

Nor lack'd they each poet's being,  
 Whom bards alone are skill'd in seeing;  
 Plum'd Victory stood perch'd on high,  
 Upon the pulpit-canopy,  
 To join, as is her custom tried,  
 Like Indians, on the strongest side;  
 The Destinies with shears and distaff,  
 Drew near their threads of life to twist off;  
 Old Jove had got his scales and weights  
 To balance their impending fates;  
 The Furies 'gan to feast on blows,  
 And broken heads by bloody nose;  
 When on a sudden from without  
 Arose a loud terrific shout;  
 And strait the people all at once heard  
 Of tongues an universal congr  
 Like Æsop's times, as fable run,  
 When ev'ry creature talk'd at once;  
 Or like the variegated gabble  
 That craz'd the carpenters of Babel.  
 Each party soon forgot the quarrel,  
 And let the other go on parole;  
 Eager to know what fearful matter  
 Had conjur'd up such gen'ral clatter;  
 And left the church in thin array,  
 As tho' it had been lecture-day.  
 Our 'Squire M'Fingal straitway beckon'd  
 The constable to stand his second,  
 And sallied forth with aspect fierce  
 The croud assembled to disperse.  
 The Moderator out of view  
 Beneath a bench had lain perdue;  
 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.