

Made their disapprobation known
 By many a murmur, hum and groan,
 That to his speech supplied the place
 Of counterpart in thorough-bass:
 As bag-pipes, while the tune they breathe,
 Still groan and grumble underneath;
 Or as the fam'd Demosthenes
 Harangued the rumbling of the seas,
 Held forth with eloquence so grave
 To audience loud of wind and wave;
 And had a stiller congregation
 Than Tories are to hear th' oration.
 But now the storm grew high and louder,
 As nearer thundrings of a cloud are,
 And ev'ry soul with heart and voice
 Supplied his quota of the noise:
 Each listening ear was set on torture,
 Each Tory bell'wing out, To order;
 And some, with tongue not low or weak,
 Were clam'ring fast, for leave to speak.
 The Moderator, with great violence,
 The cushion thump'd with "Silence, silence;"
 The Constable to ev'ry prater
 Bawl'd out, "Pray hear the Moderator;"
 Some call'd the vote, and some in turn
 Were screaming high, "Adjourn, adjourn:"
 Not chaos heard such jars and clashes,
 When all the elements fought for places.
 Each bludgeon soon for blows was tim'd;
 Each fist stood ready cock'd and prim'd;
 The storm each moment louder grew;
 His sword the great M^r Fingal drew;
 Prepar'd in either chance to share,
 To keep the peace, or aid the war.