and of the most common Inconveniencies, Accidents and Occurrences of Life were wholly unlike those of other Men. He had been many Years a member of a very respectable Club, and was as much esteemed by his Brother Members, and treated with as much Kindness, as any Man. From the Moment that he was seized with this strange, fatal Delirium he became another Sort of Man, always discontented, for ever complaining that he was shoved down to the lower end of the Table, had not his share of Fat, could not get a Bit of the Green, &c., that they were always plotting against him at the Upper End of the Table. That they constantly took Advantage of his occasional Absence, and never waited for his Consent when they made any new Rules for the Club. When the Reckoning was called for he would throw down a Half-penny, and swear till he was black in the Face, that it was as good a Guinea as ever came from the Mint. He would take a common Farmer for a Field-Marshal,

When Tyrants fierce give just Alarms,
 The gallant Patriot calls to Arms;
 Reluctant calls, from patriot Love,
 Lest Arms alas! successful prove.

Wisdom recalls the League, the Fronde,³¹
 The Thousands slain, on Gallic Ground;
 Recalls that black, infernal Night,³²
 Recalls, and shudders at the Sight;
 When Cath'rine, Charles and fierce Tavanne,
 To Deeds of Horror led the Van;
 When Seine's fair Stream his Banks o'erflow'd,
 All swoln with native, kindred Blood:

a Plowman for a Lieutenant General, a set of Puppets for Ministers, Statesmen and Kings; a Wind-mill for some blood-thirsty gigantic Tyrant, and a Flock of harmless Animals for an Army of the Enemy. He constantly mistook his Friends for his Foes and his Foes for his Friends, herded with the lowest and vilest of the Rabble, and shunned the society of his old Companions, the Clergyman of the Parish, his Neighbour the Gentleman Farmer, Squire Question, Squire Tensis and others, with whom he had formerly lived very happily and in great intimacy: who sincerely lamented his strange Delusion, and spared no Pains to divert him from the Study of those absurd Romances which had been the fatal cause of it: such as the Works of Don Malagorge, Don Pouleqoc, Don Dicksils, Don Obispo Naviregage, and above all the fabulous and monstrous History of the Reign and Achievements of Sincantrois, frequently expostulating with him in the warmest and most affectionate Terms, and warning him if he persisted in it, that he would infallibly beggar himself, his Family and Relations, rot in a jail, come to be hanged or die under a Hedge. In return for their friendly Advice he called them a Pack of Scoundrels, Lyars, Pickpockets, Sycophants and Traitors, and swore they had been bribed to ruin him by Don Jorge, a noble Duke of whom he held his Estate by the Tenure of Fealty and Homage. Every Body remembers how he took up his Lodgings one Night at a Hedge Ale-house, and thought himself in a magnificent Castle, dreamt that he was attacked by a furious Giant, jumpt out of Bed, ran to his Sword, attacked a Hogshead of Red Wine, broached the Hogshead and let out all the Wine about the Chamber, and on the Landlord's insisting upon being paid for his Wine laughed at him for a Blockhead, swore it was the blood of a Giant whom he had slain in Defence of him and his Castle, damned him for an insolent ungrateful Scoundrel, and threatened to cut his Ears off.

It is well known likewise how he put to flight all the Magistrates of the District, released a gang of Thieves, Pickpockets, Highwaymen and Murderers, and let them loose upon the industrious innocent Inhabitants: how they fell upon their Deliverer, and how he narrowly escaped with his Life.

31 See Thuanus, Davila, Brantôme, Henriade, L'Esprit de la Ligue, De Set, Rochefoucault, Jolly, Nemours, &c. It is much to be wished that the Details of Civil War were more generally known in America than they appear to be; the Horror of a Civil War is become a standing Joke among a very numerous Body of Americans. The Author has been assured that it is very common to the Wild Geese of this Country to fly against a Light House in the Night, and dash themselves to Pieces. The same Cause may perhaps be assigned for both.

32 The Night of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Recalls mad Clement, fierce Chatel,
 Ravallac, arm'd with Powers from Hell,
 When virtuous, godlike Bourbon fell. }
 Alas! the Liberties they sought
 For which Coligny, Condé fought,
 Subdu'd, and prostrate, still remain,
 And wretched Millions fell in vain.
 Recalls Phillippi's fatal Field
 Where Virtue's self was forc'd to yield;
 Where Heroes found untimely Graves,
 And left free Romans, abject Slaves.

Oh! didst thou live in George's Reign,
 And heard'st the Knaves, and Fools complain,
 The Fools, deluded by the Knaves,
 Complain they're worse than Galley Slaves.
 The mad, the ign'rant Knaves, complain,
 Midst Ease, and Wealth of Want, and Pain,
 With Doctrines borrow'd from the Clouds,
 Delude the stolid gaping Crouds:
 Doctrines absurd and crude, and new,
 And swear, they learnt them all from you.
 How would thy breast indignant feel
 Alternate Scorn, and patriot Zeal!
 Alas! vain Men, how blind! how weak!
 Give them the Liberty they seek;
 Grant all their vain, their fond Desires,
 Grant all that ev'ry Fool requires.
 Let them convene, in vagrant Bands,
 To play at Questions, and Commands,
 In tatter'd Garb, with squallid Mein,
 Like Children, play at King and Queen.
 Let them, round Freedom's sacred Pole,
 Quaff Toddy from the flowing Bowl.

The Tyler's, Cade's, and Straw's debate,
 The dread Arcanas of the State.
 Issue their Mandates, near and far,
 On Pain of Feathers and of Tar,
 Pierce thro' dark Night, with gummy Eyes,
 And see an Empire, vast arise.
 (Since 'tis a Truth, by all confest,
 That Arts, and Empires, travel West,³³)
 An Empire vast, by Heav'n declar'd,
 With which each other State compar'd,
 From Delly, to renown'd Calcut,
 Is not much bigger than a Nut,
 From Ispahan to Neufchatel,
 Is but the veriest Bagatelle.
 That isle, so blest by George's Sway,
 Is but the Needle in the Hay.³⁴
 Claim Pow'r supreme, by Right Divine,
 From Acady, to Caroline.
 The Pow'r and Glory of a State,
 By Quantities of Acres rate.³⁵
 Let them, great Legislators fit,
 Instruct, advise, forbid, permit,
 Sole Judges of their private Weal,
 As they demand, enact, repeal.

33 A very cogent Argument frequently urged with much Gravity, to prove the approaching Splendor of North America.

34 A very prevailing mode of Thinking and Talking of the insignificant little Island of Britain.

35 If the Author does not mistake it was a remark of Dean Berkeley that a Man might possess fifty Thousand Acres of Land in North America, and not know where to get a Dinner. The Dean was in the Right. It is the melancholly Case at this Day of innumerable American Landholders. *Experto crede Roberto.*

This Pre-eminence so much boasted of will in the Author's humble Opinion prove for many Centuries to come fatal to the Establishment of Manufactories, to permanent Independence, to mutual Defence and to lasting Peace.

Fleets, Armies, Hirelings, Viceroy's, all
 The pension'd Slaves of Courts recall.
 Let Cobblers, Tinkers, Butchers, prate
 At Will, of deep Affairs of State;
 Relate their Suff'rings o'er and o'er,
 Of Tea, of Tax, and Compacts roar,
 Till Pow'r supreme to Babes devolves,
 And every Suckling lisps Resolves.

Poor giddy Wights, without pretence
 To Age, Experience, Parts, or Sense:
 Yet dare to judge of Men and Things,
 And think themselves as great as Kings;
 Leave them their idle Course to run,
 In two short Years, they'd be undone.

Thus oft, a cocker'd, pamper'd Child,
 By fond maternal Love is spoil'd.
 Froward and petulant, and rash,
 Neglects his Books, and feeds on Trash;
 Flies in his aged Parent's Face,
 For Whims that Age and Sense disgrace.
 A weak, ungrateful, booby Son,
 Sullen, controul'd; if pleas'd, undone:
 Let him pursue his idle Way,
 'Twou'd be one glorious Holiday;
 Let the poor Thing his Fancy please,
 He'd perish soon by dire Disease
 Unconscious of the Woes to come,
 Unmindful of his future Doom,
 How rough the World, compar'd with Home.
 When left alone, on Life's sad Stage,
 When anxious Cares his Thoughts engage,

Of Parent's fost'ring Aid bereft,
 To the wide World, an Orphan left.
 Too late, the fatal Truth perceives,
 Too late reflects, and vainly grieves,
 His Parent fondly was beguil'd,
 Had spar'd the Rod, and spoil'd the Child.
 Teach them, wise Patriot, t'obey,
 The mild Commands of Brunswick's Sway;
 Bid them the Tyrant's Pow'r defy,
 In Freedom live, for Freedom die;
 But Oh! instruct them first to know,
 Tyrants from Sov'reigns, Friend from Foe,
 Freedom, from wild licentious Schemes, }
 Just, legal Rights, from idle Dreams, }
 The golden Mean, from mad Extremes. }
 Like Prophets, erst in Mercy sent,
 To bid offending Worlds repent.
 Recall their wand'ring Steps, to Truth,
 Look down, with Pity, on their Youth.
 Wanton, and proud, in Nature's Bloom,
 Unconscious of impending Doom.
 Whilst George's fond, paternal Hand,
 Ling'ring suspends the stern Command;
 Ere hostile, conqu'ring Fleets appear,
 Benignant check their mad Career.
 Ere yet avenging Hosts prepare
 To shake the Land with horrid War.
 Save them, from that sad Scene of Woes, }
 Where thankless Sons their Sires oppose; }
 Where Sires and Sons are mortal Foes; }
 Where Moonstruck Zealots, fierce despise
 Nature's endearing, sacred Ties;
 Where Ruffians gain unblest Applause
 By violated Faith, and Laws.

Where fair earn'd Wealth, Possessions fair,
Are torn from many a rightful Heir;
Where Lust of Pow'r and guilty Joys,
Sweet Peace and Innocence destroys;
Impostors vile to Pow'r aspire,
Honour and Worth abash'd, retire.
Retire, and see their native Lands
Plunder'd by bold rapacious Hands.
Unpitying Bands, fair Seats destroy,
Of dear domestic, social Joy;
See many a Field and fertile Plain,
Cover'd with kindred Natives slain.

See Friends, Companions, once below'd,
By dire contagious Madness mov'd;
Frantic, and ruthless, pierce the Breast,
Once with dear, mutual Love possest.

Triumphant Crimes pollute the Land,
Consign'd to ev'ry Butcher's Hand;
Spread Desolation like a Flood,
And Brothers shed their Brother's Blood.
Rouse these dear Lands from torpid Sleep,
Ah! rouse them, lest they 'wake to weep;
With Anguish weep, alas! in vain,
For thousands ruin'd, thousands slain.
Let not their fatal Rage despise
The Orphan's Tears, the Widow's Sighs.
King aged Parents left forlorn,
Their hapless, murder'd Sons to mourn;
Dear, pious Sons, whose frantic Eye
Beholds their Sires untimely die;
And Ruffians, rushing to destroy
Soft Charms, reserv'd for virtuous Joy.

Snatch this short fleeting Interval,
Their wand'ring Senses to recal.
Warn them of their impending Fate,
Lest sad Repentance comes too late.
Bid them survey the Realms above,
The blissful Seats of Peace and Love,
Yet there, even there, a rebel Crew,
That Peace, that Love, could joyless view;
See God immortal Joys prepare,
Yet Joys immortal scorn to share.
Plac'd by the Side of Pow'r divine,
Yet 'midst that Glory, could repine.
View Pow'r supreme with envious Eye,
And God's Omnipotence defy:
To Envy, Rage, and Malice prone,
Invade th' indulgent Father's Throne,
Till by just Wrath the Traitors fell,
Headlong from Heav'n, to endless Hell.

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