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JOHN TRUMBULL ESQ.

THE

Poetical Works

OF

JOHN TRUMBULL, LL.D.



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HARTFORD

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

1820.

Printed by D. Russell.

AMERICAN TO THE  
HONORABLE MEMBERS

THE  
**POETICAL WORKS**  
OF  
**JOHN TRUMBULL, LL. D.**  
CONTAINING  
**M'FINGAL,**  
A MODERN EPIC POEM,  
REVISED AND CORRECTED,  
WITH COPIOUS EXPLANATORY NOTES ;  
**THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS ;**  
AND A COLLECTION OF  
**POEMS**  
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,  
WRITTEN BEFORE AND DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. I.

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*12 vols. 8d. 100*

HARTFORD:  
PRINTED FOR SAMUEL G. GOODRICH,  
BY LINCOLN & STONE.  
M DCCC XX.

*District of Connecticut, ss.*

**LS** **B**E it remembered, That on the seventh day of December, in the forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America,—**JOHN TRUMBULL**, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit.—“The Poetical Works of John Trumbull, LL. D. containing *M'Fingal*, a modern epic poem, revised and corrected, with copious explanatory notes; the *Progress of Dulness*; and a collection of Poems on various subjects, written before and during the Revolutionary War.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.” **CHARLES A. INGERSOLL**, *Clerk of the District of Connecticut.*

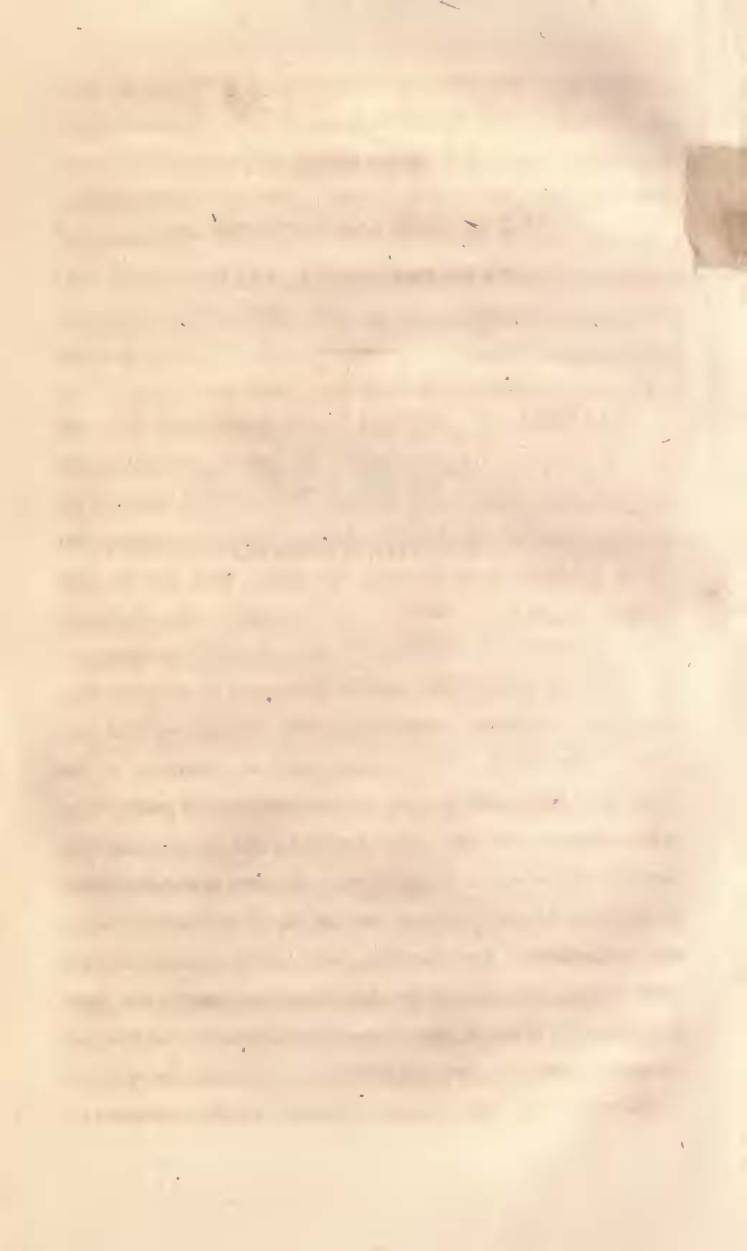
A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

**CHARLES A. INGERSOLL**, *Clerk of the District of Connecticut.*

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**MEMOIR**

**OF THE AUTHOR.**



MEMOIR  
OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF  
JOHN TRUMBULL, LL. D.

---

M'FINGAL, the principal Poem in this collection, has been more than forty years before the public, and has passed through the ordeal of criticism, in all its various forms of gazettes, magazines and reviews, both in England and America. Being published anonymously, the world were left to their conjectures, as to the author. The first part of the poem, containing the two first cantos, was printed in Philadelphia, in the fall of the year 1775; and in the course of the next year, reprinted in London, where it passed through several editions. The nature of the subject and the situation of the times gave it popularity with the anti-ministerial party, who were averse to the war with America: but it was asserted that the author was an Englishman. Sometimes he was affirmed to be an Oxford scholar, then on his travels in this country; sometimes a British officer, who had been superceded in their service, had joined the Americans and written the poem in revenge. When it was afterwards discovered that the writer was a native of New-England, he of course received his due share of that obloquy and contempt, which is lavished by

their compilers of reviews, on every thing which appertains to this country. The Quarterly Review, with its usual accuracy of information, has lately declared that the poem was written by one Mr. Fingal, who, it assures us, is no descendant of the hero of Ossian. The Edinburgh Review contents itself with simply asserting that "the Americans have no literature." In the United States, the conjectures were for a long time equally various; and after his name became generally known, many false anecdotes, and several erroneous accounts of his life, have been printed by those, who had no other information, than rumour and hearsay. Hundreds of essays have been charged upon his pen, containing principles which he never held, abuse on persons whom he respected, and low attempts at humour, which would have disgraced the scurrility of Peter Pindar. In a word, to him have been ascribed, as he once complained,

"Jests he ne'er utter'd, deeds he ne'er atchiev'd,  
Rhymes he ne'er wrote, and lives (thank heaven) he never lived."

On these accounts it seems necessary, that a short and accurate Memoir of his life and writings should accompany this collection of his poems.

The family of Trumbull was among the early settlers in New-England. Their ancestor came from England, and in 1645 fixed his residence at Ipswich in Massachusetts. His son, named John, removed and established himself at Suffield in Connecticut. He had three sons, John, Joseph and Benoni, whose descendants are still living in this state. The Rev.

Benjamin Trumbull, D. D. the respectable historian of Connecticut, was the grandson of Benoni. Joseph settled in Lebanon, and at his death left one son, Jonathan Trumbull, who was Governor of the State during the whole revolutionary war, and whose patriotic exertions are amply recorded in history. Two of his sons were Jonathan Trumbull, afterwards Governor of the State, and John Trumbull, the celebrated painter, whose merits have long been distinguished, both in Europe and America.

The author of these poems is the grandson of John Trumbull, eldest son of him who first settled in Suffield. He was born on the 13th day of April, old style, (the 24th according to the present mode of computation,) in the year 1750, in the parish of Westbury, then a part of the town of Waterbury in New-Haven county, but since formed into a separate township, by the name of Watertown, and annexed to the county of Litchfield. The settlement of that village was begun a few years before his birth. His father, who was the first minister of the Congregational church in that place, was a good classical scholar, highly respected by his brethren, and for many years one of the trustees, or Fellows, of Yale-College. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. Samuel Whitman of Farmington in Hartford county, and grand-daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, D. D. of Northampton in Massachusetts.

Being an only son, and of a very delicate and sickly constitution, he was of course the favorite of his mother. She had received an education superior to most of her sex, and

not only instructed him in reading, from his earliest infancy, but finding him possessed of an extraordinary memory, taught him all the hymns, songs and other verses, with which she was acquainted. His father's small library consisted mostly of classical and theological books. The Spectator and Watts' Lyric Poems were the only works of merit in the belles-lettres, which he possessed. Young Trumbull not only committed to memory most of the poetry they contained, but was seized with an unaccountable ambition of composing verses himself, in which he was encouraged by his parents. The country clergy at that time generally attempted to increase their income, by keeping private schools for the education of youth. When he was about five years of age, his father took under his care a lad, seventeen years old, to instruct and qualify him for admission as a member of Yale-College. Trumbull noticed the tasks first imposed; which were to learn by heart the Latin Accidence and Lilly's Grammar, and to construe the Select Colloquies of Corderius, by the help of a literal translation. Without the knowledge of any person, except his mother, he began in this way the study of the Latin language. After a few weeks, his father discovered his wishes, and finding that by the aid of a better memory, his son was able to outstrip his fellow-student, encouraged him to proceed. At the commencement in September 1757, the two lads were presented at college, examined by the tutors and admitted as members. Trumbull, however, on account of his extreme youth at that time, and subsequent ill health, was not sent to reside at college till the year 1763. He spent these six years in a

miscellaneous course of study, making himself master of the Greek and Latin authors usually taught in that seminary, reading all the books he could meet with, and occasionally attempting to imitate, both in prose and verse, the style of the best English writers, whose works he could procure in his native village. These were of course few. *The Paradise Lost*, *Thompson's Seasons*, with some of the poems of *Dryden* and *Pope*, were the principal. On commencing his collegiate life, he found little regard paid to English composition, or the acquirement of a correct style. The Greek and Latin books, in the study of which only, his class were employed, required but a small portion of his time. By the advice of his tutor, he turned his thoughts to *Algebra*, *Geometry*, and astronomical calculations, which were then newly introduced and encouraged by the instructors. He chiefly pursued this course during the three first years. In his senior year he began to resume his former attention to English literature. After receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1767, he remained three years longer at college as a graduate. Being now master of his own time, he devoted himself chiefly to polite letters; reading all the Greek and Latin classics, especially the poets and orators, and studying the style and endeavoring to imitate the manner of the best English writers.

His acquaintance now commenced with *Doctor Dwight*, afterwards President of the university, who was then in his third year in college, and two years his junior in age. That young gentleman had translated two of the finest Odes of *Horace*, in a manner so elegant and poetical, as would not have disgrac-

ed his more mature productions. Happy in the discovery of a rising genius, Mr. Trumbull immediately sought his acquaintance, and began an intimacy, which continued during their joint residence at New-Haven, and a friendship terminated only by death.

At this period the learned languages, mathematics, logic, and scholastic theology, were alone deemed worthy of the attention of a scholar. They were dignified with the name of *Solid Learning*. English poetry and the belles-lettres were called folly, nonsense and an idle waste of time. The two friends were obliged to stem the tide of general ridicule and censure. This situation first called forth the satirical talents of Trumbull, in occasional humorous and poetical essays. Their party was soon increased by the accession of several young men of genius; and a material change was eventually effected in the taste and pursuits of the students.

In 1769, they began the publication of a series of essays in the manner of the *Spectator*, in a gazette printed in Boston, and continued it for several months. They next commenced a course of similar essays in the newspapers printed at New-Haven, which they increased occasionally to more than forty numbers.

Yale-College was founded in the year 1700, by the donations of a number of the Congregational clergy; and a Board of Trustees was soon after incorporated by a charter from the legislature. It was designed as a religious institution for the education of youth for the ministry. In 1739, the Rev. Thomas Clapp was appointed President and continued in of-

fice almost thirty years. He was an accurate scholar in the learned languages, particularly fond of the Hebrew, and uncommonly skilled in geometrical and astronomical calculations. By his aid and influence, some of the students were induced to turn their attention to these subjects. About the year 1740, a few members of the higher classes had attempted the cultivation of polite literature, and produced some successful essays in English poetry. But when they quitted the college they left no successors; and the poem entitled, *Philosophic Solitude*, by William Livingston, afterwards Governor of New-Jersey, is all that remains to the public, of their productions at that period. In 1763, the study of Algebra was first introduced by the tutors, and made a part of the collegiate exercises.

But Yale-College had now become unpopular among a large proportion of the inhabitants of the colony. The trustees, relying on their charter, claimed to be completely independent of the government; and denied its right of visitation, or of any interference with the management of the institution. They were charged with illiberality towards all denominations of Christians but their own. Many civilians encouraged the students in opposition to their authority. A petition was drawn and signed by almost every member of the higher classes, addressed to the trustees, containing a variety of charges against their instructors, and praying for their dismissal from office. All authority and subordination were now at an end; the tutors abdicated, and the scholars were dispersed during the summer of the year 1766. After holding the com-

mencement in September, the President resigned his office. The professor of theology was appointed president *pro tempore*. Three very respectable gentlemen and accomplished scholars were chosen to the tutorship ; one of whom was Mr. Mitchell, since Chief Justice of the State. After the vacation the students were assembled, and order was again established. The management of the institution fell almost entirely into the hands of the tutors. They encouraged the study of the English grammar and language, and excited some attention to composition and oratory. But the state of the college precluded any great or immediate innovation in the usual course of instruction.

In 1769, Mr. Joseph Howe, afterwards pastor of a church in Boston, was appointed one of the tutors. He was not only a good classical scholar, but possessed an elegant taste and considerable poetical talents. Besides the usual collegiate studies, he employed the class under his immediate care in English compositions, instructed them in the beauties of style, and exercised them frequently in public declamation. A relish for polite literature became general among the students.

In September 1771, all the tutors, except Mr. Howe, resigned the office. Messrs. Trumbull and Dwight were chosen to supply the vacancies. From this period, every effort was unanimously made, to cultivate in that seminary, a correct taste in style and elocution.

In 1772, Trumbull published the first part of a poem, which he entitled, the Progress of Dulness, designed to expose the absurd methods of education, which then prevailed ;

he added a second and third part in the course of the next year. Dwight published a poem entitled, *America*, written in the manner of Pope's *Windsor Forest*. He had some time before begun his greatest poetical work, *The Conquest of Canaan*; and now completed his first sketch in five books. By the advice of Mr. Howe, he added the *Vision of Futurity*, which now makes the tenth book, and upon the suggestion of Mr. Trumbull, he inserted the night-scene of the battle, illuminated by the flames of the burning city of Ai. The whole was the work of Dwight; those gentlemen assisted him, only by their criticism and advice. After their dispersion he considerably altered and enlarged the poem, and published it in its present form, in eleven books.

During their residence at the university, several young gentlemen were associated in their literary and poetical society, particularly Messrs. David Humphreys and Joel Barlow.

Trumbull, while he held the office of tutor, paid as much attention, as his other avocations would admit, to the study of Law, which he had now selected as his future profession. In November 1773, he was admitted as a practising attorney at the bar in Connecticut: but immediately went to Boston, and entered as a student in the office of John Adams, Esq. since President of the United States; and took lodgings with Thomas Cushing, Esq. then Speaker of the House of Representatives, afterwards a delegate to the first Congress, and Lieutenant Governor of the State of Massachusetts. He was now placed in the centre of American politics. The contest between Great-Britain and the Colonies approached rapidly towards a

crisis. The violence of party was extreme. The Governor, Council, Judges, and all the legal authority under the crown, employed their utmost efforts to establish the universal supremacy, and enforce the oppressive acts, of the English parliament. The leaders of the popular party had the complete control of the House of Representatives, and directed every movement of the populace. By means of an extensive correspondence, with men of the best information at the British and French courts, they were fully convinced, at that early period that nothing, short of warlike resistance, could successfully oppose the claims of Great-Britain to unlimited authority; and that, without eventually declaring independence and assuming the rights of sovereignty as a nation, no important assistance could be obtained from France, Spain or any European power. Still the people were impressed with an awful idea of the omnipotence of Britain, and shuddered at the thought of attempting a separation. They placed their hopes on the effect of their petitions to the king, their agreements to stop all commercial intercourse, and the exertions of their numerous friends in the British nation and parliament. To cement the union of all the colonies, to counteract the fears of the people and encourage their confidence in their own strength and resources, to lead them into measures decisive in their consequences, and to prepare their minds for resistance by arms, was the only policy which the leaders could, at that time, pursue. Trumbull entered into their sentiments, with all the ardor in favor of liberty, which characterizes a youthful politician. Though he prosecuted the study of law with

the utmost attention, he frequently employed his leisure hours in writing essays on political subjects, in the public gazettes; which had perhaps a greater effect from the novelty of his manner, and the caution he used to prevent any discovery of the real author. Nor did he neglect occasionally to cultivate the muse; and just before he left Boston, anonymously published his *Elegy on the Times*, which is contained in the present collection. Every thing then verging towards hostility in Massachusetts, the session of the courts being suspended, and Mr. Adams absent at the Congress in Philadelphia, he returned to New-Haven, and successfully commenced practice at the bar, in November 1774.

The year 1775 was a period of terror and dismay. The war had commenced by the battle at Lexington. Unconditional submission, or a total rejection of the authority of the crown, presented the only alternative. Every exertion was made by the friends of American liberty, to inspire confidence in our cause, to crush the efforts of the Tory party and to prepare the public mind for the declaration of independence. With these views, at the solicitation of some of his friends in Congress, Trumbull wrote the first part of the poem of *M'Fingal*, which they immediately procured to be published at Philadelphia, where Congress was then assembled. He had also formed the plan of the work, sketched some of the scenes of the third Canto and written the beginning of the fourth, with the commencement of the *Vision*, at which point, not being gifted with the prophetic powers of his hero, he was obliged to leave it then unfinished.

In November 1776, he married Miss Sarah Hubbard, daughter of Colonel Leverett Hubbard of New-Haven. That town being exposed to invasion, and all business rapidly declining, he returned in May 1777 to his native place, where he remained four succeeding years. Too constant application to his studies, and the fatigue of attending courts at a distance, in all seasons, and especially during the severe winter of 1780, occasioned the loss of his health by a nervous decline. With the hope of recovery, by a change of situation to a place more advantageous for his professional business, and more agreeable by its literary society, he removed, in June 1781, with his family, to Hartford, where he has ever since resided.

A friendly club was soon after established, who assembled once a week for the discussion of questions on proposed subjects, legal, philosophical and political. Trumbull, though fully employed in the duties of his profession, was one of its most active members. The fate of the revolutionary war being now eventually decided by the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army, the friends of the author urged him to complete the poem of M'Fingal; and having obtained his promise, immediately put into circulation a subscription for the work. Thus situated, he employed his leisure hours in revising the first half of the poem, which he divided into two cantos, and in composing the last. The whole was finished, and the first edition published at Hartford, before the close of the year 1782. As no author, at that period, was entitled by law to the copyright of his productions, the work soon became the

prey of every bookseller and printer, who chose to appropriate it to his own benefit. Among more than thirty different impressions, one only, at any subsequent time, was published with the permission, or even the knowledge of the writer; and the poem remained the property of newsmongers, hawkers, pedlars and petty chapmen.

After the peace in 1783, the United States were left without any efficient government, and connected only by the Articles of Confederation. Each State was an independent sovereignty and pursued its own separate plans of policy. The officers of the revolutionary army were every where unpopular, on account of the extra pay for five years, granted them by Congress in lieu of half pay for life, which was first stipulated. Their remaining in combination by forming the society of the Cincinnati was also a subject of general jealousy and clamour. A large addition to the national debt arose from the unpaid arrears of the army, and the sums promised to the soldiers, as a compensation for payments in depreciated bills, and as a douceur, to persuade them to retire peaceably to their homes, on being disbanded at the close of the war. The country was greatly impoverished; and almost every individual believed, that he had already paid and suffered more than his just proportion of the public expense.

In Connecticut, mobs were raised to prevent the officers from receiving their certificates for the five years' pay. A self-constituted Convention assembled to second the views of the populace, and for that purpose, to effect a revolution in the State, and fill every office with the leaders of disorganization.

Had not the insurrection of Shays, in Massachusetts, been speedily crushed, the eastern States would have become a scene of anarchy and confusion. A considerable proportion of the people of Connecticut were prepared to join in a general opposition to government, and involve the country in the horrors of civil war. The friends of order, justice and regular authority, endeavoured to counteract this spirit by every effort in their power—by remonstrance, argument, ridicule and satire. Among other occasional productions, a course of essays was published under the signature of Lycurgus, in a strain of ironical humour, exposing to contempt the principles and views of the jacobinical party.

The public in time became sensible of the want of a general and efficient government; and the contest ended happily in the adoption of the federal constitution. During most of this period, several of the principal literary characters of the State were resident in Hartford, and gave to the friends of order whatever assistance could be afforded by their publications. The principal work they produced was a set of essays, entitled *American Antiquities*, first printed in the gazettes in Hartford and New-Haven, and reprinted in other newspapers, in almost every part of the United States. At this time public curiosity had been awakened by the discovery of ancient Indian fortifications, with other relics, which were considered as proofs, that this country had once been inhabited by a people highly advanced in the arts of civilized life. The story of the emigration of Madoc, with a body of Britons and Welch, about the year 800, and of an existing tribe of their de-

scendants in the interior part of the continent, was revived and circulated. These writers assumed the fiction, that in digging among the ruins of one of those forts, an ancient heroic poem in the English language was found. The essays consisted of supposed extracts from that poem, (which they styled, *The Anarchiad*,) accompanied with critical remarks in prose. Colonel Humphreys, who had seen in England a similar work, called the *Rolliad*, ascribed to Fox, Sheridan and their associates, was the first proposer of the design. Most of the essays were written in concert. The writers were Humphreys, Barlow, Doctor Lemuel Hopkins, and our author. The publications of these gentlemen were supposed, at the time, to have had considerable influence on the public taste and opinions; and by the boldness of their satire, to have checked and intimidated the leaders of disorganization and infidel philosophy.

After the adoption of the federal constitution, Trumbull was first called forth to act in a public capacity. In 1789, he was appointed Attorney to the State for the county of Hartford. In May 1792, he was representative of the town of Hartford in the State legislature, where he took an active and influential part in their debates and deliberations; particularly in obtaining an enlargement of the funds, and an alteration of the charter of Yale-College. But the increasing burthen of his employments, public and professional, again impaired his health, and at length reduced him to the lowest stages of nervous debility. He spent his summers, for two or three successive years, in taking long journies and visiting the most noted

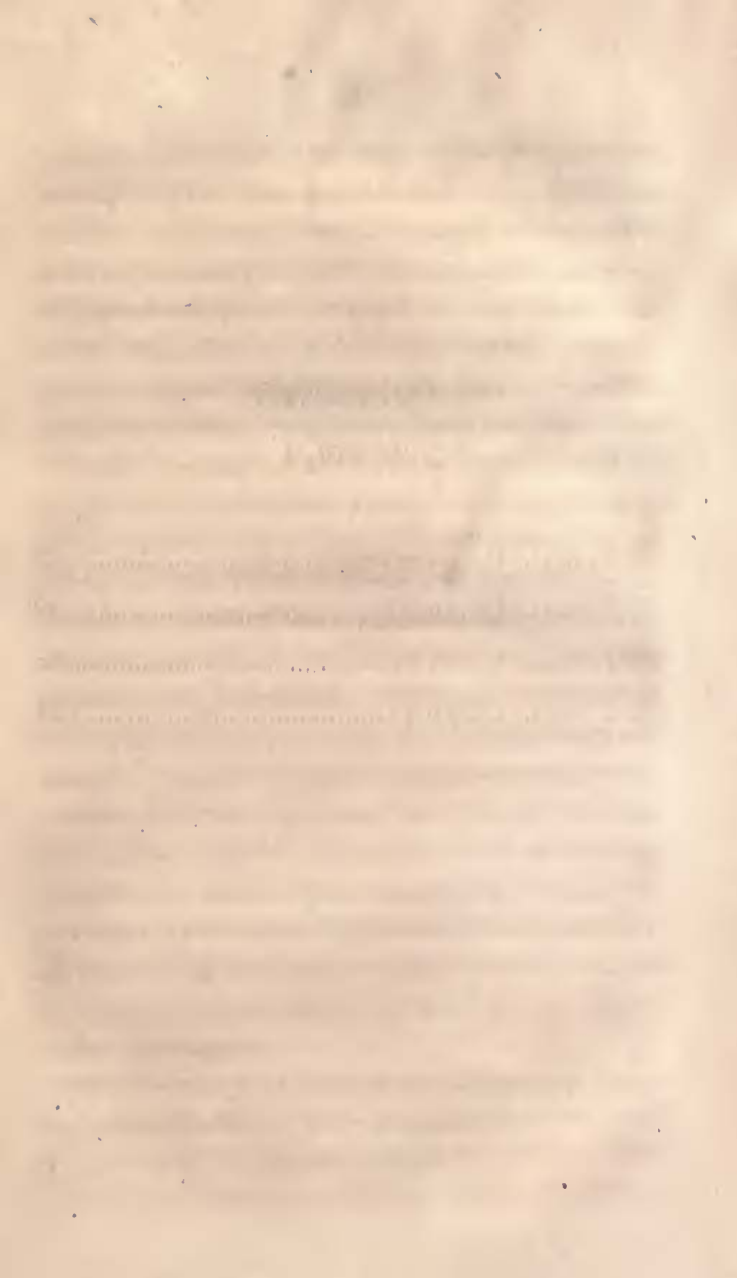
mineral springs, in quest of health, but in vain. In 1795, he resigned his office of State's Attorney, and declined all public business. In November 1798, he experienced a severe fit of sickness, from which, contrary to expectation, he escaped with life, and which appeared to form the crisis of his nervous disorders. His convalescence, though slow, was favorably progressive; and as, during his long confinement, he never relinquished his habits of reading, nor his attention to public affairs, he was enabled, on his return to society, to resume his former rank, in professional business, and official employments. In May 1800, he was again a member of the legislature. In 1801, he was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court of the State of Connecticut. From this period he declined any interference in the politics of the state, and applied himself exclusively to the duties of his office—being of opinion, that the character of a partizan and political writer was inconsistent with the station of a judge and destructive of the confidence of suitors in the impartiality of judiciary decisions. In 1808, he received from the legislature the additional appointment of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Errors. He was happy in the society of his brethren on the bench; and the Courts of the State were at no period more respectable for legal science, or more respected for the justice and integrity of their adjudications.

To these offices he was annually appointed by the legislature, till their session in May 1819, when \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* *Desunt nonnulla.* \* \* \* \* \*

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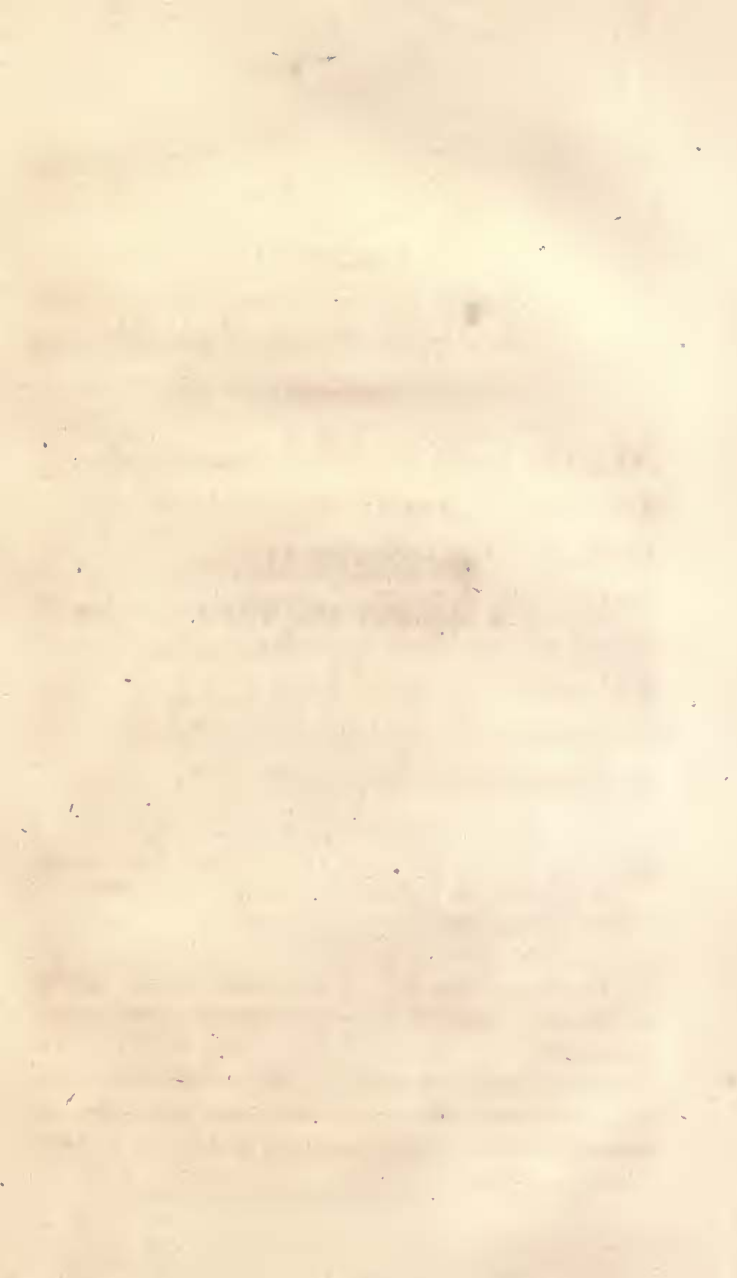
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**M'FINGAL,**

**A MODERN EPIC POEM.**



# M'FINGAL.

## CANTO I.

### THE TOWN-MEETING, A. M.

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WHEN Yankies,\* 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 Yankee reels,  
And *manual exercise* of heels ;  
Made them give up, like saints complete,  
The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,

The Notes marked, *London Editor*, are copied from the fifth English edition, printed at London in the year 1792.

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\* *Yankies*,—a term formerly of derision, but now merely of distinction, given to the people of the four eastern states. *Lond. Edit.*

† At the battle of Lexington. The reader will easily recollect how often these salutary lessons have been since repeated—from the action at Bunker-hill to the battle of New-Orleans inclusive.

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 graced with ensigns of renown,  
 Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high descent our heralds trace  
 From Ossian's† famed Fingalian race :  
 For though 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 ;

\* Lord Percy commanded the party, that was first opposed to the Americans at Lexington. This allusion to the family renown of Chevy-Chase arose from the precipitate manner of his Lordship's quitting the field of battle, and returning to Boston. *Lond. Edit.*

† See Fingal, an ancient Epic Poem, published as the work of Ossian, a Caledonian Bard of the third century, by James M'Pherson. The complete name of Ossian, according to the Scottish nomenclature, will be Ossian M'Fingal.

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 palm of praise,  
'Gainst kings stood forth and many a crown'd  
With terror of its might confounded ; [head  
'Till rose a king with potent charm  
His foes by meekness to disarm,  
Whom every Scot and Jacobite  
Strait fell in love with at first sight ;  
Whose gracious speech with aid of pensions,  
Hush'd down all murmurs of dissensions,  
And with the sound of potent metal  
Brought all their buzzing swarms to settle ;  
Who rain'd his ministerial manna,  
Till loud Sedition sung hosanna ;  
The grave Lords-Bishops and the Kirk  
United in the public work ;  
Rebellion, from the northern regions,  
With Bute and Mansfield swore allegiance ;  
All hands 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 th' Amer'can wildernesses,  
 And rend the provinces in pieces.  
 With these our 'Squire, among the valiant'st,  
 Employ'd his time, and tools and talents,  
 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, famed 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 could be,  
 But much that never was, nor would be ;  
 Whereby all prophets far outwent he,  
 Though former days produced a plenty :  
 For any man with half an eye  
 What stands before him can espy ;  
 But optics sharp it needs, I ween,  
 To see what is not to be seen.

\* They, who wish to understand the nature, and *modus operandi*, of the Highland vision by second-sight, may consult the profound Johnson, in his Tour to the Hebrides.

As in the days of ancient fame,  
Prophets and poets were the same,  
And all the praise that poets gain  
Is for the tales they forge 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 lie in,  
But strait he fell to prophesying ;  
Made dreadful slaughter in his course,  
O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse,  
Brought armies o'er, by sudden pressings,  
Of Hanoverians, Swiss 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 stored with intellectual riches,  
Skill'd was our 'Squire in making speeches ;

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

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 though well aim'd at duck or plover,  
 Bear wide, and kick their owners over :  
 So fared our 'Squire, whose reas'ning toil  
 Would often on himself recoil,  
 And so much injured more his side,  
 The stronger arguments he applied ;  
 As old war-elephants, dismay'd,  
 Trod down the troops they came to aid,  
 And hurt their own side more in battle,  
 Than less and ordinary cattle.  
 Yet at Town-meetings every chief  
 Pinn'd faith on great M'FINGAL'S sleeve ;  
 Which when he lifted, all by rote  
 Raised 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 different, heads or tails ;

\* Stentor, the loud-voic'd herald in Homer.

With constant rattling, in a trice,  
 Show'd various sides, as oft as dice.  
 As that famed weaver, wife t' Ulysses,\*  
 By night her day's-work pick'd in pieces,  
 And though she stoutly did bestir her,  
 Its finishing was ne'er the nearer :  
 So did this town with ardent zeal  
 Weave cobwebs 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 ; †  
 With winds of doctrine veer'd about,  
 And turn'd all whig committees out.

\* Homer's Odyssey.

† One of the subjects of dispute, which brought on the war, was a tax upon tea, on its importation into the colonies. And therefore one of the weapons of opposition was an universal agreement by the people, not to drink any tea, till the tax was taken off. The committees referred to, were called Committees of Correspondence : part of their business was to enforce the execution of the voluntary regulations made by the people in the several towns.

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 appal,  
 As Rome's grave senate did the Gaul.  
 High o'er the rout, on pulpit stairs,\*  
 Mid den of thieves in house of prayers,  
 (That house, which loth a rule to break  
 Serv'd heaven, 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,  
 Waved potent round, the peace to keep,  
 As that laid dead men's souls to sleep.  
 Above and near th' hermetic staff,  
 The Moderator's\* upper half

\* In country towns in New-England, the town-meeting is generally held in the church, or meeting-house.

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

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 brawlers;  
 With every tongue in either faction  
 Prepared like minute-men\* for action;  
 Where truth and falsehood, wrong and right,  
 Drew all their legions forth 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,  
Honourius first the crowd addres'd.  
 When now our 'Squire, returning late,  
 Arrived to aid the grand debate;  
 With strange, sour faces sate him down,  
 While thus the orator went on.

—“ For ages blest thus Britain rose,  
 The terror of encircling foes ;

\* Minute-men were that part of the militia of our country, who being drafted, and enrolled by themselves, were prepared to march at a minute's warning wherever the public safety required.

Her heroes ruled the bloody plain,  
 Her conq'ring standard awed the main.  
 The different palms her triumph grace  
 Of arms in war, of arts in peace.  
 Unharrass'd by maternal care,  
 Each rising province flourish'd fair ;  
 Whose various wealth, with liberal hand,  
 By far o'erpaid the parent land.\*  
 But though so bright her sun might shine,  
 'Twas quickly hasting to decline,  
 With feeble ray, 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 ;

\* Before the revolution, the colonies ever stiled Britain their mother-country, themselves her children, and England their home.

† This is asserted by all the grave statesmen, who treat on the disorders of that noted allegorical personage, the Body Politic.

While others have grown dull and dozy,  
Or fix'd in helpless idiocy ;  
Or turn'd demoniacs to belabour  
Each peaceful habitant and neighbour ;  
Or vex'd with hypochondriac 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 owed, and those so large,  
As twice her wealth could ne'er discharge,  
And now 'twas thought, so high they'd grown,  
She'd come upon the parish soon.  
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 the execution-roll ;  
And Gallic crows, as she grew weaker,  
Began to whet their beaks to pick her.

“ And now her powers decaying fast,  
Her grand climact'ric had she pass'd,  
And just like all old women else,  
Fell in the vapors much by spells.  
Strange whimsies on her fancy struck,  
And gave her brain a dismal shock ;  
Her memory fails, her judgment ends ;  
She quite forgot her nearest friends,  
Lost all her former sense and knowledge,  
And fitted fast for Bedlam-college.  
Of all the powers 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,  
Style themselves Jupiter and Neptune :  
So Britain in her airs so flighty,  
Now took a whim to be Almighty ;†  
Urg'd on to desperate heights of frenzy,  
Affirm'd her own Omnipotency ;

\* So says Milton.

† See the Act declaring her right to bind the colonies *in all cases whatsoever*. See also Blackstone's remarks, in his Commentaries, on the *Omnipotence* of the British Parliament.

Would rather ruin all her race,  
 Than yield supremacy, an ace ;  
 Assumed all rights divine, as grown  
 The church's head, like good Pope Joan ;\*  
 Swore all the world should bow and skip,  
 At her almighty goodyship ;  
 Anath'matized each unbeliever,  
 And vow'd to live and rule for ever.  
 Her servants humour'd every whim,  
 And own'd at once her power supreme ;  
 Her follies nursed in all their stages,  
 For sake of liveries and wages ;  
 In Stephen's Chapel† then in state too  
 Set up her golden calf to pray to ;  
 Proclaim'd its power and right divine,  
 And call'd for worship at its shrine ;

\* Whether there actually was a woman, who assumed the dress of a monk, and was finally elected Pope, has occasioned violent disputes among the ecclesiastical historians. To them we must leave it—since the world have not the benefit, as in the case of the Chevalier D'Eon, of the report of any legal trial for ascertaining her sex, before any Lord Mansfield of that age.

† The parliament-house is called St. Stephen's Chapel.

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,  
 Till both the matrons join'd in clan ;  
 No sisters made a better span.

“ What wonder then, ere this was over,  
 That she should make her children suffer ?  
 She first without pretence or 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 slavery for the bill of rights ;

\* Her Prime Minister of State at that period.

† Alluding to the Act of parliament, establishing the Papal worship and religion in Canada.

Trembled at whigs and deem'd them foes,  
 And stopp'd at loyalty her nose ;  
 Styled her own children, brats and catiffs,  
 And knew us not from th' Indian natives.

“ What though with supplicating prayer,  
 We begg'd our lives and goods she'd spare ;  
 Not vainer vows with sillier call  
 Elijah's prophets raised to Baäl ;  
 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 prayer ;  
 And could he talk, as kings can do,  
 Had made as gracious speeches too.

“ Thus, spite of prayers, her schemes pursu-  
 She still went on to work our ruin ;            [ing,  
 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 ;

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 imaged forth in stones and stocks,  
 And deified in barber's blocks :  
 So Gage\* was chose to represent  
 Th' omnipotence of Parliament.  
 As antient heroes gain'd by shifts,  
 From gods, as poets tell, their gifts ;  
 Our General, as his actions show,  
 Gain'd like assistance from below,  
 By satan graced with full supplies  
 From all his magazine of lies.  
 Yet could his practice ne'er impart  
 The wit to tell a lie with art.

\* General Gage, commander in Chief of the king's troops in North America, was in 1773 appointed 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. *Lond. Edit.*

Those lies alone are formidable  
 Where artful truth is mix'd with fable. 310  
 But Gage has bungled oft so vilely,  
 No soul would credit lies so silly,  
 Outwent all faith, and stretch'd beyond  
 Credulity's extremest end :  
 Whence plain it seems, though satan once  
 O'erlook'd with scorn each brainless dunce,  
 And blundering brutes in Eden shunning,  
 Chose out the serpent for his cunning ;  
 Of late he is not half so nice,  
 Nor picks out aids because they're wise :  
 For had he stood upon perfection,  
 His present friends had lost th' election,  
 And fared as hard, in this proceeding,  
 As owls and asses did in Eden.

“ Yet fools are often dangerous 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' unnat'ral war,  
 The work his masters sent him for.

“ And are there in this freeborn land  
 Among ourseives a venal band ;

A dastard race, who long have sold  
Their souls and consciences for gold ;  
Who wish to stab their country's vitals,  
Could they enjoy surviving titles ;  
With pride behold our mischiefs 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 inspired and sacred writers ;  
Lawyers, who, should he wish to prove  
His claim to his old seat above,  
Would, if his cause he'd give them fees in,  
Bring writs of *Entry sur disseisin*,  
Plead for him boldly at the session,  
And hope to put him in possession ;  
Merchants who, for his friendly aid  
Would make him partner in their trade,  
Hang out their signs in goodly show,  
Inscribed with, *Beelzebub & 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 ?





Drawn by E. Tisdale

Engraved by A. Willard

## M: FINGAL

AS THUS HE SPEAK, OUR SQUIRE M: FINGAL

GAVE TO HIS PARTIZANS A SIGNAL. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ THE TORIES

SET UP A GEN'RAL ROUT IN CHORUS;

Canto I.

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL C. GOODRICK HARTFORD.

Printed by D. Russell

'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 partisans a signal.  
 Not quicker roll'd the waves to land,  
 When Moses waved his potent wand,  
 Nor with more uproar, than the Tories  
 Set up a general rout in chorus ; [jeer'd ;  
 Laugh'd, hiss'd, hem'd, murmur'd, groan'd and  
 Honorius now could scarce be heard.  
 Our Muse, amid th' increasing roar,  
 Could not distinguish one word more ;  
 Though she sate by, in firm record  
 To take in short hand every word,

\* 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 country : the Protesters, those who published protests against the measures of the first Congress, and the resolves of the people in town-meetings and conventions.

As ancient Muses wont ; to whom  
 Old bards for depositions come ;  
 Who must have writ them ; for how else  
 Could they each speech verbatim tell 's ?  
 And though some readers of romances  
 Are apt to strain their tortured fancies,  
 And doubt (when lovers all alone  
 Their sad soliloquies do groan,  
 Grieve many a page, with no one near 'em,  
 And nought, 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 lover spoke,  
 The Muse was by with table-book,  
 And least some blunder should ensue,  
 Echo stood clerk, and kept the cue.  
 And though the speech ben't worth a groat,  
 It can't be call'd 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, though 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 wondrous what strange stuff  
 Your Whigs-heads are compounded of;  
 Which force of logic cannot pierce,  
 Nor syllogistic *carte and 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,

\* The absurd doctrines of passive obedience, non-resistance, and the divine right of Kings, were inculcated with great vehemence at this period.

'Their subjects to oppress and teaze,  
 And serve the devil when they please ?  
 Did not they 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 proselyte Whigs,  
 Than old St. Anth'ny 'mongst the pigs ;\*  
 And changed 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 fag-end man, poor Parson Peters ? †

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

† High-church clergymen, one at Boston, one at New-York.

‡ Peters, a Tory clergyman of Connecticut, who after ren-

Have not our Cooper and our Seabury  
 Sung hymns, like Barak and old Deborah ;  
 Proved all intrigues to set you free  
 Rebellion 'gainst *the Pow'rs that be* ;  
 Brought over many a scripture text,  
 That used to wink at rebel sects,  
 Coax'd wayward ones to favor regents,  
 And paraphras'd them to obedience ;  
 Proved every king, ev'n those confest  
 Horns of the Apocalyptic beast,  
 And sprouting from its noddles seven,  
 Ordain'd, as Bishops are, by heaven ;  
 (For reasons similar, as we're told  
 That Tophet was ordain'd of old)  
 By this lay-ordination valid,  
 Becomes all sanctified and hallow'd,

dering himself generally detestable, absconded from the contempt, rather than the vengeance of his fellow-citizens, and went to England, where he published a libel, which he called, *A History of that Colony* ; Cooper, a writer of the same stamp, President of the College at New-York, Poet, Punster and Satyrist ; Seabury, a clergyman of the same Province.

Takes patent out as heaven has sign'd it,  
 And starts up strait, the Lord's Anointed ?  
 As extreme unction, which can cleanse  
 Each penitent from deadly sins ;  
 Make them run glib, when oiled by priest,  
 The heav'nly road, like wheels new greased ;  
 Serve them, like shoe-ball, for defences,  
 'Gainst wear and tear of consciences :  
 So king's anointment clears betimes,  
 Like fuller's earth, all spots of crimes,  
 For future knaveries gives commissions,  
 Like Papists sinning under license.  
 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 sin and pain and folly,  
 Man ne'er was blest, nor wise, nor holy :  
 And we should thank the Lord 'tis so,  
 As authors grave wrote long ago.

\* See the modern Metaphysical Divinity.

Now heav'n its issues never brings  
Without the means, and these are kings ;  
And he who blames when they announce ills,  
Would counteract th' 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, slavery 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 you ;  
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 ;  
For when it means to send you pain,  
You toss your foreheads up in vain ;  
Your way is, hush'd in peace, to bear it,  
And make necessity a merit.  
Hence sure perdition must await  
The man, who rises 'gainst the State,  
Who meets at once the damning sentence,  
Without one loophole for repentance ;

Ev'n though he gain the Royal See,  
 And rank among *the Powers that be*.  
 For hell is theirs, the scripture shows,  
 Whoe'er *the Powers that be* oppose ;  
 And all those Powers (I'm clear that 'tis so)  
 Are damn'd for ever, *ex officio*.

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

\* Virgil. VI 2625

† Rivington, printer of the Royal Gazette in New-York.—  
 The Legislature of that Province were opposed to the measures of the country.

‡ A course of Essays under that signature was published in

Scrawl every moment he could spare  
 From cards and barbers and the fair ;  
 Show, clear as sun in noonday heavens,  
 You did not feel a single grievance ;  
 Demonstrate all your opposition  
 Sprung from the eggs\* of foul Seditious ;  
 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  
 Required to hatch her out Committees ;  
 What shapes they take, and how much longer's  
 The time before they grow t' a Congress ?  
 He white-wash'd Hutchinson, and varnish'd  
 Our Gage, who'd got a little tarnish'd ;

Boston, in the latter part of 1774 and beginning of 1775. It was the last combined effort of Tory wit and argument to write down the Revolution.

\* " Committees of correspondence are the foulest and most venomous serpent, that ever issued from the eggs of Sedition," &c. *Massachusettensis*.

The scheme of appointing such committees in every town was first devised by the celebrated Samuel Adams ; they became a most powerful engine for combining the sentiments and directing the energies of the people.

Made them new masks, in time no doubt,  
 For Hutchinson's was quite worn out :  
 Yet while he muddled all his head,  
 You did not heed a word he said.

“ Did not our grave Judge Sewall\* hit  
 The summit of newspaper wit ;  
 Fill every leaf of every paper  
 Of Mills & Hicks, and mother Draper† ;  
 Draw proclamations, works of toil,  
 In true sublime of scarecrow style,  
 Write farces too 'gainst sons of freedom,  
 All for your good, and none would read 'em ;  
 Denounce damnation on their frenzy,  
 Who died in Whig-impenitency ;  
 Affirm that heav'n would lend us aid,  
 As all our Tory writers said ;  
 And calculate so well its kindness,  
 He told the moment when it join'd us ?

\* Judge of Admiralty and Attorney General of Massachusetts, Gage's chief adviser and proclamation-maker, author of a farce, called “ The American roused,” and of a multitude of news-paper essays.

† Printers of ministerial gazettes in Boston.

“ ’Twas then belike,” Honorius cried,  
“ When you the public fast defied,  
Refused to heaven to raise a prayer,  
Because you’d no connections there ;  
And since with reverent hearts and faces,  
To Governors you’d paid addresses,  
In them, who made you Tories, seeing  
You lived and moved and had your being,  
Your humble vows you would not breathe  
To powers, 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,  
Or what the gain, that can arise  
From vows and offerings to the skies ?  
Will heaven reward with posts and fees,  
Or send us tea,\* as consignees,

\* Alluding to the famous cargo of tea, which was destroyed in Boston harbor, the consignees of which were the tools of the British ministry.

Give pensions, salaries, places, bribes,  
Or chuse us judges, clerks or scribes ?

Has it commissions in its gift,  
Or cash to serve us at a lift ?

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 heaven appoint our chief Judge Oliver,\*  
Fill that high bench with ignoramus,  
Or has it councils by mandamus ? †  
Who made that wit of water-gruel  
A judge of admiralty, Sewall ?  
And were they not mere earthly struggles,  
That raised up Murray, say, and Ruggles ?

\* Peter Oliver Esq. without legal science or professional education, was appointed Chief Judge of the Supreme Court in Massachusetts.

† The Council of that Province had ever, by its charter, been elective. The charter was declared void, and the King appointed them by writ of *mandamus*. The persons, named in this paragraph, were some of the most conspicuous of the new members.

Did heaven send down, our pains to medicine,  
That old simplicity of Edson,  
Or by election pick out from us  
That Marshfield blunderer, Nat. Ray Thomas;  
Or had it any hand in serving  
A Loring, Pepperell, Browne or Irving?

“ Yet we've some saints, the very thing,  
To pit against the best you'll bring;  
For can the strongest fancy paint,  
Than Hutchinson, a greater saint?  
Was there a parson used to pray,  
At times more regular, 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 Treasurer Gray,  
Or at town-meetings speechifying,  
Could utter more melodious whine,  
And shut his eyes, and vent his moan,  
Like owl afflicted in the sun;

Who once sent home, his canting rival,  
 Lord Dartmouth's self, might outbedrive.

“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,  
 Which proved his message all a lie ?”

\* Hutchinson, while Governor of the Province, in his letters to the ministry declared the necessity, in order to maintain government, of *destroying the Charter*, *abridging* what he termed *English Liberties*, making the Judges dependent only on the crown, and erecting a nobility in America. Doctor Franklin, then provincial Agent at the British Court, obtained a number of the originals, and transmitted them to Boston. In 1773, in a speech to the Legislative Assembly, he affirmed the absolute and unlimited authority of the parliament over the Colonies. This drew from the House of Representatives a spirited and argumentative reply. He rejoined; and in the course of the debate, finding himself suspected of advising the ministry to oppressive measures, declared that he had ever been an advocate for the rights of the Province contained in the Charter, and the equal liberties of the Colonists with the other subjects of the British Dominion. On this, Hutchinson's letters were immediately published in Boston, to the utter confusion of all his pretensions, political and religious.

How many promises he seal'd  
 To get th' oppressive acts repeal'd,  
 Yet once arrived on England's shore,  
 Set on the Premier to pass more ?  
 But these are no defects, we grant,  
 In a right loyal Tory saint,  
 Whose godlike virtues must with ease  
 Atone for venial crimes, like these :  
 Or ye perhaps in scripture spy  
 A new commandment, "Thou shalt lie ;"  
 If this 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 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 generals have occasion for ;  
 The only freedom of the press,  
 Our politicians need in peace.

Thank heaven, your shot have miss'd their aim,  
For lying is no sin nor shame.

“ As men last wills may change again,  
Tho' drawn, “ In name of God, Amen ;”  
Be sure they must have clearly more  
O'er promises as great a power,  
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 them o'er and mend 'em ;  
Revise their vows, or change the text,  
By way of codicil annex'd ;  
Strike 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 braved him,  
They were the only guards that saved him,  
Kept off that satan of a Putnam\*  
From breaking in to maul and mutton him ;

\* General Putnam took the command of the provincial troops, and blockaded Boston, immediately after the battle of Lexington. Gage, while his army were in possession of that

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 conscientious tyranny :  
And shall men feel that spir'tual bondage  
For ever, when they grow beyond age ?  
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 through ?  
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 ;  
And though he speak with fraud and finesse,  
'Tis said beneath *duress per minas*.

place, promised to permit the inhabitants to retire into the country, on condition of surrendering up their arms ; but after their compliance, he refused to perform his engagement—hoping that the Americans would not attempt to bombard the town, or enter it by storm, while they must endanger the lives of so many thousands of their fellow-citizens.

For we're in peril of our souls  
 From your vile feathers, tar and 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 ;  
 Had we no virtue, you've no more.

“ Yet black with sins, would spoil a mitre,  
 Rail ye at faults 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 :  
 And 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.\*

\* Alluding to church discipline, where a person is obliged to stand in an ile of the church, called in New-England the *broad-alley*, name the offence he has committed, and ask pardon of his brethren.

I'll show you all at fitter time,  
Th' extent and greatness of your crime,  
And here demonstrate to your face,  
Your want of virtue, as of grace,  
Evinced 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 prepared to hear,  
And grieved for all your vile demeanour :  
But now 'tis time t' adjourn for dinner."

END OF CANTO FIRST.



# M'FINGAL.

## CANTO II.

### THE TOWN-MEETING, P. M.

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**T**HE 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 expired the short vacation,  
And dinner o'er 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 their bill of fare) 10  
Each active party, feasted well,  
Throng'd in, like sheep, at sound of bell ;  
With equal spirit took their places,  
And meeting oped with three *Oh Yesses* :  
When first, the daring Whigs t' oppose,  
Again the great M'FINGAL rose,

Stretch'd magisterial arm amain,  
And thus resumed th' accusing strain.

“ Ye Whigs attend, and hear affrighted  
The crimes whereof ye stand indicted ;  
The sins and follies past all compass,  
That prove you guilty, or *non compos*.  
I leave the verdict to your senses,  
And jury of your consciences ;  
Which though 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 genial womb that gave you life,  
Tear with sharp fangs and forked tongue  
The indulgent bowels whence ye sprung ;  
And scorn the debt and obligation,  
You justly owe the British nation,  
Which, since you cannot pay, your crew  
Affect to swear was never due.

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

\* The persecutions of the English Church under Archbish-

Whom jails and fines and every ill  
 Forced 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 your *causa sine qua non*.  
 Who'd seen, except for these restraints,  
 Your witches, quakers, whigs and saints,  
 Or heard of Mather's\* famed *Magnalia*,  
 If Charles and Laud had chanced to fail you ?  
 Did they not send your charters o'er,  
 And give you lands you own'd before,  
 Permit you all to spill your blood,  
 And drive out heathens where you could ;  
 On these mild terms, that, conquest won,  
 The realm you gain'd should be their own ?

op Laud are well known to have been the cause of the peopling of New-England.—*Lond. Edit.*

\* See in Mather's *Magnalia*, a history of the miracles, which occurred in the first settlement of New-England ; see also his "Wonders of the invisible World," for a full and true account of the witchcraft at Salem.

And when of late attack'd by those,  
 Whom her connection made your foes,\*  
 Did they not then, distress'd by war,  
 Send generals 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,  
 With all their Missionary† crew,  
 To teach you law and gospel too ?

\* The war of 1755, between the English and French, was doubtless excited by causes foreign to the interests of those Colonies, which now form the United States. They however paid more than their proportion of the expense, and a balance was repaid them by the British Government after the war.—*Lond. Edit.*

The fact is that England involved us in the war, in which the Colonies must have been destroyed in its earliest stages, had it not been for their own extraordinary exertions.

† These 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.

*Lond. Edit.*

Great efforts were also made to send us Bishops, to rule the New-England churches ; but this was prevented by the revolution.

They brought all felons in the nation  
To help you on in population ;  
Proposed their Bishops to surrender,  
And made their Priests a legal tender,  
Who only ask'd, in surplice clad,  
The simple tithes 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 risk your heads in fight,  
Than gratefully throw in your mite ?  
Can they for debts make satisfaction,  
Should they dispose their realm at 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,  
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 rack'd their whole inventions  
 To feed their brats on posts and pensions ;  
 Made their 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,  
 And 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  
 In terms abstruse, like school-divines.

“ Your boasted patriotism is scarce,  
 And country's love is but a farce :  
 For after all the proofs you bring,  
 We Tories know there's no such thing.

\* A great proportion of the old English peerage consists of the left-handed progeny of their Kings. In this business, Charles the second was the last hero.

Hath not Dalrymple\* show'd in print,  
 And Johnson too, there's nothing in't;  
 Produced you demonstration ample,  
 From others' 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 all are sure 'tis so, from feeling.

“ Who heeds your babbling of transmitting  
 Freedom to brats of your begetting,  
 Or will proceed, as tho' there were a tie,  
 And obligation to posterity?  
 We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.  
 What has posterity done for us,

\* This writer undertook to demonstrate, that all the celebrated British patriots were pensioners, in the pay of France. His proof is derived from the letters of the French ambassadors, who accounting for the monies received from their court, charge so many thousand guineas paid to Hampden, Sidney, and others, as bribes. We are told also that Admiral Russell defeated the French fleet, at a time when he had engaged most solemnly, and received a stipulated sum, to be beaten himself.

That we, least they their rights should lose,  
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose ?

“ And who believes you will not run ?

Ye're cowards, every mother's son ;

And if you offer to deny,

We've witnesses to prove it by.

Attend th' opinion first, as referee,

Of your old general, stout Sir Jeffery ;\*

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 mighty Colonel Grant

Against your courage pour his rant,

Affirm your universal failure

In every principle of valour,

And swear no scamperers e'er could match you,

So swift, a bullet scarce could catch you ?

And will you not confess, in this

A judge most competent he is ;

\* Sir Jeffery Amherst, Grant and other officers, who had served in America, were so ignorant, silly or malicious, as to make such assertions in parliament.

Well skill'd on running to decide,  
As what himself has often tried ?  
'Twould not methinks be labor lost,  
If you'd sit down and count the cost,  
And ere you call your Yankies out,  
First think what work you've set about.  
Have you not roused, 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 change your boasts to fear,  
As easily, as sour\* 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,

\* It is asserted that the roar of a lion will turn small beer sour.

And ere she'd lose your share of pelf,  
Destroy your country, and herself.  
For has not North declared 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 projected,  
Think you she has not means t' effect it ?  
Has she not set at work all engines  
To spirit up the native Indians,  
Send on your backs the tawney band,  
With each an hatchet in his hand,  
T' amuse themselves with scalping knives,  
And butcher children and your wives ;  
And paid them for your scalps at sale  
More than your heads would fetch by tale ;

\* *Carthage must be annihilated.* There actually existed a little time before the war, a member of parliament of the name of *Van*, who in a speech there applied this famous threat of Cato to America, and particularly to Boston, as the place to begin the work of destruction.

That she might boast again with vanity,  
Her English national humanity ?  
For now in its primeval sense  
This term, *humanity*, 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.  
On this brave work to raise allies,  
She sent her duplicate of Guys,  
To drive at different parts at once on,  
Her stout Guy Carlton and Guy Johnson ;\*  
To each of whom, to send again you,  
Old Guy of Warwick were a ninny,  
Though the dun cow he fell'd in war,  
These killcows are his betters far.

“ And has she not essay'd her notes  
To rouse your slaves to cut your throats ;  
Sent o'er ambassadors with guineas,  
To bribe your blacks in Carolinas ?

\* A half-breed son of the famous Sir William, who influenced and led some of their tribes against us during the war.

And has not Gage, her missionary,  
 Turn'd many an Afric to a Tory ;  
 Made the New-England Bishop's see grow,  
 By many a new-converted negro ?  
 As friends to government, when he  
 Your slaves at Boston late set free,  
 Enlisted them in black parade,  
 Emboss'd with regimental red ;  
 While flared the epaulette, like flambeau,  
 On Captain Cuff and Ensign Sambo :  
 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 the good man of old in Job  
 Own'd wondrous allies through 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 confederacy,  
 Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,  
 And for a firm alliance with thee treat, &c.

And every beast, from lice to lions,  
To join in leagues of strict alliance :  
Has she not cringed, in spite of pride,  
For like assistance, far and wide,  
Till all this formidable league rose  
Of Indians, British troops and Negroes ?  
And can you break these triple bands  
By all your workmanship of hands ?

“ Sir,” quoth Honorius, “ we presume  
You guess from past feats what’s to come, 230  
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 used in wrangling upon paper,  
And boasted military fits  
Closed in the straining of his wits ; 240  
While troops, in Boston commons placed,  
Laid nought, but quires of paper, waste ;  
While strokes alternate stunn’d the nation,  
Protest, Address and Proclamation,

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

“ Though this not all his time was lost on ;  
He fortified the town of Boston,  
Built breastworks, that might lend assistance  
To keep the patriots at a distance ;  
For howsoe'er the rogues might scoff,  
He liked them best the farthest off ;  
Works of important use to aid  
His courage, when he felt afraid,  
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,” said the 'Squire, “ you'll find to sneer  
At Gage's first triumphant year ;  
For Providence, disposed 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 ass, in Balaam's sad disaster,  
Turn'd orator and saved his master ;  
A goose, placed sentry on his station,  
Preserved old Rome from desolation ;

An English bishop's\* cur of late  
Disclosed rebellions 'gainst the state ;  
So frogs croak'd Pharaoh to repentance,  
And lice delay'd the fatal sentence :  
And heaven can ruin you at pleasure,  
By Gage, as soon as by a Cæsar.  
Yet did our hero in these days  
Pick up some laurel wreaths of praise.  
And as the statuary of Seville  
Made his crackt saint an exc'llent devil ;  
So though our war small triumph brings,  
We gain'd great fame in other things.

“ Did not our troops show great discerning,  
And skill your various arts in learning ?  
Outwent they not each native noodle  
By far, in playing Yankee-doodle,†

\* See Atterbury's trial.

† This 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 were obliged to march to this tune, in the ceremony of piling their arms at Saratoga. *Lond. Edit.*

Which as 'twas your New-England tune,  
'Twas marvellous they took so soon ?  
And ere the year was fully through,  
Did not they learn to foot it too,\*  
And such a dance, as ne'er was known,  
For twenty miles on end lead down ?  
Did they not lay their heads together,  
And gain your art to tar and feather,†

\* At the battle of Lexington.

† In the beginning of 1775, to bring forward an occasion for a more serious quarrel, than had yet taken place between the people and the army, Lieutenant Colonel Nesbitt laid the following plan. The country people being in the habit of purchasing arms, he directed a soldier to sell one of them an old rusty musket. The soldier soon found a purchaser, a man who brought vegetables to market, who paid him three dollars for it. Scarcely had the man parted from the soldier when he was seized by Nesbitt and conveyed to the guard-house, where he was confined all night. Early next morning they stripped him entirely naked, covered him with warm tar, and then with feathers, placed him on a cart, conducted him to the north end of the town, then back to the south end, as far as Liberty-Tree ; where the people began to collect in vast numbers, and the military, fearing for their own safety, dismissed the man, and made a retreat to the barracks.

The party consisted of about thirty grenadiers of the 47th regiment, with fixed bayonets, twenty drums and fifes play-

When Colonel Nesbit, thro' the town,  
In triumph bore the country-clown ?  
Oh what a glorious work to sing  
The veteran troops' of Britain's king,  
Adventuring for th' heroic laurel  
With bag of feathers and tar-barrel !  
To paint the cart where culprits ride,  
And Nesbitt marching at its side,  
Great executioner and proud,  
Like hangman high on Holborn road ;  
And o'er the slow-drawn rumbling car,  
The waving ensigns of the war !  
As when a triumph Rome decreed  
For great Caligula's valiant deed,  
Who had subdued the British seas,  
By gath'ring cockles from their base ;  
In pompous car the conq'ror bore  
His captive scallops from the shore,  
Ovations gain'd his crabs for fetching,  
And mighty feats of oyster-catching :

ing the Rogue's March, headed by Nesbitt with a drawn sword. *Lond. Edit.*

'Gainst Yankies thus the war begun,  
They tar'd, and triumph'd over, one ;  
And fought and boasted through the season,  
With force as great and equal reason.

“ Yet thus though skill'd in vict'ry's toils,  
They boast, not unexpert, in wiles.

For gain'd they not an equal fame in  
The arts of secrecy and scheming ;

In stratagem show'd wondrous force,  
And modernized the Trojan horse,

Play'd o'er again the tricks Ulyssean,  
In their famed Salem expedition ?

For as that horse, the poets tell ye,  
Bore Grecian armies in its belly,

Till their full reckoning run, with joy  
Shrewd Sinon midwived them in Troy :

So in one ship was Leslie bold

Cramm'd with three hundred men in hold,  
Equipp'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 ;

Safe from each prying jealous neighbour,  
 The scheme and vessel fell in labor.  
 Forth from its hollow womb pour'd hast'ly  
 The Myrmidons of Colonel Leslie. 320  
 Not thicker o'er the blacken'd strand,  
 The frogs detachment,\* rush'd to land,  
 Furious by onset and surprize  
 To storm th' entrenchment of the mice.  
 Through Salem straight, without delay,  
 The bold battalion took its way,  
 March'd o'er a bridge,† in open sight  
 Of several Yankies arm'd for fight ;

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

† The object of this expedition was to seize some provincial artillery and stores, placed at a short distance from Salem. Notwithstanding his stratagem, when he came to a small river which lay between, Leslie found the bridge taken up, the stores removed, and the people alarmed and rapidly collecting in his front, as well as rear. He then opened a parley, and promised that if they would lay down the bridge and suffer him to march over it, he would immediately return from whence he came, without doing harm to any person or thing. The treaty was concluded ; Leslie marched with his party over the bridge, wheeled about instantly and returned to Boston ; having performed every article on his part, with the greatest honor and safety.

Then without loss of time or men,  
Veer'd round for Boston back again,  
And found so well their projects thrive,  
That every-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 ;  
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* ;\*

For which kind purpose he projected  
The only certain way t' effect it,

To seize your powder, shot and arms,  
And all your means of doing harms ;

\* This Gage solemnly declared in a letter to Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, soon after the expedition. The correspondence was immediately published.

As prudent folks take knives away,  
 Lest children cut themselves at play.  
 And yet, when this was all his scheme,  
 The war you still will charge on him ;  
 And tho' he oft has swore and said it,  
 Stick close to facts, and give no credit. [him ?  
 Think you, he wish'd you'd brave and beard  
 Why, 'twas the very thing, that scared him.  
 He'd rather you should all have run,  
 Than staid to fire a single gun.  
 So, for the civil war you lament,  
 Faith, you yourselves must take the blame in't ;  
 For had you then, as he intended,  
 Given up your arms, it must have ended :  
 Since that's no war, each mortal knows,  
 Where one side only gives the blows,\*

\* Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.—*Juvenal.*

It was deemed both by the British and Americans, a matter of the utmost importance to determine which party began the war. Some hundreds of depositions were taken in the dispute, and it was fully proved that hostilities were first commenced at Lexington by the British troops, who fired on a company of militia, assembling under arms, killed eight on

And t'other bears them ; 'on reflection  
The most we 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 commenced 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 colonies to chastise ;  
Command obedience on their peril  
Of ministerial whip and ferule ;  
And since they ne'er must come of age,  
Govern'd and tutor'd them by Gage.  
Still more, that mercy was their errand,  
The army's conduct makes apparent.  
What though at Lexington you can say,  
They kill'd a few, they did not fancy ;

the first discharge, and dispersed the rest without opposition. The popularity of the war, in England as well as in America, depended greatly at that time on the result of this enquiry—frivolous as it may now appear.

At Concord then with manful popping,  
 Discharged a round, the ball to open ;  
 Yet when they saw your rebel rout  
 Determined still to brave it out,  
 Did they not show their love of peace,  
 Their wish that discord straight might cease ;  
 Demonstrate, and by proofs uncommon,  
*Their orders were to injure no man ?\**  
 For did not every regular† run,  
 As soon as e'er you fired a gun ;  
 Take the first shot you sent them, greeting,  
 As meant their signal for retreating ;  
 And fearful, if they staid for 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 scarce sufficed their weight to carry ?

\* This was another assertion by Gage, in his letter mentioned in the former note.

† In the former wars in America, the term, *Regulars*, was applied to the British troops, to distinguish them from the Provincials, or new levies of the country.

Whence Gage extols, from general hearsay,  
 The great activity of Lord Percy;\*  
 Whose brave example led them on,  
 And spirited the troops to run;  
 Who now may boast, at royal levees,  
 A Yankee-chace worth forty Chevys.

“ Yet you, as vile as they were kind,  
 Pursued, like tygers, still behind;  
 Fired on them at your will, and shut  
 The town, as though you'd starve them out;  
 And with parade preposterous† hedged,  
 Affect to hold them there besieged:  
 Though Gage, whom proclamations call  
 Your Gov'nor and Vice-Admiral,  
 Whose power gubernatorial still  
 Extends as far as Bunker's hill,

\* “ Too much praise cannot be given to Lord Percy for his remarkable *activity* through the whole day.”

*Gage's account of the Lexington battle.*

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

*Gage's last grand proclamation.*

Whose admiralty reaches, clever,  
 Near half a mile up Mystic river,  
 Whose naval force yet keeps the seas,  
 Can run away whene'er he'd please.  
 Nay, stern with rage grim Putnam boiling  
 Plunder'd both Hogg and Noddle Island ;\*  
 Scared troops of Tories into town,  
 Burn'd all their hay and houses down,  
 And menaced 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 deadly hosts of valor join  
 Her Howe, her Clinton and Burgoyne !  
 As comets thro' th' affrighted skies  
 Pour baleful ruin as they rise ;  
 As Ætna with infernal roar  
 In conflagration sweeps the shore ;

\* Two islands in the harbour of Boston.

Or as Abijah White,\* when sent  
 Our Marshfield friends to represent,  
 Himself while dread array involves,  
 Commissions, pistols, swords, resolves,  
 In awful pomp descending down  
 Bore terror on the factious town :  
 Not with less glory and affright,  
 Parade these generals forth to fight.  
 No more each British colonel runs  
 From whizzing beetles, as air-guns ;  
 Thinks horn-bugs bullets, or thro' fears  
 Muskitoes takes for musketeers† ;  
 Nor scapes, as if you'd gain'd supplies,  
 From Beelzebub's whole host of flies.

\* He was representative of Marshfield; and was employed to carry to Boston their famous town-resolves, censuring the Whigs and reprobating the destruction of the Tea. He armed himself in as ridiculous military array, as a second Hudi-bras, pretending he was afraid he should be robbed of them.

† Absurd as this may appear, it was a fact. Some British officers, soon after Gage's arrival in Boston, walking on Beacon-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. They left the hill with great precipitation, spread the alarm in their encampment, and wrote ter-



Drawn by E. Tisdale

W H Benson sc.

## M<sup>r</sup>. FINGAL

ABIJAH WHITE.

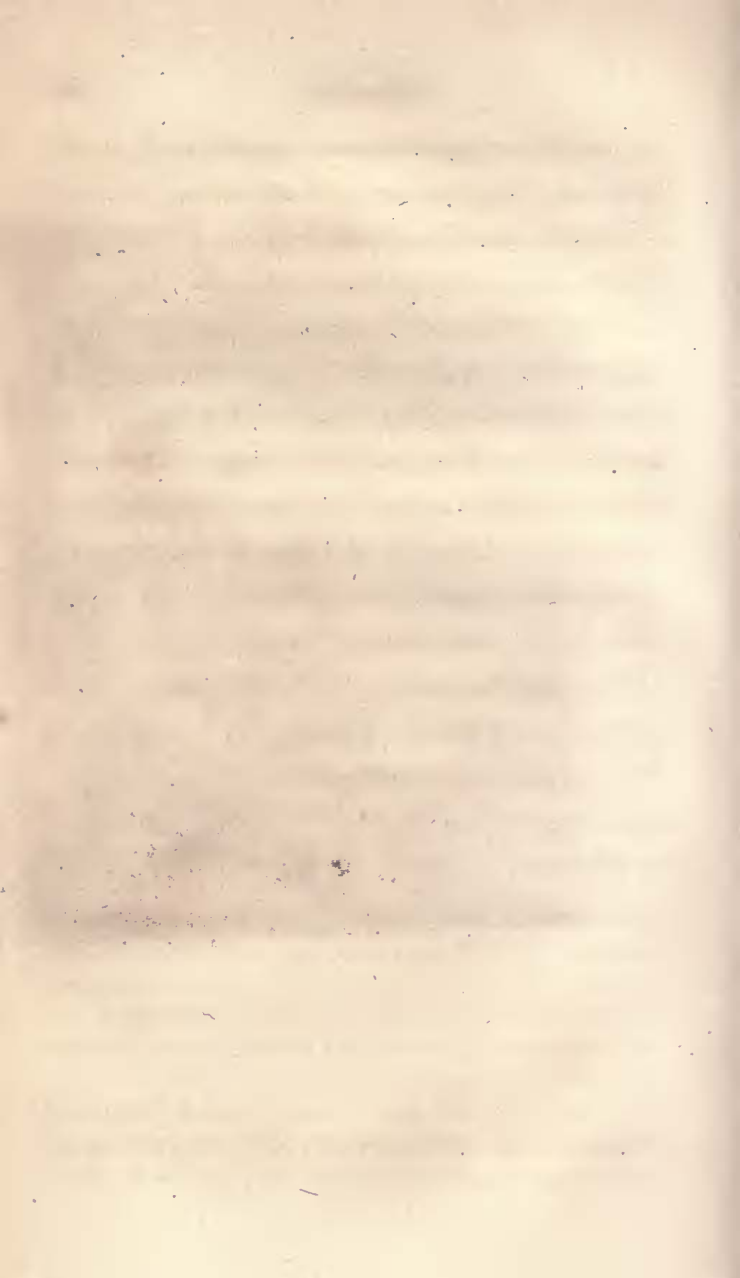
IN AWFUL POMP DESCENDING DOWN,

BORE TERROR ON THE FACTIOUS TOWN:

Can. II.

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL G. GOODRICH HARTFORD.

Printed by D. Russell.



No bug these warlike hearts appalls ;  
 They better know the sound of balls.  
 I hear the din of battle bray ;  
 The trump of horror marks its way.  
 I see afar the sack of cities,  
 The gallows strung with Whig-committees ;  
 Your moderators triced, like vermin,  
 And gate-posts graced with heads of chairmen ;  
 Your Congress for wave-off'rings hanging,  
 And ladders throng'd with priests haranguing.  
 What pillories glad the Tories' eyes  
 With patriot ears for sacrifice !  
 What whipping-posts your chosen race  
 Admit successive in embrace,  
 While each bears off his sins, alack !  
 Like Bunyan's pilgrim, on his back !\*

rible accounts to England of being shot at with air-guns ; as appears by their letters, extracts from which were soon after published in the London papers. Indeed, for some time they seriously believed, that the Americans were possessed of a kind of magic white powder, which exploded and killed without report.

\* Bunyan represents his pilgrim, as setting forth burdened with a very heavy pack, containing all his sins, original and actual.

Where then, when Tories scarce get clear,  
 Shall Whigs and Congresses appear ?  
 What rocks and mountains will 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 sight ;  
 He comes, he comes, your lines to storm,  
 And rig 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 canvass wings,†  
 While through the deep the British thunder  
 Shall sound th' alarm, to rob and plunder !

\* The want of uniform dresses in the American army was a constant theme of ridicule with the British, at the beginning of the war.

† Where'er our navy spreads her canvas wings,  
 Honor to thee and peace to all she brings. *Waller.*

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 vanquish'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 regiments 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 every seaport town ;  
Display their glory and their wits,  
Fright helpless children into fits ;

\* The British navy was at first employed in plundering our seacoasts, to obtain fresh provisions.

And stoutly, from the 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 famed *thunderbolts of war* ;\*  
Beyond the brave knight-errant fighters,  
Stiled swords of death, by novel-writers ;  
Nor in romancing ages e'er rose  
So terrible a tier of heroes.  
From Gage what sounds alarm the waves !  
How loud a blunderbuss is Graves ! †  
How Newport dreads the blustering sallies,  
That thunder from our popgun, Wallace,  
While noise in formidable strains,  
Spouts from his thimble-full of brains !  
I see you sink in awed surprise !  
I see our Tory brethren rise !

—————\* duo fulmina belli,

Scipiadas.

*Virgil.*

† Graves was Admiral ; Wallace, Captain of a frigate stationed before Newport.

And as the sect'ries Sandemanian,  
Our friends, describe their hoped millennium ;\*  
Boast how the world in every region  
At once shall own their true religion,  
For heaven shall knock, with vengeance dread,  
All unbelievers on the head ;  
And then their church, the meek in spirit,  
The earth, as promised, shall inherit  
From the dead wicked, as heirs male,  
Or 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 terror through the land,  
Shall give all whig-estates away,  
And call our brethren into play.

“ And can you pause, or scruple more ?  
These things are near you, at the door.  
Behold ! for though to reasoning blind,  
Signs of the times you still might mind,

\* The year 1793 was the period they fixed upon, for this event to take place.

And view impending fate, as plain  
As you'd foretell a shower of rain.

“Hath not heaven warn'd you what must en-  
And providence declared against you? [sue,  
Hung forth the dire portents of war  
By fires and beacons in the air ;\*  
Alarm'd old women all around  
With fearful noises under ground,  
While earth, for many a hundred 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 aspects for the parliament,  
Foreboding your defeat and misery,  
As once they fought against old Sisera ?

\* Stories of prodigies were at that time industriously propagated by the Tories in various parts of New-England, and with some success in alarming and intimidating the superstitious. In fact, about the commencement of the war, a large meteor passed through our atmosphere, and the Aurora borealis appeared more frequently, and assumed more singular appearances, than usual. These materials were sufficient for a beginning ; nonsense easily supplied the rest.

Was there a cloud, that spread the skies,  
But bore our armies of allies,  
While dreadful hosts of flame stood forth  
In baleful streamers from the north?  
Which plainly show'd what 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 you not, the clouds know how  
To make the pun, as well 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 prophets in the air,  
Who, loud, like admiralty libel,  
Read awful chapters from the Bible,  
And war and plague and death denounced,  
And told you how you'd soon be trounced?  
I see, to join our conq'ring side,  
Heaven, earth and hell at once allied;  
See from your overthrow and end,  
The Tory paradise ascend,

Like that new world, which 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 and Justice Quorum ;

But to his unmistaken eyes

See lordships, posts and pensions rise.

“ Awake to gladness then, ye Tories !

Th' unbounded prospect lies before us.

The power, display'd in Gage's banners,

Shall cut their fertile lands to manors ;

And o'er our happy conquer'd ground,

Dispense estates and titles round.

Behold ! the world shall stare at new setts

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 carved estate,  
 On our New-York Assembly wait !  
 What titled Jauncys, Gales and Billops ;\*  
 Lord Brush, Lord Wilkins and Lord Philips !  
 In wide-sleeved pomp of godly guise,  
 What solemn rows of Bishops rise !  
 Aloft a Cardinal's hat is spread  
 O'er punster Cooper's reverend 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 pebbles in the street ;

\* Members of the ministerial majority in the Legislature of New-York.

† Cooper, President of King's College in New-York, was a notorious punster ; Vardell, author of some poetical satires on the sons of liberty in New-York ; Chandler and Auchmuty, high-church and tory writers of the clerical order.

E'en I perhaps (heaven speed my claim !)  
Shall fix a *Sir* before my name.  
For titles all our foreheads ache,  
For what blest changes can they make !  
Place Reverence, Grace and Excellence,  
Where neither claim'd the least pretence ;  
Transform by patent's magic words  
Men, likest devils, into Lords ;  
Whence commoners, to Peers translated,  
Are justly said to be *created*.\*  
Now where commissioners you saw,  
Shall boards of nobles deal you law ;  
Long-robed comptrollers judge your rights,  
And tide-waiters start up in knights.  
While Whigs subdued, in slavish awe,  
Our wood shall hew, our water draw,  
And bless the mildness, when past hope,  
That saved their necks from noose of rope.

\* "To create a Peer" is the English technical phrase.—  
Considering the materials frequently made use of, it is easy  
to perceive the propriety of the expression. Thus Adam  
*was formed of the dust of the ground.* Gen. ii. 7.

For since our leaders have decreed,  
Their blacks, who join us, shall be freed,  
To hang the conquer'd whigs, we all see,  
Would prove but weak, and thriftless policy,  
Except their Chiefs : the vulgar knaves  
Will do more good, preserved 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, nor 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 sate 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 ruins proud,  
And roll their chariot-wheels in blood ?

See Gage, with inauspicious star,  
 Has oped 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 heaven, 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 ! the raptur'd sound  
 The Apalachian hills rebound.  
 The Georgian\* coasts 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 glimm'ring pole,

\* The province of Georgia had not then joined the union.

Inspired by freedom's heavenly charms,  
United nations wake to arms.  
The star of conquest lights their way,  
And guides their vengeance on their prey.  
Yes, though tyrannic force oppose,  
Still shall they triumph o'er their foes ;  
'Till heaven the happy land shall bless  
With safety, liberty and peace.

“ And ye, whose souls of dastard mould  
Start at the bravery of the bold ;  
To love your country who pretend,  
Yet want all spirit to defend ;  
Who feel your fancies so prolific,  
Engend'ring visions whims terrific,  
O'errun with horrors of coercion,  
Fire, blood and thunder in reversion ;  
King's standards, pill'ries, confiscations,  
And Gage's scare-crow proclamations ;  
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 deem them true ;  
And while these phantoms haunt your brains,  
Bow down your willing necks to chains.

Heavens ! are ye sons of sires so great,  
Immortal in the fields of fate,  
Who braved all deaths, by land or sea,  
Who bled, who conquer'd, to be free ?  
Hence coward souls, the worst disgrace  
Of our forefathers' valiant 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 own, your children's, lives ;  
Beneath their aprons seek a screen,  
Nor dare to mingle more with men."

As thus he spake, 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' un-oil'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.

Thus bagpipes, while the tune they breathe,  
Still drone and grumble underneath ;  
And thus the famed Demosthènes\*  
Harangued the rumbling of the seas,  
Held forth with elocution grave,  
To audience loud of wind and wave ;  
And had a stiller congregation,  
Than Tories are, to hear th' oration.  
The uproar now grew high and louder,  
As nearer thund'rings of a cloud are,  
And every soul with heart and voice  
Supplied his quota of the noise.  
Each listening ear was set on torture,  
Each Tory bellowing, " Order, 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 every prater  
Bawl'd out, " Pray hear the moderator ;"

\* Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, is said to have exercised his voice, by declaiming to the waves in a gale ; which party made the most noise, history does not inform us.

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.  
The storm each moment fiercer grew ;  
His sword the great M'FINGAL drew,  
Prepared 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 ;  
Plumed 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 head, and bloody nose :  
When on a sudden from without  
Arose a loud terrific shout ;  
And straight the people all at once heard  
Of tongues an universal concert ;  
Like Æsop's times, as fable runs,  
When every creature talk'd at once,

Or like the variegated gabble,  
 That crazed the carpenters of Babel.  
 Each party soon forsook the quarrel,  
 And let the other go on parol,  
 Eager to know what fearful matter  
 Had conjured up such general clatter ;  
 And left the church in thin array,  
 As though it had been lecture-day.\*  
 Our 'Squire M'FINGAL straitway beckon'd  
 The Constable to stand his second ;  
 And sallied forth with aspect fierce  
 'The crowd assembled to disperse.

The Moderator, out of view,  
 Beneath the desk had lain perdue ;

\* In the New-England churches, previous to the administration of the sacrament, religious service was performed, and a sermon preached, on some day in the week preceding. These sermons were styled *Lectures*, and the day called *Lecture-day*. But usually these meetings were very thinly attended, like the *Wall-lectures* in the English Universities, in which to supply an audience, they depend on the proverb, that *Walls have ears*. See *V. Knox's Essays No. 77*.

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.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

# M'FINGAL.

## CANTO III.

### THE LIBERTY POLE.

---

---

NOW warm 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 wrathful eye  
A pole ascending through the sky,  
Which numerous throngs of whiggish race  
Were raising in the market-place.  
Not higher school-boy's 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  
Waved triumph o'er the gazing world,  
Inscribed with inconsistent types  
Of *Liberty* and *thirteen stripes*.\*

\* The American flag. It would doubtless be wrong

Beneath, the crowd without delay  
The dedication-rites essay,  
And gladly pay, in antient fashion,  
The ceremonies of libation ;  
While briskly to each patriot lip  
Walks eager round the inspiring flip :\*  
Delicious draught ! whose powers inherit  
The quintessence of public spirit ;  
Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind  
To nobler politics refined ;  
Or roused to 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.

to imagine that the stripes bear any allusion to the slave trade.

\* Flip, a liquor composed of beer, rum and sugar ; the com-com treat at that time in the country towns of New-England.

'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.

By this, M'FINGAL with his train  
Advanced upon th' adjacent plain,  
And full with loyalty possest,  
Pour'd forth the zeal, that fired 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 heaven and summon down  
The thunders of the British crown ?  
Say, will this paltry Pole secure  
Your forfeit heads from Gage's power ?  
Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,  
Is this to stand your ark of safety ;  
Or driven by Scottish laird and laddie,  
Think ye to rest beneath its shadow ?  
When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,  
And balls rush hissing through 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 crackt skulls and batter'd noses ?

“ Ye dupes to every factious rogue  
 And tavern-prating demagogue,  
 Whose tongue but rings, with sound more full,  
 On th' empty drumhead of his scull ;  
 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 license,  
 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,  
 Framed to the model of your conscience ;  
 Cry justice down, as out of fashion,  
 And fix its scale of depreciation ;\*

\* Alluding to the depreciation of the Continental paper money. Congress finally ascertained the course of its declen-

Defy all creditors to trouble ye,  
 And keep new years of Jewish jubilee ;  
 Drive judges out,\* like Aaron's calves,  
 By jurisdiction of white staves,  
 And make the bar and bench and steeple  
 Submit t' our Sovereign Lord, The People ;  
 By plunder rise to power and glory,  
 And brand all property, as Tory ;  
 Expose all wares to lawful seizures  
 By mobbers or monopolizers ;  
 Break heads and windows and the peace,  
 For your own interest and increase ;  
 Dispute and pray and fight and groan  
 For public good, and mean your own ;  
 Prevent the law by fierce attacks  
 From quitting scores upon your backs ;

sion at different periods, by what was called, A Scale of Depreciation.

\* On the commencement of the war, the courts of justice were every where shut up. In some instances, the judges were forced to retire, by the people, who assembled in multitudes, armed with white staves.

Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,  
And seize the stocks, your ancient foe,  
And turn them to convenient engines  
To wreak your patriotic vengeance ;  
While all, your rights who understand,  
Confess them in their owner's hand ;  
And when by clamours and confusions,  
Your freedom's grown a public nuisance,  
Cry " Liberty," with powerful yearning,  
As he does " Fire!" whose house is burning :  
Though he already has much more  
Than he can find occasion for.

While every clown, that tills the plains,  
Though bankrupt in estate and brains,  
By this new light transform'd to traitor,  
Forsakes his plough to turn dictator,  
Starts an haranguing chief of Whigs,  
And drags you by the ears, like pigs.  
All bluster, arm'd with factious licence,  
New-born at once to politicians.  
Each leather-apron'd dunce, grown wise,  
Presents his forward face t' advise,  
And tatter'd legislators meet,  
From every workshop through the street.

His goose the tailor 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 patients' souse,  
To purge the Council and the House ;  
The tinker quits his moulds and doxies,  
To cast assembly-men and proxies.  
From dunghills deep of blackest hue,  
Your dirt-bred patriots spring to view,  
To wealth and power and honors rise,  
Like new-wing'd maggots changed to flies,  
And fluttering round in high parade,  
Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.  
See Arnold quits, for ways more certain,  
His bankrupt-perj'ries for his fortune,  
Brews rum no longer in his store,  
Jockey and skipper now no more,  
Forsakes his warehouses and docks,  
And writs of slander for the pox ;\*

\* Arnold's perjuries at the time of his pretended bankruptcy, which was the first rise of his fortune ; and his curi-

And cleansed by patriotism from shame,  
 Grows General of the foremost name.  
 For in this ferment of the stream  
 The dregs have work'd up to the brim,  
 And by the rule of topsy-turvies,  
 The scum stands foaming on the surface.  
 You've caused your pyramid t' ascend,  
 And set it on the little end.  
 Like Hudibras, your empire's made,  
 Whose crupper had o'ertopp'd his head.  
 You've push'd and turn'd the whole world up-  
 Side down, and got yourselves at top,  
 While all the great ones of your state  
 Are crush'd beneath the popular weight ;  
 Nor can you boast, this present hour,  
 The shadow of the form of power.  
 For what's your Congress\* or its end ?  
 A power, t' advise and recommend ;

ous lawsuit against a brother skipper, who had charged him with having caught the above-mentioned disease, by his connection with a certain African princess in the West-Indies, were among the early promises of his future greatness, and honors.

\* The author here, in a true strain of patriotic censure,

To call forth 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 ;  
 And when in want no more in them lies,  
 Than begging from your State-Assemblies ;  
 Can utter oracles of dread,  
 Like friar Bacon's brazen head,  
 But when a faction dares dispute 'em,  
 Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em :  
 As tho' you chose supreme dictators,  
 And put them under conservators.  
 You've but pursued the self-same way  
 With Shakespeare's Trinc'lo\* in the play ;

pointed out the principal 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-sighted hero. *Lond. Edit.*

\* This political plan of Trinculo in the *Tempest*, may be found in the old folio edition of Shakespeare. It has since been expunged by some of his wise commentators.

“ You shall be Viceroy's here, 'tis true,  
“ But we'll be Viceroy's 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 surrounding 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, by low intrigues,  
Like vermin of a thousand legs,\*  
'Twill find as short a life assign'd,  
As all things else of reptile kind:  
Your Commonwealth's a common harlot,  
The property of every varlet ;  
Which now in taste, and full employ,  
All sorts admire, as all enjoy :  
But soon a batter'd strumpet grown,  
You'll curse and drum her out of town.

\* Millepedes.

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 merely proves the adage just,  
That best things spoil'd corrupt to worst :  
So man supreme in earthly station,  
And mighty lord of this creation,  
When once his corse is dead as herring,  
Becomes the most offensive carrion,  
And sooner breeds the plague, 'tis found,  
Than all beasts rotting on the ground.  
Yet with republics 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 every crack'd head ;  
These new-cast legislative engines  
Of County-meetings 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 raged when you, in sea,  
 In shape of Indians, drown'd the tea ;\*  
 When your gay sparks, fatigued to watch it,  
 Assumed the moggison and hatchet,  
 With wampum'd blankets hid their laces,  
 And like their sweethearts, primed† their faces :

\* The cargo of tea sent to Boston, after being guarded for twenty nights, by voluntary parties of the Whigs, to prevent its being clandestinely brought ashore, was thrown into the sea, by a party of about two hundred young men, dressed, armed and painted like Indians; but many a ruffled shirt and laced vest appeared under their blankets.

† *Primed*, i. e. painted.

While not a red-coat dared oppose,  
 And scarce a Tory show'd his nose ;  
 While Hutchinson,\* for sure retreat,  
 Manœuvred to his country seat,  
 And thence affrighted, in the suds,  
 Stole off bareheaded through the woods.

“ Have you not roused your mobs to join,  
 And make Mandamus-men resign,  
 Call'd forth each duffil-drest curmudgeon,  
 With dirty trowsers and white bludgeon,

\* When the leading Whigs in Boston found it impossible to procure the Tea to be sent back, they secretly resolved on its destruction, and prepared all the necessary means. To cover the design, a meeting of the people of the whole County was convened on the day appointed, and spent their time in grave consultation on the question, what should be done to prevent its being landed and sold. The arrival of the Indians put an end to the debate, at the moment, when one of the foremost of the whig-orators was declaiming against all violent measures. Hut<sup>ch</sup>inson was alarmed at the meeting, and retired privately in the morning, to his country seat at Milton. Whether from mistake or design, information was sent to him, that the mob was coming to pull down his house. He escaped in the utmost haste across the fields. The story of the day was, that the alarm was given, at the time, when he sate half-shaved under the hands of his barber.

Forced all our Councils through the land,  
 To yield their necks at your command ;  
 While paleness marks their late disgraces,  
 'Through all their rueful length of faces ?

“ Have you not caused as woeful work  
 In our good city of New-York,  
 When all the rabble, well cockaded,  
 In triumph through the streets paraded,  
 And mobb'd the Tories, scared their spouses,  
 And ransack'd all the custom-houses ;\*  
 Made such a tumult, bluster, jarring,  
 That mid the clash of tempests warring,  
 Smith's† weather-cock, in veers forlorn,  
 Could hardly tell which way to turn ?  
 Burn'd effigies of higher powers,  
 Contrived in planetary hours ;  
 As witches with clay-images  
 Destroy or torture whom they please :

\* The custom-house was broken open at New-York, and all public monies seized.

† William Smith, an eminent Lawyer in New-York. He at first opposed the claims of Britain, but after wavering some time, at last joined our enemy. He has since been Chief Justice in Canada.

Till fired with rage, th' ungrateful club  
 Spared not your best friend, Beelzebub,  
 O'erlook'd his favors, and forgot  
 The reverence due his cloven foot,  
 And in the selfsame furnace frying,  
 Stew'd him, and North and Bute and Tryon? \*  
 Did you not, in as vile and shallow way,  
 Fright our poor Philadelphian, Galloway,  
 Your Congress, when the loyal ribald  
 Belied, berated and bescribbled?  
 What ropes † and halters did you send,  
 'Terrific emblems of his end,

\* Tryon was Governor of New-York and a British General during the war. He had the glory of destroying the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk. Burnings in effigy were frequently the amusements of the mob at that period, and in imitation of the former custom of the English in burning annually the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender, Beelzebub, with his usual figure and accoutrements, was always joined in the conflagration with the other obnoxious characters.

† Galloway began by being a flaming patriot: but being disgusted at his own want of influence, and the greater popularity of others, he turned Tory, wrote against the measures of Congress, and absconded. Just before his escape, a trunk was put on board a vessel in the Delaware, to be delivered to

Till, least he'd hang in more than effigy,  
Fled in a fog the trembling refugee?  
Now rising in progression fatal,  
Have you not ventured to give battle?  
When Treason chaced our heroes troubled,  
With rusty gun,\* and leathern doublet;  
Turn'd all stone-walls and groves and bushes,  
To batteries arm'd with blunderbusses;  
And with deep wounds, that fate portend,  
Gaul'd many a Briton's latter end;  
Drove them to Boston, as in jail,  
Confined without mainprize 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.

Joseph Galloway, Esquire. On opening it, he found it contained only, as Shakespeare says,

“A halter gratis, and leave to hang himself.”

\* At the battle of Lexington.

Rise then, my friends, in terror rise,  
 And sweep this scandal from the skies.  
 You'll see their Dagon, though well jointed,  
 Will shrink 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.  
 He swift, advancing to the ring,  
 Began, " Our Sovereign 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,  
 His hope, in stratagems, he found,  
 And fell right craftily to ground ;  
 Then crept to seek an hiding place,  
 'Twas all he could, beneath a brace ;

\* The Tory clergy always stiled the King, the Lord's Anointed. The language of Cromwell's and Charles' days was yet frequent in New-England.

Where soon the conq'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.  
Instead of weapons, either band  
Seized on such arms as came to hand.  
And as famed 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 andirons, tongs and shovels :  
So clubs and billets, staves and stones  
Met fierce, encountering every sconce,  
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains  
Each void receptacle for brains ;  
Their clamours rend the skies around,  
The hills rebellow to the sound ;  
And many a groan increas'd the din  
From batter'd nose and broken shin.

\* See Ovid's Metamorphoses, book 12th.

M'FINGAL, rising at the word,  
Drew forth his old militia-sword ;  
Thrice cried " King George," as erst in distress,  
Knights of romance invoked a mistress ;  
And brandishing the blade in air,  
Struck terror through th' opposing war.  
The Whigs, unsafe within the wind  
Of such commotion, shrunk behind.  
With whirling steel around address'd,  
Fierce through 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  
Discharged whole vollies, in platoons,  
That o'er in whistling fury fly ;  
But not a foe dares venture nigh.  
And now perhaps with glory crown'd  
Our 'Squire had fell'd the pole to ground,  
Had not some Pow'r, a whig at heart,  
Descended down and took their part ;\*

\* The learned reader will readily observe the allusions in

(Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars or Iris,  
 'Tis scarce worth while to make inquiries)  
 Who at the nick of time alarming,  
 Assumed the solemn form of Chairman,  
 Address'd a Whig, in every scene  
 The stoutest wrestler on the green,  
 And pointed where the spade was found,  
 Late used to set their pole in ground,  
 And urged, with equal arms and might,  
 To dare our 'Squire to single fight.  
 The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,  
 Advanced tremendous to the field :  
 Nor did M'FINGAL shun the foe,  
 But stood to brave the desp'rate blow ;  
 While all the party gazed, suspended  
 To see the deadly combat ended ;  
 And Jove\* in equal balance weigh'd  
 The sword against the brandish'd spade,

this scene, to the single combats of Paris and Menelaus in Homer, Æneas and the Turnus in Virgil, and Michael and Satan in Milton.

\* Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances  
 Sustinet & fata imponit diversa duorum,  
 Quem damnet labor, &c.

*Æneid*, 12.

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 his foe in vengeance.  
 But ah ! in danger, with dishonor  
 The sword perfidious fails its owner ;  
 That sword, which oft had stood its ground,  
 By huge trainbands encircled round ;  
 And on the bench, with blade right loyal,  
 Had won the day at many a trial,\*  
 Of stones and clubs had braved th' alarms,  
 Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.†

\* It was the fashion in New-England at that time, for judges to wear swords on the bench.

—† Postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est,  
 Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futilis, ictu  
 Dissiluit ; fulva resplendent fragmina arena. *Virgil.*

———The sword  
 Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge ; it met  
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
 Descending and in half cut sheer. *Milton.*

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 snapp'd short—and from his hand,  
 With rust embrown'd the glittering sand.  
 Swift turn'd M'FINGAL at the view,  
 And call'd to aid th' attendant crew,  
 In vain ; the Tories all had run,  
 When scarce the fight was well begun ;  
 Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd  
 Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.  
 Amazed he view'd the shameful sight,  
 And saw no refuge, but in flight :  
 But age unwieldy check'd his pace,  
 'Though 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,

——\* nec enim levia aut ludicra petuntur  
 Præmia, sed Turni de vita et sanguine certant. *Virgil.*

And labor'd hard to get away, as  
 Old Satan\* struggling on through chaos ;  
 'Till looking back, he spied in rear  
 The spade-arm'd chief advanced too near :  
 Then stopp'd and seized a stone, that lay  
 An ancient landmark 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 exiled with their cronies  
 To Brobdignags and Patagonias.  
 But while our Hero turn'd him round,  
 And tugg'd to raise it from the ground,  
 The fatal spade discharged a blow  
 Tremendous on his rear below :  
 His bent knee fail'd, ‡ and void of strength  
 Stretch'd on the ground his manly length.

\* In Milton.

† This thought is taken from Juvenal, Satire 15.

‡ Genua labant———incidit ictus,

Igens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus. *Virgil.*

Like ancient oak o'erturn'd, he lay,  
 Or tower to tempests fall'n a prey;  
 Or mountain sunk with all his pines,  
 Or flow'r the plow to dust consigns,  
 And more things else—but all men know 'em,  
 If slightly versed in epic poem.

At once the crew, at this dread crisis,  
 Fall on, and bind him, ere he rises ;  
 And with loud shouts and joyful soul,  
 Conduct him prisoner to the pole.

When now the mob in lucky hour  
 Had got their en'mies in their power,  
 They first proceed, by grave command,  
 To take the Constable in hand.

Then from the pole's sublimest top  
 The active crew 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-balanced on his centre.\*

\* And earth self-balanced on her centre hung. *Milton.*

Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,  
They swung him, like a keg of ale,  
Till to the pinnacle in height  
He vaulted, like balloon or kite.  
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 raised 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 heaven'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 ;

\* In Aristophanes' Comedy of the Clouds, Socrates is represented as hoisted in a basket to aid contemplation.

And always mind your rules so justly,  
 Should I live long as old Methus'lah,  
 I'll never join in British rage,  
 Nor help Lord North, nor Gen'ral Gage ;  
 Nor lift my gun in future fights,  
 Nor take away your Charter-rights ;  
 Nor overcome your new-raised levies,  
 Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies ;  
 Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,  
 'Though raised more thick than hatchel-teeth :  
 But leave King George and all his elves  
 To do their conq'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 favor,  
 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 gains strength from treatment horrid,  
 As hides grow harder when they're curried.  
 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 smoked old Williams\* to a Whig ?  
 Did our mobb'd Ol'ver† quit his station,  
 Or heed his vows of resignation ?  
 Has Rivington,‡ in dread of stripes,  
 Ceased lying since you stole his types ?

\* Members of the Mandamus Council in Massachusetts. The operation of smoking Tories was thus performed. The victim was confined in a close room before a large fire of green wood, and a cover applied to the top of the chimney.

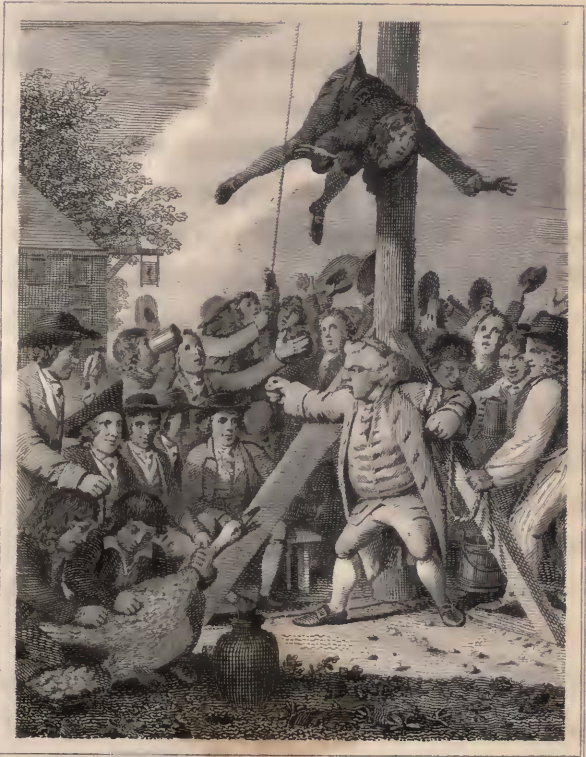
† Thomas Oliver, Esq. Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts. He was surrounded at his seat in the country and intimidated by the mob into the signing of his resignation.

‡ Rivington was a tory Printer in New-York. Just before the commencement of the war, a party from New-Haven attacked his press, and carried off, or destroyed the types.

And can you think my faith will alter,  
 By tarring, whipping or the halter ?  
 I'll stand the worst ; for recompense  
 I trust King George and Providence.  
 And when with conquest gain'd I come,  
 Array'd in law and terror home,  
 Ye'll rue this inauspicious morn,  
 And curse the day, when ye were born,  
 In Job's high style of imprecations,  
 With all his plagues, without his patience."

Meanwhile beside the pole, the guard  
 A Bench of Justice had prepared,\*  
 Where sitting round in awful sort  
 The grand Committee hold their Court ;  
 While all the crew, in silent awe,  
 Wait from their lips the lore of law.  
 Few moments with deliberation  
 They hold the solemn consultation ;  
 When soon in judgment all agree,  
 And Clerk proclaims the dread decree ;

\* An imitation of legal forms was universally practised by the mobs in New-England, in the trial and condemnation of Tories. This marks a curious trait of national character.



Drawn and Eng<sup>d</sup>

by K. Tvedak

## MC FINGAL.

YOU'LL RUE THIS INAUSPICIOUS MORN  
AND CURSE THE DAY YOU EER WERE BORN.  
Can. III.

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL G. GOODRICH HARTFORD CON.



“ That 'Squire M'FINGAL having grown  
The vilest Tory in the town,  
And now in full examination  
Convicted by his own confession,  
Finding no tokens of repentance,  
This Court proceeds to render sentence :  
That first the Mob a slip-knot single  
Tie round the neck of said M'FINGAL,  
And in due form do tar him next,  
And feather, as the law directs ;  
Then through the town attendant ride him  
In cart with Constable beside him,  
And having held him up to shame,  
Bring to the pole, from whence he came.”

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck  
With halter'd noose M'FINGAL'S neck,  
While he in peril of his soul  
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole ;  
Then lifting high the ponderous jar,  
Pour'd o'er his head the smoaking tar.  
With less profusion once was spread  
Oil on the Jewish monarch's head,  
That down his beard and vestments ran,  
And cover'd all his outward man.

As when (so Claudian\* sings) the Gods  
And earth-born Giants fell at odds,  
The stout Enceladus in malice  
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas ;  
And while he held them o'er his head,  
The river, from their fountains fed,  
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,  
And wore its channels in his hide :  
So from the high-raised urn the torrents  
Spread down his side their various currents ;  
His flowing wig, as next the brim,  
First met and drank the sable stream ;  
Adown his visage stern and grave  
Roll'd and adhered the viscid wave ;  
With arms depending as he stood,  
Each cuff capacious holds the flood ;  
From nose and chin's remotest end,  
The tarry icicles descend ;  
Till all o'erspread, with colors gay,  
He glitter'd to the western ray,

\* Claudian's Gigantomachia.

Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,  
 Or Lapland idol carved in ice.  
 And now the feather-bag display'd  
 Is waved in triumph o'er his head,  
 And clouds him o'er with feathers missive,  
 And down, upon the tar, adhesive :  
 Not Maia's\* son, with wings for ears,  
 Such plumage round his visage wears ;  
 Nor Milton's six-wing'd† angel gathers  
 Such superfluity of feathers.  
 Now all complete appears our 'Squire,  
 Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire ;  
 Nor more could boast on Plato's‡ plan  
 To rank among the race of man,  
 Or prove his claim to human nature,  
 As a two-legg'd; unfeather'd creature.

Then on the fatal cart, in state  
 They raised our grand Duumvirate.

\* Mercury, described by the Poets with wings on his head and feet.

† And angel wing'd—six wings he wore— *Milton.*

‡ Alluding to Plato's famous definition of Man, *Animal bipes implume*—a two-legged animal without feathers.

And as at Rome\* a like committee,  
Who found an owl within their city,  
With solemn rites and grave processions  
At every shrine perform'd lustrations ;  
And lest infection might take place  
From such grim fowl with feather'd face,  
All Rome attends him through the street  
In triumph to his country seat :  
With like devotion all the choir  
Paraded round our awful '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 croud, in lengthen'd row  
With proud procession, closed the show.  
And at fit periods every throat  
Combined 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 ;

\* Livy's History.

Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise  
When rav'ning lions lift their voice ;  
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,  
On passing votes to regulate trade.\*

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

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

The constable with rueful face  
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace ;  
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,  
Stuck 'Squire M'FINGAL 'gainst the pole,  
Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,  
Like barnacle on vessel's side.

But though his body lack'd physician,  
His spirit was in worse condition.

He found his fears of whips and ropes  
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.

\* Such votes were frequently passed at town-meetings, with the view to prevent the augmentation of prices, and stop the depreciation of the paper money.

As men in jail without mainprize  
 View every thing with other eyes,  
 And all goes wrong in church and state,  
 Seen through perspective of the grate :  
 So now M'FINGAL'S Second-sight  
 Beheld all things in gloomier light ;  
 His visual nerve, well purged 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 unglued, 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 feathery 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.’

\* I hear a voice, you cannot hear,  
 That says, I must not stay— *Tickell's Ballad.*

My beck'ning Genius gives command,  
And bids me fly the fatal land ;  
Where changing name and constitution,  
Rebellion turns to Revolution,  
While Loyalty, oppress'd, in tears,  
Stands trembling for its 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.

\* Quos Ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

*Virgil.*

The first part of the chapter discusses the importance of the...  
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# M'FINGAL.

## CANTO IV.

### THE VISION.

---

**N**OW 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 awed,  
Crept from their lurking holes abroad.

On cautious hinges, slow and stiller,  
Wide oped the great M'FINGAL'S cellar,\*  
Where safe from prying eyes, in cluster,  
The Tory Pandemonium muster.

\* Secret meetings of the Tories, in cellars and other lurking places, were frequent during the revolutionary war.

Their chiefs all sitting round descried 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  
 Th' original 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,  
 Pursued the prologue of his sighs.

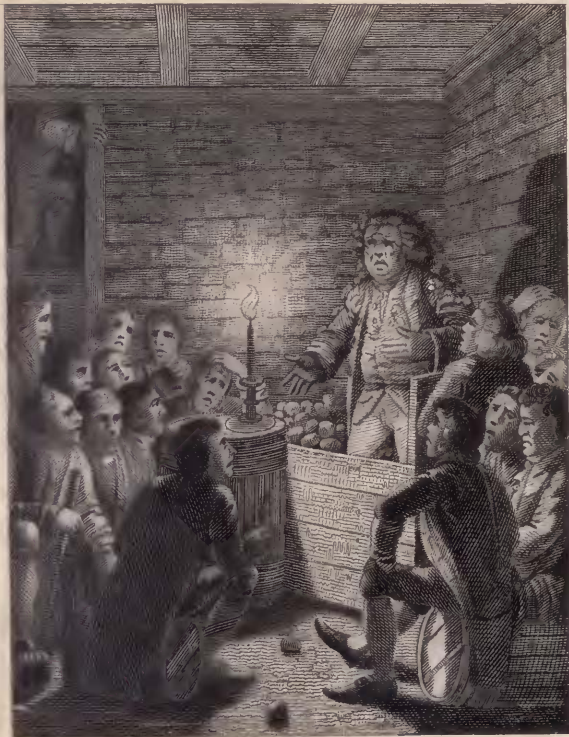
“Brethren and friends, the glorious band  
 Of loyalty in rebel land!

\* Panditur interea donus omnipotentis Olympi,  
 Conciliumque vocat Divum pater atq; hominum Rex  
 Sidream in sedem. *Virgil.*

† In most of the country cellars in New-England, a *bin* is raised at one corner, about four feet high, to hold turnips and other vegetables. M'Fingal uses it here as a desk for a speaker.

—————‡ His form had not yet lost  
 All its original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less than archangel ruin'd. *Milton.*

[The text in this block is extremely faint and illegible, appearing as a large, dark rectangular area on the page.]



Drawn by E. Tisdale

Engraved by A. Willard.

## MC FINGAL.

ALAS! AGAINST MY BETTER LIGHT  
AND OPTICS SURE OF SECOND SIGHT,  
MY STUBBORN SOUL, IN ERROR STRONG,  
HAD FAITH IN HUTCHINSON TOO LONG.

Canto IV

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL G. GOODRICH HART.

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 pleased 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.  
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, though from our own vapors fed,  
Shall point its thunders on our head !

\* The second-sight of the Highlanders furnishes poetry with a new kind of machinery. Walter Scott has since made use of it with great advantage, in several of his poems.

I see the Mob, beslipp'd at taverns,  
 Hunt us, like wolves, through wilds and caverns!  
 What dungeons open on our fears!  
 What horsewhips whistle round our ears!  
 Tar, yet in embryo in the pine,  
 Shall run on Tories' backs to shine;  
 Trees, rooted fair in groves of sallows,  
 Are growing for our future gallows;  
 And geese unhatch'd, when pluck'd in fray,  
 Shall rue the feathering of that day.\*

“ For me, before that fatal time,  
 —I mean to fly th' accursed clime,  
 And follow omens, which of late  
 Have warn'd me of impending fate.

“ For late in visions of the night  
 The gallows stood before my sight;  
 I saw its ladder heaved on end;  
 I saw the deadly rope descend,  
 And in its noose, that wavering swang,  
 Friend Malcolm† hung, or seem'd to hang.

\* The child shall rue, that is unborn,

The hunting of that day. *Chevy-chase.*

† Malcolm was a Scotchman, Aid to Governor Tryon in

How changed\* from him, who bold as lion,  
 Stood Aid-de-camp to Gen'ral Tryon,  
 Made rebels vanish once, like witches;  
 And saved his life, but dropp'd† his breeches.  
 I scarce had made a fearful bow,  
 And trembling ask'd him, "How d'ye do;"

his expedition against the Régulators, as they called themselves, in North Carolina. 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.

\* ————— quantum mutatus ab illo

Hectore, qui rediit spoliis indutus. *Virg.*

† This adventure was thus reported among the anecdotes of the day. When Governor Tryon marched with his militia, to suppress the insurgents in the western counties of North Carolina, and found them, drawn up in array to oppose him, Malcolm was sent with a flag to propose terms, and demand the surrender of their arms. Before the conclusion of the parley, Tryon's militia began to fire on the Régulators. The fire was immediately returned. Malcolm started to escape to his party; and by the violence of his pedestrian exertion (as Shakespeare says)

"His points being broken, down fell his hose;"

and he displayed the novel spectacle of a man running the gauntlet *sans culottes*, betwixt two armies engaged in action, and presenting an unusual mark to his enemy.

When lifting up his eyes so wide,  
 His eyes alone, his hands were tied ;  
 With feeble voice, as spirits use,  
 Now almost choak'd by gripe of noose ;

“ Ah, fly my friend, he cried, escape,  
 And keep yourself from this sad scrape ;  
 Enough you've talk'd and writ and plann'd ;  
 The Whigs have got the upper hand.

Could mortal\* arm our fears have ended,  
 This arm (and shook it) had defended.

Wait not till things grow desperater,  
 For hanging is no laughing matter.

Adventure then no longer stay ;  
 But call your friends and haste away.

“ For lo, through deepest glooms of night,  
 I come to aid thy second-sight,  
 Disclose the plagues that round us wait,  
 And scan the dark decrees of fate.

“ Ascend this ladder, whence unfurl'd  
 The curtain opes of t'other world ;

\* ————— Si Pergama dextra  
 Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent, *Virg.*

For here new worlds their scenes unfold,  
 Seen from this backdoor\* of the old.  
 As when Æneas risk'd his life;  
 Like Orpheus vent'ring for his wife,  
 And bore in show his mortal carcase  
 Through realms of Erebus and Orcus,  
 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,  
 Raised 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 salaries there have bred ;

\* Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
 Who stand upon the threshold of the new. *Waller.*

† Milton—Paradise Lost, Book 11.

And from the well of Butè infuse  
 Three genuine drops of Highland dew,  
 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-sight,  
 The Continent ascends in light.  
 From north to south, what gath'ring swarms  
 Increase the pride of rebel arms !  
 Through every State our legions brave  
 Speed gallant marches to the grave,  
 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 famed St. John's and Montreal †  
 Doom'd by Montgomery's arm to fall !

\* Milton.

† As the allusions in this speech refer to the principal events of the American war, they will be familiar to those acquainted with its history. They are too numerous to be explained in notes.

Where Hudson with majestic sway  
 Through hills disparted plows his way,  
 Fate spreads on Bemus' heights alarms,  
 And pours destruction on our arms ;  
 There Bennington's ensanguined plain,  
 And Stony-Point, the prize of Wayne.  
 Behold near Del'ware's icy roar,  
 Where morning dawns on Trenton's shore,  
 While Hessians spread their Christmas feasts,  
 Rush rude these uninvited guests ;  
 Nor aught avails the captured crew  
 Their martial whiskers' grisly hue !  
 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 ;

\* Col. Mawhood gained great reputation among the British, by escaping with about two hundred men from the battle at Princeton.

Where many a veteran chief in bed  
 Of honor 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 M'Donalds, fall by dozens;  
 Or where King's Mountain lifts its head,  
 Our ruin'd bands in triumph led!  
 Behold, o'er Tarlton's blustering train  
 Defeat extends the captive chain!  
 Afar near Eutaw's fatal springs,  
 Lo, rebel Vict'ry spreads her wings!  
 Through all the land, in varied chace,  
 We hunt the rainbow of success,

\_\_\_\_\_\* Have ye chos'n this place,  
 After the toils of battle, to repose

Your wearied virtue; for the ease ye find

To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven? *Milton.*

† Lord Dunmore was Governor of Virginia at the commencement of the war. He fled with all the slaves and plunder he could collect.

In vain ! their Chief, superior still,  
 Eludes our force with Fabian skill ;  
 Or swift descending by surprize,  
 Like Prussia's eagle, sweeps the prize.

“ I look'd ; nor yet, oppress'd with fears,  
 Gave credit to my eyes or ears ;  
 But held the sights an empty dream,  
 On Berkley'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 its usual guard to keep,  
 Absent from home or fast asleep ?  
 Did not, retired to bowers 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 famed orations,†  
 Address, debate and proclamations,

\* Berkley, an English philosopher, who refining on Locke's ideal system, denied the existence of matter.

† In this stile, the British orators and poets talk and write of themselves.

Or courtly sermon, laureat ode,  
 And ballads on the wat'ry God ;\*  
 With whose high strains great George enriches  
 His eloquence of gracious speeches ?  
 Not faithful to our Highland eyes,  
 These deadly forms of vision rise.  
 Some whig-inspiring rebel sprite  
 Now palms delusion on our sight.  
 I'd scarcely trust a tale so vain,  
 Should revelation prompt the strain ;  
 Or Ossian's ghost the scenes rehearse  
 In all the melody of Erse.†”

“ Too long,” quoth Malcolm, “ from confu-  
 You've dwelt already in delusion ;            [sion,  
 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.

\* Alluding to an English ballad, much sung and famous at that time, in which Neptune (called the *Watry God*) with great deference surrenders his trident to King George, and acknowledges him, as monarch and ruler of the ocean.

† Erse, the ancient Scottish language, in which Ossian composed his poems.

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 cureless atrophy of purse,  
She feels at length with trembling heart,  
Her foes have found her mortal part.  
As famed Achilles, dipp'd by Thetis  
In Styx, as sung in antient ditties,  
Grew all case-harden'd o'er, like steel,  
Invulnerable, save his heel ;  
And laugh'd at swords and spears and squibs,  
And all diseases, but the kibes ;  
Yet met at last his deadly wound,  
By Paris' arrow nail'd to ground :  
So Britain's boasted strength deserts  
In these her empire's utmost skirts,  
Removed beyond her fierce impressions,  
And atmosphere of omnipresence ;  
Nor to this shore's remoter ends  
Her dwarf-omnipotence extends.  
Hence in this turn of things so strange,  
'Tis time our principles to change :

For vain that boasted faith, that gathers  
No perquisite, but tar and feathers ;  
No pay, but stripes from whiggish 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.

But since, obnoxious here to fate,  
This saving wisdom comes too late,  
Our noblest hopes already crost,  
Our sal'ries gone, our titles lost,  
Doom'd to worse suff'rings from the mob,  
Than Satan's surg'ries used on Job ;  
What hope 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 met my sight ;  
The morn o'er eastern hills afar  
Illumed the varied scenes of war ;

Great Howe\* had sweetly in the lap  
 Of Loring taken out his nap ;  
 When all th' encircling hills around  
 With instantaneous breastworks crown'd, †  
 With pointed thunders met his sight,  
 Like 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 ; ‡

\* The sun had long since, in the lap  
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap. *Butler.*

† The heights of Dorchester overlook the south part of Boston and command the passage of the harbor. By an unexpected movement, Washington took possession and erected works on them in a single night. Putnam placed a number of barrels in front, filled with sand, to be rolled down on the British columns, in case they should attempt to scale the eminence. Howe after sundry manœuvres was discouraged from the attempt, and as Boston was no longer tenable, made a truce with Washington, evacuated the place, and sailed with his troops to Halifax.

‡ The Titans are described by the old poets, as giants, sons of the earth, who made an insurrection against Jupiter. They heaped mountains upon mountains, in order to scale the Gibraltar of the pagan Olympus ; but were foiled by the thunders of Jove and the arrows of Apollo. See *Hesiod*, &c.

Leagued in superior force to prove  
The sceptred hand of British Jove.  
Mounds piled on hills ascended fair  
With batt'ries placed in middle air,  
That hurl'd their fiery bolts amain,  
In thunder on the trembling plain.  
I saw, along the prostrate strand  
Our baffled generals quit the land,  
Eager, as frightened mermaids, flee  
T' our boasted element, the sea,  
And tow'rd their town of refuge fly,  
Like convict Jews condemn'd to die.  
Then to the north I turn'd my eyes,  
Where Saratoga's heights arise,  
And saw our chosen vet'ran band  
Descend in terror o'er the land ;  
T' oppose this fury of alarms,  
Saw all New-England wake to arms,  
And every Yankee, full of mettle,  
Swarm forth, like bees at sound of kettle.  
Not Rome, when Tarquin raped Lucretia,  
Saw wilder must'ring of militia.  
Through all the woods and plains of fight,  
What mortal battles pain'd my sight,

While British corses strew'd the shore,  
 And Hudson tinged his streams with gore.  
 What tongue can tell the dismal day,  
 Or paint the parti-color'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,  
 Changed 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 furious inroad,  
 And levelling squint on barrel round,  
 Brought our beau-officers to ground ;  
 While sunburnt wigs, in high command,  
 Rush daring on our frightened band,  
 And ancient beards\* and hoary hair,  
 Like meteors, stream in troubled air ;  
 While rifle-frocks drove Gen'ral's cap'ring,  
 And Red-coats† shrunk from leathern apron,

\* Loose his beard and hoary hair

Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air. *Gray.*

† An American cant name for the British troops, taken from the color of their uniform.

And epaulette and gorget run  
 From whinyard brown and rusty gun.  
 With locks unshorn not Samson more  
 Made useless all the show of war,  
 Nor fought with ass's 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 captured bands from fight ;  
 While every rebel fife in play  
 To Yankee-doodle tuned its lay,  
 And like the music of the spheres,  
 Mellifluous sooth'd their vanquish'd ears."

" Alas, I cried, 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,  
 Equipp'd alike for feast or fray,  
 With warlike sword and singsong lay,

Where equal wit and valour join !  
This, this is he—the famed Burgoyne !  
Who pawn'd his honor and commission,  
To coax the patriots to submission,  
By songs and balls secure allegiance,  
And dance the ladies to obedience.\*  
Oft his Camp-Muses he'll parade  
At Boston in the grand blockade ;  
And well inspired with punch of arrack,  
Hold converse sweet in tent or barrack,  
Aroused to more poetic passion,  
Both by his theme and situation.  
For genius works more strong and clear  
When close confined, like bottled beer.

\* Such were Burgoyne's declarations, when he was setting out to command in America. This pleasant mode of warfare not meeting with the expected success at Boston, he appears to have changed his plan in his northern expedition ; in which the Indians received compensation for American scalps, without distinction of gender. He denied however his personal agency in these transactions. See the correspondence between him and General Gates, occasioned by the murder and scalping of Miss McCrea.

So Prior's\* wit gain'd matchless power  
By inspiration of the Tower ;  
And Raleigh, once to prison hurl'd,  
Wrote the whole hist'ry of the world ;  
So Wilkes grew, while in jail he lay,  
More patriotic every day,  
But found his zeal, when not confined,  
Soon sink below the freezing point,  
And public spirit, once so fair,  
Evaporate in open air.  
But thou, great favourite of Venus,  
By no such luck shalt 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, carcass, langridge and cold iron,  
Nor trust thy doubly-laurell'd head,  
To rude assaults of flying lead.

\* Prior wrote his *Alma*, the best of his works, while in confinement in the Tower of London.

Hence thou, from Yankee troops retreating,  
 For pure good fortune shalt be beaten,  
 Not taken oft, released or rescued,  
 Pass for small change, like simple Prescott ;\*  
 But captured then, as fates befall,  
 Shall stand thy fortune, once for all.  
 Then raise thy daring thoughts sublime,  
 And dip thy conq'ring pen in rhyme,  
 And changing war for puns and jokes,  
 Write new Blockades and Maids of Oaks."†

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

† The *Maid of the Oaks* is a farce by Burgoyne, often acted on the English theatre. During the winter in which the British troops were shut up in Boston, they amused themselves with the acting of a new farce, called *The Blockade of Boston* ; the humour of which consisted in burlesquing the Yankee phrases, unmilitary dress, and awkward appearance of the new American levies, by whom they were besieged : like the fancy of Cardinal De Retz, who while condemned to a severe imprisonment, took his revenge by writing the life of his jailor. This play was generally ascribed to the pen of Burgoyne. As he was, on his final capture, returned to England, *in good condition still to scribble*, he has since taken the advice of Malcolm, and written the comedy of *The Heiress*, which is indeed one of the best modern productions of the British stage.

This said, he turn'd and saw the tale  
 Had dyed my trembling cheeks with pale;\*  
 Then pitying in a milder vein,  
 Pursued the visionary strain;

“ Too much perhaps hath pain'd your view,  
 From vict'ries of the Rebel crew.  
 Now see the deeds, not small or scanty,  
 Of British valour and humanity;  
 And learn from this heroic sight,  
 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,  
 By noxious food and plagues contagious  
 Reduced to life's last, fainting stages.  
 Amid the dead, that crowd the scene,  
 The moving skeletons were seen.

---

\* dyed her cheeks with pale.

Aloft the haughty Loring\* stood,  
And thrived, like Vampire,† on their blood,  
And counting all his gains arising,  
Dealt daily rations out, of poison.  
At hand our troops, in vaunting strain,  
Insulted all their wants and pain,  
And turn'd upon the dying tribe  
The bitter taunt and scornful gibe ;  
And British captains, chiefs of might,  
Exulting in the joyous sight,  
On foes disarm'd, with courage daring,  
Exhausted all their tropes of swearing.

\* Loring was a refugee from Boston, made commissary of prisoners by General Howe. The consummate cruelties, practised on the American prisoners under his administration, almost exceed the ordinary powers of human invention. 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. *London Edit.*

† The notion of Vampires is a superstition, that formerly prevailed in many nations 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.

Distain'd around with rebel blood,  
 Like Milton's Lazar\* house it stood,  
 Where grim Despair presided Nurse,  
 And Death was Regent of the house.

Amazed I cried, "Is this the way  
 That British valor wins the day?"  
 More had I said in strains unwelcome,  
 Till interrupted thus by Malcolm.

"Blame not, said he, but learn the reason  
 Of this new mode of conq'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 th' effectual work to purpose.  
 Know, War itself is nothing further  
 Than th' art and mystery of Murther ;

————— \* a place  
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisom, dark,  
 A Lazar house it seem'd ——— Despair  
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch,  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike ———

He, 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 Carlton's\* coaxing plan,  
 To keep his pris'ners well and merry,  
 And deal them food, like commissary,  
 And by parol or ransom vain,  
 Dismiss them all to fight again)  
 Hence his first captives, with great spirit  
 He tied up, for his troops to fire at, †  
 And hoped they'd learn on foes thus taken,  
 To aim at rebels without shaking.  
 Then deep in stratagem, he plann'd  
 The sure destruction of the land ;

\* Sir Guy Carlton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, was Governor of Canada, at the time of our unfortunate attack on Quebec by the forces under Montgomery. He treated his American prisoners on principles of humanity, and formed the only exception to the cruelty and folly of the British commanders.

† This was done openly and without censure, in many instances, by the troops under Howe's command, on his first conquest of Long-Island.

Turn'd famine, torture and despair  
To useful enginry of war ;  
Sent forth the small-pox,\* and the greater,  
To thin the land of every traitor ;  
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 :  
Then bade these prison-walls arise,  
Like temple tow'ring to the skies,  
Where British Clemency renown'd  
Might fix her seat on hallow'd ground,  
(That Virtue, as each herald saith,  
Of whole blood kin to Punic Faith)  
Where all her godlike pow'rs unveiling,  
She finds a grateful shrine to dwell in :  
And at this altar for her honor,  
Chose this High-priest to wait upon her,  
Who with just rites, in ancient guise,  
Offers the human sacrifice.

\* Great pains was taken by emissaries from New-York, to communicate the small-pox through the country. It became necessary to counteract the attempt by a general inoculation of the inhabitants.

Here every day, her vot'ries tell,  
She more devours, than th' idol Bel ;  
And thirsts more rav'nously for gore,  
Than any worshipp'd Power before.  
That ancient heathen godhead, Moloch,  
Oft stay'd his stomach with a bullock ;  
And if his morning rage you'd check first,  
One child sufficed 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 Gargantua\* pleased his palate ;  
And eat six pilgrims up in sallad.  
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 ;  
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.

\* See Rabelais' History of the Giant Gargantua.

Behold her temple, where it stands  
Erect, by famed Britannic hands.  
'Tis the Black-hole of Indian structure,  
New-built in English architecture,  
On plan, 'tis said, contrived 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 conq'ring triumph crown'd,  
He'd well enslaved the nation round,  
With tender British heart, the Chief,  
Since slavery's worse than loss of life,  
Bade desolation circle far,  
And famine end the work of war ;  
And loosed their chains, and for their merits  
Dismiss'd them free to worlds of spirits.  
Whence they with choral hymns of praise,  
Return'd to sooth his latter days,\*

\* Clive in the latter years of his life, conceived himself haunted by the Ghosts of those persons, who were the victims of his humanity in the East-Indies. It is presumed that he showed them the vote of Parliament, returning thanks for his services.

And hov'ring round his restless bed,  
Spread nightly visions o'er his head.

Now turn thine eyes to nobler sights,  
And mark the prowess of our fights.  
Behold, like whelps of Britain's lion,  
Our warriors, Clinton, Vaughan, and Tryon,  
March forth with patriotic joy  
To ravish, plunder, burn, destroy.  
Great Gen'ral, foremost in their 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 among Philistine corn.  
And see in flames their triumphs rise,  
Illuming all the nether skies,  
O'er-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 and burning fanes,  
For trophies spread the ruin'd plains !  
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 courses strew their way,  
What smoaking carnage dims the day !  
Along the shore, for sure reduction,  
They wield the besom of destruction.  
Great Homer likens, in his Ilias,  
To dogstar bright the fierce Achilles ;  
But ne'er beheld in red procession  
Three dogstars rise in constellation,  
Nor saw, in glooms of evening misty,  
Such signs of fiery triplicity,  
Which, far beyond the comet's tail,  
Portend destruction where they sail.  
Oh, had Great-Britain's warlike shore  
Produced but ten such heroes more,  
They'd spared 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 though gay hopes our eyes may bless,  
Malignant fate forbids success ;  
Like morning dreams our conquest flies,  
Dispersed before the dawn arise."

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

“ Where shrink in fear our friends dismay'd,  
And where the Tories' promised aid ?

Can none, amid these fierce alarms,  
Assist the power of royal arms ?”

“ In vain, he cried, our King depends  
On promised 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 clothe the grove,  
But when autumnal frosts arise,

Leave bare their trunks to wintry skies :  
So, while your power 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 force grew slack,  
She gain'd that aid she did not lack ;

But now in dread, imploring pity,  
All hear unmoved 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, falsehood, flatt'ry, threats and pensions ;  
 Or sends Commiss'ners with credentials  
 Of promises and penitentials.

As, for his fare o'er Styx of old,  
 The Trojan stole the bough of gold,  
 And least grim Cerb'rus should make head,  
 Stuff'd both his fobs with ginger-bread :\*  
 Behold, at Britain's utmost shifts,  
 Comes Johnstone† loaded with like gifts,  
 To venture through the whiggish tribe,  
 To cuddle, wheedle, coax and bribe ;

——\* medicatam frugibus offam. *Virgil.*

† In the year 1778, after the capture of Burgoyne, our good Government passed an act, repealing all the acts of which the Americans complained, provided they would rescind their declaration of Independence, and continue to be our colonies. The ministry then sent over three Commissioners, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Eden, and a certain Lord. 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, was a woman of Philadelphia, through whose agency they offered a bribe to Joseph Read, Governor of Pennsylvania. *London Edit.*

And call, to aid his desp'rate mission,  
 His petticoated politician,  
 While Venus, join'd to act the farce,  
 Strolls forth embassadress 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 triumphs gain'd in conflict warm,  
 No aid to us, to them no harm ;  
 For still th' event alike is fatal,  
 Whate'er success attend the battle,  
 Whether he vict'ry gain or lose it,  
 Who ne'er had skill enough to use it.  
 And better 'twere, at their expense,  
 T' have drubb'd him into common sense,  
 And waked, by bastings on his rear,  
 Th' activity, though but of fear.  
 By slow advance his arms prevail,  
 Like emblematic march of snail,

That, be Millennium nigh or far,  
 'Twould long before him end the war.  
 From York to Philadelphian ground,  
 He sweeps the pompous flourish round,  
 Wheel'd circ'lar by eccentric stars,  
 Like racing boys at prison-bars,  
 Who take th' opposing crew in whole,  
 By running round the adverse goal ;  
 Works wide the traverse of his course,  
 Like ship t' evade the tempest's force ;  
 Like mill-horse circling in his race,  
 Advances not a single pace,  
 And leaves no trophies of reduction,  
 Save that of cankerworms, destruction.  
 Thus having long both countries curst,  
 He quits them as he found them first,  
 Steers home disgraced, of little worth,  
 To join Burgoyne and rail at North.

“ Now raise thine eyes and view with plea-  
 The triumphs of his famed successor.” [sure,

“ I look'd, and now by magic lore  
 Faint rose to view the Jersey shore :  
 But dimly seen in gloom array'd,  
 For night had pour'd her sable shade,

And every star, with glimm'rings pale,  
Was muffled deep in ev'ning veil.  
Scarce visible, in dusky night  
Advancing red-coats rose in sight ;  
The length'ning train in gleaming rows  
Stole silent from their slumb'ring foes ;  
No trembling soldier dared to speak,  
And not a wheel presumed 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 moonlight marches.  
From Philadelphia now retreating  
To save his baffled troops a beating,  
With hasty strides he flies in vain,  
His rear attack'd on Monmouth plain.  
With various chance the dread affray  
Holds in suspense till close of day,  
When his tired bands, o'ermatch'd in fight,  
Are rescued by descending night.  
He forms his camp, with great parade,  
While evening spreads the world in 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 canst not ; proud  
 He leads in front the trembling crowd,  
 And wisely knows, as danger's near,  
 'Twill fall much heaviest on his rear.  
 Go on, great Gen'ral, nor regard  
 The scoffs of every scribbling bard ;  
 Who sings how gods, that fearful night,  
 Aided by miracle your flight,  
 As once they used, in Homer's day,  
 To help weak heroes run away ;  
 Tells how the hours, at this sad trial,  
 Went back, as erst on Ahaz' dial,  
 While British Joshua stay'd the moon  
 On Monmouth plains for Ajalon.  
 Heed not their sneers or gibes so arch,  
 Because she set before your march.

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

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.  
Hence still shall teem your empty skull  
With vict'ries, when the moon's at full,  
Which by transition passing strange  
Wane to defeats before the change.  
Still shall you steer, on land or ocean,  
By like eccentric lunar motion ;  
Eclips'd in many a fatal crisis,  
And dimm'd when Washington arises.

“ And see how Fate, herself turn'd traitor,  
Inverts the ancient course of nature ;  
And changes manners, tempers, climes,  
To suit the genius of the times !  
See, Bourbon forms a gen'rous plan,  
New 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 1779, the French king sent a powerful fleet to the

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 setts,  
D'Estaignes, De Grasses and Fayettes,  
Spread through our camps their dread alarms,  
And swell the fear of rebel arms !  
Yet ere our glories sink in night,  
A gleam of hope shall strike your sight ;  
As lamps, that fail of oil and fire,  
Collect one glimm'ring to expire.

“ For lo, where southern shores extend,  
Behold our gather'd hosts descend,

West-Indies, which was very successful in the conquest of St. Vincents and Grenada, the defeat of Admiral Biron in a naval engagement, and the capture of a British ship of the line and several frigates, on the American coast.

Where Charleston views, with varying beams  
 Her turrets gild th' encircling streams!  
 There by superior force 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 power;  
 Lo! sunk before his wasting way,  
 The Carolinas fall his prey!  
 See, shrinking from his conq'ring eye,  
 The Rebel legions fall or fly;  
 And with'ring in these torrid skies,  
 The northern laurel fades and dies!†

\* 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 afterwards commanded the army in South-Carolina, and was taken prisoner with the garrison of Charleston in 1780. *London Edit.*

This happened in consequence of the determination of Congress, that Charleston should at all events be defended.

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

With rapid force he leads his train  
To fair Virginia's cultured plain,  
Triumphant eyes the travell'd zone,  
And boasts the southern realm his own.

“ Nor yet this hero's glories bright  
Blaze only in the fields of fight.  
Not Howe's humanity 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 civic crown of burning.  
I see, with pleasure and surprize,  
New triumph sparkling in your eyes ;

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

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,  
And with his small, but gallant, band,  
Invade the Carolinian land.  
As winds, in stormy circles whirl'd,  
Rush billowy 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 far o'er all the 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 famed 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,  
 Behold the Gallic sails ascend,  
 With fav'ring breezes stem their way,  
 And crowd 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 terror to the fight.  
 Not swifter cleaves his rapid way  
 The eagle, cowering o'er his prey;  
 Or knights in famed romance, that fly  
 On fairy pinions through the sky.  
 Amazed, the Briton's startled pride  
 Sees ruin wake on every side,  
 And all his troops, to fate consign'd,  
 By instantaneous stroke, Burgoyned.\*  
 Not Cadmus view'd with more surprise,  
 From earth embattled armies rise,  
 Who from the dragon's teeth beheld  
 Men starting fierce with spear and shield.†

\* To *Burgoyne an army* was during the war, a favorite phrase in America, to express a complete capture.

† See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

I saw, with looks downcast and grave,  
 The Chief emerging from his cave,  
 Where chased, like fox, in mighty round,  
 His hunters earth'd him first in ground ;\*  
 And doom'd by fate to rebel sway,  
 Yield all his captured host 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 ;  
 Like *dramatis personæ* sage,  
 Equipp'd to act on Tyburn's stage.  
 Lo, these are they, who lured by follies  
 Left all, and follow'd great Cornwallis,  
 Expectant of the promised glories,  
 And new Millennial reign of Tories !

\* Alluding to the fact of Cornwallis' taking up his residence in a kind of Cave, made bomb-proof, during the siege of York-Town.

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 driven to purgatory back,  
With each his pardon in his pack;  
'Than Tories, must'ring at their stations,  
On faith of royal proclamations.  
As Pagan chiefs at every-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 grand capitulation ;\*

\* All the favor, which Cornwallis, on his surrender, stipulated for the Tories who had joined him, was a single frigate free from search, to convey away a few of the most obnoxious.

And heedless of their screams or suff'rings,  
 Gives up the 'Tories for sin-off'rings.  
 See where, relieved from sad embargo,  
 Steer off consign'd a recreant cargo ;  
 Like old scape-goats to roam in pain,  
 Mark'd like their great forerunner, Cain.  
 The rest now doom'd by British leagues  
 To vengeance of resentful Whigs,  
 Hold doubtful lives on tenure ill  
 Of tenancy at Rebel-will,  
 While hov'ring o'er their forfeit persons,  
 The gallows waits his just 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 !

---

\* From his horrid hair

Shakes pestilence and war.

*Milton.*

I see the pole, that rears on high  
 Its flag terrific through the sky ;  
 The mob beneath prepared t' attack,  
 And tar predestined 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 oped no more ;  
 Nor wears its hinge, by changing 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.†

\* *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 quite worn out.

*London Edit.*

† Apparent diræ facies, inimicaq ; Trojæ  
 Numina magna deum. *Virgil.*

'There tow'ring o'er the extended strand,  
'The Genius\* of this western land,  
For vengeance arm'd, his sword assumes,  
And stands, like Tories, dress'd 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 train,  
Escaped with pleasure o'er the main,  
Desert their ancient British station,  
Possess'd with rage of emigration.  
Honor, his bus'ness at a stand,  
For fear of starving quits their land ;  
And Justice, long disgraced at Court, had  
By Mansfield's sentence been transported.  
Vict'ry and Fame attend their way,  
Though Britain wish their longer stay ;  
Care not what George or North would be at,  
Nor heed their writs of *Ne exeat* ;

\* Generally drawn in symbolical paintings, in the dress of a native, with his head ornamented with a high plume of feathers.

But fired 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 iced his bloated cheeks with death ;  
His tatter'd robes exposed him bare  
To every blast of ruder air ;  
On two weak crutches propp'd he stood,  
That bent at every step he trod ;  
Gilt titles graced their sides so slender,  
One, "Regulation," t'other, "Tender ;"  
His breastplate graved, with various dates,  
"The Faith of all th' United States ;"\*  
Before him went his funeral pall,  
His grave stood, dug to wait his fall.

"I started, and aghast I cried,  
"What means this spectre at their side ?

\* On all the emissions of Continental Bills of credit, Congress pledged for their punctual redemption, *The Faith of the United States.*

What danger from a pow'r so vain,  
Or union with that splendid train ?”

“ Alas, great Malcolm cried, experience  
Might teach you not to trust appearance.  
Here stands, as dress'd by fell Bellona,  
The ghost of Continental Money !\*  
Of Dame Necessity descended,  
With whom Credulity engender'd :  
Though born with constitution frail,  
And feeble strength, that soon must fail,

\* The description here given of the Continental paper-money is not more remarkable, as a splendid example of the sublime burlesque, than as a faithful picture of that financial operation. Though this money was counterfeited by waggon loads in the British garrisons, and sent into circulation in the country, yet none of the consequences followed, which were expected from this manœuvre. The paper money carried on the war for five years ; when it gave place to other measures, which the circumstances of the country rendered practicable, and went peaceably to rest, as here described by the Author.—The “ weak crutches,” called *Regulation and Tender*, by which this *Spectre* is supported, allude to the different acts of the State legislatures, made with the design of maintaining the credit of the Continental paper. Some of these acts regulated the prices of commodities, others made this paper a legal tender in payment. *London Edit.*

Yet strangely vers'd in magic lore,  
 And gifted with transforming power.  
 His skill the wealth Peruvian joins,  
 With diamonds of Brazilian mines.  
 As erst Jove fell, by subtle wiles,  
 On Danae's\* apron through the tiles,  
 In show'rs of gold ; his potent wand  
 Shall shed like show'rs o'er all the land.  
 Less great the wondrous art was reckon'd  
 Of tallies cast by Charles the second,  
 Or Law's famed 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 fabulous times to view,  
 And proves the tale of Midas† true.

\* The ancient poets say, that Jupiter having fallen in love with Danae, who was imprisoned and guarded in a brazen tower, succeeded by transforming himself into a shower of gold, and falling through the roof into her lap.

\* Persea, quem pluvio Danae conceperat auro.

*Ovid Metam. lib. 4.*

† Midas, says the fable, had the gift of turning every thing he touched to gold.

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 essoin,  
Check Howe's advance, and take Burgoyne ;  
Then makes 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'rs as narrow,  
They'll fare, like sorcerers of old Pharaoh ;  
Who, though the art they understood  
Of turning rivers into blood,  
And caused their frogs and snakes t' exist,  
That with some merit croak'd and hiss'd,

\* Vast quantities of counterfeit bills, in imitation of the American currency, were struck and sent into the country from New-York and Long-Island, while those Generals commanded the British army, with the hope of aiding the depreciation of the Continental money—a mode of warfare which they esteemed very honorable against *Rebels*.

Yet ne'er by every 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 labors cease,  
Lie buried in eternal peace.

Now view the scenes, in future hours,  
That wait the famed European powers.  
See, where yon chalky cliffs arise,  
The hills of Britain strike your eyes ;  
Its small extension long supplied  
By full immensity of pride ;  
So small, that had it found a station  
In this new world, at first creation,  
Or doom'd by justice, been betimes  
Transported\* over for its crimes,

\* Transportation to the colonies for felony is a common punishment by the English laws : but that the whole British Island should be transported seems an idea extravagantly poetical.

We'd find full room for't in lake Erie, or  
 That larger water-pond, Superior,\*  
 Where North at margin taking stand,  
 Would scarce be able to spy land.†  
 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 lonely field!

\* Lake Superior is more than 2200 miles in circumference; an extent sufficient to warrant the assertion of the poet, that the inhabitants of Britain, in the supposed situation, would not be able to spy the surrounding shores of the lake.

† This has been a most unlucky couplet. The poem, completed by the addition of the two last Cantos, was first published in America in the year 1782. Some years after, the whole was reprinted in London. In that interval, Lord North was so unhappy, as to lose his sight. And the British reviewers of that day, with their wonted sagacity, imagined that these lines were intended as an insult upon him for that misfortune; thinking, as we may presume, that M'Fingal foresaw the future blindness of his Lordship, by the aid of his second-sight. Their abuse of the author, as wanting candor and common sense, need not be repeated. In a subsequent copy of the poem, he struck out the name of Lord North and inserted that of King George—and lo, in a few years more, the king also was afflicted with blindness. To prevent all further mishaps, the lines are now restored to their original form. *See the London edition of 1792.*

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 conq'ring navies awe the main ;  
And Russian banners wide unfurl'd  
Spread commerce round the eastern world.

And see, (sight hateful and tormenting !)  
This Rebel Empire, proud and vaunting,  
From anarchy shall change her crasis,  
And fix her pow'r on firmer basis ;  
To glory, wealth and fame ascend,  
Her commerce wake, her realms extend ;  
Where now the panther guards his den,  
Her desert forests swarm with men ;  
Gay 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 seas with fav'ring gales,  
And crowd her ports with whitening sails :  
Till to the skirts of western day,  
The peopled regions own her sway."

Thus far M'FINGAL told his tale,  
 When startling shouts his ears assail ;  
 And strait the Constable, their sentry,  
 Aghast rush'd headlong down the entry,  
 And with wild outcry, like magician,  
 Dispersed the residue of vision.\*  
 For now the Whigs the news had 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 him from the rage of mob,

\* It seems unfortunate that the vision was here so abruptly broken off. The capture of two British fleets on our lakes by Commodores Perry and M'Donough, with the naval victories of Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge and other American commanders, in our late war with Great Britain, could not have escaped the prophetic second-sight of M'Fingal, nor failed of due commemoration, had he been suffered to complete his detail of futurity. He would probably have closed his vision with the battle of New-Orleans, which put a fatal end to all the British dreams of conquest in America.

† ————— either tropic now  
 'Gan thunder.

*Milton.—Paradise Regained.*

Or lurks, where cabbage-heads in row  
Adorn'd the sides 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 literal sense, *beneath their nose*.\*

The window then, which none else knew,

He softly open'd and crept through,

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 look'd back on the 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 our dire phantom

Of Independence came to haunt him,†

\* This, during the American war, was a fashionable phrase with the British. No officer, who had a lucky escape, failed of stating in his report, that he made a grand retreat *under the very Nose of the enemy*.

† On the Declaration of Independence, the ministerial speakers in Parliament amused themselves by calling it, the

Which hov'ring round by night and day,  
 Not all his conj'rors e'er could lay.  
 His friends, assembled for his sake,  
 He wisely left in pawn, at stake,  
 To tarring, feath'ring, kicks and drubs  
 Of furious, disappointed mobs,  
 Or with their forfeit heads to pay  
 For him, their leader,\* crept away.  
 So when wise Noah summon'd greeting,  
 All animals to gen'ral meeting,  
 From every side the members went,  
 All kinds of beasts to represent ;  
 Each, from the flood, took care t' embark,  
 And save his carcass in the ark :  
 But as it fares in state and church,  
 Left his constituents in the lurch.

*phantom of Independence.* The wit was echoed by all their Newspapers.

\* As the flight of Mahomet to Mecca fixes the Æra of Musulman computation ; so the flight of M'Fingal to Boston forms the grand catastrophe of this immortal work. So sublime a *denouement*, as the French critics term it, never appeared before in Epic Poetry, except that of the Hero turning Papist, in the *Henriade* of Voltaire.







**TRUMBULL'S POEMS.**

1857

Wm. L. Garrison

127 N. 2nd St.

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THE

Poetical Works

JOHN TRUMBULL, LL.D.



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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

JAMES II.

BY

JOHN BURNET

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JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN TRUMBULL, LL. D.  
CONTAINING  
M'FINGAL,  
A MODERN EPIC POEM,  
REVISED AND CORRECTED,  
WITH COPIOUS EXPLANATORY NOTES;  
THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS;  
AND A COLLECTION OF  
POEMS  
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS;  
WRITTEN BEFORE AND DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

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HARTFORD:  
PRINTED FOR SAMUEL G. GOODRICH,  
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M DCCC XX.

*District of Connecticut, ss.*

[LS] **B**E it remembered, That on the seventh day of December, in the forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, — JOHN TRUMBULL, of the said District hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit — "The Poetical Works of John Trumbull, LL. D. containing M'Fingal, a modern epic poem, revised and corrected, with copious explanatory notes; the Progress of Dulness; and a collection of Poems on various subjects, written before and during the Revolutionary War."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned" CHARLES A. INGERSOLL, Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

CHARLES A. INGERSOLL, Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

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**THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS.**

**IN THREE PARTS.**



## PREFACE.

---

“PRAY, what does the author mean?” is the first question most readers will ask, and the last they are able to answer. Therefore in a few words I will explain the subject and design of the following Poem.

The subject is the state of the times in regard to literature and religion. The author was prompted to write, by a hope that it might be of use to point out, in a clear, concise, and striking manner, those general errors, that hinder the advantages of education and the growth of piety. The subject is inexhaustible; nor is my design yet completed. This first part describes the principal mistakes in one course of life, and exemplifies the following well known truths;—that to the frequent scandal, as well of religion, as learning, a fellow, without any share of genius, or application to study, may pass with credit through life, receive the honours of a liberal education, and be admitted to the right hand of fellowship among ministers of the gospel;—that except in one neighboring province, ignorance wanders unmolested at our colleges, examinations are dwindled to mere form and ceremony, and after four years dozing there, no one is ever refused the honors of a degree, on account of dulness and insufficiency;—that the mere knowledge of ancient languages, of the

abstruser parts of mathematics, and the dark researches of metaphysics, is of little advantage in any business or profession in life ;—that it would be more beneficial, in every place of public education, to take pains in teaching the elements of oratory, the grammar of the English tongue, and the elegancies of style and composition ;—that in numberless instances, sufficient care hath not been taken to exclude the ignorant and irreligious from the sacred desk ;—that this tenderness to the undeserving tends to debase the dignity of the clergy, and to hinder many worthy men from undertaking the office of the ministry ;—and that the virulent controversies of the present day concerning religious, or in many cases, merely speculative opinions, savoring so highly of vanity and ostentation, and breathing a spirit so opposite to christian benevolence, have done more hurt to the cause of religion, than all the malice, the ridicule, and the folly of its enemies.

*New-Haven, August 1772.*

# THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS.

## PART I.

OR THE ADVENTURES OF

TOM BRAINLESS.

---

---

“OUR Tom has grown a sturdy boy ;  
His progress fills my heart with joy ;  
A steady soul, that yields to rule,  
And quite ingenious too, at school.  
Our master says, (I'm sure he's right,) *Price - full*  
There's not a lad in town so bright.  
He'll cypher bravely, write and read,  
And say his catechism and creed, *never*  
And scorns to hesitate or falter  
In Primer, Spelling-book or Psalter.  
Hard work indeed, he does not love it ;  
His genius is too much above it.  
Give him a good substantial teacher,  
I'll lay he'd make a special preacher.”

I've loved good learning all my life ;  
We'll send the lad to college, wife."

Thus sway'd by fond and sightless passion,  
His parents hold a consultation ;  
If on their couch, or round their fire,  
I need not tell, nor you enquire.

The point's agreed ; the boy well pleased,  
From country cares and labor eased ;  
No more to rise by break of day  
To drive home cows, or deal out hay ;  
To work no more in snow or hail,  
And blow his fingers o'er the flail,  
Or mid the toils of harvest sweat  
Beneath the summer's sultry heat,  
Serene, he bids the farm, good-bye,  
And quits the plough without a sigh.  
Propitious to their constant friend,  
The pow'rs of idleness attend.

So to the priest in form he goes,  
Prepared to study and to doze.  
The parson, in his youth before,  
Had run the same dull progress o'er ;  
His sole concern to see with care  
His church and farm in good repair.

His skill in tongues, that once he knew,  
Had bid him long, a last adieu ;  
Away his Latin rules had fled,  
And Greek had vanish'd from his head.

Then view our youth with grammar teasing,  
Untaught in meaning, sense or reason ;  
Of knowledge e'er he gain his fill, he  
Must diet long on husks of Lily,\*  
Drudge on for weary months in vain,  
By mem'ry's strength, and dint of brain ;  
From thence to murd'ring Virgil's verse,  
And construing Tully into farce,  
Or lab'ring with his grave preceptor,  
In Greek to blunder o'er a chapter.  
The Latin Testament affords  
The needed help of ready words ;  
At hand the Dictionary laid,  
Gives up its page in frequent aid ;  
Hard by, the Lexicon and Grammar,  
Those helps of mem'ry when they stammer ;

\* Lily's was the only Latin Grammar then in use.

The lesson's short ; the priest contented ;  
His task to hear is sooner ended.

He lets him mind his own concerns,  
Then tells his parents how he learns.

Two years thus spent in gathering knowledge,  
The lad sets forth t' unlade at college,

While down his sire and priest attend him,  
To introduce and recommend him ;

Or if detain'd, a letter's sent  
Of much apocryphal content,

To set him forth, how dull soever,  
As very learn'd and very clever ;

A genius of the first emission,  
With burning love for erudition ;

So studious he'll outwatch the moon

*And* } And think the planets set too soon.

He had but little time to fit in ;

Examination too must frighten.

Depend upon't he must do well,

*He* } He knows much more than he can tell ;

Admit him, and in little space

He'll beat his rivals in the race ;

His father's incomes are but small,

He comes now, if he come at all.

So said, so done, at college now  
He enters well, no matter how ;  
New scenes awhile his fancy please,  
But all must yield to love of ease.  
In the same round condemn'd each day,  
To study, read, recite and pray ;  
To make his hours of business double—  
He can't endure th' increasing trouble ;  
And finds at length, as times grow pressing,  
All plagues are easier than his lesson.  
With sleepy eyes and count'nance heavy,  
With much excuse of *non paravi*,\*  
Much absence, *tardès* and *egresses*,  
The college-evil on him seizes.  
Then ev'ry book, which ought to please,  
Stirs up the seeds of dire disease ;  
Greek spoils his eyes, the print's so fine,  
Grown dim with study, or with wine ;  
Of Tully's latin much afraid,  
Each page, he calls the doctor's aid ;

\* *Non paravi*, I have not prepared for recitation—an excuse commonly given ; *tardès* and *egresses*, were terms used at college, for coming in late and going out before the conclusion of service.

While geometry, with lines sò crooked,  
 Sprains all his wits to overlook it.  
 His sickness puts on every name,  
 Its cause and uses still the same ;  
 'Tis tooth-ache, cholic, gout or stone,  
 With phases various as the moon ;  
 But though through all the body spread,  
 Still makes its cap'tal seat, the head.  
 In all diseases, 'tis expected,  
 The weakest parts be most infected.

Kind head-ache hail ! thou blest disease,  
 The friend of idleness and ease ;  
 Who mid the still and dreary bound  
 Where college walls her sons surround,  
 In spite of fears, in justice' spite,  
 Assumest o'er laws dispensing right,  
 Sett'st from his task the blunderer free,  
 Excused by dulness and by thee.  
 Thy vot'ries bid a bold defiance  
 To all the calls and threats of science,  
 Slight learning human and divine,  
 And hear no prayers, and fear no fine.

And yet how oft the studious gain,  
 The dulness of a letter'd brain ;

Despising such low things the while,  
As English grammar, phrase and style ;  
Despising ev'ry nicer art,  
That aids the tongue, or mends the heart ;  
Read ancient authors o'er in vain,  
Nor taste one beauty they contain ;  
Humbly on trust accept the sense,  
But deal for words at vast expense ;  
Search well how every term must vary  
From Lexicon to Dictionary ;  
And plodding on in one dull tone,  
Gain ancient tongues and lose their own, *Hudibras*  
Bid every graceful charm defiance,  
And woo the skeleton of science.

Come ye, who finer arts despise,  
And scoff at verse as heathen lies ;  
In all the pride of dulness rage  
At Pope, or Milton's deathless page ;  
Or stung by truth's deep-searching line,  
Rave ev'n at rhymes as low as mine ;  
Say ye, who boast the name of wise,  
Wherein substantial learning lies.  
Is it, superb in classic lore,  
To speak what Homer spoke before,

To write the language Tully wrote,  
The style, the cadence and the note ?  
Is there a charm in sounds of Greek,  
No language else can learn to speak ;  
That cures distemper'd brains at once,  
Like Pliny's rhymes for broken bones ?  
Is there a spirit found in Latin,  
That must evap'rate in translating ?  
And say are sense and genius bound  
To any vehicles of sound ?  
Can knowledge never reach the brains,  
Unless convey'd in ancient strains ?  
While Homer sets before your eyes  
Achilles' rage, Ulysses' lies,  
Th' amours of Jove in masquerade,  
And Mars entrapp'd by Phœbus' aid ;  
While Virgil sings, in verses grave,  
His lovers meeting in a cave,  
His ships turn'd nymphs, in pagan fables,  
And how the Trojans eat their tables ;  
While half this learning but displays  
The follies of the former days ;  
And for our linguists, fairly try them,  
A tutor'd parrot might defy them.

Go to the vulgar—'tis decreed,  
There you must preach and write or plead ;  
Broach every curious Latin phrase  
From Tully down to Lily's days :  
All this your hearers have no share in,  
Bate but their laughing and their staring.  
Interpreters must pass between,  
To let them know a word you mean.

Yet could you reach that lofty tongue  
Which Plato wrote and Homer sung ;  
Or ape the Latin verse and scanning,  
Like Vida, Cowley or Buchanan ;  
Or bear ten phrase-books in your head ;  
Yet know, these languages are dead,  
And nothing, e'er, by death, was seen  
Improved in beauty, strength or mien,  
Whether the sexton use his spade,  
Or sorcerer wake the parted shade.  
Think how would Tully stare or smile  
At these wan spectres of his style,  
Or Horace in his jovial way  
Ask what these babblers mean to say.

Let modern Logic next arise  
With newborn light to glad your eyes,

Enthroned on high in Reason's chair,  
 Usurp her name, assume her air,  
 Give laws, to think with quaint precision,  
 And deal out loads of definition.

Sense, in dull syllogisms confined,  
 Scorns these weak trammels of the mind,  
 Nor needs t' enquire by logic's leave  
 What to reject and what receive ;  
 Throws all her trifling bulwarks down,  
 Expatiates free ; while from her frown *from*  
 Alike the dunce and pedant smart,  
 The fool of nature, or of art.

On books of Rhetorick turn your hopes,  
 Unawed by figures or by tropes.  
 What silly rules in pomp appear !  
 What mighty nothings stun the ear !  
*Athroismos, Mesoteleuton,*  
*Symploce and Paregmenon !*  
 Thus, in such sounds high rumbling, run  
 The names of jingle and of pun ;  
 Thus shall your pathos melt the heart,  
 And shame the Greek and Roman art.  
 Say then, where solid learning lies  
 And what the toil that makes us wise !

Is it by mathematic's aid  
 To count the worlds in light array'd,  
 To know each star, that lifts its eye,  
 To sparkle in the midnight sky ?  
 Say ye, who draw the curious line  
 Between the useful and the fine,  
 How little can this noble art  
 Its aid in human things impart,  
 Or give to life a cheerful ray,  
 And force our pains, and cares away.

Is it to know whate'er was done  
 Above the circle of the sun ?  
 Is it to lift the active mind  
 Beyond the bounds by heaven assign'd ;  
 And leave our little world at home,  
 Through realms of entity to roam ;  
 Attempt the secrets dark to scan,  
 Eternal wisdom hid from man ;  
 And make religion but the sign  
 In din of battle when to join ?

Vain man, to madness still a prey,  
 Thy space a point, thy life a day,  
 A feeble worm, that aim'st to stride  
 In all the foppery of pride !

The glimmering lamp of reason's ray  
Was given to guide thy darksome way.  
Why wilt thou spread thy insect wings,  
And strive to reach sublimer things?  
Thy doubts confess, thy blindness own,  
Nor vex thy thoughts with scenes unknown.  
Indulgent heaven to man below,  
Hath all explain'd we need to know;  
Hath clearly taught enough to prove  
Content below, and bliss above.  
Thy boastful wish how proud and vain,  
While heaven forbids the vaunting strain!  
For metaphysics rightly shown  
But teach how little can be known:  
Though quibbles still maintain their station,  
Conjecture serves for demonstration,  
Armies of pens draw forth to fight,  
And \*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\* write.

Oh! might I live to see that day,  
When sense shall point to youths their way;  
Through every maze of science guide;  
O'er education's laws preside;  
The good retain, with just discerning  
Explode the quackeries of learning;

Give ancient arts their real due,  
 Explain their faults, and beauties too;  
 Teach where to imitate, and mend,  
 And point their uses and their end.

*Essay in  
 Criticism*

Then bright philosophy would shine,  
 And ethics teach the laws divine ;  
 Our youths might learn each nobler art,  
 That shews a passage to the heart ;  
 From ancient languages well known  
 Transfuse new beauties to our own ;  
 With taste and fancy well refin'd,  
 Where moral rapture warms the mind,  
 From schools dismiss'd, with lib'ral hand,  
 Spread useful learning o'er the land ;  
 And bid the eastern world admire  
 Our rising worth, and bright'ning fire.

But while through fancy's realms we roam,  
 The main concern is left at home ;  
 Return'd, our hero still we find  
 The same, as blundering and as blind.

Four years at college dozed away  
 In sleep, and slothfulness and play,  
 Too dull for vice, with clearest conscience,  
 Charged with no fault but that of nonsense,

And nonsense long, with serious air,  
Has wander'd unmolested there,  
He passes trial, fair and free,  
And takes in form his first degree.

A scholar see him now commence  
Without the aid of books or sense ;  
For passing college cures the brain,  
Like mills to grind men young again.  
The scholar-dress, that once array'd him,  
The charm, *Admitto te ad gradum*,\*  
With touch of parchment can refine,  
And make the veriest coxcomb shine,  
Confer the gift of tongues at once,  
And fill with sense the vacant dunce.  
So kingly crowns contain quintessence  
Of worship, dignity and presence ;  
Give learning, genius, virtue, worth,  
Wit, valor, wisdom, and so forth ;  
Hide the bald pate, and cover o'er  
The cap of folly worn before.

Our hero's wit and learning now may  
Be proved by token of diploma,

\* *Admitto te ad gradum*, I admit you to a degree ; part of the words used in conferring the honours of college.

Of that diploma, which with speed  
 He learns to construe and to read ;  
 And stalks abroad with conscious stride,  
 In all the airs of pedant pride,  
 With passport sign'd for wit and knowledge, 4½  
 And current under seal of college.

Few months now past, he sees with pain  
 His purse as empty as his brain ;  
 His father leaves him then to fate,  
 And throws him off, as useless weight ;  
 But gives him good advice, to teach  
 A school at first and then to preach.

Thou reason'st well ; it must be so ;  
 For nothing else thy son can do.

As thieves of old, t' avoid the halter,  
 Took refuge in the holy altar ;  
 Oft dulness flying from disgrace  
 Finds safety in that sacred place ;  
 There boldly rears his head, or rests  
 Secure from ridicule or jests ;  
 Where dreaded satire may not dare  
 Offend his wig's\* extremest hair ;

\* A wig was then an essential part of the clerical dress.  
 None appeared in the pulpit without it.

Where scripture sanctifies his strains,  
 And reverence hides the want of brains. } *class*

Next see our youth at school appear,  
 Procured for forty pounds a year ;  
 His ragged regiment round assemble,  
 Taught, not to read, but fear and tremble.

Before him, rods prepare his way,  
 Those dreaded antidotes to play.

Then throned aloft in elbow chair,  
 With solemn face and awful air,  
 He tries, with ease and unconcern,  
 To teach what ne'er himself could learn ;

Gives law and punishment alone,

Judge, jury, bailiff, all in one ;

Holds all good learning must depend

Upon his rod's extremest end,

Whose great electric virtue's such,

Each genius brightens at the touch ;

With threats and blows, incitements pressing,

Drives on his lads to learn each lesson ;

Thinks flogging cures all moral-ills,

And breaks their heads to break their wills.

The year is done ; he takes his leave ;

The children smile ; the parents grieve ;

And seek again, their school to keep,  
One just as good and just as cheap.

Now to some priest, that's famed for teaching,  
He goes to learn the art of preaching ;  
And settles down with earnest zeal  
Sermons to study, and to steal.  
Six months from all the world retires  
To kindle up his cover'd fires ;  
Learns, with nice art, to make with ease  
The scriptures speak whate'er he please ;  
With judgment, unperceived to quote  
What Pool explain'd, or Henry wrote ;  
To give the gospel new editions,  
Split doctrines into propositions,  
Draw motives, uses, inferences,  
And torture words in thousand senses ;  
Learn the grave style and goodly phrase,  
Safe handed down from Cromwell's days,  
And shun, with anxious care, the while,  
The infection of a modern style ;  
Or on the wings of folly fly  
Aloft in metaphysic sky ;  
The system of the world explain,  
Till night and chaos come again ;

Deride what old divines can say,  
Point out to heaven a nearer way ;  
Explode all known establish'd rules,  
Affirm our fathers all were fools ;  
The present age is growing wise,  
But wisdom in her cradle lies ;  
Late, like Minerva, born and bred,  
Not from a Jove's, but scribbler's head,  
While thousand youths their homage lend her,  
And nursing fathers rock and tend her.

Round him much manuscript is spread,  
Extracts from living works, and dead,  
Themes, sermons, plans of controversy,  
That hack and mangle without mercy,  
And whence to glad the reader's eyes,  
The future dialogue\* shall rise.

At length, matured the grand design,  
He stalks abroad, a grave divine.

Mean while, from every distant seat,  
At stated time the clergy meet.

\* Writing in dialogue was then a fashionable mode among the controversial divines.

Our hero comes, his sermon reads,  
Explains the doctrine of his creeds,  
A licence gains to preach and pray,  
And makes his bow and goes his way.

What though his wits could ne'er dispense  
One page of grammar, or of sense ;  
What though his learning be so slight,  
He scarcely knows to spell or write ;  
What though his skull be cudgel-proof !  
He's orthodox, and that's enough.

Perhaps with genius we'd dispense :  
But sure we look at least for sense.

Ye fathers of our church attend  
The serious counsels of a friend,  
Whose utmost wish, in nobler ways,  
Your sacred dignity to raise.  
Though blunt the style, the truths set down  
Ye can't deny—though some may frown.

Yes, there are men, nor these a few,  
The foes of virtue and of you ;  
Who, nurtured in the scorner's school,  
Make vice their trade, and sin by rule ;  
Who deem it courage heav'n to brave,  
And wit, to scoff at all that's grave ;

Vent stolen jests, with strange grimaces,  
 From folly's book of common-places ;  
 While mid the simple throng around  
 Each kindred blockhead greets the sound,  
 And, like electric fire, at once,  
 The laugh is caught from dunce to dunce..

*rites*

The deist's scoffs ye may despise ;  
 Within yourselves your danger lies ;  
 For who would wish, neglecting rule,  
 To aid the triumphs of a fool ?  
 From heaven at first your order came,  
 From heaven received its sacred name,  
 Indulged to man, to point the way,  
 That leads from darkness up to day.  
 Your highborn dignity attend,  
 And view your origin and end.

While human souls are all your care,  
 By warnings, counsels, preaching, prayer,  
 In bands of christian friendship join'd,  
 Where pure affection warms the mind,  
 While each performs the pious race,  
 Nor dulness e'er usurps a place ;  
 No vice shall brave your awful test,  
 Nor folly dare to broach the jest,

Each waiting eye shall humbly bend,  
And reverence on your steps attend.

But when each point of serious weight  
Is torn with wrangling and debate,  
When truth, mid rage of dire divisions,  
Is left, to fight for definitions,  
And fools assume your sacred place,  
It threatens your order with disgrace ;  
Bids genius from your seats withdraw,  
And seek the pert, loquacious law ;  
Or deign in physic's paths to rank,  
With every quack and mountebank ;  
Or in the ways of trade content,  
Plod ledgers o'er of cent. per cent.

While in your seats so sacred, whence  
We look for piety and sense,  
Pert dulness raves in school-boy style,  
Your friends must blush, your foes will smile ;  
While men, who teach the glorious way,  
Where heaven unfolds celestial day,  
Assume the task sublime, to bring  
The message of th' Eternal King,  
Disgrace those honours they receive,  
And want that sense, they aim to give.

Now in the desk, with solemn air,  
 Our hero makes his audience stare ;  
 Asserts with all dogmatic boldness,  
 Where impudence is yoked to dulness ;  
 Reads o'er his notes with halting pace,  
 Mask'd in the stiffness of his face ;  
 With gestures such as might become  
 Those statues once that spoke at Rome,  
 Or Livy's ox,\* that to the state  
 Declared the oracles of fate,  
 In awkward tones, nor said, nor sung,  
 Slow rumbling o'er the falt'ring tongue,  
 Two hours his drawling speech holds on,  
 And names it preaching, when he's done.

With roving tired, he fixes down  
 For life, in some unsettled town.  
 People and priest full well agree,  
 For why—they know no more than he.  
 Vast tracts of unknown land he gains,  
 Better than those the moon contains ;  
 There deals in preaching and in prayer,  
 And starves on sixty pounds a year,

\* Bos locutus est.

*Liv. Histor.*

And culls his texts, and tills his farm,  
Does little good, and little harm ;  
On Sunday, in his best array,  
Deals forth the dulness of the day,  
And while above he spends his breath,  
The yawning audience nod beneath.

Thus glib-tongued Merc'ry in his hand  
Stretch'd forth the sleep-compelling wand,  
Each eye in endless doze to keep—  
The God of speaking, and of sleep.

END OF PART FIRST.

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# THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS.

## PART II.

OR THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

DICK HAIRBRAIN.\*

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'T WAS in a town remote, the place  
We leave the reader wise to guess,  
(For readers wise can guess full well  
What authors never meant to tell,)  
There dwelt secure a country clown,  
The wealthiest farmer of the town.  
Though rich by villany and cheats,  
He bought respect by frequent treats ;  
Gain'd offices by constant seeking,  
'Squire, captain, deputy and deacon ;  
Great was his power, his pride as arrant ;  
One only son his heir apparent.

\* First printed at New-Haven, January 1778.

He thought the stripling's parts were quick,  
 And vow'd to make a man of DICK ;  
 Bless'd the pert dunce, and praised his looks,  
 And put him early to his books.

More oaths than words Dick learn'd to speak  
 And studied knavery more than Greek ;  
 Three years at school, as usual, spent,  
 Then all equipp'd to college went,  
 And pleased in prospect, thus bestow'd  
 His meditations, as he rode.

“ All hail, unvex'd with care and strife,  
 The bliss of academic life ;  
 Where kind repose protracts the span,  
 While childhood ripens into man ;  
 Where no hard parent's dreaded rage  
 Curbs the gay sports of youthful age ;  
 Where no vile fear the genius awes  
 With grim severity of laws ;  
 Where annual troops of bucks come down,  
 The flower of every neighb'ring town ;  
 Where wealth and pride and riot wait,  
 And each choice spirit finds his mate.

“ Far from those walls, from pleasure's eye,  
 Let care and grief and labour fly,

The toil to gain the laurel prize,  
That dims the anxious student's eyes,  
The pedant air of learned looks,  
And long fatigue of turning books.  
Let poor dull rogues, with weary pains,  
To college come to mend their brains,  
And drudge four years, with grave concern  
How they may wiser grow, and learn.  
Is wealth of indolence afraid,  
Or does wit need pedantic aid ?  
The man of wealth the world descries,  
Without the help of learning wise ;  
The magic powers of gold, with ease,  
Transform us to what shape we please,  
Give knowledge bright and courage brave,  
And sense, that nature never gave.  
But nought avails the hoarded treasure ;  
In spending only lies the pleasure.

“ There vice shall lavish all her charms,  
And rapture fold us in her arms,  
Riot shall court the frolic soul,  
And swearing crown the sparkling bowl ;  
While wit shall sport with vast applause,  
And scorn the feeble tie of laws :

Our midnight joys no rule shall bound,  
 While games and dalliance revel round.  
 Such pleasures youthful years can know,  
 And schools there are, that such bestow.

“ Those seats how blest, for ease and sport,  
 Where wealth and idleness resort,\*  
 Where free from censure and from shame,  
 They seek of learning, but the name,  
 Their crimes of all degrees and sizes  
 Atoned by golden sacrifices ;  
 Where kind instructors fix their price,  
 In just degrees, on every vice,  
 And fierce in zeal 'gainst wicked courses,  
 Demand repentance, of their purses ;  
 Till sin, thus tax'd, produces clear  
 A copious income every year, } *Good*  
 And the fair schools, thus free from scruples,  
 Thrive by the knavery of their pupils.

\* There is a certain region on the western continent, situated within the northern temperate zone, where in some of the most notable and respectable schools, not only indolence and dulness, but almost every crime, may by the rich be atoned for with pecuniary satisfaction.

“ Ev’n thus the Pope long since has made  
 Of human crimes a gainful trade ;  
 Keeps ev’ry pleasing vice for sâle,  
 For cash, by wholesale, or retail.  
 There, pay the prices and the fees,  
 Buy rapes, or lies, or what you please,  
 Then sin secure, with firm reliance,  
 And bid the ten commands defiance.

*Protest*

“ And yet, alas, these happiest schools  
 Preserve a set of musty rules,  
 And in their wisest progress show .  
 Perfection is not found below.  
 Even there, indulged, in humble station,  
 Learning resides by toleration ;  
 No law forbids the youth to read ;  
 For sense no tortures are decreed ;  
 There study injures but the name,  
 And meets no punishment but shame.”

Thus reas’ning, DICK goes forth to find  
 A college suited to his mind ;  
 But bred in distant woods, the clown  
 Brings all his country airs to town ;  
 The odd address with awkward grace,  
 That bows with all-averted face ;

*Good*

The half-heard compliments, whose note  
Is swallow'd in the trembling throat ;  
The stiffen'd gait, the drawling tone,  
By which his native place is known ;  
The blush, that looks, by vast degrees,  
Too much like modesty to please ;  
The proud displays of awkward dress,  
That all the country fop express,  
The suit right gay, though much belated,  
Whose fashion's superannuated ;  
The watch, depending far in state,  
Whose iron chain might form a grate ;  
The silver buckle, dread to view,  
O'ershad'wing all the clumsy shoe ;  
The white-gloved hand, that tries to peep  
From ruffle, full five inches deep ;  
With fifty odd affairs beside,  
The foppishness of country pride.

Poor DICK! though first thy airs provoke  
Th' obstreperous laugh and scornful joke,  
Doom'd all the ridicule to stand,  
While each gay dunce shall lend a hand ;  
Yet let not scorn dismay thy hope  
To shine a witling and a fop.

Blest impudence the prize shall gain,  
And bid thee sigh no more in vain.  
Thy varied dress shall quickly show  
At once the spendthrift and the beau.  
With pert address and noisy tongue,  
That scorns the fear of prating wrong,  
'Mongst list'ning coxcombs shalt thou shine,  
And every voice shall echo thine.

How blest the brainless fop, whose praise  
Is doom'd to grace these happy days,  
When well-bred vice can genius teach,  
And fame is placed in folly's reach,  
Impertinence all tastes can hit,  
And every rascal is a wit.

The lowest dunce, without despairing,  
May learn the true sublime of swearing;  
Learn the nice art of jests obscene,  
While ladies wonder what they mean;  
The heroism of brazen lungs,  
The rhetoric of eternal tongues;  
While whim usurps the name of spirit,  
And impudence takes place of merit,  
And every money'd clown and dunce  
Commences gentleman at once.

For now, by easy rules of trade,  
Mechanic gentlemen are made!  
From handicrafts of fashion born;  
Those very arts so much their scorn.  
To taylors half themselves they owe,  
Who make the clothes, that make the beau.

Lo! from the seats, where, fops to bless,  
Learn'd artists fix the forms of dress,  
And sit in consultation grave,  
On folded skirt, or strait'ned sleeve,  
The coxcomb trips with sprightly haste,  
In all the flush of modern taste;  
Oft turning, if the day be fair,  
To view his shadow's graceful air;  
Well pleased with eager eye runs o'er  
The laced suit glitt'ring gay before;\*  
The ruffle, where from open'd vest  
The rubied brooch adorns the breast;  
The coat with length'ning waist behind,  
Whose short skirts dangle in the wind;  
The modish hat, whose breadth contains  
The measure of its owner's brains;

\* This passage alludes to the modes of dress then in fashion.

The stockings gay with various hues ;  
The little toe-encircling shoes ;  
The cane, on whose carv'd top is shown  
An head, just emblem of his own ;  
While wrapp'd in self, with lofty stride,  
His little heart elate with pride,  
He struts in all the joys of show,  
That taylors give, or beaux can know.

And who for beauty need repine,  
That's sold at every barber's sign ;  
Nor lies in features or complexion,  
But curls disposed in meet direction,  
With strong pomatum's grateful odour,  
And *quantum sufficit* of powder ?  
These charms can shed a sprightly grace,  
O'er the dull eye and clumsy face ;  
While the trim dancing-master's art  
Shall gestures, trips and bows impart,  
Give the gay piece its final touches,  
And lend those airs, would lure a dutchess.

Thus shines the form, nor aught behind,  
'The gifts that deck the coxcomb's mind ;  
Then hear the daring muse disclose  
The sense and piety of beaux.

To grace his speech, let France bestow  
 A set of compliments for show.  
 Land of politeness ! that affords  
 The treasure of new-fangled words,  
 And endless quantities disburses  
 Of bows and compliments and curses ;  
 The soft address, with airs so sweet,  
 That cringes at the ladies' feet ;  
 The pert, vivacious, play-house style,  
 That wakes the gay assembly's smile ;  
 Jests that his brother beaux may hit,  
 And pass with young coquettes for wit,  
 And prized by fops of true discerning,  
 Outface the pedantry of learning.  
 Yet learning too shall lend its aid,  
 To fill the coxcomb's spongy head,  
 And studious oft he shall peruse  
 The labours of the modern muse.  
 From endless loads of novels gain  
 Soft, simp'ring tales of amorous pain,  
 With double meanings, neat and handy,  
 From Rochester and Tristram Shandy.\*

*novels*  
 \* Sterne's Tristram Shandy was then in the highest vogue,  
 and in the zenith of its transitory reputation.

The blund'ring aid of weak reviews,  
That forge the fetters of the muse,  
Shall give him airs of criticising  
On faults of books, he ne'er set eyes on.  
The magazines shall teach the fashion,  
And common-place of conversation,  
And where his knowledge fails, afford  
The aid of many a sounding word.

Then least religion he should need,  
Of pious Hume he'll learn his creed,  
By strongest demonstration shown,  
Evince that nothing can be known;  
Take arguments, unvex'd by doubt,  
On Voltaire's trust, or go without;  
'Gainst scripture rail in modern lore,  
As thousand fools have rail'd before;  
Or pleased a nicer art display  
T' expound its doctrines all away,  
Suit it to modern tastes and fashions  
By various notes and emendations;  
The rules the ten commands contain,  
With new provisos well explain;  
Prove all religion was but fashion,  
Beneath the Jewish dispensation.

A ceremonial law, deep hooded  
In types and figures long exploded ;  
Its stubborn fetters all unfit  
For these free times of gospel light,  
'This rake's millenium, since the day  
When sabbaths first were done away ;  
Since pandar-conscience holds the door,  
And lewdness is a vice no more ;  
And shame, the worst of deadly fiends,  
On virtue, as its squire attends.

Alike his poignant wit displays  
The darkness of the former days,  
When men the paths of duty sought,  
And own'd what revelation taught ;  
Ere human reason grew so bright,  
Men could see all things by its light,  
And summon'd scripture to appear,  
And stand before its bar severe,  
'To clear its page from charge of fiction,  
And answer pleas of contradiction ;  
Ere miracles were held in scorn,  
Or Bolingbroke, or Hume were born.

And now the fop, with great energy,  
Levels at priestcraft and the clergy,

At holy cant and godly prayers,  
And bigot's hypocritic airs ;  
Musters each vet'ran jest to aid,  
Calls piety the parson's trade ;  
Cries out 'tis shame, past all abiding,  
The world should still be so priest-ridden ;  
Applauds free thought that scorns controul,  
And gen'rous nobleness of soul,  
That acts its pleasure good or evil,  
And fears nor deity, nor devil.  
These standing topics never fail  
To prompt our little wits to rail,  
With mimic droll'ry of grimace,  
And pleased impertinence of face,  
'Gainst virtue arm their feeble forces,  
And sound the charge in peals of curses.

Blest be his ashes ! under ground  
If any particles be found,  
Who friendly to the coxcomb race,  
First taught those arts of common-place,  
Those topics fine, on which the beau  
May all his little wits bestow,  
Secure the simple laugh to raise,  
And gain the dunce's palm of praise.

For where's the theme that beaux could hit  
With least similitude of wit,  
Did not religion and the priest  
Supply materials for the jest ?  
The poor in purse, with metals vile  
For current coins, the world beguile ;  
The poor in brain, for genuine wit  
Pass off a viler counterfeit ;  
While various thus their doom appears,  
These lose their souls, and those their ears ;  
The want of fancy, whim supplies,  
And native humour, mad caprice ;  
Loud noise for argument goes off,  
For mirth polite, the ribald's scoff ;  
For sense, lewd droll'ries entertain us,  
And wit is mimick'd by profaneness.

Thus 'twixt the taylor and the player,  
And Hume, and Tristram, and Voltaire,  
Complete in modern trim array'd,  
The clockwork gentleman is made ;  
As thousand fops ere Dick have shone,  
In airs, which Dick ere long shall own.

But not immediate from the clown,  
He gains this zenith of renown ;

Var 21  
ter 71, page

Slow dawns the coxcomb's op'ning ray ;  
 Rome was not finish'd in a day.  
 Perfection is the work of time ;  
 Gradual he mounts the height sublime ;  
 First shines abroad with bolder grace,  
 In suits of second-handed lace,  
 And learns by rote, like studious players,  
 The fop's infinity of airs ;  
 Till merit, to full ripeness grown,  
 By constancy attains the crown.

John Heywood  
Proverbs, Part I, 8

Now should our tale at large proceed,  
 Here might I tell, and you might read  
 At college next how Dick went on,  
 And prated much and studied none ;  
 Yet shone with fair, unborrow'd ray,  
 And steer'd where nature led the way.  
 What though each academic science  
 Bade all his efforts bold defiance !  
 What though in algebra his station  
 Was negative in each equation ;  
 Though in astronomy survey'd,  
 His constant course was retrograde ;  
 O'er Newton's system though he sleeps  
 And finds his wits in dark eclipse !

His talents proved of highest price  
At all the arts of cards and dice ;  
His genius turn'd, with greatest skill,  
To whist, loo, cribbage and quadrille,  
And taught, to every rival's shame,  
Each nice distinction of the game.

As noon-day sun, the case is plain,  
Nature has nothing made in vain.  
The blind mole cannot fly ; 'tis found  
His genius leads him under ground.  
The man that was not made to think,  
Was born to game, and swear, and drink.  
Let fops defiance bid to satire,  
Mind Tully's rule, and follow nature.

Yet here the muse, of DICK, must tell  
He shone in active scenes as well ;  
The foremost place in riots held,  
In all the gifts of noise excell'd,  
His tongue, the bell, whose rattling din would  
Summon the rake's nocturnal synod ;  
Swore with a grace that seem'd design'd  
To emulate the infernal kind,  
Nor only make their realms his due,  
But learn, betimes, their language too ;

And well expert in arts polite,  
Drank wine by quarts to mend his sight,  
For he that drinks till all things reel,  
Sees double, and that's twice as well ;  
And ere its force confined his feet,  
Led out his mob to scour the street ;  
Made all authority his may-game,  
And strain'd his little wits to plague 'em.  
Then, every crime atoned with ease,  
*Pro meritis*,\* received degrees ;  
And soon, as fortune chanced to fall,  
His father died and left him all.  
Then, bent to gain all modern fashions,  
He sail'd to visit foreign nations,  
Resolved, by toil unaw'd, to import  
The follies of the British court ;  
But in his course o'erlook'd whate'er  
Was learn'd or valued, rich or rare.

As fire electric draws together  
Each hair and straw and dust and feather,

\* *For his merits*—the customary phrase in collegiate diplomas.

The travell'd dunce collects betimes  
The levities of other climes ;  
And when long toil has given success,  
Returns his native land to bless,  
A patriot fop, that struts by rules,  
And Knight of all the shire of fools.

The praise of other learning lost,  
To know the world is all his boast,  
By conduct teach our country widgeons,  
How coxcombs shine in other regions,  
Display his travell'd airs and fashions,  
And scoff at college educations.

Whoe'er at college points his sneer,  
Proves that himself learn'd nothing there,  
And wisely makes his honest aim  
To pay the mutual debt of shame.

Mean while our hero's anxious care  
Was all employ'd to please the fair ;  
With vows of love and airs polite,  
Oft sighing at some lady's feet ;  
Pleased, while he thus in form address'd her,  
With his own gracefulness of gesture,  
And gaudy flattery, that displays  
A studied elegance of phrase.

So gay at balls the coxcomb shone,  
He thought the female world his own.  
By beauty's charms he ne'er was fired ;  
He flatter'd where the world admired.  
Himself, so well he prized desert,  
Possess his own unrivall'd heart ;  
Nor charms, nor chance, nor change could move  
The firm foundations of his love ;  
His heart, so constant and so wise,  
Pursued what sages old advise,  
Badè others seek for fame or pelf ;  
His only study was himself.

Yet Dick allow'd the fair, desert,  
Nor wholly scorn'd them in his heart :  
There was an end, as oft he said,  
For which alone the sex were made,  
Whereto, of nature's rules observant,  
He strove to render them subservient ;  
And held the fair by inclination,  
Were form'd exactly for their station,  
'That real virtue ne'er could find  
Her lodging in a female mind ;  
Quoted from Pope, in phrase so smart,  
'That all the sex are 'rakes at heart,'

And praised Mahomet's sense, who holds  
That women ne'er were born with souls.

Thus blest, our hero saw his name  
Rank'd in the foremost lists of fame.  
What though the learn'd, the good, the wise,  
His light affected airs despise!  
What though the fair of higher mind,  
With brighter thought and sense refined,  
Whose fancy rose on nobler wing,  
Scorn'd the vain, gilt, gay, noisy thing!  
Each light coquette spread forth her charms,  
And lured the hero to her arms.  
For beaux and light coquettes, by fate  
Were each design'd the other's mate,  
By instinct love, for each may find  
Its likeness in the other's mind.

Each gayer fop of modern days  
Allow'd to Dick the foremost praise,  
Borrow'd his style, his airs, grimace,  
And aped his modish form of dress.  
Even some, with sense endued, felt hopes  
And warm ambition to be fops ;  
But men of sense, 'tis fix'd by fate,  
Are coxcombs but of second rate.

The pert and lively dunce alone  
Can steer the course that DICK has shown ;  
The lively dunce alone can climb  
The summit, where he shines sublime.

But ah ! how short the fairest name  
Stands on the slippery steep of fame !  
The noblest heights we're soonest giddy on ;  
The sun ne'er stays in his meridian ;  
The brightest stars must quickly set ;  
And DICK has deeply run in debt.

Not all his oaths can duns dismay,  
Or deadly bailiffs fright away,  
Not all his compliments can bail,  
Or minuets dance him from the jail.  
Law not the least respect can give  
To the laced coat, or ruffled sleeve ;  
His splendid ornaments must fall,  
And all is lost, for these were all.

What then remains ? in health's decline,  
By lewdness, luxury and wine,  
Worn by disease, with purse too shallow,  
To lead in fashions, or to follow,  
The meteor's gaudy light is gone ;  
Lone age with hasty step comes on.

How pale the palsied fop appears,  
Low shivering in the vale of years ;  
The ghost of all his former days,  
When folly lent the ear of praise,  
And beaux with pleased attention hung  
On accents of his chatt'ring tongue.  
Now all those days of pleasure o'er,  
That chatt'ring tongue must prate no more.  
From every place, that bless'd his hopes,  
He's elbow'd out by younger fops.  
Each pleasing thought unknown, that cheers  
The sadness of declining years,  
In lonely age he sinks forlorn,  
Of all, and even himself, the scorn.

The coxcomb's course were gay and clever,  
Would health and money last for ever,  
Did conscience never break the charm,  
Nor fear of future worlds alarm.  
But oh, since youth and years decay,  
And life's vain follies fleet away,  
Since age has no respect for beaux,  
And death the gaudy scene must close,  
Happy the man, whose early bloom  
Provides for endless years to come ;

That learning seeks, whose useful gain  
Repays the course of studious pain,  
Whose fame the thankful age shall raise,  
And future times repeat its praise ;  
Attains that heart-felt peace of mind,  
To all the will of heaven resign'd,  
Which calms in youth, the blast of rage,  
Adds sweetest hope to sinking age,  
With valued use prolongs the breath,  
And gives a placid smile to death.

END OF PART SECOND.

The first part of the history is a general account of the state of the world at the beginning of the world. It is divided into three parts: the first part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world; the second part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world; the third part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world.

The second part of the history is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world. It is divided into three parts: the first part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world; the second part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world; the third part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world.

The third part of the history is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world. It is divided into three parts: the first part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world; the second part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world; the third part is a general account of the world at the beginning of the world.

## PREFACE TO PART THIRD.

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MY design in this poem is to show, that the foibles we discover in the fair sex arise principally from the neglect of their education, and the mistaken notions they imbibe in their early youth. This naturally introduced a description of these foibles, which I have endeavored to laugh at with good humour and to expose without malevolence. Had I only consulted my own taste, I would have preferred sense and spirit with a style more elevated and poetical, to a perpetual drollery, and the affectation of wit ; but I have found by experience in the second part of this work, that it is not so agreeable to the bulk of my readers. I have endeavored to avoid unseasonable severity, and hope, in that point, I am pretty clear of censure ; especially as some of my good friends in these parts have lately made a discovery, that severity is not my talent, and there is nothing to be feared from the strokes of my satire ; a discovery that on this head hath given me no small consolation. In the following poem, my design is so apparent, that I am not much afraid of general misrepresentation ; and I hope there are no grave folks, who will think it trifling or unimportant. I expect however, from the treatment I have already received in regard to the former parts of this work, as well as some later and more fugitive productions,

that my designs will by many be ignorantly or wilfully misunderstood. I shall rest satisfied with the consciousness that a desire to promote the interests of learning and morality was the principal motive, that influenced me in these writings; judging as I did, that unless I attempted something in this way, that might conduce to the service of mankind, I had spent much time in the studies of the Muses in vain.

Polite literature hath within a few years made very considerable advances in America. Mankind in general seem sensible of the importance and advantages of learning. Female education hath been most neglected; and I wish this small performance may have some tendency to encourage and promote it.

The sprightliness of female genius, and the excellence of that sex in their proper walks of science, are by no means inferior to the accomplishments of the men. And although the course of their education ought to be different, and writing is not so peculiarly the business of the sex, yet I cannot but hope hereafter to see the accomplishment of my prediction in their favor.

Her daughters too this happy land shall grace  
 With powers of genius, as with charms of face;  
 Blest with the softness of the female mind,  
 With fancy blooming, and with taste refined,  
 Some Rowe shall rise and wrest with daring pen,  
 The pride of science from assuming men;  
 While each bright line a polish'd beauty wears;  
 For every Muse and every Grace are theirs.

*New-Haven, July 1773.*

# THE PROGRESS OF DULNESS.

## PART III.

### OR THE ADVENTURES OF MISS HARRIET SIMPER.

---

“COME hither, HARRIET, pretty Miss,  
Come hither ; give your aunt a kiss.  
What, blushing ? fye, hold up your head,  
Full six years old and yet afraid !  
With such a form, an air, a grace,  
You’re not ashamed to show your face !  
Look like a lady—bold—my child !  
Why ma’am, your HARRIET will be spoil’d.  
What pity ’tis, a girl so sprightly  
Should hang her head so unpolitely ?  
And sure there’s nothing worth a rush in  
That odd, unnatural trick of blushing ;  
It marks one ungentlely bred,  
And shows there’s mischief in her head.

I've heard Dick Hairbrain prove from Paul,  
Eve never blush'd before the fall.

'Tis said indeed, in latter days,  
It gain'd our grandmothers some praise ;  
Perhaps it suited well enough  
With hoop and farthingale and ruff ;  
But this politer generation  
Holds ruffs and blushes out of fashion.

“ And what can mean that gown so odd ?  
You ought to dress her in the mode,  
'To teach her how to make a figure ;  
Or she'll be awkward when she's bigger,  
And look as queer as Joan of Nokes,  
And never rig like other folks ;  
Her clothes will trail, all fashion lost,  
As if she hung them on a post,  
And sit as awkwardly as Eve's  
First pea-green petticoat of leaves.

“ And what can mean your simple whim here  
To keep her poring on her primer ?  
'Tis quite enough for girls to know,  
If she can read a billet-doux,  
Or write a line you'd understand  
Without a cypher of the hand.

Why need she learn to write, or spell ?  
A pothook scrawl is just as well ;  
Might rank her with the better sort,  
For 'tis the reigning mode at court.  
And why should girls be learn'd or wise ?  
Books only serve to spoil their eyes.  
The studious eye but faintly twinkles,  
And reading paves the way to wrinkles.  
In vain may learning fill the head full ;  
'Tis beauty that's the one thing needful ;  
Beauty, our sex's sole pretence,  
The best receipt for female sense,  
The charm that turns all words to witty,  
And makes the silliest speeches pretty.  
Ev'n folly borrows killing graces  
From ruby lips and roseate faces.  
Give airs and beauty to your daughter,  
And sense and wit will follow after."

Thus round the infant Miss in state  
The council of the ladies meet,  
And gay in modern style and fashion  
Prescribe their rules of education.  
The mother once herself a toast,  
Prays for her child the self-same post ;

The father hates the toil and pother,  
And leaves his daughters to their mother ;  
From whom her faults, that never vary,  
May come by right hereditary,  
Follies be multiplied with quickness,  
And whims keep up the family likeness.

Ye parents, shall those forms so fair,  
The graces might be proud to wear,  
The charms those speaking eyes display,  
Where passion sits in ev'ry ray,  
Th' expressive glance, the air refined,  
That sweet vivacity of mind,  
Be doom'd for life to folly's sway,  
By trifles lur'd, to fops a prey ?  
Say, can ye think that forms so fine  
Were made for nothing but to shine,  
With lips of rose and cheeks of cherry,  
Outgo the works of statuary,  
And gain the prize of show, as victors  
O'er busts and effigies and pictures ?  
Can female sense no trophies raise,  
Are dress and beauty all their praise,  
And does no lover hope to find  
An angel in his charmer's mind ?

First from the dust our sex began,  
But woman was refined from man ;  
Received again, with softer air,  
The great Creator's forming care.  
And shall it no attention claim  
Their beauteous infant souls to frame ?  
Shall half your precepts tend the while  
Fair nature's lovely work to spoil,  
The native innocence deface,  
The glowing blush, the modest grace,  
On follies fix their young desire,  
To trifles bid their souls aspire,  
Fill their gay heads with whims of fashion,  
And slight all other cultivation,  
Let every useless, barren weed  
Of foolish fancy run to seed,  
And make their minds the receptacle  
Of every thing that's false and fickle ;  
Where gay caprice with wanton air,  
And vanity keep constant fair,  
Where ribbons, laces, patches, puffs,  
Caps, jewels, ruffles, tippets, muffs,  
With gaudy whims of vain parade,  
Croud each apartment of the head ;

Where stands, display'd with costly pains,  
The toyshop of coquettish brains,  
And high-crown'd caps hang out the sign,  
And beaux as customers throng in ;  
Whence sense is banish'd in disgrace,  
Where wisdom dares not show her face ;  
Where the light head and vacant brain  
Spoil all ideas they contain,

As th' air-pump kills in half a minute  
Each living thing you put within it ?

It must be so ; by ancient rule  
The fair are nursed in folly's school,  
And all their education done  
Is none at all, or worse than none ;  
Whence still proceed in maid or wife,  
The follies and the ills of life.

Learning is call'd our mental diet,  
That serves the hungry mind to quiet,  
That gives the genius fresh supplies,  
Till souls grow up to common size :  
But here, despising sense refined,  
Gay trifles feed the youthful mind.  
Chameleons thus, whose colours airy  
As often as coquettes can vary,

Despise all dishes rich and rare,  
And diet wholly on the air ;  
Think fogs blest eating, nothing finer,  
And can on whirlwinds make a dinner ;  
And thronging all to feast together,  
Fare daintily in blust'ring weather.

Here to the fair alone remain  
Long years of action spent in vain ;  
Perhaps she learns (what can she less ?)  
The arts of dancing and of dress.  
But dress and dancing are to women,  
Their education's mint and cummin ;  
These lighter graces should be taught,  
And weightier matters not forgot.  
For there, where only these are shown,  
The soul will fix on these alone.  
Then most the fineries of dress,  
Her thoughts, her wish and time possess ;  
She values only to be gay,  
And works to rig herself for play ;  
Weaves scores of caps with diff'rent spires,  
And all varieties of wires ;  
Gay ruffles varying just as flow'd  
The tides and ebbings of the mode ;

Bright flow'rs, and topknots waving high;  
That float, like streamers in the sky ;  
Work'd catgut handkerchiefs, whose flaws  
Display the neck, as well as gauze ;  
Or network aprons somewhat thinnish,  
That cost but six weeks time to finish,  
And yet so neat, as you must own  
You could not buy for half a crown.  
Perhaps in youth (for country fashion  
Prescribed that mode of education,)  
She wastes long months in still more tawdry,  
And useless labours of embroid'ry ;  
With toil weaves up for chairs together,  
Six bottoms, quite as good as leather ;  
A set of curtains tapestry-work,  
The figures frowning like the Turk ;  
A tentstitch picture, work of folly,  
With portraits wrought of Dick and Dolly ;  
A coat of arms, that mark'd her house,  
Three owls rampant, the crest a goose ;  
Or shows in waxwork goodman Adam,  
And serpent gay, gallanting madam,  
A woful mimickry of Eden,  
With fruit, that needs not be forbidden ;

All useless works, that fill for beauties  
Of time and sense their vast vacuities ;  
Of sense, which reading might bestow,  
And time, whose worth they never know.

Now to some pop'lous city sent,  
She comes back prouder than she went ;  
Few months in vain parade she spares,  
Nor learns, but apes, politer airs ;  
So formal acts, with such a set air,  
That country manners far were better.  
This springs from want of just discerning,  
As pedantry from want of learning ;  
And proves this maxim true to sight,  
The half-genteel are least polite.

Yet still that active spark, the mind  
Employment constantly will find,  
And when on trifles most 'tis bent,  
Is always found most diligent ;  
For weighty works men show most sloth in,  
But labour hard at doing nothing,  
A trade, that needs no deep concern,  
Or long apprenticeship to learn,  
To which mankind at first apply  
As naturally as to cry,

Till at the last their latest groan  
Proclaims their idleness is done.  
Good sense, like fruits, is rais'd by toil ;  
But follies sprout in ev'ry soil,  
Nor culture, pains, nor planting need,  
As moss and mushrooms have no seed.

Thus HARRIET, rising on the stage,  
Learns all the arts, that please the age,  
And studies well, as fits her station,  
The trade and politics of fashion :  
A judge of modes in silks and satins,  
From tassels down to clogs and pattens ;  
A genius, that can calculate  
When modes of dress are out of date,  
Cast the nativity with ease  
Of gowns, and sacks and negligees,  
And tell, exact to half a minute,  
What's out of fashion and what's in it ;  
And scanning all with curious eye,  
Minutest faults in dresses spy ;  
(So in nice points of sight, a flea  
Sees atoms better far than we ;)  
A patriot too, she greatly labours,  
To spread her arts among her neighbours,

Holds correspondences to learn  
What facts the female world concern,  
To gain authentic state-reports  
Of varied modes in distant courts,  
The present state and swift decays  
Of tuckers, handkerchiefs and stays,  
The colour'd silk that beauty wraps,  
And all the rise and fall of caps.  
Then shines, a pattern to the fair,  
Of mien, address and modish air,  
Of every new, affected grace,  
That plays the eye, or decks the face,  
The artful smile, that beauty warms,  
And all th' hypocrisy of charms.

On sunday, see the haughty maid  
In all the glare of dress array'd,  
Deck'd in her most fantastic gown,  
Because a stranger's come to town.  
Heedless at church she spends the day,  
For homelier folks may serve to pray,  
And for devotion those may go,  
Who can have nothing else to do.  
Beauties at church must spend their care in  
Far other work, than pious hearing ;

They've beaux to conquer, bells to rival ;  
 To make them serious were uncivil.  
 For, like the preacher, they each Sunday  
 Must do their whole week's work in one day.

As though they meant to take by blows  
 Th' opposing galleries of beaux,\*  
 To church the female squadron move,  
 All arm'd with weapons used in love.  
 Like colour'd ensigns gay and fair,  
 High caps rise floating in the air ;  
 Bright silk its varied radiance flings,  
 And streamers wave in kissing-strings ;  
 Each bears th' artill'ry of her charms,  
 Like training bands at viewing arms.

So once, in fear of Indian beating,  
 Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,  
 Each man equipp'd on Sunday morn,  
 With psalm-book, shot and powder-horn ;  
 And look'd in form, as all must grant,  
 Like th' ancient, true church militant ;

\* Young people of different sexes used then to sit in the opposite galleries.

Or fierce, like modern deep divines,  
Who fight with quills, like porcupines.

Or let us turn the style and see  
Our belles assembled o'er their tea ;  
Where folly sweetens ev'ry theme,  
And scandal serves for sugar'd cream.

“And did you hear the news? (they cry)  
The court wear caps full three feet high,  
Built gay with wire, and at the end on't,  
Red tassels streaming like a pendant.

Well sure, it must be vastly pretty ;  
'Tis all the fashion in the city.

And were you at the ball last night ?

Well, Chloe look'd like any fright ;

Her day is over for a toast ;

She'd now do best to act a ghost.

You saw our Fanny ; envy must own

She figures, since she came from Boston.

Good company improves one's air—

I think the troops were station'd there.

Poor Cœlia ventured to the place ;

The small-pox quite has spoil'd her face,

A sad affair, we all confest :

But providence knows what is best.

Poor Dolly too, that writ the letter  
Of love to Dick ; but Dick knew better ;  
A secret that ; you'll not disclose it ;  
There's not a person living knows it.  
Sylvia shone out, no peacock finer ;  
I wonder what the fops see in her.  
Perhaps 'tis true what Harry maintains,  
She mends on intimate acquaintance."

Hail British lands ! to whom belongs  
Unbounded privilege of tongues,  
Blest gift of freedom, prized as rare  
By all, but dearest to the fair ;  
From grandmothers of loud renown,  
Thro' long succession handed down,  
Thence with affection kind and hearty,  
Bequeath'd unlesse'd to poster'ty !  
And all ye powers of slander, hail,  
Who teach to censure and to rail !  
By you, kind aids to prying eyes,  
Minutest faults the fair one spies,  
And specks in rival toasts can mind,  
Which no one else could ever find ;  
By shrewdest hints and doubtful guesses,  
Tears reputations all in pieces ;

Points out what smiles to sin advance,  
Finds assignations in a glance ;  
And shews how rival toasts (you'll think)  
Break all commandments with a wink.

So priests\* drive poets to the lurch  
By fulminations of the church,  
Mark in our title-page our crimes,  
Find heresies in double rhymes,  
Charge tropes with damnable opinion,  
And prove a metaphor, Arminian,  
Peep for our doctrines, as at windows,  
And pick out creeds of inuendoes.

And now the conversation sporting  
From scandal turns to trying fortune.  
Their future luck the fair foresee  
In dreams, in cards, but most in tea.  
Each finds of love some future trophy  
In settlings left of tea, or coffee ;

\* On the appearance of the first part of this poem, some of the clergy, who supposed themselves the objects of the satire, raised a clamor against the author, as the calumniator of the sacred order, and undertook, from certain passages in it, to prove that he was an infidel, or what they viewed as equally heretical, an Arminian.

There fate displays its book, she believes,  
And lovers swim in form of tea-leaves ;  
Where oblong stalks she takes for beaux,  
And squares of leaves for billet-doux ;  
Gay balls in parboil'd fragments rise,  
And specks for kisses greet her eyes.

So Roman augurs went to pry  
In victim's hearts for prophecy,  
Sought from the future world advices,  
By lights and lungs of sacrifices,  
And read with eyes more sharp than wizards'  
The book of fate in pigeon's gizzards ;  
Could tell what chief would be survivor,  
From aspects of an ox's liver,  
And cast what luck would fall in fights,  
By trine and quartile of its lights.

Yet that we fairly may proceed,  
We own that ladies sometimes read,  
And grieve, that reading is confin'd  
To books that poison all the mind ;  
Novels and plays, (where shines display'd  
A world that nature never made,)  
Which swell their hopes with airy fancies,  
And amorous follies of romances ;

Inspire with dreams the witless maiden  
 On flowery vales and fields Arcadian,  
 And contsant hearts no chance can sever,  
 And mortal loves, that last for ever.

For while she reads romance, the fair one  
 Fails not to think herself the heroine ;  
 For every glance, or smile, or grace,  
 She finds resemblance in her face,  
 Expects the world to fall before her,  
 And every fop she meets adore her.  
 Thus HARRIET reads, and reading really  
 Believes herself a young Pamela,  
 The high-wrought whim, the tender strain  
 Elate her mind and turn her brain :  
 Before her glass, with smiling grace,  
 She views the wonders of her face ;  
 There stands in admiration moveless,  
 And hopes a Grandison, or Lovelace.\*

Then shines she forth, and round her hovers  
 The powder'd swarm of bowing lovers ;

\* Richardson's novels were then in high request. Young misses were enraptured with the love-scenes, and beaux admired the character of Lovelace.

By flames of love attracted thither,  
 Fops, scholars, dunces, cits, together.  
 No lamp exposed in nightly skies,  
 E'er gather'd such a swarm of flies ;  
 Or flame in tube electric draws  
 Such thronging multitudes of straws.  
 (For I shall still take similes  
 From fire electric when I please.\*)

With vast confusion swells the sound,  
 When all the coxcombs flutter round.  
 What undulation wide of bows !  
 What gentle oaths and am'rous vows !  
 What double entendres all so smart !  
 What sighs hot-piping from the heart !  
 What jealous leers ! what angry brawls  
 To gain the lady's hand at balls !  
 What billet-doux, brimful of flame !  
 Acrostics lined with HARRIET'S name !  
 What compliments, o'er-strain'd with telling  
 Sad lies of Venus and of Helen !

\* Certain small critics had triumphed on discovering, that the writer had several times drawn his similes from the phenomena of electricity.

What wits half-crack'd with commonplaces  
On angels, goddesses and graces !

On fires of love what witty puns !

What similes of stars and suns !

What cringing, dancing, ogling, sighing,

What languishing for love, and dying !

For lovers of all things that breathe

Are most exposed to sudden death,

And many a swain much famed in rhymes

Hath died some hundred thousand times :

Yet though love oft their breath may stifle,

'Tis sung it hurts them but a trifle ;

The swain revives by equal wonder,

As snakes will join when cut asunder,

And often murder'd still survives ;

No cat hath half so many lives.

While round the fair, the coxcombs throng

With oaths, cards, billet-doux, and song,

She spread her charms and wish'd to gain

The heart of every simple swain ;

To all with gay, alluring air,

She hid in smiles the fatal snare,

For sure that snare must fatal prove,

Where falsehood wears the form of love ;

Full oft with pleasing transport hung  
On accents of each flattering tongue,  
And found a pleasure most sincere  
From each erect, attentive ear ;  
For pride was her's, that oft with ease  
Despised the man she wish'd to please.  
She loved the chace, but scorn'd the prey,  
And fish'd for hearts to throw away ;  
Joy'd at the tale of piercing darts,  
And tort'ring flames and pining hearts,  
And pleased perused the billet-doux,  
That said, " I die for love of you ;"  
Found conquest in each gallant's sighs  
And blest the murders of her eyes.

So doctors live but by the dead,  
And pray for plagues, as daily bread ;  
Thank providence for colds and fevers,  
And hold consumptions special favors ;  
And think diseases kindly made,  
As blest materials of their trade.

'Twould weary all the pow'rs of verse  
Their amorous speeches to rehearse,  
Their compliments, whose vain parade  
Turns Venus to a kitchen-maid ;

With high pretence of love and honor,  
 They vent their folly all upon her,  
 (Ev'n as the scripture precept saith,  
 More shall be given to him that hath ;)   
 Tell her how wond'rous fair they deem her,  
 How handsome all the world esteem her ;  
 And while they flatter and adore,  
 She contradicts to call for more.

“ And did they say I was so handsome ?  
 My looks—I'm sure no one can fancy 'em.  
 'Tis true we're all as we were framed,  
 And none have right to be ashamed ;  
 But as for beauty—all can tell  
 I never fancied I look'd well ;  
 I were a fright, had I a grain less.  
 You're only joking, Mr. Brainless.”

Yet beauty still maintain'd her sway,  
 And bade the proudest hearts obey ;  
 Ev'n sense her glances could beguile,  
 And vanquish'd wisdom with a smile ;  
 While merit bow'd and found no arms,  
 To oppose the conquests of her charms,  
 Caught all those bashful fears, that place  
 The mask of folly on the face,

'That awe, that robs our airs of ease,  
And blunders, when it hopes to please ;  
For men of sense will always prove  
The most forlorn of fools in love.

The fair esteem'd, admired, 'tis true,  
And praised—'tis all coquettes can do.

And when deserving lovers came,  
Believed her smiles and own'd their flame,  
Her bosom thrill'd, with joy affected  
T' increase the list, she had rejected ;  
While pleased to see her arts prevail,  
To each she told the self-same tale.

She wish'd in truth they ne'er had seen her,  
And feign'd what grief it oft had giv'n her,  
And sad, of tender-hearted make,  
Grieved they were ruin'd for her sake.

'Twas true, she own'd on recollection,  
She'd shown them proofs of kind affection :  
But they mistook her whole intent,  
For friendship was the thing she meant.  
She wonder'd how their hearts could move 'em  
So strangely as to think she'd love 'em ;  
She thought her purity above  
The low and sensual flames of love ;

And yet they made such sad ado,  
She wish'd she could have loved them too.  
She pitied them, and as a friend  
She prized them more than all mankind,  
And begg'd them not their hearts to vex,  
Or hang themselves, or break their necks,  
Told them 'twould make her life uneasy,  
If they should run forlorn, or crazy ;  
Objects of love she could not deem 'em ;  
But did most marv'lously esteem 'em.

For 'tis esteem, coquettes dispense  
Tow'rd learning, genius, worth and sense,  
Sincere affection, truth refined,  
And all the merit of the mind.

But love's the passion they experience  
For gold, and dress, and gay appearance.

For ah ! what magic charms and graces  
Are found in golden suits of laces !  
What going forth of hearts and souls  
Tow'rd glare of gilded button-holes !  
What lady's heart can stand its ground  
'Gainst hats with glittering edging bound ?  
While vests and shoes and hose conspire,  
And gloves and ruffles fan the fire,

And broadcloths, cut by tailor's arts,  
Spread fatal nets for female hearts.

And oh, what charms more potent shine,  
Drawn from the dark Peruvian mine !  
What spells and talismans of Venus  
Are found in dollars, crowns and guineas !  
In purse of gold, a single stiver  
Beats all the darts in Cupid's quiver.  
What heart so constant, but must veer,  
When drawn by thousand pounds a year !  
How many fair ones ev'ry day  
To houses fine have fall'n a prey,  
Been forced on stores of goods to fix,  
Or carried off in coach and six !  
For Cœlia, merit found no dart ;  
Five thousand sterling broke her heart,  
So witches, hunters say, confound 'em,  
For silver bullets only wound 'em.

But now the time was come, our fair  
Should all the plagues of passion share,  
And after ev'ry heart she'd won,  
By sad disaster lose her own.  
So true the ancient proverb sayeth,  
' Edge-tools are dang'rous things to play with ;'

The fisher, ev'ry gudgeon hooking,  
May chance himself to catch a ducking ;  
The child that plays with fire, in pain  
Will burn its fingers—now and then ;  
And from the dutchess to the laundress,  
Coquettes are seldom salamanders.

For lo ! Dick Hairbrain heaves in sight,  
From foreign climes returning bright ;  
He danced, he sung to admiration,  
He swore to gen'ral acceptation,  
In airs and dress so great his merit,  
He shone—no lady's eyes could bear it.  
Poor HARRIET saw ; her heart was stouter ;  
She gather'd all her smiles about her ;  
Hoped by her eyes to gain the laurels,  
And charm him down, as snakes do squirrels.  
So prized his love and wish'd to win it,  
That all her hopes were center'd in it ;  
And took such pains his heart to move,  
Herself fell desp'rately in love ;  
Though great her skill in am'rous tricks,  
She could not hope to equal Dick's ;  
Her fate she ventured on his trial,  
And lost her birthright of denial.

And here her brightest hopes miscarry ;  
For Dick was too gallant to marry.  
He own'd she'd charms for those who need 'em,  
But he, be sure, was all for freedom ;  
So, left in hopeless flames to burn,  
Gay Dick esteem'd her in her turn.  
In love, a lady once given over  
Is never fated to recover,  
Doom'd to indulge her troubled fancies,  
And feed her passion by romances ;  
And always amorous, always changing,  
From coxcomb still to coxcomb ranging,  
Finds in her heart a void, which still  
Succeeding beaux can never fill :  
As shadows vary o'er a glass,  
Each holds in turn the vacant place ;  
She doats upon her earliest pain,  
And following thousands loves in vain.

Poor HARRIET now hath had her day ;  
No more the beaux confess her sway ;  
New beauties push her from the stage ;  
She trembles at th' approach of age,  
And starts to view the alter'd face,  
That wrinkles at her in her glass :

So Satan, in the monk's tradition,  
Fear'd, when he met his apparition.

At length her name each coxcomb cancels  
From standing lists of toasts and angels ;  
And slighted where she shone before,  
A grace and goddess now no more,  
Despised by all, and doom'd to meet  
Her lovers at her rival's feet,  
She flies assemblies, shuns the ball,  
And cries out, vanity, on all ;  
Affects to scorn the tinsel-shows  
Of glittering belles and gaudy beaux ;  
Nor longer hopes to hide by dress  
The tracks of age upon her face.  
Now careless grown of airs polite,  
Her noonday nightcap meets the sight ;  
Her hair uncomb'd collects together,  
With ornaments of many a feather ;  
Her stays for easiness thrown by,  
Her rumpled handkerchief awry,  
A careless figure half undress'd,  
(The reader's wits may guess the rest ;)  
All points of dress and neatness carried,  
As though she'd been a twelvemonth married ;

She spends her breath, as years prevail,  
At this sad wicked world to rail,  
To slander all her sex *impromptu*,  
And wonder what the times will come to.

Tom Brainless, at the close of last year,  
Had been six years a rev'rend Pastor,  
And now resolved, to smooth his life,  
To seek the blessing of a wife.

His brethren saw his amorous temper,  
And recommended fair Miss Simper,  
Who fond, they heard, of sacred truth,  
Had left her levities of youth,  
Grown fit for ministerial union,  
And grave, as Christian's wife in Bunyan.

On this he rigg'd him in his best,  
And got his old grey wig new dress'd,  
Fix'd on his suit of sable stuffs,  
And brush'd the powder from the cuffs,  
With black silk stockings, yet in being,  
The same he took his first degree in ;  
Procured a horse of breed from Europe,  
And learn'd to mount him by the stirrup,  
And set forth fierce to court the maid ;  
His white-hair'd Deacon went for aid ;

And on the right, in solemn mode,  
The Reverend Mr. Brainless rode.  
Thus grave, the courtly pair advance,  
Like knight and squire in famed romance.  
The priest then bow'd in sober gesture,  
And all in scripture terms address'd her ;  
He'd found, for reasons amply known,  
It was not good to be alone,  
And thought his duty led to trying  
The great command of multiplying ;  
So with submission, by her leave,  
He'd come to look him out an Eve,  
And hoped, in pilgrimage of life,  
To find an helpmate in a wife,  
A wife discreet and fair withal,  
To make amends for Adam's fall.

In shórt, the bargain finish'd soon,  
A reverend Doctor made them one.

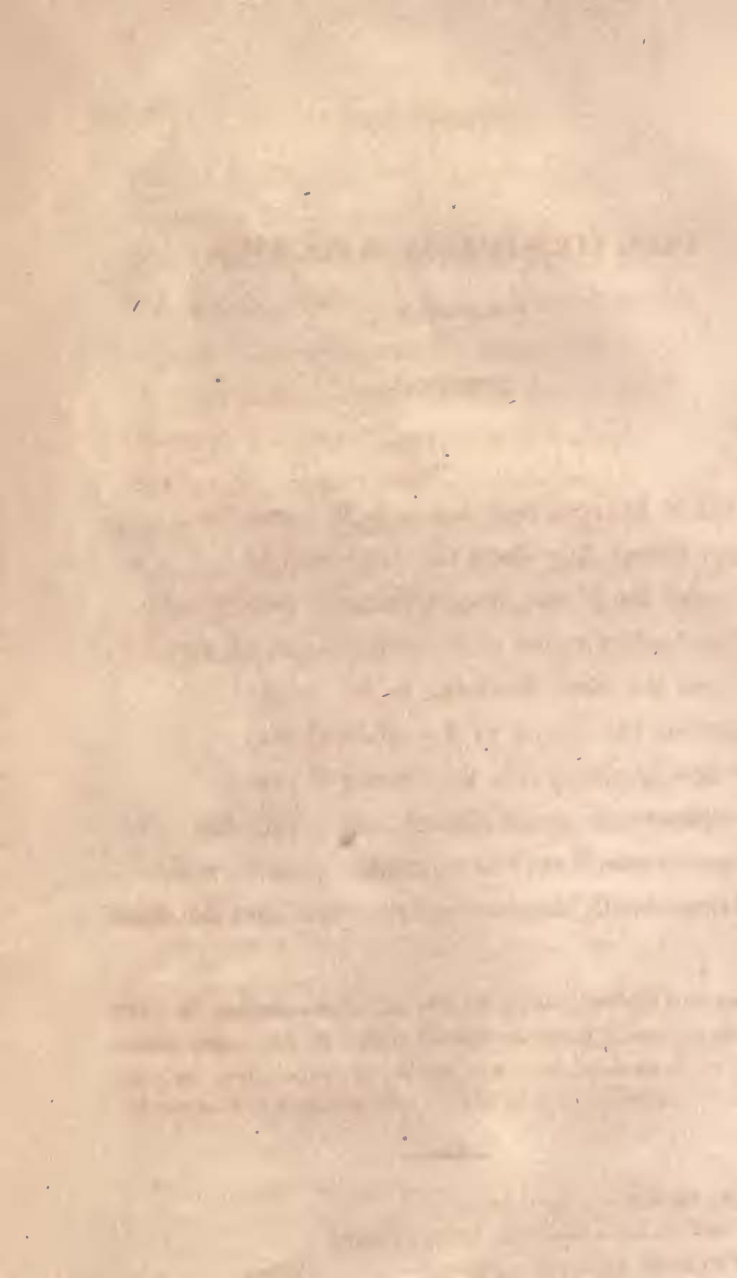
And now the joyful people rouze all  
To celebrate their priest's espousal ;  
And first, by kind agreement set,  
In case their priest a wife could get,  
The parish vote him five pounds clear,  
T' increase his salary every year.

Then swift the tag-rag gentry come  
To welcome Madam Brainless home ;  
Wish their good Parson joy ; with pride  
In order round salute the bride ;  
At home, at visits and at meetings,  
To Madam all allow precedence ;  
Greet her at church with rev'rence due,  
And next the pulpit fix her pew.

END OF PART THIRD.

**THE GENIUS OF AMERICA ;**

**AN ODE.**



# THE GENIUS OF AMERICA;

AN ODE.

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## I.

WHEN Discord high her sable flag unveil'd,  
And British fury drew the fatal sword,\*  
Wide o'er the plains, from Concord's deadly field,  
The conflict raged with many an inroad gored:†  
Till now the Sun, declining to the main,  
Forsook the circuit of the ethereal way,  
And slow evolving o'er the carnaged plain,  
Sulphureous vapors dimm'd the falling day;  
Th' encrimson'd rays in mournful splendor rise,  
And tinged with blood ascend the curtains of the skies.

THE first thirteen stanzas of this ode were composed in 1777, after the capture of Burgoyne and his army; the conclusion was added in 1778, on the expulsion of the British forces from the continent to Staten and New-York islands, after the battle of Monmouth.

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\* At the battle of Lexington.

† ————— the battle swerved

With many an inroad gored. —————

*Millon.*

## II.

The savage tumult of the battle o'er,  
 On that fair hill, near Boston's fated strand,  
 That rears her beacon in th' aerial tower,  
 Rose the sad Genius of the Western land.  
 Torn were the sacred laurels on his head ;  
 His purple robes waved careless to the wind ;  
 Aloft his arm the glittering sword display'd,  
 For slaughter'd fields in just revenge design'd ;  
 His breast in anguish heaved the heart-felt sigh,  
 And tears of vengeance burst, and lighten'd in his eye.

## III.

" 'Tis done, he cried—in vain for human weal,  
 With suppliant hand the palm of peace to rear !  
 Hear then, oh Britain, hear my last appeal  
 To heaven's dread justice and the flames of war.  
 Then come in all the terrors of thy power,  
 Stretch the long line and darken o'er the main,  
 Bid the hoarse tempest of the combat roar,  
 And hosts infuriate shake the shuddering plain ;  
 League in thy savage cause the foes of life,  
 The Hessian's barb'rous blade, the Indian's murder-  
 ing knife.

## IV.

I see my hills with banded warriors spread ;  
 On every brow the lines of battle rise ;  
 Terrific lightnings strew the fields with dead,  
 And adverse thunders echo through the skies.\*  
 The vales of Charlestown, sooth'd in bliss no more,  
 Sad wars affright and groans of parting breath ;  
 Their grass shall wither in the streams of gore,  
 And flow'rs bloom sicklied with the dews of death ;  
 O'er all her domes the bursting flames aspire,  
 Wrap the wide walls in smoke and streak the heav-  
 ens with fire.

## V.

And thou, while Glory on thy youthful bier  
 Lights her pale lamp, in robes funereal dress'd,  
 And cold sods, wet with many a falling tear,  
 Enclose the tomb, where patriot honors rest ;  
 Thou too, my Warren,† from thy ghastly wound,  
 With life's last stream thy native soil shalt lave ;  
 Enough, thy years that every virtue crown'd,  
 That every muse's laurel decks thy grave ;

\* Battle at Bunker-hill.

† Major General Joseph Warren of Boston, who fell at the head of the Massachusetts troops. In him were united the gentleman,

Enough that Liberty resounds thy name,  
 First martyr in her cause, and heir of deathless fame !

## VI.

Nor fall my sons in vain ! with awful sound  
 Fraternal blood invokes th' attentive skies.  
 Their shades shall wake, and from the gory ground,  
 Avenging guardians of my rights, arise ;  
 Shall guide the gallant hero to the field,  
 With pale affright the haughty foe appal,  
 Stretch o'er my banner'd hosts the viewless shield,  
 Edge the keen sword and wing th' unerring ball.  
 What piles of hostile chiefs, in slaughter drown'd,  
 Fill the wide scenes of death and purple all the  
 ground.

## VII.

In vain rude nature spread th' impervious wood,\*  
 And rear'd th' eternal barriers of the hills,

the scholar, the patriot and the hero. There were few from whose courage and talents more was expected, none whose loss was more universally lamented.

\* March of the American army through the wilderness to Quebec—Repulse and death of General Montgomery.

————— opposuit Natura Alpemq ; nivemq ;

Diducit scopulos &c.

*Juvenal, satir. 10.*

Wove the wild thicket, pour'd the pathless flood  
 Through marshes, deep with congregated rills !  
 My ardent warriors pierce the desperate lair,  
 Where prowls the savage panther for his prey ;  
 Now o'er the mounds, and lessening into air,  
 The daring wand'ers scale th' adventurous way ;  
 Toil, famine, danger, bar their course in vain  
 To proud Quebec's high walls, and Abraham's hap-  
 less plain.

## VIII.

Ye plains, renown'd by many a hero's tomb,  
 Whence Wolf's immortal spirit took its flight,  
 A soul as brave, with like relentless doom,  
 Speeds to the attack and tempts the embattled  
 height !  
 Ah, stay, Montgomery ! In the frowning wall [spare  
 Grim Death lies ambush'd ! Stay thy course and  
 That sacred life, too valued yet to fall ;  
 Enough thy sword has lighten'd in the war,  
 When famed St. John's\* beheld thy banners rise,  
 Wave o'er his subject vales and wanton in the skies.

\* A British fortress in Canada, north of Lake Champlain.

## IX.

Boast not, proud Albion! awed by no dismay,  
My warriors crowd the fierce conflicting scene.  
What dreadless chieftains lead their long array,  
Death-daring Putnam and unconquer'd Greene.  
And is my Washington unknown to thee,  
Whose early footsteps traced the paths of fame,  
Shielded, from fate, thy routed bands to flee,  
And screen'd thy Gage,\* to future deeds of shame!  
Heav'n calls his sword t' assert my injured cause,  
Avenger of my wrongs and guardian of my laws.

## X.

Oh, born thy country and her rights to save,  
Arise! the thunders of the war to wield;  
And through the night and ocean's awful wave,  
- Guide the frail bark and teach the storm to yield.  
When terror through each coward breast shall roll,  
And half my boasting champions woo despair,

\* At the battle of Monongahela, where General Braddock was defeated and slain. Washington, then a Colonel, had the principal merit of conducting the retreat and saving the remains of the British army.

Thy daring genius and unvanquish'd soul

Sustain my triumphs and inspire the war ;

Thy single sword, like Moses' lifted hand,

Sheds conquest on my cause and guards the sinking  
land.

## XI.

And lo, where Victory\* spreads her eagle wings,

O'er Trenton's stream and Princeton's classic plain ;

With warlike shouts th' aerial concave rings,

O'er legions captived and the piles of slain !

Through varying dangers, with unequal force,

The godlike hero guides the dubious day,

Foils the proud Howe, and checks his haughty course,

With Fabian art, victorious by delay.

O'er loss, o'er fortune and th' insulting foes,

His innate virtue shines, his conq'ring courage glows.

## XII.

Lo, † from the north, what countless myriads roll,

Nations of war and legions of the brave,

\* Capture of the Hessians at Trenton, and of a detachment of the British at Princeton.

† Capture of General Burgoyne and his army.

With all the sable tribes of savage soul,  
 From frozen climes and Huron's wintry wave!  
 The fierce Burgoyne drives on th' infuriate train,  
 Sounds the dire death-song\* through the frowning  
 wood.

Vain threat! my gath'ring sons thy pomp disdain,  
 Thy tongue of thunder and thy hands of blood;  
 Of small avail, when doom'd in arms t' engage  
 My Gates's caution calm, my Lincoln's noble rage.

### XIII.

Dig deep in earth (nor fated yet to fall)  
 Stretch thy huge ramparts in opposing line:  
 My daring bands with heav'n-born ardor join,  
 Dive the low trench and climb the baffled wall.  
 Thy troops in wild confusion through the field,  
 Sustain no more the victor's angry face;  
 Nor force nor art avail. They fall, they yield,  
 Or wing with coward flight the hasty race.  
 On every side my hardy yeomen rise, [prize.  
 And lead thy captive host, vain Albion's pride, their

\* See Burgoyne's proclamation at the commencement of his northern invasion—a compound of sanguinary threats and ostentatious bombast.

## XIV.

Hark, from th' embattled South what new alarms !\*

What streaming ensigns paint the troubled air !  
 On Monmouth plains the boasting Clinton arms,  
 And leads to fate the whole collected war.  
 Hast thou forgot how once thy warriors fled,  
 Thine early shame on Charleston's fatal wave, †  
 When terror bade thy shatter'd ships recede,  
 And call the winds to waft thee from the grave ?  
 Beat not thy pulses with accustom'd fear, [there.  
 And dread'st thou not thy foe ? for Washington is

## XV.

The deep artillery, with tremendous roar,  
 The sky's blue vault in deathful prelude rend.  
 What clouds of smoke involve the darken'd shore !  
 Through the stunn'd air what flaky flames ascend !  
 Conflicting thousands shake the shuddering ground,  
 Keen vollies echoing rock the mountains wide,  
 Afar the startled Del'ware hears the sound,  
 And Hudson trembles with recoiling tide.

\* Battle of Monmouth.

† Defeat of the British under General Clinton, and repulse of their fleet under Admiral Parker, in their attempt on Charleston in South Carolina, in 1776.

Scarce the dire shock my fainting van sustain,  
And Lee\* appall'd retires, and yields the dubious  
plain.

## XVI.

When lo, my favor'd Chief appears to save  
From fell destruction's all-devouring sweep;  
As the sun rising o'er the turbid wave,  
When night with storms hath vex'd the angry deep.  
Th' astonish'd foes maintain the fight no more,  
Fierce on their rear my rushing host impends,  
Their falling legions dye the fields with gore,  
Till dusky eve, their better hope, descends;  
Through fav'ring darkness fly the broken train,  
Steal trembling to their ships, and hide behind the  
main.

\* General Charles Lee, a British adventurer, who had joined the Americans, and commanded the front division in this action. ○ For his conduct on that occasion, he was suspended for a year from command, and never afterward employed in the service.

**LINES**

**ADDRESSED TO MESSRS. DWIGHT AND BARLOW.**



# LINES

ADDRESSED TO

MESSRS. DWIGHT AND BARLOW,

On the projected publication of their Poems in London.\*

December 1775.

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**P**LEASED with the vision of a deathless name,  
You seek perhaps a flowery road to fame ;  
Where distant far from ocean's stormy roar,  
Wind the pure vales and smiles the tranquil shore,  
Where hills sublime in vernal sweetness rise,  
And opening prospects charm the wand'ring eyes,  
While the gay dawn, propitious on your way,  
Crimsons the east and lights the orient day.

Yet vain the hope, that waits the promised bays,  
Though conscious merit claim the debt of praise ;  
Still sneering Folly wars with every art,  
Still ambush'd Envy aims the secret dart,

\* Dwight's Conquest of Canaan, and Barlow's Vision of Columbus, afterwards enlarged and entitled, The Columbiad. This designed publication was prevented by the revolutionary war.

Through hosts of foes the course of glory lies,  
Toil wins the field and hazard gains the prize.

For dangers wait, and fears of unknown name,  
The long, the dreary pilgrimage of fame ;  
Each bard invades, each judging dunce reviews,  
And every critic wars with every Muse.

As horror gloom'd along the dark'ning path,  
When famed Ulysses\* trod the vales of death ;  
Terrific voices rose, and all around  
Dire forms sprang flaming from the rocking ground ;  
Fierce Cerberus lour'd, and yawning o'er his way,  
Hell flash'd the terrors of infernal day ;  
The scornful fiends opposed his bold career,  
And sung in shrieks the prelude of his fear.  
Thus at each trembling step, the Poet hears  
Dread groans and hisses murmur in his ears ;  
In every breeze a shaft malignant flies,  
Cerberian forms in every rival rise ;  
There yawning wide before his path extends  
Th' infernal gulph, where Critics are the fiends ;  
From gloomy Styx pale conflagrations gleam,  
And dread oblivion rolls in Lethe's stream.

\* Homer's Odyssey, Book 11.

And see, where yon proud Isle\* her shores extends  
The cloud of Critics on your Muse descends!  
From every side, with deadly force, shall steer  
The fierce Review, the censuring Gazetteer,  
Light Magazines, that pointless jests supply,  
And quick Gazettes, that coin the current lie.  
Each coffee-house shall catch the loud alarms,  
The Temple swarm, and Grub-street wake to arms.  
As vultures, sailing through the darken'd air,  
Whet their keen talons, and their beaks prepare,  
O'er warring armies wait th' approaching fray,  
And sate their wishes on the future prey:  
Each cens'rer thus the tempting lure pursues,  
And hangs o'er battles of your Epic muse,

\* Great-Britain.—See the British Reviewers, for the fulfilment of this prediction.

The English scribblers began their abuse, by asserting that all the Americans were cowards. Subsequent events have taught them a reverent silence on that topic. They now labour, with equal wit and eloquence, to prove our universal ignorance and stupidity.—The present writers in the Quarterly Review have made it the vehicle of insult and slander upon our genius and manners. Whether they will be more successful with the pen, than with the sword, in prostrating America at their feet, Time, the ancient arbiter, will determine in due season.

The pamper'd critic feeds on slaughter'd names,  
And each new bard a welcome feast proclaims.

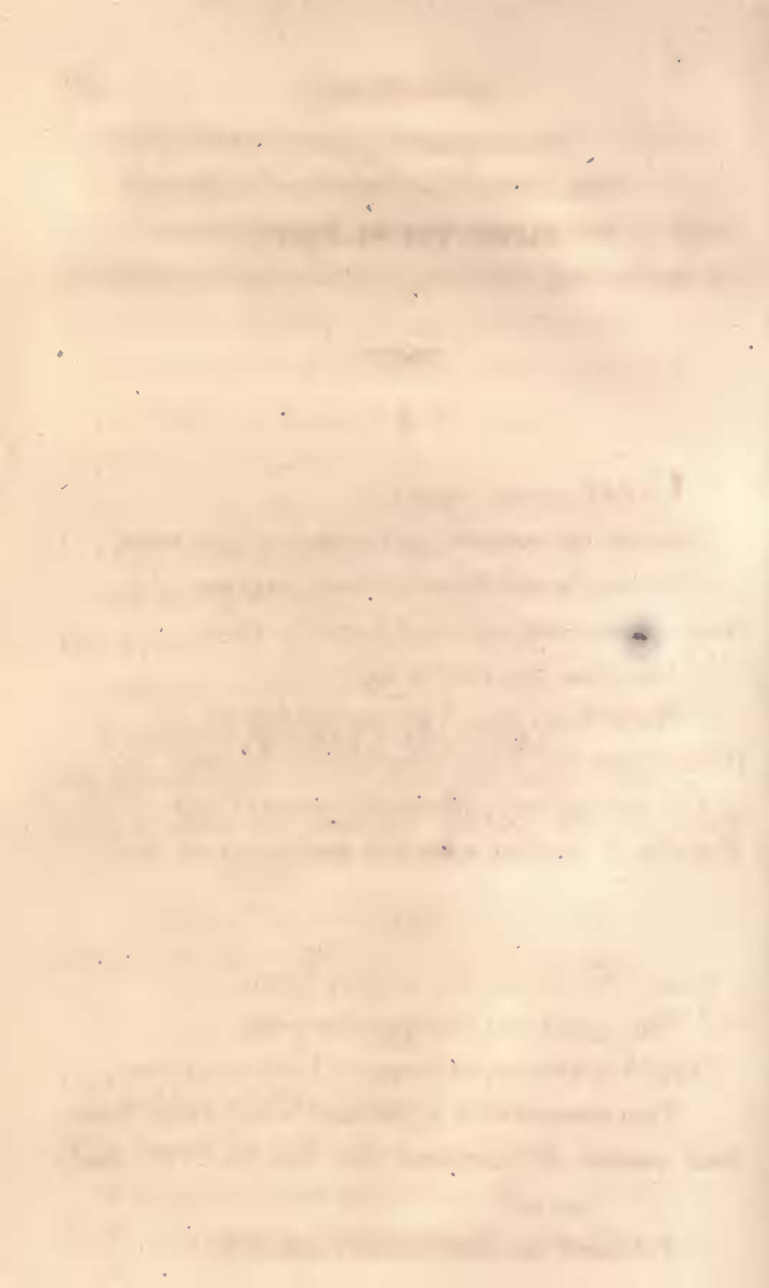
Such men to charm, could Homer's muse avail,  
Who read to cavil, and who write to rail ;  
When ardent genius pours the bold sublime,  
Carp at the style, or nibble at the rhyme ;  
Misstate your thoughts, misconstrue your design,  
And cite, as samples, every feebl' line ?  
To praise your muse be your admirer's care ;  
Her faults alone the critics make their share.  
Where you succeed, beyond their sphere you've flown,  
But where you fail, the realm is all their own.  
By right they claim whatever faults are found,  
For nonsense trespasses on critic ground ;  
By right they claim the blunders of your lays,  
As lords of manors seize on waifs and strays.

Yet heed not these, but join the sons of song,  
And scorn the censures of the envious throng ;  
Prove to the world, in these new-dawning skies,  
What genius kindles and what arts arise ;  
What fav'ring Muses lent their willing aid,  
As gay through Pindus' flowery paths you stray'd ;  
While in your strains the purest morals flow'd,  
Rules to the great, and lessons to the good.

All Virtue's friends are yours. Disclose the lays ;  
Your country's heroes claim the debt of praise ;  
Fame shall assent, and future years admire  
Barlow's strong flight, and Dwight's Homeric fire.



**ODE TO SLEEP.**



## ODE TO SLEEP.

1773.

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### I.

COME, gentle Sleep!

Balm of my wounds and softner of my woes,  
And lull my weary heart in sweet repose,  
And bid my sadden'd soul forget to weep,  
And close the tearful eye ;  
While dewy eve with solemn sweep,  
Hath drawn her fleecy mantle o'er the sky,  
And chaced afar, adown th' ethereal way,  
The din of bustling care and gaudy eye of day.

### II.

Come, but thy leaden sceptre leave,  
Thy opiate rod, thy poppies pale,  
Dipp'd in the torpid fount of Lethe's stream,  
That shroud with night each intellectual beam,  
And quench th' immortal fire, in deep Oblivion's  
wave.  
Yet draw the thick impervious veil



While furies with infernal glare,  
Wave their pale torches through the troubled air ;  
And deep from Darkness' inmost womb,  
Sad groans dispart the icy tomb,  
And bid the sheeted spectre rise,  
Mid shrieks and fiery shapes and deadly fantasies.

## V.

Come and loose the mortal chain,  
That binds to clogs of clay th' ethereal wing ;  
And give th' astonish'd soul to rove,  
Where never sunbeam stretch'd its wide domain ;  
And hail her kindred forms above,  
In fields of uncreated spring,  
Aloft where realms of endless glory rise,  
And rapture paints in gold the landscape of the skies.

## VI.

Then through the liquid fields we'll climb,  
Where Plato treads empyreal air,  
Where daring Homer sits sublime,  
And Pindar rolls his fiery car ;  
Above the cloud-encircled hills,  
Where high Parnassus lifts his airy head,

And Helicon's melodious rills  
 Flow gently through the warbling glade ;  
 And all the Nine, in deathless choir combined,  
 Dissolve in harmony th' enraptured mind,  
 And every bard, that tuned th' immortal lay,  
 Basks in th' ethereal blaze, and drinks celestial day.

## VII.

Or call to my transported eyes  
 Happier scenes for lovers made,  
 Bid the twilight grove arise,  
 Lead the rivulet through the glade.  
 In some flowering arbor laid,  
 Where opening roses taste the honied dew,  
 And plummy songsters carol through the shade,  
 Recall my long-lost wishes to my view.  
 Bid Time's inverted glass return  
 The scenes of bliss with hope elate,  
 And hail the once expected morn,  
 And burst the iron bands of fate.  
 Graced with all her virgin charms,  
 Attractive smiles and past, responsive flame,  
 Restore my \*\*\*\*\* to my arms,  
 Just to her vows and faithful to her fame.

## VIII.

Hymen's torch with hallow'd fire  
 Rising beams th' auspicious ray.  
 Wake the dance, the festive lyre  
 Warbling sweet the nuptial lay ;  
 Gay with beauties, once alluring,  
 Bid the bright Enchantress move,  
 Eyes that languish, smiles of rapture,  
 And the rosy blush of love.  
 On her glowing breast reclining,  
 Mid that paradise of charms,  
 Every blooming grace combining,  
 Yielded to my circling arms,  
 I clasp the Fair, and kindling at the view,  
 Press to my heart the dear deceit, and think the  
 transport true.

## IX.

Hence, false delusive dreams, *- See Il Pensier*  
 Fantastic hopes and mortal passions vain !  
 Ascend, my soul to nobler themes  
 Of happier import and sublimer strain.  
 Rising from this sphere of night,  
 Pierce yon blue vault, ingemm'd with golden fires ;

Beyond where Saturn's languid car retires,  
 Or Sirius keen outvies the solar ray,  
 To worlds from every dross terrene refined,  
     Realms of the pure, ethereal mind,  
     Warm with the radiance of unchanging day :  
     Where Cherub-forms and Essences of light,  
     With holy song and heavenly rite,  
 From rainbow clouds their strains immortal pour ;  
     An earthly guest, in converse high,  
     Explore the wonders of the sky,  
 From orb to orb with guides celestial soar,  
 And take, through heaven's wide round, the Univer-  
     sal tour.

## X.

And find that mansion of the blest,  
 Where rising ceaseless from this lethal stage, [ed,  
     Heaven's favorite sons, from earthly chains releas-  
 In happier Eden pass th' eternal age.

The newborn soul beholds th' angelic face  
 Of holy Sires, that thron'd the blissful plain,  
 Or meets his consort's loved embrace,  
 Or clasps the son, so lost, so mourn'd in vain.

There, charm'd with each endearing wile,  
     Maternal fondness greets her infant's smile ;

Long-sever'd friends, in transport doubly dear,  
Unite and join th' interminable train—

And hark! a well-known voice I hear,  
I spy my sainted friend! I meet my HOWE\* again!

## XI.

Hail, sacred shade! for not to dust consign'd,  
Lost in the grave, thine ardent spirit lies,  
Nor fail'd that warm benevolence of mind  
To claim the birthright of its native skies.

What radiant glory and celestial grace,  
Immortal meed of piety and praise!

Come to my visions, friendly shade,  
'Gainst all assaults my wayward weakness arm,  
Raise my low thoughts, my nobler wishes aid,  
When passions rage, or vain allurements charm;  
The pomp of learning and the boast of art,  
The glow, that fires in genius' boundless range,  
The pride, that wings the keen, satiric dart,  
And hails the triumph of revenge.

\* Rev. Joseph Howe, pastor of a church in Boston, sometime a fellow-tutor with the author at Yale-College. He died in 1775. The conclusion of the Ode was varied, by inserting this tribute of affection.

Teach me, like thee, to feel and know  
Our humble station in this vale of woe,  
Twilight of life, illumed with feeble ray,  
The infant dawning of eternal day ;  
With heart expansive, through this scene improve  
The social soul of harmony and love ;  
To heavenly hopes alone aspire and prize  
The virtue, knowledge, bliss and glory of the skies.

A FABLE.



TO A YOUNG LADY,

Who requested the Writer to draw her Character.

Sept. 1774.

A FABLE.

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IN vain, fair Maid, you ask in vain,  
My pen should try th' advent'rous strain,  
And following truth's unalter'd law,  
Attempt your character to draw.  
I own indeed, that generous mind  
That weeps the woes of human kind,  
That heart by friendship's charms inspired,  
That soul with sprightly fancy fired,  
The air of life, the vivid eye,  
The flowing wit, the keen reply—  
To paint these beauties as they shine,  
Might ask a nobler pen than mine.

Yet what sure strokes can draw the Fair,  
Who vary, like the fleeting air,  
Like willows bending to the force,  
Where'er the gales direct their course,

Opposed to no misfortune's power,  
And changing with the changing hour.  
Now gaily sporting on the plain,  
They charm the grove with pleasing strain ;  
Anon disturb'd, they know not why,  
The sad tear trembles in their eye :  
Led through vain life's uncertain dance,  
The dupes of whim, the slaves of chance.

From me, not famed for much goodnature,  
Expect not compliment, but satire ;  
To draw your picture quite unable,  
Instead of fact accept a Fable.

One morn, in Æsop's noisy time,  
When all things talk'd, and talk'd in rhyme,  
A cloud exhaled by vernal beams  
Rose curling o'er the glassy streams.  
The dawn her orient blushes spread,  
And tinged its lucid skirts with red,  
Wide waved its folds with glitt'ring dies,  
And gaily streak'd the eastern skies ;  
Beneath, illumed with rising day,  
The sea's broad mirror floating lay.  
Pleased, o'er the wave it hung in air,  
Survey'd its glittering glories there,  
And fancied, dress'd in gorgeous show,  
Itself the brightest thing below :

For clouds could raise the vaunting strain,  
And not the fair alone were vain.

Yet well it knew, howe'er array'd,  
That beauty, e'en in clouds, might fade,  
That nothing sure its charms could boast  
Above the loveliest earthly toast ;  
And so, like them, in early dawn  
Resolved its picture should be drawn,  
That when old age with length'ning day  
Should brush the vivid rose away,  
The world should from the portrait own  
Beyond all clouds how bright it shone.

Hard by, a painter raised his stage,  
Far famed, the *Copley*\* of his age.  
So just a form his colours drew,  
Each eye the perfect semblance knew ;  
Yet still on every blooming face  
He pour'd the pencil's flowing grace ;  
Each critic praised the artist rare,  
Who drew so like, and yet so fair.

To him, high floating in the sky  
Th' elated Cloud advanced t' apply.

\* A celebrated American painter, who excelled in portraits. He afterwards visited London, where he gained a very high reputation by his picture of the death of Lord Chatham.

The painter soon his colours brought,  
The Cloud then sat, the artist wrought ;  
Survey'd her form, with flatt'ring strictures,  
Just as when ladies sit for pictures,  
Declared " whatever art can do,  
My utmost skill shall try for you :  
But sure those strong and golden dies  
Dipp'd in the radiance of the skies,  
'Those folds of gay celestial dress,  
No mortal colours can express.  
Not spread triumphal o'er the plain,  
The rainbow boasts so fair a train,  
Nor e'en the morning sun so bright,  
Who robes his face in heav'nly light.  
To view that form of angel make,  
Again Ixion would mistake,\*  
And justly deem so fair a prize,  
The sovereign Mistress of the skies,"  
He said, and drew a mazy line,  
With crimson touch his pencils shine,

\* The Grecian poets tell us, that Ixion having made an assignation with Juno, the goddess formed a cloud in her own shape and substituted it in her stead ; on which, unconscious of the deception, he begat the Centaurs.

The mingling colours sweetly fade,  
And justly temper light and shade.

He look'd; the swelling Cloud on high  
With wider circuit spread the sky,  
Stretch'd to the sun an ampler train,  
And pour'd new glories on the main.  
As quick, effacing every ground,  
His pencil swept the canvas round,  
And o'er its field, with magic art,  
Call'd forth new forms in every part.

But now the sun, with rising ray,  
Advanced with speed his early way;  
Each colour takes a differing die,  
The orange glows, the purples fly.  
The artist views the alter'd sight,  
And varies with the varying light;  
In vain! a sudden gust arose,  
New folds ascend, new shades disclose,  
And sailing on with swifter pace,  
The Cloud displays another face.  
In vain the painter, vex'd at heart,  
Tried all the wonders of his art;  
In vain he begg'd, her form to grace,  
One moment she would keep her place;  
For, "changing thus with every gale,  
Now gay with light, with gloom now pale,

Now high in air with gorgeous train,  
Now settling on the darken'd main,  
With looks more various than the moon ;  
A French coquette were drawn as soon."

He spoke ; again the air was mild,  
The Cloud with opening radiance smiled ;  
With canvas new his art he tries,  
Anew he joins the glitt'ring dies ;  
Th' admiring Cloud with pride beheld  
Her image deck the pictured field,  
And colours half-complete adorn  
The splendor of the painted morn.

When lo, the stormy winds arise,  
Deep gloom invests the changing skies ;  
The sounding tempest shakes the plain,  
And lifts in billowy surge the main.  
The Cloud's gay dies in darkness fade,  
Its folds condense in thicker shade,  
And borne by rushing blasts, its form  
With lowering vapour joins the storm.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.



THE SPEECH OF PROTEUS TO ARISTÆUS,

CONTAINING THE STORY OF

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE;

Translated from the 4th book of Virgil's Georgics. A collegiate  
exercise. June 1770.

---

**A** GOD pursues thee with immortal hate,  
By crimes provok'd, that wake the wrath of fate ;  
In guiltless woe the hapless Orpheus died,  
And calls the powers t' avenge his injured bride.

Along the stream, with flying steps she strove  
To shun the fury of thy lawless love,  
Unhappy Fair! nor on the fated way  
Saw the dire snake, that ambush'd for his prey.

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GEORGIC. Lib. 4. v. 453.

**N**ON te nullius exercent numinis iræ ;  
Magna luis commissa : tibi has miserabilis Orpheus  
Haudquaquam ob meritum pœnas (ni fata resistant)  
Suscitât, & rapta graviter pro conjuge sævit.  
Illa quidem, dum te fugeret per flumina præceps,  
Immanem ante pedes hydram moritura puella  
Servantem ripas alta non vidit in herba.

Her sister Dryades wail'd the deadly wound,  
 The lofty hills their melting cries resound ;  
 Then wept the rocks of Rhodope, the towers  
 Of high Pangæus, and the Rhesian shores ;  
 The mournful sounds the Attic lands convey,  
 And Hebrus rolls in sadden'd waves away.

He, on his lyre, essay'd with tuneful art  
 To sooth the ceaseless anguish of his heart ;  
 Thee, his fair bride, to lone distress a prey,  
 Thee sung at rising, thee at falling day.  
 Then sought the realms of death and Stygian Jove,  
 Through blackening horrors of th' infernal grove,  
 Mid direful ghosts and powers of deep despair,  
 Unknown to pity and unmoved by prayer.

At chorus æqualis Dryadum clamore supremos  
 Implerunt montes : flerunt Rhodopeiæ arces,  
 Altaque Pangæa, & Rhesi Mavortia tellus,  
 Atque Getæ, atque Hebrus, atque Actias Orithyia.  
 Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine anorem,  
 Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in litore secum,  
 Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.  
 Tænarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditis,  
 Et caligantem nigra formidine lucum  
 Ingressus, Manesque adiit, regemque tremendum,  
 Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.

From Hell's dark shores, to Orpheus' melting song,  
 On every side the gloomy nations throng ;  
 Thin, airy shades, pale spectres lost to light,  
 Like fancied forms, that glide athwart the night.  
 As flitting birds, in summer's checquer'd shade,  
 Dance on the boughs and flutter through the glade,  
 Or seek the woods, when night descends amain,  
 And pours in storms along the wintry plain :  
 Men, matrons, round the sweet musician press'd,  
 The spouseless maidens and the youths unblest,  
 Snatch'd from their parents' eyes, or doom'd to yield  
 In war's dire combats on the crimson field ;  
 Whom the deep fens, that drain the moory ground,  
 And black Cocytus' reedy lake surround,

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At cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus imis  
 Umbrae ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum ;  
 Quam multa in sylvis avium se millia condunt,  
 Vesper ubi, aut hybernus agit de montibus imber :  
 Matres, atque viri, defunctaque corpora vita  
 Magnanimum heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,  
 Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum.  
 Quos circum limus niger, & deformis arundo  
 Cocyti, tarda que palus inamabilis unda

Where baleful Styx her mournful margin laves,  
And deadly Lethe rolls th' oblivious waves.

Hell heard the song ; and fix'd in deep amaze,  
On the sweet bard the snaky Furies gaze ;  
Grim Cerb'rus hung entranced ; and ceased to reel  
The giddy circle of Ixion's wheel.

These dangers 'scaped, he seeks the upper air,  
Elate with joy, and follow'd by the Fair ;  
Such law the fates imposed : but doom'd to prove  
The sudden madness of ill-omen'd love ;  
Could Fate relent, or melt at human woe,  
A venial crime, were venial aught below !  
Light gleam'd at hand, the shades of death retire ;  
With wishes wild and vanquish'd with desire,

Alligat, & novies Styx interfusa coerctet.

Quin ipsæ stupuere domus, atque intima lethi  
Tartara, cœruleosque implexæ crinibus angues  
Eumenides ; tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora ;  
Atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis.

Jamq; pedem referens, casus evaserat omnes,  
Redditaque Euridice superas veniebat ad auras, [gem:  
Pone sequens ; namque hanc dederat Proserpina le-  
Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,  
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.

His fears forgot, he turn'd ; his lovely bride,  
 Given to his hope, with trembling glance espied.  
 There end thy joys, and vanish'd into air  
 Thy fancied raptures and thy fruitless care ;  
 Broke is the league, and thrice tremendous roars  
 The warning thunder on th' infernal shores.

What rage, she cried, thus blasts our joys again,  
 Pair'd in sad fates and doom'd to endless pain !  
 Hark ! the dread summons calls me back to woes ;  
 My swimming eyes eternal slumbers close ;  
 A last farewell ! the stygian horrors rise,  
 And roll'd in night my parting spirit flies ;  
 Vain my weak arms, extended to restore  
 The bridal hand, that must be thine no more.

Restitit, Eurydicenq; suam jam luce sub ipsa,  
 Immemor, heu ! victusq; animi, respexit : ibi omnis  
 Effusus labor, atque immitis rupta tyranni  
 Fœdera, terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernus.  
 Illa ; Quis & me, inquit, miseram, & te perdidit, Or-  
 Quis tantus furor ? en iterum crudelia retro [pheu ?  
 Fata vocant, conditq; natantia lumina somnus.  
 Jamque vale : feror ingenti circumdata nocte,  
 Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu ! non tua, palmas.

She said, and vanish'd instant from his eye,  
 Like melting smoke, that mingles with the sky.  
 No kind embrace his deepening grief t' allay;  
 No farewell word, though much he wish'd to say,  
 Nor hope remain'd. Stern Charon now no more  
 Consents to waft him to the adverse shore.  
 Again divorced from all his soul must love,  
 No tears could melt, nor songs the fates could move.  
 Her, breathless, pale, to mansions of the grave,  
 The bark bore floating on the stygian wave.

In gelid caves with horrid glooms array'd,  
 Where cloud-topt hills project an awful shade,  
 Along the margin of the desert shore,  
 Where lonely Strymon's rushing waters roar,

Dixit, & ex oculis subito, ceu fumus in auras  
 Commixtus tenues, fugit diversa; neque illum  
 Prensantem nequicquam umbras, & multa volentem  
 Dicere, præterea vidit; nec portitor Orci  
 Amplius objectam passus transire paludem.  
 Quid faceret? quo se rapta bis conjuge ferret?  
 Quo fletu Manes, qua numina voce moveret?  
 Illa quidem Stygia nabat jam frigida cymba.

Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine menses  
 Rupe sub aëria, deserti ad Strymonis undam

Seven hapless months he wept his fatal love,  
 His ravish'd bride, and blamed relentless Jove.  
 Stern tigers soften'd at the tuneful sound,  
 The thickets move, the forests dance around :  
 So in some poplar's shade, with soothing song  
 Sad Philomela mourns her captive young,  
 When some rude swain hath found th' unfeather'd  
 Her nest despoil'd and borne the prize away ; [prey,  
 Through the long night she breathes her tuneful strain,  
 The slow, deep moan resounds, and echoes o'er the  
 plain.

Pleasure no more his soul estranged could move,  
 The charms of beauty, or the joys of love.  
 Alone he stray'd where freezing Tanais flows  
 Through drear wastes, wedded to perennial snows,

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Flevisse, & gelidis hæc evolvisse sub antris,  
 Mulcentem tigres, & agentem carmine quercus.  
 Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra  
 Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator  
 Observans nido implumes, detraxit ; at illa  
 Flet noctem, ramoq; sedens miserabile carmen  
 Integrat, & mœstis late loca questibus implet.  
 Nulla Venus, nulliq; animum flexere hymenæi.  
 Solus Hyperboreas glacies, Tanaimq; nivalem,

Mourn'd his lost bride, th' infernal power's deceit,  
And cursed the vain, illusive gifts of fate.

When Bacchus' orgies stain'd the midnight skies,  
Their proffers scorn'd, the Thracian matrons rise.  
Their hopeless rage the bleeding victim tore,  
His sever'd limbs are scatter'd on the shore,  
Rent from his breathless corse, swift Hebrus sweeps  
His gory visage to the opening deeps.  
Yet when cold death sate trembling on his tongue,  
With fainting soul, Eurydice, he sung ;  
Ah dearest, lost Eurydice ! he cries ;  
Eurydice, the plaintive shore replies.

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Arvaque Riphæis nunquam viduata pruinis,  
Lustrabat ; raptam Eurydicen, atq; irrita Ditis  
Dona querens : spreto Ciconum quo munere matres,  
Inter sacra Deum, nocturniq; orgia Bacchi,  
Discerptum latos juvenem sparsere per agros.  
Tum quoq; marmorea caput a cervice revulsum,  
Gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus  
Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa & frigida lingua,  
Ah miseram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat ;  
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.

## THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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# THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM.

NUMBERS, Chapters 23d and 24th.

December 1773.

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I.

ON lofty Peor's brow,  
That rears its forehead to the sky,  
And sees the airy vapors fly,  
And clouds in bright expansion sail below,  
Sublime the Prophet stood.  
Beneath its pine-clad side,  
The distant world her varied landscape yields ;  
Winding vales and length'ning fields,  
Streams in sunny maze that flow'd,  
Stretch'd immense in prospect wide,  
Forests green in summer's pride.  
Waving glory gilds the main,  
The dazzling sun ascending high,  
While earth's blue verge, at distance dimly seen,  
Spreads from the aching sight, and fades into the sky.

## II.

Beneath his feet, along the level plain,  
The host of Israel stretch'd in deep array ;  
Their tents rose frequent on the enamell'd green,  
Bright to the wind the color'd streamers play.

Red from the slaughter of their foes,  
In awful steel th' embattled heroes stood ;  
High o'er the shaded ark in terror rose  
The cloud, the dark pavilion of their God.

Before the Seer's unwilling eyes,

The years unborn ascend to sight ;

He saw their opening morn arise,

Bright in the sunshine of the fav'ring skies ;

While from th' insufferable light,

Fled the dire dæmons of opposing night.

No more, elate with stygian aid,

He waves the wand's enchanted power,

And baleful through the hallow'd glade,

His magic\* footsteps rove no more.

Fill'd with prophetic fire, he lifts his hand

O'er the deep host in dim array ;

And awed by heaven's supreme command,

Pours forth the rapture of the living lay.

\* Numbers, xxiv, 1. And when Balaam saw that it pleased God to bless Israel, he went not, as at other times, to seek enchantments.

## III.

Fair, oh Israel, are thy tents,\*  
 Blest the banners of thy fame ;  
 Blest the dwellings of his saints,  
 Where their God displays his name.

Fair as these vales,† that stretch their lawns so wide,  
 As gardens smile in flow'ry meadows fair,  
 As rising cedars, on the streamlet's side,  
 Unfold their arms and court the fragrant air.

Vain is magic's deadly force,  
 Vain the dire enchanter's spell,  
 Waving wand or charmed curse,  
 Vain the pride, the rage of hell.

From Peor's high, illumined brow,  
 I see‡ th' Eternal Power reveal'd,  
 And all the lengthen'd plain below  
 O'ershrouded by th' Almighty Shield.

\* Verse 5. How beautiful are thy tents, O Jacob ! and thy tabernacles, O Israel !

† As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as cedars beside the waters. V. 6.

Chapter xxiii, verse 23. Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither any divination against Israel.

‡ From the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him. Chapter xxiii, 9.

God, their guardian God, descends,  
 And Israel's fav'rite host Omnipotence defends.

## IV.

And see, bright Judah's Star\* ascending  
 Fires the east with crimson day,  
 Awful o'er his foes impending,  
 Pours wide the lightning of his ray,  
 And flames destruction on th' opposing world.  
 Death's broad banners dark, unfurl'd,  
 Wave o'er his blood-encircled way.  
 Sceptred king of Moab, hear,  
 Deeds that future times await,  
 Deadly triumph, war severe,  
 Israel's pride and Moab's fate.  
 What echoing terrors burst upon mine ear!  
 What awful forms in flaming horror rise!  
 Empurpled Rage, pale Ruin, heart-struck Fear,  
 In scenes of blood ascend, and skim before my eyes.

\* There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall arise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth. Chap. xxiv, 17, &c.

## V.

Dimly on the skirt of night,  
 O'er thy sons the cloud impends ;  
 Echoing storm with wild affright,  
 Loud the astonish'd ether rends.

Long hosts, emblazed with sunbright shields, appear,  
 And Death, in fierce career,  
 Glides on their light'ning swords : along thy shores,  
 Arm'd with the bolts of fate,  
 What hostile navies wait !

Above, around, the shout of ruin roars.

For nought avails, that clad in spiry pride,  
 Thy rising cities glitter'd on the day ;  
 The vengeful arms wave devastation wide,  
 And give thy pompous domes to smouldering flames  
 a prey.

## VI.

Edom\* bows her lofty head,  
 Seir submits her vanquish'd lands,  
 Amalek, of hosts the dread,  
 Sinks beneath their wasting hands.

\* Edom shall be a possession, Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies, and Israel shall do valiantly. See chapter xxiv. from verse 18 to the end.

See, whelm'd in smoky heaps, the ruin'd walls  
Rise o'er thy children's hapless grave !

Low thy blasted glory falls ;  
Vain the pride that could not save !

Israel's swords arrest the prey,  
Back to swift fate thy trembling standards turn ;  
Black desolation rolls along their way,  
War sweeps in front, and flames behind them burn ;  
And Death and dire Dismay  
Unfold their universal grave, and ope the mighty  
urn.

A FABLE.

1871  
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the membership of the Society since the last meeting of the Council.

- Mr. John Smith
- Mr. James Brown
- Mr. Robert White
- Mr. Thomas Green
- Mr. William Black
- Mr. Charles Grey
- Mr. Henry Gold
- Mr. George Silver
- Mr. Edward Wood
- Mr. Richard Stone
- Mr. Benjamin Hill
- Mr. Samuel Young
- Mr. Daniel King
- Mr. Joseph Lee
- Mr. Matthew Walker
- Mr. Philip Hall
- Mr. Andrew Scott
- Mr. George Adams
- Mr. Thomas Baker
- Mr. James Carter
- Mr. Robert Evans
- Mr. William Fisher
- Mr. Charles Hall
- Mr. Henry King
- Mr. George Lee
- Mr. Edward Miller
- Mr. Richard Norman
- Mr. Benjamin Parker
- Mr. Samuel Quinn
- Mr. Daniel Reed
- Mr. Joseph Stone
- Mr. Matthew Taylor
- Mr. Philip Walker
- Mr. Andrew Young
- Mr. George Adams
- Mr. Thomas Baker
- Mr. James Carter
- Mr. Robert Evans
- Mr. William Fisher
- Mr. Charles Hall
- Mr. Henry King
- Mr. George Lee
- Mr. Edward Miller
- Mr. Richard Norman
- Mr. Benjamin Parker
- Mr. Samuel Quinn
- Mr. Daniel Reed
- Mr. Joseph Stone
- Mr. Matthew Taylor
- Mr. Philip Walker
- Mr. Andrew Young

THE OWL AND THE SPARROW.

A FABLE.\*

1772.

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---

**I**N elder days, in Saturn's prime,  
Ere baldness seized the head of Time,  
While truant Jove, in infant pride,  
Play'd barefoot on Olympus' side,  
Each thing on earth had power to chatter,  
And spoke the mother tongue of nature.  
Each stock or stone could prate and gabble,  
Worse than ten labourers of Babel.  
Along the street, perhaps you'd see  
A Post disputing with a Tree,  
And mid their arguments of weight,  
A Goose sit umpire of debate.  
Each Dog you met, though speechless now,  
Would make his compliments and bow,

\* In the course of a poetical correspondence with a friend, having received a very humorous letter in ridicule of Love, &c. I sent him this fable in return.

And every Swine with congees come,  
 To know how did all friends at home.  
 Each Block sublime could make a speech,  
 In style and eloquence as rich,  
 And could pronounce it and could pen it,  
 As well as Chatham in the senate.

Nor prose alone.—In these young times,  
 Each field was fruitful too in rhymes ;  
 Each feather'd minstrel felt the passion,  
 And every wind breathed inspiration.  
 Each Bullfrog croak'd in loud bombastic,  
 Each Monkey chatter'd Hudibrastic ;  
 Each Cur, endued with yelping nature,  
 Could outbark Churchill's\* self in satire ;  
 Each Crow in prophecy delighted,  
 Each Owl, you saw, was second-sighted,  
 Each Goose a skilful politician,  
 Each Ass a gifted met'physician,  
 Could preach in wrath 'gainst laughing rogues,  
 Write *Halfway-covenant Dialogues*,†

\* Churchill, the English satirist.

† Alluding to the titles of several violent controversial productions of that day, concerning the terms of admission to church-fellowship.

And wisely judge of all disputes  
In commonwealths of men or brutes.

'Twas then, in spring a youthful Sparrow  
Felt the keen force of Cupid's arrow :  
For Birds, as Æsop's tales avow,  
Made love then, just as men do now,  
And talk'd of deaths and flames and darts,  
And breaking necks and losing hearts ;  
And chose from all th' aerial kind,  
Not then to tribes, like Jews, confined.  
The story tells, a lovely Thrush  
Had smit him from a neigh'bring bush,  
Where oft the young coquette would play,  
And carol sweet her siren lay :  
She thrill'd each feather'd heart with love,  
And reign'd the Toast of all the grove.

He felt the pain, but did not dare  
Disclose his passion to the fair ;  
For much he fear'd her conscious pride  
Of race, to noble blood allied.  
Her grandsire's nest conspicuous stood,  
Mid loftiest branches of the wood,  
In airy height, that scorn'd to know  
Each flitting wing that waved below.  
So doubting, on a point so nice  
He deem'd it best to take advice.

Hard by there dwelt an aged Owl,  
Of all his friends the gravest fowl ;  
Who from the cares of business free,  
Lived, hermit, in a hollow tree ;  
To solid learning bent his mind,  
In trope and syllogism he shined,  
'Gainst reigning follies spent his railing ;  
Too much a Stoic—'twas his failing.

Hither for aid our Sparrow came,  
And told his errand and his name,  
With panting breath explain'd his case,  
Much trembling at the sage's face ;  
And begg'd his Owlship would declare  
If love were worth a wise one's care.

The grave Owl heard the weighty cause,  
And humm'd and hah'd at every pause ;  
Then fix'd his looks in sapient plan,  
Stretch'd forth one foot, and thus began.

“ My son, my son, of love beware,  
And shun the cheat of beauty's snare ;  
That snare more dreadful to be in,  
Than huntsman's net, or horse-hair gin.  
“ By others' harms learn to be wise,”  
As ancient proverbs well advise.  
Each villany, that nature breeds,  
From females and from love proceeds.

'Tis love disturbs with fell debate  
Of man and beast the peaceful state :  
Men fill the world with war's alarms,  
When female trumpets sound to arms ;  
The commonwealth of dogs delight  
For beauties, as for bones, to fight.  
Love hath his tens of thousands slain,  
And heap'd with copious death the plain :  
Samson, with ass's jaw to aid,  
Ne'er peopled thus th' infernal shade.

“Nor this the worst ; for he that's dead,  
With love no more will vex his head.

'Tis in the rolls of fate above,  
That death's a certain cure for love ;  
A noose can end the cruel smart ;  
The lover's leap is from a cart.

But oft a living death they bear,  
Scorn'd by the proud, capricious fair.

The fair to sense pay no regard,  
And beauty is the fop's reward ;  
They slight the generous hearts' esteem,  
And sigh for those, who fly from them.

Just when your wishes would prevail,  
Some rival bird with gayer tail,  
Who sings his strain with sprightlier note,  
And chatters praise with livelier throat,

Shall charm your flutt'ring fair one down,  
And leave your choice, to hang or drown.

Ev'n I, my son, have felt the smart ;  
A Pheasant won my youthful heart.  
For her I tuned the doleful lay,\*  
For her I watch'd the night away ;  
In vain I told my piteous case,  
And smooth'd my dignity of face ;  
In vain I cull'd the studied phrase,  
And sought hard words in beauty's praise.  
Her, not my charms nor sense could move,  
For folly is the food of love.

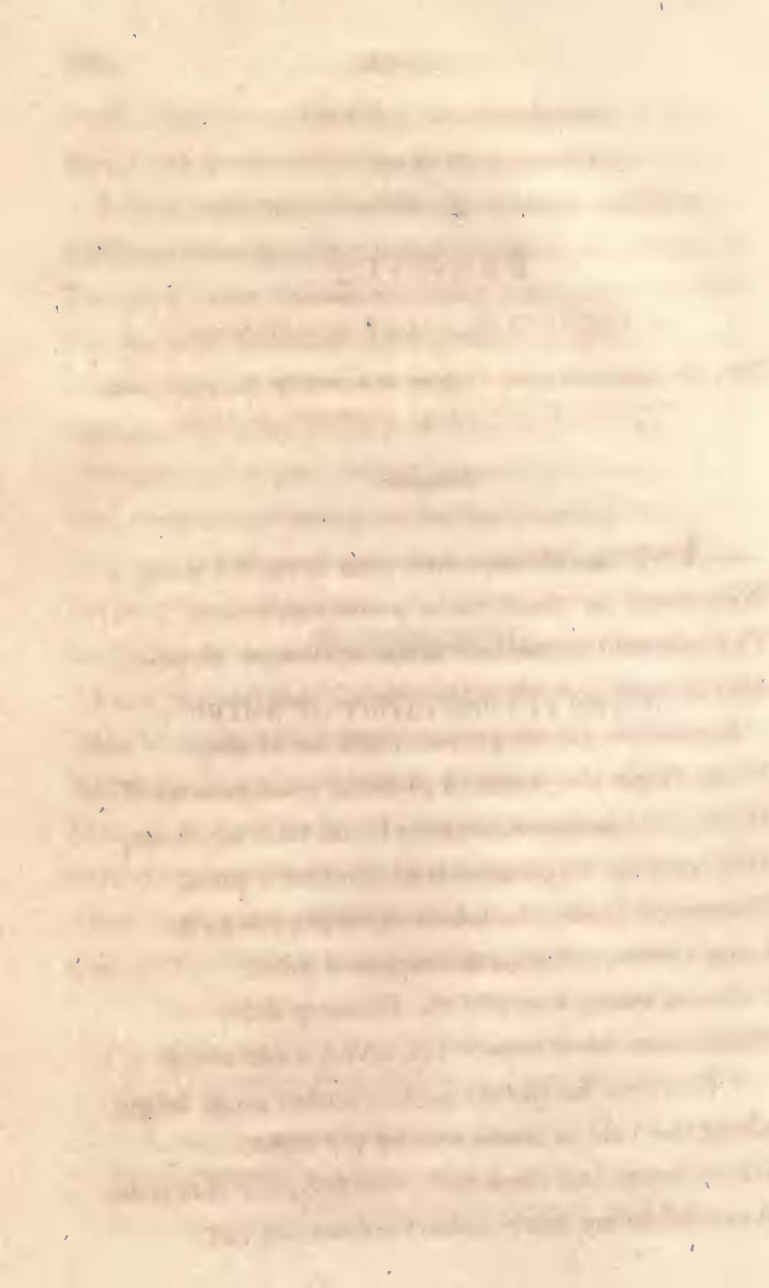
Each female scorns our serious make,  
" Each woman is at heart a rake."†  
Thus Owls in every age have said,  
Since our first parent-owl was made ;  
Thus Pope and Swift, to prove their sense,  
Shall sing, some twenty ages hence ;  
Then shall a man of little fame,  
One \*\*\*\*\* sing the same.

\* My correspondent, about that time, had also been himself a little dipped in *Amatory Verse*, as *Little*, [T. Moore] calls it.

† Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,  
But every woman is at heart a rake.

# PROSPECT

OF THE FUTURE GLORY OF AMERICA.



## PROSPECT

### OF THE FUTURE GLORY OF AMERICA :

Being the conclusion of an Oration, delivered at the public commencement at Yale-College, September 12, 1770.

---

—AND see th' expected hour is on the wing,  
With every joy the flight of years can bring ;  
The splendid scenes the Muse shall dare display,  
And unborn ages view the ripen'd day.

Beneath a sacred grove's inspiring shade,  
When Night the world in pleasing glooms array'd,  
While the fair moon, that leads the heav'nly train,  
With varying brightness dyed the dusky plain,  
Entranced I sate ; to solemn thought resign'd,  
Long visions rising in the raptur'd mind,  
Celestial music charm'd the listening dale,  
While these blest sounds my ravish'd ear assail.

“ To views far distant and to scenes more bright,  
Along the vale of Time extend thy sight,  
Where hours and days and years from yon dim pole,  
Wave following wave in long succession roll,

There see, in pomp for ages without end,  
The glories of the Western World ascend.

“ See, this blest land in orient morn appears,  
Waked from the slumber of six thousand years,  
While clouds of darkness veil'd each cheering ray ;  
To savage beasts and savage men, a prey.  
Fair Freedom now her ensigns bright displays,  
And peace and plenty bless the golden days.  
In radiant state th' imperial realm shall rise,  
Her splendor circling to the boundless skies ;  
Of every Fair she boasts the assembled charms,  
The Queen of empires and the nurse of arms.

“ See her bold heroes mark their glorious way,  
Arm'd for the fight and blazing on the day ! [plain,  
Blood stains their steps, and o'er th' ensanguined  
Mid warring thousands and mid thousands slain,  
Their eager swords unsated carnage blend,  
And ghastly deaths their raging course attend.  
Her dreaded power the subject world shall see,  
And laurel'd conquest wait her high decree.

“ And see her navies, rushing to the main,  
Catch the swift gales and sweep the wat'ry plain ;  
Or led by commerce, at the merchant's door  
Unlade the treasures of the Asian shore ;  
Or arm'd with thunder, on the guilty foe  
Rush big with death and aim th' unerring blow ;

Bid every realm, that hears the trump of fame,  
Quake at the distant terror of her name.

“ For pleasing Arts behold her matchless charms,  
The first in letters, as the first in arms.  
See bolder genius quit the narrow shore,  
And realms of science, yet untraced, explore,  
Hiding in brightness of superior day,  
The fainting gleam of Europe’s setting ray.

“ Sublime the Muse shall lift her eagle wing ;  
Of heavenly themes the sacred bards shall sing,  
Tell how the blest Redeemer, man to save,  
Thro’ the deep mansions of the gloomy grave,  
Sought the low shades of night, then rising high  
Vanquish’d the powers of hell, and soar’d above the  
Or paint the scenes of that funereal day, [sky ;  
When earth’s last fires shall mark their dreadful way,  
In solemn pomp th’ eternal Judge descend,  
Doom the wide world and give to nature, end ;  
Or ope heaven’s glories to th’ astonish’d eye,  
And bid their lays with lofty Milton vie ;  
Or wake from nature’s themes the moral song,  
And shine with Pope, with Thompson and with Young.

“ This land her Swift and Addison shall view,  
The former honours equal’d by the new ;  
Here shall some Shakspeare charm the rising age,  
And hold in magic chains the listening stage ;

A second Watts shall string the heavenly lyre,  
And other muses other bards inspire.

“ Her Daughters too the happy land shall grace  
With powers of genius, as with charms of face ;  
Blest with the softness of the female mind,  
With fancy blooming and with taste refined,  
Some Rowe shall rise, and wrest with daring pen  
The pride of science from assuming men ;  
While each bright line a polish'd beauty wears,  
For every muse and every grace are theirs.

“ Nor shall these bounds her rising fame confine,  
With equal praise the sister arts shall shine.

“ Behold some new Apelles, skill'd to trace  
The varied features of the virgin's face,  
Bid the gay landscape rise in rural charms,  
Or wake from dust the slumb'ring chief in arms,  
Bid art with nature hold a pleasing strife,  
And warm the pictured canvas into life.

“ See heaven-born Music strike the trembling  
Devotion rising on the raptur'd wing. [string,

“ See the proud dome with lofty walls ascend,  
Wide gates unfold, stupendous arches bend,  
The spiry turrets, piercing to the skies,  
And all the grandeur of the palace rise.

“ The patriot's voice shall Eloquence inspire  
With Roman splendor and Athenian fire,

At freedom's call, teach manly breasts to glow,  
And prompt the tender tear o'er guiltless woe."

O, born to glory when these times prevail,  
Great nurse of learning, fair Yalensia,\* hail!  
Within thy walls, beneath thy pleasing shade,  
We woo'd each Art, and won the Muse to aid.  
These scenes of bliss now closing on our view,  
Borne from thy seats, we breathe a last adieu.  
Long may'st thou reign, of every joy possess'd,  
Blest in thy teachers, in thy pupils blest;  
To distant years thy fame immortal grow,  
Thy spreading light to rising ages flow;  
Till Nature hear the great Archangel's call,  
Till the last flames involve the sinking ball;  
Then may thy sons ascend th' ethereal plains,  
And join seraphic songs, where bliss eternal reigns.

\* The author at this time received the degree of Master of Arts in this University, where he had resided for the seven preceding years.

The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the country and its inhabitants. The author describes the various tribes and their customs, and the different parts of the country. He also mentions the various rivers and lakes, and the different kinds of animals and plants that are found there. The second part of the book is devoted to a description of the history of the country. The author tells us of the various wars and battles that have taken place, and of the different dynasties that have ruled over the country. He also mentions the various treaties and alliances that have been made, and the different kinds of government that have been established. The third part of the book is devoted to a description of the present state of the country. The author tells us of the different kinds of government that are now in vogue, and of the various reforms that have been made. He also mentions the different kinds of industry and commerce that are now carried on, and the different kinds of education that are now given. The fourth part of the book is devoted to a description of the future of the country. The author tells us of the different kinds of government that he thinks will be best for the country, and of the various reforms that he thinks should be made. He also mentions the different kinds of industry and commerce that he thinks will be best for the country, and the different kinds of education that he thinks should be given.

**AN ELEGY.**



ON THE VANITY OF YOUTHFUL EXPECTATIONS.

AN ELEGY.

December 1771.

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**H**ENCE, gaudy Flattery, with thy siren song,  
Thy fading laurels and thy trump of praise,  
Thy magic glass, that cheats the wond'ring throng,  
And bids vain men grow vainer, as they gaze !  
For what the gain, though nature have supplied  
Her keenest nerves, to taste the stings of pain ?  
That fame how poor, that swells our baseless pride,  
And shews the heights, our steps must ne'er attain ?  
How vain those thoughts, that through creation rove,  
Returning fraught with images of woe ;  
Those gifts how vain, that please not those we love,  
With grief oppress'd, how small the gain—to know !\*  
And oh, that fate, in life's sequester'd shade  
Had fix'd the limits of my silent way,  
Far from the scenes in gilded pomp array'd,  
Where hope and fame, but flatter, to betray.

\* Scire tuum nihil est.      *Persius.*

The lark had call'd me at the birth of dawn,  
My cheerful toils and rural sports to share ;  
Nor when mild evening glimmer'd on the lawn,  
Had sleep been frightened by the voice of care.

So the soft flocks in harmless pastime stray,  
Or sport in rapture on the flow'ry mead,  
Enjoy the beauties of the vernal day,  
And no sad prescience tells them they must bleed.

Then wild ambition ne'er had swell'd my heart,  
Nor had my steps pursued the road to fame ;  
Then ne'er had Slander raised th' envenomed dart,  
Nor hung in vengeance o'er my hated name ;

Nor dreams of bliss, that never must be mine,  
Urged the fond tear or raised the bursting sigh ;  
Nor tend'rest pangs had bid my soul repine,  
Nor torture warn'd me, that my hopes must die.

Farewell, ye visions of the youthful breast,  
The boast of genius and the pride of praise,  
Gay pleasure's charms by fairy fancy dress'd,  
The patriot's honours and the poet's bays.

Vain Hope adieu ! thou dear deluding cheat,  
Whose magic charm can burst the bands of pain ;  
By thee decoy'd, we clasp the gay deceit,  
And hail the dawn of future bliss, in vain.

Come, Sadness, come, mild sister of Despair,  
The helpless suff'rer's last support and friend,  
Lead to those scenes, that sooth the wretch's care,  
Where life's false joys, and life itself must end.

Well pleased I wander o'er the hallow'd ground,  
Where Death in horror holds his dread domain,  
When night sits gloomy in th' ethereal round,  
And swimming vapors cloud the dreary plain.

Ye Ghosts, the tenants of the evening skies,  
That glide obscure along the dusky vale,  
Enrobed in mists I see your forms arise ;  
I hear your voices sounding in the gale !

Of life ye speak, and life's fantastic toys,  
How vain the wish, that grasps at things below,  
How disappointment lours on all our joys,  
And hope bequeaths the legacy of woe.

Ye too, perhaps, while youth supplied its beam,  
On fancy's pinions soaring to the sky,  
Fed your deluded thoughts, with many a dream  
Of love and fame and future scenes of joy.

Like yours, how soon our empty years shall fade,  
Past, like the vapors, that in clouds decay,  
Past, like the forms that fleet along the shade—  
Ourselves as worthless and as vain as they !

Here the kind haven greets our weary sail,  
When the rude voyage of troubled life is o'er,  
Safe from the stormy blast, the faithless gale,  
The gulphs that threaten and the waves that roar.  
The heart no more the pains of love shall share,  
Nor tort'ring grief the wayward mind enslave ;  
Through toilworn years fatigued with restless care,  
Peace sought in vain, awaits us in the grave :  
Nor peace alone. Death breaks the sullen gloom,  
That dims the portals of celestial day,  
Bids the free soul her nobler powers assume,  
And wing from woes her heaven directed way.

## **ADVICE**

**TO LADIES OF A CERTAIN AGE.**



## ADVICE

TO LADIES OF A CERTAIN AGE.

July 1771.

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---

**Y**E ancient Maids,\* who ne'er must prove  
The early joys of youth and love,  
Whose names grim Fate (to whom 'twas given,  
When marriages were made in heaven)  
Survey'd with unrelenting scowl,  
And struck them from the muster-roll ;  
Or set you by, in dismal sort,  
For wintry bachelors to court ;  
Or doom'd to lead your faded lives,  
Heirs to the joys of former wives ;  
Attend ! nor fear in state forlorn,  
To shun the pointing hand of scorn,  
Attend, if lonely age you dread,  
And wish to please, or wish to wed.

\* The author had interposed in vindication of some young ladies, who were injured, as he believed, by malicious slanders. He became in consequence implicated in the quarrel. The poem was written, (to use a mercantile phrase) to close the concern.

When beauties lose their gay appearance,  
And lovers fall from perseverance,  
When eyes grow dim and charms decay,  
And all your roses fade away,  
First know yourselves ; lay by those airs,  
Which well might suit your former years,  
Nor ape in vain the childish mien,  
And airy follies of sixteen.

We pardon faults in youth's gay flow,  
While beauty prompts the cheek to glow,  
While every glance has power to warm,  
And every turn displays a charm,  
Nor view a spot in that fair face,  
Which smiles inimitable grace.

But who, unmoved with scorn, can see  
The grey coquette's affected glee,  
Her ambuscading tricks of art  
To catch the beau's unthinking heart,  
To check th' assuming fopling's vows,  
The bridling frown of wrinkled brows ;  
Those haughty airs of face and mind,  
Departed beauty leaves behind.

Nor let your sullen temper show  
Spleen louring on the envious brow,  
The jealous glance of rival rage,  
The sourness and the rust of age.

With graceful ease, avoid to wear  
The gloom of disappointed care :  
And oh, avoid the sland'rous tongue,  
By malice tuned, with venom hung,  
That blast of virtue and of fame,  
That herald to the court of shame ;  
Less dire the croaking raven's throat,  
Though death's dire omens swell the note.

Contented tread the vale of years,  
Devoid of malice, guilt and fears ;  
Let soft good humour, mildly gay,  
Gild the calm evening of your day,  
And virtue, cheerful and serene,  
In every word and act be seen.  
Virtue alone with lasting grace,  
Embalms the beauties of the face,  
Instructs the speaking eye to glow,  
Illumes the cheek and smooths the brow,  
Bids every look the heart engage,  
Nor fears the wane of wasting age.

Nor think these charms of face and air,  
The eye so bright, the form so fair,  
This light that on the surface plays,  
Each coxcomb fluttering round its blaze,  
Whose spell enchants the wits of beaux,  
The only charms, that heaven bestows.

Within the mind a glory lies,  
O'erlook'd and dim to vulgar eyes ;  
Immortal charms, the source of love,  
Which time and lengthen'd years improve,  
Which beam, with still increasing power,  
Serene to life's declining hour ;  
Then rise, released from earthly cares,  
To heaven, and shine above the stars.

Thus might I still these thoughts pursue,  
The counsel wise, and good, and true,  
In rhymes well meant and serious lay,  
While through the verse in sad array,  
Grave truths in moral garb succeed :  
Yet who would mend, for who would read ?

But when the force of precept fails,  
A sad example oft prevails.

Beyond the rules a sage exhibits,  
Thieves heed the arguments of gibbets,  
And for a villain's quick conversion,  
A pillory can outpreach a parson.

To thee, Eliza, first of all,  
But with no friendly voice I call.  
Advance with all thine airs sublime,  
Thou remnant left of ancient time !  
Poor mimic of thy former days,  
Vain shade of beauty, once in blaze !

We view thee, must'ring forth to arms  
 The veteran relics of thy charms;  
 The artful leer, the rolling eye,  
 The trip genteel, the heaving sigh,  
 The labour'd smile, of force too weak,  
 Low dimpling in th' autumnal cheek,  
 The sad, funereal frown, that still  
 Survives its power to wound or kill;  
 Or from thy looks, with desperate rage,  
 Chafing the sallow hue of age,  
 And cursing dire with rueful faces,  
 The repartees of looking-glasses.

Now at tea-table take thy station,  
 Those shambles vile of reputation,  
 Where butcher'd characters and stale  
 Are day by day exposed for sale:  
 Then raise the floodgates of thy tongue,  
 And be the peal of scandal rung;  
 While malice tunes thy voice to rail,  
 And whispering demons prompt the tale—  
 Yet hold thy hand, restrain thy passion,  
 Thou cankerworm of reputation;  
 Bid slander, rage and envy cease,  
 For one short interval of peace;  
 Let other's faults and crimes alone,  
 Survey thyself and view thine own;

cf Pope (R)  
 Canto II  
 ll 7-10

Search the dark caverns of thy mind,  
Or turn thine eyes and look behind :  
For there to meet thy trembling view,  
With ghastly form and grisly hue,  
And shrivel'd hand, that lifts sublime  
The wasting glass and scythe of Time,  
A phantom stands : his name is Age ;  
Ill-nature following as his page.  
While bitter taunts and scoffs and jeers,  
And vexing cares and torturing fears,  
Contempt that lifts the haughty eye,  
And unblest solitude are nigh ;  
While conscious pride no more sustains,  
Nor art conceals thine inward pains,  
And haggard vengeance haunts thy name,  
And guilt consigns thee o'er to shame,  
Avenging furies round thee wait,  
And e'en thy foes bewail thy fate.

But see, with gentler looks and air,  
Sophia comes. Ye youths beware !  
Her fancy paints her still in prime,  
Nor sees the moving hand of time ;  
To all her imperfections blind,  
Hears lovers sigh in every wind,  
And thinks her fully ripen'd charms,  
Like Helen's, set the world in arms.

Oh, save it but from ridicule,  
How blest the state, to be a fool !  
The bedlam-king in triumph shares  
The bliss of crowns, without the cares ;  
He views with pride-elated mind,  
His robe of tatters trail behind ;  
With strutting mien and lofty eye,  
He lifts his crabtree sceptre high ;  
Of king's prerogative he raves,  
And rules in realms of fancied slaves.

In her soft brain, with madness warm,  
Thus airy throngs of lovers swarm.  
She takes her glass ; before her eyes  
Imaginary beauties rise ;  
Stranger till now, a vivid ray  
Illumes each glance and beams like day ;  
Till furbish'd every charm anew,  
An angel steps abroad to view ;  
She swells her pride, assumes her power,  
And bids the vassal world adore.

Indulge thy dream. The pictured joy  
No ruder breath should dare destroy ;  
No tongue should hint, the lover's mind  
Was ne'er of virtuoso-kind,  
Through all antiquity to roam  
For what much fairer springs at home.

No wish should blast thy proud design ;  
The bliss of vanity be thine.  
But while the subject world obey,  
Obsequious to thy sovereign sway,  
Thy foes so feeble and so few,  
With slander what hadst thou to do ?  
What demon bade thine anger rise ?  
What demon glibb'd thy tongue with lies ?  
What demon urged thee to provoke  
Avenging satire's deadly stroke ?

Go, sink unnoticed and unseen,  
Forgot, as though thou ne'er hadst been.  
Oblivion's long projected shade  
In clouds hangs dismal o'er thy head.  
Fill the short circle of thy day,  
Then fade from all the world away ;  
Nor leave one fainting trace behind,  
Of all that flutter'd once and shined ;  
The vapoury meteor's dancing light  
Deep sunk and quench'd in endless night.

## CHARACTERS.

The following is a list of the members of the Association for the year 1911.

Members of the Association for the year 1911.

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## CHARACTERS.

---

“**O** WEALTH, Wealth, Wealth! our being's end  
and aim!

Gold, houses, chattels, lands! whate'er thy name;  
Thou, for whose sake advent'rous arts we try,  
Defraud, extort, rob, plunder, toil and die;  
Tempt instant fate in war's tremendous form,  
Ride the salt wave and brave the bellowing storm:  
Cheerful I follow where thy steps incline,  
Explore the waste, or dive the dang'rous mine,  
Lose my scorn'd life, or gain an envied store,  
And either cease to be, or to be poor.”

So reason'd Harpax. Was this reasoning well?  
Can wealth give merit? Curio, thou canst tell.

---

This poem is a fragment of a Moral Essay in the manner of Pope. Sundry other characters were inserted, chiefly of persons then in public life, and drawn with such traits and allusions, as would have at once directed the application. Some of them, as Pope expresses it,

“Have walk'd the world in credit to the grave,”  
and all are now off the stage. No part of the Essay was ever before published.

Why rears thy tower its trophied arch so high,  
 And lifts its Attic pillars to the sky,  
 Where gilded spires the painted roofs emblaze,  
 And streams of light revert the solar rays ?  
 Why stretch thy lawns their flowery banks around,  
 Thy groves aspire with vernal honors crown'd,  
 Where the pure Naiads, sporting as they lave,  
 In smooth meanders lead the lucent wave ?  
 Why swells thy breast with conscious joy supplied,  
 And pleased surveys the grand retreats of pride ?  
 These point the glory round thy head that plays,  
 Forms all thy merit and secures thy praise.  
 What though no strains of raptured genius hung  
 In tuneful periods on thy flowing tongue,  
 Blest with no charms of figure or of face,  
 Commanding air, or soul-attracting grace ;  
 Though cautious Nature, (niggard to dispense)  
 Dealt with spare hand the common boon of sense ;  
 Each low defect thy splendid train conceal,  
 Thy pride can varnish and thine art can heal ;  
 The form ungraceful, and the leaden eye,  
 Gay silks adorn and robes of pomp supply. [main,  
 These are thy charms—and while these charms re-  
 Penurious Nature spared her gifts in vain.  
 In every contest, bless'd with every prize,  
 Fear'd by the brave, and flatter'd by the wise,

These are the charms, whose uncontroul'd command  
 Gain'd the fair heart and won the virgin hand ;  
 These charms obtain'd, in one successful hour,  
 Th' aspiring title and the robes of power,  
 Swell'd the full vote and o'er the throng prevail'd,  
 When sense and art and worth and wisdom fail'd.

Yet, Crito, you can fortune's sports deride,  
 And smile at fools, array'd in courtly pride,  
 Despise a D\*\*\* by wealth and power elate,  
 L\*\*\*'s glitt'ring coach and K\*\*\*'s chair of state ;  
 To every ray of tinsel glory blind,  
 You mark for worth the merit of the mind.

Search then what worth in tow'ring genius lies,  
 What merits claim the witty and the wise.  
 In opening youth how bright Lothario shone ;  
 Wit, learning, wisdom, every worth in one !  
 His blooming laurels graced the Muse's seat,  
 Where Science nursed him in her calm retreat ;  
 Then starting brilliant on the patriot stage,  
 He beam'd, the day-star of the rising age.  
 Th' applauding croud in pleased attention hung,  
 While playful humour wanton'd on his tongue,  
 Or nobly rising in sublimer thought,  
 The weak were raptur'd and the wise were taught.  
 Yet led through life, he joins the lawless train,  
 'Though reason checks, though Virtue calls in vain ;

Whim, fancy, pleasure, pride, obstruct her sway,  
 And bear him devious, from her paths astray ;  
 He hears her voice, but borne by passion strong,  
 Approves the right,\* yet wanders in the wrong ;  
 Pursues the blaze of prostituted fame,  
 While vanity precludes the sense of shame ;  
 In daring vice, in impious faction sways,  
 The slave of lust, the pamper'd dupe of praise ;  
 By learning, taught to doubt and disbelieve,  
 By reasoning, others and himself deceive ;  
 Tastes the foul streams, where sensual pleasures flow,  
 Till age untimely stains his locks with snow ;  
 Too late repentant, sinks at last to rest,  
 Of arts the scandal, and of fools the jest.

\* ————— Video meliora, proboque,

Deteriora sequor.

*Ovid. Metam. lib. 7, v. 20.*



The first part of the paper is devoted to a general  
 consideration of the problem. It is shown that  
 the problem is equivalent to the problem of  
 finding a function  $f(x)$  which satisfies the  
 conditions  $f(0) = 0$  and  $f'(0) = 1$ .  
 The second part of the paper is devoted to a  
 detailed study of the problem. It is shown that  
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 detailed study of the problem. It is shown that  
 the problem is equivalent to the problem of  
 finding a function  $f(x)$  which satisfies the  
 conditions  $f(0) = 0$  and  $f'(0) = 1$ .

## AN ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. BUCKINGHAM ST. JOHN.\*

May 1771.

---

**T**HE world now yields to night's returning sway,  
The deeper gloom leads on the solemn hour,  
And calls my steps, beneath the moon's pale ray,  
To roam in sadness on the sea-beat shore.

Now glide th' inconstant shadows o'er the plain,  
The broad moon swimming through the broken  
The gleam of waters brightens on the main, [clouds;  
And anchor'd navies lift their wavering shrouds.

\* Mr. St. John was one of the author's earliest and most intimate friends. For two years they had lodgings in the same chambers, during their residence, as graduates, at Yale-College. He was drowned in his passage from New-Haven to Norwalk, May 5th 1771. At the time of his death, he was one of the Tutors in that University.

Deep silence reigns, save on the moory ground  
The long reed rustling to the passing gales,  
The noise of dashing waves and hollow sound  
Of rushing winds, that murmur through the sails.

Far hence, ye pleasures of a mind at ease,  
The smiling charm that rural scenes can yield,  
When spring, led jocund by the soft'ning breeze,  
Wakes the glad morn and robes the dewy field!

Far be the giddy raptures of the gay,  
The midnight joys licentious youth can share,  
While Ruin, smiling o'er her destined prey,  
In sweet allurements hides the deadly snare.

Mine be the music of the rolling wave,  
These moon-light shadows and surrounding gloom;  
Mine the lone haunts of contemplation grave,  
That lift the soul to scenes beyond the tomb.

For here, while midnight holds her silent reign,  
Creative fancy calls her airy throng,  
Soft melancholy wakes the soothing strain,  
And friendship prompts and grief inspires the song.

As through these mournful glooms I stretch my sight,  
Mid sounds of death, that bid the soul attend,  
Mid empty forms and fleeting shapes of night,  
Slowly I view a white-robed shade ascend,

That says, "I once was St. John!\* from the bounds  
 Of deeps unknown beneath the dreary wave,  
 Where ever-restless floods, in nightly rounds,  
 Roll their dark surges o'er my wat'ry grave ;  
 " From realms which, ne'er to mortal sight display'd,  
 The gates of dread eternity surround,  
 In night conceal'd and death's impervious shade,  
 My voice returns—attend the warning sound.  
 " O thou attend, who flush'd with early bloom,  
 In life's new spring and vernal sweetness gay,  
 Mindless of fate, that must thy branch entomb,  
 Spread'st thy green blossoms to the morning ray !  
 " With thee how late, how like, alas ! to thee,  
 To mortal joys, by opening youth beguiled,  
 I stretch'd my airy wish, and follow'd free,  
 Where pleasure triumph'd and where fancy smiled.

\* The surname, St. John, was always pronounced by that family, both here and in England, not as two words, but as one, with the accent on the first syllable. The name of Lord Bolingbroke was Henry St. John. Pope thus addresses him,

"Awake my St. John ! leave all meaner things"—

*Essay on Man.*

—————"If but a wreath of mine,  
 Oh all-accomplished St. John ! deck thy shrine."

*Epilogue to the Satires.*

“Then while fond hope her glitt’ring pinions spread,  
Pointing to climes beyond th’ Atlantic wave,  
E’en then unnoticed o’er my destined head,  
Hung death’s dire form and seal’d me for the grave.

“How vain the thought, for many a joyous morn  
To taste of rapture, unallay’d by woe ;  
At once from life and every pleasure torn,  
From all I wish’d and all I loved below !

“The faithless morning on our opening sails  
Smiled out serene and smooth’d our gliding way,  
While the gay vessel, fann’d by breathing gales,  
Play’d on the placid bosom of the sea.

“When lo, descending on the darkening wind,  
Burst the dire storm—and feeble to sustain

“The rushing blasts in warring fury join’d,  
The frail skiff sinks beneath the surging main.

“And see, afar the oarless boat conveys  
The rescued sailors to the distant shore ;  
Alone, of aid bereft, with one last gaze,  
I sunk in deeps, and sunk to rise no more.

“In that sad hour what fearful scenes arise,  
What pangs distress, what unknown fears dismay,  
When future worlds disclosing on our eyes,  
The trembling soul forsakes her kindred clay !

“ Before the awful bar, th’ almighty thrône,  
In dread I’ve stood th’ Eternal Judge to see ;  
And fix’d in bliss, or doom’d to ceaseless moan,  
Have heard the long, the unreversed decree :

“ Nor earth must know the rest.”—Where art thou  
In youthful joys my partner and my friend? [now,  
Of those blest hours thy fortune gave below,  
Of all our hopes, is this the fatal end ?

Ah, what avail’d that energy of mind,  
The heights of science and of arts t’ explore,  
That early led, where genius unconfined  
Spreads her glad feast and opes her classic store!

Ah what avail’d, in earthly bliss so frail,  
The fame gay-dawning on thy rising years !  
Ah what avail’d,—for what could then avail ?

Thy friend’s deep sorrows or thy country’s tears !  
In pleasure’s paths by vivid fancy led,  
Mid every hope, that blooming worth could raise,  
The wings of death, with fatal horror spread,  
Blank’d the bright promise of thy future days.

So from the louring west the sable clouds  
Rush on the sun and dim his orient ray,  
And hateful night, in glooms untimely, shrouds  
Th’ ascending glories of the vernal day.

Adieu, my friend, so dear in vain, adieu,  
Till some short days their fleeting courses roll ;  
Soon shall our steps thine earlier fate pursue,  
Moved in the race and crowding to the goal.  
Th' approaching hour shall see the sun no more  
Wheel his long course or spread his golden ray ;  
Soon the vain dream of mortal life be o'er ;  
The brightness dawning of celestial day.  
Then join'd in bliss, as once in friendship join'd,  
May pitying heaven our purer spirits raise,  
Each crime atoned, each virtue well refined,  
To pass a blest eternity of praise.

**BABYLON.**

THE HISTORY OF THE BATTLE OF BUNDSVILLE

...

...

...

# THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON:

## AN IMITATION

Of sundry passages in the 13th and 14th chapters of Isaiah, and  
the 18th of the Revelations of St. John.

January 1774.

---

'T WAS now the sacred day of blest repose,  
From realms of darkness when the Saviour rose.  
In Patmos' isle, with light divine inspired,  
The loved Apostle from the world retired;  
Before his eyes eternal wonders roll,  
Celestial visions open on his soul,  
Unfolding skies the scenes of fate display,  
And heaven descending in the beams of day.

He saw with joy the promised Church arise,  
Famed through the earth and favor'd from the skies.  
A starry crown\* invests her radiant head,  
Around her form the solar glories spread;

\* Revelations xii. 1. And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.

Her power, her grace, by circling worlds approved,  
 By angels guarded and by heaven beloved;  
 Till mystic Babel, with blaspheming pride,  
 For idol forms th' Almighty arm defied.  
 Then martyr'd blood the holy offering seal'd,  
 And persecution dyed the carnaged field,  
 Religion sunk in superstitious lore,  
 And hallowed temples swam with sainted gore.

But not in rest, till virtue's sons expire,  
 Stern justice slumber'd, and avenging ire.  
 The seer beheld till God's chastising hand  
 Smote the proud foe and crush'd the guilty land:  
 Then pious rapture triumph'd on his tongue,  
 And inspiration breathed th' exulting song.

“What sudden fall hath dimm'd thy boasted ray;  
 Son of the morn!\* bright Phosphor of the day!  
 How sunk, lost victim of th' unpitied grave,  
 Thy pride so vaunting and thine arm so brave!  
 Where now thy haughty boast? “Above the skies,  
 O'er the starr'd arch, my deathless fame shall rise,

\* Isaiah xiv. 12, 13, &c. How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!—

For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God—I will be like the Most High.

To heaven's high walls my tow'ring steps ascend,  
 My throne be 'stablish'd and my power extend,  
 O'er the wide world to stretch my arm abroad,  
 A God in splendor and in might a God."

Broke is the rod of guilt, th' oppressor ceased,\*  
 The glory wan, the golden city waste ;  
 Eternal wrath, awaken'd o'er thy land,  
 Rends the weak sceptre from th' imperious hand ;  
 Heav'n gives its captive sons a kind release,  
 And earth smiles joyous at the songs of peace.

Lo, at thy fall, in realms of night below,  
 Death hails thy entrance in the world of woe ! †

\* Isaiah xiv. 4, 5. How is the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased! The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers.

Verse 6. The whole earth is at rest and is quiet: they break forth into singing.

† Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming, &c. Isaiah xiv. 9.

Had the author seen Lowth's observations in his lectures on the poetry of the Hebrews. he would probably have written this passage differently; but he had then no other guide than the English version, in which the sepulchral cavern in the original, being translated by the word, *hell*, confuses the whole description, and renders the subsequent mention of thrones, worms, &c. wholly incongruous. As he knew not how to correct the impropriety, he could only endeavour to avoid it.

See from their thrones along th' infernal shade,  
 Rise the dark spectres of the mighty dead ;  
 Friends to thy sway and partners in thy crimes,  
 Kings once on earth and tyrants in their times !  
 " And art thou fall'n, (their looks of wonder crave)  
 Swept undistinguish'd to the vaulted grave ?  
 O'er thy pale cheek funereal damps are spread,  
 And shrouds of sable wrap thee with the dead ;  
 What awed the world oblivion's shadows hide,  
 And glad worms revel on the wrecks of pride.\*

" Is this the power, † whose once tremendous eye  
 Shook the wide earth, and dared th' avenging sky ?  
 Is this the power, that rose in boasted state,  
 Proud judge of thrones and arbiter of fate ;

\* The worm is spread under thee and the worms cover thee.

*Isaiah, xiv. 11.*

Nothing is more difficult than to express the bold images of oriental poetry in the style of modern verse. With the exception of Pope's *Messiah*, few attempts have been successful. See in what manner an eminent British poet has imitated this passage—

" For lo ! Corruption fastens on thy breast,

" And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast."

*Mason, Ode on the fall of Babylon.*

† *Isaiah, xiv. 16, to 20.* Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms, &c. ?

All the kings of the nations lie in glory, every one in his own house [sepulchre.] But thou art cast out of the grave, like an abominable branch. Thou shall not be joined with them in burial, &c.

Opposing kingdoms from their sceptres hurl'd,  
 And spread sad ruin o'er the vanquish'd world?

“Lo, closed thine eyes, that wont the heavens to  
 brave,

Exposed in death, and outcast from the grave!

No splendid urn thine honor'd dust contains,

No friendly turf conceals thy sad remains;

For thee no marble lifts its tablet high,

Where kings deceased in mournful glory lie;

Stern fate avenging spurns thee from the blest,

Nor decks the sods, where thy lone relics rest.”

And see, Destruction from th' almighty hand,  
 Sweeps her broad besom o'er thy guilty land;\*

Careering flames attend her wasting way,

And rising darkness intercepts the day;

The dim sun sinks in fearful glooms of night,

The moon encrimson'd veils her trembling light:

While through the o'erarching canopy of shade,

An angel-form, in robes of blood array'd,

\* Isaiah xiii. 6, 10, and xiv. 23. I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts.

The day of the Lord is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty.

For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light; the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine.

Lifts his red arm, that bids the tempest rise,  
Wing'd with th' ethereal vengeance of the skies,  
And calls the cloudy winds, that all around  
Roll on the storm and rend the deluged ground,  
And, deep in vaults where central earthquakes sleep,  
Bursts the dark chambers of th' affrighted deep.  
Lo, heaven avenging pours the fiery tide,  
Thy whelm'd walls sink, thy tottering turrets slide ;  
Thy glitt'ring domes sulphureous torrents lave,  
And doom thy seat, a desert and a grave.

For there\* no more shall gay assemblies meet,  
Croud the rich mart or throng the spacious street ;  
No more the bridegroom's cheerful voice shall call  
The viol, sprightly in the sounding hall ;  
No more the lamp shall yield her friendly light,  
Gild thy lone roofs and sparkle through the night ;

\* Isaiah xiii. 19—22, and xiv. 11.—Revelations xviii. 21—23. Thy pomp is brought down to the grave and the noise of thy viols.—Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited.—The light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee ; and the voice of the bridegroom shall be heard no more in thee.—Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there, neither shall the shepherds make their fold there : But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and owls shall dwell there and satyrs shall dance there.—And the wild beast of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces.

Each morn shall view thy desolated ground,  
-With falling domes and shatter'd spires around,  
And clad in weeds, in wild confusion thrown,  
The marble trophy and the sculptured stone.  
No future age thy glories shall recall,  
Thy turrets lift, or build the ruin'd wall.  
Where the gilt palace pierced th' admiring skies,  
The owl shall stun thee with funereal cries ;  
The baleful dragon through thy gardens rove,  
And wolves usurp the consecrated grove.  
No shepherd there the wand'ring flock shall spread,  
Nor seek repose beneath the tented shed ;  
No stranger there with devious footstep stray,  
Where Horror drear defends the fated way,  
Eternal Ruin rears her standard wide,  
And Vengeance triumphs o'er the realm of pride.

The first part of the history is a general account of the state of the world at the beginning of the world. It is divided into three parts: the first part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; the second part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; and the third part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world.

The second part of the history is a general account of the state of the world at the beginning of the world. It is divided into three parts: the first part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; the second part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; and the third part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world.

The third part of the history is a general account of the state of the world at the beginning of the world. It is divided into three parts: the first part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; the second part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; and the third part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world.

The fourth part of the history is a general account of the state of the world at the beginning of the world. It is divided into three parts: the first part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; the second part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; and the third part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world.

The fifth part of the history is a general account of the state of the world at the beginning of the world. It is divided into three parts: the first part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; the second part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; and the third part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world.

The sixth part of the history is a general account of the state of the world at the beginning of the world. It is divided into three parts: the first part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; the second part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world; and the third part is a description of the world as it was at the beginning of the world.

**AN ELEGY.**



## AN ELEGY ON THE TIMES:

Composed at Boston, during the operation of the Port-Bill.\*

August 1774.

---

**O**H Boston! late with every beauty crown'd,  
Where Commerce triumph'd on the fav'ring gales ;  
And each pleased eye, that roved in prospect round,  
Hail'd thy bright spires and bless'd thy opening  
sails !

Thy splendid mart with rich profusion smiled,  
The gay throng crowded in thy spacious streets,  
From either Ind, thy cheerful stores were fill'd,  
Thy haven joyous with unnumber'd fleets.  
For here, more fair than in their native vales,  
Tall groves of masts arose in beauteous pride ;  
Glad ocean shone beneath the swelling sails,  
And wafted plenty on the bord'ring tide.

\* This vindictive Act of the British Parliament plac'd the town of Boston in a state of naval blockade, and by suppressing all commercial intercourse by sea, was designed to ruin its trade and prosperity.

Alas how changed! the swelling sails no more

Catch the soft airs and wanton in the sky :

But hostile beaks affright the guarded shore,

And pointed thunders all access deny.

Where the bold cape its warning forehead rears,

Where tyrant vengeance waved her fatal wand,

Far from the sight each friendly vessel veers,

And flies averse the interdicted strand.

Along thy fields, which late in beauty shone,

With lowing herds and grassy vesture fair,

Th' insulting tents of barb'rous troops are strown,

And bloody standards stain the peaceful air.

Are these thy deeds, oh Britain ? this the praise,

That gilds the fading lustre of thy name,

These the bold trophies of thy later days,

That close the period of thine early fame ?

Shall thy strong fleets, with awful sails unfurl'd,

On freedom's shrine th' unhallow'd vengeance

And leave forlorn the desolated world, [bend,

Crush'd every foe and ruin'd every friend ?

And quench'd, alas, the soul-inspiring ray,

Where virtue kindled and where genius soar'd ;

Or damp'd by darkness and the dismal sway

Of senates venal and liveried lord ?

There pride sits blazon'd on th' unmeaning brow,  
 And o'er the scene thy factious nobles wait,  
 Prompt the mix'd tumult of the noisy show,  
 Guide the blind vote and rule the mock debate.

To these how vain, in weary woes forlorn,  
 With abject fear the fond complaint to raise,  
 Lift fruitless off'rings to the ear of scorn  
 Of servile vows and well-dissembled praise !

Will the grim savage of the nightly fold  
 Learn from their cries the blameless flock to spare ?  
 Will the deaf gods, that frown in molten gold,  
 Heed the duped vot'ry and the prostrate prayer ?

With what pleased hope before the throne of pride,  
 We rear'd our suppliant hands with filial awe,  
 While loud Disdain with ruffian voice replied,  
 And falsehood triumph'd in the garb of law ?

While Peers enraptured hail th' unmanly wrong,  
 See Ribaldry, vile prostitute of shame, [tongue,  
 Stretch the bribed hand and dart th' envenom'd  
 To blast the laurels of a Franklin's\* fame !

\* See the proceedings in 1774, of the Lords in Council, on the Petition of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts to the King, praying for the removal of their Governors ; and the virulent

But will the Sage, whose philosophic soul  
     Controll'd the lightning in its fierce career,  
 O'er heaven's dread vault bade harmless thunders  
     And taught the bolts ethereal where to steer ; [roll,  
 Will he, while echoing to his just renown,  
     The voice of kingdoms swells the loud applause,  
 Heed the weak malice of a courtier's frown,  
     Or dread the insolence of wrested laws ?  
 Yet nought avail the virtues of the heart,  
     The vengeful bolt no muse's laurels ward ;  
 From Britain's rage, like death's relentless dart,  
     No worth can save us and no fame can guard.  
 O'er hallow'd bounds see dire oppression roll,  
     Fair Freedom buried in the whelming flood ; .  
 Nor charter'd rights her tyrant course control,  
     Tho' seal'd by kings and witness'd in our blood.  
 In vain we hope from ministerial pride  
     A hand to save us or a heart to bless :  
 'Tis strength, our own, must stem the rushing tide,  
     'Tis our own virtue must command success.

and abusive attack on the character of Dr. Franklin, who presented the Petition, by Alexander Wedderburn, (afterwards Lord Loughborough,) in his speech before their Lordships on the trial.

But oh my friends, the arm of blood restrain,  
 (No rage intemp'rate aids the public weal ;)  
 Nor basely blend, too daring but in vain,  
 Th' assassin's madness with the patriot's zeal.

Ours be the manly firmness of the sage,  
 From shameless foes ungrateful wrongs to bear ;  
 Alike removed from baseness and from rage,  
 The flames of faction and the chills of fear.

Repel the torrent of commercial\* gain,  
 That buys our ruin at a price so rare,  
 And while we scorn Britannia's servile chain,  
 Disdain the livery of her marts to wear.

For shall the lust of fashion and of show,  
 The curst idolatry of silks and lace,  
 Bid our gay robes insult our country's woe,  
 And welcome slavery in the glare of dress ?

No—the rich produce of our fertile soil  
 Shall clothe in neat array the cheerful train,  
 While heaven-born virtues bless the sacred toil,  
 And gild the humble vestures of the plain.

\* Alluding to the resolves for the non-importation, and non-consumption of British goods : first proposed by the Committee of correspondence in Boston, in the year 1774, and adopted in Congress at their session in the succeeding winter.

No foreign labor in the Asian field  
Shall weave her silks to deck the wanton age:  
But as in Rome, the furrow'd vale shall yield  
The conq'ring hero and paternal sage.

And ye, whose heaven in golden pomp to shine,  
And warmly press the dissipated round,  
Grace the ripe banquet with the charms of wine,  
And roll the thund'ring chariot o'er the ground ;

For this, while guised in sycophantic smile,  
With heart regardless of your country's pain,  
Your flatt'ring falshoods feed the ears of guile,  
And barter freedom for the dreams of gain !

Are these the joys on vassal-realms that wait ;  
In downs of ease and dalliance to repose,  
Quaff streams nectareous in the domes of state,  
And blaze in grandeur of imperial shows ?

No—the hard hand, the tortured brow of care,  
The thatch-roof'd hamlet and defenceless shed,  
The tatter'd garb, that meets th' inclement air,  
The famish'd table and the matted bed—

These are their fate. In vain the arm of toil  
With gifts autumnal crowns the bearded plain,  
In vain glad summer warms the genial soil,  
And spring dissolves in softening showers in vain ;

There savage power extends a dreary shade,  
And chill oppression, with her frost severe,  
Sheds a dire blast, that nips the rising blade,  
And robs th' expecting labors of the year.

So must we sink ? and at the stern command,  
That bears the terror of a tyrant's word,  
Bend the weak knee and raise the suppliant hand ;  
The scorn'd, dependant vassals of a lord ?

The wintry ravage of the storm to meet,  
Brave the scorch'd vapor of th' autumnal air,  
Then pour the hard-earn'd harvest at his feet,  
And beg some pittance from our pains to share.

But not for this, by heaven and virtue led,  
From the mad rule of hierarchal pride,  
O'er pathless seas our injured fathers fled,  
And follow'd freedom on th' advent'rous tide ;

Dared the wild horrors of the clime unknown,  
Th' insidious savage, and the crimson plain,  
To us bequeath'd the prize their woes had won,  
Nor deem'd they suffer'd, or they bled in vain.

And think'st thou, NORTH,\* the sons of such a race,  
Whose beams of glory bless'd their purpled morn,

\* Lord North, prime minister of Great-Britain.

Will shrink unnerv'd before a despot's face,  
 Nor meet thy louting insolence with scorn ?  
 Look through the circuit of th' extended shore,  
 That checks the surges of th' Atlantic deep ;  
 What weak eye trembles at the frown of power,  
 What torpid soul invites the bands of sleep ?  
 What kindness warms each heav'n-illumined heart !  
 What gen'rous gifts\* the woes of want assuage,  
 And sympathetic tears of pity start,  
 To aid the destined victims of thy rage !  
 No faction, clamorous with unhallow'd zeal,  
 To wayward madness wakes th' impassion'd throng ;  
 No thoughtless furies sheath our breasts in steel,  
 Or call the sword t' avenge th' oppressive wrong.  
 Fraternal bands with vows accordant join,  
 One guardian genius, one pervading soul  
 Nerves the bold arm, inspires the just design,  
 Combines, enlivens, and illumines the whole.  
 Now meet the Fathers† of the western clime,  
 Nor names more noble graced the rolls of fame,

\* Liberal contributions, from all the United Colonies, were made for supplying the necessities, and alleviating the distresses of the inhabitants of Boston, during the total suppression of the trade of that town.

† The first Congress assembled at Philadelphia, in Sept. 1774.

When Spartan firmness braved the wrecks of time,  
Or Latian virtue fann'd th' heroic flame.  
Not deeper thought th' immortal sage inspired,  
On Solon's lips when Grecian senates hung ;  
Nor manlier eloquence the bosom fired,  
When genius thunder'd from th' Athenian\* tongue.  
And hopes thy pride to match the patriot strain,  
By the bribed slave in pension'd lists enroll'd ;  
Or awe their councils by the voice prophane,  
That wakes to utt'rance at the call of gold ?  
Can frowns of terror daunt the warrior's deeds,  
Where guilt is stranger to th' ingenuous heart,  
Or craft illude, where godlike science sheds  
The beams of knowledge and the gifts of art ?  
Go, raise thy hand, and with its magic power  
Pencil with night the sun's ascending ray,  
Bid the broad veil eclipse the noon-tide hour,  
And damps of Stygian darkness shroud the day ;  
Bid heaven's dread thunder at thy voice expire,  
Or chain the angry vengeance of the waves ;  
Then hope thy breath can quench th' immortal fire,  
And free souls pinion with the bonds of slaves.

\* Demosthenes.

Thou canst not hope! Attend the flight of days,  
View the bold deeds, that wait the dawning age,  
Where Time's strong arm, that rules the mighty maze,  
Shifts the proud actors on this earthly stage.

Then tell us, NORTH: for thou art sure to know,  
For have not kings and fortune made thee great;  
Or lurks not wisdom in th' ennobled brow,  
And dwells no prescience in the robes of state?

Tell how the powers of luxury and pride  
Taint thy pure zephyrs with their baleful breath,  
How deep corruption spreads th' envenom'd tide,  
And whelms thy land in darkness and in death.

And tell how rapt by freedom's sacred flame,  
And fost'ring influence of propitious skies,  
This western world, the last recess of fame,  
Sees in her wilds a new-born empire rise—

A new-born empire, whose ascendant hour  
Defies its foes, assembled to destroy,  
And like Alcides,\* with its infant power  
Shall crush those serpents, who its rest annoy.

\* Hercules, who as the ancient poets tell us, when an infant, strangled two serpents that attacked him in his cradle.

Then look through time, and with extended eye,  
 Pierce the dim veil of fate's obscure domain :  
 The morning dawns, th' effulgent star is nigh,  
 And crimson glories deck our rising reign.

Behold, emerging from the cloud of days,  
 Where rest the wonders of ascending fame,  
 What heroes rise, immortal heirs of praise ! [flame !  
 What fields of death with conq'ring standards  
 See our throng'd cities' warlike gates unfold ;  
 What towering armies stretch their banners wide ;  
 Where cold Ontario's icy waves are roll'd,  
 Or far Altama's\* silver waters glide !

Lo, from the groves, th' aspiring cliffs that shade,  
 Descending pines the surging ocean brave,  
 Rise in tall masts, the floating canvas spread,  
 And rule the dread dominions of the wave !

Where the clear rivers pour their mazy tide,  
 The smiling lawns in full luxuriance bloom ;  
 The harvest wantons in its golden pride,  
 The flowery garden breathes a glad perfume.

\* " Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe."

*Goldsmith, Deserted Village.*

A river in the State of Georgia, commonly written Altamaha, from the name given it by the natives.

Behold that coast, which seats of wealth surround,  
That haven, rich with many a flowing sail,  
Where friendly ships, from earth's remotest bound,  
Float on the cheerly pinions of the gale ;

There Boston smiles, no more the sport of scorn,  
And meanly prison'd by thy fleets no more,  
And far as ocean's billowy tides are borne,  
Lifts her dread ensigns of imperial power.

So smile the shores, where lordly Hudson strays,  
Whose floods fair York and deep Albania lave,  
Or Philadelphia's happier clime surveys  
Her splendid seats in Delaware's lucid wave :

Or southward far extend thy wond'ring eyes,  
Where fertile streams the garden'd vales divide,  
And mid the peopled fields, distinguish'd rise  
Virginian towers and Charleston's spiry pride.

Genius of arts, of manners and of arms,  
See dress'd in glory and the bloom of grace,  
This virgin clime unfolds her brightest charms,  
And gives her beauties to thy fond embrace.

Hark, from the glades and every list'ning spray,  
What heaven-born muses wake the raptured song !  
The vocal groves attune the warbling lay,  
And echoing vales the rising strains prolong.

Through the vast series of descending years,  
That lose their currents in th' eternal wave,  
Till heaven's last trump shall rend th' affrighted  
And ope each empire's everlasting grave; [spheres,  
Propitious skies the joyous field shall crown,  
And robe our vallies in perpetual prime,  
And ages blest of undisturb'd renown  
Arise in radiance o'er th' imperial clime.

And where is Britain? In the skirt of day,  
Where stormy Neptune rolls his utmost tide,  
Where suns oblique diffuse a feeble ray,  
And lonely streams the fated coasts divide,

Seest thou yon Isle, whose desert landscape yields  
The mournful traces of the fame she bore,  
Where matted thorns oppress th' uncultur'd fields,  
And piles of ruin load the dreary shore?

From those loved seats, the Virtues sad withdrew  
From fell Corruption's bold and venal hand;  
Reluctant Freedom waved her last adieu,  
And devastation swept the vassall'd land.

On her white cliffs, the pillars once of fame,  
Her melancholy Genius sits to wail,  
Drops the fond tear, and o'er her latest shame,  
Bids dark Oblivion draw th' eternal veil.

The first part of the report is devoted to a general  
 description of the country and its resources. It  
 is followed by a detailed account of the  
 various industries and occupations of the  
 people. The report then proceeds to a  
 description of the climate and the  
 various diseases which are prevalent in  
 the country. It concludes with a  
 summary of the principal facts and  
 observations which have been made  
 during the course of the expedition.

**APPENDIX**

The appendix contains a list of the  
 names of the various places visited  
 during the expedition. It also contains  
 a list of the names of the various  
 persons who accompanied the  
 expedition. The appendix is  
 arranged in alphabetical order of  
 the names of the places. It is  
 intended to serve as a reference  
 for the names of the various  
 places mentioned in the report.

## APPENDIX.

1877-1894

1877-1894

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## APPENDIX.



### ADDITIONAL NOTES

TO

#### VOLUME I.

*Note 1, to the engraved title page.*—The vignette on this page represents Apollo destroying the monstrous serpent, Python, with his arrows.—The story is told by Ovid in the first book of the *Metamorphoses*.

Hunc Deus arcitenens—exhausta pene pharetra,  
Perdidit effuso per vulnera nigra veneno.

*Note 2, to page 66.*—As the gentleman who designed and furnished the engravings, has selected Abijah White, as the hero of this plate, it may perhaps gratify the reader to know something more, respecting him, than is stated in the short note on this page.

Previous to the session of the Massachusetts Legislature, in February 1774, a general effort was made by the Royalists, in every town in which their numbers were considerable, to pro-

cure resolves to be passed, and instructions to be given to the representatives, censuring the proceedings of the Whigs, threatening vengeance against Boston for the destruction of the Teas, and attempting to combine and support a formidable opposition to the measures of the country. Nathaniel Ray Thomas, one of the new Mandamus-Council, by his influence and harangues, at a town-meeting in Marshfield, obtained the adoption of a set of resolves, distinguished by their virulence, abuse and denunciations. Abijah White, on his arrival in Boston, published them in the newspapers. This was considered as the watchword of the party, and excited much alarm among the leaders of the whigs, who feared the effects of a combination, supported by all the legal authority of the province.

Fortunately the Marshfield address and resolves were composed in a most awkward and bombastic style, and were completely open to ridicule. A sarcastic and ironical answer immediately appeared, calculated to expose them to laughter and contempt. It concluded with an humble request, that the town of Marshfield would be graciously pleased to pass the following counter-resolve at their next town-meeting.

“Voted, that whereas Abijah White Esq. our high and mighty Representative, setting forth on his adventure, armed *Cap-a-pie*, with a great appurtenance of swords, cutlasses, pistols, Marshfield Resolves, and other warlike ammunition, hath very much dismayed, terrified and confounded the whole town of Boston and the Members of the General Court; and put all those people, who did not agree with him in sentiment,

into the most violent fear of their lives; insomuch that it is expected that all, “who were acting, aiding and assisting, or conniving at the destruction of the Teas,” and so had incurred our *express* resentment, are about to fly beyond the sea to avoid the danger of his prosecutions: We the inhabitants of the Town of Marshfield, not wishing the entire depopulation of the Province, do direct that the said Abijah White do *surcease* from all further proceedings.”

This novel mode of attack caught the public attention. The humour took; poor Abijah was made the theme of innumerable squibs in the gazettes, and sunk under the burden of general ridicule.

*Note 3—On the origin of the words, Yankies, Indians, Whigs and Tories.*—When the Portuguese under Vasco de Gama made their first discoveries in the East, they found the country at which they arrived, was called by the natives Hindostan or the land of the Hindoos. These names the Europeans softened to the appellations, India and the Indies. The original design of Columbus was only to find a passage to India by sailing to the West; and when he reached the American Islands, he supposed that he had attained his object. The new-discovered lands were called the West-Indies, and the name of Indians was given to all the native inhabitants, not only of those Islands, but of the whole continent of America.

*Yankies.*—The first settlers of New-England were mostly

emigrants from London and its vicinity, and exclusively styled themselves, The English. The Indians, in attempting to utter the word, *English*, with their broad guttural accent, gave it a sound, which would be nearly represented in this way, *Yaunghees*; the letter *g* being pronounced hard and approaching to the sound of *k* joined with a strong aspirate, like the Hebrew *Cheth*, or the Greek *Chi*, and the *l* suppressed, as almost impossible to be distinctly heard in that combination. The Dutch settlers on the river Hudson and the adjacent country, during their long contest concerning the right of territory, adopted the name, and applied it in contempt to the inhabitants of New-England. The British of the lower class have since extended it to all the people of the United States.

This seems the most probable origin of the term. The pretended Indian tribe of Yankos does not appear to have ever had an existence: as little can we believe in an etymological derivation of the word from ancient Scythia or Siberia, or that it was ever the name of a horde of savages in any part of the world.

*Tories and Whigs.*—The appellation of Tories was first given to the native Irish, who dwelt, or were driven, beyond the English pale, as it was called, and like the moss-troopers and outlaws on the borders of Scotland, for some centuries carried on a desultory and predatory war, against the British settlements in Dublin and the eastern and southern parts of Ireland. In the civil wars in the time of Charles the first, these clans adhered to the royal party and were finally attacked and subdued by Cromwell.

In England this name seems to have been first applied to that part of the army of Charles, who were distinguished by the appellation of Cavaliers. A number of young noblemen and gentlemen of the first families, who adhered to the king, formed themselves into volunteer troops of cavalry. They were not more famous for courage in the field, than notorious for their dissolute manners and intemperate riots. Singing catches and ballads was then the fashionable music of society. To every stanza in the old ballads was annexed a chorus, called the burden or wheel of the song, which usually consisted of a roll of unmeaning sounds, in which the whole company joined with the utmost vociferation. They had a favorite ballad suited to the times, and as much in vogue, as the *Ca ira* was afterwards in the French revolution. Its chorus was

“Sing tory rory, rantum scantum, tory rory row.”

The word, Tories, soon came into use to denote a set of bacchanalian companions. *Colton*, in his *Virgil Travesty*, often calls the Trojans at the court of Dido, Tories, and once, Tory-rories, according to this signification of the terms.

The word Whig originally meant a sour, astringent kind of crab-apple. The ancient proverbial comparison, “as sour as a Whig,” is still in use among the vulgar. In ridicule of the short, clipped hair and penitential scowl of the puritans, who served in the army of Cromwell, the royalists called them Whigs, prick-ears and round-heads.

Whether these facts afford a full explanation of the origin of the terms must be left to the decision of the antiquarians, among whom it has long been a subject of dispute. Certain

it is that they were never employed to designate political parties in England, until the period of the civil wars. The royalists who believed in the divine right, unlimited prerogatives and arbitrary power of kings, were then stigmatized by the name of Tories. Those who adhered to the Parliament, asserted the rights of the Commons, and carrying their zeal for liberty to the extreme of licentiousness and anarchy, finally brought their monarch to the scaffold, were in return contemptuously denominated Whigs. But as early as the commencement of the last century the terms had lost their original opprobrious meaning: and although the word, Tory, never became reputable, the name of Whig was assumed, as an honorable title, by the party opposed to arbitrary prerogative in the king, and to high-church principles in the hierarchy. The phrases now serve chiefly to distinguish the two great political parties, into which England has ever since been divided. In this sense they are used by Swift, Bolingbroke and their adversaries, in the time of Walpole, and more recently in the writings of Burke and some of the later English historians.

During the revolutionary war in America, the friends of liberty and Independence assumed the title of Whigs, and stigmatized, as Tories, all those who adhered to the king of England and advised submission to the demands of the British parliament. In this sense the terms are used in M'Fingal and by all cotemporary writers on American politics. But since the acknowledgement of our Independence and the adoption of a constitutional form of government in the United States, these names have gradually fallen into disuse, are con-

considered as expressions approaching towards vulgarity and almost banished from polite conversation. Parties have arisen upon new grounds and principles of policy, and are distinguished by new appellations.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be clearly documented and supported by appropriate evidence. The text then moves on to describe the various methods used to collect and analyze data, highlighting the need for consistency and reliability in the process. It also touches upon the challenges faced in data collection and the strategies employed to overcome them. The document concludes by summarizing the key findings and the implications of the research, suggesting areas for further study and improvement.

As the following letters may serve to explain more fully the design of the author in his M'Fingal, the publisher has obtained his permission to insert them in an Appendix.

*Letter from the Marquis de Chastellux to the author of  
M'Fingal.*

PARIS, December 15th 1784.

SIR—

WHATEVER success your excellent Poem of M'FINGAL may have obtained and deserved, I can assure you that few persons have read it with more pleasure than myself. I believe that you have rifled every flower, which that kind of poetry could offer—which is not permitted to be only moderately agreeable. Homer was indulged to slumber when he wrote his Iliad and Odyssey; but it was forbidden him, on pain of becoming insupportable, to nod one moment when he composed his *Batrachomomachia*. Burlesque poetry requires more than a gaiety always equal, always natural, always playful. It requires an interest, a design, in the work. It is necessary to decorate with pleasantry a cause good and popular in itself; it is necessary, that cause should be victorious, because the author is obliged to take a tone of superiority; it is also necessary that it should not be completely victorious, that he may give it a force and poignancy by rendering it useful. These, Sir, are the conditions prescribed for Burlesque Poetry,

and these you have happily seized and perfectly complied with—nor do I hesitate to assure you that I prefer it to every work of the kind—even to *Hudibras*. But as I am not the only one of this opinion, and several persons in France would be extremely glad to have it in their possession, you would do me a real pleasure, if you would be pleased to send several copies to the care of Mons. Marbois, as it will be a great satisfaction to me, to spread the fame of the author of *M'Fingal*, and to give him that testimony of the sentiments, with which I am, &c.

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*Extracts from the Author's Answer.*

HARTFORD, May 20th 1785.

SIR—

THOUGH I cannot but ascribe to your politeness some passages in the letter, with which you have favored me, I should do injustice to my own feelings, not to acknowledge myself highly honored by your attention and flattered by your good opinion. I should have been happy to have seen the rules, you so justly prescribe for burlesque poetry, before I composed *M'Fingal*; but am pleased to find you approve of my idea, that this kind of poetry, as well as the sublime, demands a regular plan and design. I own myself to have been disappointed in reading almost every poem of the sort, by its irregularity and deficiency in this view. The last canto of the *Lutrim* concludes in a manner very unsatisfactory to the read-

er. The poet gets rid of his story in a very singular way, by desiring his patron to finish it. Garth, his English imitator, ends his *Dispensary* by sending his hero to the Elysian fields to consult the goddess Hygeia, who gravely advises him to go home and apply by petition to the Secretary of State. The fourth book of Pope's *Dunciad* has scarcely any connection with the former parts, either in manner or design. Indeed all these poems seem to have been intended merely as vehicles for ridicule and satire; and when those topics are exhausted, the work is of course at an end. Writers of such transcendent merit can easily sustain the highest poetical reputation, even in the neglect of the arts of composition, and the formal rules of criticism, which may perhaps sometimes check and impede the most daring flights of imagination.

[After a few more critical remarks, the writer proceeds in the following manner.]

In obedience to your request, signified to me by our mutual friend, Colonel ——, I will now state without reserve the plan and design, upon which the poem of M'Fingal was constructed. It was written merely with a political view, at the instigation of some leading members of the first Congress, who urged me to compose a satirical poem on the events of the campaign in the year 1775. My design was to give, in a poetical manner, a general account of the American contest, with a particular description of the characters and manners of the times, interspersed with anecdotes, which no history would probably record or display: and with as much impartiality as possible, satirize the follies and extravagancies of my coun-

trymen, as well as of their enemies. I determined to describe every subject in the manner it struck my own imagination, and without confining myself to a perpetual effort at wit, drollery and humour, indulge every variety of manner, as my subject varied, and insert all the ridicule, satire, sense, sprightliness and elevation, of which I was master. In a word, I hoped to write a burlesque poem, which your Boileau would not have condemned, with those of Scarron and Dassouci, “aux plaisans du Pont-neuf.”

To throw this design into a regular poetical form, I introduced M<sup>r</sup> Fingal, a fictitious hero, who is the general representative of the party, whom we styled Tories, in New-England. The scenes in which he is engaged, the town-meeting, the mobs, the liberty-pole, the secret cabal in the cellar, the operation of tarring and feathering, &c. were acted in almost every town. His exertions in favor of Great-Britain are regularly completed by his flight to Boston, to which event every incident in the poem tends : in the course of which, all the transactions of the war, previous to the period of his flight, are naturally introduced in narration. The subsequent events are shown in the customary and ancient poetical way in a vision ; in which I availed myself of the claims of the Scotch Highlanders, to the gift of prophecy by second-sight, as a novel kind of machinery, peculiarly appropriate to the subject, and exactly suited to a Poem, which from its nature must in every part be a parody of the serious Epic. In the style, I have preferred the high burlesque to the low, (which is the style of Hudibras) not only as more agreeable to my own taste, but as

it readily admits a transition to the grave, elevated or sublime : a transition which is often made with the greatest ease and gracefulness, in the satirical poems of Pope and Despreaux.\*\*\*

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### EXTRACTS.

The following extracts might perhaps have been inserted, with strict propriety, in the Memoir which accompanies these volumes, as shewing the estimation in which the subject of that memoir was held by his friends and contemporaries. The publisher inserts them here, as throwing some light upon the biography, and also as furnishing an amusing reflection upon the statement of the Quarterly Review, that the Author of M'Fingal, is "one Mr. Fingal," who as they gravely assure us "is no descendant of the hero of Ossian."

"Hence too, where Trumbull leads the ardent throng,  
 Ascending bards begin th' immortal song :  
 Let glowing friendship wake the cheerful lyre,  
 Blest to commend, and pleased to catch the fire.  
 Be theirs the fame, to bards how rarely given !  
 To fill with worth the part assign'd by heaven ;  
 Distinguish'd actors on life's busy stage,  
 Loved by mankind, and useful to the age ;  
 While science round them twines her vernal bays,  
 And sense directs, and genius fires their lays."

*President Dwight's letter to Col. Humphreys.*

" With keen-eyed glance through nature far to pierce,  
 With all the powers and every charm of verse,  
 Each science opening in his ample mind,  
 His fancy glowing and his taste refined,  
 See Trumbull lead the train. His skilful hand  
 Hurls the keen darts of satire thro' the land.  
 Pride, knavery, dulness feel his mortal stings,  
 And listening virtue triumphs while he sings;  
 Britain's foil'd sons, victorious now no more,  
 In guilt retiring from the wasted shore,  
 Strive their curst cruelties to hide in vain,  
 The world shall learn them in his deathless strain."

*Barlow's Vision of Columbus.*

" Why sleep'st thou, Barlow, child of genius! why  
 See'st thou, blest Dwight, our land in sadness lie?  
 And where is Trumbull, earliest boast of fame?  
 'Tis yours, ye bards, to wake the smother'd flame—  
 To you, my dearest friends! the task belongs  
 To rouse your country with heroic songs."

*Humphreys' Future Glory of America.*

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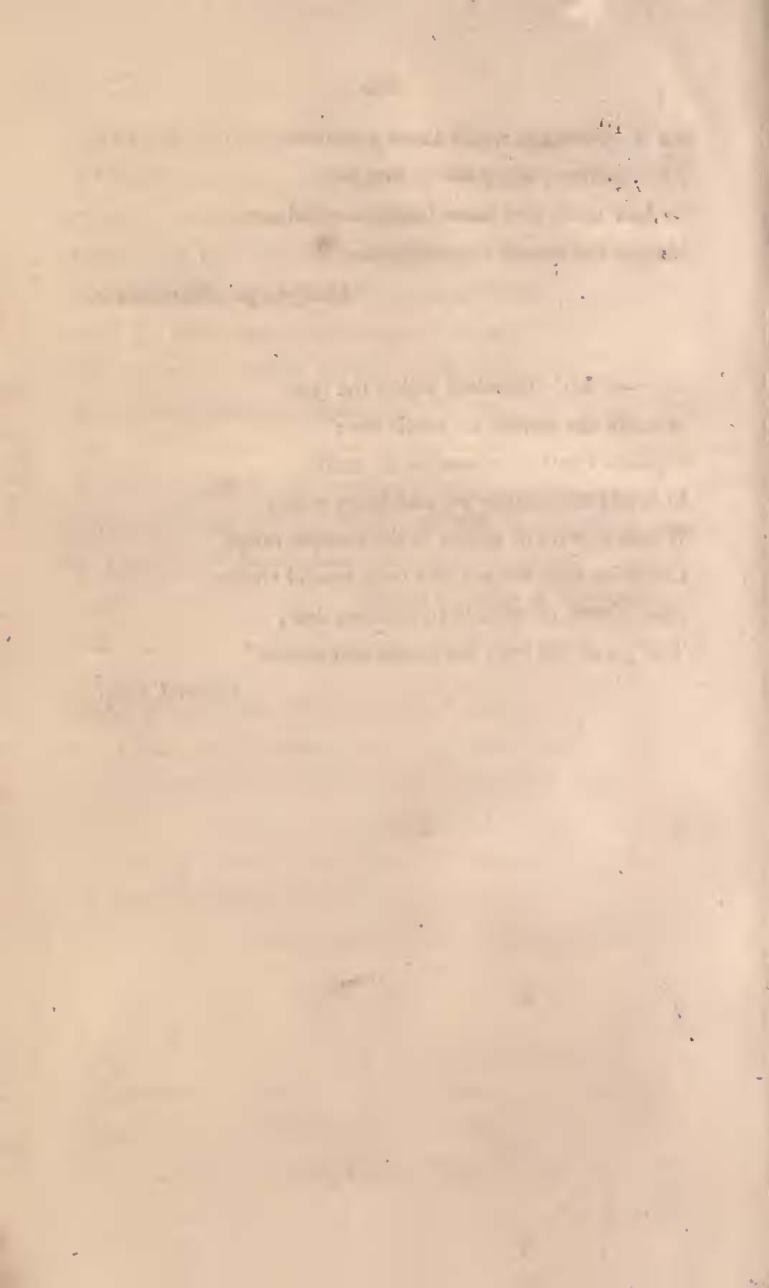
" And found my Trumbull at New-Haven;  
 Than whom, more humour never man did  
 Possess—nor lives a soul more candid—

But who, unsung, would know hereafter  
 The repartees, and peals of laughter,  
 Or how much glee those laughters yield one,  
 Maugre the system Chesterfieldian!"

*Humphreys' Miscellanies.*

———"Lo! Trumbull wakes the lyre,  
 With all the fervour of poetic fire;  
 Superior Poet! in whose classic strain  
 In bright accordance wit and fancy reign;  
 Whose powers of genius in their ample range  
 Comprise each subject and each tuneful change,  
 Each charm of melody to Phœbus dear,  
 The grave, the gay, the tender and severe."

*Richard Alsop.*





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