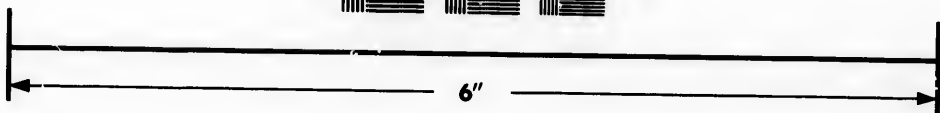
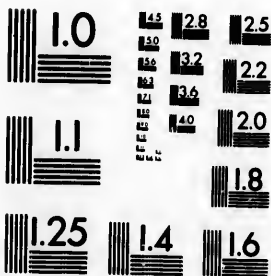


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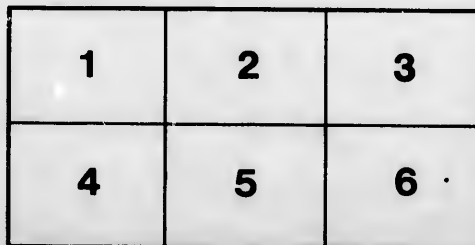
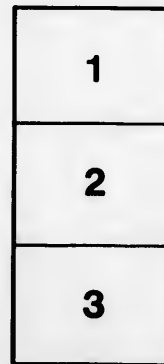
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M^c F I N G A L :

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E P I C P O E M.

O R,

T H E T O W N - M E E T I N G.

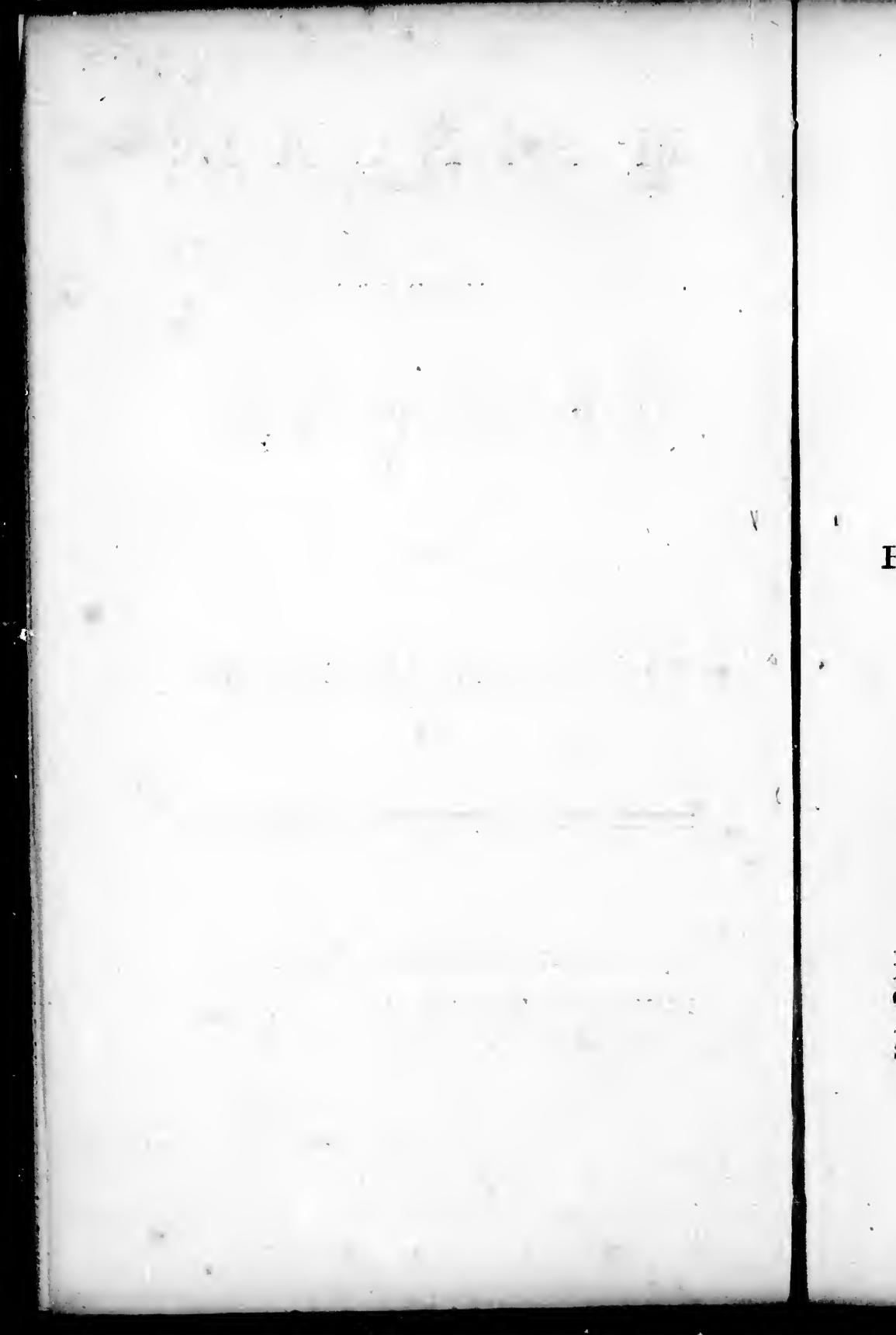
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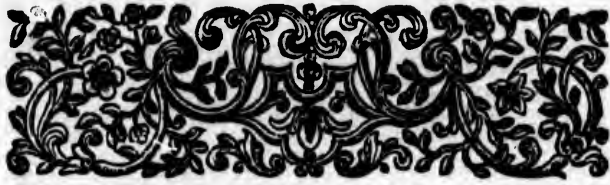
LONDON, Reprinted for J. ALMON, opposite
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[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

*Written by D. John Trumbull, Connecticut.
In 1782, from Cursive was published in
Hartford, Conn.*

ATB





M^c F I N G A L :

A N

E P I C P O E M, &c.

WHEN Yankies, skill'd in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school ;
Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manoeuvres of parade ;
The true war-dance of Yanky-reels,
And val'rous exercise of heels ;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,
And work, like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out, by fear and trembling ;
Taught Piercy fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-chaces :
From Boston, in his best array,
Great Squire M^cFingal took his way,
And, grac'd with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homewards to his native town.

A 2

His

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

His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands
 Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands ;
 Whence gain'd our 'Squire two gifts by right,
 Rebellion and the second-fight.
 Of these the first in antient days
 Had gain'd the noblest palms of praise,
 'Gainst Kings stood forth, and many a crown'd head
 With terror of its might confounded ;
 Till rose a King with potent charm
 His foes by goodness to disarm,
 Whom ev'ry Scot and Jacobite
 Strait fell in love with, at first sight ;
 Whose gracious speech, with aid of pensions,
 Hush'd down all murmurs of dissensions,
 And with the sound of potent metal,
 Brought all their blust'ring swarms to settle ;
 Who rain'd his ministerial mannas,
 Till loud sedition sung hosannas ;
 The good Lords, Bishops, and the Kirk
 United in the public work ;
 Rebellion from the northern regions,
 With B— and M——— swore allegiance ;
 And all combin'd to raze, as nuisance,
 Of church and state the constitutions ;
 Pull down the empire, on whose ruins
 They meant to edify their new ones ;

Enslave

* See Fingal, an antient Epic Poem, published as the work of Ossian, a Caledonian Bard of the third century, by James M'Pheifon, a pensioned Scotch ministerial scribbler.

Enslave th' Amer'can wilderness,
 And tear the provinces in pieces.
 For these our 'Squire among the val'ant'ft
 Employ'd his time and tools and talents;
 And in their cause with manly zeal
 Us'd his first virtue, to rebel;
 And found this new rebellion pleasing
 As his old king-destroying treason.

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

Made

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

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

Thus stor'd with intellectual riches,
 Skill'd was our 'Squire in making speeches,
 Where strength of brains united centers
 With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.
 But as some musquets so contrive it,
 As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
 And tho' well aim'd at duck or plover,
 Bear wide and kick their owners over :
 So far'd our 'Squire, whose reas'ning toil
 Would often on himself recoil,
 And so much injur'd more his side,
 The stronger arg'ments he apply'd :
 As old war-elephants dismay'd,
 Trode down the troops they came to aid,
 And hurt their own side more in battle
 Than less and ordinary cattle.
 Yet at town-meetings ev'ry chief
 Pinn'd faith on great M'Fingal's sleeve,
 And as he motion'd all by rote,
 Rais'd sympathetic hands to vote.

The town, our hero's scene of action,
 Had long been torn by feuds of faction,
 And as each party's strength prevails,
 It turn'd up diff'rent, heads or tails ;
 With constant rattling in a trice
 Shew'd various sides, as oft as dice ;

As that fam'd weaver, * wife t' Ulysses,
 By night each day's-work pick'd in pieces,
 And tho' she stoutly did bestir her,
 Its finishing was ne'er the nearer :
 So did this town with stedfast zeal
 Weave 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.
 Meanwhile our hero, as their head,
 In pomp the Tory faction led,
 Still following, as the 'Squire should please,
 Successive on, like files of geese.

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

In

* Homer's Odyssey.

In grandeur o'er the cushion bow'd,
 Like Sol half seen behind a cloud.
 Beneath flood voters of all colours,
 Whigs, Tories, orators and bawlers,
 With ev'ry tongue in either faction,
 Prepar'd, like minute-men, for action;
 Where truth and falshood, wrong and right,
 Draw all their legions out to fight;
 With equal uproar scarcely rave
 Opposing winds in Æolus' cave;
 Such dialogues with earnest face
 Held never Balaam with his ass.

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

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

For states, like men, are doom'd as well
 Th' infirmities of age to feel;
 And as their constitutions please 'em,
 Find ev'ry deep distemper seize 'em.

Some

Some states high fevers have made head in,
 Which nought could cure but copious bleeding.
 While others have grown dull and dozy,
 Or fix'd in helpless idiocy.

Thus now while hoary years prevail,
 Good Mother Britain seem'd to fail :
 Her back bent, crippled with the weight
 Of age and debts and cares of state :
 For debts she ow'd, and those so large,
 As twice her wealth could not discharge,
 And now 'twas thought, so high they'd grown,
 She'd break and come upon the town ;
 Her arms, of nations once the dread,
 She scarce could lift above her head ;
 Her deafen'd ears ('twas all their hope)
 The final trump perhaps might ope,
 So long they'd been in stupid mood,
 Shut to the hearing of all good ;
 Grim death had put her in his scroll
 Down on the execution-roll ;
 And Gallic crows, as she grew weaker,
 Already whet their beaks to pick her.
 And now her pow'rs decaying fast,
 Her grand climact'ric had she pass'd,
 And, just like all old women else,
 Fell in the vapours much by spells :
 Strange whimsies on her fancy struck,
 And gave her brain a dismal shock ;
 Her mem'ry fails, her judgment ends ;
 She quite forgot her nearest friends,
 Lost all her former sense and knowledge,
 And fitted fast for Bethlem college ;
 Of all the pow'rs she once retain'd,
 Conceit and pride alone remain'd.
 As Eve when falling was so modest
 To fancy she should grow a goddess ;
 As madmen, straw who long have slept on,
 Will stile them Jupiter or Neptune :

So Britain, 'midst her airs so flighty,
 Now took a whim to be Almighty ;
 Urg'd on to desp'rate heights of frenzy,
 Affirm'd her own Omnipotency ;
 Would rather ruin all her race,
 Than 'bate Supremacy an ace ;
 Assum'd all rights divine, as grown
 'The Church's head, like good Pope Joan ;
 Swore all the world should bow and skip
 To her almighty goodyship ;
 Anath'matiz'd each unbeliever,
 And vow'd to live and rule for ever.
 Her servants humour'd every whim,
 And own'd at once her pow'r supreme,
 Her follies pleas'd in all their stages,
 For sake of legacies and wages ;
 In * *Stephen's Chapel* then in state too
 Set up her golden calf to pray to,
 Proclaim'd its pow'r and right divine,
 And call'd for worship at its shrine,
 And for poor Heretics to burn us,
 Bade North prepare his fiery furnace :
 Struck bargains with the Romish churches
 Infallibility to purchase ;
 Set wide for Popery the door,
 Made friends with Babel's scarlet whore,
 Join'd both the matrons firm in clan ;
 No sisters made a better span.
 No wonder then, ere this was over,
 That she should make her children suffer.
 She first, without pretence of reason,
 Claim'd right whate'er we had to seize on ;
 And with determin'd resolution
 To put her claims in execution,
 Sent fire and sword, and call'd it Lenity,
 Starv'd us, and christen'd it Humanity.

For

* The Parliament-House is called by that name.

For she, her case grown desperater,
 Mistook the plainest things in nature ;
 Had lost all use of eyes or wits ;
 Took slav'ry for the Bill of Rights ;
 Trembled at Whigs and deem'd them foes,
 And stopp'd at loyalty her nose ;
 Stil'd her own children brats and caitiffs,
 And knew us not from th' Indian natives.

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

Thus spite of pray'rs her schemes pursuing,
 She still went on to work our ruin ;
 Annull'd our charters of releases,
 And tore our title-deeds in pieces ;
 Then sign'd her warrants of ejection,
 And gallows rais'd to stretch our necks on ;
 And on these errands sent in rage,
 Her bailiff, and her hangman, *Gage*,
 And at his heels, like dogs to bait us,
 Dispatch'd her *Posse Comitatus*.

No state e'er chose a fitter person
 To carry such a silly farce on :
 As Heathen gods in ancient days
 Receiv'd at second-hand their praise,
 Stood imag'd forth in stones and stocks,
 And deify'd in barbers blocks ;
 So *Gage* was chose to represent
 Th' omnipotence of Parliament :

And as old heroes gain'd, by shifts,
 From gods, as poets tell, their gifts;
 Our Gen'ral, as his actions show,
 Gain'd like assistance from below,
 By Satan grac'd with full supplies
 From all his magazine of lies.
 Yet could his practice ne'er impart
 The wit to tell a lie with art.
 Those lies alone are formidable,
 Where artful truth is mixt with fable;
 But *Gage* has bungled oft so vilely
 No soul would crédito lies so silly,
 Outwent all faith, and stretch'd beyond
 Credulity's extremest end.

Whence plain it seems, tho' Satan once
 O'erlook'd with scorn each brainless dunce,
 And blund'ring brutes in Eden shunning,
 Chose out the serpent for his cunning;
 Of late he is not half so nice,
 Nor picks assistants 'cause they're wise;
 For had he stood upon perfection,
 His present friends had lost th' election,
 And far'd as hard in this proceeding,
 As owls and asses did in Eden.

Yet meanest reptiles are most venomous,
 And simpletons most dang'rous enemies;
 Nor e'er could *Gage* by craft and 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 free-born land
 Among ourselves a venal band,
 A dastard race who long have sold
 Their souls and consciences for gold;
 Who wish to stab their country's vitals,
 If they might heir surviving titles;
 With joy behold our mischiefs brewing,
 Insult and triumph in our ruin?

Priests

Priests who, if Satan should sit down
 To make a bible of his own,
 Would gladly, for the sake of mitres,
 Turn his inspir'd and sacred writers;
 Lawyers who, should he wish to prove
 His title t' his old seat above,
 Would, if his cause he'd give 'em fees in,
 Bring writs of *Entry sur disseisin*,
 Plead for him boldly at the session,
 And hope to put him in possession;
 Merchants who, for his kindly aid,
 Would make him partners in their trade;
 And Judges, who would list his pages
 For proper liveries and wages;
 And who as humbly cringe and bow
 To all his mortal servants now?
 There are; and Shame, with pointing gestures,
 Marks out th' Addressors and Protectors;
 Whom, following down the stream of fate,
 Contempts ineffable await,
 And public infamy forlorn,
 Dread hate and everlasting scorn."

As thus he spake, our 'Squire M'Fingal
 Gave to his partizans a signal.
 Not quicker roll'd the waves to land,
 When Moses wav'd his potent wand,
 Nor with more uproar, than the Tories
 Set up a gen'ral rout in chorus;
 Laugh'd, hiss'd, hem'd, murmur'd, groan'd and jeer'd;
 Honorius now could scarce be heard.
 Our Muse, amid th' increasing roar,
 Could not distinguish one word more:
 Tho' she fate, by in firm record
 To take in short-hand ev'ry word;
 As antient Muses wont, to whom
 Old Bards for depositions come,
 Who must have writ 'em; for how else
 Could they each speech verbatim tell 's?

And

And tho' some readers of romances
 Are apt to strain their tortur'd fancies,
 And doubt when lovers all alone
 Their sad soliloquies do groan,
 Grieve many a page with no one near 'em,
 And nought but rocks and groves to hear 'em,
 What spright infernal could have tattled,
 And told the authors all they prattled ;
 Whence some weak minds have made objection,
 That what they scribbled must be fiction :
 'Tis false ; for while the lovers spoke,
 The Muse was by with table-book,
 And, lest some blunder might ensue,
 Echo stood clerk and kept the cue.
 And tho' the speech ben't worth a groat,
 As usual, 'tisn't the author's fault,
 But error merely of the prater,
 Who should have talk'd to th' purpose better :
 Which full excuse, my critic-brothers,
 May help me out, as well as others ;
 And 'tis design'd, tho' here it lurk,
 To serve as preface to this work.
 So let it be---for now our 'Squire
 No longer could contain his ire ;
 And rising 'midst applauding Tories,
 Thus vented wrath upon Honorius.

Quoth he, " 'Tis wondrous what strange stuff
 Your Whigs' heads are compounded of ;
 Which force of logic cannot pierce,
 Nor syllogistic *carte & tierce*,
 Nor weight of scripture or of reason
 Suffice to make the least impresson.
 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

That right divine from Heav'n was lent
 To Kings, that is the Parliament,
 Their subjects to oppress and tease,
 And serve the Devil when they please?
 Did they not write and pray and preach,
 And torture all the parts of speech,
 About Rebellion make a pother,
 From one end of the land to th' other?
 And yet gain'd fewer pros'lyte Whigs
 Than old * St. Anth'ny 'mongst the pigs;
 And chang'd not half so many vicious
 As Austin, when he preach'd to fishes;
 Who throng'd to hear, the legend tells,
 Were edify'd, and wagg'd their tails:
 But scarce you'd prove it, if you try'd,
 That e'er one Whig was edify'd.
 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 fagg-end man poor † Parson Peters?
 Have not our Cooper and our Seabury
 Sung hymns, like Barak and old Deborah,
 Prov'd all intrigues to set you free
 Rebellion 'gainst *the pow'rs that be*;
 Brought over many a scripture text
 That us'd to wink at rebel-sects,
 Coax'd wayward ones to favour regents,
 Or paraphras'd them to obedience;

Prov'd

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

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

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

Prov'd ev'ry king, ev'n those confess
 Horns of th' Apocalyptic beast,
 And sprouting from its noddles seven,
 Ordain'd, as bishops are, by Heaven;
 (For reasons sim'lar, as we're told;
 That *Tophet* was ordain'd of old)
 By this lay-ordination valid
 Becomes all sanctify'd and hallow'd;
 Takes patent out when Heav'n has sign'd it,
 And starts up strait the Lord's anointed?
 As extreme unct'ion, that can cleanse
 Each penitent from deadly sins,
 Make them run glib, when oil'd by Priest,
 The heav'nly road, like wheels new-greas'd,
 Serve them, like shoe-ball, for defences
 'Gainst wear and tear of consciences:
 So king's anointment cleans betimes,
 Like fuller's earth, all spots of crimes,
 For future knav'ries give commissions,
 Like Papists sinning under licence.
 For Heav'n ordain'd the origin,
 Divines declare, of pain and sin;
 Prove such great good they both have done us,
 Kind mercy 'twas they came upon us.
 For, without pain and sin and folly,
 Man ne'er were blest, or wise, or holy;
 And we should * thank the Lord, 'tis so,
 As authors grave wrote long ago.
 Now Heav'n its issues never brings
 Without the means, and these are kings;
 And he, who blames when they announce ills,
 Would counteract 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, slav'ry, and Philistines;

When

* See the modern Metaphysical Divinity.

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 ;
 And if it means to send you pain,
 You turn your noses up in vain ;
 Your only way's in peace to bear it,
 And make necessity a merit.
 Hence sure perdition must await
 The man, who rises 'gainst the state,
 Who meets at once the damning sentence,
 Without one loop-hole for repentance ;
 E'en tho' he gain the royal fee,
 And rank among the pow'rs that be ;
 For hell is theirs, the scripture shows,
 Whoe'er the pow'rs that be, oppose,
 And all those pow'rs (I'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 found-board to his hundred tongues,
 I could not half the scribblers muster
 That swarm'd round Rivington in cluster ;
 Assemblies, Councilmen, forsooth ;
 Brush, Cooper, Wilkins, Chandler, Booth,
 Yet all their arguments and sap'ence,
 You did not value at three halfpence.

C

Did

* Virgil's *Aeneid*, 6th book, line 625.

Did not our Scribbler-gen'ral strain hard,
 Our Massachusetts * Leonard?
 Scrawl ev'ry moment he could spare
 From cards, and barbers, and the fair;
 Show, clear as sun in noon-day heavens,
 You did not feel a single grievance;
 Demonstrate all your opposition
 Sprung from the † eggs of foul sedition;
 Swear he had seen the nest she laid in,
 And knew how long she had been sitting;
 Could tell exact what strength of heat is
 Requir'd to hatch her out Committees;
 What shapes they take, and how much longer's
 The space before they grow t' a Congress?
 New-whitewash'd Hutchinson, and varnish'd
 Our Gage, who'd got a little tarnish'd,
 Made 'em new marks, in time no doubt,
 For Hutchinson's was quite worn out;
 And while he muddled all his head,
 You did not heed a word he said.
 Did not our grave ‡ judge Sewall hit
 The summit of news-paper wit?
 Fill'd ev'ry leaf of ev'ry paper
 Of Mills and Hicks and mother Draper;
 Drew proclamations, works of toil,
 In true sublime of scarecrow style;
 Wrote farces too 'gainst Sons of Freedom,
 All for your good, and none would read 'em;

Denounc'd

* One of the Mandamus Council in Massachusetts's Bay, author of a course of essays, under the signature of Massachusetts; for which and his other good services, he had a place given him with a salary of £.300 sterling.

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

Massachusetts.

‡ Attorney-general of Massachusetts's Bay, a judge of Admiralty, Gage's chief Adviser and Proclamation-maker, author of a farce, called the Americans Rouzed, and of a great variety of essays on the Ministerial side, in the Boston news-papers.

Denounc'd damnation on their frenzy,
 Who died in Wig-impenitency ;
 Affirm'd that heav'n would lend us aid,
 As all our Tory-writers said,
 And calculated so its kindness,
 He told the moment when it join'd us."

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

" As for your fasts, replied our 'Squire,
 What circumstance could fasts require ?
 We kept them not, but 'twas no crime ;
 We held them merely loss of time .
 For what advantage firm and lasting,
 Pray did ye ever get by fasting ?
 And what the gains that can arise
 From vows and off'rings to the skies ?
 Will heav'n reward with posts and fees,
 Or send us Tea, as Consignees,
 Give pensions, sal'ries, places, bribes,
 Or chuse us judges, clerks, or scribes ?
 Has it commissions in its gift,
 Or cash, to serve us at a list ?
 Are Acts of Parliament there made,
 To carry on the placeman's trade ?
 Or has it pass'd a single Bill
 To let us plunder whom we will ?

And look our list of placemen all over ;
 Did heav'n appoint our chief-judge, Oliver,
 Fill that high bench with ignoramus,
 Or has it Councils by mandamus ?
 Who made that wit of * water gruel,
 A judge of Admiralty, Sewall ?
 And were they not mere earthly struggles,
 That rais'd up Murray, Say, and Ruggles ?
 Did heav'n send down, our pains to med'cine,
 That old simplicity of Edson,
 Or by election pick out from us,
 That Marshfield blund'rer Nat. Ray Thomas ?
 Or had it any hand in serving
 A Loring, Pepp'rell, Browne, or Erving ?
 Yet we've some saints, the very thing,
 We'll 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 reg'lar twice a day ;
 As folks exact have dinners got,
 Whether they've appetites or not ?
 Was there a zealot more alarming
 'Gainst public vice to hold forth sermon,
 Or fix'd at church, whose inward motion
 Roll'd up his eyes with more devotion ?
 What Puritan could ever pray
 In godlier tone than treas'rer * Gray,
 Or at town-meetings speechify'ng,
 Could utter more melodious whine,
 And shut his eyes and vent his moan,
 Like owl afflicted in the sun ?

Who

* The proper emblem of his genius.
 • One of the Mandamus Councils, who wrote a pamphlet, in which
 he charged the Congress with being drunk when they signed the Conti-
 nental Association.

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

"Have you forgot, Honorius cried,
How your prime faint the truth defied,
Affirmed he never wrote a line
Your charter'd rights to undermine ;
When his own letters then were by,
That prov'd his message all a lie ?
How many promises he seal'd,
To get th' oppressive Acts repeal'd ;
Yet once arriv'd 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 such venial crimes as these ;
Or ye perhaps in scripture spy
A new commandment, "Thou shalt lie ;"
And if't be so (as who can tell ?)
There's no one sure ye keep so well."

"Quoth he, For lies and promise-breaking
Ye need not be in such a taking ;
For lying is, we know and teach,
The highest privilege of speech ;
The universal Magna Charta,
To which all human race is party,
Whence children first, as David says,
Lay claim to 't in their earliest days ;
The only stratagem in war
Our Gen'als have occasion for ;
The only freedom of the press
Our politicians need in peace :
And 'tis a shame you wish t' abridge us
Of these our darling privileges.

Thank

Thank heav'n, your shot have mis'd their aim,
For lying is no sin, or shame.

As men last wills may change again,
Tho' drawn in name of God, Amen ;
Before they must have much the more,
O'er promises as great a pow'r,
Which made in haste, with small inspection,
So much the more will need correction ;
And when they've careless spoke, or penn'd 'em ;
Have right to look 'em o'er and mend 'em ;
Revise their vows, or change the text,
By way of codicil annex'd ;
Turn out a promise that was base,
And put a better in its place.
So Gage of late agreed, you know,
To let the Boston people go :
Yet when he saw 'gainst troops that brav'd him,
They were the only guards that sav'd him,
Kept off that Satan of a Putnam,
From breaking in to maul and mutt'n him ;
He'd too much wit such leagues t' observe,
And shut them in again to starve.

As 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
Forever, when they grow beyond age ;
Nor have pow'r their own oaths to change ?
I think the tale were very strange.
Shall vows but bind the stout and strong,
And let go women weak and young,
As nets enclose the larger crew,
And let the smaller fry creep thro' ?

Besides,

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 tho' he speaks with art and finesse,
 'Tis said beneath *duras per minas*.

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

Your boasted patriotism is scarce,
 And country's love is but a farce ;
 And after all the proofs you bring,
 We Tories know there's no such thing.
 Our English writers of great fame
 Prove public virtue but a name.
 Hath not * Dalrymple show'd in print,
 And * Johnson too, there's nothing in't ?
 Produc'd you demonstration ample,
 From others of their own example,
 That self is still, in either faction,
 The only principle of action ;
 The loadstone, whose attracting tether
 Keeps the politic world together.
 And spite of all your double-dealing,
 We Tories know 'tis so, by feeling.

Who heeds your babbling of transmitting
 Freedom to brats of your begetting,

* Ministerial Writers.

Or will proceed as though there were a tie,
 Or obligation to posterity ?
 We get 'em, bear 'em, breed and nurse ;
 What has poster'ty done for us,
 That we, lest they their rights should lose,
 Should trust our necks to gripe of noose ?
 And who believes you will not run ?
 You're cowards, ev'ry mother's son ;
 And should you offer to deny,
 We've witnesses to prove it by.
 Attend th' opinion first, as referee,
 Of your old Gen'ral, stout Sir Jeffry,
 Who swore that with five thousand foot
 He'd rout you all, and in pursuit
 Run thro' the land as easily
 As camel thro' a needle's eye.
 Did not the valiant Col'nel Grant
 Against your courage make his slant,
 Affirm your universal failure
 In ev'ry principle of valour,
 And swear no scamp'ers e'er could match you,
 So swift, a bullet scarce could catch you ?
 And will you not confess in this,
 A judge most competent he is,
 Well skill'd on runnings to decide,
 As what himself has often tried ?
 'Twould not methinks be labour lost,
 If you sit down and count the cost ;
 And ere you call your Yankees out,
 First think what work you've set about.
 Have you not rouz'd, his force to try on,
 That grim old beast, the British lion ?
 And know you not, that at a sup
 He's large enough to eat you up ?

Have

Have you survey'd his jaws beneath,
 Drawn inventories of his teeth,
 Or have you weigh'd in even balance
 His strength, and magnitude of talons ?
 His roar would turn your boasts to fear,
 As easily as four small-beer,
 And make your feet from dreadful fray,
 By native instinct run away.
 Britain, depend on't, will take on her
 T' assert her dignity and honour,
 And ere she'd lose your share of pelf,
 Destroy your country and herself.
 For has not North declar'd they fight
 To gain substantial rev'nue by't,
 Denied he'd ever deign to treat,
 Till on your knees and at his feet ?
 And feel you not a trifling ague,
 From Van's *Delenda est Carthago* ?
 For this, now Britain has come to't,
 Think you she has not means to do't ?
 Has she not set to work all engines
 To spirit up the native Indians,
 Sent on your backs a savage band,
 With each a hatchet in his hand,
 T' amuse themselves with scalping knives,
 And butcher children and your wives ;
 That she may boast again with vanity,
 Her English national humanity ?
 For now in its primæval sense,
 This term, *human'ty*, comprehends
 All things of which, on this side hell,
 The *human mind* is capable ;
 (And thus 'tis well, by writers sage,
 Applied to Britain and to Gage.)

D

And

And on this work to raise allies,
 She sent her duplicate of Guy's,
 To drive, at different parts at once, on,
 Her stout Guy Carlton and Guy Johnson :
 To each of whom, to send again, ye
 Old Guy of Warwick were a ninny ;
 Tho' the dun cow he fell'd in war,
 These killcows are his betters far.

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

Has

* The stones and all the elements with thee
 Shall ratify a strict covenant ;
 Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
 And for a firm alliance with thee treat, &c.

Blackmore's Paraphrase of Job.

Has she not cring'd, in spite of pride,
 For like assistance far and wide?
 Was there a creature so despis'd?
 Its aid she has not sought and priz'd?
 Till all this formidable league rose
 Of Indians, British troops and Negroes?
 And can you break these triple bands
 By all your workmanship of hands?"

"Sir, quoth Honorius, we presume
 You guess from past feats, what's to come,
 And from the mighty deeds of Gage,
 Foretell how fierce the war he'll wage.

You doubtless recollected here
 The annals of his first great year:
 While wearying out the Tories' patience,
 He spent his breath in proclamations;
 While all his mighty noise and vapour
 Was used in wrangling upon paper;
 And boasted military fits
 Closed in the straining of his wits;
 While troops in Boston commons plac'd
 Laid nought but quires of paper waste;
 While strokes alternate stunn'd the nation,
 Protest, address and proclamation;
 And speech met speech, sib clash'd with sib,
 And Gage still answer'd squib for squib.

Tho' 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 howsoever the rogues might scoff,
 He liked them best the farthest off)
 Of mighty use and help 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, quoth the 'Squire, you'll find to suer
 At Gage's first triumphant year ;
 For Providence, dispos'd to teaze us,
 Can use what instruments it pleases.
 To pay a tax at Peter's wish,
 His chief cashier was once a fish ;
 An Afs, in Balaam's sad disaster,
 Turn'd Orator, and sav'd his master.
 A Goose plac'd centry on his station
 Preserv'd old Rome from desolation ;
 An English Bishop's * Cur of late
 Disclos'd rebellions 'gainst the state ;
 So Frogs croak'd Pharaoh to repentance,
 And Lice revers'd the threat'ning sentence :
 And heav'n can ruin you at pleasure,
 By our scorn'd Gage, as well as Cæsar.
 Yet did our hero in these days
 Pick up some laurel wreaths of praise.
 And as the statuary of Seville
 Made his crackt saint an exc'llent devil ;
 So tho' our war few triumphs brings,
 We gain'd great fame in other things.
 Did not our troops show much discerning
 And skill your various arts in learning ?
 Out-went they not each native Noodle
 By far in playing Yanky-doodle ;
 Which, as 'twas your New-England tune,
 'Twas marvellous they took so soon ?

And

* See Bishop Atterbury's trial.

And ere the year was fully thro',
 Did not they learn to foot it too,
 And such a dance as ne'er was known,
 For twenty miles on end lead down?
 Was there a Yanky trick you knew,
 They did not play as well as you?
 Did they not lay their heads together,
 And gain your art to tar and feather,
 When Col'nel Nesbitt thro' the town
 In triumph bore the country-clown?
 Oh, what a glorious work to sing
 The vet'ran troops of Britain's king,
 Advent'ring for th' heroic laurel,
 With bag of feathers and tar-barrel!
 To paint the cart where culprits ride,
 And Nesbitt marching at its side,
 Great executioner and proud,
 Like hangman high on Holbourn road;
 And o'er the bright triumphal car
 The waving ensigns of the war!
 As when a triumph Rome decreed,
 For great Calig'la's valiant deed,
 Who had subdued the British seas,
 By gath'ring cockles from their base;
 In pompous car the conqu'ror bore
 His captiv'd scallops from the shore,
 Ovations gain'd his crabs for fetching,
 And mighty feats of oyster-catching:
 O'er Yankies thus the war begun,
 They tarr'd and triumph'd over one;
 And fought and boasted thro' the season,
 With might as great, and equal reason.
 Yet thus, tho' skill'd in vict'ry's toils,
 They boast, not unexpert, in wiles.

For

For gain'd they not an equal fame in
 The arts of secrecy and scheming?
 In stratagem's show'd mighty force,
 And moderniz'd the Trojan horse;
 Play'd o'er again those tricks Ulysses,
 In their fam'd Salem-expedition?
 For as that horse, the Poets tell ye,
 Bore Grecian armies in his belly,
 Till their full reck'ning run, with joy
 Their Sinon midwif'd them in Troy:
 So in one ship was Leslie bold
 Cramm'd with three hundred men in hold;
 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;
 Remov'd each prying jealous neighbour,
 The scheme and vessel fell in labour;
 Forth from its hollow womb pour'd hast'ly
 The Myrmidons of Col'nel Leslie.
 Not thicker o'er the blacken'd strand
 The * frogs detachment rush'd to land,
 Equipp'd by onset or surprize
 To storm th' entrenchment of the mice.
 Thro' Salem strait without delay,
 The bold battalion took its way,
 March'd o'er a bridge in open fight
 Of sev'ral Yankies arm'd for fight,
 Then without loss of time, or men,
 Veer'd round for Boston back again;

And

* See Homer's battle of the frogs and mice.

And found so well their projects thrive,
That ev'ry soul got home alive.

Thus Gage's arms did fortune bleſs
With triumph, ſafety and ſucceſs :
But mercy is without diſpute
His firſt and darling attribute ;
So great, it far outwent and conquer'd,
His military ſkill at Concord.
There, when the war he choſe to wage,
Shone the benevolence of Gage ;
Sent troops to that ill-omen'd place
On errands mere of ſpecial grace,
And all the work he choſe them for
Was to * prevent a civil war :
And for that project he projected
The only certain way t' effect it,
To take your powder, ſtores and arms,
And all your means of doing harms ;
As prudent folks take knives away,
Left children cut themſelves at play.
And yet tho' this was all his ſcheme,
This war you ſtill will charge on him ;
And tho' he oft has ſwore and ſaid it,
Stick cloſe to facts, and give no credit.
Think you, he wiſh'd you'd brave and beard him?
Why, 'twas the very thing that ſcar'd him.
He'd rather you ſhould all have run,
Than ſtay'd to fire a ſingle gun.
And for the civil war you lament,
Faith, you yourſelves muſt take the blame in't ;
And had you then, as he intended,
Giv'n up your arms, it muſt have ended.

Since

* See Gage's answer to Governor Trumbull.

Since that's no war, each mortal knows,
 Where one side only gives the blows,
 And th' other bears 'em; on reflection
 The most you'll call it is correction;
 Nor could the contest have gone higher,
 If you had ne'er return'd the fire;
 But when you shot, and not before,
 It then commenc'd a civil war.
 Else Gage, to end this controversy,
 Had but corrected you in mercy:
 Whom mother Britain old and wise
 Sent o'er the Col'nies to chastise;
 Command obedience on their peril
 Of ministerial whip and ferule;
 And since they ne'er must come of age,
 Govern'd and tutor'd them by Gage.
 Still more, that this was all their errand,
 The army's conduct makes apparent.
 What tho' at Lexington you can say
 They kill'd a few they did not fancy,
 At Concord then, with manful popping,
 Discharg'd a round the ball to open?
 Yet when they saw your rebel-rout
 Determin'd still to hold it out;
 Did they not show their love to peace,
 And wish that discord straight might cease;
 Demonstrate, and by proofs uncommon,
 Their orders were to injure no man?
 For did not ev'ry Reg'lar run
 As soon as e'er you fir'd a gun;
 Take the first shot you sent them greeting,
 As meant their signal for retreating;
 And fearful if they staid for sport,
 You might by accident be hurt;

Convey

Convey themselves with speed away
 Full twenty miles in half a day ?
 Race till their legs were grown so weary,
 They'd scarce suffice their weight to carry !
 Whence Gage extols, from gen'ral hearsay,
 The great * activity of Lord Percy ;
 Whose brave example led them on,
 And spirited the troops to run ;
 And now may boast at royal levees
 A Yankee-chace worth forty Chevys.
 Yet you as vile as they were kind,
 Pursu'd, like tygers, still behind,
 Fir'd on them at your will, and shut
 The town, as tho' you'd starve them out ;
 And with † parade prepost'rous hedg'd,
 Affect to hold them there besieg'd ;
 (Tho' Gage, whom proclamations call
 Your Gov'rnor and Vice-Admiral,
 Whose pow'r gubernatorial still
 Extends as far as Bunker's hill ;
 Whose admiralty reaches clever,
 Near half a mile up Mystic river,
 Whose naval force commands the seas,
 Can run away whene'er he please.)
 Scar'd troops of Tories into town,
 And burnt their hay and houses down,
 And menac'd Gage, unless he'd flee,
 To drive him headlong to the sea ;
 As once, to faithless Jews a sign,
 The de'il, turn'd hog-reeve, did the swine.

E

But

* " Too much praise cannot be given to Lord Percy for his remarkable activity thro' the whole day."

Gage's account of the Lexington battle.

† " And with a preposterous parade of military arangement they affect to hold the army besieged."

Gage's last grand proclamation.

But now your triumphs all are o'er ;
 For see from Britain's angry shore
 With mighty hosts of valour join
 Her Howe, her Clinton and Burgoyne.
 As comets thro' the affrighted skies
 Pour baleful ruins as they rise ;
 As Ætna with infernal roar
 In conflagration sweeps the shore ;
 Or as * Abijah White, when sent
 Our Marshfield friends to represent,
 Himself while dread array involves
 Commissions, pistols, swords, resolves,
 In awful pomp descending down,
 Bore terror on the factious town :
 Not with less glory and affright,
 Parade these Gen'ral's forth to fight.
 No more each Reg'lar * Col'nel runs
 From whizzing beetles, as air-guns,
 Thinks hornbugs bullets, or thro' fears,
 Muskitoes takes for Musketeers ;
 Nor 'scapes as tho' you'd gain'd allies
 From Beelzebub's whole host of flies.
 No bug their warlike hearts appals ;
 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

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

† This was a fact. Some Regular 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, and left the hill with great precipitation : Concerning which they wrote terrible accounts to England of their being shot at with air-guns ; as appears by one or two letters, extracts from which were published in the English papers,

Your Moderators triced, like vermin,
 And gate-posts graced with heads of Chairmen.
 What pill'ries glad the Tories' eyes
 With patriot-cars for sacrifice !
 What whipping-posts your chosen race
 Admit successive in embrace,
 While each bears off his crimes, alack !
 Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, on his back !
 Where then, when Tories scarce get clear,
 Shall Whigs and Congresses appear ?
 What rocks and mountains shall you call
 To wrap you over with their fall,
 And save your heads, in these sad weathers,
 From fire and sword, and tar and feathers !
 For lo, with British troops tar-bright,
 Again our Nesbitt heaves in fight !
 He comes, he comes, your lines to storm,
 And rigg your troops in uniform !
 To meet such heroes, will ye brag,
 With fury arm'd and feather bag ;
 Who wield their missile pitch and tar,
 With engines new in British war ?
 Lo, where our mighty navy brings
 Destruction on her canvass-wings,
 While thro' the deeps her potent thunder
 Shall found th' alarm to rob and plunder !
 As Phoebus 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 sheep and oxen shall they steal ?

E 2

Disperse

* Whether our squire, by his second sight, really foresaw the late
 piratical depredations of the British navy, or whether he only gussed,
 from what he knew of the disposition of its commanders, must be left
 to the judgment of the reader.

Disperse whole troops of horse, and pressing,
 Make cows surrender at discretion ;
 Attack your hens, like Alexanders,
 And reg'ments rout of geese and ganders ;
 Or where united arms combine,
 Lead captive many a herd of swine !
 Then rush in dreadful fury down
 To fire on every seaport town ;
 Display their glory and their wits,
 Fright unarm'd children into fits,
 And stoutly from th' unequal fray,
 Make many a woman run away !
 And can ye doubt, whene'er we please,
 Our chiefs shall boast such deeds as these ?
 Have we not chiefs, transcending far
 The old fam'd *thunderbolts of war* ;
 Beyond the brave romantic fighters,
 Stiled *swords of death* by novel-writers ?
 Nor in romancing ages e'er rose
 So terrible a tier of heroes . . .
 From Gage, what flashes fright the waves !
 How loud a blunderbus is Graves !
 How Newport dreads the blustering fallies,
 That thunder from our popgun, Wallace,
 While noise in formidable strains
 Spouts from his thimble-full of brains !
 I see you sink with aw'd surprise !
 I see our Tory-brethren rise !
 And as the sect'ries Sandimanian,
 Our friends, describe their wish'd Millennium,
 Tell how the world in ev'ry region
 At once shall own their true religion ;
 For heav'n with plagues of awful dread
 Shall knock all heretics o' th' head,
 And then their church, the meek in spirit,
 The earth, as promis'd, shall inherit,

From

From the dead wicked, as heirs male,
 And next remainder-men in tail :
 Such ruin shall the Whigs oppress !
 Such spoils our Tory friends shall bless !
 While confiscation at command
 Shall stalk in horror thro' the land,
 Shall give your Whig estates away,
 And call our brethren into play.

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

Hath not heav'n warn'd you what must ensue,
 And Providence declar'd against you ;
 Hung forth its dire portents of war,
 By * signs and beacons in the air ;
 Alarm'd old women all around
 By fearful noises under ground ;
 While earth for many a dozen leagues
 Groan'd with her dismal load of Whigs ?
 Was there a meteor far and wide
 But muster'd on the Tory-side ?
 A star malign that has not bent
 Its aspects for the Parliament,
 Foreboding your defeat and misery ;
 As once they fought against old Sisera ?
 Was there a cloud that spread the skies,
 But bore our armies of allies ?
 While dreadful hosts of fire stood forth
 'Mid baleful glimm'rings from the North ;

Which

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

Which plainly shows which part they join'd,
 For North's the minister ye mind ;
 Whence oft your quibblers in gazettes
 On *Northern blasts* have strain'd their wits ;
 And think ye not the clouds know how
 To make the pur. as well as you ?
 Did there arise an apparition,
 But grin'd forth ruin to sedition ?
 A death-watch, but has join'd our leagues,
 And click'd destruction to the Whigs ?
 Hear'd ye not, when the wind was fair,
 At night our or'tors in the air,
 That, loud as admiralty-libel,
 Read awful * chapters from the bible,
 And death and deviltry denounc'd,
 And told you how you'd soon be trounc'd ?
 I see to join our conqu'ring side
 Heav'n, earth and hell at once allied !
 See from your overthrow and end
 The Tories paradise ascend ;
 Like that new world that claims its station
 Beyond the final conflagration !
 I see the day that lots your share
 In utter darkness and despair ;
 The day of joy, when North, our Lord,
 His faithful fav'rites shall reward !
 No Tory then shall set before him
 Small wish of 'Squire, or Justice Quorum,
 But 'fore his unmistaken eyes
 See lordships, posts and pensions rise.
 Awake to gladness then, ye Tories,
 Th' unbounded prospect lies before us !
 The pow'r display'd in Gage's banners
 Shall cut Amer'can lands to manors,

And

* Such stories were then reported.

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

Whence

* See Hutchinſon's and Oliver's letters.

† Members of the ministerial majority in the New-York assembly ;
 Wilkins a noted writer.

‡ President Cooper is a notorious punster : Vardell, author of some
 poetical satires on the sons of liberty in New-York, and royal professor
 in King's college ; Chandler and Auchmuty, High-church and Tory-
 writers of the Clerical order.

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

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

And

And can ye sleep while high outspread
 Hangs desolation o'er your head ?
 See Gage with inauspicious star
 Has oped the gates of civil war ;
 From streams of gore, from freemen slain,
 Encrimson'd Concord's fatal plain,
 Whose warning voice with awful sound,
 Still cries like Abel's from the ground ;
 And Heav'n attentive to its call
 Shall doom the proud oppressor's fall.

Rise then, ere ruin swift surprize,
 To victory, to vengeance rise !
 Hark how the distant din alarms !
 The echoing trumpet breathes, To arms.
 From provinces remote, afar,
 The sons of glory rouse to war.
 'Tis Freedom calls ; th' enraptur'd sound
 The Apalachian hills rebound :
 The Georgian shores her voice shall hear,
 And start from lethargies of fear.
 From the parch'd Zone, with glowing ray,
 Where pours the sun intenser day,
 To shores where icy waters roll,
 And tremble to the dusky pole,
 Inspir'd by Freedom's heav'nly charms,
 United nations wake to arms.
 The star of conquest lights their way,
 And guides their vengeance on their prey---
 Yes, tho' tyrannic force oppose,
 Still shall they triumph o'er their foes,
 Till heav'n the happy land shall bless
 With safety, liberty and peace.

And ye whose souls of dastard mould
 Start at the brav'ry of the bold ;

To love your country who pretend,
 Yet want all spirit to defend ;
 Who feel your fancies so prolific,
 Engend'ring vision'd whims terrific,
 O'er-run with horrors of coercion,
 Fire, blood and thunder in reversion,
 King's standards, pill'ries, confiscations,
 And Gage's scarecrow proclamations,
 With all the trumpery of fear,
 Hear bullets whizzing in your rear ;
 Who scarce could rouze, if caught in fray,
 Pre-emptive of mind to run away ;
 See nought but halters rise to view
 In all your dreams (and dreams are true) ;
 And while these phantoms haunt your brains,
 Bow down the willing neck to chains ;
 Heav'ns ! are ye sons of fires so great,
 Immortal in the fields of fate,
 Who brav'd all deaths by land or sea,
 Who bled, who conquer'd, to be free !
 Hence, coward souls, the worst disgrace
 Of our forefathers' 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 prophane :
 There beg your more heroic wives
 To guard your children and your lives ;
 Beneath their aprons find a screen,
 Nor dare to mingle more with men."

And thus he said.—The Tories' anger
 Could now restrain itself no longer,
 Who tried before by many a freak, or
 Insulting noise, to stop the speaker ;
 Swung th' unoil'd hinge of each pew-door ;
 Their feet kept shuffling on the floor ;

Made their disapprobation known
 By many a murmur, hum and groan,
 That to his speech supplied the place
 Of counterpart in thorough-bass:
 As bag-pipes, while the tune they breathe,
 Still 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 listning 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.

Nor lack'd they each poet's laing,
 Whom bards alone are skill'd in seeing;
 Plum'd Victory stood perch'd on high,
 Upon the pulpit-cathopy,
 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 cast on blows,
 And broken heads, & 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.





