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JOHN TRUMBULL ESQ.~

M'FINGAL:

A MODERN

E P I C P O E M,

IN

FOUR CANTOS.

By JOHN TRUMBULL, Esq.

EMBELLISHED

WITH NINE COPPER PLATES;

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY E. TISDALE.

THE FIRST EDITION WITH PLATES,
AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum
Auditoris: et est quædam tamem hic quoque virtus;
Est brevitæ opus ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures.
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocofo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris, atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas consulto. Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.

Horat. Lib. 1. Sat. 10.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY JOHN BUEL, No. 132. FLY-MARKET,
M, DCC, XCV.

1795



EDITORS PREFACE

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION,

WITH PLATES.

THE following Poem was first published in 1782, in the state of Connecticut, where the Author was born, and received his education, and where he now resides. It has passed through several impressions in this country, and Great-Britain, and has obtained universal celebrity.

In 1792 a splendid edition of it appeared in London, with explanatory notes. So far as these notes contain facts, and serve to elucidate passages, which would be otherwise obscure, they are retained

in this edition: But as that London edition was published to answer the purposes of a party, and the Editor has taken the liberty to misrepresent the views of the Author, the preface and such of the notes as were inserted for that purpose, are here omitted. This is done at the request of the author, with whose permission, this edition is offered to the American public.

The design of the Poem will best appear from its general tenor. The Author, at the time the opposition of America to the unjust claims of the British Parliament, was maturing into system, lived in Boston with one of the principal projectors of American Independence. He espoused the cause of his country, and became intimately acquainted with the transactions of the early revolutionists, and all the measures of the British agents, to counter-act the opposition. This appears by a number of Anecdotes, very humorously related, in the course of the Poem.

That the Author is a warm friend of American Independence, is obvious, from the whole tenor of the work; and the principal scope of the Poem seems to have been, to ridicule the claims of the British Parliament, and the measures pursued to enforce those claims. At the same time, the absurdities and misconduct of his own countrymen have not escaped his notice.

The Author is no friend to monarchy, nor aristocracy; nor is he a raving democrat. He is a friend of republican government, and rational liberty—that liberty which is secured by just laws, and a steady administration of justice. But it is not true that the Poem was written with the sole view to ridicule any particular form of government.

The scene of the Poem is laid in Massachusetts, where the Revolution originated. The time is in 1775. M'FINGAL the hero, is designed to represent the tory fac-

tion in general: and HONORIUS, the whigs.

It is unnecessary to say any thing of the merit of the Poem. This is universally acknowledged; and the Poem will continue to be read and admired, while true taste and science adorn the civilized world. The Philosopher in his closet, the traveller on his voyage, and the man of business at his fire-side, will always find M'FINGAL, an instructive friend, and a pleasant companion.

The Editors have taken particular pains, to render this edition, worthy of public patronage. The explanatory notes will give this impression a great advantage over any American edition. Indeed without them, many passages alluding to local customs, or descriptive of local transactions, could not be understood by a great proportion of readers.

But the *Plates* added to this edition, are an improvement on all former ones,

and cannot fail to give it a decided preference.

In every respect the Editors flatter themselves, the elegance of the work will do justice to this admired Poem; and they confide in the liberality of their countrymen, to give due encouragement to this specimen of American genius and industry.

THE Notes in this Edition marked with inverted Commas, were inserted by the Author in the first Edition ; those that are not so marked, are principally extracted and altered from a London Edition, Printed in the Year 1792.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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M ' F I N G A L:

C A N T O F I R S T.

The Town-Meeting, A. M.

WHEN Yankees*, skill'd in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school;
Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade;
The true war-dance of Yankey-reels,
And *manual exercise* of heels;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,

* *Yankies*, a term formerly of derision, but now merely of distinction, given to the people of the four Eastern States.

And work, like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out, by fear and trembling ;
Taught Percy fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-chases* :
From Boston, in his best array,
Great 'Squire, M'Fingal, took his way,
And, grac'd with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high descent our heralds trace
To † Ossian's famed Fingalian race ;
For tho' their name some part may lack,
Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac ;
Which great M'Pherson, with submission,
We hope will add the next edition.

His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands
Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands ;
Whence gain'd our 'Squire two gifts by right,
Rebellion and the Second-sight.
Of these the first, in ancient days,
Had gain'd the noblest palms of praise,

* Lord Percy commanded the party that was first opposed by the Americans at Lexington. This allusion to the family-renown of Chevy-Chace arose from the precipitate manner of his quitting the field of battle, and returning to Boston.

† " See Fingal, an ancient Epic Poem, published as the work of Ossian, a Caledonian Bard, of the third century, by James M'Pherson, a Scotch ministerial scribbler."

'Gainst Kings stood forth, and many a crown'd head
With terror of its might confounded;
Till rose a King with potent charm
His foes by goodness to disarm;
Whom ev'ry Scot and Jacobite
Strait fell in love with—at first sight;
Whose gracious speech, with aid of pensions,
Hush'd down all murmers of dissensions,
And with the sound of potent metal,
Brought all their blust'ring swarms to settle;
Who rain'd his ministerial mannas,
Till loud Sedition sung Hosannas;
The good Lords-Bishops and the Kirk
United in the public-work;
Rebellion from the northern regions,
With Bute and Mansfield swore allegiance,
And all combin'd to raze as nuisance,
Of church and state, the constitutions;
Pull down the empire on whose ruins
They meant to edify their new ones;
Enslave the Amer'can wildernesses,
And tear the provinces in pieces.
For these our 'Squire, among the valant'st,
Employ'd his time and tools and talents;
And in their cause, with manly zeal,
Us'd his first virtue to rebel;
And found this new rebellion pleasing
As his old king destroying treason.

Nor less avail'd his optic sleight,
And Scottish gift of second-sight.
No ancient sybil, fam'd in rhyme,
Saw deeper in the womb of time ;
No block in old Dodona's grove,
Could ever more orac'lar prove.
Nor only saw he all that was,
But much that never came to pass ;
Whereby all Prophets far out-went he,
Tho' former days produc'd a plenty :
For any man with half an eye,
What stands before him may espy ;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
As in the days of ancient fame
Prophets and poets were the same,
And all the praise that poets gain
Is, but for what th' invent and feign :
So gain'd our 'Squire his fame by seeing
Such things as never would have being.
Whence he for oracles was grown
The very * tripod of his town.
Gazettes no sooner rose a lye in,
But strait he fell to prophesying ;
Made dreadful slaughter in his course,
O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse ;

* " The Tripod was a sacred three-legged stool, from which the ancient priests uttered their oracles."

Brought armies o'er by sudden pressings,
Of Hanoverians, Swifs, and Hessians;
Feasted with blood his Scottish clan,
And hang'd all rebels to a man;
Divided their estates and pelf,
And took a goodly share himself*.
All this, with spirit energetic,
He did by second-sight prophetic.

Thus stor'd with intellectual riches,
Skill'd was our 'Squire in making speeches,
Where strength of brains united centers
With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.
But as some muskets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And tho' well aim'd at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over :
So far'd our 'Squire, whose reas'ning toil
Would often on himself recoil,
And so much injur'd more his side,
The stronger arg'uments he apply'd ;
As old war-elephants, dismay'd,
Trode down the troops they came to aid,

* This prophecy, like some of the prayers of Homer's heroes, was but half accomplished. The *Hanoverians*, &c. indeed, came over, and much were they *feasted with blood*; but the *hanging of all the Rebels*, and the *dividing their estates*, remain unfulfilled. This, however, cannot be the fault of our Hero, but rather the British Minister, who left off the war before the work was completed,

And hurt their own side more in battle
 Than less and ordinary cattle.
 Yet at town-meetings ev'ry chief
 Pinn'd faith on great M'Fingal's sleeve,
 And, as he motioned all by rote
 Rais'd sympathetic hands to vote.

The town, our Hero's scene of action,
 Had long been torn by feuds of faction;
 And as each party's strength prevails,
 It turn'd up diff'rent heads or tails;
 With constant ratt'ling, in a trice
 Show'd various sides, as oft as dice:
 As that fam'd weaver, * wife t' Ulysses,
 By night each day's-work pick'd in pieces;
 And tho' she stoutly did bestir her,
 Its finishing was ne'er the nearer:
 So did this town with stedfast zeal
 Weave cob-webs for the public weal,
 Which when completed, or before,
 A second vote in pieces tore.
 They met, made speeches full long-winded,
 Resolv'd, protested, and rescinded;
 Addresses sign'd, then chose Committees,
 To stop all drinking of Bohea-teas †;

* Homer's *Odyssæ*

† One of the subjects of dispute, which brought on the war,
 was a tax laid upon tea, on its importation into the then
 Co-

With winds of doctrine veer'd about,
And turn'd all Whig-Committees out.
Meanwhile our Hero, as their head,
In pomp the tory faction led,
Still following, as the 'Squire should please,
Successive on, like files of geese.

And now the town was summon'd, greeting,
To grand parading of town-meeting ;
A show, that strangers might appall,
As Rome's grave senate did the Gaul.
High o'er the rout, on pulpit-stairs †,
Like den of thieves in house of pray'rs
(That house, which loth a rule to break,
Serv'd Heav'n but one day in the week,
Open the rest for all supplies
Of news and politics and lies,)
Stood forth the constable, and bore
His staff, like Merc'ry's wand of yore,
Wav'd potent round, the peace to keep,
As that laid dead men's souls to sleep.

Colonies. And, therefore, one of the weapons of opposition, made use of by the people, was a universal agreement, *not to drink any Tea until the tax should be taken off.* The Committees, here referred to, were called *Committees of Safety* ; part of their business was to watch over the execution of the voluntary regulations made by the people in the several towns.

† In country-towns the town-meeting is generally held in the Church.

Above, and near th' Hermetic staff,
The *moderator's upper half,
In grandeur o'er the cushion bow'd,
Like Sol half-seen behind a cloud.
Beneath stood voters of all colours,
Whigs, tories, orators, and bawlers.
With ev'ry tongue in either faction,
Prepar'd like minute-men†, for action ;
Where truth and falsehood, wrong and right,
Draw all their legions out to fight ;
With equal uproar, scarcely rave
Opposing winds in Æolus' cave ;
Such Dialogues, with earnest face,
Held never Balaam with his ass.

With daring zeal and courage blest
Honorius first the crowd address'd ;
When now our 'Squire, returning late,
Arriv'd to aid the grand debate,
With strange four faces sat him down,
While thus the orator went on :

* *Moderator* is the name commonly given to the chairman or speaker of the town-meeting. He is here seated in the pulpit.

† *Minute-men* were that part of the militia of our country who, being drafted and enrolled by themselves, were prepared to march at a minutes warning, where ever the public safety required.

“—For ages blest, thus Britain rose,
The terror of encircling foes ;
Her heroes rul'd the bloody plain ;
Her conqu'ring standard aw'd the main ;
The diff'rent palms her triumphs grace,
Of arms in war, of arts in peace :
Unharrafs'd by maternal care,
Each rising province flourish'd fair ;
Whose various wealth with lib'ral hand,
By far o'er-paid the parent-land.
But tho' so bright her sun might shine,
'Twas quickly hastening to decline,
With feeble rays, too weak t' assuage,
The damps, that chill the eve of age.”

“ For states, like men, are doom'd as well
Th' infirmities of age to feel ;
And from their different forms of empire,
Are seiz'd with every deep distemper.
Some states high fevers have made head in ;
Which nought could cure but copious bleeding ;
While others have grown dull and dozy,
Or fix'd in helpless idiocy ;
Or turn'd demoniacs to belabour
Each peaceful habitant and neighbor ;
Or vex'd with hypocondriac fits,
Have broke their strength and lost their wits.”

“ Thus now while hoary years prevail,
Good Mother Britain seem'd to fail ;
Her back bent, crippled with the weight
Of age and debts and cares of state :
For debts she ow'd, and those so large
That twice her wealth could not discharge ;
And now 'twas thought so high they'd grown,
She'd break, and come upon the town* ;
Her arms, of nations once the dread,
She scarce could lift above her head ;
Her deafen'd ears ('twas all their hope)
The final trump perhaps might ope,
So long they'd been in stupid mood,
Shut to the hearing of all good ;
Grim Death had put her in his scroll,
Down on to the execution roll ;
And Gallic crows, as she grew weaker,
Began to whet their beaks to pick her.
And now, her pow'rs decaying fast,
Her grand climact'ric had she past,
And just like all old women else,
Fell in the vapours much by spells.
Strange whimsies on her fancy struck,
And gave her brain a dismal shock ;

* *To come upon the town*, that is to become a public charge.
This remark will serve to explain many other allusions to town-regulations in the course of this Poem.

Her mem'ry fails, her judgment ends ;
She quite forgot her nearest friends ;
Lost all her former sense and knowledge,
And fitted fast for Beth'lem college :
Of all the pow'rs she once retain'd,
Conceit and pride alone remain'd.
As eve when falling was so modest
To fancy she should grow a goddess ;
As madmen, straw who long have slept on,
Will stile them, Jupiter, or Neptune :
So Britain, 'midst her airs so flighty,
Now took a whim to be almighty ;
Urg'd on to desp'rate heights of frenzy,
Affirm'd her own Omnipotency* ;
Would rather ruin all her race,
Than 'bate Supremacy an ace ;
Assum'd all rights divine, as grown
The church's head, like good pope Joan :
Swore all the world should bow and skip
To her almighty Goodyship ;
Anath'matiz'd each unbeliever,
And vow'd to live and rule for ever.
Her servants humor'd every whim,
And own'd at once, her power supreme,
Her follies pleas'd in all their stages,

* See the act, declaring that the King and Parliament had
a right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever.

For sake of legacies and wages ;
In **Stephen's Chappel* then in state too
Set up her Golden calf to pray to,
Proclaim'd its pow'r and right divine,
And call'd for worship at its shrine,
And for poor Heretics to burn us
Bade North prepare his fiery furnace ;
Struck bargains with the Romish churches
Infallibility to purchase ;
Set wide for Popery the door,
Made friends with Babel's scarlet whore,
Join'd both the matrons firm in clan ;
No sisters made a better span.
No wonder then, e'er this was over,
That she should make her children suffer,
She first without pretence of reason,
Claim'd right whate'er we had to seize on ;
And with determin'd resolution,
To put her claims, in execution,
Sent fire and sword, and call'd it, Lenity,
Starv'd us, and christen'd it, Humanity.
For she, her case grown desperater,
Mistook the plainest things in nature ;
Had lost all use of eyes or wits ;
Took slav'ry for the Bill of Rights ;
Trembled at whigs and deem'd them foes,
And stopp'd at loyalty her nose ;

“ * The Parliament-House is called by that name.”

Stil'd her own children, brats and caitiffs,
And knew not us from th' Indian natives."

"What tho' with supplicating prayer
We begg'd our lives and goods she'd spare;
Not vainer vows, with fillier call,
Elijah's prophets rais'd to Baal;
A worshipp'd stock, of god, or goddess,
Had better heard and understood us.
So once Egyptians at the Nile
Ador'd their guardian Crocodile,
Who heard them first with kindest ear,
And ate them to reward their pray'r;
And could he talk, as kings can do,
Had made as gracious speeches too."

"Thus spite of pray'rs her schemes pursuing,
She still went on to work our ruin;
Annull'd our charters of releases,
And tore our title-deeds in pieces;
Then sign'd her warrants of ejection,
And gallows rais'd to stretch our necks on:
And on these errands sent in rage,
Her bailiff, and her hangman, Gage*,

* General Gage, commander in chief of the king's troops in North America, was appointed in 1773 governor and vice admiral of Massachusetts, in the room of Hutchinson, who had been the most active agent of the Minister, in fomenting the disputes which brought on the war.

The character and conduct of Gage is described with great justice in the subsequent part of this speech of Honorius.

And at his heels, like dogs to bait us,
Dispatch'd her *Posse Comitatus*."

" No state e'er chose a fitter person,
To carry such a silly farce on.
As Heathen gods in ancient days
Receiv'd at second-hand their praise,
Stood imag'd forth in stones and stocks,
And deified in barber's blocks;
So Gage was chose to represent
Th' omnipotence of parliament.
And as old heroes gain'd, by shifts,
From gods, as poets tell, their gifts,
Our Gen'ral, as his actions show
Gain'd like assistance from below,
By Satan grac'd with full supplies,
From all his magazine of lies.
Yet could his practice ne'er impart
The wit, to tell a lie with art.
Those lies alone are formidable,
Where artful truth is mixt with fable;
But Gage has bungled oft so vilely,
No soul could credit lies so silly;
Outwent all faith, and stretch'd beyond
Credulity's extremest end.
Whence plain it seems, tho' Satan once
O'erlook'd with scorn each brainless dunce,
And blund'ring brutes in Eden shunning,
Chose out the serpent for his cunning;

Of late he is not half so nice,
Nor pick'd assistants, 'cause they're wise.
For had he stood upon perfection,
His present friends had lost th' election,
And far'd as hard in the proceeding,
As owls and asses did in Eden."

" Yet fools are often dang'rous enemies,
As meanest reptiles are most venomous ;
Nor e'er could Gage, by craft or prowess,
Have done a whit more mischief to us,
Since he began th' unnatural war,
The work his masters sent him for."

" And are there in this free-born land
Among ourselves, a venal band,
A dastard race, who long have sold
Their souls and consciences for gold ;
Who wish to stab their country's vitals,
If they might heir surviving titles ;
With joy behold our mischief brewing,
Insult and triumph in our ruin ?
Priests, who if Satan should sit down
To make a Bible of his own,
Would gladly for the sake of mitres,
Turn his inspir'd and sacred writers ;
Lawyers, who should he wish to prove,
His title t' his old seat above,
Would, if his cause he'd give'em fees in,

Bring writs of *Entry sur dissein*,
Plead for him boldly at the session,
And hope to put him in possession ;
Merchants, who for his kindly aid,
Would make him partner in their trade,
Hang out their signs with goodly show,
Inscrib'd with "*Belzebub and Co.*"
And judges who would list his pages,
For proper liveries and wages ;
And who, as humbly cringe and bow,
To all his mortal servants now.
There are, and shame with pointing gestures,
Marks out th' Addressers and Protesters* :
Whom following down the stream of Fate,
Contempts ineffable await,
And public infamy forlorn,
Dread hate and everlasting scorn."

As thus he spake, our 'Squire M'Fingal
Gave to his partizans a signal.
Not quicker roll'd the waves to land,
When Moses wav'd his potent wand,
Nor with more uproar, than the Tories
Set up a gen'ral rout in chorus ;

* The ADDRESSERS were those who addressed General Gage with expressions of gratitude and attachment, on his arrival with a fleet and army to subdue the colonies. The PROTESTERS were those who protested against the measures of the first Congress, and the general resolutions of the country.



TOWN MEETING.



Laugh'd, hiss'd, hem'd, murmur'd, groan'd, and
Honorius now could scarce be heard. [jeer'd,

Our Muse amid th' increasing roar,
Could not distinguish one word more:

Tho' she sat by, in firm record
To take in short hand ev'ry word;
As ancient Muses wont, to whom
Old bards for depositions come;
Who must have writ 'em; for how else
Could they each speech *verbatim* tell 's?

And tho' some readers of romances
Are apt to strain their tortur'd fancies,
And doubt when lovers all alone
Their sad soliloquies do groan,
Grieve many a page with no one near 'em,
And naught but rocks and groves to hear 'em,
What sprite infernal could have tattled
And told the authors all they prattled;
Whence some weak minds have made objection,
That what they scribbled must be fiction;
'Tis false, for while the lovers spoke,
The Muse was by with table-book;
And, lest some blunder might ensue,
Echo stood clerk, and kept the cue.
And tho' the speech ben't worth a groat,
As usual, 't isn't the author's fault,

But error merely of the prater,
Who should have talk'd to th' purpose better;
Which full excuse, my critic-brothers,
May help me out as well as others;
And 'tis design'd, tho' here it lurk,
To serve as preface to this work.

So let it be—for now our 'Squire
No longer could contain his ire;
And rising 'midst applauding Tories,
Thus vented wrath upon Honorius.

Quoth he, "'Tis wond'rous what strange stuff
Your Whigs-heads are compounded of;
Which force of logic cannot pierce
Nor syllogistic *carte & tierce*,
Nor weight of scripture or of reason,
Suffice to make the least impression.
Not heeding what ye rais'd contest on,
Ye prate, and beg or steal the question;
And when your boasted arguings fail,
Strait leave all reas'ning off, to rail.
Have not our High-Church Clergy made it
Appear from scriptures, which ye credit,
That *right divine* from heaven, was lent,
To kings, that is, the Parliament,
Their subjects to oppress and teaze,
And serve the Devil when they please?
Did they not write, and pray, and preach,
And torture all the parts of speech;

About Rebellion make a pother,
From one end of the land to th' other ?
And yet gain'd fewer pros'lyte Whigs,
Than old * St. Anth'ny 'mongst the pigs ;
And chang'd not half so many vicious
As Austin, when he preach'd to fishes ;
Who throng'd to hear, the legend tells,
Were edified and wagg'd their tails ;
But scarce you'd prove it, if you tried,
That e'er one whig was edified.
Have ye not heard from † Parson Walter
Much dire presage of many a halter ?
What warnings had ye of your duty
From our old Rev'rend † Sam. Auchmuty ?
From priests of all degrees and metres,
T' our sag-end man poor * Person Peters ?
Have not our Cooper and our Seabury
Sung hymns, like Barak and old Deborah ;

* " The stories of St. Anthony and his pig, and St. Austin's preaching to fishes, are told in the Popish legends."

† " High-Church Clergymen, one at Boston, and one at New York."

* " Peters, a Tory-Clergyman in Connecticut, who after making himself detestable by his inimical conduct, absconded from the contempt, rather than the vengeance of his countrymen, and fled to England to make complaints against that colony : Cooper, a writer, poet, and satyrist of the same stamp, President of the college at New-York ; Seabury, a clergyman of the same Province."

Prov'd all intrigues to set you free,
Rebellion 'gainst *the pow'rs that be* ;
Brought over many a scripture text
That us'd to wink at rebel sects ;
Coax'd wayward ones to favor regents,
Or paraphras'd them to obedience ;
Prov'd ev'ry king, ev'n those confess
Horns of th' Apocalyptic beast,
And sprouting from its noddles seven,
Ordain'd, as bishops are, by Heaven,
(For reasons sim'lar we are told,
That Tophet was ordain'd of old ;)
By this lay-ordination valid
Becomes all sanctified and hallow'd,
Takes patent out when Heav'n has sign'd it,
And starts up strait the Lord's anointed ?
Like extreme unction, that can cleanse
Each penitent from deadly sins,
Make them run glib, when oil'd by priest,
The heavenly road like wheels new greas'd,
Serve them like shoeball, for defences
'Gainst wear and tear of consciences :
So king's anointment cleans betimes,
Like fuller's earth, all spots of crimes ;
For future knav'ries gives commissions,
Like Papists sinning under licence.
For heaven ordain'd the origin,
Divines declare, of pain and sin ;

Prove such great good they both have done us,
Kind mercy 'twas they came upon us :
For without pain and sin and folly
Man ne'er were blest, or wise, or holy ;
And we should *thank the Lord, 'tis so,
As authors grave wrote long ago.
Now Heav'n its issues never brings
Without the means, and these are kings ;
And he who blames when they announce ills,
Would counteract the eternal counsels.
As when the Jews, a murm'ring race,
By constant grumblings fell from grace,
Heav'n taught them first to know their distance
By famine, slav'ry, and Philistines ;
When these could no repentance bring,
In wrath it sent them last a king,
So nineteen, 'tis believ'd, in twenty
Of modern kings for plagues are sent ye ;
Nor can your cavillers pretend,
But that they answer well their end.
'Tis yours to yield to their command,
As rods in Providence's hand ;
And if it means to send you pain,
You turn your noses up in vain :
Your only way's in peace to bear it,
And make necessity a merit.

* " See the Modern Metaphysical Divinity.

Hence fure perdition must await
 The man who riles 'gainst the state,
 Who meets at once the damning sentence,
 Without one loop-hole for repentance ;
 E'en tho' he gain'd the royal fee,
 And rank among *the pow'rs that be* :
 For hell is theirs, the Scripture shows,
 Whoe'er *the pow'rs that be* oppose,
 And all those pow'rs (I am clear that 'tis so)
 Are damn'd forever, *ex afficio*."

" Thus far our Clergy ; but 'tis true,
 We lack'd not earthly reas'ners too.
 Had I the *Poet's brazen lungs
 As found-board to his hundred tongues,
 I could not half the scribblers muster
 That swarm'd round Rivington † in cluster ;
 Assemblies, Councilmen, forsooth ;
 Brush, Cooper, Wilkins, Chandler, Booth,
 Yet all their arguments and sap'ence,
 You did not value at three half-pence.
 Did not our Massachusettensis ‡
 For your conviction strain his senses ?

* " Virgil's *Æneid*, 6th book, line 6 25."

† The Editor of the Royal Gazette in New-York ; a paper which answered very well to its title, it being filled with those impositions and falsehoods, which are deemed necessary to the support of Royalty, in any country where printing is tolerated.

‡ 'See a course of essays, under the signature of Massachusettensis.'

Scrawl every moment he could spare,
From cards and barbers and the fair ;
Show clear as sun in noon-day heavens,
You did not feel a single grievance ;
Demonstrate all your opposition
Sprung from the * eggs of foul sedition ;
Swear he had seen the nest she laid in,
And knew how long she had been sitting ;
Could tell exact what strength of heat is
Requir'd to hatch her out Committees ;
What shapes they take, and how much longer's
The space before they grow t' a Congress ?
New white-wash'd Hutchinson, and varnish'd
Our Gage who'd got a little tarnish'd ;
Made 'em new masks, in time no doubt,
For Hutchinson's was quite worn out ;
And while he muddled all his head,
You did not heed a word he said.
Did not our grave † Judge Sewall hit
The summit of news paper wit ?

* "Committees of Correspondence are the foulest and most venomous serpent, that ever issued from the eggs of sedition," &c. Massachusettsensis.

+ "Attorney-General of Massachusetts-Bay, a Judge of Admiralty, Gage's chief Advertiser and Proclamation-maker, author of a farce called the Americans Rouzed, and of a great variety of essays on the Ministerial side, in the Boston newspapers."

Fill'd every leaf of ev'ry paper
Of Mills, and Hicks, and Mother Draper :
Drew proclamations, works of toil,
In true sublime, of scare-crow style ;
Wrote farces too, 'gainst Sons of Freedom,
All for your good, and none would read 'em ;
Denounc'd damnation on their frenzy,
Who died in Whig-impenitency ;
Affirm'd that Heav'n would lend us aid,
As all our Tory-writers said ;
And calculated so its kindness,
He told the moment when it join'd us.

“ 'Twas then belike, Honorius cried,
When you the public fast defied,
Refus'd to Heav'n to raise a prayer.
Because you'd no connections there :
And since with rev'rend hearts and faces,
To Governors you'd made addresses,
In them who made you Tories, seeing
You liv'd and mov'd and had your being ;
Your humble vows you would not breathe
To pow'rs you'd no acquaintance with.”

“ As for your fasts, replied our 'Squire,
What circumstance could fasts require ?
We kept them not, but 'twas no crime ;
We held them merely loss of time.

For what advantage firm and lasting,
Pray, did you ever get by fasting?
And what the gains that can arise
From vows and off'rings to the skies;
Will Heav'n reward with posts and fees,
Or send us Tea, as Consignees*,
Give pensions, sal'ries, places, bribes,
Or chuse us judges, clerks, or scribes,
Has it commissions in its gift,
Or cash to serve us at a list?
Are acts of Parliament there made,
To carry on the Placeman's trade?
Or has it pass'd a single bill
To let us plunder whom we will?
And look our list of Placemen all over;
Did Heav'n appoint our chief judge Oliver,
Fill that high bench with ignoramus;
Or has its councils by mandamus?
Who made that wit of † water gruel,
A Judge of Admiralty, Sewall?
And were they not mere earthly struggles,
That rais'd up Murray, say, and Ruggles?

* Alluding to the famous cargo of tea, which was sunk in Boston Harbor, the Consignees of which were the tools of General Gage.

† "A proper emblem of his genius".

Did Heav'n send down, our pains to med'cine,
That old simplicity of Edson ;
Or by election pick out from us,
That Marshfield blund'rer Nat. Ray Thomas :
Or had it any hand in serving
A Loring' Pepp'rell, Browne, or Erving ?”

“ Yet we've some faints, the very thing,
We'll put against the best you'll bring.
For, can the strongest fancy paint
Than Hutchinson a greater faint ?
Was there a parson us'd to pray
At times more reg'lar, twice a day ;
As folks exact have dinners got,
Whether they've appetites or not ?
Was there a zealot more alarming
'Gainst public vice to hold forth sermon,
Or fix'd at church, whose inward motion
Roll'd up his eyes with more devotion ?
What Puritan could ever pray
In Godlier tone, than Treas'rer * Gray,
Or at town-meetings speechify'ng,
Could utter more melodious whine,
And shut his eyes and vent his moan,
Like owl afflicted in the sun ?

* “ Treasurer of Massachusetts-Bay, and one of the Mandamus Council.”

Who once sent home his canting rival,
Lord Dartmouth's self, might out-be-drivel."

"Have you forgot, Honorius cried,
How your prime saint the truth defied *,
Affirm'd he never wrote a line,
Your charter'd rights to undermine;
When his own letters then were by,
That prov'd his message all a lie?
How many promises he seal'd
To get the oppressive acts repeal'd;
Yet once arriv'd on England's shore,
Set on the Premier to pass no more?
But these are no defects, we grant,
In a right loyal Tory saint,
Whose Godlike virtues must with ease
Atone such venal crimes as these:
Or ye perhaps in Scripture spy
A new Commandment, "Thou shalt lie;"
And if't be so (as who can tell?)
There's no one sure ye keep so well."

"Quoth he, For lies and promise breaking
Ye need not be in such a taking,
For lying is, we know and teach,
The highest privilege of speech;

* The detection of falshood in Governor Hutchinson, here alluded to, is a curious little history. It is told at large in the *Remembrancer*, published by Almon, V. I.

The universal Magna Charta,
To which all human race is party ;
Whence children first, as David says,
Lay claim to 't in their earliest days ;
The only stratagem in war
Our Gen'als have occasion for ;
The only freedom of the press
Our politicians need in peace :
And 'tis a shame you wish t' abridge us
Of these our darling privileges.
Thank Heav'n, your shot have miss'd their aim,
For lying is no sin, or shame."

" As men last wills may change again,
Tho' drawn in name of God, Amen ;
Besure they must have much the more,
O'er promises as great a pow'r,
Which, made in haste, with small inspection,
So much the more will need correction ;
And when they've careless spoke, or penn'd 'em,
Have right to look 'em o'er and mend 'em ;
Revise their vows, or change the text,
By way of codicil annex'd,
Turn out a promise, that was base,
And put a better in its place.
So Gage, of late agreed, you know,
To let the Boston people go ;

Yet when he saw, 'gainst troops that brav'd him,
They were the only guards that sav'd him,
Kept off that Satan of a Putnam†,
From breaking in to maul and mutt'n him:
He'd too much wit such leagues t' observe,
And shut them in again to starve."

"So Moses writes, when female Jews
Made oaths and vows unfit for use,
Their parents then might set them free
From that consc'entious tyranny:
And shall men feel that spir'tual bondage
Forever, when they grow beyond age;
Nor have pow'r their own oaths to change?
I think the tale were very strange.
Shall vows but bind the stout and strong,
And let go women weak and young,
As nets enclose the larger crew,
And let the smaller fry creep thro' ?
Besides, the Whigs have all been set on,
The Tories to affright and threaten,
Till Gage amidst his trembling fits,
Has hardly kept him in his wits;

† General Putnam of Connecticut, who had gained great reputation, as a Partizan officer, in the war before last, came forward with activity in the beginning of the war of independence; but his age and infirmities obliged him soon to quit the field.

And tho' he speak with art and finesse,
'Tis said beneath *durefs per minas*.
For we're in peril of our souls
From feathers, tar, and lib'rty-poles :
And vows extorted are not binding
In law, and so not worth the minding.
For we have in this hurly-burly
Sent off our consciences on furlow :
Thrown our religion o'er in form,
Our ship to lighten in the storm.
Nor need we blush your Whigs before;
If we've no virtue, you've no more."

" Yet black with sins, would stain a mitre,
Rail ye at crimes by ten tints whiter ?
And stuff'd with choler atrabilious,
Insult us here for peccadilloes ?
While all your vices run so high
That mercy scarce could find supply :
While, should you offer to repent,
You'd need more fasting days than Lent,
More groans than haunted church-yard vallies,
And more confessions than broad-alleys*.
I'll show you all at fitter time,
Th' extent and greatness of your crime,

* Alluding to church-discipline, where a person is obliged to stand in the ile of the church, called the broad-alley, name the offence of which he has been guilty, and ask pardon of his brethren.

And here demonstrate to your face,
Your want of virtue, as of grace,
Evinc'd from topics old and recent :
But thus much must suffice at present.
To th' after portion of the day,
I leave what more remains to say ;
When I've good hope you'll all appear,
More fitted and prepar'd to hear,
And griev'd for all your vile demeanour :
But now 'tis time t' adjourn for dinner."

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

The first of these is the
 fact that the system of
 the world is not a
 simple one. It is a
 complex one. It is a
 system of many parts
 which are interrelated
 and interdependent.
 The second is the fact
 that the system is not
 static. It is a
 dynamic one. It is a
 system of many parts
 which are constantly
 changing and evolving.
 The third is the fact
 that the system is not
 uniform. It is a
 heterogeneous one. It is a
 system of many parts
 which are different from
 each other.

M · F · I · N · G · A · L :

C A N T O S E C O N D .

The Town-Meeting, P. M.

THE Sun, who never stops to dine,
Two hours had pass'd the mid-way line;
And, driving at his usual rate,
Lash'd on his downward car of state;
And now expir'd the short vacation,
And dinner done in epic fashion;
While all the crew beneath the trees,
Eat pocket-pies or bread and cheese;
Nor shall we, like old Homer, care
To versify the bill of fare.
For now each party, feasted well,
Throng'd in, like sheep, at sound of bell,
With equal spirit took their places;
And meeting op'd with three Oh yesses:

When first the daring Whigs t' oppose,
Again the great M'Fingal rose,
Stretch'd magisterial arm amain,
And thus assum'd th' accusing strain.

“ Ye Whigs attend, and hear, affrighted,
The crimes whereof ye stand indicted;
The sins and folly past all compass,
That prove you guilty, or *non compos.* (*mentis*)
I leave the verdict to your senses,
And Jury of your consciences;
Which tho' they're neither good nor true,
Must yet convict you and your crew,
Ungrateful sons! a factious band,
That rise against your parent-land!
Ye viper race, that burst in strife,
The welcome womb that gave you life,
Tear with sharp fangs, and forked tongue,
Th' indulgent bowels, whence you sprung;
And scorn the debt of obligation,
You justly owe the British nation,
Which since you cannot pay, your crew
Affect to swear 'twas never due.

“ Did not the deeds of England's Primate*
First drive your fathers to this climate,

* The persecutions of the English Church under Archbishop Laud, are well known to have been the cause of the peopling of New-England.

Whom jails, and fines, and ev'ry ill
Forc'd to their good against their will?
Ye owe to their obliging temper
The peopling your new-fangled empire,
While every British act and canon
Stood forth, you *causa sine qua non*.
Did they not send you charters o'er,
And give you lands you own'd before,
Permit you all to spill your blood,
And drive out heathen where you could;
On these mild terms, that, conquest won,
The realm you gain'd should be their own?
Or when of late, attack'd by those,
Whom her connection made your foes†,
Did they not then, distressed in war,
Send Gen'als to your help from far,
Whose aid you own'd in terms less haughty,
And thankfully o'erpaid your quota?
Say, at what period did they grudge
To send you Governor or Judge,

† The war of 1775, between the English and the French was doubtless excited by circumstances foreign to the interests of the colonies which now form the United States. The colonies, however, paid more than their proportion of the expence, and the balance was repaid by the British government, after the war.

With all their missionary crew*,
To teach you law and gospel too ?
Brought o'er all felons in the nation,
To help you on in population,
Propos'd their Bishops to surrender,
And made their Priests a legal tender,
Who only ask'd, in surplice clad,
The simple tythe of all you had :
And now to keep all knaves in awe,
Have sent their troops t' establish law,
And with gunpowder, fire, and ball,
Reform your people one and all.
Yet, when their insolence and pride
Have anger'd all the world beside,
When fear and want at once invade,
Can you refuse to lend them aid ;
And rather risque your heads in fight,
Than gratefully throw in your mite ?
Can they for debts make satisfaction,
Should they dispose their realm by auction ;
And sell off Britain's goods and land all
To France and Spain by inch of candle ?
Shall good king George, with want oppress'd,
Insert his name in bankrupt list,

* The Missionaries were clergymen, ordained by the Bishop of London, and settled in America. Those in the Northern Colonies were generally attached to the Royal cause.

And shut up shop, like failing merchant,
That fears the bailiffs should make search in't;
With poverty shall princes strive,
And nobles lack whereon to live?
Have they not wreck'd their whole inventions,
To feed their brats on posts and pensions,
Made e'en Scotch friends with taxes groan,
And pick'd poor Ireland to the bone;
Yet have on hand, as well deserving,
Ten thousand bastards left for starving?
And can you now, with conscience clear,
Refuse them an asylum here,
Or not maintain in manner fitting
These genuine sons of Mother Britain?
T' evade these crimes of blackest grain,
You prate of Liberty in vain,
And strive to hide your vile designs,
With terms abstruse, like school-divines.

“ Your boasted patriotism is scarce,
Your country's love is but a farce:
And after all the proofs you bring,
We Tories know there's no such thing;
Our English writers of great fame
Prove public virtue but a name.
Hath not * Dalrymple show'd in print,
And * Johnson too, there's nothing in't?

* “ Ministerial Pensioners.”

Produc'd you demonstration ample,
 From other's and their own example,
 That self is still, in either faction,
 The only principle of action ;
 The loadstone, whose attracting tether
 Keeps the politic world together :
 And, spite of all your double-dealing,
 We Tories know 'tis so, by feeling.

" Who heeds your babbling of transmitting
 Freedom to brats of your begetting,
 Or will proceed as tho' there were a tie, } *10 Syllables*
 Or obligation to posterity ?
 We get 'em, bear 'em, breed and nurse ;
What has post'rity done for us,
 That we, lest they their rights should lose,
 Should trust our necks to gripe of noose ?

" And who believes you will not run ?
 You're cowards, ev'ry mother's son ;
 And should you offer to deny,
 We've witnesses to prove it by.
 Attend th' opinion first, as referee,
 Of your old Gen'ral, stout Sir Jeffery, } *10*
 Who swore that with five thousand foot
 He'd rout you all, and, in pursuit,
 Run thro' the land as easily,
 As camel thro' a needle's eye.
 Did not the valiant Col'nel Grant
 Against your courage make his flant,

Affirm your universal failure
In ev'ry principle of valour,
And swear no scamp'ers e'er could match you,
So swift, a bullet scarce could catch you ?
And will ye not confess in this,
A judge most competent he is,
Well skill'd on runnings to decide,
As what himself has often tried ?
'Twould not, methinks, be labor lost,
If you'd sit down and count the cost ;
And e're you call your Yankies out,
First think what work you've set about.
Have ye not rouz'd, his force to try on,
That grim old beast, the British Lion ?
And know you not that at a sup
He's large enough to eat you up ?
Have you survey'd his jaws beneath,
Drawn inventories of his teeth,
Or have you weigh'd in even balance
His strength and magnitude of talons ?
His roar would turn your boasts to fear,
As easily as four small-beer,
And make your feet from dreadful fray,
By native instinct, run away.
Britain, depend on't, will take on her
T' assert her dignity and honor,
And e're she'd lose your share of pelf,
Destroy your country, and herself.

For has not North declar'd they fight
 To gain substantial rev'nue by't,
 Denied he'd ever deign to treat,
 'Till on your knees, and at his feet?
 And feel you not a trifling ague,
 From Van's *Delenda est Carthago**?
 For this, now Britain has come to't,
 Think you she has not means to do't?
 Has she not set to work all engines
 To spirit up the native Indians,
 Send on your backs a savage band,
 With each a hatchet in his hand,
 T' amuse themselves with scalping knives,
 And butcher children and your wives;
 That she may boast again with vanity,
 Her English national humanity?
 (For now in its primæval sense,
 This term, *human'ty*, comprehends
 All things of which, on this side hell,
 The *human mind* is capable;
 And thus 'tis well, by writers sage,
 Applied to Britain and to Gage.)
 And on this work to raise allies
 She sent her duplicate of Guys,

* Alluding, as is supposed, to a speech in the British Parliament, in which "delenda est Carthago" was applied to America.

To drive at diff'rent parts at once, on
Her stout Guy Carleton and Guy Johnson;
To each of whom, to send again ye
Old Guy of Warwick were a ninny;
Tho' the dun cow he fell'd in war,
These kill-cows are his betters far.

“ And has she not assay'd her notes,
To rouse your slaves to cut your throats,
Sent o'er ambassadors with guineas,
To bribe your blacks in Carolinas?
And has not Gage, her missionary,
Turn'd many an Afric slave t' a Tory,
And made th' Amer'can Bishop's see grow,
By many a new-converted Negro?
As friends to gov'rment did not he
Their slaves at Boston late set free?
Enlist them all in black parade,
Set off with regimental red?
And were they not accounted then
Among his very bravest men?
And when such means she stoops to take,
Think you she is not wide awake?
As Eliphaz' good man in Job,
Own'd num'rous allies thro' the globe;
Had brought the * stones along the street
To ratify a cov'nant meet,

* The stones, and all the elements with thee
Shall ratify a strict confed'racy;

And ev'ry beast from lice to lions,
To join in league of strict alliance :
Has she not cring'd, in spite of pride,
For like assistance, far and wide ?
Was there a creature so despis'd,
Its aid she has not sought and priz'd ?
Till all this formidable league rose
Of Indians, British troops, and Negroes,
And can you break these triple bands
By all your workmanship or hands ?”

“ Sir, quoth Honorius, we presume
You guess from past feats, what's to come,
And from the mighty deeds of Gage,
Foretell how fierce the war he'll wage.
You, doubtless, recollected here
The annals of his first great year :
While wearying out the Tories' patience,
He spent his breath in proclamations ;
While all his mighty noise and vapour
Was us'd in wrangling upon paper ;
And boasted military fits
Clos'd in the straining of his wits ;
While troops in Boston commons plac'd,
Laid nought but quires of paper waste ;
While strokes alternate stunn'd the nation,
Protest, address, and proclamation ;

Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
And for a firm alliance with thee treat : &c.

And speech met speech, fib clash'd with fib,
And Gage still answered squib for squib.

“ Tho' this not all his time was lost on,
He fortified the town of Boston ;
Built breast-works that might lend assistance
To keep the patriots at a distance ;
(For howsoe'er the rogues might scoff,
He lik'd them best the farthest off ;) W
Of mighty use and help to aid
His courage when he felt affraid ;
And whence right off in manful station,
He'd boldly pop his proclamation.
Our hearts must in our bosoms freeze
At such heroic deeds as these.”

“ Vain, quoth our 'Squire, you'll find to sneer
At Gage's first triumphant year ;
For providence, dispos'd to teaze us,
Can use what instruments it pleases.
To pay a tax at Peter's wish,
His chief cashier was once a Fish ;
An Afs, in Balaam's sad disaster,
Turn'd orator, and sav'd his master ;
A goose plac'd sentry on his station
Preserv'd old Rome from desolation ;
An English bishop's* Cur of late
Disclos'd rebellions 'gainst the state ;
So Frogs croak'd Pharaoh to repentance,
And lice revers'd the threat'ning sentence :

.. * “ See Bishop Atterbury's trial.”

And Heaven can ruin you at pleasure,
 By our scorn'd Gage, as well as Cæsar.
 Yet did our hero in these days
 Pick up some laurel-wreathes of praise.
 And as the statuary of Seville
 Made his crack'd saint an exc'llent devil;
 So tho' our war few triumphs brings,
 We gain'd great fame in other things.
 Did not our troops shew much discerning,
 And skill your various arts in learning?
 Outwent they not each native noodle
 By far, in playing Yankey-Doodle *;
 Which, as 'twas your New-England tune,
 'Twas marvellous they took so soon?
 And ere the year was fully thro'
 Did not they learn to foot it too;
 And such a dance as ne'er was known,
 For twenty miles on end led down ?†
 Was there a Yankey trick you knew,
 They did not play as well as you?

* YANKEY-DOODLE, as M'Fingal here relates, was a native Air of New-England, and was often played in derision by the British troops, particularly on their march to Lexington. Afterwards the captive army of Burgoyne was obliged to march to this tune in the ceremony of piling their armes, at Saratoga. In the course of the war it became a favorite air of Liberty, like the present CAIRA of France. It is remarkable that after the taking of the Bastile, and before the introduction of CAIRA, the Paris guards played YANKEY-DOODLE.

† This is Lord Percy's modern Chevy-chace; in which his lordship and his army were chased from Concord to Boston.



Thudalo fecit.
The YANKY CHACE.



THE END OF THE WORLD

Did they not lay their heads together,
And gain your art to tar and feather,
When Col'nel Nesbitt thro' the town
In triumph bore the country-clown ?
Oh, what a glorious work to sing
The vet'ran troops of Britain's king.
Advent'ring for th' heroic laurel,
With bag of feathers and tar-barrel !
To paint the cart where culprits ride,
And Nesbitt marching at its side *,

* In the winter of 1774 and 1775, the British army had been stimulated by their officers and the Tories, to an ardent desire to see hostilities commence. But the instigators wishing the Americans to be the aggressors, used the following stratagem to compleat their purpose.

On the first of May, 1775, the king's standard was to be erected at Worcester, fifty miles from Boston, when Lieutenant Colonel Nesbitt immortalized himself by executing this plan to promote the quarrel, and give the army an opportunity of their desired revenge.

A soldier, according to his directions, sold an old rusty musket to a countryman for three dollars, who brought vegetables to market. This could be no crime in the market-man, who had an undoubted right to purchase, and bear arms. He was, notwithstanding, immediately seized by Nesbitt, and conveyed to the guard-house, where he was confined all night. Early the next morning they stripped him naked, covered him with warm tar, and then with feathers, and conducted him to the north end of the town, then to the south end, and as far as Liberty-Tree, where they dismissed the man, through fear of the people, (who by this time had collected in large numbers,) and made a retreat to their barracks.

The party consisted of about thirty grenadiers of the 47th regiment with fixed bayonets, 20 drums and fifes playing the rogue's march, headed by Nesbitt with a drawn sword.

The magistrates of the town waited on General Gage with a complaint of this outrage ; he pretended disapprobation ; but took no steps to censure the conduct of Nesbitt, or to do justice to the man who had suffered the violence.

Great executioner and proud,
 Like hangman high on Holborn road ;
 And o'er the bright triumphal car
 The waving ensigns of the war !
 As when a triumph Rome decreed,
 For great Calig'la's valiant deed,
 Who had subdu'd the British seas, *copy (Ulysses)*
 By gath'ring cockles from their base ; *rhyme?*
 In pompous car the conqu'ror bore
 His captiv'd scallops from the shore,
 Ovations gain'd his crabs for fetching,
 And mighty feats of oyster-catching :
 O'er Yankies thus the war begun,
 They tarr'd and triumph'd over one ;
 And fought and boasted thro' the season,
 With might as great, and equal reason.

“ Yet thus tho skill'd in vict'ry toils,
 They boast, not unexpert in wiles.
 For gain'd they not an equal fame in
 The art of secrecy and scheming ;
 In stratagems show'd mighty force,
 And moderniz'd the Trojan horse ;
 Play'd o'er again those tricks Ulysses
 In their fam'd Salem-expedition ?
 For as that horse, the Poets tell ye,
 Bore Grecian armies in his belly ;
 Till, their full reck'ning run, with joy
 Their Sinon midwif'd them in Troy ;

So in one ship was Leslie bold
Cramm'd with three hundred men in hold,
Equip'd for enterprize and sail,
Like Jonas stow'd in womb of whale.
To Marblehead, in depth of night,
The cautious vessel wing'd her flight.
And now the sabbath's silent day
Call'd all your Yankies off to pray ;
Remov'd each prying jealous neighbour,
The scheme and vessel fell in labor ;
Forth from its hollow womb pour'd hast'ly
The Myrmidons of Col'nel Leslie :
Not thicker o'er the blacken'd strand
The * Frogs' detachment rush'd to land,
Equipp'd by onset or surprise
To storm th' entrenchment of the Mice.
Thro' Salem strait without delay,
The bold battalion took its way,
March'd o'er a bridge in open fight
Of sev'ral Yankies arm'd for fight,
Then without loss of time, or men,
Veer'd round for Boston back again ;
And found so well their projects thrive,
That ev'ry soul got home alive.

“ Thus Gage's arms did fortune bless,
With triumph, safety, and success :
But mercy is, without dispute,
His first and darling attribute ;

* “ See Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice.”

So great, it far outwent and conquer'd
His military skill at Concord.
There when the war he chose to wage
Shone the benevolence of Gage ;
Sent troops to that ill-omen'd place
On errands mere of special grace,
And all the work he chose them for
Was to † prevent a civil war :
And for that purpose he projected
The only certain way t' effect it,
To take your powder, stores, and arms,
And all your means of doing harms :
As prudent folks takes knives away,
Lest children cut themselves at play,
And yet, tho' this was all his scheme,
This war you still will charge on him ;
And tho' he oft has sworn, and said it,
Stick close to facts, and give no credit.
Think you, he wish'd you'd brave and beard him ?
Why, 'twas the very thing that scar'd him.
He'd rather you should all have run,
Than stay'd to fire a single gun.
And for the civil war you lament,
Faith, you yourselves must take the blame in't ;
For had you then, as he intended,
Giv'n up your arms, it must have ended.
Since that's no war, each mortal knows,
Where one side only gives the blows,

† " See Gage's answer to Governor Trumbull."

And th' other bears 'em ; on reflection
The most you'll call it, is correction.
Nor could the contest have gone higher,
If you had ne'er return'd the fire ;
But when you shot, and not before,
It then commenc'd a civil war.
Else Gage, to end this controversy,
Had but corrected you in mercy :
Whom mother Britain, old and wise,
Sent o'er the Col'nies to chastise :
Command obedience on their peril
Of ministerial whip and ferule ;
And since they ne'er could come of age,
Govern'd and tutor'd them by Gage.
Still more, that this was all their errand,
The army's conduct makes apparent.
What tho' at Lexington you can say
They kill'd a few they did not fancy,
At Concord then, with manful popping,
Discharg'd a round, the ball to open ?
Yet when they saw your rebel-rout
Determin'd still to hold it out ;
Did not they show their love to peace,
And wish, that discord strait may cease,
Demonstrate, and by proofs uncommon,
Their orders were to injure no man ;

For did not ev'ry Reg'lar run*
 As soon as e'er you fir'd a gun :
 Take the first shot you sent them greeting,
 As meant their signal for retreating ;
 And fearful if they staid to sport,
 You might by accident be hurt,
 Convey themselves with speed away
 Full twenty miles in half a day ;
 Race till their legs were grown so weary,
 They'd scarce suffice their weight to carry ?
 Whence Gage extols, from gen'ral hearfy,
 The † great activ'ty of Lord Piercy ;
 Whose brave example led them on,
 And spirited the troops to run ;
 And now may boast at royal levees
 A Yanky-chace worth forty Chevys.
 Yet you as vile as they were kind,
 Pursu'd like tygers, still behind,
 Fir'd on them at your will, and shut
 The town, as tho' you'd starve them out ;
 And with ‡ parade prepost'rous hedg'd
 Affect to hold them there besieg'd ;

* In the ancient wars in America, the term REGULAR was applied to British troops, to distinguish them from the Provincials, or new levies of the country. At the commencement of the late war, the same terms of distinction were used.

† “ Too much praise cannot be given to Lord Piercy, for his remarkable activity through the whole day.”

Gage's Account of Lexington Battle.

‡ “ And with a preposterous parade of military arrangement they affect to hold the army besieged.”

Gage's last grand Proclamation.

(Tho' Gage, whom proclamations call
Your Gov'nor and Vice-Admiral,
Whose pow'r gubernatorial still
Extends as far as Bunker's Hill ;
Whose admiralty reaches clever,
Near half a mile up Mystic river,
Whose naval force commands the seas,
Can run away whene'er he please,)
Scar'd troops of Tories into town,
And burnt their hay and houses down,
And menac'd Gage, unless he'd flee,
To drive him headlong to the sea ;
As once, to faithless Jews a sign,
The de'el turn'd hog-reeve, did the swine.

“ But now your triumphs all are o'er ;
For see from Britain's angry shore
With mighty hosts of valour join
Her Howe, her Clinton, and Burgoyne.
As comets thro' the affrighted skies
Pour baleful ruin, as they rise ;
As Ætna with infernal roar
In conflagration sweeps the shore ;
Or as *Abijah White, when sent
Our Marshfield friends to represent ;
Himself while dread array involves,
Commissions, pistols, swords, resolves,

“* He was a representative of Marshfield, and employed to carry their famous town-resolves to Boston. He armed himself in a ridiculous military array, as another Hudibras, pretending he was afraid he should be robbed of them.”

In awful pomp descending down,
Bore terror on the factious town :
Not with less glory and affright,
Parade these Gen'als forth to fight.
No more each Reg'lar * Col'nel runs
From whizzing beetles, as air-guns,
Thinks horn-bugs bullets, or thro' fears
Muskitoes takes for musketeers ;
Nor 'scapes, as tho' you gain'd allies
From Belzebub's whole host of flies.
No bug their warlike heart appalls ;
They better know the sound of balls.
I hear the din of battle bray,
The trump of horror marks its way.
I see after the sack of cities,
The gallows strung with Whig-committees ;
Your Moderators tric'd, like vermin,
And gate-posts grac'd with heads of Chairman ;
Your Gen'als for wave-offerings hanging,
And ladders throng'd with Priests haranguing.
What pill'ries glad the Tories' eyes
With patriot-ears for sacrifice!
What whipping-posts your chosen race
Admit successive in embrace,

“ * This was a fact. Some British officers, soon after Gage's arrival at Boston, walking on Bacon-Hill after sunset, were affrighted by noises in the air (supposed to be the flying of bugs and beetles) which they took to be the sound of bullets, and left the hill with great precipitation : Concerning which they wrote terrible accounts to England of their being shot at with air-guns, as appeared by one or two letters, extracts from which were published in the English papers.”





Tisdale del et sc.

BRITISH HEROISM.

While each bears off his crimes, alack !
Like Bunyan's pilgrim, on his back !
Where then, when Tories scarce get clear,
Shall Whigs and Congresses appear ?
What rocks and mountains shall you call
To wrap you over with their fall,
And save your heads in these sad weathers,
From fire and sword, and tar and feathers !
For lo, with British troops, tar-bright,
Again our Nesbitt heaves in fight !
He comes, he comes, your lines to storm,
And rigg your troops in uniform !
To meet such heroes, will ye brag,
With fury arm'd and feather-bag ;
Who wield their missile pitch and tar,
With engines new in British war ?

“ Lo, where our mighty navy brings
Destruction on her canvas wings ;
While thro' the deeps her potent thunder
Shall found th' alarm to rob and plunder !
As Phœbus first, so Homer speaks,
When he march'd out t' attack the Greeks,
'Gainst mules sent forth his arrows fatal,
And slew th' auxiliaries, their cattle ;
So where our ships shall stretch the keel,
What conquer'd oxen shall they steal !
What heroes rising from the deep
Invade your marshall'd hosts of sheep !
Disperse whole troops of horse, and pressing
Make cows surrender at discretion ;

Attack your hens, like Alexanders,
And reg'ments rout of geese and ganders ;
Or where united arms combine
Lead captive many a herd of swine !
Then rush in dreadful fury down
To fire on ev'ry sea-port town ;
Display their glory and their wits,
Fright unarm'd children into fits,
And stoutly from th' unequal fray,
Make many a woman run away !
And can ye doubt whene'er we please
Our chiefs shall boast such deeds as these ?
Have we not chiefs, transcending far
The old fam'd *thunderbolts of war* ;
Beyond the brave romantic fighters,
Stil'd *swords of death* by novel-writers ?
Nor in romancing ages e'er rose
So terrible a tier of heroes,
From Gage, what flashes fright the waves !
How loud a blunderbuss is Graves* !
How Newport dreads the blust'ring fallies,
That thunder from our pop-gun, Wallace* !
While noise in formidable strains
Spouts from his thimble-full of brains !
I see you sink with aw'd surprize !
I see our Tory-brethren rise !

* Admiral Graves and Captain Wallace lay before the town of Newport a long time, and by their "Deeds above heroic," merited all the praises that the discerning M'Fingal has here bestowed upon them.

And as the sect'ries Sandimaniant†,
Our friends, describe their wish'd Millennium ;
Tell how the world in ev'ry region
At once shall own their true religion ;
For Heav'n with plagues of awful dread
Shall knock all heretics o' th' head ;
And then their church the meek in spirit,
The earth, as promis'd shall inherit,
From the dead wicked, as heirs-male,
And next remainder-men in tail :
Such ruin shall the Whigs oppress !
Such spoils our Tory friends shall bless !
While confiscation at command
Shall stalk in horror thro' the land,
Shall give your Whig estates away,
And call our brethren into play.

“And can ye doubt or scruple more,
These things are near you at the door ?
Behold ! for tho' to reas'ning blind,
Signs of the times ye sure might mind,
And view impending fate as plain
As ye'd foretell a show'r of rain.

“Hath not Heav'n warn'd you what must ensue,
And providence declar'd against you ;
Hung forth its dire portents of war,
By *signs and beacons in the air ;

† The religious sect of Sandimanians, have singular ideas of the Millennium. Their political religion during the Revolution was Toryism.

“ * Such stories of prodigies were at that time industriously propagated among the Tory-party in various parts of New-England, to terrify and intimidate the superstitious.”

Alarm'd old women all around
 By fearful noises under ground ;
 While earth for many dozen leagues
 Groan'd with her dismal load of Whigs !
 Was there a meteor far and wide
 But muster'd on the Tory-side ?
 A star malign that has not bent
 Its aspect for the Parliament,
 Foreboding your defeat and misery ;
 As once they fought against old Sifera ?
 Was there a cloud that spread the skies,
 But bore our armies of allies ?
 While dreadful hosts of fire stood forth
 'Mid baleful glimm'rings from the North* ;
 Which plainly shows which part they join'd,
 For North's the minister, ye mind ;
 Whence oft your quibblers in gazettes
 On *Northern blasts* have strain'd their wits ;
 And think ye not the clouds no how
 To make the pun as well as you ?
 Did there arise an apparition,
 But grinn'd forth ruin to sedition ?
 A death-watch, but has join'd our leagues,
 And click'd destruction to the Whigs ?
 Heard ye not, when the wind was fair,
 At night our or'tors in the air,

* It is said to be a fact, that in America, about the commencement of the war, the *aurora borealis* appeared more frequently than usual, and assumed more singular appearances.

That loud as admiralty-libel,
Read awful chapters from the bible,
And death and Deviltry denounc'd,
And told you how you'd soon be trounc'd?
I see, to join our conqu'ring side
Heav'n, earth, and hell at once allied!
See from your overthrow and end
The Tories paradise ascend;
Like that new world that claims its station
Beyond the final conflagration!
I see the day that lots your share
In utter darkness and despair;
The day of joy when North, our Lord,
His faithful fav'rites shall reward!
No Tory then shall set before him
Small wish of 'Squire, or Justice Quorum;
But 'fore his unmistaken eyes
See Lordships, posts and pensions rise.
Awake to gladness then, ye Tories,
Th' unbounded prospect lies before us!
The pow'r display'd in Gage's banners
Shall cut Amer'can lands to manors,
And o'er our happy conquer'd ground
Dispense estates and titles round.
Behold, the world will stare at new sets
Of home made *earls in Massachusetts;
Admire, array'd in ducal tassels,
Your Ol'vers, Hutchinsons, and Vassals;

* See Hutchinson's and Oliver's letters.

See, join'd in ministerial work,
His grace of Albany and York !
What Lordships from each carv'd estate,
On our New-York Assembly wait !
What titled † Jauncys, Gales and Billops ;
Lord Brush, Lord Wilkins and Lord Phillips !
In wide-sleev'd pomp of godly guise,
What solemn rows of bishops rise !
Aloft a card'nal's hat is spread
O'er punster ‡ Cooper's rev'rend head !
In Vardell, that poetic zealot,
I view a lawn-bedizen'd prelate !
While mitres fall, as 'tis their duty,
On heads of Chandler and Auchmuty !
Knights, viscounts, barons, shall ye meet,
As thick as pavements in the street !
Ev'n I, perhaps, Heav'n speed my claim,
Shall fix a *Sir* before my name.
For titles all our foreheads ache ;
For what blest changes can they make !
Place rev'rence, grace and excellence
Where neither claim'd the least pretence ;
Transform by patent's magic words
Men, likest Devils, into Lords ;

+ Members of the ministerial majority, in the New-York Assembly ; Wilkins, a noted writer.

‡ President Cooper is a notorious punster ; Vardell, author of some poetical satires on the Sons of Liberty in New-York, and royal professor in king's college ; Chandler and Auchmuty High-church and Tory writers of the clerical order.

Whence commoners, to peers translated,
Are justly said to be *created* !
Now where commissioners ye saw
Shall boards of nobles deal you law !
Long rob'd comptrollers judge your rights,
And tide-waiters start up in knights !
While Whigs subdu'd in slavish awe,
Our wood shall hew, our water draw,
And bless that mildness, when past hope,
Which sav'd their necks from noose of rope.
For as to gain assistance we
Design their negroes to set free ;
For Whigs, when we enough shall bang 'em,
Perhaps 'tis better not to hang 'em ;
Except their chiefs ; the vulgar knaves
Will do more good preserv'd for slaves."

" 'Tis well, Honorius cried, your scheme
Has painted out a pretty dream.
We can't confute your second sight ;
We shall be slaves and you a knight :
These things must come : but I divine
They'll come not in your day, or mine.
But oh, my friends, my brethren, hear,
And turn for once th' attentive ear.
Ye see how prompt to aid our woes,
The tender mercies of our foes ;
Ye see with what unvaried rancour
Still for our blood their minions hanker,
Nor aught can fate their mad ambition,
From us, but death, or worse, submission.

Shall these then riot in our spoil,
Reap the glad harvest of our toil,
Rise from their country's ruin proud,
And roll their chariot wheels in blood?
And can ye sleep while high outspread
Hangs desolation o'er your head?
See Gage with inauspicious star
Has op'd the gates of civil war;
When streams of gore from freemen slain,
Encrimson'd Concord's fatal plain;
Whose warning voice, with awful sound,
Still cries like Abel's, from the ground,
And heav'n attentive to its call,
Shall doom the proud oppressor's fall."

"Rise then, ere ruin swift surprize,
To victory, to vengeance rise!
Hark how the distant din alarms!
The echoing trumpet breathes, to arms;
From provinces, remote afar,
The sons of glory rouse to war;
'Tis freedom calls; th' enraptur'd sound
The Apalachian hills rebound;
The Georgian shores her voice shall hear,
And start from lethargies of fear.
From the parch'd zone, with glowing ray,
Where pours the sun intenser day,
To shores where icy waters roll,
And tremble to the dusky pole,
Inspir'd by freedom's heav'nly charms,
United nations wake to arms.

The star of conquest lights their way,
And guides their vengeance on their prey—
Yes, tho' tyrannic force oppose,
Still shall they triumph o'er their foes,
Till Heav'n the happy land shall bless,
With safety, liberty, and peace."

"And ye whose souls of dastard mould,
Start at the brav'ry of the bold;
To love your country who pretend,
Yet want all spirit to defend;
Who feel your fancies so prolific,
Engend'ring vision'd whims terrific,
O'er-run with horrors of coercion,
Fire, blood, and thunder in reversion,
King's standards, pill'ries, confiscations,
And Gage's scare-crow proclamations,
With all the trumpery of fear;
Hear bullets whizzing in your rear;
Who scarce could rouse, if caught in fray,
Presence of mind to run away;
See nought but halters rise to view
In all your dreams (and dreams are true;)
And while these phantom's haunt your brains,
Bow down the willing neck to chains.
Heav'ns! are ye sons of fires so great,
Immortal in the fields of fate,
Who brav'd all deaths by land or sea,
Who bled who conquer'd to be free!
Hence! coward souls, the worst disgrace
Of our forefathers' valliant race;

Hie homeward from the glorious field;
There turn the wheel, the distaff wield;
Act what ye are, nor dare to stain
The warrior's arms with touch profane:
There beg your more heroic wives
To guard your children and your lives;
Beneath their aprons find a screen,
Nor dare to mingle more with men."

"As thus he said, the Tories' anger
Could now restrain itself no longer,
Who tried before by many a freak, or
Insulting noise to stop the speaker;
Swung th' unoil'd hinge of each pew-door;
Their feet kept shuffling on the floor:
Made their disapprobation known
By many a murmur, hum, and groan,
That to his speech supplied the place
Of counterpart in thorough-bass:
As bag-pipes, while the tune they breathe,
Still drone and grumble underneath;
Or as the fam'd Demosthenes
Harangu'd the rumbling of the seas,
Held forth with eloquence full grave
To audience loud of wind and wave;
And had a stiller congregation
Than Tories are to hear th' oration.
But now the storm grew high and louder,
As nearer thund'rings of a cloud are,
And ev'ry soul with heart and voice
Supplied his quota of the noise;

Each list'ning ear was set on torture;
Each Tory bell'wing out, to order:
And some, with tongue not low or weak,
Were clam'ring fast, for leave to speak;
The moderator, with great vi'lence,
The cushion thump'd with "Silence! silence!"
The constable to ev'ry prater
Bawl'd out, "Pray hear the moderator;"
Some call'd the vote, and some, in turn,
Were screaming high "Adjourn, adjourn."
Not chaos heard such jars and clashes
When all the el'ments fought for places.
Each bludgeon soon for blows was tim'd;
Each fist stood ready cock'd and prim'd;
The storm each moment louder grew;
His sword the great M'Fingal drew,
Prepar'd in either chance to share,
To keep the peace, or aid the war.
Nor lack'd they each poetic being,
Whom bards alone are skill'd in seeing;
Plum'd Victory stood perch'd on high,
Upon the pulpit-canopy,
To join, as is her custom tried,
Like Indians, on the strongest side;
The Destinies with shears and Distaff,
Drew near, their threads of life to twist off;
The Furies 'gan to feast on blows,
And broken heads or bloody nose;
When on a sudden, from without,
Arose a loud terrific shout;

And strait the people all at once heard
Of tongues an universal concert;
Like Æsop's times, as fable runs,
When ev'ry creature talk'd at once;
Or like the variegated gabble
That craz'd the carpenters of Babel.
Each party soon forgot the quarrel,
And let the other go on parole;
Eager to know what fearful matter
Had conjur'd up such gen'ral clatter;
And left the church in thin array,
As tho' it had been lecture-day.
Our 'Squire M'Fingal straightway beckon'd
The constable to stand his second,
And sallied forth with aspect fierce
The croud assembled to disperse.
The moderator, out of view
Beneath a bench, had lain perdue; *Fr = lost, hid*
Peep'd up his head to view the fray,
Beheld the wranglers run away,
And, left alone, with solemn face,
Adjourn'd them without time or place.

M ' F I N G A L :

C A N T O T H I R D.

The Liberty-Pole.

NOW arm'd with ministerial ire,
Fierce sallied forth our loyal 'Squire,
And on his striding steps attends,
His desperate clan of Tory friends ;
When sudden met his angry eye,
A pole ascending thro' the sky,
Which num'rous throngs of Whiggish race
Were raising in the market-place ;
Not higher school-boys kites aspire,
Or royal mast or country spire,
Like spears at Brobdignagian tilting,
Or Satan's walking-staff in Milton ;
And on its top the flag unfurl'd,
Wav'd triumph o'er the prostrate world,

Inscrib'd with inconsistent types

Of *liberty* and *thirteen stripes*.

Beneath, the croud, without delay,

The dedication-rights essay,

And gladly pay in ancient fashion,

The ceremonies of libation ;

While briskly to each patriot lip

Walks eager round th' inspiring flip :†

Delicious draught, whose pow'rs inherit

The quintessence of public spirit !

Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind

To nobler politics refin'd,

Or rous'd for martial controversy,

As from transforming cups of Circe ;

Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,

That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor,

At hand for new supplies in store,

The tavern opes its friendly door,

Whence to and fro the waiters run,

Like bucket-men, at fires in town.

Then with three shouts that tore the sky,

'Tis consecrate to Liberty ;

To guard it from th' attacks of Tories,

A grand committee cull'd of four is,

Who, foremost on the patriot spot,

Had brought the flip and paid the shot.

† *Flip* is a liquor composed of beer, rum, and sugar.

By this, M'Fingal, with his train,
Advanc'd upon th' adjacent plain,
And fierce, with loyal rage possess'd,
Pour'd forth the zeal that fir'd his breast.
"What mad-brain'd rebel gave commission,
To raise this May-pole of sedition!
Like Babel rear'd by bawling throngs,
With like confusion too of tongues,
To point at Heav'n, and summon down
The thunders of the British crown?
Say, will this paltry pole secure
Your forfeit heads from Gage's pow'r?
Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,
Is this to stand your ark of safety?
Or driv'n by Scottish laird and laddie,
Think ye to rest beneath its shadow?
When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,
And balls move hissing thro' the sky,
Will this vile pole, devote to freedom,
Save like the Jewish pole in Edom,
Or like the brazen snake of Moses,
Cure your crack'd skulls and batter'd noses?
Ye dupes to ev'ry factious rogue,
Or tavern-prating demagogue,
Whose tongue but rings, with sound more full,
On th' empty drumhead of his skull;
Behold you not what noisy fools
Use you, worse simpletons, for tools?

For Liberty in your own by-sense
Is but for crimes a patent licence ;
To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,
And throw the world in common stock,
Reduce all grievances and ills
To Magna Charta of your wills,
Establish cheats and frauds and nonsense,
Fram'd by the model of your conscience,
Cry justice down, as out of fashion,
And fix its scale of depreciation*,
Defy all creditors to trouble ye,
And pass new years of Jewish jubilee ;
Drive judges out like Aaron's calves,
By jurisdiction of white staves, *Thymis?*
And make the bar and bench and steeple,
Submit t' our sov'reign Lord, the People ;
Assure each knave his whole affets,
By gen'ral amnesty of debts ;
By plunder rise to pow'r and glory,
And brand all property as Tory ;
Expose all wares to lawful seizures
Of mobbers and monopolizers ;
Break heads and windows and the peace,
For your own int'rest and increase ;

* Alluding to the depreciation of the continental paper-money. The declining value of this Currency was ascertained and declared by Congress, in what was called a *scale of depreciation*. See more of this subject in the last Canto.

Dispute and pray and fight and groan,
For public good and mean your own;
Prevent the laws, by fierce attacks,
From quitting scores upon your backs,
Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,
And seize the stocks your ancient foe;
And turn them as convenient engines
To wreak your patriotic vengeance;
While all, your claims who understand,
Confess they're in the owner's hand:
And when by clamors and confusions,
Your freedom's grown a public nuisance,
Cry, *Liberty*, with pow'rful yearning,
As he does, *fire*, whose house is burning,
Tho' he already has much more,
Than he can find occasion for,
While ev'ry dunce, that turns the plains,
Tho' bankrupt in estate and brains,
By this new light transform'd to traitor,
Forsakes his plow, to turn dictator,
Starts an haranguing chief of Whigs,
And drags you by the ears like pigs.
All bluster arm'd with factious licence,
Transform'd at once to politicians; } *anyone?*
Each leather-apron'd clown, grown wise,
Presents his forward face t' advise,
And tatter'd legislators meet
From ev'ry work-shop thro' the street;

His goose the taylor finds new use in,
To patch and turn the constitution ;
The Blacksmith comes with sledge and grate,
To iron-bind the wheels of state ;
The quack forbears his patient's soufe,
To purge the Council and the House ;
The tinker quits his moulds and doxies,
To cast assembly men at proxies.
From dunghills deep of fable hue,
Your dirt-bred patriots spring to view,
To wealth and pow'r and pension rise,
Like new wing'd maggots chang'd to flies ;
And flutt'ring round in proud parade,
Strut in the robe or gay cockade.
See *Ar—d quits, for ways more certain,
His bankrupt perjuries for his fortune ;
Brews rum no longer in his store,
Jocky and skipper now no more ;
Forfakes his warehouses and docks,
And writs of slander for the pox,
And, purg'd by patriotism from shame,
Grows Gen'ral of the foremost name.

“ * Ar—d's perjuries at the time of his pretended bankruptcy, which was the first rise of his fortune ; and his curious lawsuit against a brother-skipper, who had charged him with having caught the above mentioned disease, by his connection with a certain African prince in the West-Indies, with its humorous issue, are matters, not I believe so generally known, as the other circumstances of his public and private character.”

* *Hiatus.*

For in this ferment of the stream,
 The dregs have work'd up to the brim,
 And by the rule of topsy-turvys,
 The skum stands swelling on the surface.
 You've caus'd your pyramid t' ascend,
 And set it on the little end;
 Like Hudibras, your empire's made,
 Whose crupper had o'er-top'd his head;
 You've push'd and turn'd the whole world up-
 Side down, and got yourselves a-top:
 While all the great ones of your state;
 Are crush'd beneath the pop'lar weight;
 Nor can you boast this present hour,
 The shadow of the form of pow'r.
 For what's your Congress †, or its end?
 A power t' advise and recommend;
 To call for troops, adjust your quotas
 And yet no soul is bound to notice;
 To pawn your faith to th' utmost limit,
 But cannot bind you to redeem it,

“ * M'Fingal having here inserted the names and characters of several great men, whom the public have not yet fully detected, it is thought proper to omit sundry paragraphs of his speech in the present edition.”

† The author here, in a true strain of patriotic censure, pointed out the principle defects in the first federal Constitution of the United States; all which have been since removed in the New Constitution, established in the year 1789. So that the prophecy below, *You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it*, must be ranked among the other sage blunders of his second-fighted hero.

And when in want, no more in them lies,
Than begging of your State-Assemblies;
Can utter oracles of dread,
Like Friar Bacon's brazen head;
But should a faction e'er dispute 'em,
Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em.
As tho' you chose supreme dictators,
And put them under conservators;
You've but pursu'd the self-same way,
With Shakespeare's Trinclo in the play,
"You shall be viceroys, here, 'tis true,
But we'll be viceroys over you."
What wild confusion hence must ensue,
Tho' common danger yet cements you;
So some wreck'd vessel, all in shatters,
Is held up by furrounding waters,
But stranded, when the pressure ceases,
Falls, by its rottenness, to pieces.
And fall it must—if wars were ended,
You'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it;
But creeping on with low intrigues
Like vermin of an hundred legs,
Will find as short a life assign'd
As all things else of reptile kind.
Your Commonwealth's a common harlot,
The property of ev'ry varlet,
Which now in taste and full employ,
All forts admire, as all enjoy;
But soon a batter'd strumpet grown,
You'll curse and drum her out of town.

Such is the government you chose,
For this you bade the world be foes,
For this, so mark'd for dissolution,
You scorn the British constitution ;
That constitution, form'd by sages,
The wonder of all modern ages :
Which owns no failure in reality,
Except corruption and venality ;
And only proves the adage just,
That best things spoil'd, corrupt to worst :
So man, supreme in mortal station,
And mighty lord of this creation,
When once his corse is dead as herring, *3 rhyme?*
Becomes the most offensive carrion,
And sooner breeds the plague, 'tis found,
Than all beasts rotting 'bove the ground.
Yet for this gov'nment, to dismay us,
You've call'd up Anarchy from Chaos,
With all the followers of her school,
Uproar and Rage and wild Misrule ;
For whom this rout of Whigs distracted
And ravings dire of ev'ry crack'd head ;
These new-cast legislative engines
Of country-musters and conventions,
Committees vile of correspondence,
And mobs, whose tricks have almost undone's ;
While reason fails to check your course,
And loyalty's kick'd out of doors,

And folly, like inviting landlord,
Hoists on your poles her royal standard.
While the king's friends in doleful dumps,
Have worn their courage to the stumps,
And leaving George in sad disaster,
Most sinfully deny their master.
What furies rag'd, when you in sea,
In shape of Indians drown'd the tea*,
When your gay sparks, fatigu'd to watch it,
Assumed the moggison and hatchet,
With wampum'd blankets hid their laces,
And, like their sweet-hearts, primed their faces:
While not a Red-coat dar'd oppose,
And scarce a Tory show'd his nose;
While Hutchinson for sure retreat,
Manœuvred to his country seat,
And thence affrighted in the fuds,
Stole off bare-headed thro' the woods!
Have you not rous'd your mobs to join,
And make Mandamus-men resign,
Call'd forth each duffil-dress'd curmudgeon,
With dirty trowfers and white bludgeon,
Forc'd all our Councils thro' the land,
To yield their necks to your command;
While paleness marks their late disgraces
Thro' all their rueful length of faces?

* The persons who destroyed the cargo of tea, above referred to, were disguised in the habit of Indians.

Have you not caus'd as woeful work
In loyal city of New-York *,
When all the rabble well cockaded,
In triumph thro' the streets paraded ;
And mobb'd the Tories, scar'd their spouses,
And ranfack'd all the custom-houses,
Made such a tumult, bluster, jarring,
That 'mid the clash of tempests warring,
Smith's weathercock, with veers forlorn,†
Could hardly tell which way to turn ;
Burnt effigies of th' Higher Powers,
Contriv'd in planetary hours,
As witches, with clay-images,
Destroy or torture whom they please ;
'Till fir'd with rage, th' ungrateful club
Spar'd not your best friend, Belzebub,
O'er-look'd his favours, and forgot
The rev'rence due t' his cloven foot ;
And in the self-same furnace frying,
Burn'd him, and North, and Bute, and Tryon‡ .

* There were so many influential Tories in New-York, that they at first obtained a vote in favor of the Acts of Parliament, and against the proceedings of the first Congress.

† William Smith, formerly a lawyer in New-York.

‡ Tryon, being now dead, is probably forgot. The reader must know that he was governor of New-York, and a British general during the war. He had the glory of burning the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk, and of issuing many proclamations. The other personages that make up this *hodge-podge* of Bute, Belzebub, and North, are still living, and therefore want no explanation.

Did you not in as vile and shallow way,
 Fright our poor Philadelphian, § Galloway,
 Your Congress when the daring ribald
 Belied, berated, and bescribbled?
 What ropes and halters did you send,
 Terrific emblems of his end,
 Till, least he'd hang in more than effigy,
 Fled in a fog the trembling refugee?
 Now rising in progression fatal,
 Have you not ventur'd to give battle?
 When treason chac'd our heroes troubled,
 With rusty gun and leathern doublet,
 Turn'd all stone-walls, and groves, and bushes,
 To batt'ries armed with blunderbusses,
 And with deep wounds, that fate portend,
 Gaul'd many a Reg'lar's latter end,
 Drove them to Boston as in jail,
 Confin'd without main-prize or bail,
 Were not these deeds enough betimes,
 To heap the measure of your crimes,
 But in this loyal town and dwelling,
 You raise these ensigns of rebellion?
 'Tis done; fair Mercy shuts her door;
 And Vengeance now shall sleep no more;
 Rise then, my friends, in terror rise,
 And wipe this scandal from the skies! 2 how

§ Galloway began by being a flaming patriot. He is one of the few men, who proved a traitor to his country, wrote against it, and ran away.

You'll see their Dagon, tho' well jointed,
Will sink before the Lord's anointed,
And like old Jericho's proud wall,
Before our ram's horns prostrate fall."

This said our 'Squire, yet undismay'd,
Call'd forth the Constable to aid,
And bade him read in nearer station,
The riot-act and proclamation * ;
Who, now advancing tow'rd the ring,
Began, " Our sov'reign Lord the King"—
When thousand clam'rous tongues he hears,
And clubs, and stones assail his ears ;
To fly was vain, to fight was idle,
By foes encompass'd in the middle ;
In stratagem his aid he found,
And fell right craftily to ground ;
Then crept to seek an hiding place ;
'Twas all he could, beneath a brace ;
Where soon the conqu'ring crew espied him ;
And where he lurk'd, they caught and tied him.

At once with resolution fatal,
Both Whigs and Tories rush'd to battle ; } *rhyme*
Instead of weapons, either band
Seiz'd on such arms, as came to hand.

* *Reading the Riot-act* has the same miraculous effect in America as in England : it may convert any collection of men into a riot, and is the tremendous prologue to any tragedy that may result from the exercise of Martial Law.

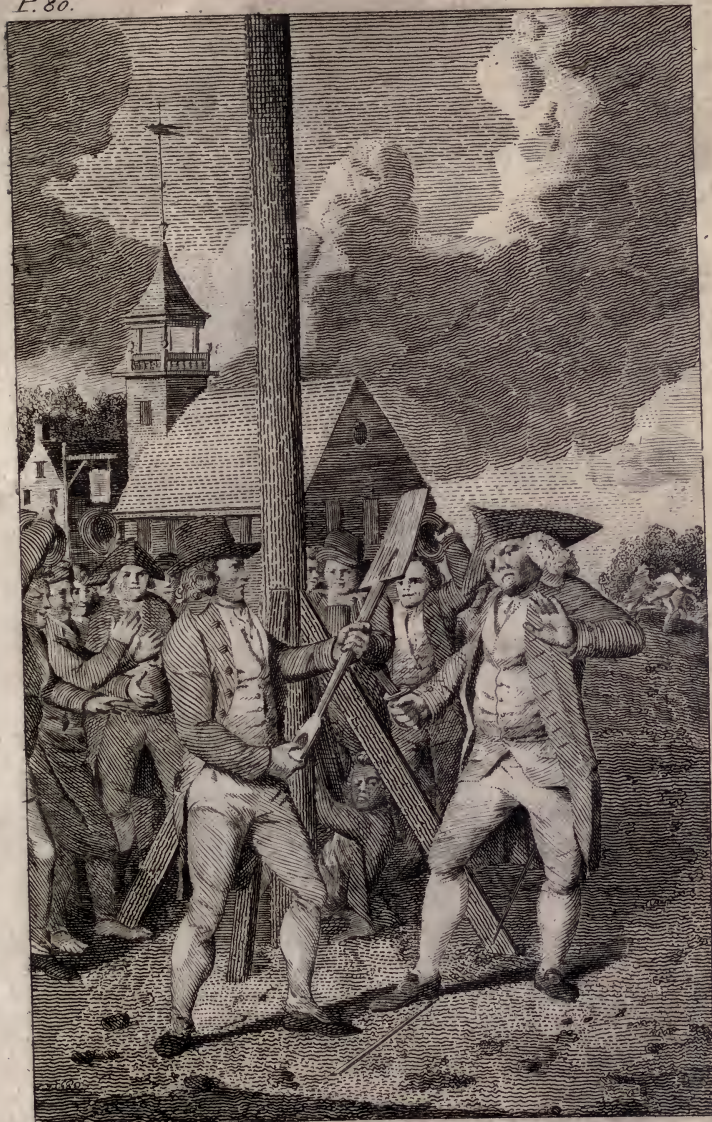
And as fam'd * Ovid paints th' adventures
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,
Who at their feast, by Bacchus led,
Threw bottles at each other's head,
And these arms failing in their scuffles,
Attack'd with hand-irons, tongs, and shovels :
So clubs and billets, staves and stones
Met fierce, encountering every scone,
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains ;
Their clamours rend the hills around,
And earth rebellow with the sound ;
And many a groan increas'd the din
From broken nose and batter'd shin.
M'Fingal, rising at the word,
Drew forth his old militia sword ;
Thrice cried, " King George," as erst in distress
Romancing heroes did their mistress,
And, brandishing the blade in air,
Struck terror thro' th' opposing war.
The Whigs unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion shrunk behind.
With whirling steel around address'd,
Fierce thro' their thickest throng he press'd,
(Who roll'd on either side in arch,
Like Red-sea waves in Israel's march)
And like a meteor rushing through,
Struck on their pole a vengeful blow.

Around, the Whigs, of clubs and stones
Discharg'd whole vollies in platoons,
That o'er in whistling terror fly,
But not a foe dares venture nigh.
And now, perhaps, with conquest crown'd,
Our 'Squire had fell'd their pole to ground;
Had not some Pow'r, a Whig at heart,
Descended down and took their part,
(Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars, or Iris,
'Tis scarce worth while to make enquiries,)
Who at the nick of time alarming,
Assum'd the graver form of Chairman;
Address'd a Whig, in ev'ry scene
The stoutest wrestler on the green,
And pointed where the spade was found,
Late us'd to fix the pole in ground,
And urg'd with equal arms and might
To dare our 'Squire to single fight †.
The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,
Advanc'd tremendous to the field;
Nor did M'Fingal shun the foe,
But stood to brave the desp'rate blow;
While all the party gaz'd suspended,
To see the deadly combat ended.

“† The learned reader will readily observe the allusions in this scene to the single combat of Paris and Menelaus in Homer, Æneas and Turnus in Virgil, and Michael and Satan in Milton.”

And Jove in equal balance weigh'd
The sword against the brandish'd spade,
He weigh'd; but lighter than a dream,
The sword flew up and kick'd the beam.
Our 'Squire on tiptoe rising fair,
Lifts high a noble stroke in air,
Which hung not, but like dreadful engines
Descended on the foe in vengeance.
But ah! in danger with dishonour,
The sword perfidious fails its owner;
That sword, which oft had stood its ground
By huge train-bands encompass'd round*,
Or on the bench, with blade right loyal,
Had won the day at many a trial,
Of stones and clubs had brav'd th' alarms,
Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.
The spade so temper'd from the sledge,
Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,
Now met it from his arm of might
Descending with steep force to smite;
The blade snap'd short—and from his hand
With rust embrown'd the glitt'ring sand.
Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,
And call'd for aid th' attendant crew,
In vain; the Tories all had run,
When scarce the fight was well begun;

* A *train band* is a Captain's company in the Militia.



Fisdale fecit.

THE COMBAT.

Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd,
Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.
Amaz'd he view'd the shameful fight,
And saw no refuge but in flight :
But age unweildy check'd his pace,
Tho' fear had wing'd his flying race ;
For not a trifling prize at stake ;
No less than great M'Fingal's back.
With legs and arms he work'd his course,
Like rider that outgoes his horse,
And labour'd hard to get away, as
Old Satan * struggling on thro' Chaos :
Till, looking back, he spied in rear
The spade arm'd chief advanc'd too near.
Then stopp'd and seiz'd a stone that lay,
An antient land-mark near the way ;
Nor shall we, as old Bards have done,
Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton :
But such a stone as at a shift
A modern might suffice to lift.
Since men, to credit their enigmas,
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies ;
And giants, exil'd with their cronies,
To Brobdingnags and Patagonies.
But while our hero turn'd him round,
And stoop'd to raise it from the ground,

* In Milton.

The deadly spade discharg'd a blow
Tremendous on his rear below :
His bent knee fail'd, and void of strength,
Stretch'd on the ground his manly length ;
Like antient oak o'er-turn'd he lay,
Or tow'rs to tempests fall'n a prey,
And more things else—but all men know 'em,
If slightly vers'd in Epic Poem.
At once the crew, at this sad crisis,
Fall on, and bind him ere he rises,
And with loud shouts, and joyful soul,
Conduct him pris'ner to the pole.

When now the mob in lucky hour,
Had got their enemies in their pow'r,
They first proceed, by wise command,
To take the constable in hand.
Then from the pole's sublimest top
They speeded to let down the rope,
At once its other end in haste bind,
And make it fast upon his waistband,
Till, like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,
He hung self balanc'd on his center.
Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him, like a keg of ale ;
Till to the pinnacle so fair,
He rose like meteor in the air :

As * Socrates of old at first did
To aid philosophy get hoisted,
And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,
Swung in a basket in mid air :
Our culprit thus in purer sky,
With like advantage rais'd his eye ;
And looking forth in prospect wide
His Tory errors clearly spied,
And from his elevated station,
With bawling voice began addressing.
“ Good gentlemen, and friends, and kin,
For Heav'n's sake hear, if not for mine !
I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,
The King, the Devil, and all their works ;
And will, set me but once at ease,
Turn Whig or Christian, what you please ;
And always mind your laws as justly ;
Should I live long as old Methus'lah ;
I'll never join with British rage,
Nor help Lord North, or Gen'ral Gage,
Nor lift my gun in future fights,
Nor take away your charter'd rights ;
Nor overcome your new-rais'd levies,
Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies ;
Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,
Tho' rais'd more thick than hatchel teeth :

† “ Socrates is represented in Aristophanes's Comedy of the Clouds,
as hoisted in a basket to aid contemplation.”

But leave king George and all his elves
To do their conqu'ring work themselves."

This said, they lower'd him down in state,
Spread at all points, like falling cat;
But took a vote first on the question,
That they'd accept this full confession,
And to their fellowship and favour,
Restore him on his good behaviour.

Not so, our 'Squire submits to rule,
But stood heroic as a mule.

"You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,
To play your rebel tricks on me.
All punishments the world can render,
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will's confirm'd by treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curri'd.
No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice in the stocks;
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
At once his loyalty and ears.
Have you made Murray look less big,
Or smoak'd old Williams to a Whig?
Did our mobb'd * Oliver quit his station,
Or heed his vows of resignation?

* This is the "Chief-Judge Oliver" of the first Canto, in whose appointment the sagacious M'Fingal perceives that Heaven had no



E. Tisdale Del.

d. fault.

The TORY'S Day of JUDGMENT.



Has Rivington †, in dread of stripes,
 Ceas'd lying since you stole his types ?
 And can you think my faith will alter,
 By tarring, whipping, or the halter ?
 I'll stand the worst ; for recompence
 I trust King George and Providence.
 And when, our conquest gain'd, I come,
 Array'd in law and terror, home,
 You'll rue this inauspicious morn,
 And curse the day you e'er were born,
 In Job's high style of imprecations,
 With all his plagues, without his patience."

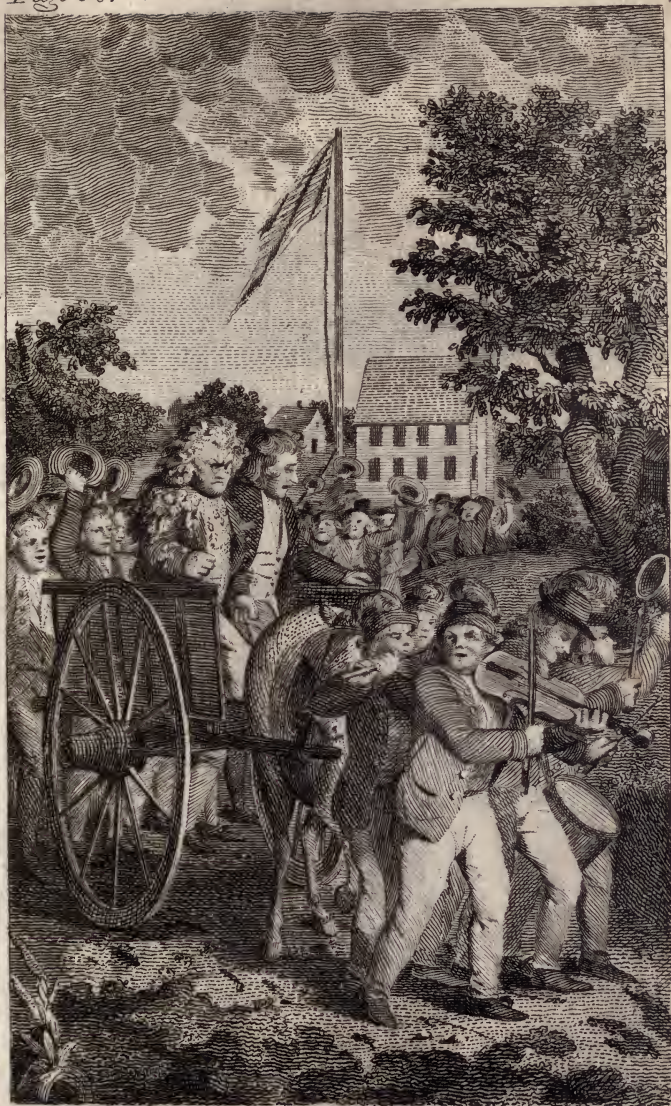
hand. One ground of the quarrel between the British government and the people of Massachusetts, was the act by which the Judges of the Colony were rendered independent of the Colony for their salary, as well as for their places ; which was contrary to ancient usage. When the people felt these particular acts of oppression from a power three thousand miles distant, their only method of redress was, to prevent any person from accepting an office, or from exercising its functions, under such an act. This expedient had been successful in the case of the Stamp-act a few years before ; and the people now applied to Judge Oliver, requesting him to resign an office, the new arrangement of which so manifestly struck at the foundation of their liberty. The Judge promised to resign his place ; but afterwards claimed that "*highest privilege of speech*," which M'Fingal has so well vindicated in favour of General Gage.

† Here again is an old acquaintance of the first Canto. His paper, entitled *The Royal Gazette*, had, by a strange combination of circumstances, obtained the name, through all the country, of *The Lying Gazette*. It was on this account that the people at a certain time sent a committee to take away his types. But this measure was as ineffectual as those that were used with Murray, Williams, Oliver, &c.

Like fleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.
And now the feather-bag display'd,
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
And spread him o'er with feathers missive,
And down, upon the tar adhesive:
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumes around his visage wears;
Nor Milton's fix-wing'd angel gathers,
Such superfluity of feathers.
Till all compleat appears our 'Squire
Like Gorgon or Chimera dire;
Nor more could boast on * Plato's plan
To rank amid the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.

Then on the two-wheel'd car of state,
They rais'd our grand Duumvirate.
And as at Rome a like committee,
That found an owl within their city,
With solemn rites and sad processions,
At ev'ry shrine perform'd lustrations;
And lest infection should abound,
From prodigy with face so round,
All Rome attends him thro' the street,
In triumph to his country-seat;

* Alluding to Plato's famous definition of Man, '*Animal bipes, implumis.*'"



E. Tisdale

del. et sculp.

THE PROCESSION.



With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our feather'd 'Squire ;
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels ;
Behind, the crowd in lengthen'd row,
With grave procession clos'd the show ;
And at fit periods ev'ry throat
Combin'd in universal shout,
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd, Confusion to the Tories.
Not louder storm the welkin braves;
From clamors of conflicting waves ;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise
When rav'ning lions lift their voice ;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On passing votes to reg'late trade *.

Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the pole they set them down,
And tow'rd the tavern take their way,
To end in mirth the festal day.

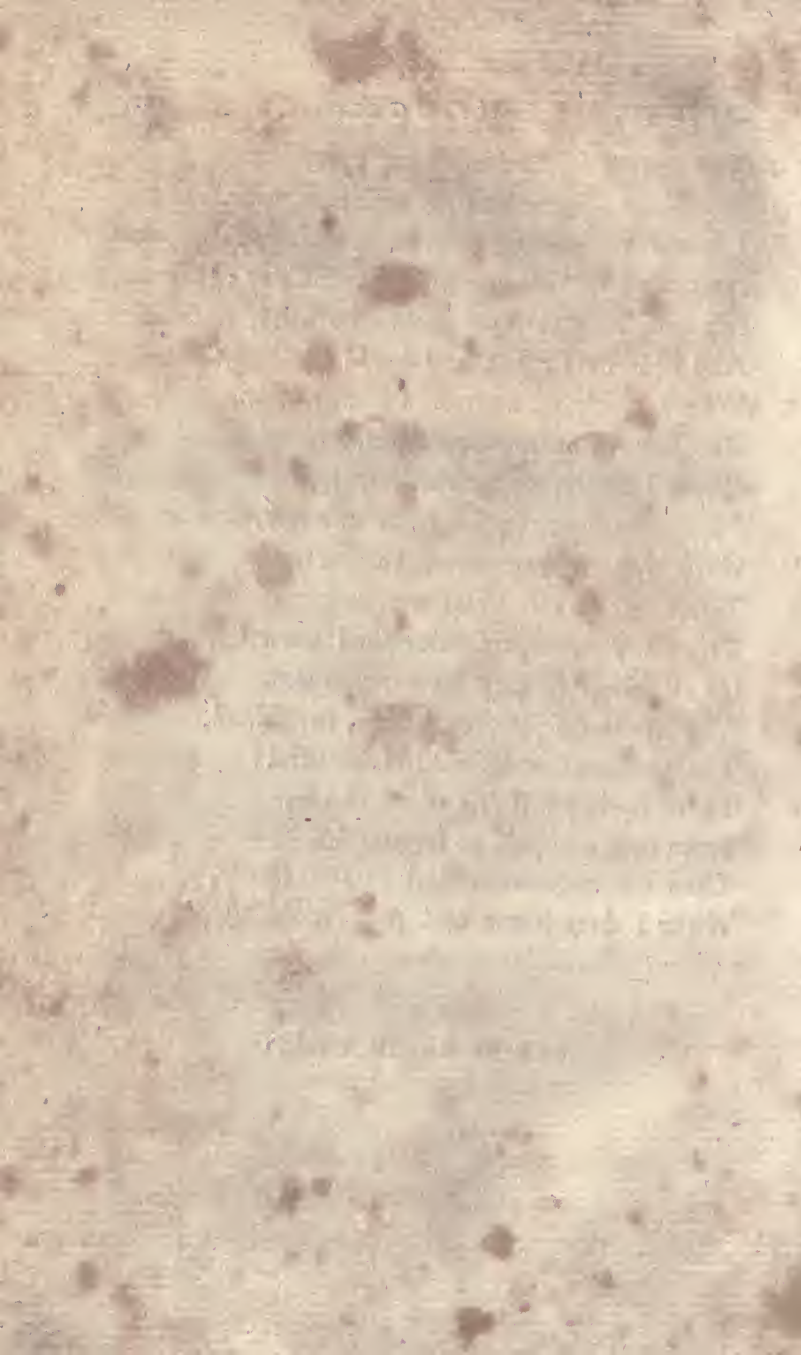
And now the Mob, dispers'd and gone,
Left 'Squire and Constable alone.

* Such votes were frequently passed at Town meetings; the object of which was, to prevent the augmentation of prices on the necessaries of life, and thus to obviate the effects of the depreciation of the paper-money.

The Constable, in rueful case,
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace,
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,
Stuck 'Squire M'Fingal 'gainst the pole,
Glu'd by the tar, t' his rear applied,
Like barnacle on vessel's side :
But tho' his body lack'd physician,
His spirit was in worse condition.
He found his fears of whips and ropes,
By many a drachm out-weigh'd his hopes.
As men in gaol without main-prize,
View ev'ry thing with other eyes ;
And all goes wrong in church and state,
Seen thro' perspective of the grate :
So now M'Fingal's second-sight
Beheld all things in diff'rent light ;
His visual nerve, well purg'd with tar,
Saw all the coming scenes of war.
As his prophetic soul grew stronger,
He found he could hold in no longer ;
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,
His wig from pitchy durance broke,
His mouth unglu'd, his feathers flutter'd,
His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd :
“ Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain
We strive 'gainst wind, and tide, and rain !
Behold my doom ! this feather'd omen
Portends what dismal times are coming,

Now future scenes before my eyes,
And second-sighted forms arise ;
I hear a voice that calls away,
And cries the Whigs will win the day ;
My beck'ning Genius gives command,
And bids us fly the fatal land ;
Where, changing name and constitution,
Rebellion turns to Revolution,
While Loyalty, oppress'd in tears,
Stands trembling for his neck and ears.
Go, summon all our brethren greeting,
To muster at our usual meeting.
There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em,
Of all things future that concern 'em,
And scenes disclose, on which, my friend,
Their conduct and their lives depend :
There I—but first 'tis more of use,
From this vile pole to set me loose ;—
Then go with cautious steps and steady,
While I steer home and make all ready.”

END OF CANTO THIRD.







TORY PANDEMONIUM.

M'FINGAL:

CANTO FOURTH.

The Vision.

NOW night came down, and rose full soon
That patroness of rogues, the Moon,
Beneath whose kind, protecting ray,
Wolves, brute and human, prowl for prey.
The honest world all snored in chorus,
While owls, and ghosts, and thieves and Tories,
Whom erst the mid-day sun had aw'd,
Crept from their lurking holes abroad.
On cautious hinges, slow and stiller
Wide ope'd the great M'Fingal's *cellar,

" * Panditur interia domus omnipotentis Olympi,
Conciliumq; vocat Divum pater atq; hominum rex
Sideream in sedem." Lib. 10. *Æneid*.

Where, shut from prying eyes in cluster,
The Tory Pandemonium muster.
Their chiefs all sitting round descry'd are,
On kegs of ale, and seats of cider;
When first M'Fingal, dimly seen,
Rose solemn from the turnip-bin.
Nor yet his *form had wholly lost
The orig'nal brightness it could boast,
Nor less appear'd than Justice Quorum,
In feather'd majesty before 'em.
Adown his tar-streak'd visage clear
Fell glistening fast th' indignant tear,
And thus his voice, in mournful wise,
Pursu'd the prologue of his sighs :
“ Brethren and friends, the glorious band
Of loyalty in rebel land !
It was not thus you've seen me sitting
Return'd in triumph from town-meeting,
When blust'ring Whigs were put to stand,
And votes obey'd my guiding hand,
And new commissions pleas'd my eyes ;
Blest days, but, ah, no more to rise !
Alas ! against my better light
And optics sure of second-sight,
My stubborn soul, in error strong,
Had faith in Hutchinson too long.

“ * — His form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd.”

Milton.

See what brave trophies still we bring
From all our battles for the king;
And yet these plagues, now past before us,
Are but our entering-wedge of sorrows.
I see, in glooms tempestuous, stand
The cloud impending o'er the land;
That cloud, which still beyond their hopes
Serves all our orators with tropes,
Which tho' from our own vapors fed,
Shall point its thunders on our head!
I see the Mob, beslipp'd in taverns,
Hunt us, like wolves, thro' wilds and caverns!
What dungeons rise t' alarm our fears!
What horse-whips whistle round our ears!
Tar, yet in embryo in the pine,
Shall run, on Tories backs to shine;
Trees rooted fair in groves of fallows
Are growing for our future gallows;
And geese unhatch'd, when pluck'd in fray,
Shall rue the feath'ring of that day.
For me, before these fatal days,
I mean to fly th' accursed place,
And follow omens, which of late
Have warn'd me of impending fate;
Yet pass'd, unnotic'd o'er my view,
Till sad conviction prov'd them true;
As prophecies of best intent,
Are only heeded in the event.

For late in visions of the night
 The gallows stood before my sight;
 I saw its ladder heav'd on end;
 I saw the deadly rope descend;
 And in its noose, that wav'ring swang,
 Friend * Malcolm hung or seem'd to hang.
 How chang'd from him, who bold as lion,
 Stood Aid-de-Camp to Governor Tryon,
 Made rebels vanish once, like witches,
 And sav'd his life, but dropp'd his breeches.
 I scarce had made a fearful bow,
 And trembling ask'd him, "How d'ye do?"
 When lifting up his eyes so wide,
 His eyes alone, his hands were tied;
 With feeble voice, as spirits use,
 Now almost choak'd with gripe of noose;
 "Ah, * fly, my friend! he cri'd; escape!
 And keep yourself from this sad scrape;

"* Malcolm was a Scotchman, Aid to Governor Tryon in his expedition against the Regulators in North Carolina, where, in the engagement, he met with the accident of the breeches here alluded to. He was afterwards an under-officer of the customs in Boston, where, becoming obnoxious, he was tarred, feathered, and half-hanged by the mob, about the year 1774. After this he was neglected and avoided by his own party, and thinking his merits and sufferings unrewarded, appeared equally malevolent against Whigs and Tories."

"The pretences of the Highlanders to prophecy by second-sight are too well known to need an explanation."

"* There is in this scene, a general allusion to the appearance and speech of Hector's ghost, in the second book of the *Æneid*."

Enough you've talk'd, and writ, and plann'd ;
The Whigs have got the upper hand.
Dame Fortune's wheel has turn'd so short,
It plung'd us fairly in the dirt ;
Could mortal arm our fears have ended,
This arm (and shook it) had defended.
But longer now 'tis vain to stay ;
See e'en the Reg'lars run away :
Wait not till things grow desperater,
For hanging is no laughing matter :
This might your grandfires' fortunes tell you on,
Who both were hang'd the last rebellion ;
Adventure then no longer stay,
But call your friends and run away.
For lo, thro' deepest glooms of night
I come to aid thy second fight,
Disclose the plagues that round us wait
And wake the dark decrees of Fate ;
Ascend this ladder, whence unfurl'd
The curtain opes of t' other world,
For here new worlds their scenes unfold,
Seen from this back-door of the old †.
As when Æneas risk'd his life,
Like Orpheus vent'ring for his wife,
And bore in show his mortal carcase,
Thro' realms of Erebus and Orcus,

† That the gallows is the *back-door* leading from this to the other world, is a perfectly new idea in Epic Poetry ; unless

Then in the happy fields Elysian,
 Saw all his embryon sons in vision:
 As, shown by great archangel, Michael,
 Old Adam saw the world's whole sequel,
 And from the mount's extended space,
 The rising fortunes of his race;
 So from this stage shalt thou behold,
 The war its coming scenes unfold,
 Rais'd by my arm to meet thine eye;
 My Adam, thou, thine Angel, I.
 But first my pow'r for visions * bright,
 Must cleanse from clouds thy mental sight,
 Remove the dim suffusions spread,
 Which bribes and fal'ries there have bred;
 And, from the well of Bute, infuse
 Three genuine drops of Highland dews,
 To purge, like euphrasy and rue,
 Thine eyes, for much thou hast to view.

“ Now, freed from Tory darkness, raise
 Thy head, and spy the coming days;
 For lo, before our second-fight,
 The Continent ascends in light;
 From north to south, what gath'ring swarms,
 Increase the pride of rebel arms!
 Thro' ev'ry State our legions brave,
 Speed gallant marches to the grave, *Cf. Gray's*

the hint might have been taken from the rear-trumpet of Fame
 in Hudibras.

“ * See Milton's Paradise Lost, Book 11.”

Of battling Whigs the frequent prize,
While rebel trophies stain the skies.
Behold, o'er northern realms afar*,
Extend the kindling flames of war!
See fam'd St. John's and Montreal,
Doom'd by Montgom'ry's arm to fall!
Where Hudson with majestic sway,
Thro' hills disparted plows his way;
Fate spreads on Bemus' Heights alarms,
And pours destruction on our arms;
There Bennington's ensanguin'd plain,
And Stony-Point the prize of Wayne.
Behold near Del'ware's icy roar,
Where morning dawns on Trenton's shore,

* Nothing less than the whole History of the American War would be sufficient, completely to illustrate the merits of this single paragraph. Malcolm, the gallows-taught prophet, in preparing the mind of M'Fingal to contemplate, with proper intelligence, the various scenes that are to rise successively to view in the course of the Vision, glances over the Continent, and mentions in this passage the principal scenes of action, from the expedition into Canada in 1775, to the capture of Lord Cornwallis in 1781. The concluding part of his speech is therefore a kind of *argument* to this whole book of Vision; in which the same objects are unfolded at large with their attendant circumstances; in order that they may make a proper impression on the elevated mind of the great M'Fingal. It is thus that our Poet, like Homer, in his Iliad, seizes all occasions to do honour to his principal hero. By supposing him already possessed of all natural and political knowledge that could be obtained by mortal study and experience, he makes him, like Achilles, capable of receiving instruction only by the agency of a super-terrestrial power. The advisers of Achilles descended from the skies, that of M'Fingal is mounted towards the skies.

While Hessians spread their Christmas feasts,
Rush rude these uninvited guests ;
Nor aught avail, to Whigs a prize,
Their martial whiskers' grisly size.
On Princeton plains our heroes yield,
And spread in flight the vanquish'd field,
While fear to Mawhood's heels puts on
Wings, wide as worn by Maia's son.
Behold the Pennsylvanian shore,
Enrich'd with streams of British gore ;
Where many a vet'ran chief in bed
Of honour rests his slumb'ring head,
And in soft vales in land of foes,
Their wearied virtue finds repose.
See plund'ring Dunmore's negro band
Fly headlong from Virginia's strand ;
And far on southern hills, our cousins,
The Scotch McDonalds, fall by dozens,
Or where King's Mountain lifts its head,
Our ruin'd bands in triumph led !
Behold o'er Tarleton's blustering train,
The Rebels stretch the captive chain !
Afar near Eutaw's fatal springs
Descending Vict'ry spreads her wings !
Thro' all the land in various chace,
We hunt the rainbow of success ;
In vain ! their Chief, superior still,
Eludes our force with Fabian skill ;

Or swift descending by surprize,
Like Prussia's eagle sweeps the prize."

triumph?

"I look'd, nor yet, oppress'd with fears,
Gave credit to my eyes or ears,
But held the views an empty dream,
On Berkely's immaterial scheme;
And pond'ring sad with troubled breast
At length my rising doubts express'd.

"Ah, whither, thus by rebels smitten,
Is fled th' omnipotence of Britain,
Or fail'd his usual guard to keep,
Gone traunting or fall'n asleep *;
As Baal his prophets left confounded,
And bawling vot'ries gash'd and wounded?
Did not, retir'd to bow'rs Elysian,
Great Mars leave with her his commission,
And Neptune erst, in treaty free,
Give up dominion o'er the sea?
Else where's the faith of fam'd orations,
Address, debate, and proclamations,
Or courtly sermon, laureat ode,
And ballads on the wat'ry God;

* "Cry aloud: for he is god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth.—And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets." 1 Kings, chap. xviii. The other original subjects alluded to in the subsequent part of this speech, may be found by the curious reader in the various and immortal works mentioned by the poet in the text.

With whose high strains great George enriches
His eloquence of gracious speeches?
Not faithful to our Highland eyes,
These deadly forms of vision rise;
But sure some Whig-inspiring sprite
Now palms delusion on our sight.
I'd scarcely trust a tale so vain,
Should revelation prompt the strain,
Or Ossians ghost the scenes rehearse,
In all the melody of * Erse."

"Too long, quoth Malcolm, with confusion,
You've dwelt already in delusion,
As Sceptics, of all fools the chief,
Hold faith in creeds of unbelief.
I come to draw thy veil aside
Of error, prejudice, and pride.
Fools love deception, but the wise
Prefer sad truths to pleasing lies.
For know those hopes can ne'er succeed
That trust on Britain's breaking reed.
For weak'ning long from bad to worse,
By fatal atrophy of purse,
She feels at length with trembling heart,
Her foes have found her mortal part.
As fam'd Achilles, dipt by Thetis
In Styx, as sung in antient ditties,

"* Erse, the ancient Scottish language, in which Ossian wrote his poems."

Grew all case-harden'd o'er like steel,
Invulnerable, save his heel,
And laugh'd at swords and spears, as squibs,
And all diseases, but the kibes;
Yet met at last his fatal wound,
By Paris' arrow nail'd to th' ground:
So Britain's boasted strength deserts,
In these her empire's utmost skirts,
Remov'd beyond her fierce impressions,
And atmosphere of omnipresence;
Nor to these shores remoter ends,
Her dwarf omnipotence extends:
Whence in this turn of things so strange,
'Tis time our principles to change.
For vain that boasted faith, which gathers
No perquisite, but tar and feathers,
No pay, but Whig's insulting malice,
And no promotion but the gallows.
I've long enough stood firm and steady,
Half-hang'd for loyalty already:
And could I save my neck and pelf,
I'd turn a flaming whig myself,
And quit this cause, and course, and calling,
Like rats that fly from house that's falling.
But since, obnoxious here to Fate,
This saving wisdom comes too late,
Our noblest hopes already cross'd,
Our sal'ries gone, our titles lost,

Doom'd to worse sufferings from the mob,
Than Satan's furies used on Job;
What more remains but now with sleight,
What's left of us to save by flight?

"Now raise thine eyes; for visions true
Again ascending wait thy view."
I look'd; and clad in early light,
The spires of Boston rose to fight;
The morn o'er eastern hills afar,
Illumin'd the varying scenes of war.
Great Howe had long since in the lap
Of Loring taken out his nap,
And with the sun's ascending ray,
The cuckold came to take his pay.
When all th' encircling hills around,
With instantaneous breast-works crown'd,
With pointed thunders met his sight,
By magic rear'd the former night.
Each summit far, as eye commands,
Shone peopled with rebellious bands,
Aloft their tow'ring heroes rise,
As Titans erst assail'd the skies,
Leagu'd with superior force to prove,
The scepter'd hand of British Jove.
Mounds, pil'd on hills, ascended fair,
With batt'ries plac'd in middle air,
That, rais'd like angry clouds on high,
Seem'd like th' artill'ry of the sky,

And hurl'd their fiery bolts amain,
In thunder on the trembling plain.
I saw along the prostrate strand,
Our baffl'd Gén'ral quit the land,
And, swift as frighted mermaids, flee,
T' our boasted element, the sea!
Resign that long contested shore,
Again the prize of rebel-power,
And tow'rd their tow'r of refuge fly,
Like convict Jews, condemn'd to die.
Then tow'rd the north, I turn'd my eyes,
Where Saratoga's height arise,
And saw our chosen vet'ran band,
Descend in terror o'er the land;
T' oppose their fury of alarms
Saw all New-England wake to arms,
And ev'ry Yanky, full of mettle,
Swarm forth, like bees at sound of kettle.
Not Rome, when Tarquin rape'd Lucretia,
Saw wilder must'ring of militia.
Thro' all the woods and plains of fight,
What mortal battles fill'd my sight;
While British corpes strew'd the shore,
And Hudson ting'd his streams with gore!
What tongue can tell the dismal day,
Or paint the party-colour'd fray;
When yeomen left their fields afar,
To plow the crimson plains of war;

When zeal to swords transform'd their shares,
And turn'd their pruning-hooks to spears,
Chang'd tailor's geese to guns and ball,
And stretch'd to pikes the cobbler's awl;
While hunters fierce, like mighty Nimrod,
Made on our troops a daring inroad;
And lev'lling squint on barrel round,
Brought our beau-officers to ground;
While rifle-frocks sent Gen'ral cap'ring,
And redcoats shrunk from leathern apron,
And epaulette and gorget run
From whinyard brown and rusty gun:
While sun-burnt whigs in high command,
Rush furious on our frightened band,
And ancient beards and hoary hair,
Like meteors stream in troubled air.
With locks unshorn not Samson more
Made useless all the show of war,
Nor fought with asses jaw for rarity,
With more success or singularity.
I saw our vet'ran thousands yield
And pile their muskets on the field,
And peasant guards, in rueful plight,
March off our captur'd bands from fight;
While ev'ry rebel-fife in play,
To Yanky-doodle tun'd its lay,
And like the music of the spheres,
Mellifluous sooth'd their vanquish'd ears.

“Alas, said I, what baleful star,
Sheds fatal influence on the war,
And who that chosen Chief of fame,
That heads this grand parade of shame?”

“There see how Fate, great Malcolm cried,
Strikes with its bolts the tow’rs of pride,
Behold that martial Macaroni,
Compound of Phœbus and Bellona,
With warlike sword and sing-song lay,
Equipp’d alike for feast or fray,
Where equal wit and valour join;
This, this is he, the fam’d Burgoyne:
Who pawn’d his honor and commission,
To coax the Patriots to submission,
By songs and balls secure obedience,
And dance the ladies to allegiance.
Oft his camp muses he’ll parade,
At Boston in the grand blockade,
And well invok’d with punch of arrack,
Hold converse sweet in tent or barrack,
Inspir’d in more heroic fashion,
Both by his theme and situation;
While Farce and Proclamation grand,
Rise fair beneath his plastic hand.
For genius swells more strong and clear
When close confin’d, like bottl’d beer:
So Prior’s wit gain’d greater pow’r,
By inspiration of the tow’r;

And Raleigh, fast in prison hurl'd,
Wrote all the History of the World :
So Wilkes grew, while in goal he lay,
More patriotic ev'ry day,
But found his zeal, when not confin'd, *3 rhyme*
Soon sink below the freezing point,
And public spirit, once so fair,
Evaporate in open air.
But thou, great favorite of Venus,
By no such luck shall cramp thy genius ;
Thy friendly stars till wars shall cease,
Shall ward th' ill fortune of release,
And hold thee fast in bonds not feeble,
In good condition still to scribble.
Such merit Fate shall shield from firing,
Bomb, carcase, langridge, and cold iron,
Nor trusts thy doubly laurell'd head,
To rude assaults of flying lead.
Hence in this Saratogue retreat,
For pure good fortune thou'lt be beat ;
Not taken oft, releas'd or rescu'd, *3 rhyme*
Pass for small change, like simple Prescott* ;
But captur'd there, as Fates befall,
Shall stand thy hand for't, once for all.
Then raise thy daring thoughts sublime,
And dip thy conqu'ring pen in rhyme,

* General Prescott was taken and exchanged several times during the war.

And changing war for puns and jokes,
Write new Blockades and Maids of Oaks.*"

This said, he turn'd, and saw the tale
Had dy'd my trembling cheeks with pale;
Then, pitying, in a milder vein
Pursu'd the visionary strain.

" Too much, perhaps, hath pain'd your views
Of vict'ries gain'd by rebel crews;
Now see the deeds, not small nor scanty,
Of British Valour and Human'ty;
And learn from this auspicious fight,
How England's sons and friends can fight,
In what dread scenes their courage grows,
And how they conquer all their foes."

I look'd and saw in wintry skies
Our spacious prison-walls arise,
Where Britons all their captives taming,
Plied them with scourging, cold, and famine;
Reduc'd to life's concluding stages,
By noxious food and plagues contagious.
Aloft the mighty † Loring stood,
And thriv'd, like ‡ Vampyre, on their blood;

" * The Maid of the Oaks and the Blockade of Boston, are farces — the first acknowledged by General Burgoyne, the other generally ascribed to him."

† Loring was a Refugee from Boston, made commissary of prisoners by General Howe. The consummate cruelties practised on the American prisoners under Loring's administration almost exceed the ordinary powers of human invention. If a simple statement of facts

And counting all his gains arising,
Dealt daily rations out of poison.
Amid the dead that croud the scene,
The moving skeletons were seen.
At hand our troops in vaunting strains,
Insulted all their wants and pains,
And turn'd on all the dying tribe,
The bitter taunt and scornful gibe :
And British officers of might,
Triumphant at the joyful fight,
O'er foes disarm'd with courage daring,
Exhausted all their tropes of swearing.
Around all stain'd with rebel blood,
Like Milton's lazar-house it stood,
Where grim Despair attended nurse,
And Death was Gov'rnor of the house.
Amaz'd, I cried, "Is this the way,
That British Valor wins the day?"

relative to this business were properly drawn up and authenticated, it would furnish the friends of humanity with new images of horror in contemplating the ravages of war; especially a war that obtains the name of rebellion, and is carried on at a distance from the eye of the nation. The conduct of the Turks in putting all prisoners to death is certainly much more rational and humane, than that of the British army for the three first years of the American war, or till after the capture of Burgoyne. We except from this general observation, the conduct of Lord Dorchester in Canada; he acted on the common principles of war, as now practised in Europe.

"† The notion of Vampyres is a superstition, that has greatly prevailed in many parts of Europe. They pretend it is a dead body, which rises out of its grave in the night, and sucks the blood of the living."

More had I said, in strains unwelcome,
Till interrupted thus by Malcolm :
“ Blame not, quoth he, but learn the reason
Of this new mode of conqu’ring treason.
’Tis but a wise, politic plan,
To root out all the rebel-clan ;
(For surely treason ne’er can thrive,
Where not a soul is left alive :)
A scheme, all other chiefs to surpass,
And do the effectual work to purpose,
For war itself is nothing further,
But th’ art and mystery of murder,
And who most methods has essay’d,
Is the best Gen’ral of the trade,
And stands Death’s Plenipotentiary,
To conquer, poison, starve, and bury.
This Howe well knew, and thus began,
(Despising Carleton’s coaxing plan,
Who kept his pris’ners well and merry,
And dealt them food like Commissary,
And by paroles and ransoms vain,
Dismiss’d them all to fight again :)
Whence his first captives, with great spirit,
He tied up for his troops to fire * at
And hop’d they’d learn, on foes thus taken,
To aim at rebels without shaking.

“ * This was done openly and without censure by the troops under Howe’s command in many instances, on his first conquest of Long-Island,”

Then, wise in stratagem he plann'd
The sure destruction of the land,
Turn'd famine, sickness, and despair,
To useful enginry of war,
Instead of cannon, musket, mortar,
Us'd pestilence, and death, and torture,
Sent forth the small-pox, and the greater,
To thin the land of ev'ry traitor,
And order'd out with like endeavor,
Detachments of the prison-fever;
Spread desolation o'er their head,
And plagues in Providence's stead,
Perform'd with equal skill and beauty,
Th' avenging angel's tour of duty,
Brought all the elements to join,
And stars t' assist the great design;
As once in league with Kishon's brook,
Fam'd Israel's foes they fought and took.
Then proud to raise a glorious name,
And em'lous of his country's fame,
He bade these prison-walls arise,
Like temple tow'ring to the skies,
Where British Clemency renown'd,
Might fix her seat on sacred ground;
(That virtue, as each herald saith,
Of whole blood kin to Punic Faith;)
Where all her God-like pow'rs unveiling,

She finds a grateful shrine to dwell in.
Then, at this altar for her honour,
Chose this High-priest to wait upon her,
Who with just rites, in ancient guises,
Presents these human sacrifices;
Great Loring, fam'd above all laymen,
A proper Priest for Lybian Ammon,
Who, while Howe's gift his brows adorns,
Had match'd that deity in horns.
Here ev'ry day her vot'ries tell,
She more devours than th' idol Bel;
And thirsts more rav'nously for gore,
Than any worship'd Power before.
That ancient Heathen Godhead, Moloch,
Oft stay'd his stomach with a bullock,
Or if his morning rage you'd check first,
One child suffic'd him for a breakfast.
But British Clemency, with zeal,
Devours her hundreds at a meal;
Right well by Nat'ralists defined,
A Being of carniv'rous kind:
So erst * Gargantau pleas'd his palate,
And eat his pilgrims up for fallad.
Not blest with maw less ceremonious,
The wide-mouth'd whale that swallow'd Jonas;
Like earthquake gapes, to death devote,
That open sepulchre, her throat;

* See Rabelais's History of the Giant Gargantua.

The grave, or barren womb you'd stuff,
And sooner bring to cry, enough;
Or fatten up to fair condition,
The lean-flesh'd kine of Pharaoh's vision.

“ Behold her temple where it stands
Erect by fam'd Britannic hands;
'Tis the Black-hole of Indian structure,
New-built with English architecture,
On plan, 'tis said, contriv'd and wrote,
By Clive, before he cut his throat;
Who ere he took himself in hand,
Was her High-priest in Nabob-land:
And when with conqu'ring glory crown'd,
He'd well enslav'd the nation round,
With pitying heart the gen'rous chief,
(Since slav'ry's worse than loss of life,)
Bade desolation circle far,
And famine end the work of war;
Thus loos'd their chains, and for their merits,
Dismiss them free to worlds of spirits;
Whence they with gratitude and praise,
Return'd * t' attend his latter days,
And hov'ring round his restless bed,
Spread nightly visions o'er his head.

“ Now turn, he cried, to nobler fights,
And mark the prowess of our fights:

“ * Clive in the latter years of his life conceived himself perpetually haunted by the ghosts of those, who were the victims of his British humanity in the East-Indies.”

Behold like whelps of British Lion,
The warriors, Clinton, Vaughan, and Tryon,
March forth with patriotic joy,
To ravish, plunder, burn, destroy.
Great Gen'als, foremost in the nation,
The journeymen of Desolation !
Like Samson's foxes each assails,
Let loose with firebrands in their tails,
And spreads destruction more forlorn,
Than they did in Philistine corn.
And see in flames their triumphs rise,
Illuming all the nether skies,
And streaming, like a new Aurora,
The western hemisphere with glory !
What towns, in ashes laid, confess
These heroes' prowess and success !
What blacken'd walls, or burning fane,
For trophies spread the ruin'd plain !
What females, caught in evil hour,
By force submit to British power,
Or plunder'd Negroes in disaster
Confess King George their lord and master !
What crimson corsets strew their way
Till smoaking carnage dims the day !
Along the shore, for sure reduction,
They wield their besom of destruction.
Great Homer likens, in his Ilias,
To dog-star bright the fierce Achilles ;

But ne'er beheld in red procession,
Three dog-stars rise in constellation ;
Or saw in glooms of ev'ning misty,
Such signs of fiery triplicity,
Which far beyond the comet's tail,
Portend destruction where they fail.
Oh ! had Great-Britain's god-like shore,
Produc'd but ten such heroes more,
They'd spar'd the pains, and held the station
Of this world's final conflagration,
Which, when its time comes, at a stand,
Would find its work all done t' its hand !

“ Yet tho' gay hopes our eyes may blefs ;
Indignant fate forbids success ;
Like morning dreams our conquest flies,
Dispers'd before the dawn arise.”

Here Malcolm paus'd ; when, pond'ring long,
Grief thus gave utt'rance to my tongue.

“ Where shrink in fear our friends dismay'd,
And all the Tories' promis'd aid ?
Can none amid these fierce alarms
Assist the pow'r of royal arms ?”

“ In vain, he cried, our king depends,
On promis'd aid of Tory-friends.

When our own efforts want success,
Friends ever fail as fears increase.

As leaves, in blooming verdure wove,

In warmth of summer cloath the grove,
But when autumnal frosts arise,
Leave bare their trunks to wintry skies;
So while your pow'r can aid their ends,
You ne'er can need ten thousand friends,
But, once in want by foes dismay'd,
May advertise them stol'n or stray'd.
Thus, ere Great-Britain's strength grew slack,
She gain'd that aid, she did not lack,
But now in dread, imploring pity,
All hear unmov'd her dol'rous ditty;
Allegiance wand'ring turns astray,
And faith grows dim for lack of pay.
In vain she tries by new inventions,
Fear, falshood, flatt'ry, threats, and pensions,
Or sends Commis'sners with credentials*
Of promises and penitentials.
As, for his fare o'er Styx of old,

* The passage that here follows is to be explained thus: In the year 1778, after the war had been raging three years, and the capture of Burgoyne's army was known in England, the British government concluded to give up all the objects for which the contest had been begun. It accordingly passed an act repealing all the acts of which the Americans complained, provided we would rescind our declaration of Independence, and continue to be their colonies. The Ministry then sent over three Commissioners, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Eden, and Lord Carlisle. These commissioners began their operations, and finished them by attempting to bribe individuals among the members of the States, and of the army. This bait appears to have caught nobody but Arnold. The *petticoated politician*, here mentioned, is a woman of Philadelphia, (and a Lady of considerable distinction) through whose agency they offered a bribe to Joseph Read, Governor of Pennsylvania.

The Trojan stole the bough of gold,
And, lest grim Cerb'rus should make head,
Stuff'd both his fobs with * gingerbread;
Behold at Britain's utmost shifts,
Comes Johnstone, loaded with like gifts,
To venture thro' the whiggish tribe,
To cuddle, wheedle, coax, and bribe,
Enter their lands, and on his journey,
Possession take, as King's Attorney,
Buy all the vassals to protect him,
And bribe the tenants not t' eject him;
And call, to aid his desp'rate mission,
His petticoated politician,
While Venus, join'd to' assist the farce,
Strolls forth ambassador for Mars.
In vain he strives, (for while he lingers,
These mastiffs bite his off'ring fingers,)
Nor buys for George and realms infernal,
One spaniel, but the mongrel Arnold.
'Twere vain to paint in vision'd show,
The mighty nothings done by Howe;
What towns he takes in mortal fray,
As stations, whence to run away;
What conquests gain'd in battles warm,
To us no aid, to them no harm;
For still th' event alike is fatal,
Whate'er success attend the battle,

* ——— Medicatam frugibus offam. *Æneid*, lib. vi. 410.

If he gain victory, or lose it,
Who ne'er had skill enough to use it;
And better 'twere, at their expence,
T' have drubb'd him into common sense,
And wak'd by bastings on his rear,
Th' activity, tho' but of fear,
By slow advance his arms prevail,
Like emblematic march of snail;
That, be Millenium nigh or far,
'Twould long before him end the war.
From York to Philadelphian ground,
He sweeps the mighty flourish round,
Wheel'd circ'lar by excentric stars,
Like racing boys at Prison-bars*,
Who take the adverse crew in whole,
By running round the opp'site goal;
Works wide the traverse of his course,
Like ship in storms' opposing force,
Like mill-horse, circling in his race,
Advances not a single pace,
And leaves no trophies of reduction,
Save that of canker-worms, destruction.
Thus, having long both countries curst,
He quits them, as he found them first,
Steers home disgrac'd, of little worth,
To join Burgoyne, and rail at North.

* *Prison-bars* is a kind of juvenile contest sufficiently described here. How far our author is justifiable in comparing to it the operations of General Howe in America is left to be determined by those military men who know the history of his manœuvres.

“ Now raise thine eyes, and view with pleasure,
The triumphs of his fam'd successor.”
I look'd, and now by magic lore,
Faint rose to view the Jersey shore;
But dimly seen, in glooms array'd,
For Night had pour'd her sable shade,
And ev'ry star, with glimm'rings pale,
Was muffled deep in ev'ning veil :
Scarce visible in dusky night,
Advancing Red-coats * rose to fight;
The lengthen'd train, in gleaming rows,
Stole silent from their slumb'ring foes,
Slow mov'd the baggage, and the train,
Like snails, crept noiseless o'er the plain ;
No trembling soldier dar'd to speak,
And not a wheel presum'd to creak.
[My looks my new surprize confess'd,
Till by great Malcolm thus address'd :
“ Spend not thy wits in vain researches ;
'Tis one of Clinton's moon-light marches.
From Philadelphia now retreating,
To save his anxious troops a beating,
With hasty stride he flies in vain,
His rear attack'd on Monmouth plain :
With various chance the mortal fray
Is lengthen'd to the close of day,
When his tir'd bands, o'ermatch'd in fight,
Are rescu'd by descending night,

* *Red Coats*, a term for British troops.



Tisdale fecit

THE VISION.



He forms his camp with vain parade,
Till evening spreads the world with shade,
Then still, like some endanger'd spark,
Steals off on tiptoe in the dark ;
Yet writes his king, in boasting tone,
How grand he march'd by light of moon*.
I see him, but thou can'st not ; proud
He leads in front the trembling crowd,
And wisely knows, if danger's near,
'Twill fall the heaviest on his rear.
Go on great Gen'ral, nor regard
The scoffs of ev'ry scribbling bard,
Who sing how Gods that fatal night
Aided by miracles your flight,
As once they us'd, in Homer's day,
To help weak heroes run away ;
Tell how the hours at awful trial,
Went back, as erst on Ahaz' dial,
While British Joshua stay'd the moon,
On Monmouth plains, for Ajalon :
Heed not their sneers and gibes so arch,
Because she set before your march.
A small mistake, your meaning right,
You take her influence for her light ;
Her influence, which shall be your guide,
And o'er your Gen'ralship preside.

* The circumstance of Gen. Clinton's official dispatches, giving an account of his marching from Monmouth by moonlight, furnished a subject of some pleasantry in America ; where it was known that the moon had set two hours before the march began.

Hence still shall teem your empty skull,
With vict'ries when the moon's at full,
Which by transition yet more strange,
Wane to defeats before the change;
Hence all your movements, all your notions,
Shall flee by like excentric motions,
Eclips'd in many a fatal crisis,
And dimm'd when Washington arises.

And see how fate herself turn traitor,
Inverts the ancient course of nature,
And changes manners, tempers, climes,
To suit the genius of the times.
See Bourbon forms his gen'rous plan,
First guardian of the rights of man,
And prompt in firm alliance joins,
To aid the Rebels proud designs.
Behold from realms of eastern day,
His sails innum'rous shape their way,
In warlike line the billows sweep,
And roll the thunders of the deep.
See, low in equinoctial skies,
The Western Islands fall their prize.
See British flags o'ermatch'd in might,
Put all their faith in instant flight;
Or broken squadrons from th' affray,
Drag slow their wounded hulks away.
Behold his chiefs in daring sets,
D'Estaings, De Grasses, and Fayette;

Spread thro' our camps their dread alarms,
And swell the fears of rebel-arms.
Yet, ere our empire sink in night,
One gleam of hope shall strike the sight;
As lamps that fail of oil and fire,
Collect one glimm'ring to expire.
And lo where southern shores extend,
Behold our union'd hosts descend,
Where Charlestown views, with varying beams,
Her turrets gild th' encircling streams.
There by superior might compell'd,
Behold their gallant Lincoln yield*,
Nor aught the wreaths avail him now,
Pluck'd from Burgoyne's imperious brow.
See, furious from the vanquish'd strand,
Cornwallis leads his mighty band!
The southern realms and Georgian shore
Submit, and own the victor's pow'r.
Lo, sunk before his wasting way,
The Carolinas fall his pray!
In vain embattl'd hosts of foes
Essay in warring strife t' oppose.
See, shrinking from his conqu'ring eye,
The rebel legions fall or fly;

* General Lincoln was second in command in the army of General Gates, during the campaign of 1777, which ended in the capture of General Burgoyne: He is an officer of great reputation. He afterwards commanded the army in South-Carolina, and was taken prisoner with the garrison of Charlestown in 1780.

And, with ring in these torrid skies,
The northern laurel fades and dies*.
With rapid force he leads his band
To fair Virginia's fated strand,
Triumphant eyes the travell'd zone,
And boasts the southern realms his own.
Nor yet this hero's glories bright
Blaze only in the fields of fight;
Not Howe's human'ty more deserving,
In gifts of hanging, and of starving;
Not Arnold plunders more tobacco,
Or steals more negroes for Jamaica†;
Scarce Rodney's self, among th' Eustatians,
Insults so well the laws of nations;
Ev'n Tryon's fame grows dim, and mourning,
He yields the laurel crown of burning.
I see with rapture and surprize,
New triumphs sparkling in thine eyes;
But view, where now renew'd in might,
Again the rebels dare the fight."

I look'd, and far in southern skies,
Saw Greene, their second hope, arise,

* This refers to the fortune of General Gates, who after having conquered General Burgoyne in the North, was defeated by Lord Cornwallis in the South.

† Arnold, in year 1781, having been converted to the cause of G. Britain, commanded a detachment of their army in Virginia; where he plundered many cargoes of negroes and of tobacco, and sent them to Jamaica for his own account. How far the Lords Rodney and Cornwallis might have excelled him in this kind of heroic achievements, time will perhaps never discover.

And with his small but gallant band,
Invade the Carolinian land.
As winds in stormy circles whirl'd
Rush billowing o'er the darken'd world,
And, where their wasting fury roves,
Successive sweep th' astonish'd groves.
Thus where he pours the rapid fight,
Our boasted conquests sink in night,
And wide o'er all th' extended field,
Our forts resign, our armies yield,
Till, now regain'd the vanquish'd land,
He lifts his standard on the strand.

Again to fair Virginia's coast,
I turn'd and view'd the British host,
Where Chesapeak's wide waters lave
Her shores, and join th' Atlantic wave.
There fam'd Cornwallis tow'ring rose,
And scorn'd secure his distant foes ;
His bands the haughty rampart raise,
And bid the royal standard blaze.
When lo, where ocean's bounds extend,
I saw the Gallic sails ascend,
With fav'ring breezes stem their way,
And croud with ships the spacious bay.
Lo, Washington, from northern shores,
O'er many a region, wheels his force,
And Rochambeau, with legions bright,
Descends in terrors to the fight.

Not swifter cleaves his rapid way,
The eagle cowering o'er his prey,
Or knights in fam'd romance that fly
On fairy pinions thro' the sky.
Amaz'd the Briton's startl'd pride,
Sees ruin wake on ev'ry side;
And, all his troops to fate consign'd,
By instantaneous stroke Burgoyne,
Not Cadmus view'd with more surprize,
From earth embattl'd armies rise,
When, by superior pow'r impell'd,
He sow'd with dragon's teeth the field.
Here Gallic troops in terror stand,
There rush in arms the Rebel band;
Nor hope remains from mortal fight,
Or that last British refuge, flight.
I saw, with looks downcast and grave,
The Chief emerging from his † cave,
(Where, chac'd like hare in mighty round,
His hunters earth'd him first in ground,)
And, doom'd by Fate to rebel sway,
Yield all his captur'd hosts a prey.

There, while I view'd the vanquish'd town,
Thus with a sigh my friend went on:
"Behold'st thou not that band forlorn,
Like slaves in Roman triumphs borne;
Their faces length'ning with their fears,
And cheeks distain'd with streams of tears,

† Alluding to the well-known fact of Cornwallis's taking up his residence in a cave, during the siege of York-Town."

Like *dramatis personæ* sage,
Equipt to act on Tyburn's stage.
Lo these are they, who, lur'd by follies,
Left all and follow'd great Cornwallis ;
True to their King, with firm devotion,
For conscience sake and hop'd promotion,
Expectant of the promis'd glories,
And new Millennial state of Tories.
Alas ! in vain, all doubts forgetting,
They tried th' omnipotence of Britain ;
But found her arm, once strong and brave,
So shorten'd now she cannot save.
Not more aghast departed souls,
Who risk'd their fate on Popish bulls,
And find St. Peter at the wicket
Refuse to countersign their ticket,
When driv'n to purgatory back,
With all their pardons in their pack :
Than Tories must'ring at their stations
On faith of royal proclamations.
As Pagan Chiefs at ev'ry crisis,
Confirm'd their leagues by sacrifices,
And herds of beasts to all their deities,
Oblations fell at close of treaties :
Cornwallis thus, in ancient fashion,
Concludes his league of cap'tulation,
And victims, due to Rebel-glories,
Gives this sin off'ring up of Tories.

See where, reliev'd from sad embargo,
Steer off consign'd a recreant cargo,
Like old scape-goats to roam in pain,
Mark'd like their great fore-runner, Cain.
The rest, now doom'd by British leagues,
To justice of resentful Whigs,
Hold worthless lives on tenure ill,
Of tenancy at Rebel-will,
While hov'ring o'er their forfeit persons,
The gallows waits his sure reversions.

“Thou too, M'Fingal, ere that day,
Shalt taste the terrors of th' affray.
See o'er thee hangs in angry skies,
Where Whiggish constellations rise,
And while plebeian signs ascend,
Their mob-inspiring aspects bend,
That baleful Star, whose * horrid hair
Shakes forth the plagues of down and tar!
I see the pole, that rears on high
Its flag terrific thro' the sky;
The Mob beneath prepar'd t' attack,
And tar predestin'd for thy back!
Ah! quit, my friend, this dang'rous home,
Nor wait the darker scenes to come;
For know that Fate's auspicious door,
Once shut to flight, is op'd no more,

“ * ——— From his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.”

MILTON.

Nor wears its hinge by various stations,
Like Mercy's door in proclamations.*

“ But lest thou pause, or doubt to fly,
To stranger visions turn thine eye :
Each cloud that dimm'd thy mental ray,
And all the mortal mists decay ;
See more than human Pow'rs befriend,
And lo, their hostile forms ascend !
See tow'ring o'er th' extended strand,
The Genius of the western land,
In vengeance arm'd, his sword assumes,
And stands, like Tories, drest in plumes.
See o'er yon Council seat with pride,
How Freedom spreads her banners wide !
There Patriotism with torch address'd,
To fire with zeal each daring breast !
While all the Virtues in their band,
Escape from yon unfriendly land,
Desert their ancient British station,
Possess with rage of emigration.
Honour, his business at a stand,
For fear of starving quits the land ;

* *The door of mercy is now open, and the door of mercy will be shut,* were phrases so often used in the proclamations of the British Generals in America, that our Poet seems to fear that the hinge of that door will be worn out. A general collection of these proclamations, or an abridgement of them comprised in a few volumes, would form a curious system of rhetorical tactics ; which might be of great utility to the French emigrant princes, and to those potentates of Europe, who are going to subdue the spirit of Liberty in France.

And Justice, long disgraced at Court, had
By Mansfield's sentence been transported.
Vict'ry and Fame attend their way,
Tho' Britain wish their longer stay,
Care not what George or North would be at,
Nor heed their writs of *ne exeat* ;
But, fir'd with love of colonizing,
Quit the fall'n empire for the rising."

I look'd, and saw, with horror smitten,
These hostile pow'rs averse to Britain.
When lo, an awful spectre rose,
With languid paleness on his brows ;
Wan dropsies swell'd his form beneath ;
And ic'd his bloated cheeks with death ;
His tatter'd robe expos'd him bare,
To ev'ry blast of ruder air ;
On two weak crutches propt he stood,
That bent at ev'ry step he trod,
Gilt titles grac'd their sides so slender,
One, "Regulation," t'other, "Tender ;"
His breast-plate grav'd with various dates,
"The faith of all th' United States :"
Before him went his fun'ral pall,
His grave stood dug to wait his fall.
I started, and aghast I cry'd,
"What means this spectre at their side ?
What danger from a Pow'r so vain,
And why he joins that splendid train ?"

“ Alas, great Malcolm cry'd, experience
Might teach you not to trust appearance.
Here stands, as drest by fierce Bellona,
The ghost of Continental Money,
Of dame Necessity descended,
With whom Credulity engender'd.
Tho' born 'with constitution frail,
And feeble strength that soon must fail;
Yet strangely vers'd in magic lore,
And gifted with transforming pow'r,
His skill the wealth Peruvian joins
With diamonds of Brazilian mines.
As erst Jove fell by subtle wiles
On Danae's apron thro' the tiles,
In show'rs of gold: his potent hand
Shall shed like show'rs thro' all the land.
Less great the magic art was reckon'd,
Of tallies cast by Charles the Second,
Or Law's fam'd Mississippi schemes,
Or all the wealth of South-sea dreams.
For he of all the world alone
Owns the long-sought Philos'pher's Stone,
Restores the fab'lous times to view,
And proves the tale of Midas true.
O'er heaps of rags he waves his wand,
All turn to gold at his command,
Provide for present wants and future,
Raise armies, victual, clothe, accoutre,

Adjourn our conquests by effoigne,
Check Howe's advance, and take Burgoyne,
Then make all days of payment vain,
And turns all back to rags again.
In vain great Howe shall play his part,
To ape and counterfeit his art ;
In vain shall Clinton, more belated,
A conj'rer turn to imitate it ;
With like ill luck and pow'r as narrow,
They'll fare, like for'cers of old Pharaoh,
Who tho' the art they understood
Of turning rivers into blood,
And caus'd their frogs and snakes t'exist,
That with some merit croak'd and hiss'd,
Yet ne'er, by ev'ry quaint device,
Could frame the true Mosaic lice.
He for the Whigs his arts shall try,
Their first, and long their sole ally ;
A patriot firm, while breath he draws,
He'll perish in his country's cause ;
And when his magic labours cease,
Lie bury'd in eternal peace.

“ Now view the scenes in future hours,
That wait the fam'd European Pow'rs.
See where yon chalky cliffs arise,
The hills of Britain strike your eyes :
Its small extension long supply'd
By vast immensity of pride ;

So small, that had it found a station
In this new world at first creation,
Or were by Justice doom'd to suffer,
And for its crimes transported over,
We'd find full room for't in Lake Erie, or
That larger water-pond, Superior*,
Where North, on margin taking stand,
Would not be able to spy land.
No more, elate with pow'r at ease
She deals her insults round the seas;
See, dwindling from her height amain;
What piles of ruin spread the plain;
With mould'ring hulks her ports are fill'd,
And brambles clothe the cultur'd field!
See on her cliffs her Genius lies,
His handkerchief at both his eyes,
With many a deep-drawn sigh and groan,
To mourn her ruin and his own!
While joyous Holland, France, and Spain,
With conqu'ring navies rule the main,

* This supposition, so far as it respects Lake Superior, is not exaggerated. That Lake is 2200 miles in circumference. It is supposed by some, that in this passage the Author meant to ridicule the misfortune of Lord North, in the loss of his sight. But as this Poem was written and published, word for word, as in this edition, several years before that misfortune happened, the Author must be innocent of the least design upon any thing more than mental blindness. There is no allusion to any other eyes in his lordship, than the eyes of his understanding, which were supposed, by some people at that time to be wonderously dim; especially when considered as belonging to the Argus of a great nation.

And Russian banners, wide unfurl'd,
 Spread commerce round the eastern world;
 And see (sight hateful and tormenting)
 Th' Amer'can empire, proud and vaunting,
 From anarchy shall change her crisis,
 And fix her pow'r on firmer basis;
 To glory, wealth, and fame ascend,
 Her commerce rise, her realms extend;
 Where now the panther guards his den,
 Her desert forests swarm with men,
 Her cities, tow'rs and columns rise,
 And dazzling temples meet the skies;
 Her pines descending to the main,
 In triumph spread the wat'ry plain;
 Ride inland lakes with favouring gales,
 And croud her ports with whit'ning sails;
 Till to the skirts of western day,
 The peopl'd regions own her sway.

Thus far M'Fingal told his tale,
 When thundering shouts his ears assail,
 And strait a Tory that stood centry,
 Aghast, rush'd headlong down the entry,
 And with wild outcry, like magician,
 Dispers'd the residue of vision:
 For now the Whigs' intell'gence found
 Of Tories must'ring under ground,
 And with rude bangs and loud uproar,
 'Gan thunder furious at the door.

The lights put out, each Tory calls
To cover him, on cellar walls,
Creeps in each box, or bin, or tub,
To hide his head from wrath of mob,
Or lurks, where cabbages in row
Adorn'd the side with verdant show;
M'Fingal deem'd it vain to stay,
And risk his bones in second fray;
But chose a grand retreat from foes,
In lit'ral sense, beneath their nose.

The window then, which none else knew,
He softly open'd and crept thro',
And crawling slow in deadly fear,
By movements wise made good his rear.
Then, scorning all the fame of martyr,
For Boston took his swift departure;
Nor dar'd look back on fatal spot,
More than the family of Lot.
Not North, in more distress'd condition,
Out-voted first by Opposition:
Nor good King George when that dire phantom
Of Independence comes to haunt him,
Which hov'ring round by night and day,
Not all his conj'ers yet can lay.
His friends, assembl'd for his sake,
He wisely left in pawn, at stake,
To tarring feath'ring, kicks, and drubs
Of furious, disappointed mobs,

And with their forfeit hides to pay
 For him, their leader crept away.
 So when wife Noah summon'd greeting
 All animals to gen'ral meeting;
 From ev'ry side the members sent
 All kinds of beasts to represent;
 Each from the flood took care t' embark,
 And save his carcase in the ark;
 But as it fares in state and church,
 Left his constituents in the lurch.





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