INFORMATION TO USERS

This material was produced from a microfilm copy of the original document. While the most advanced technological means to photograph and reproduce this document have been used, the quality is heavily dependent upon the quality of the original submitted.

The following explanation of techniques is provided to help you understand markings or patterns which may appear on this reproduction.

1. The sign or "target" for pages apparently lacking from the document photographed is "Missing Page(s)". If it was possible to obtain the missing page(s) or section, they are spliced into the film along with adjacent pages. This may have necessitated cutting thru an image and duplicating adjacent pages to insure you complete continuity.

2. When an image on the film is obliterated with a large round black mark, it is an indication that the photographer suspected that the copy may have moved during exposure and thus cause a blurred image. You will find a good image of the page in the adjacent frame.

3. When a map, drawing or chart, etc., was part of the material being photographed the photographer followed a definite method in "sectioning" the material. It is customary to begin photoing at the upper left hand corner of a large sheet and to continue photoing from left to right in equal sections with a small overlap. If necessary, sectioning is continued again – beginning below the first row and continuing on until complete.

4. The majority of users indicate that the textual content is of greatest value, however, a somewhat higher quality reproduction could be made from "photographs" if essential to the understanding of the dissertation. Silver prints of "photographs" may be ordered at additional charge by writing the Order Department, giving the catalog number, title, author and specific pages you wish reproduced.

5. PLEASE NOTE: Some pages may have indistinct print. Filmed as received.

Xerox University Microfilms
300 North Zeeb Road
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

Downloaded from SHAREOK. Persistent Handle URL: https://hdl.handle.net/11244/3961

75-21,800

GASTON, James Clinton, 1941-
AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS DEALING WITH THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION TAKEN FROM PROMINENT LONDON MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, 1763-1783.

The University of Oklahoma, Ph.D., 1975
Language and Literature, general

Xerox University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

© 1975

JAMES CLINTON GASTON

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

THIS DISSERTATION HAS BEEN MICROFILMED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

GRADUATE COLLEGE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS DEALING WITH THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION TAKEN FROM PROMINENT LONDON MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, 1763-1783

A DISSERTATION

SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE FACULTY

in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the

degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

BY

JAMES CLINTON GASTON

Norman, Oklahoma

1975

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS DEALING WITH THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION TAKEN FROM PROMINENT LONDON MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, 1763-1783

APPROVED BY

Bruce Granger

David F. Lowell

James K. Lowe

Jack L. Kendall

Ronald K. Smeller

DISSERTATION COMMITTEE

Table of Contents

Preface	iv
Introduction	1
The Writer	3
People	3
Subjects	32
Genres	47
The Publisher	61
The Reader	83
I. Issues and Men (1763-1774)	99
Chronology	99
Poetry (Poems 1-54)	104
II. First Hostilities (1775)	177
Chronology	177
Poetry (Poems 55-108)	179
III. Independence for America (1776)	253
Chronology	253
Poetry (Poems 109-144)	255

IV. Burgoyne and the Turning Point (1777) 300
Chronology 300
Poetry (Poems 145-189) 302

V. The French Alliance (1778) 360
Chronology 360
Poetry (Poems 190-220) 361

VI. The Coming of Peace (1779-1783) 403
Chronology 403
Poetry (Poems 221-264) 406

List of Works Consulted 466

Preface

Thomas Jefferson and his associates in the Second Continental Congress in 1776 realized that when men resort to such unusual measures as the ones they were contemplating, "a decent regard to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them." One can hardly produce an anthology of 264 poems by minor or unknown 18th-century poets without incurring a similar obligation. Most of the causes which have impelled me to compile this anthology will be readily apparent to readers of the Introduction. Because my motives have obviously affected the process by which these poems have been selected, though, I should state at the outset my opinion that these poems probably offer more to the broadly humanistic reader than they do to either the literary historian or the "new critic." My own chief interest in these poems has been in seeing them as the expressions, the work, of man. I value them most for their revelation of the Londoner who witnessed and responded to the American Revolution, and my humanistic prejudice has guided the selection of the 264 poems in this anthology from an initial survey of more than 800 poems.

If the poems were selected largely according to my own tastes and preferences, the periodicals for the survey were selected with much less subjectivity. I chose to search the London periodicals listed most often in major works by Walter

Graham, Fox Bourne, and Fred Hinkhouse. These periodicals, some of which were not published continuously through the period, 1763-1783, are as follows:

Dailies:

Gazetteer

Morning Chronicle (1770-1783)

Morning Post (1772-1783)

Public Advertiser

Public Ledger

Tri-weeklies:

General Evening Post

Lloyd's Evening Post

London Chronicle

London Evening Post

London Packet (1770-1783)

Middlesex Journal (1769-1783)

St. James's Chronicle

Magazines (monthly):

Gentleman's Magazine

London Magazine

Town and Country Magazine (1769-1783)

Universal Magazine

Materials for my survey were obtained through the gracious assistance of librarians at Yale University and the Universities of Oklahoma, Missouri, Texas, California at Berkeley, Kansas, and Chicago.

The London Chronicle, Gentleman's Magazine, London Magazine, and Town and Country Magazine were searched exhaustively, and substantial samples from several years were searched for each of the other periodicals. Ideally one's search would be exhaustive in all periodicals in all years, but such an approach is not defensible practically. For the chronological distribution of these poems is by no means even, and a study in which one devoted as much time and energy to the periodicals of 1771, in which hardly any pertinent poems appeared, as he did to 1775, when interesting poems were printed almost every day, would make little sense. Thus I elected to conduct the survey as an iterative process, searching the four periodicals cited above exhaustively, searching the Universal Magazine, Public Advertiser, and Gazetteer with almost equal thoroughness, and, in my searches of the remaining periodicals, consciously emphasizing the periods I had learned were most likely to yield pertinent poetry. Thus although some poems surely escaped my attention, the poems in my sample and in this anthology can safely be taken as representative of the bulk of London's periodical poetry dealing with the American Revolution.

Readers will soon notice that a number of these poems appeared in more than one periodical. Because I felt that both

the earliest date of publication and the frequency of appearance were at least potentially significant, I elected to arrange the poems in the chronological order of their appearance in the London press and to cite all other appearances of which I was aware. Although my survey was limited to London periodicals, I inevitably learned of the appearances of several of these poems in the Scots Magazine, published in Edinburgh, and in a number of American periodicals. These appearances are also cited in the text. The poems seldom changed as they moved from one periodical to another. Differences usually consisted of the addition or deletion of one or more stanzas from a song or ballad. These, too, are noted in the text.

Spelling and punctuation in the 18th century were less standardized than they are today, and I have chosen to follow the originals in all but one or two cases of obvious typographical error. Thus the reader should not be surprised to find many minor inconsistencies in spelling, even in proper names. Typography, too, offered 18th-century printers more opportunities to express their individuality than their modern counterparts enjoy. The printers of these poems employed italics, capitalization, and varying type size freely, and again I have followed them as closely as possible.

Another of the 18th century's most common devices, and for us one of the most troublesome, was the ellipsis (usually printed with dashes rather than with periods). As I shall explain in the

Introduction, both poets and printers had much to lose by condemning Ministers in public, which is just what they did in many of these poems. One protective device for the poets was the authorial pseudonym. But if the author of an objectionable poem could shield himself with anonymity, the printer of the periodical in which the poem appeared could hardly hope to escape identification. Thus the printer's protective device was the ellipsis. By omitting certain letters from the name of his Ministerial target, the printer retained the possibility of denying that the Minister had been attacked at all. Presumably most London readers had no difficulty in supplying the missing letters and identifying the subjects, but the job is not always so easy today. I have supplied the missing letters in brackets for all of those names which can be identified with certainty. Where there is room for doubt, I have retained the ellipses and have supplied the most probable names in footnotes. In a very few cases I have felt that information in the poem is too problematical to warrant a conjecture and have simply retained the ellipsis.

As the reader will discover, the poets and printers represented in this anthology often footnoted their own poems. Since they invariably used asterisks, daggers, or other non-numerical symbols for their footnotes, I have used nothing but numbers for my own footnoting, both in the Introduction and in the body of the anthology.

It is a special pleasure to me to recall the more important ways in which others have contributed to this work. For more than two years, Professor Bruce Granger has guided my study of Colonial and Revolutionary American literature and has overseen the gathering and sifting of this poetry. Professor David French initially stimulated my interest in 18th-century literature, and he has given frequent and valuable assistance during the preparation of this anthology. Professor Ronald Snell's advice has greatly facilitated my historical research. As may be suggested by the number of periodicals and poems represented in this anthology, sheer logistics proved to be a major consideration in this project. In particular, dimensions of the tasks at the libraries of Yale University, the University of Missouri, and the University of Oklahoma were such that I could not have completed the work alone. At Yale, Marjorie Wynne, Joan Hofmann, Lorraine Potter, Anne Whelpley, Pat Howell, and Brian Wolfe demonstrated the gracious ease with which the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library accommodates outsize research projects. At the University of Oklahoma, Jane Dizer Holland, Interlibrary Loan Librarian, repeatedly made my problems her own and then solved them. At the University of Missouri, I was assisted by two sensitive readers who have been especially close to this project from its beginning: my father, Clinton Gaston, and my wife, Jo.

Introduction

The focal point of this anthology is a man. He is an Englishman who is deeply involved in the issues and events of the American Revolution, a sensitive, literate Londoner who either contributes his own poems to the London periodicals or reads and encourages the work of others. He is alert, articulate, and continuously in conflict with himself.

These poems present a compelling picture of the man. They say things about him that are not said elsewhere and perhaps cannot be expressed in another way. They show him struggling with a multitude of dilemmas: some of his leaders are deceitful; some are incompetent; some are admirable; and several are all of these by turns. He prays earnestly for peace, but he has serious misgivings about his church and his religion. He supports the government's measures against the Americans with his sons and his money, but seldom with his heart. The Americans, his ungrateful, headstrong children, misunderstand important words like "freedom" and "liberty," words which he has taught them and purchased for them at great cost. But they are his children, nonetheless, and he finds little comfort in his bloody victories over them. He seems at times to be living in a maelstrom, and it occurs to him more than once

that England herself may not survive these years. Yet he is a resourceful man, and he never stops finding much that is laughable and much that is noble in his world.

In so presenting the man, these poems offer the opportunity for a unique and memorable encounter. Like most such meetings, however, this one is apt to be more comfortable and rewarding if we approach it with certain basic information already in hand. Thus it is hoped that the following pages of introductory information will prepare the reader to move appreciatively through the poetry, acquiring as he does so a new and valuable acquaintance with the man whose poems these are.

At the outset, we can most easily describe this man in terms of the three roles or relationships which secure his claim to the poems. If he wrote the poems, they are certainly his. They are also, in a variety of ways, the poems of the man who published them. And since the efforts of both writer and publisher were carefully directed toward an intended reader, the poems belong also to their reader. Obviously, a satisfactory introduction to the man should take all of these principal roles into account. Therefore we shall consider the man behind the poems first in his role as writer, then as publisher, and finally as reader.

I. The Writer

When one contemplates the problem of meeting this writer comfortably on his own ground, one is beset immediately with obstacles--all of the major cultural and literary changes of the past 200 years. But many of the difficulties of the six-generation gap can be resolved by focusing upon three fundamental and essentially timeless questions about the man and his work: (1) Who, in particular, is he? Since most of these poems are not followed by the name of a well-known poet, we may well begin by asking his "credentials": What is his name? his class? his occupation while not writing? (2) What subjects does he prefer to treat? Why does he favor certain subjects? (3) What kinds of poetry does he prefer? How are his purposes reflected in his generic choices? When we are equipped with answers to these questions, we can read the poems in their own context and meet their author much as a contemporary would have met him.

(1) People

Let us begin, then, with a few particulars about the author--the kinds of facts a contemporary might use to describe him. In most cases, the first information we expect in answer to

the question, "Who is he?" is the person's name. But a quick glance through the pages of this anthology will reveal that this simple answer is not always forthcoming. For many poems are printed anonymously, and many others are followed only by initials or an obviously fictitious pseudonym. Not all writers of anonymous or pseudonymous poetry remained incognito, of course, but a great many did--so many, in fact, that the matter warrants our attention.

Writers of the Revolutionary period in England and America had several good reasons for identifying themselves only by pseudonym or initials, if at all. For one thing, as Arthur Schlesinger points out in his study of American newspapers, an author with propagandistic designs could simulate a rising tide of public opinion "by varying his signature to create the impression of being a number of different persons." Schlesinger cites Samuel Adams as "a virtuoso in this respect."[1] Another American virtuoso in this field was Benjamin Franklin, who is credited by Verner Crane with having presented himself in no less than forty-two pseudonymous disguises.[2]

England's supreme artist of the pseudonym was surely the still-unidentified author of the "Junius" pieces. (See Lloyd's Evening Post, 8 January and 19 February 1770.) C. W. Everett,

[1] Prelude to Independence: The Newspaper War on Britain, 1764-1776 (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1966), p. 61.

[2] Benjamin Franklin's Letters to the Press (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1950), p. xxix.

compiler of The Letters of Junius, confidently identifies Junius as the Earl of Shelburne, but few scholars agree.[3] Fox Bourne maintains that no one knows the author of the thirty-eight items bearing the name of Junius.[4] And L. M. Salmon writes that sixty-two different men have been proposed, none conclusively, as the real Junius.[5] As if to prove his adeptness with the shield of pseudonymity, Junius also contributed numerous other works over the names, "Veteran," "Anti-Belial," "Scotus," "Nemesis," "Poplicola," "Atticus,"[6] "Bifrons," and several others.[7]

Besides multiplying the apparent popularity of one's position, pseudonyms also offered another major advantage to polemical writers. Crane points to this advantage when he says that Franklin rarely used his own name in English periodicals because of his "knowledge that his arguments would carry greater weight if they seemed to come from a less interested source."[8] Franklin's reputation in England as a representative of the disaffected colonists meant that anything appearing over his

[3] (London: Faber and Gwyer, 1927), p. xxi.

[4] English Newspapers (London: Chatto & Windus, 1887), I, 185.

[5] The Newspaper and the Historian (New York: Oxford University Press, 1923), p. 422.

[6] The pro-Ministry "Atticus" of our Morning Post entry for 12 March 1777, however, is almost certainly not the same man. This use of the same pseudonym by two authors illustrates a prime difficulty faced by scholars who attempt to trace the authorship of these poems.

[7] Bourne, pp. 182, 189.

[8] Crane, p. xxvii.

signature would be taken as little more than a paid advertisement. He could gain a more sympathetic reading by replacing his own name with almost any inoffensive pseudonym.

Similarly, Edward Richardson, widely known to be a hired writer in the service of Charles Jenkinson and the Bute Ministry in the early 1760's, concealed his authorship and his mundane motives for a time behind the pseudonym, "Inquisitor."[9] Other important propagandists who attempted to hide their professional biases in this manner were Dr. James Scott, chaplain and intimate companion of Lord Sandwich, who blasted the Americans at the time of the Stamp Act debates using the name, "Anti-Sejanus"; Arthur Lee, an American who supported the cause of his countrymen in several contributions to the English press as "Junius Americanus"; and Augustus Hervey, who called himself simply "A Briton" in his contributions to the Gazetteer because his own name would have been linked immediately with the Grenville camp.[10]

A third motive for concealing one's identity was doubtless shared by professional advocates and impartial observers alike--the desire to prevent reprisals. Writers who dealt in criticism and ridicule had always to consider that an injured prey might turn on them. And even genuinely impartial poets knew that in London's polarized atmosphere any work, however harmlessly

9 Robert R. Rea, The English Press in Politics, 1760-1774 (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1963), pp. 23-24.

10 Rea, p. 133.

intended, might inadvertently antagonize either a pro-American or an anti-American faction. From the Ministerial side, one's friends stood to lose government contracts, appointments, and other discretionary favors. From the other side, one was threatened by the ill favor of powerful merchants, many of whom traded and sympathized with the Americans. And, as the massive riots of May 1768, February 1779, and June 1780 demonstrate, one had to allow for virtually uncontrolled gangs of protestors who often identified American grievances with their own and delighted in destroying the property of their supposed enemies.

Thus for several reasons we cannot always provide a satisfactory answer to the simple question, "What is his name?" If the situation makes identifications difficult or impossible, though, it is not without its compensations. First, the secrecy itself is, from one point of view, a blessing. If these protective devices had not been available, many of these poems would almost certainly not have been written. Further, many poems <u>are</u> accompanied by the genuine signatures of their authors. And finally, a great deal more than a name can be given in answer to the question, "Who is he?"

One could reply, for instance, that the author is in many cases, and especially in the earlier years of the anthology, an American. We should not be surprised that a major share of the

early poems about American problems came to the London periodicals from America; for, as Fred Hinkhouse observes, London's own writers gave relatively little attention to American concerns until after the Stamp Act disturbances of 1765.[11] American writers of the time considered that they, too, were Englishmen with as much right as any other Englishmen to the columns of the London press. Since they were the Englishmen who cared most about American concerns, then, and were quite capable of expressing those concerns in poetry, it was surely inevitable that American Englishmen would contribute their share of poems.

Among the poems in this anthology dated earlier than 4 July 1776, the day when Americans stopped being Englishmen, at least nine are definitely attributable to American Englishmen.[12] Easily the most famous of these is the song printed in the London Chronicle of 3 September 1768 and known in America as the "Liberty Song." John Dickinson was the author (except for eight lines written by Arthur Lee), and Dickinson can, in at least two important ways, be seen to typify American writers whose work appeared in the London press at this time.

[11] The Preliminaries of the American Revolution as Seen in the English Press, 1763-1775 (New York: Columbia University Press, 1926), pp. 52-56.

[12] London Chronicle, 17 December 1765; Lloyd's Evening Post, 16 July 1766; London Chronicle, 3 September 1768; Public Advertiser, 8 November 1768; Middlesex Journal, 16 May 1769; Lloyd's Evening Post, 30 June 1769; London Packet, 25 April 1774; London Chronicle, 20 July 1775; London Chronicle, 21 October 1775. Very probably the entry from the London Chronicle of 18 July 1775 is also by an American.

First, he was a talented amateur interested in moving men, not a professional artist wishing to charm them. Like the authors of "Advice from the Country" (London Chronicle, 17 December 1765) and "Sure Never Was Picture Drawn More to the Life" (Lloyd's Evening Post, 16 July 1766), Dickinson relied upon simple words and the familiar rhythm of a popular tune to make his point with clarity and power. Dickinson was one of many articulate, well-educated Americans who might have been expected to write delicate, sophisticated verse if they had belonged to another generation, but he had neither occasion nor inclination to attempt such verse himself in the 1760's and 1770's. His pragmatic approach to poetry is revealed in the note which accompanied the "Liberty Song" when Dickinson sent it to his friend, James Otis, for publication:

> I enclose you a song for American freedom. I have long since renounced poetry, but as indifferent songs are very powerful on certain occasions, I venture to invoke the deserted muses. . . . Cardinal De Retz always enforced his political operations by songs. I wish our attempt may be useful.[13]

Dickinson also resembled other pre-1776 American poets in adopting the stance of a proud Englishman suing for redress of grievances, rather than that of a disaffected American raging for independence. The author of "Advice from the Country" (London Chronicle, 17 December 1765) is another of the proud

[13] Letter quoted in Frank Moore, Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution (New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1856), p. 36.

Englishmen who object vehemently to the new taxes but hope that the "renown / Of BRITONS and FREEMEN" will be passed on to their sons. Dickinson speaks much of freedom and liberty in the "Liberty Song," but he makes it clear in the last stanza that he contemplates the freedom of all good subjects within the Empire, not freedom from it:

> This bumper I crown for our Sovereign's health,
> And this for Britannia's glory and wealth;
> That wealth and that glory immortal may be,
> If she is but just--and if we are but free.

It is significant that Dickinson was probably the last of the better known American patriots to decide for independence. As late as 1776, he still hoped for reconciliation with England, and he actually cast his vote against the Declaration of Independence and refused to sign it. When the Declaration was accepted, however, he conscientiously supported the decision of his countrymen and rode off at the head of his regiment to face the British at Elizabethtown.

Dickinson typifies the pre-1776 American poets whose work appeared in the London periodicals, then, in that he was an intelligent, occasionally powerful amateur. Like most of them, he presented a simple theme--comradeship among Americans and redress from the Crown.

As is indicated by the entries from the Public Advertiser for 29 March 1777 and the Morning Chronicle for 13 July 1779, American writers continued to provide poetry for the London

press throughout the war, and not all of them agreed with Dickinson about the legitimacy of the American cause. British loyalists like Joseph Stansbury, Philadelphia china merchant, and Rev. Jonathan Odell, erstwhile British army surgeon and Episcopal minister at New Brunswick, New Jersey, blasted American patriots in other poems which found their way to London. Probably the best known of these is Odell's poem on Franklin (Public Advertiser, 29 March 1777). Although such works continued to appear throughout the war, American poets understandably came to account for a decreasing proportion of the whole as American affairs became increasingly interesting to London's own writers.

Another reply which might be offered to the question, "Who is the author?" is that he is often a member of the British army or navy. After about 1775, poems actually or apparently written by soldiers, sailors, and officers appeared regularly. Many of these pieces are predictable--elegies written for fallen comrades by their fellow officers and propagandistic recruiting songs, probably the work of Ministerial writers but ostensibly composed by simple, patriotic soldiers and "tars." (See London Packet, 22 November 1775, and London Chronicle, 10 July 1779.) But others are somewhat surprising. We have, for instance, sailors' songs directed against the American war and others protesting the navy's "recruiters," or press gangs (London Packet,

12 July 1775; Gazetteer, 7 July 1777). There are also pastoral farewells supposedly uttered by young swains leaving for duty in America, and verses spoken by young soldiers whose duties in America consisted of acting in military theatrical productions (Town and Country Magazine, July 1777; Lloyd's Evening Post, 24 April 1778).

If in 1775 we had asked David Garrick, manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, to comment on England's officer-poets, he would probably have thought first of two men, Major General John Burgoyne and Commander Edward Thompson, whose plays he had personally produced.[14] Of course Burgoyne was soon to become a particularly important military figure of whom his fellow poets would have much to say. According to Bruce Granger, this officer became a uniquely inspiring subject for American satirists: "Of all the British generals who fought in the American war the one who earned the greatest notoriety through satire was John Burgoyne."[15]

But Burgoyne was not only an important subject for others; he was also a prolific and influential poet in his own right. Besides his early comedy, The Maid of the Oaks, he wrote the

[14] Garrick produced Thompson's revision of Charles Shadwell's The Fair Quaker in 1773. He produced Burgoyne's The Maid of the Oaks in 1775.

[15] Political Satire in the American Revolution, 1763-1783 (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1960), p. 175.

libretto for a comic opera, The Lord of the Manor, produced in 1780; he translated the libretto of another opera, Richard Coeur de Lion, in 1785; and he wrote a comedy, The Heiress, in 1786 which was so popular that it soon ran through ten editions.[16]

During the period of our anthology, Burgoyne was not a regular contributor to the London press, unfortunately, but excerpts from his plays did appear. The Morning Post of 30 July 1777, for instance, contained an excerpt from the Conclusion of his The Boston Blockade. This was a farce produced in Boston in 1776 for the entertainment of British troops and their Loyalist friends who were besieged in the city. The following lines from this excerpt reveal Burgoyne's comical mode. They are spoken by Maria, a girl who seems to have learned to make the best of an unpleasant situation.

> Ye Ladies, who find the time hang on your hands,
> While thus kept in a cage by the enemy's bands,
> Like me choose a mate from your numerous crew,
> Be he brave as my soldier!--as tender, and true!
> With such a companion, confinement has charms,
> Each place is a paradise clasp'd in his arms;
> And only of absence, and distance afraid,
> You'll bless the small circle of Boston blockade!

Unlike Burgoyne, Edward Thompson had little effect on the outcome of the American Revolution. He did participate in the relief of Gibraltar with Admiral Rodney in 1779, however; he also led a convoy from England to New York and Charleston in 1780; and he directed measures for the defense of the Barbados

[16] Dictionary of National Biography, III, 342.

in 1781. As a playwright Thompson was also less important than Burgoyne, but he was a popular poet. He published a satire, The Meretriciad, which ran through six editions by 1765; he edited the works of Oldham in 1770, of Marvell in 1776, and of Paul Whitehead in 1777; and he often contributed poetry to the periodicals (London Packet, 22 November 1775). The commander spent so much of his time writing poetry, in fact, that his fellow naval officers referred to him as "Poet Thompson."[17]

Despite his copious production and his prominence at the time, however, Thompson's poetry scarcely exceeded his naval career in its impact on the future. As the poem I have selected will suggest, his subjects are sometimes interesting, but his diction is often so pompous and elevated that readers experience a pleasure he never intended upon finishing the last line.

Besides Burgoyne and Thompson, several lower ranking British officers, men like Captain Edward Drewe and Major John André, published poetry during the war. Much of this poetry is elegiac, and it is often rather dry in comparison with the songs attributed to soldiers and tars. But officers and enlisted men together accounted for a substantial amount of the poetry of the time, and they must be a part of one's answer to the question, "Who is the author?"

Another part of the answer, quite different but quite as important, is suggested by poems such as "Well, Since I've Thus

[17] Dictionary of National Biography, XIX, 689-90.

Succeeded in My Plan" (Morning Chronicle, 16 July 1779), "To Miss Seward, on her Monody on Major André" (Gentleman's Magazine, May 1781), "Ode, Addressed to General Arnold" (London Chronicle, 21 February 1782), and "When April Wak'd the Dawn with Lucky Gales" (Gentleman's Magazine, September 1782). The second of these has obviously been occasioned by a young lady's poem, and the others either are or are purported to be the works of women. Although the author of "Well, Since I've Thus Succeeded in My Plan" is unknown, Lady Elizabeth Craven, author of the "Ode," and Anna Seward, addressee of "To Miss Seward" and author of "When April Wak'd the Dawn," are two very real and colorful representatives of the English women who responded to the American Revolution in poetry.

Insofar as Lady Craven and Anna Seward are typical, English women poets were noteworthy allies in the American cause. Both sympathized with the Americans; both were demonstrably imaginative, articulate, and popular authors; both were young (Miss Seward was thirty-two in 1780; Lady Craven was twenty-nine) and, by the accounts of their contemporaries, remarkably attractive; and both counted at least one of England's most influential men among their personal acquaintances.

Lady Craven's most important friend was Horace Walpole, whom she seems to have taken by storm. In a letter to Rev. William Mason of 18 February 1776, Walpole writes that he has been

exchanging impromptu verses with the "pretty Lady Craven."[18] In 1778, Walpole printed her first comedy, Somnambule, on his own press at Strawberry Hill. In 1779, Lady Craven published A Tale For Christmas and dedicated it to Walpole. Forced to admit, in a 13 March 1780 letter to Rev. William Cole, that the tale is basically "careless and incorrect," Walpole maintains, nonetheless, that "there are very pretty things in it."[19] In May 1780, Lady Craven attended the second production of her comedy, The Miniature Picture, at Drury Lane, and Walpole reported the event to Rev. Mason. In this letter Walpole seems to glow with admiration:

> It was amazing to see so young a woman entirely possess herself; but there is such an integrity and frankness in her consciousness of her own beauty and talents, that she speaks of them with a naiveté as if she had no property in them, but only wore them as gifts of the gods.[20]

Lady Craven's wit and vitality, as well as her pro-American sentiments, are implicit in her "Ode, Addressed to General Arnold." Her audacity and assurance are implicit, too, in the fact that she would sign her name to such an uncomplimentary poem at the very time that Benedict Arnold was in the city, being lionized by King and Ministers. Obviously in 1782, Elizabeth Craven and her poetry were giving considerable encouragement to America's supporters in London.

[18] A Selection of the Letters of Horace Walpole, ed. W. S. Lewis, (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1926), II, 294.

[19] A Selection of the Letters of Horace Walpole, II, 317.

[20] Quoted in Dictionary of National Biography, I, 508-509.

Anna Seward's poem from the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1782 suggests, correctly, that she was quite a different sort of woman. Certainly as indomitable as Lady Craven, and possessed of an audience large enough to purchase five editions of her Louisa: A Poetical Novel, which also appeared in 1782, Miss Seward was nevertheless a more solemn and, for most critics, less readable poet. She also differs from Lady Craven in the respects that she was never married, that her support of the Americans was more tentative and qualified, and that her relationship with her most influential acquaintance, Dr. Johnson, was, as we shall see, occasionally strained.

Readers who search for evidence of Miss Seward's pro-American sympathies in the poem I have selected will soon agree that her support was less enthusiastic than that of Lady Craven. She also hides her pro-American feelings in what was probably her best known poem, her Monody on Major André. Apostrophizing André, and referring to Washington and other American officers who consented to the execution of André as a British spy, she says,

> What though the tyrants, with malignant pride,
> To thy pale corse each decent rite deny'd,
> Thy graceful limbs in no kind covert laid,
> Nor with the Christian requiem sooth'd thy shade;
> Yet on thy grass-green bier soft April showers
> Shall earliest wake the sweet spontaneous flowers;
> Bid the hare-bell and the snow drop there
> Hang their cold cup, and drop the pearly tear![21]

[21] This passage is quoted from a review of Seward's Monody in the Gentleman's Magazine of April 1781, p. 179.

Anna Seward's feelings about André, her response to the Americans' fight for independence, her exultation over the defeat of Admiral De Grasse in the poem I have selected for this anthology, and even her relationship with Dr. Johnson are all curiously interrelated. Miss Seward's stature as a poet would not normally warrant further attention in an anthology such as this, but in this case it will be worthwhile to pause momentarily over the complexity of her position. For in her conflicting loyalties we have an epitome of the inner conflicts which troubled many of these English poets, and from her relationship with Dr. Johnson we can derive an interesting footnote and conceivably a new entry for the Johnson canon.

Taking Seward's complex responses one at a time, then, let us consider first her feelings about André and the Americans. She approved of the American cause, as she would later approve of the cause of the French Revolutionists,[22] but she was distressed and angered by the Americans' execution of Major André. As she saw it, and as most historians have since been willing to admit, the circumstances surrounding André's capture made it highly debatable whether he deserved to be executed as a spy or exchanged as an officer. In fact he had been exchanged once before, after being captured in 1775. But this time, on 23 September 1780, André was wearing civilian clothes when he was

[22] See her "Sonnet to France on her Present Exertion" in the Gentleman's Magazine, August 1789, p. 743.

caught (trying to get back to New York after arranging with Benedict Arnold for the betrayal of the American fort at West Point), and it was clear to Washington that this fact made him a spy, not a prisoner of war. The point was not at all clear to others such as British General Clinton in New York, whom André had served as aide and later as adjutant general. In England there was more than a little suspicion that Washington's order reflected not so much his persuasion that André was really a spy as his spiteful revenge for André's having raked the American rebels with satiric verse.[23] For Anna Seward, Washington's intransigence on this occasion branded him a tyrant, regardless of the worthy cause for which he fought.

Like many of these poets, Seward found that her already distressing conflict between loyalty to men and loyalty to principles was further complicated by her own intensely personal stake in the event to which she responded. For John André had been her personal friend and correspondent and, for a time, the fiancé of her stepsister, Honora. Honora's decision to marry another man in 1773 was supposedly the proximate cause of André's decision to go to America, but he maintained a warm friendship with Anna long after 1773. Anna's grief upon hearing of André's death in October 1780 was further intensified by the fact that Honora, too, had died only a few months earlier of tuberculosis.

[23] Most notably in "The Cow-Chace," published in the New York Royal Gazette, 16 and 30 August and 23 September 1780. See Granger's Political Satire, pp. 214-17, for a discussion of this piece.

Miss Seward's delight over the defeat of America's ally, De Grasse, in 1782 must also be dissociated from her feelings about America's fight for independence. In this case she, like most Englishmen of her day, felt that the French had a good deal more than warmth and neighborliness in mind when they took up arms alongside the Americans. In a contest between Englishmen from America and Englishmen from London, she could afford to look for the side with the superior cause, but this lofty impartiality among brothers could hardly be extended to a French admiral apparently bent upon the destruction of Britain.

This time the dilemma was easily resolved, but it was potentially another case in which the poet's feelings toward the man could run afoul of her feelings toward the cause he supported. Anna Seward's treatments of De Grasse, Washington, and André all reflect a characteristic problem of poets who looked closely at the American war--where to enlist one's sympathies and talents when one sees worthy men (André) defending a mistaken cause and vicious, tyrannical men (De Grasse and Washington, in Seward's view) supporting a just cause.

Another kind of conflict begins to surface when we turn to Miss Seward's relationship with her most famous acquaintance. As we consider the relationship between Anna Seward and Dr. Samuel Johnson, we also begin to direct our attention toward another part of the answer to the question, "Who is the author?" When such a question is asked in almost any later 18th century context, one

naturally supposes that the author of the Dictionary, The Lives of the Poets, Rasselas, and The Vanity of Human Wishes will somehow be involved in the answer. And although Dr. Johnson may be too imposing to typify anyone but himself, he will lead us into a consideration of the professional writer as another important man behind these poems.

Like the Horace Walpole-Lady Craven relationship, the Samuel Johnson-Anna Seward relationship would seem, from available evidence, to have been valued more highly by the man than by the young lady. Perhaps Lady Craven's correspondence will one day be published to show that she was no less fascinated by Walpole than we have already seen him to be by her; but Anna Seward's correspondence has already been published, making the one-sided nature of Dr. Johnson's friendship all too apparent.

Evidence of Dr. Johnson's fatherly affection for Miss Seward is abundant. First, we should note that Johnson had long felt especially close to Anna's family. Her maternal grandfather had been Johnson's headmaster at Lichfield Grammar School. Anna lived with her parents at Lichfield for many years, and Johnson was their guest on several occasions. Yet another connection is seen in the fact that Anna's younger sister, Sarah, had been engaged to marry Dr. Johnson's stepson, Joseph Porter, when she died in 1764.

Johnson's recorded words about Anna are generally warm and complimentary, though one senses, in a letter of 28 June 1783 to

Mrs. Thrale, that his affection is not without its bounds and reservations. He writes that Miss Seward "is an old maid, I am afraid, yet sur le pavé."[24] Boswell recalls having discussed Miss Seward with Dr. Johnson on 25 June 1784:

> I shewed him some verses on Lichfield by Miss Seward, which I had that day received from her, and had the pleasure to hear him approve of them. He confirmed to me the truth of a high compliment which I had been told he had paid to that lady, when she mentioned to him "The Colombiad," an epick poem, by Madame du Bocage: --"Madam, there is not in it anything equal to your description of the sea round the North Pole in your Ode on the death of Captain Cook."[25]

Despite old family ties and his approval of her literary endeavors, though, Miss Seward's feelings for Dr. Johnson were often warmed by something other than friendship. She stoutly disapproved of a number of the literary judgments in his Lives of the Poets, to be sure, but one of her major disagreements with him was over the American war. As Boswell records it, a crucial conversation began at dinner on 15 April 1778, when Johnson said:

> "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American:" and his inflammable corruption bursting into horrid fire, he "breathed out threatenings and slaughter;" calling them, "Rascals--Robbers--Pirates;" and exclaiming, he'd "burn and destroy them": Miss Seward, looking to him with mild but steady astonishment, said, "Sir, this is an instance that we are always most violent against those whom we have injured."--He was irritated still more by this delicate and keen reproach; and roared out another tremendous volley, which one might fancy could be heard across the Atlantick.[26]

[24] The Letters of Samuel Johnson, ed. R. W. Chapman (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1952), III, 857.

[25] Boswell's Life of Johnson, ed. G. B. Hill, rev. L. F. Powell (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1934), IV, 331.

[26] Boswell's Life of Johnson, III, 290.

Anna Seward, like Lady Craven, was by all accounts a highly spirited person, and though she may have been able to frame "delicate" replies on this occasion, we can be sure that she was in no great hurry either to forget the interview or to change her opinion of the American war. It would be a mistake to conclude from the cases of Anna Seward and Lady Craven that British women poets were generally pro-American in this war. But it would be equally wrong to forget that American women like Mercy Otis Warren did have British counterparts, and that an important part of this anthology is theirs.

At this point, little can be added to what is already known about Dr. Johnson and his response to the war; his opinion of America's "patriots" could hardly be stated with more candor than we have just seen. His opinions of the issues for which the Americans fought and of the manner in which Britain should employ her forces are stated with equal clarity in his famous 1775 pamphlet, Taxation No Tyranny. Parliament's right to tax the colonies is beyond dispute, he maintains, and the only question worthy of attention is one of expediency: under the present circumstances, is it wise to enforce this right of taxation in America? In fact even this question is out of date, he says, for Parliament has already determined to enforce it.

Thus Johnson concludes that the serious questions facing England in 1775 have to do with the size and employment of the force which will inevitably be sent to subdue the Americans. His

recommendation is to send an overwhelming force at once:

> I cannot forbear to wish, that this commotion may end without bloodshed, and that the rebels may be subdued by terror rather than by violence; and therefore recommend such a force as may take away, not only the power, but the hope of resistance, and by conquering without a battle, save many from the sword.[27]

All of these matters--Johnson's widely publicized views on the war, his many personal acquaintances among the poets and publishers represented in this anthology, and his undoubted influence over others with whom he was not acquainted--demand our attention to Dr. Johnson in this introduction. And in light of his importance, one cannot deny that it would be refreshing to find Johnson himself represented by a poem in this anthology. Happily, a previously cited poem, "To Miss Seward on her Monody on Major André" (Gentleman's Magazine, May 1781), provides us with a possibility, however remote, that such may be the case.

Standard references do not mention this work as being among Johnson's many contributions to the Gentleman's Magazine,[28] but

[27] Taxation No Tyranny in The Works of Samuel Johnson, L.L.D., with an Essay by Arthur Murphy (London: W. Baynes & Son, 1824), XII, 213.

[28] Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature. James L. Clifford and Donald J. Greene, Samuel Johnson: A Survey and Bibliography of Critical Studies (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1970). William Prideaux Courtney, A Bibliography of Samuel Johnson, rev. David Nichol Smith (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1915). Edward L. McAdam, Jr., and George Milne, eds., Samuel Johnson: Poems, vol. 6 of the Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1964). David Nichol Smith and Edward L. McAdam, eds., The Poems of Samuel Johnson, 2nd ed. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974).

a modest conjecture would seem to be warranted, nonetheless, by the circumstantial evidence which presents itself. First, the poem is signed by "S. Johnson." In 1781, Samuel Johnson's name was, to say the least, well-known among readers of the Gentleman's Magazine. The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature lists more than 180 items known or thought to have been written by Dr. Johnson and published in the Gentleman's Magazine before 1781. Rather than mislead their readers and offend their best known correspondent, therefore, it seems highly probable that the editors of the magazine would have added an explanatory note if any poem they attributed to "S. Johnson" had been written by someone other than Samuel Johnson. If we assume that such an editorial oversight did occur and that the poem is not by "the" S. Johnson, we must then account for the curious fact that neither he nor any of his friends bothered to correct the misleading attribution in a subsequent issue. Second, the poet commends Miss Seward's Monody on Major André by comparing it, implicitly, with her poem on Captain Cook. We know that Johnson's high opinion of the earlier poem could well have led him to make such an allusion. Third, the poet approves of Miss Seward's characterization of Washington; of course this is one of the few issues of the American war on which Samuel Johnson and Anna Seward could agree. Fourth, the author, who is said in an editorial note to have written an essay on women, clearly urges "Julia" (Miss

Seward's pseudonym in this poem) to turn now from thoughts of war to more "innocent," "fair," "soft," womanly thoughts. Dr. Johnson had, of course, written a number of famous essays on women--Idler No. 100 on "The Good Sort of Woman" and Rambler No. 39 on "The Unhappiness of Women, Whether Single or Married" come most readily to mind--and from his aforementioned letter to Mrs. Thrale, we know of his fears in the early 1780's that Anna was becoming an old maid.

Although the foregoing information would seem to raise at least the possibility that Dr. Johnson may be among those poets whose response to some aspect of the American Revolution is reflected in the poetry of the London periodicals, this information is not offered primarily as an argument in favor of revising the Johnson canon. Rather it is hoped that the tangled complex of literary, political, and personal ties between Dr. Johnson and Anna Seward will be illustrative of Dr. Johnson's enormous influence among the poets and publishers represented in this anthology. The author of the Dictionary and The Lives of the Poets may or may not be the author of "To Miss Seward," but the influence of Samuel Johnson's thought was so pervasive among London's poets that we cannot omit him from our description of the man behind the poems.

If Samuel Johnson was the greatest professional author to write poetry about the American Revolution, he was not by any means the only one to do so. At the opposite end of this spectrum

were any number of men who, like Johnson, lived by the pen, but who differed from him in their willingness to promote any cause for pay. Johnson himself was given a yearly pension of 300 pounds by Lord Bute, First Lord of the Treasury, in 1762, and was widely accused of having sold his conscience to the Ministry. Both Bute and Johnson are reported to have said that this pension was a reward for Johnson's past contributions to English literature, not a payment for future services. Whatever their actual understanding may have been, though, Johnson did not become an active polemicist for the government. In fact this pension was probably one of Lord Bute's poorest investments if he expected it to bring from Samuel Johnson the sort of thing being written during these years by men like Dr. James Scott, Dr. John Shebbeare, and William Kenrick.

Reverend Doctor James Scott (London Chronicle, 12 November 1765), previously mentioned as writer of the "Anti-Sejanus" pieces for Lord Sandwich, was a successful preacher at St. Mary's church in London before finding more lucrative employment as a political writer. He also wrote as "Philanglia" and "Old Slyboots." Although he was, in the opinion of many, an unprincipled hack, his "Anti-Sejanus" pieces demonstrate that he was occasionally an intelligent, witty author.

Doctor John Shebbeare (Public Advertiser, 27 October 1775) was a doctor of medicine, or so he claimed after returning from a stay in Paris in the early 1750's. He published a number of

medical treatises, but the question of his credentials as a surgeon was relatively unimportant, for after about 1754 his topics were more often political than physiological. By 1764 he had thoroughly proved his value as a political writer and was added to Grenville's official pension list.

William Kenrick (Gazetteer, 3 September 1766) is not known to have been an employee of any particular Minister, but the polemical tone of his poetry and his widely recognized willingness to champion any profitable cause, regardless of its merit or injurious effects, rate him a place in almost anyone's list of unprincipled hack writers. Besides attacking America's champion, William Pitt, in the poem in our anthology, Kenrick frequently directed sarcastic bursts at such important figures as Dr. Johnson, James Boswell, and David Garrick.

For our purposes, the most important difference between Kenrick and writers like Scott and Shebbeare is that he was essentially a free lance hack who used his disputes with more important men to publicize his own name and sell his works, while Scott, Shebbeare, and others of this class served their masters best by concealing their identities and conditions of employment. Predictably, it is often extremely difficult to assign particular poems to particular men when one deals with this class of professional writers. Most knew, like Franklin, that the effectiveness of their work was directly proportional to their anonymity. Despite all this professional interest in secrecy,

though, we can say with assurance that in any group of polemical works like "On a Late Promised Resignation" (London Chronicle, 25 October 1768), "Junius. A Character" (Lloyd's Evening Post, 8 January 1770), and "On L[or]d C[hatham]'s late Motion in the H[ouse] of L[or]ds" (General Evening Post, 10 June 1777), one or two are almost certain to be the work of men like Scott, Shebbeare, and Kenrick. For the militancy and subject matter which characterize the work of these professional penmen is present in all of these poems.

As a final "catch-all" part of our answer to the question, "Who is the author?" we should observe that he is often a member of none of the aforementioned groups. A substantial number of these poems were written by men who shared with John Dickinson, Edward Thompson, Elizabeth Craven, and John Shebbeare only a deep concern about the American war and an ability to write publishable poetry. Among the many who could be chosen to represent the non-American, non-military, male, non-professional poets, Soame Jenyns is an interesting and, in several ways, typical example (London Chronicle, 4 January 1776). When the poem, "America," was published, Jenyns was seventy-two, a personable, educated, demonstrably intelligent Member of Parliament. In 1765 he had published The Objections to the Taxation of Our American Colonies . . . Considered, which Bernard Bailyn says was to the colonists "a particularly annoying little pamphlet."[29] In it he defended both the Stamp Act and the idea of virtual representation.

[29] Pamphlets of the American Revolution, 1750-1776 (Cambridge: Belknap Press, 1965), I, 600.

No more a novice in literary pursuits than he was in colonial matters, Jenyns had been amusing himself and others with his poetry since as early as 1727 when his first poem was published.

Although he had written a controversial treatise in 1757, Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil, and would write another in 1776, A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, leading several contemporaries to accuse him of unorthodox Christianity, Jenyns was not, by temperament, a radical reformer. One acquaintance of Jenyns, Rev. Mr. Cole, describes him as follows:

> Mr. Jenyns was a man of lively fancy and pleasant turn of wit, very sparkling in conversation, and full of many conceits and agreeable drollery, which was heightened by his inarticulate manner of speaking through his broken teeth, and all this mixed with the utmost humanity and good-nature, having hardly ever heard him severe upon any one, and by no means satirical in his mirth and good humour.[30]

This is the man who speaks to us in the poem, "America." He is well read, has published thought provoking essays in eloquent prose, and has sustained a warm acquaintance with the muse of poetry since boyhood. He has not the immediate involvement of a government minister, a transatlantic trader, or a professional officer, but he surely knows as well as any of them what stands to be gained and what lost in a war with the Americans. He shows neither the animosity of a Lady Craven nor

[30] Quoted in David P. French, comp., Minor English Poets, 1660-1780, a selection from Alexander Chalmers' The English Poets, 1810, with new introduction by David P. French (New York: Benjamin Blom, 1967), VII, 285.

the personal grief of an Anna Seward, but he reflects as a mature, enlightened Englishman upon the momentous events now shaking the Empire. He has read Rev. Tucker's pamphlet, An Humble Address and an Earnest Appeal, and he agrees with Tucker that the Americans should be given independence--this in January 1776, six months before the American Congress would declare its own will to be independent. If set free now, the Americans will soon realize the value of our friendship, but if bound to us against their will, they must carry us both into disaster.

Thus Jenyns provides a fitting conclusion for our consideration of authorial particulars. He reminds us that the author of these poems is often an impartial man of good will, a man who can respond intelligently to current events and foresee their likely consequences. Jenyns stands for many unnamed men who possessed a great interest, though not a professionally or financially vested interest, in the American Revolution and who were capable of expressing their feelings successfully in poetry. He represents the last and perhaps the greatest single part of an answer to the question, "Who is the author?"

Certainly the partial answers we have considered do not constitute, in sum, a typical cross section of London society. They depart from such a cross section in the obvious respect that all of these persons, unlike the majority of Londoners, published poetry in at least one of the city's leading periodicals. And some of the poets (the Americans) were not even

residents of London. But these partial answers do reflect the widely differing responses of men from many different backgrounds. If the particular authors we have considered are not drawn evenly from all segments of London society, neither are they drawn from a single, narrowly defined segment.

This last fact can hardly be overemphasized. If all, or even most, of these poems had been written by members of a select clique of professional poets, all moving in the same social circles, reading the same books, feeling the same way about the American Revolution, the poems might in some cases be more polished works; but we could not then believe that they represented in any broad sense the Englishman's response to the Revolution. We may be thankful that the man we see in these poems is a complex creature with more than one viewpoint. His many-sidedness is a major source of the vitality, the importance of this poetry. It reminds us that Englishmen were never in agreement about the war, and it suggests the range of conflicting opinions they were encouraged to entertain. These diverse, conflicting viewpoints actually make it easier for us to recognize the man behind the poetry, for they make him more like us. In a word, Walt Whitman's, he is large, he contains multitudes.

(2) Subjects

If particulars of background and employment offer one approach to an acquaintance with the man behind these poems,

another is offered by the poems themselves. By examining the poetry, first, for the kinds of subjects treated most often and most effectively and, second, for the ways in which these subjects are transformed into poetry, we can gain some acquaintance with his favored patterns of thought. One can safely predict of the literature from almost any people and epoch that a substantial number of works will be elicited by exciting men and a substantial number by exciting events. And such a prediction holds true for these poems, too. What may not be so easily predictable, though, is that the men and events treated most often in these poems are not the ones generally recognized to have been the most significant historically. London's pugnacious, cross-eyed, pro-American mayor, John Wilkes, for instance, excited much more poetic activity than Lord North, First Lord of the Treasury and the man now held responsible for most of the major decisions of the war. And Lord Bute, George III's tutor, adviser, and briefly (29 May 1762-16 April 1763) First Lord, interested poets more than George III himself. Similarly, major battles sometimes took second place to insignificant skirmishes and recruiting drives. Of course the fact that historians and poets often emphasize different phenomena need not imply that either lacks vision; but there are, in this distinction between the poetically stimulating and the historically significant, some valuable clues to the characteristic thought processes of the man behind the poems.

There can be no doubt that both Wilkes and Bute were historically as well as symbolically important. Lord Bute did wield considerable influence over the young prince who became George III, and Wilkes's skirmishes with the government did help to bring new freedoms for London's publishers. But neither can we doubt that their importance on both sides of the Atlantic as symbols and poetic stimuli was out of all proportion to their actual influence over events.

Wilkes's usefulness to the poets can be traced to two obvious facts of his life: he was one of the earliest and loudest of America's supporters, and he epitomized one of England's greatest social movements of the century--the drive of London's merchants, or "cits," to equal the power of the titled aristocracy. Wilkes's identification with the American cause antedated even the opening year of this anthology. Many of his friends were merchants whose livelihood depended upon American trade, and his brother-in-law, George Hayley, was a business associate of such traders. For a variety of reasons, Wilkes stoutly defended the Americans and opposed Parliament's right to tax them. O. A. Sherrard notes that by 1758, Wilkes "was receiving letters of congratulation from New York" and was widely known as an advocate of American rights.[31] Thus when American and British poets of the 1760's and 1770's needed the name of a Londoner whose position on American affairs would be

[31] A Life of John Wilkes (New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1930), p. 270.

known by almost all possible readers, they often thought first of John Wilkes. (See London Packet, 21 February 1774 and 11 September 1775, and General Evening Post, 27 January 1776 and 1 March 1777.)

But this qualification alone cannot account for his unique symbolic utility; for other men such as William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham, were also famous as ardent, long-time supporters of the Americans. A large part of Wilkes's usefulness is surely attributable to his combining the image of "Champion of Liberty and American Rights" with that of "Champion of London's Unbowed Cits." Wilkes himself belonged properly to neither the merchant class nor to the aristocracy. As a man of independent means, and having studied at both Lincoln's Inn and Leyden University, he was clearly a member of the third important social class, the gentlemen or gentry. Despite his social superiority to London's merchants, though, he invariably took their side in their quarrels with his own superiors, the titled aristocracy, and he was himself described as a "cit" on several occasions. Throughout his political career as Alderman, Sheriff, Lord Mayor, and Member of Parliament, Wilkes seized every opportunity to show government aristocrats that their titles gained them no presumption of superiority in the City of London. His characteristic attitude toward the aristocracy is revealed in a typical episode which began when a Londoner named Randall offended Lord Lyttleton, a member of the House of Lords,

by using "disrespectful" language. Louis Kronenberger describes Lord Mayor Wilkes's resolution of the matter as follows:

> When the lords ordered Randall's arrest, obtaining no warrant and arranging no trial, Wilkes sent constables to guard Randall's house and warned Randall to stay inside it. When the lords sent an official emissary with an escort to arrest Randall, the emissary tried several times in vain to enter the house, Wilkes warning him that if he did not stay outside, he would be arrested, on a Lord Mayor's warrant, for annoying a citizen. The emissary withdrew, went back to the House of Lords and told his story; and there the matter ended.[32]

Of course this kind of behavior can lead to violence, and did on several occasions. It has led more than a few of Wilkes's critics to accuse him of demagoguery (Universal Magazine, May 1764). Many have agreed with Horace Walpole that

> there was nothing in his principles or morals that led him to care under what government he lived. To laugh and riot and scatter firebrands with him was liberty.[33]

Demagogue or not, though, Wilkes was firmly identified as a champion of the city merchant class in their struggles for greater power and prestige vis-à-vis the aristocracy (London Evening Post, 30 April and 16 July 1768).

To understand Wilkes's special appeal to the poets, it is important to realize that he was not so much creating a new role as he was playing with gusto a part which was already successful. By the 1750's, Londoners were already well

[32] The Extraordinary Mr. Wilkes: His Life and Times (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, 1974), pp. 159-59.

[33] Quoted in Alan Valentine, The British Establishment, 1760-1784 (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1970), II, 930.

acquainted with the symbolic figure of a proud, self-asserting cit. They had seen and approved such a character many times in their periodicals and on the stage. Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant despite his title, was one of the first and most important of these figures. He appeared on 2 March 1711 in Addison and Steele's Spectator and immediately became popular as a vigorous advocate of free trade. Mr. Sealand, a major character in Steele's sentimental comedy, The Conscious Lovers (1722), was another enormously popular version of the embattled cit. Sealand is plainly no demagogue, but many of his sympathies and attitudes remind one strongly of Wilkes. One can almost imagine hearing Wilkes read Mr. Sealand's lines, in fact, as Sealand tells the snobbish Sir John Bevil:

> Sir, as much a cit as you take me for, I know the town and world. And give me leave to say that we merchants are a species of gentry that have grown into the world this last century, and are as honorable, and almost as useful, as you landed folks that have always thought yourselves so much above us.[34]

Whatever Wilkes's motives, he served London's poets well by stepping neatly into a ready-made role, giving them an active and potent symbol of class aspiration and assertion. The great popularity of John Wilkes as a subject for poetry, then, is largely a result of these two factors--his long identification

[34] Richard Steele, The Conscious Lovers, ed. Shirley Strum Kenny (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1968), IV. ii.

with the Americans' cause and his adaptability to a timely and popular role.

Not too surprisingly, perhaps, Lord Bute also owes much of his durability as a poetic figure to the earlier existence of a popular, highly serviceable role to which he could be easily adapted. John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute, was not, like Wilkes, a personally exciting man, nor was he prone to seize upon any occasion to present himself publicly in a favorable light. John Brooke argues authoritatively that Bute was essentially

> a pedant, a man of learning without wisdom, eager to apply his knowledge to the business of politics and unacquainted with the real dispositions of mankind. . . . His proper place was in an Oxford common room. He is the most finished example in British history of the don in politics.[35]

Bute became tutor to the seventeen-year-old Prince of Wales in 1755, four years after the death of the Prince's father, Frederick, and five years before the Prince would become King George III upon the death of his grandfather. If Bute's influence over the Prince in these formative years was considerable, though, it was not particularly long-lived. For in 1761 the new king was married, and Queen Charlotte soon replaced Bute as George's closest friend. Bute's fallen stature was confirmed at the time of the debates over the Stamp Act in 1765 when George refused to meet with him lest Ministers suspect a scheme and be

[35] King George III, with Foreword by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1972), p. 47.

offended. Stanley Ayling writes:

> From 1766 Lord Bute became for the King merely one more politician, and for a few more years, as such, he still played a small part in affairs. Before long, however, he was nothing, a has-been, a memory.[36]

Brooke dates the termination of Bute's influence even earlier, and notes that Bute began travelling abroad for his health in 1769 and rarely even corresponded with the King thereafter.[37]

Interestingly, although Bute was certainly disliked by many politicians and poets throughout the 1760's--as a Scot, a "foreigner" in England, he was suspected of disloyalty by those who never saw him, and he was known to be pompous and pedantic by those who did--he did not become the center of poetic abuse until the mid-1770's, by which time he had lost all influence with the King. Thus although a poem in the Universal Magazine for April 1763 objects to his supposed scheming to remain in power, and another in the Gazetteer of 3 September 1766 resents the fact that too many politicians pay deference to him, none of these early poems accuses him, as he is accused in the London Packet of 17 October 1774, of being a wicked fiend who is deliberately poisoning the King. By 1775, at least three poets are calling for his head (St. James's Chronicle, 18 April, 2 May; Public Advertiser, 4 July), and as late as December 1779 they are still insisting that he is "infernal" (London Packet, 13 December).

[36] George the Third (New York: Knopf, 1972), p. 144.

[37] Brooke, p. 137.

Bute's importance in the poetry of this period obviously bears little relation to his actual role in government. His poetic role hardly even began until after his political role had ended, and the magnitude and durability of his poetic usefulness were grossly disproportionate to his actual influence over England's affairs. Like Wilkes, he became an unusually powerful and durable symbol largely because he, better than other men, approximated something the poets wanted.

In the mid-1770's poets and doubtless many others were beginning to sense that something was terribly wrong in England, and they were groping for an explanation. A long war with France had ended successfully in 1763, and England's colonies in America had been freed from the threat of invasion from the north. But now the enormous debts of the war had somehow to be paid. Taxes were already too high in England, and in America the colonists not only refused to be taxed but threatened outright rebellion. The situation was not only perilous, but, for many Londoners, practically incomprehensible.

One plausible explanation was that events were being manipulated by a highly placed, evil genius bent upon destruction of the empire. In all ages the great advantage of this explanation has been that it eliminates troublesome complexities and presents one with an implicit solution as soon as the villain can be identified. Poets had precedents for such a figure readily at hand in the Machiavellian villains who had populated English

drama since Elizabeth's day. Lorenzo in Kyd's 16th-century The Spanish Tragedy was still a well known Machiavel. So also were such 17th-century versions as Iago in Shakespeare's Othello and Flamineo in Webster's The White Devil. Accepted generally as being evil simply for evil's sake, these characters had continued to hold the stage throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, and were now experiencing a new usefulness and popularity in Gothic fiction; Manfred in Walpole's The Castle of Otranto (1764) is clearly such a figure. Assuredly these poets knew Manfred, Iago, Flamineo, and many more, all of them scheming, calculating villains, all of them having access to a powerful ruler, all of them carrying virtuous men inexorably toward destruction.

And how easy it was to cast Lord Bute in this role. Here was a mysterious, private man, already suspected of disloyalty because of his Scottish origins, known to have had great influence with the King over a number of years, and rumored to have been the lover of the King's widowed mother (a rumor, incidentally, which Brooke investigates and discounts as ridiculous).[38] Even Bute's virtual disappearance after about 1769 could be accommodated to the role, since Machiavels always contrived to be seen as little as possible while working their greatest villainies. Like John Wilkes, Bute served the poets by stepping neatly into a role that was crying to be filled. He became a potent symbol of wicked

[38] Brooke, p. 48.

intrigue, thereby reducing all of Britain's troubles to one comprehensible form.

What Bute and Wilkes show us about the man who wrote these poems is that his mind prefers to work with familiar material. When a disturbing new situation is thrown in his face, he tries to comprehend it first in terms of old, familiar patterns. If the new situation is especially disturbing and if he perceives that a favorite pattern seems to fit, he clings tightly to that pattern even when, as is plainly the case with Lord Bute, the pattern becomes increasingly inappropriate.

Somewhat different insights are available to us in the poets' use of two other favorite subjects, battles and recruiting activities. In the battle poems we see further evidence of how difficult these times were for conscientious writers who felt that problems should have reasonable solutions, that right and wrong should be distinguishable, and that patriotism and other virtues should be mutually supportive. The recruiting poems indicate that efforts to man the army and navy may have served these poets as their best objective correlative for one of the most maddening aspects of the American war. Many of the poets who contemplated these recruiting activities found in them an epitome of the agonizing conflict between loyalty to one's country, despite her occasionally mistaken policies, and loyalty to one's countrymen (the American Englishmen) despite their selfish ingratitude.

Surely one of the most striking aspects of the poems dealing with military activity is the predominance of disapproval. We should not be surprised, perhaps, that most of these poems hold the British commander wholly responsible for the outcome of his engagements. But the poems do surprise us at first with their heavy emphasis upon the foolishness, failure, and inactivity of these commanders. Further, as was the case with Wilkes and Bute, poetic emphasis is often out of all proportion to historic significance.

Consider two of the most discussed events of 1777, for instance, the capture of British General Prescott (Public Advertiser, 22 and 30 August and 24 September; London Evening Post, 28 August; London Chronicle, 30 September) and the reduction of the small American fortress on Mud Island in the Delaware River near Philadelphia (London Evening Post, 11 December 1777 and 10 January 1778; Public Ledger, 15 January 1778; Morning Post, 26 January 1778). Neither of these events was of any great consequence to the course of the war. General Prescott was later exchanged, but he was not a major figure either before or after his capture. The few Americans on Mud Island were an annoyance to the British army in Philadelphia, but could never have constituted a major threat. Yet both of these events gave occasion for vigorous attacks on the seeming ineptitude of British commanders, and this despite the fact that Mud Island

was actually a modest British victory. Similar examples could easily be drawn from the campaigns of Gage, Howe, Burgoyne, and others--and these poems often appeared in the staunchest pro-Ministry periodicals. Everyone, it seems, had his own good reasons for ridiculing losers.

One could hypothesize from the preponderance of critical poems that poets in general tended to be American sympathizers, and such a hypothesis could be defended. But a look at two of the several poems which do treat major British victories will suggest that another explanation may be closer to the truth. The author of the London Evening Post poem for 23 December 1777 may well be an American sympathizer, but he points up a problem which seems to have bothered many of his countrymen: how to respond, or how to express one's response, to the news that thousands of Americans have been not only defeated but killed by a British army near Philadelphia. At the very least, he says, mirthful public rejoicings are in terribly poor taste.

In 1779 a British victory at Savannah became an occasion for public rejoicings complete with pyrotechnic displays, and it also elicited several poems. The strongly conflicting feelings so many must have felt, which are so difficult to transform into poetry and which, I propose, kept many poets from writing about British victories, are well expressed in a Public Advertiser poem of 29 December 1779. Here the poet makes no attempt to resolve the conflict, but lets two different voices make the best case

they can for each side. The speaker of the "Recitatives" is appalled by the thought of using fireworks to celebrate such carnage: "Five Years in Arms, yet never we / Burn'd Powder thus, --in Jollity." The speaker in the "Airs" regrets the losses, too, but says that Britons must praise the victors and "Give Heaven Thanks, it was not worse."

If conflicting emotions made victory poems especially difficult, though, inner conflict often informed poems about the implications of serving in the army and navy. I have grouped these latter poems somewhat loosely under the heading, "recruiting poems," and many, such as the Gazetteer entry for 16 January 1778, were written with the express purpose of encouraging young men to "join up." But these recruiting drives, and other recruiting activities such as the legalized kidnapping carried on by navy "press gangs," also stimulated another kind of poetry which carefully considered the implications of joining up to fight the Americans. The press gangs themselves, authorized to take able-bodied seamen wherever they found them, were a menace to families living near seaports, and poets continued to attack them throughout the war. They insisted that a country which kidnapped and enslaved its defenders could not, in the long run, expect to be well defended (Gazetteer, 7 July 1777; Public Advertiser, 25 September 1779). This particular complaint did not originate with the American war, of course, for Britons had been objecting to standing armies and unfair recruiting practices as

early as Queen Anne's day.

Poems which dealt specifically with the implications of serving in America were most numerous in 1775, when full-scale war was first beginning to appear likely. At this point the inner conflict which would later make victory celebrations so difficult for poets could be articulated easily by any soldier or sailor. One of the clearest expressions is found in the "Sailor's Address" from the London Packet of 12 July 1775. When the poet considers the situation from the viewpoint of a sailor who has fought alongside Americans against France and Spain, the issue is quite simple: "We will always be ready / To fight all our Foes, not to murder our Friends." A number of soldiers and seamen did see the issue in just those terms, of course, and some actually mutilated themselves to avoid going to America. One such was the sergeant discussed in the Gazetteer entry for 10 August 1775, who preferred to "sheath his sword in his own bowels" rather than go to America. Several of these poems appeared at this early stage of the war, giving us an excellent indication of the inner conflict which must have troubled Englishmen throughout the war (St. James's Chronicle, 2 May and 27 June 1775; Public Advertiser, 30 March 1776). Unlike the "anti-press gang" poems, though, which continued to appear even after 1778 when France officially entered the war, these Hamlet-like, "To fight, or not to fight" poems virtually disappeared when England herself seemed to be threatened with

invasion. (See London Packet, 27 August 1779, for responses to the threat of invasion.)

To some extent these "recruiting" poems and the aforementioned battle poems reinforce the lesson of the many poems about Wilkes and Bute. The American war presented these poets with a disturbing new situation. Some aspects of the situation fitted earlier patterns of thought, and these were treated most often and with most relish. Poets had always known what to do with blundering commanders who got themselves beaten or captured or who wasted time and resources on trivial objectives like Mud Island. But a bloody victory over an enemy one wished to embrace as a brother was quite another affair, and the poets were, for the most part, less able to cope with it. They could present the dilemma ably in the words of a sailor refusing to serve against his former shipmates, but they had less success in attempting to express the same sentiments when those shipmates and brothers had been soundly defeated. Despite, or perhaps because of, the revolutionary upheaval of their times, these poets tried to do as much of their thinking as possible in terms of the characters, attitudes, and situations they had gleaned from the literature and experiences of the past.

(3) Genres

If familiar characters such as the Machiavellian villain

and the self-asserting cit helped make disturbing and unfamiliar situations comprehensible for the poet, patterns of another sort were equally indispensable. These patterns were the genres in which his responses were framed. Just as a survey of his favorite subjects can tell us a great deal about how this man conceived of his world, so a brief study of his genres can reveal certain of his attitudes toward his poetry and himself.

Among the many ways of approaching this subject, one of the most profitable is to consider the poetic forms in two groups: first, those employed most frequently (several times per week in the busiest periods) and second, those used only occasionally. A cursory glance through this anthology will reveal that the first group must include the epigram and the song or ballad ("song" and "ballad" are used almost interchangeably by most of these writers; thus one is apt to find a song with a strong story line and little lyrical expression, and a ballad with no narrative at all). The second group is an unwieldy family which includes the acrostic, abecedarius, cantata, catch, charade, dialogue, elegy, epistle, fable, Hudibrastic poem, litany, monody, ode, parody, pastoral complaint, prayer, prologue, prophecy, protestation, rebus, receipt (or recipe), rondeau, vision, and a number of mixed forms such as the epigrammatic dialogue and the Hudibrastic epistle.

Several of the songs in this anthology will be familiar to students of American Revolutionary literature, for they often

found their way into contemporary American periodicals and broadsides and later collections. As early as 1856, Frank Moore published a number of them in his important volume of Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution. Although Moore's scholarship is sometimes imprecise,[39] his work is still a useful collection of primarily American songs.

Interestingly, Moore, too, attempts to characterize the man behind these songs. Moore pictures an American soldier-poet who employed his humble talent to compose songs for the entertainment of comrades in the field, who "beguiled the weariness of the march or the encampment by his minstrelsy, grave or gay."[40] He does include a number of native American songs, and some of them may have been composed beside lonely campfires by weary soldier-poets. As several of Moore's introductory notes reveal, though, there was also a good chance that the song one heard beside an American campfire in any

[39] I have noted the following errata in Moore: He writes that "The Old Woman Taught Wisdom" first appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine (p. 33), but it had appeared in the 11 March 1766 issue of the London Chronicle before its publication in the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1766. He treats "Common Prayer for the Times" as a production of 1776 (p. 126), but it appeared in the London Magazine for December 1775. He writes that "A New War Song" was composed "in the early part of 1777" (p. 135), but it had appeared in the London Chronicle at least as early as 31 August 1776. He says that "The Halcyon Days of Old England" appeared in 1778 (p. 200), but it was published in the London Evening Post of 27 December 1777. He writes that "The Etiquette" first appeared in the London Magazine (p. 265), but it had been printed in the London Packet of 12 June 1778 before its appearance in the June 1778 issue of the London Magazine.

[40] Moore, p. vi.

particular instance had been composed a year or so earlier in London and had come to America by way of the London Evening Post, the Public Advertiser, or the Gentleman's Magazine.

Songs, or ballads, and epigrams were unquestionably favorite poetic genres in London at this time. Both forms offered relative simplicity and wide popular acceptance, important advantages for poets wishing to respond quickly and reach a sizeable audience. Keeping only the simplest of rhyme schemes in mind and couching one's thoughts in the most familiar rhythms, one could respond immediately to almost any situation in epigram or song. And the widest of readerships could be addressed without the fear that the fine complexity of one's verse form would go over many heads. Thus the prominence of songs and epigrams in this anthology implies that the poet we are considering tended to think of himself as a man-among-men. His was a public role.

Having come this far, though, we have spoken only half of a truth. If the prominence of songs and epigrams tells us that this poet thought of himself as a component of society, we must look to the songs and epigrams themselves to learn how seriously he took his roles as artist and public man. For one can turn a simple, popular form to many different purposes and employ it with many different degrees of artistry. One of the first observations we should make about many of the songs in this anthology is that they were written not to be read, but to be sung. The authors leave no room for question on this point,

and they even tell us how the songs should sound by insisting that we use a particular tune with the words they have written. As this was obviously a matter of considerable importance to the writers, it should be so to us. I have cited a number of songs in the text whose scores are readily accessible in William Chappell's Popular Music of Olden Times, and I would suggest that the quality of such songs as "A New Liberty Song" (Lloyd's Evening Post, 30 June 1769) and "A Song by the Tory Junto" (London Chronicle, 18 July 1775) cannot be fairly judged unless they are heard with the intended musical accompaniment.

What the music does in these and other cases is to make a powerful rhetorical instrument of what is otherwise a relatively unremarkable poem. The "New Liberty Song," for instance, is not particularly effective if one reads it silently. It is overwritten: "convulsions," "blood-smear'd discord," and "horrid carnage" assail one in the first stanza, and later stanzas struggle to match the pace with tyrants, terrors, and other spectacles of their own. It is overpopulated with half-conceived personifications: Albion (England), Freedom, vice, folly, virtue. And it goes nowhere; it exhibits no logical development of thought, imagery, or emotion. But when it is joined to the music of "Rule Britannia" as its author intended, this poem becomes an effective, even delightful, piece of propaganda.

The secret here is, of course, that the words and music are mutually supportive. "Rule Britannia" is militant, stirring

music in its own right, and would utterly consume any closely reasoned, modestly worded poem. Thus the writer of the "New Liberty Song" wisely lets this dynamic music do its own work without interference. Obviously aware that logical or contemplative discourse would be at odds with such a setting, he contributes to the mood of proud, vital militancy by sprinkling emotionally charged words--"our forefathers," "Tyrant," "Freedom," "slave"--in every stanza. The result is a highly polemical song in which the argument is defined by the words and carried powerfully by the music. One can read such poetry silently with little excitement, but few readers remain equally impassive upon hearing the words and music together.

The writer of "A Song by the Tory Junto" employs another kind of music to produce an equally successful but wholly different kind of rhetoric. The most common name of the tune he has chosen is "A Hunting We Will Go," and the chorus of this tune perfectly captures the movement of a spirited "jolly huntsman" as he bounces along on horseback after a stag. Both rhythm and melody represent the huntsman's movement in an atmosphere of high good humor. When this music is combined with the "Song by the Tory Junto," though, the song becomes both venomous and hilarious. For the same carefree attitude which this music attributes amiably to the huntsman becomes outrageous when it describes the behavior of a Tory Member of Parliament, bouncing around lightheartedly looking for something new to tax. The

crime is not so much that those Tory rascals are ruining us Londoners and the Americans with excessive taxes, as the words of the song tell us, but that they have the effrontery to do so with levity, as the music tells us. What they are doing is certainly bad enough, but for them to be amused by the situation, as the music clearly implies, is unforgivable.

The "New Liberty Song," the "Song by the Tory Junto," and many others are alike in that their authors have obviously been attracted by the simplicity and popular acceptance of the genre, and they have written with unabashedly polemical intentions. But the fact that the form is simple and, in use, often polemical should not lead us to discard these works out of hand. For if we take the author at his word when he indicates that these are not merely poems but songs, it is clear that they may be much more powerful than a single silent reading can reveal. In short, the many songs in this anthology demonstrate that the author characteristically thinks of himself as a public man, but they do not support the corollary that he therefore thinks little about his role as a literary artist. In fact these songs could be used to argue for an authorial opinion that one must have some competence in both roles in order to succeed in either. For we often find that the author has artfully employed the suggested tune as a part of the humor or other desired effect of the song. Tunes bring their own important connotations and allusions to songs such as "America Triumphant" (London Chronicle,

20 February 1766), "Come Shake Your Dull Noddles" (Public Advertiser, 8 November 1768), "O My Yankee, My Yankee" (London Packet, 7 August 1775), and "Sir William Howe's Last Letter, Versified" (Public Advertiser, 5 September 1777).

Like the song, the epigram also attracted many poets with its simplicity and its high degree of public acceptance. Since epigrams, which rarely ran more than four lines, were much shorter than songs, they also offered two additional advantages: because the poet could usually write them in less time, he could respond with more immediacy to a given stimulus such as a speech or a battle; and because an epigram required less space than a song, a publisher was more apt to have room for one on any given day.

If the epigram was a superior vehicle from the standpoint of speedy publication, though, it fell far behind the song as an instrument of persuasion. First, it lacked the considerable force which could be brought to a song by a good tune, as we have seen. And second, there could be little hope of materially changing, or even solidifying, a reader's opinion in four lines or so, however eloquently one wrote. Thus the epigrammatist tended to be less polemical than the songwriter. He responded with more immediacy to the events of the war, but he remained, ironically, at a greater artistic remove from the war itself.

The writer who comes to us through these epigrams is much inclined to take delight in language for its own sake; he worships

at the throne of wit, not politics. "Frank Fun," for instance, one of the first to respond to news of the fighting at Lexington and Concord, makes no effort to blame or defend the policies and men who caused the event (London Packet, 14 June 1775). Instead he observes with amusement that General Gage's part in the action was demonstrably "virtuous and chaste," for Gage's report was delivered to the King by a nun--Lieutenant Nun of the navy.

The epigrammatist's favorite kind of wit may well be this punning on the name of a prominent man. As the case of Lieutenant Nun suggests, a name susceptible to word play is apt to excite the epigrammatist as much as a genuinely significant achievement. And when a man with a "punnable" name like Howe actually does something important, a bumper crop of epigrams is virtually guaranteed. Thus General Howe's activities in New York in 1776 may have been as gratifying to epigrammatists of every persuasion as they were to the King and Tories. And when Howe was knighted in 1777 for his victories, he again provided the occasion for epigrams such as the one printed in the General Evening Post, London Chronicle, and Morning Post on 18 March, in which the Americans are satirized for refusing to fight "when the English show--HOWE."

Names of places also appealed to the epigrammatist, especially when they seemed to imply something important about the place or the events which occurred there. Thus Hell Gate, New York, predictably inspired epigrams such as the one from the Public Advertiser of 14 November 1776, and Mud Island in Pennsylvania

inspired many epigrams like the one from the London Evening Post for 11 December 1777, in which the writer insists upon maintaining distinctions among dirt, mud, and gravel.

Of course not all of the epigrams in this anthology exhibit the same degree of artistic detachment and delight with words. Because of their simplicity, epigrams and songs were often written by men who cared little about literature and who employed these genres as if they were blunt instruments. But in general these popular forms reveal a writer who is as concerned to delight as he is to persuade, as conscious of his artistic role as he is of his public one.

Like the epigrams and songs, members of the second group, the less used genres, are informed by the dual obligations of a man in society and a poet. The socio-political man cannot fully escape his time and its terrible realities, even though he may be able to transport himself momentarily to the patently unreal world of a pastoral complaint or an Anacreontic ode. The shepherd of his pastoral may evoke poignant images of humble farm life, but the song heard by the shepherd is apt to be "Hearts of Oak" and the poignance to come from the fact that "Corydon" is leaving to fight in America (Town and Country Magazine, July 1777). And the speaker of an Anacreontic ode may evoke a conventional mood of sensual abandon as he celebrates the joys of wine and love, but he is apt to darken that mood with a note of desperation by referring to the possibility that Spain may soon join France and

America on the list of England's adversaries (London Magazine, August 1779).

Conversely, the poetic man cannot long contemplate the disturbing realities of his time without finding an abundance of occasions for word games and sophisticated verse. He may contemplate the discouraging spectacle of the gifted but dissolute Charles Fox, for instance, suddenly to realize that precisely his most disturbing qualities make Fox a perfect subject for a charade (Morning Post, 10 January 1777). As war becomes inevitable, he may worry over the belligerent colonists and their newly appointed generals, Israel Putnam, Artemus Ward, and Charles Lee, until it occurs to him that whatever these officers may do in America, Putnam, Ward, and Lee make an intriguing first line for one version of that complex French verse form, the rondeau (Public Advertiser, 18 October 1775). Although he may be troubled nearly to distraction by news of the savage fighting, the loss of Burgoyne's army, and the ineffectual maneuvering of another British army in 1777, he can still hypothesize gaily that if the course of events were completely reversed, the situation would be so rosy as to warrant a sixteen-stanza Horatian ode, and he can write that hypothetical ode. In fact both the first official copy of Burgoyne's Articles of Surrender and a lively sixteen-stanza "Ode on the Success of His Majesty's Arms" are printed on the same page of the London Evening Post for 11 December 1777.

The poet of this second group of genres is an artist, then, and he constantly finds the stuff of poetry amid the circumstances of the American war despite his keen awareness of how deplorable and frightening those circumstances often are. But he is also a public man, and he cannot completely escape his concern for the state of his country, even when he ventures into the unrealistic worlds of the pastoral complaint and the Anacreontic ode.

Thus the poetic genres found in this anthology bespeak a man with double vision. In the most commonly used genres, the song and epigram, the main force of his attention is directed outward. In these relatively simple forms, he can respond quickly and reach the widest possible audience. With the song he can be polemical if he wishes, and can sometimes count on the tune itself to make his point for him. With the epigram he can simultaneously strike out at foolishness and indulge his fancy for wit and word play. Genres of the second group, such as the rondeau, the ode, and the charade, generally offer greater opportunities for imaginative expression at the expense of a loss in popular impact. The poet may derive more personal satisfaction from writing a Horatian ode than he would from writing a smart two-line epigram, but he must realize that his accomplishments in the more complex genres will have little impact upon many readers.

Both the simple and the complex genres reveal the tensions of a poet who tries desperately to be both a public man and an artist. In extreme cases, he seems to think of the former

genres as little more than vehicles for use in a public cause, and he writes in the latter genres as if public causes were important only insofar as they provided occasion for poetry. But these are extreme cases, and the conflict between artistic and social responsibilities is rarely resolved so completely in favor of one role. In his employment of poetic genres, as in his choice of subjects and in the biographical particulars of his life, the poet is seen to be a complex, multi-talented man who is best characterized by his inner conflict. He speaks from a variety of backgrounds and viewpoints, and this variety is an especially important fact about the composite man behind this anthology. But whatever the biographical particulars of his life, he rarely enjoys the luxury of dealing with issues that are clear-cut. Even writers like John Dickinson and Anna Seward, whose basic loyalties are well-known, often give evidence of this conflict; the author of one of America's most stirring patriotic songs calls for a toast to the King and Britannia in his song's last stanza, and the poetess renowned for her defense of America in the face of an irate Samuel Johnson herself brands George Washington a tyrant and applauds the defeat of America's ally, De Grasse.

Whatever the poet's political opinions, he must struggle to make a bewildering world comprehensible in terms of familiar characters and situations. When he perceives that his government

is bent on an insane, self-destructive course despite its apparently upright King, anxiety often drives him to the patently simplistic explanation that a Machiavellian villain is pulling the strings. Anxiety of another sort makes it easier for him to write about British defeats than about British victories; for a general who surrenders to an army of rustics is easily lampooned, but what can be said when a British army destroys a band of British-American farmers?

Whether one considers his subject matter, his personal background, or his employment of poetic genres, one must conclude that the poet behind this anthology is a person of diverse political and literary interests and conflicting loyalties.

II. The Publisher

Perhaps the most appealing aspect of these poems is the feeling they convey of life being lived. Despite the topical nature of many poems, their sense of vitality is often so strong that a modern reader can still find himself being carried along, experiencing to some extent what must have been the poet's own feelings of vigorous involvement. Life is here--in the gusto with which "Bellario" urges his countrymen to "Come on!" and face down all of their enemies (Morning Post, 11 July 1777), in the delight with which an anonymous writer roasts Tory-leaning poet laureate, William Whitehead, for having botched yet another "Ode for His Majesty's Birthday": "Whitehead, you every year improve" (Middlesex Journal, 13 June 1769), and, not quite so obviously perhaps, in the readiness of these poets to experiment, to improvise, to employ tradition-bound forms like the rondeau and the Horatian ode in new ways.

We cannot satisfactorily account for all of this variety and vitality simply by pointing to the poets and the adventures in America, for there have been many exciting eras whose writing was much less exciting. Stimulating times and talented writers are unquestionably major ingredients, but this poetry almost certainly owes an important part of its liveliness to the unique circumstances of London's periodical press in the late 18th century.

To say that this was a period of hectic growth and diversification in the periodical press is probably to understate the case. Fox Bourne writes that the modern history of English newspapers actually begins with the reign of George III (1760-1820),[1] and Fred Hinkhouse observes that in the entire history of the English press, "no period is more important than that embraced by the years 1763-1775."[2] One can easily defend the observations of Bourne and Hinkhouse in terms of mushrooming circulation figures and of newly won freedom from government control.

Considering circulation, for instance, Lucyle Werkmeister reports that the first London daily newspaper, the Daily Courant, appeared in 1702, only sixty-one years before the beginning date of this anthology. Before its demise in June 1735, the Courant prospered for several years and achieved at one time a daily circulation of about 800.[3] In 1730, Matthew Jenour founded the Daily Advertiser and almost instantly discovered the gold mine that had been waiting for a publisher who could combine the selling of advertisements to merchants with the selling of news to the larger public.[4] As Robert Haig points out, the

[1] Bourne, I, 149.

[2] Hinkhouse, p. 29.

[3] The London Daily Press, 1772-1792 (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1963), p. 1.

[4] Werkmeister, p. 2.

advertisements not only brought in substantial revenue in their own right, but they actually made the paper more interesting to the commercial classes of London who composed a major part of the reading public.[5] Largely as a result of Jenour's discovery, the number of daily papers in London grew to five by 1772, and within the next twenty years it increased to fifteen.[6] Daily circulation for large papers such as the Public Advertiser and the Gazetteer in the mid-1770's varied, depending upon one's source, from about 3,000 to 5,000.[7] Meanwhile, weekly and tri-weekly papers had also been flourishing. In 1753 the daily average of sales for all papers in Great Britain reached 23,673, and by 1775, despite the fact that the stamp tax had been doubled in 1757, aggregate daily circulation had climbed to 41,615.[8]

Rapid as was the growth of the newspaper press, it was matched and possibly even surpassed by the proliferation in the magazine press during the same period. In 1731, the year after Matthew Jenour showed London how to turn newspaper publishing into a profitable business, Edward Cave developed an equally successful formula for magazines. Cave surveyed the news sheets, reviewed recent books, printed drawings of famous persons and

[5] The Gazetteer, 1735-1797 (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1960), p. 58.

[6] Werkmeister, pp. 4-5.

[7] Bourne, p. 195; Haig, p. 79.

[8] Bourne's figures based upon treasury records of stamp sales, p. 225.

their estates, and offered something for almost everyone in his Gentleman's Magazine. Even his editorial pseudonym, "Sylvanus Urban," man of the country and of the city, suggested the universality of his appeal. As Walter Graham writes, "Cave had the secret of all successful publishers of serials--he gave the public what he knew it wanted, and much for its money."[9] And the public rewarded him handsomely. After only eight years, the Gentleman's Magazine had achieved a circulation of over 10,000. Before long, the number had reached 15,000, and a whole family of strikingly similar cousins had appeared,[10] including all three of the other magazines represented in this anthology, the London Magazine, Town and Country Magazine, and Universal Magazine.

At the same time that the periodical press was multiplying in size, it was also acquiring, inch by hard-fought inch, a wholly new range of freedom from government restraint. This introduction is not the place for a thorough consideration of the many courtroom battles fought between printers and Ministers over various aspects of editorial freedom between 1760 and 1780. The subject is ably addressed in a number of other studies, including those by Fox Bourne, Lucyle Werkmeister, Robert Haig, Fred Hinkhouse, and Robert Rea. But a few of the most prominent

[9] English Literary Periodicals (New York: T. Nelson & Sons, 1930), p. 152.

[10] Hinkhouse, p. 27.

issues may suggest the bitterness and the far-reaching consequences of this continuing contest.

A major victory had been won for the English press in 1695 when, by cessation of licensing, the government had discarded its power of censorship. But in 1763 the government was not without means of restraint. First, if the government could no longer pass judgment on unfavorable material before publication, it could greatly reduce the probability that such material would be printed again by prosecuting the publisher, as well as the author, for the crime of "seditious libel." This threat was more potent than may at first appear, for the law held that the truth or falsehood of a statement in no way affected its libelous nature--if the statement tended toward a "breach of the public peace," it was libelous.[11] Thus if a letter were published in which a correspondent accused a Minister of bribery, a court could rightly convict correspondent, publisher, and Minister--the first two for seditious libel and the last for bribery.

Implications of this law are best seen in the case of John Wilkes. Wilkes ran head-on into the law of seditious libel in 1763 when he criticized the King and his Ministers in issue No. 45 of his pamphlet, the North Briton. He was arrested on a general warrant and sent to the Tower. Being himself a Member of Parliament, however, and having enormous popular support in the City of London, Wilkes characteristically carried the fight to the

[11] Rea, p. 5.

government. Before long, Wilkes was released (on the grounds that he was not, as a Member of Parliament, subject to arrest), the system of general warrants of arrest for unspecified crimes was discarded (on the grounds that general warrants were unconstitutional), and Wilkes had won a judgment of 5,000 pounds damages from the government for unlawful imprisonment.[12]

Of course Wilkes's involvement with Parliament, the London press, and the American Revolution had only begun at this point, and in fact the libel law was not amended until 1792, and then not satisfactorily.[13] Others were prosecuted for printing true-but-libelous material--most notably John Almon of the Gazetteer and Henry Sampson Woodfall of the Public Advertiser--but publishers demonstrated increasingly throughout this period that the laws of seditious libel could not prevent them from criticizing Ministers when criticism was due.

Another important issue of the period dealt with the matter of reporting Parliamentary debates. By 1763, the rule which assured Members of Parliament that their speeches would not be published had long been divorced from its original purpose. In earlier times it had allowed Members to speak freely without fear of reprisal from the King. But since the King no longer posed any threat to Parliament, the law now served primarily to protect the Members from their own constituents. Just as the original purpose had long been ignored, the law itself had often been

[12] Bourne, p. 172.

[13] Bourne, p. 241.

circumvented. Beginning in 1732, Edward Cave was one of the first to publish reports of Parliamentary debates in his new periodical, the Gentleman's Magazine. Cave's sales grew, and, predictably, similar reports soon began to appear in other magazines. In April 1738, Prime Minister Walpole decided that the law had been flouted long enough, and he arranged for a Parliamentary resolution affirming that anyone who should publish such reports in the future would be punished. Cave's response was to have his new reporter, Samuel Johnson, present the reports in the transparent guise of "An Appendix to Captain Lemuel Gulliver's Account of the Famous Empire of Lilliput."[14] With Lilliputian names assigned to the Members, and printed beneath the title, "Proceedings and Debates in the Senate of Lilliput," Parliamentary debates continued to be reported in the Gentleman's Magazine just as before.

Within the period of this anthology, though, the issue was squarely faced, and the right to publish the proceedings of Parliament was established. Probably the clash between Parliament and the publishers became inevitable in 1769 when William Woodfall began a new daily paper, the Morning Chronicle, in "friendly rivalry" with his brother's paper, the Public Advertiser.[15] Woodfall was possessed of a memory which evidently

[14] Graham, p. 154.

[15] Bourne, p. 192.

verged upon total recall, and he used it to open a new dimension in journalism--next-morning reports of Parliamentary debates. According to Fox Bourne, Woodfall followed a schedule of memorizing in the House of Commons all day and writing all night that soon ruined his naturally robust constitution.[16] But Woodfall, like Jenour and Cave before him, had found what the public wanted, and other papers using teams of reporters rushed to follow his lead.

Thus reports from Parliament became increasingly thorough, timely, and bothersome to the Ministry until 8 February 1771, when retired Lieutenant Colonel George Onslow, M.P. for Guildford, protested not only that his speeches had been reported, but that he had been referred to as "little cocking George."[17] He demanded that the responsible printers be called before the House to answer for their offenses. In the ensuing confrontation, Alderman John Wilkes, Mayor Brass Crosby, and most of the City of London lined up solidly behind the printers, and Ministers soon found that they were unable to enforce their orders within the City. In May, the matter was quietly dropped, and for practical purposes the right to publish the business of Parliament was established.

Besides threatening prosecution for "libelous" criticism and forbidding reports from within the houses of Parliament, the

[16] Bourne, p. 207.

[17] Bourne, p. 209.

government also exercised some restraint over the press by controlling the postal service through which all communications from America were legally required to pass. At least as early as November 1774, complaints were being made by the larger papers that they could not provide their readers with satisfactory coverage of American happenings because postal workers were censoring American mail.[18] The censoring process is described by a letter in the Public Advertiser of 11 January 1775. "Timoleon" begins by complaining,

> There is hardly a Letter which arrives from America which is not opened before Delivery, and opened by those whose Duty and Honor are concerned not only in the safe Delivery thereof, but in its Contents not being divulged to any one but him to whom it is directed.

Timoleon explains that American mail was formerly carried without charge by ships' captains and delivered by them or their representatives as a favor to the English addressees. Now, however, the government has arranged for all such correspondence to pass through its own hands; for

> every Captain of a Ship is now obliged on his Arrival at a Port to deliver his Letters at the Post-Office. If he does not do it, he is liable to a Penalty; and if the Punishment was not sufficient, he is bribed and corrupted as it were to betray his Trust, by receiving a Penny for every Letter so given up.

Of course a ready means of freeing one's paper from this restraint is implicit in Timoleon's last line. If, say, William or Henry Woodfall makes it known that uncensored mail from

[18] Hinkhouse, p. 32.

America is worth substantially more than a penny per letter to him, he is apt to continue receiving his letters from America through channels other than the Post Office. That the periodicals did in fact find ways to free themselves from this restraint will be obvious from the number of poems in this anthology which were published almost at the same time the King himself was first learning of the events they described. One example is the poem from the 14 June 1775 London Packet which relates to the fighting at Lexington and Concord. First reports of this action appeared in the London press on 29 May, but the King's official messenger from General Gage arrived more than a week later, on 10 June.[19]

Thus in the 1760's and 1770's the impressive proliferation and growth of London's periodicals coincided with equally impressive victories over government controls. The press for which these poems were written was young, audacious, eagerly learning the limits of its own strength. And the vitality of this growing enterprise is clearly reflected in the life which one senses in these poems.

Aside from the new challenges and opportunities, certain aspects of these periodicals affected the poetry in other more concrete ways. Mundane considerations of money and prestige, for example, attracted serious poets to this press. A periodical such as the Gentleman's Magazine with a readership in excess of 15,000 could afford to pay established writers like Dr. Johnson in

[19] Hinkhouse, pp. 183-84.

the 1760's and 1770's and could offer the possibility of instant recognition to new poets.

One of the best expressions of the lure of this press for young writers can be found in the letters from seventeen-year-old Thomas Chatterton to his mother in Bristol. On 6 May 1770, having been in London only about two weeks, he informs her that he has met the publishers of the Middlesex Journal, the Town and Country Magazine, and two other periodicals. He senses the possibilities of the situation, and he reveals the excitement that must have been felt by many young poets when he writes:

> I get four guineas a month by one Magazine: shall engage to write a History of England which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! . . . The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one.[20]

As it happened, the prospect for Chatterton was far less glorious than he supposed. He published several works in the Middlesex Journal and the Town and Country Magazine, but by August he had become so discouraged that he took his own life. Despite the tragic circumstances of his death, though, Chatterton's letters testify eloquently to what young writers saw as the bright promise of London periodicals.

Further, we should not suppose that the appeal of these periodicals came only from their promise of popular recognition and financial rewards. If the possibility of reaching a wide

[20] Quoted in The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton, ed. Rev. Walter W. Skeat with a Memoir by Edward Bell (London: George Bell and Sons, 1901), I, 338-39.

audience quickly had been the only incentive, many of these writers would have turned to those presses catering to the circulating libraries. For sentimental and Gothic novels were in such demand that they could hardly be written quickly enough. But by the 1770's, this circulating library business was widely disparaged as being suitable employment only for hack writers and women. A serious writer would never prefer it to the prestige of a major London periodical. Prestige there was in these periodicals, and it came from the influential men of government, trade, and literature whose contributions regularly appeared in them. Fox Bourne observes,

> There was hardly a public man who did not use the columns of "The Public Advertiser" in order to call attention to some grievance he wanted redressed or to some interest he desired to advance.

Bourne says that "even ministers of high rank" expressed themselves in this periodical.[21]

Among important literary figures who appeared regularly in these periodicals, Dr. Johnson has already been mentioned as an important contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine. Others whose work appeared in the same magazine were Joseph and Thomas Warton and Mark Akenside.[22] James Boswell contributed to the London Magazine and seems to have been a part owner.[23] He also wrote for the London Chronicle, the Public Advertiser, and the

[21] Bourne, p. 193.

[22] Graham, p. 153.

[23] Graham, p. 162.

St. James's Chronicle.[24] William Cowper was another who wrote for the Public Advertiser, and Oliver Goldsmith contributed regularly to the Public Ledger.[25] One could go on with such a list, but these will serve to demonstrate that the pages of these periodicals were commonly graced by the writing of the best known authors in England. Thus prestige, as well as the possibility of reaching a wide audience and obtaining financial rewards, encouraged talented writers to contribute to the London periodicals.

We have observed that the poems in this anthology are a product of the unprecedented vitality of London's periodical press in the late 18th century and of the practical incentives offered by this press to talented writers. A final and most direct way in which the press affected this poetry was by deciding to print some poems and not to print others. It goes without saying that many poems were rejected, and that each periodical had its own criteria for publication. Of course the anthology itself will provide the best indication of what was, in fact, accepted, but a few observations can be made here to assist the reader who tries, as I have suggested, to see the man, in this case the publisher, behind the poems.

Generally, editorial standards applied to poetry were of two kinds, literary and political. From editorial "Notes to

[24] Graham, p. 383.

[25] Graham, p. 383.

Correspondents," often printed alongside the poetry in the Gazetteer, the Public Advertiser, the General Evening Post, and others, we can infer that most unprinted poems ran afoul of literary standards. As we shall see, political standards were also important, but, presumably, contributing poets rarely mistook the political inclinations of the periodicals they favored.

Editorial "Notes to Correspondents" and "Occasional Remarks" could themselves be the stuff of a fascinating anthology. The "editor"[26] who speaks in these pieces is often an amusing character in his own right, always witty, always urbane, sometimes delightfully huffy when his dignity or taste has been offended. His notes are interesting in the same way that the expressions of any such persona are interesting, and they are valuable as a register of popular literary taste in the 18th century. In general we can say that most editors agreed upon three fundamental grounds for rejection: Poetry would be routinely rejected if it was indecent, unpolished, or uninteresting.

"Indecency," in this context, almost always referred to defamation of character. No one objected to scatological jokes. Nor did the editors have any reservations about the damning of public men for public villainies. But most editors had no use for work that smacked of personal malice or publicized private indiscretions without good cause. Thus in a Public Advertiser

[26] Distinctions between the terms, "publisher," "printer," and "editor" had little significance in this period. "Printer" is the term used most often to designate any of the three offices.

of 14 November 1776, the editor explains that he has rejected one piece because it is "too indelicate," another because it is "too incorrect," and a third, about a recent marriage, because it "has much the Appearance of weak, unmanly Malice, and would not be admitted at any Price whatever." Similarly, the editor of the Gazetteer finds it necessary to advise a correspondent on 23 May 1764 that a recent submission "could only answer the ends of private scandal, which we are ever unwilling to admit," and he reminds his contributors again the next day that "We shall never give the least room, in this paper, to any reflections on female reputations."[27] In a Public Advertiser of 1 February 1777, the editor admits that he has rather enjoyed two recent submissions, but not enough to overlook the fundamental criterion of decency:

> The Poetical Epistle from SIGNORA SILVER-TAIL to Mrs. CORK-RUMP, contains some Humour; but not enough to atone for its Indecency.
>
> PETER PRIAPUS falls under the same Predicament. His standing Jokes (as he calls them,) do not want Salt, but are very deficient in other Respects.

Rejections of "decent"-but-unpolished poems range all the way from encouraging and specifically corrective critiques to blunt recommendations that the author give up writing. Robert Haig rightly refers to the editor who published the following remarks in the Gazetteer of 18 September 1764 as a "sympathetic

[27] Quoted in Haig, p. 72.

but exacting critic":

> ADOLESCEN's Poem . . . wants nothing but a little correction to make it acceptable to the public. . . . We recommend particularly to his consideration, the tautology in the 5th and 7th lines; the bad rhimes [sic] of the 13th and 14th, the 49th and 59th lines; the too warm expression in the 26th; the want of measure in the 48th.[28]

In another passage cited by Haig, this one from the Gazetteer of 4 June 1764, the editor seems to be tiring of his role as tutor-of-young-poets. He would really prefer that patrons refrain from sending him their protégé's poetry until after the young men have learned to write.

> We are sorry to declare, that we do not find one single requisite for a poet in this youth, if we may judge by his verses, which are as lame as can possibly be conceived. We heartily wish our correspondents would not put us to the disagreeable necessity of rejecting what they certainly design as favours, by sending poetry which can have no pretention whatever to public approbation.[29]

The editor of the Public Advertiser was perhaps even more inclined to be candid with those whose writing showed little promise:

> If Mr. N. has fortune enough to bestow a more liberal Education on his Son, than he himself received, he certainly applies it to the best Advantage, and 'tis to be hoped he will receive ample Interest. (1 February 1777)

Finally, editorial notes indicate that several "decent," well-constructed poems were refused simply because the editors found them boring. These men understood that purchasers of

[28] Quoted in Haig, p. 73.

[29] Quoted in Haig, p. 73.

periodicals expected to be entertained. It made sense to include a poem or two in one's paper, or a poetry department in one's magazine; but only if the poems did in fact entertain. If a poem failed this test, it was worse than useless to an editor; for if he printed a boring poem in lieu of more "theatrical intelligence," another news item, or a paid advertisement, he wasted valuable space and alienated his clientele at the same time. Not surprisingly, one of the reasons most commonly given for rejecting a poem was that the readers would not find it entertaining. A typical rejection appears in the 4 July 1776 issue of the General Evening Post. The editor does not complain that a recently received piece is indecent, nor does he find fault with the quality of its writing; but he summarily rejects it, nonetheless, because it "would not afford any entertainment to our readers." Unlike rejections for indecency or lack of polish, these rejections for dullness usually say very little about the unprinted poem. A dead poem is simply dead, presumably, and the less one says about it the better. A partial exception is found in the Public Advertiser for 8 July 1778, however, where the editor concedes that a rejected poem might not be so boring for some readers as it would be for most:

> TITUS may probably be intelligible to Traps, Buzmen and Prigs, and the Inhabitants of the Purlieus of sweet St. Giles's, or Chick Lane, but would afford little or no Entertainment to the general Readers of the Public Advertiser.[30]

[30] A "prig" is a thief; a "trap" is a sheriff's officer; and "buzmen" are pickpockets (Oxford English Dictionary). St. Giles's and Chick Lane were notorious London slum districts.

The unforgivable sins for these editors, then, were failing to entertain, misusing poetic forms, and displaying personal malice. Using their "Notes to Correspondents" as pulpits, editors often preached about these literary abominations, and every poet knew, or should have known, that the wages of sin in this case was apt to be a public rejection and rebuke.

Poets also knew, of course, that it was foolish to submit one's work to a periodical whose publisher strongly opposed one's own point of view. But aligning their works with the political standards of sympathetic periodicals was evidently an easy job for these poets. Although editorial notes were often used, as we have seen, to remind offending poets of minimal literary criteria, such notes were never needed to point out that, say, anti-American poems would not be accepted by the Middlesex Journal.

If the politics of these periodicals were self-evident to poets of the time, though, they have been a source of disagreement among modern scholars. Hinkhouse argues that political alignments were relatively insignificant. Of the major magazines, he says, only the London Magazine, which was "friendly to the Americans," took a discernible stand; "the other magazines took no decided stand but seemed inclined toward the American side."[31] Concerning

[31] Hinkhouse, p. 17.

the newspapers, he observes that

> nearly every issue of the leading papers printed opinion on both sides of the matter in controversy; hence it is not possible to classify the papers of 1760-1775 so precisely as those of the present day.[32]

Yet Fox Bourne implies that such classifications are easily assigned: The London Chronicle was a Tory paper; the St. James's Chronicle, Public Advertiser, and Morning Chronicle favored the Whigs;[33] and the Morning Post was a "shameless organ of the king's party and the ministry now presided over by Lord North."[34] Robert Rea, too, in his more recent study shows little of Hinkhouse's reluctance to classify. He says of the Middlesex Journal, for instance, that it "prospered as an organ of radical propaganda."[35]

In fact Hinkhouse can be right or wrong, depending upon one's interpretation of his reference to "the leading papers." The appearance of strongly opposed letters, often printed side by side in issue after issue of the Public Advertiser, the Gazetteer, the Morning Chronicle, and the St. James's Chronicle, argues that these periodicals tried mightily to maintain editorial neutrality and keep their columns open to writers from all sides. Notice the lively debate carried on in the Public Advertiser from 7 through 23 December 1775, for example, between poets with diametrically opposed views of the new Secretary of State for the American

[32] Hinkhouse, p. 17.

[33] Bourne, pp. 197, 192.

[34] Bourne, p. 220.

[35] Rea, p. 165.

Colonies. Similarly, the Gentleman's Magazine, and probably the Universal Magazine and the Town and Country Magazine should be included in one's list of editorial neutrals. The Gentleman's Magazine demonstrates its neutrality early in this anthology by printing, in December 1765, an American song against the Stamp Act and, in March 1766, an English ballad ridiculing Pitt and others who have favored the Americans by repealing the Stamp Act. Even earlier, the Universal Magazine proves its neutrality toward an especially inflammatory issue and man by allowing its poetry to praise John Wilkes in December 1763 and ridicule him in May 1764.

Thus, as Hinkhouse suggests, a number of leading magazines and newspapers did maintain apparent editorial neutrality toward the major issues and personalities of the American conflict. However, a difficulty with Hinkhouse's observation lies in the fact that periodicals such as the Middlesex Journal and the Morning Post were also "leading papers," and they, as Rea and Bourne affirm, were anything but neutral. Though the Middlesex Journal, founded in 1769, and the Morning Post, founded in 1772, may not have attained the wide circulation of established papers like the Gazetteer and Public Advertiser, studies by Stanley Morison and Wilfrid Hindle make it clear that these younger papers were influential and financially successful during the period of our interest.[36] The "neutrality" of these papers is

[36] The English Newspaper, 1622-1932 (Cambridge: The University Press, 1932), p. 155; The Morning Post, 1772-1937 (London: George Routledge & Sons, 1937), p. 44.

reflected in the poems I have drawn from them. As the Middlesex Journal entry for 16 May 1769 implies, a poet who wished to find his work in the pages of this paper in 1769 was well advised to cultivate a warm regard for John Wilkes. And Morning Post poems from 30 December 1776 and 11 July 1777 properly reflect the attitude of this paper toward Franklin and other American "traitors."

Happily, precise answers to difficult questions such as, which papers were biased? in what respect? how much? and when? need not concern us here. For as our brief overview has indicated, and as the variety of opinions represented in this anthology will verify, a poet could adopt almost any viewpoint toward a major issue or personality of the day and be reasonably confident of finding editorial support somewhere among the major periodicals. It is of little consequence to us that a particular editor may have restricted his poetry to a single point of view, so long as there were other editors, either neutrals or members of the opposite camp, who accepted other points of view. Although poets may not have found open-minded editors in particular papers at particular times, they unquestionably enjoyed editorial open-mindedness-in-the-aggregate throughout the period of this anthology.

The editor (or publisher, or printer), then, is clearly one of the men whose poems these are. They are his because the vitality of his new and growing enterprise breathes through them and because his repeated battles with Ministerial censors held

a potentially deadly enemy at bay. His claim is based, too, upon his refusal to permit indecent, shoddy, or uninteresting works among them. Finally, they are his because he, in the aggregate, encouraged their authors to respond to the men, issues, and events of the day in whatever way they thought fit. When we approve of the vitality, the workmanship, or the variety of these poems, we acknowledge that the publisher is, in an important way, the man behind the poems.

III. The Reader

The original readers of this poetry were, by and large, a more homogeneous group than the writers. We have seen that the writers were such a diverse lot that they are most easily described in terms of several small groups. Of course all of these smaller groups of officers, Members of Parliament, Americans, and such were represented among the readers, too, but the large majority of readers belonged to a single group--the middle-class London merchants. Despite the wide range of persons who were influenced by various issues of these papers and magazines, the single group of middle-class Londoners so clearly sustained the London periodicals that a poet was bound to recognize them as the principal readers of his work. This relative homogeneity of readership is plainly reflected in the poems, and it is of considerable help to us in our efforts to see the man, in this case the reader, through the poems.

Besides the evidence in the poems themselves, a number of studies point to London's middle, or merchant, class as a burgeoning new market for periodicals. James Sutherland, for instance, cites figures to show that the "fashionable" readers in London, the gentlemen and aristocrats, numbered only about 12,000 in 1753 and that the number in these upper classes for

all of England was probably less than 30,000 by 1812. England's middle-class readership, though, had reached at least 300,000 by this later date.[1] And Louis Kronenberger explains that in the City of London the middle class were even more obviously dominant than in the country at large. He writes that the

> merchants and traders dominated the City and controlled the most affluent of its ninety-one companies, while the smaller merchants and shopkeepers lived, as well as made their living in the City. But London was not predominantly a middle-class world simply because of its commercial greatness. Its aristocrats spent much of their time away from London: when summer came with its heat or when the Houses of Parliament were not in session they made off to their real homes, to their country houses. Moreover, when they were in London the aristocracy grandly shut themselves in, while the poor, from what mattered most to them, were shut out. It was the people in between who moved constantly around, shopping or sightseeing or on business, who insured the success of the coffeehouses, filled the theaters, built sturdy Nonconformist churches, and stayed winter and summer in London.[2]

Thus in England, and even more decidedly in London, the most active and most numerous readership was to be found among the middle-class merchants.

We have already observed the rapidly expanding circulation of these periodicals during the time covered by this anthology. A partial explanation of this phenomenon, and an indication that the middle-class readership far exceeded the circulation figures, is seen in the number of inexpensive ways by which a middle-class

[1] Preface to 18th Century Poetry (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1948), pp. 48-49.

[2] The Extraordinary Mr. Wilkes, p. 146.

reader could gain access to one of these periodicals.

Kronenberger and Roger Hart are in agreement that small shopkeepers and skilled craftsmen at roughly the lower edge of middle-class incomes received a weekly income of about three pounds.[3] Most middle-class readers did somewhat better. A typical periodical, Lloyd's Evening Post, sold for 2½ pence (1 penny = 1/240 pound) in 1775. The more prestigious Public Advertiser cost 3 pence, but both were obviously within reach of even a relatively low-income member of London's middle class. The latest periodical cost him less than a pound of cheese (3½ pence) or butter (5½ - 8 pence), for instance; it cost only about one third as much as the "taxi fare" (ordinary post wagon) for a mile on the London-York road, and about one fourth as much as the postage for a letter from London to America.[4]

Reasonable as the periodical prices were, other arrangements were also available for the economy-minded reader. For a penny and a half, one could rent a paper from a deliveryman who would return after an hour and take the paper to another reader.[5] If the extra half penny meant more to a reader than his privacy, he could spend only a penny for a dish of coffee and read coffeehouse copies of various periodicals at no extra cost.[6]

[3] The Extraordinary Mr. Wilkes, pp. 107, 151; English Life in the 18th Century (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1970), p. 123.

[4] Hart, pp. 53, 124.

[5] Hart, p. 124; Kronenberger, The Extraordinary Mr. Wilkes, p. 154.

[6] Kronenberger, The Extraordinary Mr. Wilkes, p. 149.

Of course no one kept an accurate record of the number of persons who dropped by one of London's 3,000-odd coffeehouses to see the latest periodicals, but the existence of such popular low cost practices as renting and "borrowing" does suggest that London's middle-class readership was much larger than mere circulation figures imply.

Certainly the poets knew much more about the typical reader of these periodicals than that he was a middle-class Londoner. And we can tell more about him, too, thanks to the poems and to a variety of contemporary sources and more modern studies. From the very fact of his residence in London we can infer that he was probably affected to some extent by the important changes which were occurring in the city. Horace Walpole suggests the prodigious growth of the city in an 18 July 1776 letter to Sir Horace Mann as follows:

> Rows of houses shoot out of every way like a polypus; and so great is the rage of building everywhere, that if I stay here a fortnight, without going to town, I look about to see if no new house is built since I went last.[7]

The energy which fueled London's growth was also manifested in the variety and modernity of her shops. Dr. Johnson said with apparent justification to Oliver Goldsmith, "Let us take a walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel, through I suppose the greatest

[7] Letter quoted in Jay Barrett Botsford, English Society in the 18th Century as Influenced from Oversea (New York: Macmillan, 1924), p. 192.

series of shops in the world,"[8] and Roger Hart writes categorically that "Europe had no shops to compare with those of eighteenth-century London."[9]

Less spectacular than the growth of the city or the magnificence of the shops, perhaps, but equally important to the typical Londoner were the many changes which occurred in the quality of city life: During the middle and late 18th century, proper drainage was installed for shops and houses, and it became illegal to throw one's refuse into the street; business and residential streets were paved and lighted; regular garbage collections were initiated; street signs were placed on all corners; property and life insurance became available, and the insurance companies provided squads of uniformed firemen;[10] prisons, though still inhumane, were improved in the 1770's, and after the 1776 Act for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors a man was less likely to spend a lifetime in prison for having failed to pay a debt.[11] One predictable result of these improvements was that London became a healthier city, despite its terrific growth rate, in the course of the century. In contrast to the preceding century which had been ravaged repeatedly by the plague, not one outbreak occurred in the 18th

[8] Quoted in Hart, p. 10.

[9] Hart, p. 10.

[10] Botsford, pp. 196-206.

[11] Hart, pp. 95-97.

century. Further, colic, dysentery, and contagious diseases claimed fewer and fewer lives as the century progressed.[12] All of these improvements suggest the presence of a number of alert, farsighted men among London's middle-class citizenry, and they demonstrate that change itself was an important part of the life of most middle-class Londoners.

Poets like Edward Thompson, William Kenrick, and Soame Jenyns obviously knew about these changing aspects of city life. They also knew about the concerns that tended to be uppermost in the Londoner's mind, and they sensibly paid deference to these concerns, even when their actual subject was something far away like the American war. We can afford to observe only a few of these common concerns here--diet, health, commerce--but the reader will certainly notice others such as crime, religion, etiquette, taxes, and city politics in the poems.

The first two of these topics, diet and health, must inevitably be considered together; for the Londoner's concern about his diet resulted from both his attraction to the new items which had been added to his diet in this century and his fears that his diet was not conducive to good health. Probably in no other period has the Englishman's diet been subjected to so many changes. The potato first became a staple during this century. Rice, first from America and later from India, became popular. American corn, tomatoes, and peanuts were introduced. Other new

[12] Botsford, p. 197.

items, some of which had been seen in England before 1700 but which the middle class came to afford only after that date, were lemons, oranges, limes, figs, strawberries, bananas, pineapples, and sugar.[13]

Two of the most popular imports of the period were tobacco and tea. By 1700 tobacco had already won widespread acceptance in England, and in the first decade of the 18th century annual consumption averaged about 11,000,000 pounds. By 1730, tobacco imports from Maryland and Virginia alone amounted to 30,000,000 pounds.[14] Although the popularity of this product appears to have decreased somewhat in later years, it is easy to see why poets often spoke of the American war to their middle-class readers in terms of a scarcity of tobacco (Public Advertiser, 23 November 1776; London Packet, 9 April 1779). Popular as tobacco obviously was, however, the commodity which became a fundamental part of British life during the 18th century was tea. In the first eight years of the century, imports averaged about 60,000 pounds; by the 1730's, annual imports exceeded 1,000,000 pounds; in 1785 legal imports exceeded 10,000,000 pounds, and it was estimated that between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 pounds had been smuggled into the country during the preceding year.[15] Given the enormous importance of tea in both

[13] Botsford, pp. 50-59.

[14] Botsford, p. 71.

[15] Botsford, pp. 65-67.

the social and the economic lives of middle-class London, it is not surprising that an incident like the Boston Tea Party of 16 December 1773 became an instant cause célèbre in the poetry of 1774, beginning perhaps with the London Packet entry for 21 February. As the entry from the London Packet for 11 December 1775 shows, tea continued to remind Britons of their American problems long after demonstrations like the Boston Tea Party had given way to bloody pitched battles.

Tea demanded the middle-class Londoner's attention not only because of its social, economic, and, after December 1773, symbolic importance, but also because of its association with another of his major concerns, his health. No sooner did he learn to depend upon tea for refreshment than he came under bombardment from men like Jonas Hanway who insisted that the drink would destroy one's health. In his famous "Essay on Tea" (1757), Hanway laments that

> there is not quite so much beauty in this land as there was. Your very chambermaids have lost their bloom by sipping Tea. . . . I am persuaded we shall not enjoy a blooming health whilst we continue the use of Tea.

Tea was claimed to cause scurvy "by enervating the powers of Nature, and disabling her to throw off what is pernicious," and insomnia, and to be destructive of one's teeth, digestion, and nerves.[16]

[16] "Essay on Tea," as quoted in Botsford, p. 68.

No one who has looked through a few of the periodicals represented in this anthology can doubt that health was a foremost concern of the middle-class Londoner. Almost every issue of every periodical contains advertisements for new medical books and pamphlets and new home remedies. Examples of a few of these from a randomly selected date, 2 April 1776, are Dr. Lewis Rouppe's six-shilling Observations on Diseases Incidental to Seamen, advertised in the London Chronicle; a new type of herbal snuff (the vogue of "herbalizing" one's snuff, shampoo, and other products seems to recur in 200-year cycles) offered in the General Evening Post at one shilling three pence per cannister, guaranteed effective "in the cure of Head-achs, Weakness of Sight, and Deafness, in preventing Palsies, Apoplexies, Epilepsies, and in relieving Oppressions of the Breast and Lungs"; and, in another advertisement from the same page of the General Evening Post, "Sugar Plums," twelve pence per dozen, for ridding oneself of worms, and "Anodyne Necklaces," "Price 5 s. single, an Allowance by the Dozen to Sell again," to be worn by children whose difficulties in cutting teeth were causing them "Fits, Fevers, Convulsions, Gripes, Loosenesses, etc." Thus, if the pages of his periodicals are any indication, the typical Londoner must have spent a large part of each day thinking about health and medicines.

A clear indication that the Londoner's concern for his health was not lost on contemporary poets is the number of poetic "prescriptions" found in his periodicals. Notice the

prescriptions included in this anthology between 30 September 1774 and 28 February 1777, for instance. In the London Packet of 30 September 1774, "Explicator" observes drily that the "physicians of state" have studied the case of the oddly-behaving Americans and have prescribed unlimited quantities of "powders and balls." In the St. James's Chronicle for 18 April 1775, "A State Physician" announces that an application of either "Hangman" or "Axe" to the state's two major ailments, Lords Mansfield and Bute, would work a miraculous cure. "Squib" protests in the Gazetteer for 7 August 1776 that the prescriptions of "quacks" like John Wesley cannot cure the state's maladies, and an anonymous author provides a surprising diagnosis of Lord North's headache in the Public Advertiser for 28 February 1777. These and many other references to illnesses, remedies, and recoveries point directly to the Londoner's prevailing concern for his health.

Perhaps the dearest concern of the middle-class London merchant, though, was his trade. In fact most of his other concerns could without much difficulty be seen as subordinate parts of this one. Of the many new items added to his diet in this period, most, as we have seen, were imports and thus depended wholly upon commerce. Even the state of his health was directly related to commerce through the many new medicines imported from America and the East. Quinine, camphor, and various medicinal

tonics were among these.[17]

Since business was probably the most common concern of this readership, we can easily understand why poets often tried to respond to the war in a merchant's language and to describe the war in terms of its effects on trade. The merchant's view of the war is an important part of the poetry throughout the period, as a few examples will show. One way to be sure of speaking a merchant's language is to talk money. This is what the author of "The Light [or debased] Guinea. A Tale. Inscribed to Lord North." in the Town and Country Magazine for May 1775 obviously means to do. The merchant's vocabulary of money and trade also informs "A Dialogue between a Briton and a North American" (London Chronicle, 10 April 1766), "To the Underwriters of the good Ship the Britannia" (Public Advertiser, 16 July 1777), "The Parliament Man" (London Packet, 3 May 1780), and many others. Another way to speak the merchant's language is to use market place analogies to describe complex affairs outside the world of trade. Thus one poet describes Britain's difficult situation in March 1775 in terms of a clothier who is driven to desperate measures after having broken a cardinal rule of clothiers and other businessmen by forgetting to "cut his Coat according to his Cloth!" (St. James's Chronicle, 21 March 1775) Another poet describes a petition of Birmingham merchants, in which they promised strong support for military measures taken

[17] Botsford, pp. 74-75.

against the Americans, as being worth no more than their notoriously shoddy "Birmingham ware." (London Packet, 26 April 1775)

Besides appealing subtly to these readers by speaking in their language, many poets addressed the merchants directly, telling them precisely how American affairs were affecting their trade. Thus in the Town and Country Magazine for April 1771, one poet rejoices that since the repeal of the Townshend Acts, "Dejected commerce now revives again." In the Gazetteer of 4 January 1775, the "Taylor of Tottenham Court" complains that American non-importation pacts are ruining British manufacturers and driving up the rates of unemployment and crime. In the Morning Post of 13 December 1776, "O Ling" informs the London fish mongers that the day of fasting and prayer, recently proclaimed by the King on account of American affairs, will benefit no one but them: "He gives you chance to sell your stinking cod!" And in the Middlesex Journal of 11 October 1777, an anonymous poet complains bitterly that Englishmen have spent more to collect what they were owed for "a Pound of TEA" than "ALL INDIA's TEA" is worth. Many of these poets undoubtedly had non-commercial reasons of their own for opposing the Ministry on American measures. But whatever their private feelings, they often found it expedient to point out that the war, with its deaths, heavy taxes, and ruined markets, was very bad for business.

Clearly the poets represented in this anthology tried to reach the most likely readers on their own terms. The values and concerns of this middle-class London readership are reflected in the poets' choices of subject matter, language, and metaphor, as we have seen. But the middle-class readership also affected this poetry in other ways. For one thing, it helps to account for the preponderance of simpler genres--principally the epigram and song--and for the relative scarcity of classical allusions. Although young men of the middle class sometimes attended prestigious grammar schools like Eton, Westminster, and Winchester, and a few even went on to Cambridge and Oxford, most received a more modest education which did not include a grounding in either sophisticated European literature or the classics. Dorothy Marshall writes:

> For a tradesman's son or the boy of middle-class parents the utility of such an education, unless he were hoping to go on to the university and follow one of the professions, was strictly limited. What he needed was a more modern and practical education to fit him for business.[18]

Thus the middle class represented an expanding and potentially lucrative readership, but one which was less prepared to appreciate complex poetic forms and recondite allusions than had been the smaller, more aristocratic readership of Pope and Dryden. As Sutherland writes, "to be allusive where only a few are likely to understand is bad manners, the mark of the literary snob."[19]

[18] 18th Century England (New York: D. McKay Company, 1962), p. 38.

[19] Sutherland, p. 55.

Most important of all, the readers affected this poetry by giving the poets occasion to write it. Middle-class Londoners not only supported the periodicals financially, but also provided a large, concentrated audience who wanted to read poetry about the issues, men, and events of the American war. If these poets had faced an audience made up primarily of landed aristocrats, as Dryden and Pope had done, the poems in this anthology would not only have been different; most of them would not have been written. For the aristocracy, generally insulated by wealth and privilege, lacked much of the direct involvement which made the war intensely interesting to London's middle class. Disrupted commerce represented no more than a minor inconvenience to the aristocracy, and, as Kronenberger observes, they "lived most of the year outside London," and had little to do with the alarms of war which swept through the city.[20] Thus the very existence, as well as the form and substance, of much of this poetry is clearly a reflection of the middle-class London readership.

Finally, the reader of this poetry affected it in much the same way as the publisher and the author; he democratized it, energized it, and informed it with a spirit which is plainly in an 18th century stream flowing toward Wordsworth and the Romantics. We began by observing that Englishmen of many different stations and opinions responded poetically to the American Revolution. It

[20] The Extraordinary Mr. Wilkes, p. 219.

is clear that the publishers, by fighting almost continually for new freedom of expression, lifted many old restraints from these poets and infused their poetry with the special vitality of a young and powerful enterprise. To the combined effects of diversity and new freedom of expression must be added the energy and the democratizing effects of a readership in which, in Botsford's words, "Titles, traditions, membership in ancient and honoured families, counted for little."[21] The traces of a new age are unmistakable in this poetry. Kronenberger says of the period:

> The writers of the new age would not, like those of the old, be the companions of the great aristocrats, and would never rise by their pens to become ambassadors or secretaries of state. . . . writers themselves were finding publishers more satisfactory than patrons, and were helped by the knowledge that a large middle-class public had emerged which dwarfed the importance of the polite world.[22]

Wordsworth points to the importance of this new independence from aristocratic patrons when he looks back upon earlier poetry in his Prelude:

> How we mislead each other; above all
> How books mislead us, seeking their reward
> From judgments of the wealthy few, who see
> By artificial lights; how they debase
> The many for the pleasure of the few--
> (XIII, 207-11)

As evidence, in this anthology, of the growing independence from the aristocracy's "artificial lights," consider the careful

[21] Botsford, p. 118.

[22] Kings and Desperate Men: Life in 18th Century England (New York:Alfred A. Knopf, 1942), p. 293.

attention to mundane particulars such as one finds in "The Snow-Ball" (London Chronicle, 16 January 1776), the occasionally impressive lyric voice such as one hears briefly in "The Lunatic" (Public Advertiser, 5 September 1777), and the delight in the resources of common language such as one finds in several songs and dialectal poems such as "The Irishman's Epistle" (London Chronicle, 21 October 1775). Though less common than the qualities of vitality and wit, these are an important part of this poetry, and all of them point the way toward the forthcoming Age of Romanticism.

But the poetry in this anthology is decidedly not Romantic poetry. Nor is it great Neo-classical poetry. It exists part way between two periods, taking its forms and its predominantly social view of man from an earlier time, yet moving with a life and excitement more akin to the poetry of times to come. Of greater value to us than its relation to predecessors or offspring is this poetry's ability to do what neither the best Neo-classical nor the best Romantic poetry can do: bring us face to face with the Englishman we Americans ceased to be in July 1776.

I. Issues and Men (1763-1774)

Poems 1-54

Chronology

	1756
17 May	Seven Years' War begins.
	1760
25 October	Accession of George III.
	1762
26 May	Earl of Bute becomes Prime Minister.
5 June	Wilkes publishes first issue of North Briton.
	1763
10 February	Treaty of Paris ends Seven Years' War. France cedes all of Canada and all of Louisiana east of Mississippi, excepting New Orleans, to Britain.
16 April	George Grenville replaces Bute as Prime Minister.
23 April	Wilkes publishes North Briton, No. 45.
3 December	North Briton is publicly burned. Wilkes flees to France.
	1764
19 January	Commons officially expells Wilkes.
21 January	Commons declares Wilkes an outlaw.
10 March	Grenville proposes Stamp Act. Imposition of tax is to be delayed for one year.
5 May	George III signs the Revenue Act.

1765

22 March	Stamp Act becomes law, requiring stamps to be affixed to all legal papers, almanacs, pamphlets, newspapers, and playing cards.
29 May	Patrick Henry denounces Stamp Act in Virginia House of Burgesses.
13 July	Rockingham replaces Grenville as Prime Minister.
26 August	Riots occur in Boston in response to Stamp Act.
19 October	Stamp Act Congress meets in New York.
1 November	Stamp Act goes into force in America.

1766

18 March	Stamp Act is repealed.
30 July	William Pitt becomes Lord Chatham and forms new Ministry. The Duke of Grafton is to be First Lord of the Treasury, traditionally the Prime Minister's post. Chatham becomes Lord Privy Seal. Charles Townshend becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer.

1767

15 April	While Chatham is incapacitated, Townshend proposes new Revenue Act including "Townshend Duties" on paint, paper, glass, and tea.
29 June	Townshend Act becomes law; taxes are to become effective on 20 November.
4 September	Townshend dies without seeing the consequences of his Revenue Act.

1768

6 February	Wilkes returns to London from Paris.
11 February	Massachusetts House of Representatives sends Circular Letter to other colonial legislatures protesting Townshend Duties.
28 March	Wilkes is elected to Commons from Middlesex.
27 April	Wilkes is imprisoned.

10 May	On first day of new Parliament, Wilkes's supporters riot at St. George's Fields where he is confined in King's Bench Prison.
10 June	John Hancock's sloop, the Liberty, is seized by British customs officials in Boston harbor. A riot ensues, and customs officials request that British troops be stationed in the city.
18 June	Wilkes is given 22 months' sentence by Chief Justice Mansfield.
30 September	Two regiments of British troops arrive in Boston harbor from Halifax.
14 October	Chatham, in poor health, resigns from post of Lord Privy Seal.

1769

21 January	First contribution of "Junius" appears in Public Advertiser.
3 February	Wilkes is expelled from Commons. This starts a series of elections and expulsions which ends in April when Colonel Luttrell is given Wilkes's seat.
18 May	Virginia Burgesses agree to an Association for non-importation of British goods. Associations are formed in seven other colonies before the end of the year.
19 December	Junius' "Letter to the King" appears in the Public Advertiser.

1770

28 January	Lord North becomes Prime Minister.
5 March	Five Americans are killed in Boston Massacre.
12 April	Townshend Acts, excepting tax on tea, are repealed.
17 April	Wilkes is released from prison.
2 June	John Almon, close friend of John Wilkes and sometime writer for the Gazetteer, is tried for publishing reprints of Junius' letter.

13 June	Henry Sampson Woodfall, publisher of the Public Advertiser, is tried for publishing Junius' letter.
13 November	George Grenville dies.

1771

5 February	Battle between printers and Commons begins when Colonel George Onslow complains that his speeches have been printed illegally. Wilkes and the City of London take up the cause of the printers. The right to report Parliamentary debates is established.
24 July	Wilkes is elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex.

1772

21 January	Last letter signed by Junius is published.
9 June	Americans attack customs schooner Gaspee near Providence, Rhode Island.

1773

10 May	Tea Act is passed so that East India Company can reduce its enormous surplus by underselling American smugglers who had been avoiding Townshend's duty on tea by buying from the Dutch.
May-June	Massachusetts Governor Hutchinson's private letters are read before the Massachusetts Assembly and publicized. (Benjamin Franklin will later be blamed for the release of this personal correspondence.)
16 December	Boston Tea Party.

1774

20 January	First report of Boston Tea Party appears in London papers.
29 January	Franklin is humiliated by Alexander Wedderburne before Privy Council for having released Governor Hutchinson's letters.

31 March	Boston Port Bill, the first of the "Intolerable Acts," is enacted in response to the Boston Tea Party. This act, along with the other Coercive Acts--the Massachusetts Government Act, the Administration of Justice Act, and the Quartering Act--led directly to the assembly of the First Continental Congress.
19 May	General Gage arrives in Boston with four regiments to replace Governor Hutchinson.
22 May	The Quebec Bill is enacted.
5 September	First Continental Congress convenes in Philadelphia.
8 October	Wilkes is elected Lord Mayor of London.
20 October	Continental Congress agrees to Association for Non-Importation.
26 October	First Continental Congress adjourns.
29 October	Wilkes is elected to Commons from Middlesex. This time he is seated (on 2 December) without opposition.

Universal Magazine, April 1763, p. 215.

As we observed in the Introduction, John Stuart, Third Earl of Bute, exerted considerable influence over the young George III as his tutor, advisor, and, for a time, Prime Minister. We have also observed that Bute's prominence in the poetry of the period extended far beyond his historical importance. Perhaps the best illustration of this latter observation can be seen in the fact that the first poem in this anthology treats of Bute's resignation from the post of First Lord of the Treasury, or Prime Minister. His poetic utility is barely beginning at the same time that his involvement with government and the King is practically finished.

Bute became Prime Minister on 26 May 1762, determined to end the Seven Years' War. John Russel, Fourth Duke of Bedford, worked out the preliminaries of a peace settlement with the French in October 1762, and the war was officially ended with the Peace of Paris on 10 February 1763. But the enormously popular William Pitt, Member of Commons and ex-Secretary of State, objected vehemently that the Peace was not a good one. Britain had gotten too little from her victories, he said, and she had dishonorably deserted her ally, Frederick of Prussia, by making agreements with France, Spain, and Portugal to which Frederick was not a party. Finding himself subject to more and more public abuse, and seeing the support of his fellow Ministers diminishing rapidly, Bute resigned his post and was replaced on 16 April 1763 by George Grenville.

The author of this poem is the first of many poets who would simply refuse to believe that Bute's evil influence over George III had ended with his resignation.

(1)

On the Report of Lord B[ute]'s Resignation.

LORD B[ute], they say, has now resign'd,
In hopes to save his bacon;
If Englishmen may speak their mind,
They wish him much mistaken.

While B--, F--, and R-- stay,[1]
Our safety is uncertain;
For B[ute] himself may bear the sway,
Tho' hid behind the curtain.

(continued next page)

[1] Probably Bedford, Fox, and Rutland. Bedford had conducted Bute's peace negotiations. Henry Fox, Pitt's rival, was the wealthy, unscrupulous Paymaster of the Forces.

If B[ute] forbears to rule again,
Shall F[ox] then have the care?
The boldest act of B[ute]'s bold reign
Was giving F[ox]a share.[2]

Who would expect G[eorge] G[renville]'s face,
Where England was undoing?
Tell not, that one of Cobham's race
Join'd in his country's ruin![3]

T[ownshend], once thought our sure defence,
We mourn with anxious pain;
Join honesty to thy good sense,
And we may hope again.[4]

Why is poor D[ashwood] now become
A jest? Why--I am told,
He, who ne'er learn'd to cast a sum,
For learning's now too old.[5]

Great George the Third, good Frederick's son,
Thy virtue makes thee able
To perfect what is now begun;
Clear the Augean stable.

Then shall the wrong be chang'd for right,
Fair Honesty in fashion;
Great Britain shall once more unite,
And be a happy nation.

[2] As Bute's chief distributor of bribes in Commons, Henry Fox was a notorious manipulator of men and events. Like his son, Charles James Fox, whom we shall meet later, Henry Fox was also reputed to be an extravagant gambler.

[3] George Grenville, soon to enter American history as author of the Stamp Act, was the brother of Richard Temple Grenville, Viscount Cobham, and Hester Grenville. Richard was a close friend of both John Wilkes and William Pitt, and Hester was Pitt's wife. Thus the poet and many Londoners were surprised to learn of George Grenville's willingness to cooperate with Bute by forming a new Ministry which would include a number of Bute's associates. As Prime Minister, however, Grenville virtually eliminated Bute's influence with the King.

[4] Charles Townshend, later to be known primarily for having sponsored the "Townshend Duties," including the tax on tea, had opposed Bute's peace preliminaries in 1762. He now agreed to serve as president of the Board of Trade.

[5] Francis Dashwood, well known as a supporter of Bute, was retained by Grenville in the minor post of "keeper of the King's wardrobe."

Universal Magazine, Supplement to bound Vol. XXXII (Jan-June) 1763, p. 374.

John Wilkes, whom we have considered in the Introduction as a type of the self-asserting "cit," was probably Lord Bute's most potent tormentor. Wilkes's "bully pulpit" in 1763 was his periodical, the North Briton, originally set up in response to Bute's Ministerial periodical, the Briton. In earlier issues, Wilkes had accused Bute of everything from dullness to adultery with the King's mother, but in issue No. 45, published on 23 April 1763, just a few days after Bute's resignation, Wilkes accused the King himself of being the dupe of traitorous Ministers. On 30 April, Lords Halifax and Egremont sent officers to Wilkes's residence to arrest him for having published "seditious libel." Wilkes was imprisoned for a week. Then Justice Charles Pratt of the Court of Common Pleas ordered him released, ruling that Wilkes, as a Member of Parliament, had been illegally arrested.

A quiet MAN's Opinion of the TIMES. (2)

I Think, indeed, 'tis very odd,
Excises should increase;[1]
But gratefully I thank my God,
That I can sleep in peace.

Nor Bute, nor Wilkes, disturb my rest,
No pricking thorns I sit on;
My couch no messengers molest,
For I am no North Briton.

I write, indeed, but not for pay,
Unhurt I hear and see;
And Kings and Patriots both may say
Whate'er they please for me.

But, if I must my mind disclose,
George speaketh like a King;
And as for Wilkes--the world all knows,
He writes like--any thing. T.C.

[1] A major source of discontent in the months following the Peace of Paris was the discovery that Britons, supposedly victors in the Seven Years' War, were nevertheless saddled with terrific war debts which demanded new and higher taxes. One of these new taxes was the stamp tax which so angered the American colonists. Another was the cider tax, an especially repugnant tax because it was an excise, which meant that excisemen could enter one's home at will to search for illegal merchandise.

Universal Magazine, December 1763, p. 325.

In December 1763, John Wilkes correctly perceived that the trend of events was against him, and he slipped away to Paris for five years. With his attack on the King, he had lost old supporters like William Pitt and the Duke of Grafton. "No. 45" of the North Briton was ordered to be burned by the common hangman on 3 December 1763. Further, Wilkes's old crony, the Earl of Sandwich, had become very much his enemy and had accused him in the House of Lords of publishing blasphemous material in the form of an Essay on Woman. Wilkes had printed the Essay, a bawdy imitation of Pope's Essay on Man, on his own press for private distribution among his friends. Reverend John Kidgell obtained a copy from one of Wilkes's assistants and gave it to Lord March, who gave it to Lord Sandwich, who read it verbatim before the House of Lords. When Kidgell's part in the enterprise was revealed, he attempted to redeem his reputation by publishing A Genuine and Succinct Narrative of a Scandalous, Obscene, and Exceedingly Profane Libel, Entitled An Essay on Woman. These events of late 1763 are summarized on a single page of the Universal Magazine in twelve brief poems, six of which are reproduced below.

(3)

To what dirty tricks have some great ones descended,
To ruin poor Wilkes, who our rights has defended;
But, Britons be bold, they can ne'er gain their ends,
While Justice and Pratt are fair Liberty's friends.

F.

On a late Publication. (4)

Let pious K[i]dg[el]l preach, or write, or fawn,
To change his cassoc for Right Reverend lawn,
Still W[ilke]s immortal rise on Freedom's plan,
Or die like Sidney--still the gallant man!

On the Same. (5)

WHAT to the jakes[1] had better been consign'd,
Lo, holy K[i]dg[el]l prints to improve mankind!

(continued next page)

[1] jakes: a privy (O.E.D.).

On the Same. (6)

O Grief of griefs!--the Parson cries,
    Blaspheming words to write.
O grief of griefs!--the world replies,
    To bring such words to light.

On Seeing the NORTH-BRITON burnt. (7)

As at th' Exchange, beside the pile of wood,
With Forty-Five, the common hangman stood;
While all around the mob, Don't burn it, cry'd,
Thus to the shouting mob Jack Ketch reply'd;
"Rather I would, and that I've often done,
"Twenty North-Britons hang, than thus burn one."

A REBUS. (8)

WHEN Heav'n bless'd the land with peace,
We hop'd our burthens then would cease;
But B[ute] has done alas! too true,
What Bob[1] of old could never do,
Let loose the monster, curs'd Excise!
To prey on Freedom 'till it dies.
Then, Britons, take from Tax the T,
And his desert you'll plainly see.

F.

[1] Robert Walpole. As First Lord of the Treasury (1721-1742), he had tried to impose an excise tax on wine and tobacco in 1733 and had been forced by popular dissent to withdraw it.

Universal Magazine, May 1764, p. 268.

John Wilkes left England in December 1763, as we have seen. Early in 1764, he was officially expelled from the House of Commons and was declared an outlaw. John Kidgell, too, came upon hard times after his involvement with the Essay on Woman. His reputation as a minister was ruined, but he was for a short time treasurer of a turnpike. He soon found himself hopelessly in debt, however, and left the country (D.N.B.).

EPIGRAM. (9)

On the sudden Migration of those celebrated Champions of Religion and Liberty, the Rev. Mr. K[idgel]l and J. W[ilke]s, Esq;

WHEN faction was loud, and when parties ran high,
Religion and liberty join'd in the cry;
But, O Grief of Griefs! in the midst of the fray,
Religion and liberty both ran away.

E.G.

London Chronicle, 20 September 1764, p. 279.

To the PRINTER. (10)

SIR,

THE following whimsical alliterating lines upon the Alphabet, falling accidentally into my hands, I have sent you a copy of them; and am, Sir, Your's, etc.
PHILO-PITT.

A stands for attainder, axe, and asunder;
B is for B[ut]e and B[edfor]d, bribe and blunder;
C for Commons, corrupt, courtly, and civil;
D for Dunkirk, demolition,--the Devil;
E for England, exhausted, and embroil'd;
F for funds, falling, a favourite, foil'd;
G stands for George, good, gracious, and guarded;
H is for honest, heavy, and hard-head;
I stands for justice, impeachments, and ills;
K for a knot, known, knaves, the kingdom, kills;
L stands for logwood, lost, lamentably;[1]
M for money, making, majority;
N is for nasty, numbers, not, the nation;
O stands for an oath, or odious oration;
P stands for parliaments, places, and pensions;
Q is for quashing, querulous, questions;
R stands for rebel, a rope, and a rot;
S is for steward, a scoundrel, a Scot;
T stands for Turks-isle, treaty, Thane,[2] and traitor;
V for villain, venal, vile, vitiator;
W stands for worthless, Webb, Wood, warrants, Wilkes, and wounds;[3]
And X, Y, Z may stand for H[ali]f[a]x's hounds.

[1] Logwood, a source of dyes in the 18th century, came from the West Indian islands, which had been captured from France in the Seven Years' War and then returned to France by the Peace of Paris. Pitt had felt that England should keep the islands.

[2] Thane: a common epithet for Lord Bute.

[3] John Richmond Webb was a Member of Parliament who supported Bute and spoke out against Wilkes in Commons in 1763. Robert Wood was undersecretary to Lord Halifax and was instrumental in having Wilkes arrested in April 1763.

Universal Magazine, Supplement to bound Vol. XXXVI (Jan-June) 1765, p. 376.

London Chronicle, 4 July 1765, p. 14.

Prime Minister Grenville had introduced the legislation containing the Stamp Act on 10 March 1764. The Stamp Act itself, Clause 14 of his "Resolutions of the Committee of Ways and Means," attracted little attention, but Grenville delayed actual imposition of the tax for one year, ostensibly to give the colonists time to suggest other sources of revenue if they so chose. Edmund Morgan argues that this delay was in reality a ploy and that Grenville had no intention of accepting any colonial counterproposals.[1] Benjamin Franklin protested the proposed stamp tax on behalf of the Assembly of Pennsylvania. Agents for Virginia, Connecticut, and other colonies also protested, but Londoners generally were little excited by the colonists' complaints at this time. As this poem illustrates, Londoners were primarily concerned about their own painfully high taxes.

The ASS overladen. A Fable. (11)

A Loaden basket long an ass had bore
To market, which had often gall'd him sore;
But yet his master, mindless of his case,
Would make him go, as running for a race;
And, what still aggravated his hard fate,
His master in the pannier put more weight;
Each day he found his weight more heavy grown,
Which yet he bore, but not without a groan:
The load at length increas'd beyond his bearing,
Which made the ass, his master's anger fearing,
Fall on his knees, and to him humbly speak,
This heavy weight, good Sir, my back will break;
Bear it you must, the cruel man reply'd;
The ass, attempting it, fell down and dy'd.

MORAL

With taxes thus, let not the Great,
Beyond its bearing, load the state;
For, when the weight's too great to bear,
The nation like the ass will fare.

[1] Edmund S. Morgan and Helen M. Morgan, The Stamp Act Crisis: Prologue to Revolution (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1953), pp. 53-70.

London Chronicle, 12 November 1765, p. 459.

Although a number of colonial agents protested Grenville's proposed stamp tax between March 1764 and March 1765, they did not recommend any other form of tax to him. Thus on 6 March 1765, the Stamp Act passed Commons as a part of a Bill for Taxing the Colonies. It received the royal assent and became law on 22 March. In August, riots broke out in Boston in response to the Stamp Act. On 26 August, Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson's house was sacked and much of his property scattered or destroyed. First word of these riots appeared in the London newspapers of 10 October. Thereafter London periodicals gave considerable attention to American affairs in general and to agitation for repeal of the Stamp Act in particular. One of the most active opponents of repeal was the Reverend Doctor James Scott, chaplain and hired penman of Lord Sandwich. Scott, who signed most of his contributions "Anti-Sejanus," is the target of this parody of the Twenty-third Psalm, which was printed beside one of his letters in this issue of the London Chronicle. The version of the Twenty-third Psalm which is being parodied was written by Isaac Watts, the well known writer of hymns.

A TRANSLATION. (12)

In English Metre.

I.

THE Lord of S[andwic]h guideth me,
And maketh me to lie;
With promises he feedeth me,
For writing vig'rously.

II.

That virtuous Lord is on my side;
Why should I be dismay'd?
Since he vouchsafes to be my guide,
I trust he'll see me paid.

III.

Joy to my heart he hath restor'd,
For me he hope doth make
That I shall soon be made a Lord,
E'en for his Lordship's sake.

IV.

Though the young Ministry do frown,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For he and I will write them down,
And he'll protect me still.

(continued next page)

V.

For me he shall a table spread
When to his house I go;
Upon it plenty shall be laid,
And wine about it flow.

VI.

A M[i]t[r]e too, within few years,
Shall be secur'd to me;
And evermore the [House] of [Peers]
My loit'ring place shall be

London Chronicle, 17 December 1765, p. 575. (The version of this song printed in the London Chronicle did not have the last five stanzas printed below.)

Gentleman's Magazine, December 1765, p. 591.

Songs like this one reprinted from the Massachusetts Gazette of 31 October 1765 helped Londoners understand how strongly Americans felt about the Stamp Act.

Advice from the COUNTRY; a Song sung at Boston, in New-England. (13)

AMID this loud clamour,
With words, and with hammer,
About the new mode of taxation;
A bard of the woods,
Unacquainted with goods;
Of the town, the vice or vexation;-----

Would fling in his mite;
And to set things aright,
His mind with all freedom discover;
Give advice as he can,
And thus acting the man,
Shew himself, of his country a lover.

The raw, but bold rustic,
With birch, or with fir-stick,
Could readily join in the throng;
With club, teeth or fist,
Still intrepid persist,
And help a good purpose along.

But, alas! my dear friends!
Why recur to such means?--
Revert, and detest the rude sport;
We've others in power,
More certain and sure,
To violence need we resort?

(continued next page)

Across the Atlantic,
Or placid or frantic,
No doubt the bold legend will go;
And perhaps with surprize,
We shall soon have advice,
With a question of, Why do you so?

Let us answer and say,
We buy and we pay,
And their's the result of our toil;
Their various produce,
We take and we use,
And BRITAIN with reason may smile.

But if things come to this,
We should sure be remiss,
Not to patch up our old cloaths again;
Consume, but with care,
Re-turn, and repair,
And from youth thus to manhood attain.

Abroad for rich dress,
For silks, or for lace,
Why foolishly thus do we roam?
Their raiment and food
Sure do us no good,
When enough of our own we've at home.

Their cates, and their gear,
We want not to chear,
The apple and ox are our own;
Our palates to please,
Beef, butter, and cheese,
And cyder in plenty to crown.

With us of the woods
Lay aside your fine goods,
Contentment depends not on cloaths;
We hear, smell, and see,
Taste and feel with high glee,
And in winter have huts for repose.

The wild acorn for use,
Spontaneous produce!
Our fields a rich harvest afford;
Allodial and clear,
Our lands for our heir,
Not the feud of a whimsical lord.

(continued next page)

Our fathers in blood,
The rough savage withstood,
And their rights, with their wealth, could defend;
To sons of our own,
Let then the renown,
Of BRITONS and FREEMEN descend.

And e're to such acts
As impose a new tax,
That might and not right must sustain,
Let us hive with the bee,
Eat the crust of the tree*
And away to the fig-leaf again.

*The Country and City Mouse.

London Chronicle, 20 February 1766, p. 175.

Scots Magazine, February 1766.

The question of repealing the Stamp Act was raised in the House of Lords on 10 January 1766. The leading advocate of repeal in Lords was Charles Pratt, then Lord Chancellor Camden, close friend of William Pitt and famed in London as the justice who had released Wilkes from prison in 1763. Arguing for the Stamp Act and the right of Parliament to tax British colonies as she chose was William Murray, then Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield. Throughout the debate, Parliament was deluged by petitions from interested merchants, manufacturers, and colonial agents. This song, published in the second week of debate and only one day before the Bill for Repeal of the Stamp Act was formally introduced, reflects an attitude of resentment toward American colonists who enjoy the benefits of British government but refuse to share the costs.

AMERICA TRIUMPHANT; (14)

or

OLD ENGLAND's DOWNFALL.

To the Tune of *There was a jovial Beggar*.[1]

THIS world is like a whirligigg,
And swiftly spins about;
And nations, like great statesmen,
Are sometimes *in* and *out*.
And to America we'll go, etc.

To Britain France was forc'd to yield,
And lay her banners down;
Now England to America
Must cringe and fear her frown,
Or a begging we must go, etc.

Who'd stay in musty England,
And work himself to death,
Where, choak'd with debts and taxes,
No man can fetch his breath.
And to America we'll go, etc.

Then to America we'll go,
Where we will merry be;
Since there no taxes need be paid,
And wise men all agree.
And to America we'll go, etc.

(continued next page)

[1] See tune in Chappell, *Popular Music of Olden Time*, I, 345-46.

The Americans no burthens bear,
    But, laughing in their sleeves,
Most wittily have shewn us,
    They're still a land of thieves.
        Since no taxes they will pay, etc.

There's Master P[itt], God bless him!
    The other day thought fit
To tax each pot of porter,
    And we were fairly bit.
        When a drinking we did go, etc.

The Americans drink wine and beer,
    And yet no taxes pay;
Then hey! for North America,
    For who wou'd longer stay?
        And to America we'll go, etc.

Then fare thee well, Old England,
    Where honesty can't thrive;
Farewell roast-beef, and bread, and beer,
    We'll go to yonder hive.
        And to America we'll go, etc.

It flows with milk and honey,
    As those who've been there say,
And paper goes for money,
    And taxes they won't pay.
        And to America we'll go, etc.

The Americans are jolly dogs,
    And live upon the spoil;
Then who the Devil wou'd stay here?--
    I'm sure it's not worth while,
        For a begging we must go, etc.

Farewell to Peace and Plenty,
    Which us'd to bless this Isle:
Farewell to all our Heroes,
    Who rais'd us by their toil,
        When a fighting they did go, etc.

The world is like a whirligigg,
    So things fall out by chance,
America is England,
    And England will be France,
        When to America we go, etc.

London Chronicle, 11 March 1766, p. 236.

Gentleman's Magazine, March 1766, pp. 140-41.

In the House of Commons, debate over repeal of the Stamp Act was led by America's ablest champion, William Pitt, for repeal, and Pitt's brother-in-law, author of the Stamp Act, George Grenville, against repeal. On 21 February, the Bill for Repeal of the Stamp Act was moved in Commons by another of America's staunch defenders, General Henry Seymour Conway. The bill passed on 22 February and received the King's assent on 18 March. This ballad retells the Parliamentary episode with Pitt cast as a farmer who forces England, the "Old Woman," to recognize the "rights" of America, "her daughter."

The WORLD turned upside down; or, The Old Woman taught Wisdom.

A BALLAD.[1] (15)

GOODY Bull and her daughter together fell out,
Both squabbled, and wrangled, and made a damn'd rout,
But the cause of their quarrel remains to be told,
Then lend both your ears, and the tale I'll unfold.
Derry down, etc.

The old Lady, it seems, took a freak in her head,
That her daughter, grown woman, might earn her own bread:
Self-applauding her scheme, she was ready to dance,
But we're often too sanguine in what we advance.
Derry down, etc.

For mark the event: Thus by Fortune we're crost,
Nor should people reckon without their good host;
The daughter was sulky, and wou'dn't come to,
And pray what in this case could the Old Woman do?
Derry down, etc.

In vain did the matron hold forth in the cause,
That the young one was able; her duty, the laws;
Ingratitude vile, disobedience far worse;
But she might e'en as well have sung psalms to a horse.
Derry down, etc.

Young, froward, and sullen, and vain of her beauty,
She tartly reply'd, that she well knew her duty,
That other folks children were kept by their friends,
And that some folks lov'd people but for their own ends.
Derry down, etc.

(continued next page)

[1] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, I, 350.

She sobb'd and she blubber'd, she bluster'd and swore,
If her mother persisted, she'd turn common whore,
The Old Woman, thus threaten'd, fell down in a fit,
And who in the nick should hop in but Will P[i]tt.
Derry down, etc.

Zounds! neighbour, quoth he, what the devil's the matter,
A man cannot rest in his house for your clatter;
Alas! cries the daughter, here's dainty fine work,
The Old Woman's grown harder than Jew or than Turk.
Derry down, etc.

She be d[am]n'd, says the farmer, and to her he goes,
First roars in her ears, and then tweaks her old nose,
Holla, Goody, what ails you? Wake, woman, I say;
I am come to make peace in this desperate fray.
Derry down, etc.

Adsooks, ope thine eyes, what a pother is here,
You've no right to compell her, you have not I swear;
Be rul'd by ycur friends, kneel down and ask pardon;
You'd be sorry, I'm sure, should she walk Covent-Garden.
Derry down, etc.

Alas! cries the Old Woman, and must I comply!
But I'd rather submit than the hussy should die;
Pooh, prithee be quiet, be friends, and agree,
You must surely be right, if you're guided by me.
Derry down, etc.

Unwillingly aukward, the mother knelt down,
While the absolute farmer went on with a frown,
Come kiss the poor child, then, come kiss and be friends,
There, kiss your poor daughter, and make her amends.
Derry down, etc.

No thanks to you, mother; the daughter reply'd:
But thanks to my friend here, I've humbled your pride;
Then pray leave off this nonsense, 'tis all a mere farce,
As I have carried my point, you may now kiss my [arse].
Derry down, etc.

London Chronicle, 22 March 1766, p. 279.

The merchant in this poem supposes that since a mother country cannot tax her colonies as she chooses, he may now expect to hear that a man can no longer demand obedience from his own wife. Apparently this merchant's sour response was not typical, however, for the Gentleman's Magazine for March (pages 148-49) describes London's response to repeal of the Stamp Act in quite different terms. This magazine says that on 19 March, "the American merchants [London merchants who depended upon trade with the Americans] made a most numerous appearance, to express their gratitude and joy; ships in the river displayed their colours; houses at night were illuminated all over the city; and every decent and orderly method was observed to demonstrate the just sense they entertained of his majesty's goodness, and the wisdom of parliament, in conciliating the minds of the people on this critical occasion."

For the London Chronicle.

EPIGRAM. (16)

Upon the Reconciliation of a Merchant and his Wife at the Time of the Repeal of the Stamp-Act.

THE Stamp-Act repeal'd? says a Merchant, odd life, Sir!
If that be the case, I will repeal my wife, Sir!
As a law constitutional bids me consent, Sir!
To her, or some other who may represent her;
My horns I will put in my pocket; be pax, Sir!
And pretend I'd no right, as a husband, to tax her.

R.D.

London Chronicle, 10 April 1766, p. 340.

A Dialogue between a BRITON and a NORTH AMERICAN. (17)

To the Tune of Push about the brisk bowl.

To judge at this crisis which England's the best,
This tott'ring old state, or the new;
The story I tell, not devis'd as a jest,
Very clearly the matter will shew.

To a Briton in point of dispute t'other day,
An American made this reply;
Those measures which bring your dear land to decay,
Are such deeds as we boldly defy.

The fruits of our country we freely enjoy,
And when any intrusions arise;
In a body we join, and disdain to comply
To be stung by that monster Excise.

I grant every mortal in freedom delights;
Yet the State which your greatness did raise,
Who protected your lives, and defended your rights,
Sure in taxing may do as they please.

As our blood and our treasure were lavish'd away,
To secure you from insults of France;
Pray why should you grumble those levies to pay,
Which we in proportion advance?

Then the Colonist frown'd in the wrangling debate,
And reply'd, as in anger he wax'd;
Ye Britons have always been fool'd by your State,
But Americans scorn to be tax'd.

You're tax'd in your Lights, and how shocking to think!
That you threepence must pay to the [King,]
For ev'ry twelvepenny worth of stingo you drink,
Which by Bacchus I swear's not the thing.

(continued next page)

Now if you are minded to live at your ease,
   Ride o'er the Atlantic with me;
Leave your Statesmen to wrangle or do what they please,
   And with us you shall ever be free.

You may laugh at my prattle, and think it a joke,
   But you'll all want to follow in time;
America quickly will shake off its yoke,
   And of Empires will soon be the prime.

Old England's decline and embarrass'd with cares,
   Caus'd the Briton no longer to stand;
For he not to his tale only laid down his ears,
   But bid fair adieu to the land.

London Chronicle, 26 April 1766, p. 396.

George Grenville was replaced by the Marquis of Rockingham as Prime Minister on 10 July 1765. However, Grenville did not retire from public life to his estate at Stow as this poem suggests. He returned to Commons in January 1766 to argue against repeal of the Stamp Act, as we have seen, and he remained active, despite his deteriorating health, until almost the time of his death in 1770.

Probably Grenville's nickname, "Gentle Shepherd," inspired the author of this poem to taunt him by means of a parodied pastoral. Grenville had received the name in 1763 while he was arguing on behalf of the proposed cider tax. At one point in the debate he stated that if any gentleman would tell him where else government might turn to obtain sufficient revenue to pay its debts he would be highly gratified. When he repeated the words, "Tell me where!" twice, Pitt responded by humming the tune of a popular song, the words to which were "Gentle Shepherd, tell me where. . . ."

Besides Grenville's nickname and his political disappointments, this poet also assumes that his readers have some acquaintance with Pope's second pastoral, "Summer." "Summer" is carefully imitated here, and the more one knows of Pope's poem, the more enjoyable this one is. For an indication of how closely Pope's original is parodied, compare this second stanza of "Summer" with the second stanza of "The Gentle Shepherd."

> Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
> Defence from Phoebus', not from Cupid's beams,
> To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing:
> The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
> The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
> Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
> The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
> They parch'd with heat, and I inflamed by thee.
> The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
> While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.
> ("Summer," II)

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. (18)

A PARODY of the Second Pastoral of Mr. POPE.

(continued next page)

A Gentle Shepherd (that's his proper name)
Retir'd to Stow, far distant from the Thame;
Where dancing fishes in the bason play'd,
And crowded columns form'd a marble shade:
There, while he mourn'd by Streams that never flow,
The statues round a dumb compassion show;
The worthies list'ned in each sculptur'd hall;
My Lord consenting, sat and heard it all.

Ye stubborn York, ye fierce New-England crew,
Free from Excise, but not from Customs too,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing,
Your woods shall answer, and your cities ring.
Quebec and Georgia my Stamp duties pay;
Why are you prouder, and more hard than they?
The gay Creoles with my new tax agree,
They parch'd by heat, and I inflam'd by thee;
The sultry Sirius burns their sugar-canes,
While in thy heart a wholesome winter reigns.

Where stray ye, members, in what land or grove,
While to enforce the act I hopeless move?
In those fair rooms, where Royal G[eorge] resides,
Or where the Cockpit's ample hall divides,
As in the gilded sconce I view my face,
No rising blushes stain the faithful glass;
But since my figure pleases there no more,
I shun the levee which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry fund that went
From India Bonds to humble Cent. per Cent.
Ah, Gentle Shepherd, what avails thy skill
To frame a tax for D[o]w[deswe]ll[1] to repeal?

Let [Bedford][2], proud preside at C[ounci]l B[oar]d,
Or wily H[ol]l[an]d[3] still desire to hoard;
But in the Treasury let me spend my days,
And load the sinking fund a thousand ways.
That wand was mine, which B[ute], with parting breath,
Into my hands, resigning, did bequeath:
He said, G[eorge] G[ren]v[il]le, take this rod, the same
That to the cyder counties taught my name;
But R[oc]k[ingha]m may sway the wand for me,
Since I'm despised and disgrac'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r,
The smooth-tongued P[itt] that speaks in yonder bow'r,
Then might my voice the list'ning ears employ,
And I the pension he receives enjoy.

(continued next page)

And yet my speeches pleas'd the Tory throng,
Rough R[i]gby[4] grinn'd, and N[or]t[o]n[5] prais'd my song;
The Cits, while Bow Church bells forget to ring,
In milk-white wigs, their kind addresses bring.
But their addresses are preferr'd in vain,
On P[it]t their thanks are now bestow'd again;
For him the richest boxes are design'd,
And in one parchment all their freedoms join'd.
Accept their wreaths, allow your partners none,
Claim all their praise, as due to you alone.

See what strange things in the repeal appear;
Discordant Earls have form'd an union here:
In opposition B[edford] and T[em]p[l]e join,
And wicked Twitcher[6] with good -----.
Come, matchless Jemmy! bless the cool retreats,
When Peers, from voting, quit their scarlet seats:
When weary Commons leave the sultry town,
And, drown'd with debts, to finger rents go down.
This harmless grove no lurking bailiff hides,
But in my breast the serpent rage abides.
Oh, how I long with you to pass my days,
Drink our own healths, and sound each other's praise;
Your praise the press shall bear thro' all the town,
And evening-posts from London waft it down:
But would you write, and rival Anti's strain,
The wond'ring mob his lies would read again;
The moving carman hear the pow'rful call,
And pots of beer hang list'ning in their fall.

But see, the ladies shun the noon-tide air,
And hungry lords to dinner fast repair:
At table all to places fix'd resort-----
Ye, Gods, and is there then no place at court?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To western climes, where my stamp duty ends:
On my poor effigy their furies prey,
By night they burn me, as they hang by day.

[1] William Dowdeswell, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Rockingham Ministry.

[2] John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford, Lord President of the Council from 1763 until 1767.

[3] Henry Fox, Baron Holland, who became rich as Paymaster General, 1757-65.

[4] Richard Rigby, Member of Commons and political agent for Bedford.

[5] Fletcher Norton, who would become Speaker of Commons in 1770.

[6] "Jemmy Twitcher": John Montagu, Lord Sandwich.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 16 July 1766, p. 50.[1]

A SONG from the Virginia Gazette, May 2.[2] (19)

SURE never was picture drawn more to the life
Or affectionate husband more fond of his wife,
Than America copies and loves Britain's sons,
Who, conscious of freedom, are bold as great guns.

Hearts of Oak are we still, for we're sons of those men,
Who always are ready; steady boys, steady,
To fight for their freedom again and again.

Tho' we feast and grow fat on America's soil,
Yet we own ourselves subjects of Britain's fair isle;
And who's so absurd to deny us the name?
Since true British blood flows in every vein.
Hearts, etc.

Then cheer up, my lads, to your country be firm,
Like Kings of the ocean we'll weather each storm;
Integrity calls out; fair Liberty see,
Waves her flag o'er our heads, and her words are Be free.
Hearts, etc.

To King George, as true subjects, we loyal bow down,
But hope we may call Magna Charta our own:
Let the rest of the world slavish worship decree,
Great-Britain has ordered her sons to be free.
Hearts, etc.

Poor Esau his birth-right gave up for a bribe,
Americans scorn the mean soul selling tribe:
Beyond life our freedom we choose to possess,
Which, thro' life we'll defend, and abjure a broad S.

Hearts of Oak are we still, and we're sons of those men,
Who fear not the ocean, brave roarings of cannon,
To stop all oppression, again and again.

(continued next page)

On our brow while we laurel-crown'd Liberty wear,
What Englishmen ought, we Americans dare;
Though tempests and terrors around us we see,
Bribes nor fears can prevail o'er the hearts that are free.

Hearts of Oak are we still, for we're sons of those men,
Who always are ready; steady, boys, steady;
To fight for their freedom, again and again.

With Loyalty, Liberty let us entwine;
Our blood shall for both flow as free as our wine:
Let us set an example what all men should be,
And a toast give the world, "Here's to those dare be Free."
Hearts, etc.

[1] Before its 2 May appearance in the Virginia Gazette, this song had appeared in the Boston Post-Boy and Advertiser, 14 April.

[2] See tune to "Hearts of Oak" in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, II, 716.

London Chronicle, 7 August 1766, p. 135.

On 30 July 1766, William Pitt, known to his admirers in America and London as the "Great Commoner" for his refusal to accept a peerage and leave Commons for the House of Lords, shocked friends and enemies alike by agreeing to form a new Ministry and become Earl of Chatham. His enemies immediately crowed that he had demonstrated the duplicity of the "patriots" and supporters of America in Opposition by selling his supposed principles, when the price was right, to the King and Lord Bute.

(20)

MOURN England, Old and New--from shore to shore--
Your great-great Commoner is now no more.
O Walpole, vers'd in man! 'twas you foretold,
Each for his price would still be bought and sold.--
Strange! that ambition should itself defeat,
And bid a man grow little to grow great:
'Tis our own name, which makes our acts our own;
Pitt was ador'd--but Chatham's quite unknown.
Eclips'd by titles thus, if patriots be,
Give me for life to keep the name of free.

London Chronicle, 14 August 1766, p. 159.

Universal Magazine, August 1766, p. 95.

(21)

A DIALOGUE between RALPH and HODGE.

RALPH.

ADZOOKS! Master Hodge, you're welcome to town-----
How fares all our friends in the west?
Is Cicily alive, and Thomas, and Joan,
And Marg'ry, and Kate, and the rest?

HODGE.

Aye, aye, they're all well, and desires their love
And good wishes to you, and to aunt;--
But I heates to be plagued with their nonsense, above
All things, but this cursed long jaunt.
I longs for the news--Is 'Squire Wilkes come to town?
May we hoape to be guided by P[it]t?
We're hugely dismay'd to hear 'en run down--
Zoons! I thought you town folks had more wit.

RALPH.

As to Wilkes, my old friend, he remains where he was;
And as to his friends--why plague rat 'em!
But poor 'Squire P[it]t (all flesh is but grass)
Lies decently buried in Chatham.

August 8. R.

Universal Magazine, August 1766, p. 95.

(22)

SOME say, that B[ut]e made P[it]t a Peer,
To rob him of his fame;
It may be so; it don't appear,
Nor do I heed a name.

One certain truth I dare proclaim,
By all is clearly known,
B[ut]e may destroy P[it]t's honest name,
But never raise his own.

C.M.

Gazetteer, 3 September 1766, p. 4.

The POLITICAL MAGNET (23)

A Simile. By Mr. Kenrick.[1]

Lodg'd in the Northern pole, the wise
Affirm a potent loadstone lies,
  Of universal sway:
So, in the world of politics,
B[ute], the great magnet, there they fix,
  Whose influence all obey.

Why then, ye grumblers, do you snarl
To see your patriot made an earl;
  And rais'd o'er sin and shame?
CH[ATHA]M's unalterable soul,
True as the needle to the pole,
  Is evermore the same.

What, tho' he veer'd from side to side,
'Twixt popularity and pride,
  Unsettled in his notions;
Ev'n so the needle quiv'ring plays,
And eastward oft and westward strays,
  Tho' constant in his motions.

See, and confess its genuine worth,
When, plainly pointing to the North
  Its wav'ring all is o'er:
Thus to the pole of politics
At length, lo P[itt], in Chatham sticks,
  And veers about no more.

[1] William Kenrick. See Introduction, p. 28.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 21 August 1767, p. 178.

Universal Magazine, August 1767, pp. 99-100.

London Chronicle, 12 October 1775, p. 357.

London Magazine, December 1775, pp. 656-57.

In Preliminaries of the American Revolution, Fred Hinkhouse writes, "On the whole American affairs were dismissed very lightly during 1767. The hard times in England received much more space, and there even seemed to be a disposition to regard American affairs as settled" (page 141). This poem illustrates the relatively mild cynicism of the time. The tone here stands in marked contrast to the dark bitterness we shall encounter in several of the poems of the late 1770's.

The PRESENT AGE. (24)

No more, my friends, of vain applause,
Nor complimental rhymes;
Come, muse, let's call another cause,
And sing about the times.

For of all the ages ever known,
The present is the oddest;
As all the men are honest grown,
And all the women modest.

No lawyers now are fond of fees,
Nor clergy of their dues;
Few people at the play one sees,
At church what crowded pews!

No courtiers now their friends deceive
With promises of favour:
For what they make 'em once believe,
They faithfully endeavour.

Our nobles!--heav'n defend us all!
I'll nothing say about 'em;
For they are great, and I'm but small,
So muse jog on without 'em.

Our gentry! what a virtuous race!
Despising earthly treasures:
Fond of true honour's glorious chace,
And quite averse to pleasures.

The ladies dress so plain, indeed
You'd think them Quakers all:
Witness the woolpacks on their head,
So comely, and so small!

(continued next page)

What tradesman now forsakes his shop,
For politics or news?
Or takes his dealer at a hop,
Through interested views?

No soaking for his spouse neglects
For mugs of mantling nappy;
Nor madly squanders his effects,
To make himself quite happy.

Our frugal taste the state secures,
Whence then can woe begin?
For lux'ry's all turn'd out of doors,
Frugality took in.

Hence all the plenty of the times!
Hence all provisions cheap!
Hence dearth of follies and of crimes;
Hence all complaints asleep!

Vile cuckold-making is forgot,
No ladies now in keeping!
No debtors in our prisons rot!
No creditors a weeping!

(So frequent once) the French disease
Is grown near out of knowledge;
And doctors take but mod'rate fees
In country, town, or college.

No pleasure-chaises fill the streets,
Or crowd the roads on Sunday:
So horses lab'ring through the week,
Obtain a respite one day.

See gamesters, jugglers, swearers, liars,
Despis'd, and out of fashion;
And modern youth grown self deniers,
Fly all unlawful passion.

Happy the nation thus endow'd;
So void of wants and crimes:
All zealous for their neighbour's good;
Oh! these are glorious times!

Your character (with wond'ring stare!)
Says Tom, is mighty high, Sir!
But pray forgive me, if I swear,
I think 'tis all a lye, Sir!

Ha! think you so, my honest clown?
Then take another light on't;
Just turn the picture upside down,
I fear you'll see the right on't.

Gentleman's Magazine, September 1767, p. 472.

Pitt's, or Chatham's, new Ministry was unique in several respects. It was called the "Patchwork Cabinet" because he broke from tradition by selecting his men both from his own party, the Whigs, and from the "King's Friends," or Tories. Further, he did not choose to make himself Prime Minister, or First Lord of the Treasury, in his own Administration, but installed Augustus Henry Fitzroy, the Duke of Grafton, in that post as a figurehead. For reasons which are still debated, Chatham intended to dominate his Cabinet from the relatively inconspicuous post of Lord Privy Seal. As it happened, Chatham soon became so incapacitated by gout that he was unable to lead his Cabinet at all. In the critical months of March, April, and May 1767, he did not so much as see the Duke of Grafton. These months were critical because, among other reasons, Charles Townshend, Chatham's Chancellor of the Exchequer, chose this time to show George Grenville and others that he was not afraid to tax the Americans. On 15 April he proposed the Revenue Act which contained what we now know as the "Townshend Duties" on paper, painters' colors, glass, and tea. Townshend's proposals caused little excitement among London's poets, and they became law on 29 June after relatively little debate. The taxes themselves were to take effect on 20 November, but by that time Townshend had been dead for more than a month. This man who set the stage for the Boston Tea Party and all the events which stemmed from it was an intelligent, witty man, despite his dissolute tendencies, and his death on 4 September at forty-two caught the imagination of London's poets as his ill-fated tea tax thus far had not.

A CATCH. (25)

HEAVEN and Hell might strive to catch him;
But that the [Devil] at once did snatch him,
No longer veer'd by every blast,
The weathercock is fixt at last.

To the Author of the above CATCH. (26)

RAKE not the ashes of the dead!
Hear this, thou monster!--hide thy head!
Thou most unfeeling heart of hearts!
Thou foe to England's brightest parts!
In dull oblivion thou wilt rot;
Townshend can never be forgot!

B.

London Evening Post, 2 April 1768, p. 4.

London's chief excitements early in 1768 were the return of John Wilkes from Paris on 6 February and the Parliamentary elections in March. Though still officially an outlaw and subject to arrest at any time, Wilkes stood for election to represent the City of London in Commons. Other candidates had already secured most of the votes, however, and Wilkes lost badly. Undaunted, he then announced as a candidate for the Middlesex election later in March. This time, on 28 March, he won easily, and wild celebrations followed his victory.

Occasioned by Mr. WILKES being elected for MIDDLESEX.

I. (27)

IN the bleak Shade by adverse Fate,
Long had old England's Genius lay,
There mourn'd her Childrens lost Estate,
While WILKES and Freedom was away.

II.

By factious Power condemn'd to roam,
Sad Exile in a foreign Soil;
Far from his Friends and native Home,
Such the Reward of all his Toil!

III.

Such the Reward of all his Care,
His Care--a Sinking Land to Save:
The Foes to Liberty, Who dare
Like him each Combination brave?

IV.

Yet Pity swell'd his Patriot Breast,
His Country's Good still warm'd his Heart;
He could not see them so oppress'd,
And not perform a Briton's Part.

V.

Boldly he ventur'd Home again,
Resolv'd each Danger to withstand;
Old Neptune sooth'd the surging Main,
To waft him to his native Land.

(continued next page)

VI.

The joyful Tritons flock'd around,
    Blith Tenants of the foamy Wave;
While from their Shells this charming Sound,
    A pleasing Hope the Hero gave.

VII.

Go Britain's try'd and valu'd Friend,
    Haste to thy lov'd, thy native Shore;
Their Rights, their Charters, Laws defend,
    And be what no Man was before!

VIII.

While venal Citizens contrive
    To blast thy noble great Design;
Yet still thy Patriot Plans shall thrive,
    Tho' purse-proud Knaves and Fools combine.

IX.

Superior to their Malice rise,
    In Britain's Senate firm and true;
While all the Land with joyful Eyes,
    Lift up their Hearts and Hands to you.

X.

And hark! 'tis done--thro'out the Isle,
    The joyful Clamour, WILKES is chose;
Britannia's Genius with a Smile,
    Now look'd Disdain on all her Foes.

BRITANNICUS.

Gentleman's Magazine, March 1768, p. 135.

Part of the excitement over Wilkes's election from Middlesex can be attributed to the popular knowledge that most Parliamentary elections were carefully controlled by the Ministry. Judging from the abundance of complaints in the periodicals, the elections of 1768 seem to have been thoroughly corrupted by bribery and various forms of vote selling. The beginnings of a growing sense of desperation are evident in this poem's suggestion that most candidates have little or no interest in the welfare of their constituents.

Ballad on the GENERAL ELECTIONS. (28)

HAIL, glorious time,
(Fit subject for rhyme)
That ev'ry distinction can level;
When the gentleman greets,
Each blackguard he meets,
And pride must descend to be civil.

The elegant peer
Must guzzle strong beer,
With freemen to gain their protection;
And all who aspire
To be knights of the Shire,
Get drunk to secure their election.

How fervent the zeal
That candidates feel!
The friendship they vow how sincere!
But 'tis easy to guess,
When such zeal they profess,
That the time of election draws near.

By flatt'ring and treating
At every meeting
With the voters they try to prevail,
No words can describe
How they promise and bribe;
Such eloquence never can fail.

London Evening Post, 30 April 1768, p. 4.

Having been elected from Middlesex, Wilkes was still an outlaw and subject to arrest and imprisonment at any time. Wishing to make a public issue of his case, Wilkes presented himself with much ceremony to the Court of the King's Bench on 20 April. Chief Justice Mansfield said nothing of his outlawry, but simply released him on the grounds that Wilkes had no business in court since he had not been arrested. Sensing that the initiative was his, Wilkes then asked a sheriff's officer to arrest him. This time, on 27 April, Mansfield sent him to King's Bench Prison in St. George's Fields and denied bail. On 10 May, the opening day of the new Parliament to which Wilkes had been elected, his supporters rioted at the prison, and a young man was killed. On 8 June, Wilkes again appeared at the Court of the King's Bench. This time Mansfield surprisingly ruled that Wilkes's outlawry was invalid because of a technical error in the writ. On 18 June, however, he sent Wilkes back to prison to serve one year and ten months for the five-year-old offenses of publishing No. 45 and the Essay on Woman.

To JOHN WILKES, Esquire. (29)

IF writing and fighting in Liberty's Cause,
Defending our King, Magna Charta and Laws,
And making our Houses from Scoundrels be free'd,
If Treason all this, thou'rt a Rebel indeed!

TRUE-BLUE.

London Evening Post, 16 July 1768, p. 4.

An ACROSTIC. (30)

----- Behold the upright Man!
Whose Country's Welfare fills his Eyes with Tears,
His Breast with Terrors, and his Soul with Doubts,
When not the direst Thought of Self-mishap
Could move ----- --- --.

I SING the Patriot, who with all the Pride
O f Worth, opposes stern Oppression's Tide;
H e, who for Britain ev'ry Suff'ring braves,
N or rul'd by Statesmen, or controul'd by Slaves.

W ho spurns the Frowns of Villains high in State,
I nur'd to ev'ry Action, good and great;
L earn'd in that useful Science to be just,
K nown but to Virtue, nor with Knav'ry curst;
E ndear'd to all, with Truth and Wisdom blest,
S ecure from Folly, and by Sense carest.

J. C. RYLEY.

London Chronicle, 3 September 1768, p. 219.[1]

London Magazine, September 1768, p. 492.

London Chronicle, 11 July 1775,

Excitement over Wilkes's return from France, his election, his imprisonment, and the riots had largely diverted attention away from American complaints about the Townshend Acts during the first part of 1768. But in late summer, reports of riots in Boston brought Londoners' attention back to the colonists. John Dickinson's famous "Liberty Song" (see Introduction, pp. 8-10) also helped remind Londoners that all was not well in America.

From the BOSTON GAZETTE.

A SONG, (31)

Now much in vogue in North America.

To the Tune of--HEARTS OF OAK, etc.[2]

COME, join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonour America's name.

In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live,
Our purses are ready,
Steady, friends, steady,
Not as slaves, but as freemen our money we'll give.

Our worthy Forefathers--let's give them a cheer--
To climates unknown did couragiously steer;
Thro' oceans to desarts for freedom they came,
And dying bequeath'd us their freedom and fame--
In freedom we're born, etc.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despis'd,
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they priz'd;
We'll keep what they gave,--we will piously keep,
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.
In freedom we're born, etc.

The tree their own hands had to Liberty rear'd,
They liv'd to behold growing strong and rever'd;
With transport then cry'd, "now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."
In freedom we're born, etc.

(continued next page)

[1] This song first appeared in the Boston Gazette on 18 July 1768.

[2] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, II, 716.

Swarms of Placemen and Pensioners soon will appear,
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year;
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others shall spend.
    In freedom we're born, etc.

Then join hand in hand brave Americans all,
In uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,
For heaven approves of each generous deed.--
    In freedom we're born, etc.

All ages shall speak with amaze and applause,
Of the courage we'll shew in support of our laws:
To die we can bear--but to serve we disdain--
For shame is to Freemen more dreadful than pain.
    In freedom we're born, etc.

This bumper I crown for our Sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth;
That wealth and that glory immortal may be,
If she is but just--and if we are but free.--
    In freedom we're born, etc.

London Chronicle, 25 October 1768, p. 400.

Chatham resigned as Lord Privy Seal on 14 October 1768. He was replaced by his friend, Lord Bristol, on 2 November 1768.

(32)

On a late promised RESIGNATION.

Will Ch[atham] resign, or continue in place?
Is a question of doubtful dispute.
Peace, blockheads! there can be no dout [sic] in the case,
He's already resign'd--to Lord B[ute].

Public Advertiser, 8 November 1768, p. 4.

On 10 June 1768, John Hancock's sloop, the Liberty, was seized in Boston harbor for failing to pay the required duties and obtain a Customs permit. A riot ensued, and the British Commissioners of Customs soon took refuge in Castle William. Thus this parody of Dickinson's "Liberty Song" (London Chronicle, 3 September 1768) was probably intended to satirize the angry, frightened Commissioners and their understandably low opinion of Americans. Since the author is unknown, however, we cannot rule out the possibility that this song may be the reply of a pro-British Loyalist who means to ridicule Dickinson's song.

From the Supplement Extraordinary to the Boston Gazette of Monday Sept. 26: Last Tuesday the following SONG made its Appearance from a Garret at C[as]tle W[illia]m.

(33)

COME shake your dull Noddles, ye Pumpkins and bawl,
And own that you're mad at fair Liberty's Call.
No scandalous Conduct can add to your Shame.
Condemn'd to Dishonour. Inherit the Fame--

In Folly you're born, and in Folly you'll live,
To Madness still ready,
And Stupidly steady,
Not as Men, but as Monkies, the Tokens you give.[1]

Your Grandsire, old Satan, now give him a Cheer,
Would act like yourselves, and as wildly would steer;
So great an Example in Prospect still keep,
Whilst you are alive, old Belzee may sleep.
In Folly, etc.

Such Villains, such Rascals, all Dangers despise;
And stick not a Mobbing, when Mischief's the Prize;
They burst thro' all Barriers, and piously keep,
Such Chattels and Goods the vile Rascals can sweep.
In Folly, etc.

The Tree which the Wisdom of Justice hath rear'd,
Should be stout for their Use, and by no Means be spar'd;
When fuddled with Rum, the Mad Sots to restrain,
Sure Tyburn will sober the Wretches again.
In Folly, etc.

(continued next page)

Your Brats and your Bunters, by no Means forget,
But feather your Nests, for they're bare enough yet;
From the insolent Rich, sure the poor Knave may steal,
Who ne'er in his Life knew the Scent of a Meal.
In Folly, etc.

When in your own Cellars you've quaff'd a Regale,
Then drive, tugg and stink the next House to assail.
For short is your Harvest, nor long shall you know,
The Pleasure of reaping what other Men sow.
In Folly, etc.

Then plunder my Lads, for when Red Coats appear,
You'll melt like the Locusts, when Winter is near:
Gold vainly will glow; Silver vainly will shine;
But, Faith you must skulk, you no more shall purloin.
In Folly, etc.

Then nod your poor Numbskulls, ye Pumkins and bawl,
The De'il take such Rascals, Fools, Whoresons and all:
Your cursed old Trade of purloining must cease,
The Curse and the Dread of all Order and Peace.
In Folly, etc.

All Ages shall speak with Contempt and Amaze,
Of the vilest Banditti that swarm'd in those Days:
In Defiance of Halters, of Whips, and of Chains,
The Rogues would run Riot, damn'd Fools for their Pains.
In Folly, etc.

Gulp down your last Dram, for the Gallows now groans,
And Order depress'd her lost Empire bemoans;
While we quite transported and happy shall be,
From Mobs, Knaves, and Villains, protected and free.
In Folly, etc.

[1] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, II, 716.

Middlesex Journal, 16 May 1769, p. 2.

John Wilkes was very much a part of the news again in 1769. In January, although still a prisoner, he tried to take his seat in Commons, but he was refused permission to take the oath. On 3 February, he was officially expelled from the House by a 219 to 136 vote. On 16 February, elections were held to fill the vacancy for Middlesex. Wilkes was elected again, and, on 17 February, expelled again. On 13 April, Wilkes was elected again. This time Commons accepted Colonel Henry Lawes Luttrell, Wilkes's first runner-up, as the new Member from Middlesex, thus ending the monotonous and embarrassing series of elections and expulsions. This poem from New York shows how closely Americans were watching the career of their champion.

The Editor of the Middlesex Journal thinks it his duty to insert whatever he conceives may contribute to the entertainment of his readers, to whose patriotic benevolence he is indebted for a degree of success hitherto unexampled in the publication of any newspaper: and in obedience to this grateful sentiment he presumes to print the following, which was received yesterday by a mail from New York.

To the Printer of the New York Gazette.

SIR,

By givingthe following lines a place with your American Whig, you'll oblige a member of the established church of England.

B.W.

(34)

1. THE year of wonder is advanc'd,
Tories rejoice--they swear--dispute--
High church from danger's just set free,
By pious Master Bute.

2. Nature runs mad, and madness rules,
The world's turn'd upside down;
Tumults put in to keep the peace,
And Jaco--bites the crown.

3. Search ev'ry clime beneath the sky
For wonders; here's the plan,
All Tories are most loyal now,
Though rebels to a man.

(continued next page)

4. Their pulpits thunder death and war
To heal the bleeding nation;
Send Independent Whigs to hell,
Yet preach up tolleration.

5. The Bishop-clergy mounted high,
Like sons of Jehu drive,
And o'er all plain religion ride
To keep High-church alive.

6. Their furious sons, *of thunder fly,
Like hurricanes of wind;
While patriotic honesty †
Comes trotting on behind.

7. The realm from danger to secure,
To Romish ‖ aid they fly,
With Papists and Nonjurors join
To keep out popery.

8. The nation's friend, great Wilkes they curse,
And damn the revolution,
And to preserve the nation's peace
They study its confusion.

9. With treach'rous hearts and double tongues,
Two parties they adhere to,
Pray for the side they swear against,
And curse the side they swear to.

10. To heaven they for our sovereign pray
And take the abjuration;
But how?--the hocus pocus way,
With juggling reservation,

11. Sacheveral like, with double face,
They'll drink to our defender,
To great King GEORGE, God bless his grace,
But worship the Pretender.

12. Times past our treasurer was just,
And house of commons hearty;
Then neither would betray their trust,
Nor sell us to a party.

13. Now times are such, that no one can
His places long abide in,
As Tories are his only friends,
Whom no man can confide in.

(continued next page)

14. Then how can brave Americans
Like taxes, funds and loan,
By those who'd Britain's credit raise,
But cannot keep their own?

15. And tho' declaring who shall reign,
Our parliaments have right in;
These Tories do that right disclaim,
For one behind the curtain.

16. And to conclude,--words can't express,
Their hurtful dark design,
Whose baseness strives to blind their king,
With popish right divine.

* One of whom was the Rev. Mr. Tory Kidgell, whose high zeal prompted him to bribe Mr. Wilkes's servant, to rob his master of a copy of the Essay on Woman, and then to write and publish a most furious blundering narrative of the said copy, for which extraordinary honourable performance, the said Rev. Tory Kidgell, was intrusted as treasurer of a turnpike road, in Surry, for Goodstone Division, from which situation, he clandestinely disappeared with a considerable balance in hand. See London Magazine for May 1764, page 266.

† Alderman Wilkes, Esq;

‖ Bute gone to Rome.

Middlesex Journal, 13 June 1769, p. 2.

William Whitehead was England's poet laureate from the death of Colley Cibber in December 1757 until Whitehead's death in April 1785. Whitehead's official duties were few. Every year in January he produced an "Ode for the New Year," and every year on the fourth of June he presented an "Ode for His Majesty's Birthday." Since Whitehead was an employee of King and Ministers, these odes, during the period of this anthology, tended to picture England as the abused parent and America as the ungrateful child. But the one point on which most Whigs and Tories could agree was that Whitehead's odes were terrible poems. Although I have been unable to bring myself to include one of his poems, Whitehead's odes cannot be completely ignored in an anthology such as this. Happily, parodies and other satirical responses appeared with almost as much regularity as the odes themselves, and these poetic responses are often as lively as the odes are not. This one was occasioned by the birthday ode of 4 June 1769.

To W. W[hitehea]d, Esq; Poet Laureat. (35)

I.

WHitehead, you every year improve,
I've read your ode, and must approve,
What cost such time and pains;
Indeed, you most industr'ous bard,
If you persist to work so hard,
You'll soon exhaust your brains.

II.

But I forgot--no cause of dread,
Nature in search of brains found lead,
But was such stuffing fit?
She thought so, with it ram'd thy skull,
And fill'd each vacant part so full,
No room remain'd for wit.

W.G.E.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 30 June 1769, p. 624.[1]

A New LIBERTY SONG. (36)

To the Tune of--Rule Britannia.[2]

When our forefathers fled the land,
Poor Albion with convulsions tore,
Saw blood-smear'd discords flaming brand,
With horrid carnage spread the shore,
Guard Americans, Americans guard your Land,
And spurn a Tyrant's Iron Band.

The nations not so blest as we,
From every clime shall hither stray;
And those who nobly dare be free,
Will scorn a Tyrant to obey.
Guard Americans, etc. etc.

No haughty B[e]r[na]rd,[3] swoln with pride,
Shall ere fair Freedom's sons subdue;
The rights old Britain once denied,
We bravely purchas'd in the new.
Guard Americans, etc. etc.

Shall Boston ever nurse the slave,
Who stoops to yield one sacred right?
Or shall the terrors of the grave,
Deter Bostonians from the fight?
Guard Americans, etc. etc.

Let vice and folly be opprest,
But virtue scorns to wear a chain;
Who dies with honour rises blest,
And wears the victor Crown again.
Guard Americans, etc. etc.

Fair Freedom's sons, wherever spread,
One chorus raise in Freedom's cause;
Ye glorious worthies with the dead,
Shake off your sleep, and shout applause.
Guard Americans, Americans guard your Land,
And spurn a Tyrant's Iron Band.

[1] This song had appeared in the Boston Gazette of 15 May 1769.

[2] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, II, 686.

[3] Francis Bernard, unpopular Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony who was recalled to England in 1769.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 8 January 1770, p. 25.

"Junius," easily the most famed correspondent of London's periodical press between 1769 and 1772, has been called by Fox Bourne "a Whig of Walpole's school at its best" (English Newspapers, I, 185). Junius roundly damned both the Ministry (by now the Grafton Ministry had replaced Chatham's Patchwork Cabinet) and John Wilkes, whose character he condemned while admitting that the man was abused by a corrupt government. By all odds, Junius' most important contribution was his "Letter to the King," first printed in the Public Advertiser on 19 December 1769. He infuriated King and Ministers with this letter by reflecting that while the King "plumes himself upon' the security of his title to the crown, [he] should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another" (as quoted by Bourne, page 189). This was the letter which would bring publishers John Almon, Henry Sampson Woodfall, and John Miller before Chief Justice Mansfield on charges of having printed seditious libel. These trials would themselves account for much of the news and the poetry of 1770, although two other far-reaching events also occurred: on 12 April 1770 the Townshend Acts, excepting the tax on tea, were repealed, and on 17 April 1770 John Wilkes was released from prison.

JUNIUS. A Character. (37)

WHEN the mask'd Patriots of a former reign
Strove from the Press the people's voice to gain;
When the wreck'd Courtiers of a former date
Rose on the pen the Saviours of the State;
Like re-born maggots mounted on their wings,
And all a nation's fools pursu'd the glitt'ring things:
The rude, gross freedoms of abusive rage,
Mark'd but the nearer Actors on the Stage;
The Street-born Scribbler, and the Patriot Clown,
By the long strains of Billingsgate were known.
But now when HE, whom ev'ry virtuous Muse
Hangs up to scorn, the scandal of the Stews;
When Faction, faithful to a Wilkes's call,
Lumbers in pompous nonsense at Guildhall,
Each patriot piece the roughest manners wears,
And the Clown's kirtle robes our recreant Peers:
Such, JUNIUS, Thou; of all the warrior train
The first, the foulest on the paper plain.

(continued next page)

Grace gilds thy Essays with her brightest rays,
And sweetest music warbles thro' thy lays:
In vain, o'er the sweet music rises bold
The ribbald rude note of the rustic scold;
In vain, the bright ray o'er a dunghill streams,
That to the heav'ns with rankest vapours steams.
The factious war's whole thunder born to wield,
And sweep unaided thro' the hostile field,
Thou meanly dropt the falchion for the squirt,
And rak'd the kennels for the missive dirt;
Thy sole low aim, in Morning-Posts enroll'd,
To send thy ordure from a squirt of gold.
Tho' Attick fancies o'er thy pictures stray,
Tho' Wit's strong lightnings thro' thy texture play,
Yet vain the praise; a base malignant spleen
Spreads its blue poison o'er the richest scene,
The fiends of rancour taint each gay design,
And all hell broods in ev'ry burnish'd line.

Mem. This sketch was drawn before the last flagitious effort was presented to the world; a piece that nearly falls as much below the other productions of JUNIUS, in the finer graces of composition, as it rises above them all in folly, inconsistency, and impudence.

CURTIUS.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 19 February 1770,[1] p. 172.

On the AMERICAN CONTENTIONS. (38)

THROUGHOUT Britannia's wide domain, ingratitude's the fruit,
The stubborn branches quite forget what's owing to the root.
Just so the thoughtless, giddy youth, forgets the parents care,
And ere arriv'd to manhood's dawn, aspires to be the heir.
In vain, to settle foreign climes, incessantly we roam,
Can Britons ere expect to rule, while Anarchy's at home?

T.R.

On JUNIUS. (39)

LIKE a fell serpent, Junius lost his sting,
When last he darted poison at his K[in]g.
Britannia's genius may her fears give o'er,
That monster of Sedition, wounds no more.

T.R.

[1] On 5 March 1770, about three weeks after the appearance of this paper, the Boston Massacre occurred. First reports of the affair appeared in the Public Advertiser of 23 April, but the poets gave it surprisingly little attention.

Town and Country Magazine, April 1771, p. 217.

This poem exemplifies the peaceful lull that prevailed during the years 1771-1772. The Townshend Acts, excepting the one placing a duty on tea, had been repealed on 12 April 1770, and very little was written about America between then and late 1773.

(40)

An ADDRESS to some Acquaintance on their Return to North-America.

FROM ill concerted plans, untimely laid,
Whence late contentions so depress'd our trade,
Dejected commerce now revives again,
And spreads the swelling canvass o'er the main;
Thence distant sons the spacious wave explore,
Her sons she greets, from fair Britannia's shore;
Rejoic'd, beholds dissentient parties cease,
And from their union, bids their strength increase.

Lo! time winds up, and while the op'ning sail
Unfurls to court the brisk auspicious gale,
Ready you wait the summons, and prepare
New skies to risque, and tempt conflicting air;
All undismay'd, the happiest spirits keep,
To thus advent'rous trace th' Atlantic deep:
May health attend! as on the trackless wave
Each rising surge, and heaving flood you cleave;
Propitious winds to serve and waft you o'er,
In peace and safety, to your wish'd-for shore;
Partaking friends there find since last adieu,
And mix glad tidings whilst they welcome you:
O! how we long, where neighb'ring lands proclaim
Our late success, and charge the lists of fame;
With trophies wav'd victorious o'er the plain,
While flags triumphant clear'd the western main;
Forc'd Abram's heights, Quebec's contested field,
And Breton's strength, with Canada to yield;
Where vast St. Lawrence pours his ample tide,
To each dire fort on Mississippi's side;
That France's treason, exil'd from each coast,
No more her fraud and perfidy may boast;
But unmolested settlers fix'd remain,
New tracts to clear, and strew the sorted grain;

(continued next page)

Nor longer scar'd to haste with dread dismay,
Whence the fell savage roar'd for hapless prey;
Reap each full crop, assist the tender tree,
And cure the precious fly*, and aid the bee;
Exotic shrubs, with native plants to rear,
And cultivate redundant soils with care.
†So shall we hope in time with those to vie,
Who spread the silk, or give the curious dye;
Matur'd at length to rival eastern skies,
In each perfume which golden censers rise;
Hesperian fruits from loaden boughs to shine,
And mellow'd growths declare the gen'rous wine.

While hence resolv'd her conquests to retain,
To Britain's sons her spacious realms remain;
Still let her usher forth the arts, and lead
The shining group along the new-found mead;
With notes new-wak'd, let Arne's and Handel's rise,
A grateful incense to the wond'ring skies;
Each sweet Savannah swell the varied strain,
And fields Arcadian renovate again;
While Popes and Miltons court the charming muse,
New Lockes and Newtons with delight she views;
New Hayman's pencil, Reynolds' design,
And science palms, O, liberty be thine!
So shall the Indian with strange rapture find
The pow'rs unknown arrest his wand'ring mind;
Creative tints, to eye with wild amaze,
And trembling sounds his listless ear to seize:
Rude tubes rejoic'd their chiefs shall oft' again
The friendly wampum-press, and rub the chain§;
'Till rushing forth, all ardent beg to claim
Our just protection in Liberta's name;
Their joyful songs to distant tribes convey,
Whom cruel courts and superstition sway;
Did once our standards face the destin'd field,
How eager would the hapless regions yield
Those seats of old, where Montazuma shone
With feather'd chiefs around his massive throne;
And those, what time the splendid Cusco fell
‡To Spain's dire yoke, as dismal records tell.

Soon shou'd our regal flag assert the main,
That curb to France, that check to haughty Spain,
West Indian isles, with colonies to guard,
At home respected, and abroad rever'd;

(continued next page)

Our potent navies wing their destin'd way,
And unobstructed vindicate the sea;
Our pregnant commerce all unrival'd keep,
Continual flux and reflux o'er the deep:
From port to port our countless fleets display'd,
Shall teem with wealth and unmolested trade,
Our pow'r advance no gallant hands abus'd,
Nor press, the scandal of our state, be us'd;
But arts and choice shall mutually proclaim,
That British laws and freedom are the same.

* Cochineal.

† We learn with pleasure, that from some recent experiments it is observed, that the soil and climate of South Carolina and East Florida, are very favourable to several oriental exotics, with European fruits and vines; also, that cochineal and silk are introduced with success. In indigo they have of late improved very much.

ℌ Tokens of peace.

‡ It is credibly related, that on the Spaniards possessing themselves of lands in America on the first discovery, they most impiously and inhumanly extirpated the innocent natives, to the number of one fourth of the whole human race then in that quarter of the world.

London Evening Post, 22 June 1773, p. 4.

This poem represents a whole family of anti-Scot works. One could argue that Englishmen expressed more hostility toward Scots during the period of this anthology than they did toward Americans.

(41)

HOW can the muse restrain the satir'd pen,
When dirty Scots take place of better men?
When glorious chiefs, renown'd in deeds of war,
The veteran soldier, or the gallant tar,
Cashier'd, disgusted leave an honour'd place,
To venal wretches of a venal race:
Clergy or laity are much the same,
Pulpit and office bear the beggar name.
Turn where you will, a dirty Mac appears,
Speak, and a bonny lad confounds your ears:
What must thy southern sons, Britannia do,
Must they resign their country to the crew?
Or more ignobly, shall we take instead
The lands they've left beyond the banks of Tweed.

London Packet, 21 February 1774, p. 4.

On the evening of 16 December 1773, Boston registered its opinion of Charles Townshend's tea tax at the Boston Tea Party. One hundred fourteen chests of tea, valued at 10,000 pounds sterling, were dumped into Boston harbor. First accounts of the event appeared in the London periodicals on 20 January 1774. An early poetic response to the event is seen in the last stanza of this ballad about one of Wilkes's old supporters, Rev. Horne, later John Horne Tooke. Actually, Horne and Wilkes had parted ways about two years earlier, but both men continued to be vigorous supporters of the Americans.

The immediate occasion of this poem was Horne's recent encounter with Fletcher Norton ("Bull-face") and Lord North ("Boreas") in the House of Commons. Horne's patron, William Tooke, whose name Horne later added to his own, had been worried that an exclusion bill pending in Commons might jeopardize a portion of his real estate holdings. Horne attempted to press his patron's case by contributing a vicious indictment of Norton for political favoritism to the Public Advertiser. Both Horne and the publisher, Henry Sampson Woodfall, were called before Commons, but Horne's authorship could not be proved, and he was set free. Woodfall spent a few days in prison.

The COMMONS OUTWITTED: (42)

A New Ballad.

A Comical circumstance happen'd of late,
Between a poor Priest and the Members of State:
Some it threw in the dumps, and it made others sad,
While Boreas and Bull-face were stark-staring mad.
Derry down, down, down derry down.[1]

II.

The Parson they call'd to the bar of their House,
Where the orthodox rogue was as smug as a mouse;
And when he was there--the great man in the chair
Ask'd the Parson such questions as made 'em all stare.
Derry down, etc.

(continued next page)

[1] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, I, 350.

III.

He behav'd with respect, and he talk'd much of truth,
Altho' 'twas a virtue he lost in his youth;
But by way of quotation it did very nice,
Yet it never reduc'd one small atom of vice.
Derry down, etc.

IV.

The Serjeant three days kept this Parson of grace,
Who for want of a glass curl'd his hair in the mace:
For nought was so bright, but Sir Double-Fee's fame,[2]
Unless that same TRUTH--which he ventur'd to name.
Derry down, etc.

V.

But after confining this notable sinner,
And making him pay for his lodging and dinner,
The House in its wisdom most kindly did please
To untether the Parson--with paying his fees.
Derry down, etc.

VI.

They call it a vict'ry, and well faith they may,
Both over the Commons and Mr. De Grey;
But whether contrived by Horne or by Tooke,
'Tis no matter--they've got it by hook or by crook.
Derry down, etc.

VII.

Io paeans resound through your brass factious Horne,
And now laugh Religion, Truth, Justice to scorn;
You've a victory gain'd over Commons and King,
With the sons of AMERICA TEA-DEUM* sing.
Derry down, etc.

* The elegance of this pun needs no explanation, unless at the hands of the Ministry and the India Company.

[2] "Sir Double-Fee": Fletcher Norton.

Gazetteer, 9 April 1774, p. 2.

Lord North had proposed the Boston Port Bill on 14 March 1774 in response to the Boston Tea Party. The Port Bill had been enacted on 31 March, effectively closing the Boston harbor to commercial shipping until such time as the East India Company and the British revenue officers should be satisfactorily recompensed for damages.

(43)

To Lord NORTH.

Lest you should think me--levis,
Which would to me be--tristis,
This letter shall be--brevis.
To enslave America is--immitis;
Their pow'r, you know, is--grandis
Their wealth for certain--gravis,
Their resolution--fortis,
Which will make the attempt to be--ludicris.
I think what is said--satis,
To one that's compos--mentis;
Accept this advice--gratis,
From, my Lord, your humble servant--JUVENIS.

London Packet, 25 April 1774, p. 4.

From the PENNSYLVANIA PACKET.[1]

A NEW SONG. (44)

To the plaintive tune of HOSIER's GHOST.[2]

I.

AS near beauteous Boston lying
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying
Three ill fated Tea ships rode:

II.

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appear'd in view.

III.

Arm'd with hammer, ax and chissels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Towards the herbage freighted vessels
They approach'd with dreadful speed.

IV.

O'er their heads aloft in mid sky,
Three bright Angel forms were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

V.

"Soon, they cry'd, your foes you'll banish,
"Soon the triumph shall be won;
"Scarce shall setting Phoebus vanish,
"Ere the deathless deed be done."

VI.

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests display'd;
Axes, hammers, help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made!

(continued next page)

VII.

Squash into the deep descended
Cursed weed of China's coast-----
Thus at once our fears were ended:
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

VIII.

Captains! Once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails, and plow the wave!
Tell your masters they were dreamers,
When they thought to cheat the Brave.

BRITANNO AMERICANUS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1774.

[1] This song appeared in the Pennsylvania Packet on 3 January 1774. It was also printed in the Virginia Gazette on 20 January 1774.

[2] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, II, 598.

London Evening Post, 23 June 1774, p. 4.

The Quebec Bill was introduced on 26 May 1774 and enacted on 22 June. Its purpose was simply to deal with the problems of governing the enormous new province of Quebec which had been ceded to Britain by France in 1763. To Americans and to many of America's supporters in London, though, the bill seemed likely to work diabolical mischief. For one thing, it was predictably associated with the explicitly punitive Boston Port Bill which was being debated at the same time and was enacted on 31 March. For another, it granted freedom of religion to Quebec's many Catholics, a provision which many said would leave America defenseless before the hated Romish Church.

EPIGRAM (45)

On the unanimous vote of the Right Reverend the Bench of Bishops to the Quebec Bill, which yesterday received the royal assent.

OLD Nick, hugely pleas'd at what yesterday past,
With rapture exclaim'd, "We have got it at last;
"What MARY, nor CHARLES, nor JAMES cou'd atchieve,
"We have partly obtain'd by the Crosier and Sleeve;
"But let us be grateful,"--(then calling an imp)
"Do you hear, my young Tycho! when next I want drink;
"Instead of that liquid of brimstone you dish up,
"Pray let me be serv'd, every day, with a Bishop."

London Magazine, June 1774, p. 296.

Although the Boston Port Bill had been enacted on 31 March, it continued to be the subject of debate in London all through the spring. The first copy of the act reached Boston on 10 May.

A Boston Epigram (46)

To the Ministry

You've sent a rod to Massachuset,
Thinking th' Americans will buss it;
But much I fear, for Britain's sake,
That this same rod may prove a snake.

London Evening Post, 5 July 1774, p. 4.

Popular sentiment was almost wholly opposed to the Quebec Act. Hinkhouse writes that "Certainly the newspaper expressions had never been more uniform on any measure of the pre-revolutionary period" (Preliminaries of the American Revolution, p. 172).

A DIALOGUE between FREDERICK L[OR]D N[OR]TH, and his CONSCIENCE, upon passing the QUEBEC BILL. (47)

N[OR]TH.

THOU canker wedded to my breast,
No Bill of Rightsman such a pest!
Have I not us'd a thousand balms
To mitigate thy peevish qualms?
With power, as well as ribband warm'd ye,
With places, as corruption charm'd ye?
Yet, like a vermin apt to gnaw
For lack of food its mansion maw,
Instead of making some requitals,
You feast upon my very vitals.
That you should put me to the rack,
Thus insolently--thus attack,
Defenceless as you find him here,
The sacred person of a Peer,
And set your wicked teeth on edge,
Is such a breach of privilege,
As must subvert, to all intent,
The being of a Parliament.
But viper let thy venom burst,
I am determin'd, do thy worst,
The heart of Frederick yet is whole
He has (I wish he had no) soul! [Aside.

CONSCIENCE.

I pray thee be not so untoward,
Thou know'st I know thou art a coward,
And would'st receive a beating yet,
As soon as run the land in debt;
Yet, if thou hast a heart, alas!
And all that heart's not made of brass,

(continued next page)

Or temper'd steel, or season'd oak,
And proof against a thunder stroke,
Behold yon scene, and let it harrow
Thy very soul, and pierce thy marrow!

Enter the Ghost of Queen Elizabeth.

Thou air-blown frog! thou painted bubble!
Thou thingless name! thou Lord of stubble!
Say was't for thee, that I and Cecil
So truly steer'd Britannia's vessel;
Took down the Popish flag and pendent,
And made her truly independent?
For thee to set her now a-float,
And damn thy country by a vote;
For this prepare to stretch thy neck,
And die a martyr to Quebec.

Enter the Ghost of King William III.

Since truth, nor law, nor Magna Chart,
Could honour to thy breast impart;
Since eighty eight, that glorious æra
Which tumbled down the Pope's tiara,
Is only not by you forgot,
But made the victim of your plot;
Since all my vict'ries at the Boyne,
To regalize the Brunswick line,
Can't fire your heart, or bring repentance,
Hear, culprit! hear, your final sentence!
"Twelve Bridewell nymphs, with pious care,
For thee their beaten works prepare;
The wainer now (so fate insists)
For thee the manufacture twists;
And Jack, who waits the knot to noose,
In fancy dances in thy shoes."

Enter the Ghost of General Wolfe.

Have all my efforts, late so glorious,
Wherein, tho' slain, I prov'd victorious,
Arriv'd to this? That Britain's hope
Must now lie center'd with the Pope.
Forbid it halters! poison! death!
First stop the renegade's breath!

N[OR]TH.

Good spectres be a little tame,
I must confess I was to blame,

(continued next page)

But what I did in sober sort,
Is but the practice of the Court.
See Sawney Turncoat how he plots!
Why, half his schemes are called my blots!
See subtle Jeff'ries how he trudges!
The first of arbitrary Judges.
See Elliot, Dyson, many more!
(I'm sure I'd make them up a score)
Who hourly go through thick and thin,
And count it neither shame nor sin.
But, ah! good spirits, if I must
Resign my glories to the dust,
If I, as you prophetic say,
Am doom'd to die before my day,
At least my gullet claims a hatchet--

Chorus of Ghosts.

"A rope! a rope! will better match it."

London Chronicle, 23 July 1774, p. 76.

The BOSTON BILL. (48)

A BALLAD.

IF at a time to turn a rhyme,
I have a particle of skill,
My muse wou'd for her subject chuse,
That wond'rous act the Boston Bill.

The steady North stept boldly forth,
Each clause was fram'd his mouth to fill,
Resolv'd to make th' Atlantic quake,
He carried thro' the Boston Bill.

The blade of Burke and Dempster's durke,
From Irish bog and Scottish hill,
Were brandish'd bright, in the Court's fight,
In vain against the Boston Bill.

Not Isaac Barré, cou'd make it tarry,
It rapid ran like wheel of mill;
Old Abram's self, had seem'd an elf,
Had he oppos'd the Boston Bill.

To th' Upper House it went up souse,
Of no effect was Chatham's will,
His quiv'ring crutch, could hardly touch,
The borders of the Boston Bill.

Not Leinster's fire, nor Camden's ire,
The Mother Country's rage could still;
She stopt each ear, and wou'd not hear,
One word against the Boston Bill.

But tell us, Murray, why such hurry,
Thus with Cane Wood those men to drill;
Whom if left free, we soon shou'd see,
Do well without a Boston Bill.

Come let us sing long live our King,
For we are sure he means no ill,
And hope the best for the opprest
By the unhappy Boston bill.

Ayrshire.

London Evening Post, 25 August 1774, p. 4.

Shortly after the appearance of this poem, on 5 September, the First Continental Congress would meet in Philadelphia. This meeting and its possible implications had been discussed in the London press since August.

LIBERTY Going. (49)

ON Dover's cliff, to mortal sight so steep,
Britannia leaning, ey'd the awful deep;
O'er the vast space her lofty views were spread,
And thus the goddess in a transport said:
"Hail, Neptune, hail! joint ruler of the waves,
"Remember!--Britons never can be slaves;
"No, whilst thou girt'st around this fav'rite isle,
"So long dear Freedom on my sons must smile."
Just had she spoke, when lo! with great surprise,
The form of Liberty attracts her eyes.
Close at her side the shining goddess stood,
With serious looks directed tow'rds the flood;
Her frowning brow bespoke some discontent,
Distant, far distant, still the glance was sent.
A pause of silence some few moments hung,
Till thus Britannia--with a fault'ring tongue.
B. My Liberty!--why art thou station'd here?
Thy looks beseem the doubtful looks of fear:
Thy eyes, directed o'er th' expanded main,
Tell, as thou mean'st to quit Britannia's plain?
L. 'Tis even so, nor can Britannia blame,
When of her sons so many sink in fame!
I, whom their glorious ancestors first chose,
Behold a vast majority of foes:
I yield them blessings, and each bliss they own,
But strive to spurn me from your awful throne.
Such rude indignity I'll bear no more,
But quit you for the Atlantic shore:
America invites--'tis there I'll find
Your youngest sons--the firmest of their kind.
B. O Liberty! thou must not leave this isle,
From land to land thou can'st diffuse thy smile.
Oh! call to mind our ancient Britons brave,
We have them yet who dare to scorn a slave:

(continued next page)

Lo! our Americans, in virtue bold,
Breathe forth that virtue as it was of old,
    L. Urge, urge no more. I must Britannia love,
Nor can I easy from your sons remove.
Awhile I'll wait, till kindlier suns may shine,
Till then I'll rest me on the banks of Tyne;
There I have mark'd, and joy in counting o'er,
Some sons quite equal to the men of yore.
The number small--the number small, 'tis true;
No matter--they're an honest, steady, faithful FEW.
    Here ceas'd the dialogue--th' angelics part,
    And Tyne has now, what all should have at heart.

BELINDA.

London Chronicle, 29 September 1774, p. 308.

Scots Magazine, September 1774.

The OAK and ARBUTUS. (50)

A FABLE.

IN climes beneath remoter skies,
   Beyond the vast Atlantic Main,
Where Commerce bids new realms arise,
   And Desarts smile with golden grain,

(Brought from a happy, distant Isle
   Which Neptune's circling arms inclose,
On which still Heav'n and Nature smile)
   A purple-flower'd Arbutus rose.

Yet oft' the neighb'ring savage tread
   The tender plant was known to wound;
And winds and scorching heats invade,
   And bend it drooping to the ground.

'Till lo! with pow'rful skill endu'd,
   From its own native climate fair,
A Husbandman its strength renew'd,
   And foster'd with a parent's care.

He from surrounding lakes and rills
   Brought healthful streams which swelling roll'd,
Drawn by his pow'r o'er meads and hills,
   To crisped sands and beds of gold.

Then a green fence, a rural mound,
   He rais'd, near which an Oak there grew,
Sublime;--and to the cultur'd ground,
   The solitary plant withdrew.

Now shelter'd from inclement skies,
   Alike as from the sultry ray,
The vig'rous tree began to rise,
   And glow'd and blossom'd on the day.

But as she rose she pining view'd
   The Oak's majestic spreading height,
As nurtur'd by the neighb'ring flood,
   And glorying in superior might.

(continued next page)

Should now the stream withdraw its aid,
   My plant above his top shall rise,
My roots shoot down to Lethe's shade,
   My tow'ring branches prop the skies.

She said; the stream by other hands,
   Was taught another course to know,
But wond'ring from the cultur'd lands,
   Back to its source it sought to flow.

To either tree at once it fail'd,
   Diverted from its native bed;
The Oak by parching drought assail'd,
   Droop'd the green honours of his head.

The youthful plant no longer finds
   The healthful soil, the shelt'ring pow'r,
But parching suns and cutting winds,
   At once destroy the plant and flow'r.

The green fence from the moisture lost,
   Now finds a quick and last decay,
Invaded by a savage host,
   The sad Arbutus pines away.

The Oak tho' drooping in his prime,
   Again his wonted strength resumes,
Doom'd to survive to future time,
   Again in latter youth he blooms.

Yet still he mourns his favour'd tree,
   And weeps the ill effects of pride,
That strength could part from liberty,
   And honour from fair truth divide.

Hear and attend!--be wise in time
   Ye Subjects of a blest domain:
Th' Arbutus of the western clime
   Is YOURS, the Oak denotes OUR reign.

Should Commerce once her aid deny,
   In vain would BOTH the ill recall;
Britain must droop, and you must die,
   While foes shall triumph in your fall.

ARCADIUS.

London Packet, 30 September 1774, p. 4.

(51)

The Case stated between ENGLAND and AMERICA.

The people of Boston our tea will not drink,
Nor give George our King the least bit of their chink.
Such conduct does argue their brains are not right,
Or England's alliance they thus wou'd not slight.
To study their case, the physicians of state
Have labour'd most anxious both early and late;
At last they have found that their malady's such,
Of powders and balls they can ne'er have too much.

EXPLICATOR.

London Packet, 17 October 1774, p. 4.

(52)

To the KING on the Affairs of America.

DESCENDING monarch, how I wait thy fame,
And execrate thy Ministers of shame;
Who've basely push'd thee on to endless jars,
Intestine tumults, and dread civil wars:
And while they make thee act the bloody scene,
They lay conceal'd behind the treach'rous screen.

Thrice hapless George! to take the fellest fruit,
And taste it's poison from the hands of BUTE!
Who is a fiend more fell, more wicked, base,
Than all the Stewarts--Satan's fav'rite race!
Relent, repeal great monarch e're too late,
Those acts which will involve thy glorious state!
Thou'st ta'en a surly lion by the beard,
Whose talons will be felt, whose roarings will be heard.

Andreas Redivivus.

Universal Magazine, November 1774, p. 262.

(53)

On the PROCEEDINGS against AMERICA.

LOST is our old simplicity of times,
The world abounds with laws, and teems with crimes.
From Justice fierce Ambition wrests the sword;
Kings would be Gods--and Monarch ev'ry Lord.
Law, place, subjection, order, pride confounds;
And lust of rule despotic nothing bounds.
In vain between this iron seat of pow'r,
Where the state vultures every thing devour,
And the new world, where Freedom's sons had fled,
And brav'd a desert with untented head,
The great Atlantic rolls its wat'ry bar;
Oppression's fatal dart can speed so far.
With vengeance pointed, see it mount the sky;
And law-pretensions give it wings to fly.
O'er violated charters Freedom weeps,
And keen Suspicion constant vigils keeps.
Commerce from frequent marts, no more her own,
Exil'd, to foreign coasts compell'd, is flown.
On useless keels, with helm neglected, ride
Britannia's bulwarks and Britannia's pride.
The hostile sword, dread thought! prepar'd we draw
To rule by force,--the Tyrant's only law.
With eye uplifted, and with suppliant hands,
Her empire shaken, true Religion stands,
With air astonish'd, trembling for her doom;
And hears, or seems to hear, the chains of Rome.
See, from the deep, Britannia's genius rise,
Ardent in pray'r--and thus address the skies:
"Their freedom Heav'n defend!--avert the blow,
"Crush the vile scheme, and lay the miscreants low,
"Who counsel give, or lift the impious hand,
"To stab our country in a foreign land.
"Inspire each patriot breast with tenfold zeal;
"And for our refuge save their commonweal,
"And teach each little Monarch here below
"What Tyrants ought to feel, or Princes know."

London Magazine, 1774, Frontispiece for bound annual edition.

(54)

Britain, America, at length be Friends,
Accept the terms which Concord recommends!
Be ye but steady to each others Cause,
Protect, defend, and not infringe the Laws;
Ye may together--come the World in Arms,
Bear the brunt shock of hostile, dire alarms.
'Tis Peace, Trade, Navigation, will support
The poor with bread--in Dignity the Court.
Rush to each others Arms, be firm and true:
One Faith, one Fame, one intrest, makes the Two.

II. First Hostilities (1775)

Poems 55-108

Chronology

20 January	In Commons, Edmund Burke moves for withdrawal of British troops from Boston. His motion is defeated.
23 January	Alderman Hayley reads the first of several petitions to Commons from London merchants. They say their trade is being ruined and ask for reconsideration of American policies.
1 February	In the House of Lords, Chatham moves a Provisional Act for Settling the Troubles in America. His motion is defeated.
2 February	Wilkes makes a major speech in Commons against North's American policies.
17 February	North introduces his Bill for Restraining the Trade and Commerce of the New England Colonies. This would prohibit the use of the Newfoundland fisheries by New Englanders.
20 March	Benjamin Franklin sails from England for Philadelphia.
23 March	Patrick Henry closes an address to the Virginia Convention with the words, "Give me liberty or give me death."
13 April	George III gives royal assent to the Bill for Restraining the Trade of the New England Colonies.
19 April	Battles of Lexington and Concord.
21 April	Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton sail for America.
6 May	Franklin arrives in Philadelphia.

10 May	Fort Ticonderoga is taken by Americans under Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold.
10 May	Second Continental Congress convenes at Philadelphia.
25 May	Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton arrive in Boston.
28 May	First report of Lexington and Concord reaches London.
1 June	Virginia Governor Dunmore takes refuge on Fowey man-of-war.
12 June	First naval battle of war takes place off Machias, Maine.
15 June	Continental Congress selects Washington to be supreme commander of Continental Army.
17 June	Battle of Bunker's Hill.
3 July	Washington arrives at Cambridge to take command of troops besieging Gage in Boston.
23 August	George III issues his Proclamation for Suppressing Rebellion and Sedition in America, officially declaring that America is in a state of rebellion.
10 October	General Gage returns to England, leaving General Howe in command in Boston.
7 November	Governor Dunmore issues his proclamation from the Fowey inviting slaves to take up arms against their masters.
10 November	Lord George Germain becomes Secretary of State for the American Colonies.
30-31 December	Battle of Quebec. American General Richard Montgomery is killed; Benedict Arnold is injured.

Gazetteer, 4 January 1775, p. 4.

On 20 October 1774, the First Continental Congress in Philadelphia formed an "Association for Nonintercourse" designed to obtain redress for their grievances--especially relief for Massachusetts. They refused to import or consume British goods or to export materials to Britain.

For the GAZETTEER. (55)

That some turn robbers, there's no doubt,
Our Boston Saints have brought about.

A Correspondent of your's on Friday last mentions many different causes assigned by different people, for the allowed increase of felonies in this metropolis and its environs; and he has mentioned an additional one. Now, Mr. Printer, it may be supposed all the causes mentioned in that letter, operate in their place and degree: and I conceive we may attribute some of the robberies to the necessity and the want of employment.--Numbers of individuals have been involved in this predicament, through the puritanic petulance of the Americans (it is neither more or less in my opinion than petulance) while they (the colonists) from more sordid motives are forging forced meanings to the words consent, representation, etc. our manufacturers experience the meaning of the words want and misery in their full extent.

The Taylor of Tottenham Court.

Gazetteer, 12 January 1775, pp. 1-2.

Merchants from Bristol and London had been sending urgent petitions to the House of Commons, bewailing the loss of their American markets.

To the PRINTER of the GAZETTEER.

(56)

The Colonists are fixed as any rock;
Say, then, shall England be their weather cock?
Well, should our merchants now become their tools,
They'd freely tar and feather them for fools.

Your paper, a day or two ago, informs us, that petitions are preparing from various cities and towns respecting American commerce. These petitions are, doubtless, expected to be as effectual as instructions. Now, our Representatives are sworn to obey such intimations from their constituents, and these constituents have their orders from America, though the Americans say they are not represented. Why truly, as matters now are, the Colonists seem to be our governors and dictators, and they carry their projects by more flagrant, pecuniary force or corruption, than any administration whatever. The language is, we owe you English merchants three or four millions; you must get such and such things done in Parliament, or we shall not pay or trade with you any longer. This is bribery upon compulsion. I wish, Mr. Printer, the second Congress was assembled, if it were only to see how kindly they would receive a humble petition and remonstrance from the King, Lords, Commons, Traders, and People of Great Britain, to the almighty Congress, for relief as to commerce, debts outstanding, etc. etc. England, I doubt, would be but scurrily represented there. In short, they are inflexible, and steady boys steady in all their proceedings. Shall Old England be called an old woman and a weather-cock?

The Taylor of Tottenham Court.

St. James's Chronicle, 14 January 1775, p. 4.

London Chronicle, 17 January 1775, p. 53 ("Epigram" only).

(57)

Harm watch! Harm catch!

The BOSTONIANs to the MINISTRY.

CUNNING, regardless you of Civil Rules,
Have caused us to act like hasty Fools.
Yet, in the Eyes of Providence, we trust
'Tis better to be foolish than unjust.
Tyburn's the Fate of Villains, and of those
Who stab a Friend for treading on their Toes.
You set a Trap to catch us, without Fault,
And then you punish us for being caught.
This is your Scheme, the Ministerial Plan;
In his own Trap Heav'n often catches Man.

(58)

EPIGRAM.

ONE being ask'd, what part Great Britain bore
In Europe; if she did, as heretofore,
To fraud and superstition give a check;
Reply'd with tears,--Oh Boston! Oh! Quebec!

Gazetteer, 27 January 1775, p. 4.

On 20 January, Edmund Burke had moved in Commons that British troops be withdrawn from Boston. His motion was defeated; presumably "V.O.N." expresses the sentiments of a majority of the House of Commons in January 1775.

(59)

The BOSTONIANS defended.

Why blame the wise Bostonians, pray?
They choose to have (but not to pay
For) Britain's brave protection!
And any one may plainly see,
They will the best of subjects be
In all things--but subjection!

V. O. N.

London Magazine, January 1775, pp. 40-41.

This is an imitation of the banquet scene from Macbeth, III, iv, set in the House of Commons, with Lord North taking the part of the guilty hero, Macbeth. Although many of the lines are immediately recognizable, the action does depart from the original in a manner which can lead to confusion. At Macbeth's banquet, the missing hero for whom Macbeth pretends concern is Banquo, whom Macbeth has had secretly murdered. Banquo's ghost then appears at Macbeth's place at the table, visible only to Macbeth. In the version printed here, Banquo's part is divided between General Thomas Gage, very much alive, who is rightly described as the Member who is absent (Gage had replaced Hutchinson as Governor of Massachusetts in 1774), and the ghost of America, which appears (visible only to Lord North, or "Boreas") and shakes its "goary locks" at the Prime Minister.

(60)

THE GHOST OF AMERICA,

A VISION.

Methought, dreaming I entered the gallery of St. Stephen; for indeed there is no opportunity to do so awake. Sir Bull-face had taken the chair, and the House was about proceeding to business, when, lo! Lord Boreas started suddenly like a man amazed, and held converse wild with the empty air, till Sir George Savile's virtue gave him the power of sight, and he discovered the bleeding ghost of poor America, fronting of the Treasury-bench. The House was in amazement, and thus spoke Sir Bull-face.

Sir Bull-face.[1]

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer, and lead our troops to speech,
Our meeting will be dull without it.

Boreas.

Barre,[2] thou art my sweet remembrancer!
Nought e'er escapes thy lips but what offends me!
But still this Boston banquet will repay with interest.
A good digestion wait upon it, and health to all.

(continued next page)

[1] Fletcher Norton, Speaker of the House of Commons.

[2] Colonel Isaac Barré, strong defender of the Americans.

Sir Gibby.[3]

May't please your lordship sit!
Here had we now our country's honours roof'd,
Were the grac'd forms of Clive[4] and Bradshaw[5] present,
To help to tread America beneath!
O noble Gage, pursue the savage stroke,
And scalp a thousand for my greedy view.

Sir Bull-face.

His absence, good Lord Boreas, must be born:
But grace the Treasury-bench with your fair form.

Boreas.

The table's full!

Wilkes.

What is't that moves and agitates his lordship? Have ghosts got here?

Boreas.

Bute--Mansfield--statesmen--which of you have done this?
Thou can'st not say I did it--never shake thy goary locks at me.

Sir Bull-face.

Adjourn--adjourn--his lordship is not well.

Jenkinson.[6]

Sit, worthy members! but clear the gallery!
Let not their dull plebeian eyes behold this fit!
My lord is often thus, and hath from his rise to power,
The fit is momentary, tho' it's frequent.
Are you a minister?

Boreas.

Ay, and bolder too than Pelham, Walpole, Bath,
To look on that which might appall the devil.

(continued next page)

[3] Gilbert Elliot, at this time a supporter of the North Ministry.

[4] Robert Clive, who made a fortune as governor of Bengal for the East India Company. He generally supported North until he died in 1774.

Jenkinson.

O these flaws and starts would well become
Mungo, or Jemmy Twitcher--shame itself!
What quite unmann'd in folly!

Boreas.

If I stand here, I saw America bleeding.

Sir Gibby.

My worthy lord,
We wait your presence.

Boreas.

Do not muse at me--I have of late a strange infirmity.
Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud!
How can ye thus, ye great majority!
Retain the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear!
Blood will have blood--
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
But now the murder of a foreign clime, tho' the
Great ocean rolls her waves between us,
Here rise again, and push us from our seats in parliament.

Sir Bull-face.

Adjourn--adjourn!

Exeunt omnes.

[5] Thomas Bradshaw, who rose from obscure beginnings to become a highly pensioned member of the Admiralty Board in 1772. In 1774 he realized that personal debts had gotten beyond his control, and shot himself.

[6] Charles Jenkinson, who had been Lord Bute's private secretary in 1760 and 1761. He had helped Bute prepare an enemies list in 1762, and was often accused of being a behind-the-scenes mover of the King and Lord North. In 1778 he would become Secretary at War.

St. James's Chronicle, 21 March 1775, p. 4.

EPIGRAM. (61)

JOHN BULL[1] the Clothier, in the Colonies.

JOHN having hurt his parsimonial Store,
By buying English Votes, on Bribery's Score,
Flies to the Colonies; and there the Elf
Finds speedy Remedy and shoots himself.
O Clothier John, the Man is wise in troth,
Who cuts his Coat according to his Cloth!

[1] "John Bull" had been a popular name for a typical Englishman since John Arbuthnot's 1712 History of John Bull.

Public Advertiser, 3 April 1775, p. 2.

On 16 March, Charles Pratt, Baron Camden, spoke vigorously in the House of Lords against Lord North's proposed "Bill for Restraining the Trade and Commerce of the New England Colonies," which would have denied the use of the Newfoundland fisheries to all New Englanders. This was a "Bill of Famine and War," Camden said, and the Americans would not stand for it. Camden was answered by John Montagu, Fourth Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty ("Jemmy Twitcher"). Sandwich's reply won him almost instant infamy throughout America and among many Londoners. He swore that the Americans could easily be coerced into compliance with such a law, for they were nothing but "raw, undisciplined, cowardly men."

Epigram (62)

On reading the late PROTEST

The Americans are cowards, and will yield
Sooner than face our Forces in the Field;
And then in brave Commanders how much richer
We who have Mans[fiel]d,[1] Sack[vill]e,[2] Jemmy Twitcher.

Bath, March 27

[1] William Murray, First Earl of Mansfield, had been hated by most of London's publishers at least since his 1770 trials, as Lord Chief Justice, of John Almon of the Gazetteer and Henry Sampson Woodfall of the Public Advertiser.

[2] Lord George Sackville, who had actually changed his name to Lord George Germain in 1770 after receiving a substantial inheritance from a family friend, Lady Betty Germain. He would become Secretary of State for the American Colonies on 10 November 1775, and would subsequently be charged by most of his subordinate commanders with gross mismanagement of the American war. In April 1775, the date of this poem, he was remembered principally for his apparent cowardice at the Battle of Minden in 1759, and was known for his advocacy of a "firm" approach to the Americans.

St. James's Chronicle, 18 April 1775, p. 4.

(63)

A PRESCRIPTION for GRIEVANCES.

Were M[ansfiel]d and B[u]te, and the rest of the Tribe,
Tuck'd up by the Hangm[a]n, or grac'd with the Axe;
Nor more should we vainly Petitions inscribe,
And Commerce once more would replenish our Sacks.

A State Physician.

London Packet, 26 April 1775, p. 4.

This is a continuation of the "Petition War" which had first gained the attention of the London poets in January. The most discussed petition was probably the one from Birmingham, which stated in part that "your petitioners are apprehensive, that any relaxation in the execution of the laws respecting the Colonies of Great Britain, will ultimately tend to the injury of the Commerce of this Town and Neighborhood."[1]

(64)

To the PEOPLE of BIRMINGHAM who petition'd against America.

YOU petition'd the King against Liberty, truth,
And pray did you do it to shew your great care?
(Alas! 'tis a pity you open'd your mouth,)
For alas! its contents were but Birmingham ware!

You talk of your honour, your virtue and spunk;
But we know that you do it to make the world stare;
For your words are as empty as one that is drunk,
They're the trash of the language, mere Birmingham ware!

Since you pray'd our good Monarch to cut all their throats,
And plunge them at once in a sea of despair;
I suppose as he kindly attended your votes,
The arms that you sent them were Birmingham ware.

Did the world ever forge such a vile hellish rout?
Nor the Devil and Vulcan, that damnable pair;
It was Sin and Apostacy hammer'd you out,
And mark'd you for ever as Birmingham ware.

N.

[1] As quoted by Hinkhouse, p. 178, from the London Packet of 3 February 1775.

London Packet, 28 April 1775, p. 4.

Virginia Gazette, 15 July 1775.

London had not yet learned of the battles at Lexington and Concord of 19 April 1775. But the King had promoted Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton to the rank of major general and ordered them to America. They had embarked on 18 April and set sail on 21 April. See following poems from the Gentleman's Magazine for May 1775 for other responses to this event.

(65)

FISH and TEA.

A NEW SONG--To an Old Tune.[1]

WHAT a Court hath Old England of folly and sin,
Spite of Chatham and Camden, Barre, Burke, Wilkes, and Glyn![2]
Not content with the game-act, they tax fish and sea,
And America drench with hot water and tea.
Derry down, etc.

II.

Lord S[andwich], he swears they are terrible cowards,
Who can't be made brave by the blood of the Howards;
And to prove there is truth in America's fears,
He conjures Sir Peter's[3] poor ghost 'fore the Peers.
Derry down, etc.

III.

Now indeed if these poor people's nerves are so weak,
How cruel it is their destruction to seek!
Doctor Johnson's a proof, in the highest degree,
His soul and his system were changed by tea.
Derry down, etc.

(continued next page)

[1] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, I, 348.

[2] John Glynn, a strong supporter of Wilkes and the colonists.

[3] Admiral Peter Parker, knighted in 1772.

IV.

But if the wise Council of England doth think
They may be enslav'd by the power of the drink
They're right to enforce it; but then, do you see?
The Colonies too may refuse, and be free.
Derry down, etc.

V.

There is no knowing where this oppression will stop;
Some say--there's no cure but a capital chop;
And that I believe's each American's wish,
Since you've drench'd 'em with tea, and depriv'd 'em of fish.
Derry down, etc.

VI.

The birds of the air and the fish of the sea,
By the Gods for poor Dan Adam's use were made free,
Till a man with more power than old Moses would wish,
Said--Ye wretches, ye shan't touch a fowl or a fish.
Derry down, etc.

VII.

Three Gen'rals these mandates have born 'cross the sea,
To deprive them of fish, and to make them drink tea;
In return, sure those freemen will boldly agree
To give them a dance--upon Liberty Tree.
Derry down, etc.

VIII.

Then Freedom's the word both at home and abroad,
And d[am]n ev'ry scabbard that holds a good sword!
Our forefathers gave us this freedom in hand,
And we'll die in defense of the rights of the land.
Derry down, etc.

St. James's Chronicle, 2 May 1775, p. 4.

(66)

EPIGRAM.

DO Justice to thyself, O English Wight,
And show thou understand'st thy native Right.
Say, Monarch, know this necessary Thing,
Break Oaths and Laws, thou'rt here no longer King.
This is the Prince's, and the People's Pact;
Transgress, on either Side, this sacred Act,
He Tyrant grows; thou a rebellious Fool,
Unworthy to be rul'd, as he to rule.

(67)

A Prophesy.

ENGLISHMEN are not wont to hear those Notes
From English Mouths, "Go cut your Brethren's Throats."
Look to yourselves in Time, ye Garter'd Twain,
Death's Journeymen, bold Boreas[1], cunning Thane.[2]
Can Ribbands, though they screen from rotten Eggs,
Restore a batter'd Scull, or broken Legs?
This seems to be your Fates--"tho' often pass'd
"Safe to the Well, the Pitcher's broke at last."
The Feet of proud Advice will heavy tread
Both on the Giver's and the Taker's Head--
For Cruelty there's nothing can be said.

[1] "Boreas" is Lord North.
[2] "Thane" is Lord Bute.

(68)

To a certain Nation.

'TIS said, good Folks, your Constitution's gone,
Your three Estates are shrivel'd up to one.
Of King, Lords, Commons, heretofore so fam'd,
The latter two only for Form are nam'd.
Your Chief declares all Blackamoors are white:
The Lords (O! wond'rous) cry, the Thing is right.
Yes, say the Commoners and Scots, 'tis true,
And evident as one and one make two.

(continued next page)

Bravo, my Lads! is it not justly said,
In Milton's Muse, fit Body to fit Head?
These are the Men to whom the English trust,
In all Things profitable, in all Things just;
And yet these very Men, we're often told,
Like Beasts in Smithfield Mart[1] are bought and sold.

How shall we then the ancient Form obtain?
Melt the whole Town and cast it o'er again?
To this two Parts in three reply, "nay, nay."
This bears the Name indeed; but where's the Pay?

[1] London market for cattle and horses.

Gentleman's Magazine, May 1775, p. 246.

(69)

IMPROMPTU. On the sailing of the Cerberus with the three General Officers on the American expedition.

Behold the Cerberus th' Atlantic plow,
Her precious cargo Burgoyne, Clinton, Howe,
Bow! Wow! Wow!

Gentleman's Magazine, May 1775, p. 246.

Newly promoted Major Generals Burgoyne, Clinton, and Howe embarked on 18 April and set sail for Boston on 21 April. Meanwhile American Minutemen were firing the shots "heard round the world" at Lexington and Concord on 19 April. On 10 May, while the three generals were en route, the Second Continental Congress convened.

The generals arrived in Boston on 25 May to find the city surrounded by American rebels. That same day a heavily damaging fire broke out in the city. Burgoyne was especially disgusted by the state of affairs but said he would "soon find elbow room"--a remark which later returned to haunt him.

(70)

On the Storm of Thunder and Lightning[1] on Tuesday,

April 18, the Day those Generals embarked.

The chiefs embark, and clouds involve the skies,
Storms sweep the seas, and blustering winds arise;
The heav'ns themselves, red with uncommon ire,
Their thunders hurl, and flash indignant fire,
O Thou! who rul'st the earth, and guid'st the flood,
Have mercy on the innocent and good:
Oh! spare the land, and let thy vengeance fall
On those who dare whole nations to inthral;
Send thy own thunders on the guilty head,
And, to appease thy wrath, strike the vile monsters dead.
But oh! restrain the hand of civil war,
And let thy favour'd nations cease to jar.
Then shall our vows in all thy temples rise,
And praise ascend in incense to the skies!

HAMDEN.

[1] According to the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1776, p. 146, the weather on 18 April 1775 was "chiefly bright," except for a "heavy shower" with "hail and rain in the evening."

Town and Country Magazine, May 1775, p. 269.

This poem reflects the general concern at this time for the deterioration of England's economy. It also illustrates the Town and Country Magazine's characteristic attitude of amusement toward such problems.

(71)

The LIGHT GUINEA. A TALE

Inscribed to Lord NORTH.

WHILE you, my lord, in awful state,
Take on your back the nations weight;
Like Atlas, seeming to beholders,
With a whole globe upon your shoulders,
Ordering at once, as you think proper,
The value of our gold or copper:
Forgive, this time, an humble poet,
Who wishes, if his wit can shew it,
To prove to all our grumbling ninnies,
The bless'd effects--of modern guineas.

The poor's petition and addressing,
Procur'd, no doubt, this mighty blessing;
Their just complaints, 'tis very clear,
Had touch'd your heart, as well as ear;
And as you long had known before,
Provisions dear, and wages lower,
To raise their spirits, and their grief,
And give them all at once relief,
You fram'd ('tis said of your designing)
The act which is past all divining;
The best, since we had guineas plenty,
To give eighteen for one and twenty,
Which all must own (if they are serious)
Is vastly clever, tho' mysterious.
Having thus nobly, like a friend,
Put to the poor's distress an end,
The good effects we easy trace,
They all come staring in the face:
Who could have thought that rogue and w[hor]e,
Plenty of which we had before,

(continued next page)

Much to the credit of the nation,
Morals to keep in preservation,
Should, to assist what's so in vogue,
Make still more w[hor]e, and still more rogue:
To prove this true, I shall not fail,
If you, my lord, but read the tale.

'Twas in a little country village,
Famous for pasture, and for tillage,
Dolly and Hodge liv'd with a farmer,
He was robust, and she a charmer;
Often they kiss'd, and oft they courted,
And often in the hay-field sported;
Just in their prime those joys to prove
Which well are known to youth and love:
They look'd, they sigh'd, they wish'd, and wanted
Something which had not yet been granted.
Hodge broke his mind to sprightly Dolly,
Said to live so was but a folly,
To ease alike their amorous care,
If she'd have him, why he'd have her;
Dolly, at this, was quite contented,
And to the wedding-day consented.

Both were out-ask'd, the day was come,
More sweet than e'er was harvest-home;
The priest was ready at the altar,
Nor Hodge or Dolly known to falter;
The ceremony was begun,
When long before it half was done,
As 'tis a rule in things canonic,
The parson, in a speech laconic,
Ask'd for the ring, and for his fee too,
Which Hodge most readily agreed to:
But mark the sequel of the tale,
The parson held aloft the scale;
And Hodge was in a piteous plight,
To find his guinea was too light;
And Doll was fright'n'd when she hear'd
He would not read another word:
Their hopes of joy now all miscarried,
As they were only--not quite married;
Their coming to the church was vain--
So towards home they trudg'd again.

(continued next page)

When as they pass'd along the way,
'Twas in a field of new mown hay,
Says Hodge, why Dol, 'tis very hard,
To be so shamefully debar'd
Those pleasures we so long have wish'd for,
And hugg'd, and squeez'd, and sigh'd, and kiss'd for:
Deuce take the parson and the money,
Suppose that we agree, my honey?
At present take each other's word,
And marry when we can afford;
Be to each other fond and true:
Will you consent? said Doll, I do.
So, without further need of parson,
They carried the connubial farce on;
The guinea, which was deem'd too light,
They spent in feasting and delight,
Of church or marriage think no more,
And now they live as rogue and w[hor]e.

London Packet, 14 June 1775, p. 4.

On 19 April 1775, the American War for Independence began with the Battles of Lexington and Concord. First unofficial word of the fighting reached London on 28 May, but the official report from General Gage did not arrive until 10 June.

(72)

EPIGRAM

Upon Lieutenant NUN, of the Navy, being dispatched to England by General GAGE with the account of the defeat of the King's Troops.

The Gen'ral, to prove all his actions are just,
That all's virtuous and chaste he hath done,
Selects from the fleet the most primitive dust,
And the news he remits by a Nun.

FRANK FUN.

St. James's Chronicle, 27 June 1775, p. 4.

London Chronicle, 29 June 1775, p. 615.

(73)

THE DILEMMA.

IN ev'ry civil war this hazard's run:
"Conquer, thou'rt ruin'd; conquer'd, thou'rt undone."
Who gives th' advice, shews wond'rous want of skill;
But those who follow it, are weaker still.
Of understanding is not he bereft,
Whose right hand is employ'd to maim his left?

Public Advertiser, 4 July 1775, p. 2.

(74)

To rectify all our transmarine disputes,
Hang the Ministry up in a long cord,
Away with the M[ansfiel]ds, the N[or]ths, and the B[ute]s,
And stop all the Discord at Concord.

London Packet, 12 July 1775, p. 4.

The following BALLAD is now sung about

London with great applause.

The SAILOR's ADDRESS (75)

To the Tune of "Hearts of Oak"[1]

COME listen, my cocks, to a brother and friend,
One and all to my song, gallant sailors attend;
Sons of Freedom ourselves, let's be just as we're brave,
Nor America's Freedom attempt to enslave.

CHORUS.

Firm as oak are our hearts, when true Glory depends,
Steady boys, steady:
We will always be ready,
To fight all our Foes, not to murder our Friends.

True glory can ne'er in this quarrel be won;
If New England we conquer, Old England's undone;
On our brethren then why attempt to fix chains,
Since the blood of Great Britain flows warm in their veins?
Firm as Oak, etc.

Shall Courtiers fine speeches prevail to divide
Our affections from those who have fought by our side,
And who often have join'd us to sink in the main
The proud boasting natives of France and of Spain?
Firm as Oak, etc.

Near relations of some who at Court now do thrive,
The Pretender did join in the year Forty-five;
And many in favour, disguis'd with high names,
While they roar out for George, in their hearts are for James.
Firm as Oak, etc.

Of such men as these let us scorn to be tools
Dirty work to perform: do they take us for fools?
Brave sailors are wiser than thus to be bamm'd:
Let them turn out themselves, lads, and fight and be d[amn]'d.
Firm as Oak, etc.

(continued next page)

[1] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, II, 716.

To the ground may disputes with our Colonies fall,
And George long in splendor reign King of us all:
And may those who would set the two lands by the ears,
Be put in the Bilboes,[2] and brought to the Jears.[3]
Firm as Oak, etc.

[2] "A long iron bar, furnished with sliding shackles to confine the ankles of prisoners, and a lock by which to fix one end of the bar to the floor or ground." (O.E.D.)

[3] "Tackle for hoisting and lowering the lower yards." (O.E.D.)

Public Advertiser, 12 July 1775, p. 2.

Rumors were circulating in London that prisoners taken by the Americans during the British retreat from Concord and Lexington to Boston had literally been scalped. The effects of such rumors are easily imaginable, but these atrocity reports were largely discounted by articles in the London Magazine for June 1775, and the Public Advertisers of 13 June and 8 July.

(76)

EXTEMPORE.

A Late Gazette pretends to say,
Our Troops were scalp'd in 'Merica;
But if 'tis false, 'twill give me Joy
To see them scalp'd who forg'd the Lye.

A.B.

London Chronicle, 18 July 1775, p. 61.[1]

London Magazine, August 1775, p. 431.

A SONG.

By the TORY JUNTO. (77)

To the Tune of a Begging we will go, will go, etc.[2]

I.

'Tis money makes the member vote,
And sanctify our ways:
It makes the patriot turn his coat,
And money we must raise.
And a taxing we will go, will go, etc.

II.

More taxes we must sure impose,
To raise the civil list;
Also to pay our ayes and noes,
And make opposers wist.
And a taxing, etc.

III.

One single thing untax'd at home,
Old England could not shew;
For money we abroad did roam,
And thought to tax the new.
And a taxing, etc.

IV.

The pow'r supreme of parliament,
Our purpose did assist,
And taxing laws abroad were sent,
Which rebels do resist.
And a taxing, etc.

V.

Shall we not make the rascals bend
To Britain's supreme power?
The sword shall we not to them send,
And leaden balls a shower?
And a taxing, etc.

(continued next page)

[1] This song had appeared earlier in the Pennsylvania Ledger of 20 May 1775, page four.

[2] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, I, 346.

VI.

Boston we shall in ashes lay,
It is a nest of knaves;
We'll make them soon for mercy pray,
Or send them to their graves.
And a taxing, etc.

VII.

But second thoughts are ever best,
And lest our force should fail,
What fraud can do, we'll make a test,
And see what bribes avail.
And a taxing, etc.

VIII.

Each colony, we will propose,
Shall raise an ample sum;
Which well applied, under the rose,
May bribe them--as at home.
And a taxing, etc.

IX.

We'll force and fraud in one unite,
To bring them to our hands;
Then lay a tax on the sun's light,
And king's tax on their lands.
And a taxing, etc.

London Chronicle, 20 July 1775, p. 72.[1]

Benjamin Franklin had remained in London for more than a year after his humiliation before the Privy Council on 29 January 1774, before sailing for America on 20 March 1775. Solicitor General Alexander Wedderburn, Franklin's accuser before the Privy Council, would long be remembered by many Americans for having made their sixty-eight-year-old Colonial Agent stand before the Council for more than an hour while berating him as a thief and a villain.

(78)

From the New York Journal

To the FRIEND of his COUNTRY and MANKIND, Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, on his Arrival from England, May 6, 1775.

-----WELCOME! once more,
To these fair western plains--thy native shore;
Here live belov'd, and leave the tools at home,
To run their length and finish out their doom;
Here lend thine aid, to quench their brutal fires,
Or fan the flame which Liberty inspires,
Or fix the grand conductor, that shall guide
The tempest back, and 'lectrify their pride.
Rewarding Heav'n will bless thy cares at last,
And future glories, glorify the past.

Why staid apostate W[edderburn] behind,
The scum--the scorn--the scoundrel of mankind?
Whose heart at large to ev'ry vice is known,
And ev'ry devil claims him for his own;
Why came he not to take the large amount,
Of all we owe him, due on thine account?

Philadelphia, May 8, 1775.

[1] This poem seems to have made its first appearance in the Pennsylvania Packet of 8 May 1775. It was also printed in the Virginia Gazette of 27 May 1775.

Public Advertiser, 29 July 1775, p. 3.

Boston Gazette, 7 November 1775.

The Battle of Bunker's Hill occurred on 17 June 1775. Roxbury Hill, mentioned in the poem, did not figure importantly in the battle, although American General Artemus Ward would probably have been wise to fortify Roxbury Hill, with its strategic command of the land approach to Boston, rather than Bunker's and Breed's Hills across the Charles River to the north. Casualties on both sides were heavy, considering the small number of men involved. The British lost nearly half of all the men they sent into battle: 226 killed, 828 wounded. The Americans lost 140 killed, 270 wounded, and 30 captured.(Merrill Jensen, The Founding of a Nation, pp. 615-16) Official word of the battle arrived in London on 25 July, four days before this poem appeared.

The Modern Veni, Vidi, Vici (79)

We came, we saw, but could not beat,
And so--we sounded a Retreat:
On Roxbury Hill again we saw 'em,
And did, like Devils, clapper-claw 'em;
But warlike Casuists can't discuss
If we beat them, or they beat us:
We swear we beat--they swear we lie--
We'll tell you more on't by and by.

London Packet, 2 August 1775, p. 4.

Dr. Joseph Warren, respected Boston physician, met John Adams upon the occasion of giving him a smallpox innoculation. Thereafter Warren became one of New England's most ardent patriots. His reputation as an orator was based primarily upon addresses he made in 1772 and 1775 in commemoration of the Boston Massacre of 1770. The Massachusetts Provincial Congress elected him a major general on 14 June 1775, but at Bunker's Hill on 17 June he insisted on serving Israel Putnam, whom he now outranked, as a volunteer. He was shot and killed in heavy fighting on Breed's Hill.

Verses to the Memory of Dr. WARREN,

The Celebrated ORATOR, (80)

Who was slain upon the Heights of Charles-town, gloriously fighting against mercenary troops for the LIBERTIES of AMERICA,

On the 17th day of June, 1775.

I.

O Great reverse of Tully's coward heart!
Immortal WARREN! you suffice to teach
That Orators may fill the Warrior's part,
And active souls be join'd with fluent speech.

II.

Shall not the speaker, who alone could give
Immortal reviviscence to the dead,
Chang'd to a hero now, for ever live
In Fame's eternal rolls, with those he led?

III.

Let N[ort]h and S[andwic]h take the meaner shame
Of blust'ring words, unknown to hardy deeds;
Let callous G[eorge] superior merit claim
In grinning laughter, whilst his country bleeds.

IV.

Boston's first sons in prostrate numbers lay,
And Freedom totter'd on Destruction's brink;
WARREN stept forth to solemnize the day,
And dar'd to speak what some scarce dare to think.

(continued next page)

V.

Yet glorious honor! more than one man's share!
He, in his latest as his earliest breath,
In Camp or Forum equally could dare,
And seal his bold Philippics with his death.

BASTWICKE.

London Packet, 7 August 1775, p. 4.

Israel Putnam, fifty-seven, American commander at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, had risen to the rank of lieutenant colonel in the 1750's and 1760's in various campaigns against the French and the Indians. He was one of the first four major generals appointed by the Second Continental Congress in June 1775. In London, Putnam's reputation was that of a gnarled, brave, old Indian-fighter. According to Hinkhouse, "In the period just after hostilities began, Putnam was the best known of the American commanders, and numerous tales of his prowess and ingenuity were circulated" (Preliminaries of the American Revolution, p. 190).

A New SONG, (81)

To the old tune of "O my Kitten, my Kitten."[1]

I.

O My Yankee, my Yankee,
And O my Yankee my sweet ee,
And was its nurse North asham'd
Because such a bantling hath beat-ee?
And did he pray think to o'erlay it,
Or please it with sugar in tea-dish;
Did Georgy, its naughty papa,
Think also to rob it of sea fish?

CHORUS.

And here little Putnam goes up,
And here little Gages goes down ee,
Here we advance and retreat,
And all for the good of the crown ee.

II.

At Concord the baby first wak'd,
But there was no bubby or pap pee,
And the child with the noise only quak'd,
So to Boston it went for a nap-pee;
But there the sweet babe had the pouts,
Nor could the sour nurses appease it,
Or get it enough of clean clouts,[2]
So much did these Generals teaze it.
And here little Putnam, etc.

(continued next page)

[1] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, II, 603-04.

[2] cloths (O.E.D.).

III.

To Charles-Town it next cry'd to go,
    At something it wanted to gaze-ee,
So Putnam, to make it a show,
    The place he set all in a blaze-ee;
At last Madam Howe, its new nurse,
    Unable to dandle or please it,
Oft' gave it a blow and a curse,
    And privately wish'd for to squeeze it.
        And here little Putnam, etc.

IV.

But all could not hush the poor child,
    The Gen'rals, their ladies and wenches,
They all the sweet bantling revil'd,
    And threw it again in the trenches.
And now good nurse Putnam hath got it,
    Who swears he will ever befriend it,
For nurse Howe had most certainly shot it,
    But he did most bravely defend it.
        And here little Putnam, etc.

V.

And now the fair babe shall be nurs'd,
    And cherish'd with all that is good-a;
And tho' by dame North it is curs'd,
    Yet Gagee shall not let it blood-a.
Let Georgy do all in his pow'r,
    It will not drink green or bohea-a;
The baby shall thrive ev'ry hour,
    And America live and be free-a.
        And here little Putnam, etc.

Gazetteer, 10 August 1775, p. 1.

This item discusses a sergeant who took drastic action to avoid having to fight against the Americans, but a number of England's more powerful figures also refused to serve against Americans. Thomas Howard, Third Earl of Effingham, graduate of Eton, and an officer in the army since 1762, resigned his commission in 1775 rather than go to America. Vice Admiral Augustus Keppel, one of England's most popular naval heroes, left the navy in the same year and for the same reason. In 1776, John Pitt, eldest son of Lord Chatham resigned his commission in the army rather than go to America, and Granville Sharp, a high official in Ordnance, left his post rather than send munitions to America.

To the PRINTER of the GAZETTEER.

You may assure the public, from my authority, that part of the business of the next Common hall, which the patriotic Lord-Mayor intends calling very soon, is to return thanks to the serjeant who stabbed himself the other day upon being drafted to go to America; for though the wound happened not to prove mortal, yet the man who would sheath his sword in his own bowels rather than in the bowels of his American brethren, may be truly said to have employed his sword to the honour of his country, and consequently to have merited the thanks of that respectable body; who intend likewise to petition the King to settle a pension on the widow of the other serjeant who hanged himself on the same occasion.

It is to be hoped the paltry ministerial hirelings will not have the effrontery to call this conduct cowardice, or mock patriotism.

(82)

For he who hangs or beats out's brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.

MERCATOR AMERICANUS.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 23 August 1775, p. 177.

On this day the King had issued his "Proclamation for Suppressing Rebellion and Sedition," declaring that the Americans were in a state of rebellion and that any who assisted them would be guilty of treason.

In its tone, this poem reflects what was probably the attitude of many Londoners--not anger, but disappointment and anxiety over what was beginning to seem an inevitable conflict.

AMERICA. An ELEGY. (83)

TENDERS of Peace, and lenient means withstood,
Hapless America, the dart is sped;
Unnat'ral wounds have dy'd thy heights with blood,
Dread carnage may thy green Savannahs spread.

Ye Pow'rs of Hell, intent on human woes,
Who o'er vindictive nations pour'd your ire,
Now, while Ambition feels a short repose,
Through kindred States you roll th' infernal fire.

In league with you, the base Incendiaries ply
Their specious reasons, virulent and wrong;
Subvert the Truth, insinuate the Lye,
Till "Arms to Arms!" resound the madd'ning throng.

Oh, Peace benignant, lift thy dove-like wing,
Defeat the cruel Pow'r's insidious skill;
Pluck from the Snakes of War th' envenom'd sting.
And bid the raging Sons of Men be still.

Ere she's quite fled, America attend,
Invite not insult on thy guardless Coast;
Make not a Foe of thy Parental Friend,
Then sure, indeed, thy Liberty is lost.

When thou, fair Daughter of maternal care,
When thou, presuming, quitt'st her fostring arms,
Thence fly, some treach'rous Tyrant, will ensnare
Thy wayward heart, and triumph o'er thy charms.

Or from the ancient world some naval Prince
Will, with transporting squadrons, foam the main
The error of thy Freedom's plan evince,
And rule, with ruthless laws, thy fair domain.

(continued next page)

Now, now reflect, who leads thy battle on?
A race whose Fathers* were embru'd in blood;
Who thought the Lord of All their Lord alone,
And deem'd the crush of man the reign of God.

Let not the Preachers to this zeal-blind tribe
On your more gen'rous souls deceptive gain,
The Liberty they preach is but a bribe;
In pow'r you'll find their Oliverian strain.

Peace and Good-will announc'd the Saviour's reign,
These righteous Atheists teach a diff'rent lore:
With uplift eyes the God of Love prophane,
And joy to dip their hands in human gore.

The Christians God as Moloch is addrest,
And the thump'd desk must surely make him hear;
Their glorious cause he cannot fail to bless,
Won by the dreadful vehemence of Pray'r.

What can ye hope from Zealots of this cast?
(Emphatic will our annals tell the tale;
No system will arise that's form'd to last,
Or more than regal tyranny prevail.

For Civil Rights alone you now contest,
Religious then will be your Leaders care
To bring you to the system of the blest,
And punish here, that God above may spare.

Ah, shun the wily Speaker's subtle art!
What though his tongue seems guileless of annly,
Alluring snares shall circumvent the heart,
And Reason, Truth, and Gratitude destroy.

When potent France her legion'd thousands sent,
Where the Ohio rolls his tumbling wave,
Trembling you su'd, a ruin to prevent,
And found not Britain impotent to save.

And then, that lasting peace might be insur'd,
Her Statesmen, anxious for your future good,
In treaty all your rival States secur'd,
To give to you immunity from blood.

How vain the wish, the foundling pleasure's fled,
Fled like the phantom of a morning dream;
Dire Patricide now stalks amidst your dead,
And bids commutual wounds from brother's stream.

*The first Settlers of New-England.

(continued next page)

Your towns, where Joy, and Peace, and Commerce reign'd,
The league of Love, and juvenile Desire,
Are now from Joy, and Peace, and Love estrang'd,
To sink perhaps as one hath sunk in fire.

Restless Ambition, how thou dup'st mankind,
Demons of wrath, still watchful to destroy;
You call a phantom, Liberty; to blind,
Then pour your poison in the cup of joy.

Know, thou deluded Daughter of the brave,
Thy Mother deems, she claims a Mother's due;
Her gen'rous heart would scorn to make a slave,
To her own right and thine she'll still be true.

Tho' now incens'd, she'll soon her wrath suppress,
If thou, ingrate, think o'er th' impending harms;
At least with tongue thy recent crimes confess,
The Matron straight would clasp thee to her arms.

If not, a long farewell to thy fair soil,
Thy ships, which now can proudly ride the main,
Thy lofty domes, thy wealth, the price of toil,
To clear another wilderness again.

There thy dread joy, from kindred nations driv'n,
Such as they say vindictive Angels know,
Who, thro' Ambition, lost the Plains of Heav'n,
Then plague mankind to compensate their woe.

W.

Public Advertiser, 28 August 1775, p. 1.

(84)

An EPIGRAM designed as an Apology for the Rancour and Inveteracy which the Scotch express against the Americans.

Sweet Scotia, weep, and thy hard Fate deplore,
Since dire Rebellion flies thy smiling Shore;
Around her Standard, stubborn Yankies fight,
And rob North Britons of their ancient Right:
Who in full Chorus lift their Voice and sing,
"Scotchmen alone should fight against their King."

British Coffee-House, Aug. 25. A. DIRK.

Public Advertiser, 6 September 1775, p. 2.

(85)

The Massachusetts Congress's Address to General Washington versified by An Independent Whig

The Massachusetts Congress, full
Of Gratitude from Toe to Scull,
Beg your most gracious Acceptation
Of this our warm Congratulation
On your Arrival, and express
Our Hopes and Prayers for your Success.
We can't help greatly to approve
That Virtue, and that glorious Love
Of Country, which alone could make
You, Sir, your own Fire-side forsake
To bear War's hard Fatigues and Toils,
And risk your Life in bloody Broils.
The Zeal, most worthy of Applause,
You've shewn in this poor Country's Cause;
By running here in so much Hurry,
Seems to insure our future Glory,
And gives a promising Presage,
You'll soundly thrash the Scoundrel Gage.
This much we thought in Praise was due
Of a brave Patriot like you:
We now proceed, with your good Leave,
To tell what Kind of Troops we have;
And tho' in Pains we've not been sparing
To make the Rascals fit for warring,
We can't indeed pretend to prattle
About their mighty Skill in Battle;
Nor can we say much in their Favour,
About the Sweetness of their Savour;
Being destitute of Cleanliness,
Alike in Lodging and in Dress;
And not a Man in all the Pack
Has a whole Coat to put on's Back.
To sum up all--they are, 'tis true,
A most confounded Blackguard Crew;
They're lazy, slothful Beasts, and stinking,
Who take up their whole Time in drinking.

(continued next page)

These trifling Faults now pointed out,
We harbour not the smallest Doubt
But your Affection, Care, and Love,
Will very speedily remove,
And make them Soldiers fit to drive
The Mercenaries three to five.
And now permit us to express
At all Times our great Readiness,
Illustrious Washington, to grant
Whatever Money you may want;
For you well know, we're not so slavish
As pay our Debts, which makes us lavish
Of other People's Cash, to aid
Rebellion to keep up her Head,
And help, as far as in us lies,
The common Cause o' the Colonies.
Now we implore that God Almighty
May favour still and ne'er lose Sight o'ye;
Assist you in the glorious Cause
To break through His and human Laws;
And that His Providence divine
May ever on your Banners shine,
To let the British Tyrants see
This Country will continue free;
That you your just Deserts may find,
And be a Blessing to Mankind.

St. James's Chronicle, 7 September 1775, p. 4.

To the Printer of the St. J. CHRONICLE.

SIR.

HAVING seen with Indignation the many virulent Paragraphs that daily issue from the Press, I desire you will please to insert the inclosed by Way of Antidote in your Poet's Corner, that it may appear there are some Friends to Order and good Government still remaining among us.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

June 29, 1775. PHILO-PATRIA.

(86)

To the Right Hon. Lord NORTH.

GO on, my Lord, to guide the Helm of State,
Nor heed the Pseudo-Patriot's idle Prate;
With steady Hand and unremitting Zeal,
Continue to conduct the public Weal.
Too long has Faction, with envenom'd Tongue,
Spread its Infection through the giddy Throng:
Too long for Truth has propagated Lies,
Wav'd Discord's Torch, whence nought but Evils rise;
Spurn'd at the Happiness we now enjoy,
And aim'd, remorseless, Order to destroy;
To set up Anarchy on Freedom's Throne,
And fix thereon a Tyrant of it's own.
Fear not, my Lord, the Menaces of those,
From whom these Discontents at first arose.
Each honest Man will rise in Britain's Cause,
Rise to defend his Sovereign and the Laws;
That all the Blessings of a legal Sway
We may to late Posterity convey.

London Packet, 11 September 1775, p. 4.

(87)

The LIONESS and her WHELPS:

An American Fable.

JOHN WILKES alone, without a blind,
Stands boldly forth to speak his mind:
But we, who would avoid detection,
Run to a Fable for protection.

A Lioness call'd out for help,
To punish each rebellious whelp:
A'n't you asham'd to grin and roar,
And swear, ye wretches, to do more
Against your parent?--Speak, ye brutes;
That name your nature justly suits.
Peace, Mother! peace!--cries out a young one,
(Which though an infant, was a strong one)
Or tell the truth, you hide in part,
Then see which most deserves to smart!
We own we are your flesh, and blood,
To which you should be kind, and good:
But you each moment pinch, and tease us,
And in your paws so roughly seize us,
You draw our blood, and tear our skin;
And yet you roar out shame, and sin,
That we can so unnatural be!
'Tis you're unnatural, and not we;
If parents thus will use their claws,
Children will fly to Nature's laws;
Resistance then is right, and reason;
And Mother--you commit the treason:
For Children will their duty smother,
When you forget to be a Mother.

St. James's Chronicle, 21 September 1775, p. 4.

On 11 August, Washington wrote to Gage to complain that American prisoners were being mistreated. In particular, Washington objected to the practice of treating American officers like common criminals, keeping them in a jail and giving them very little medical attention. He threatened to treat British prisoners in similar fashion if Gage did not take steps to improve the lot of the Americans. Gage replied on 13 August. One paragraph from his letter (as printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1775, page 447) reads as follows:

> Britons, ever pre-eminent in mercy, have outgone common examples, and overlooked the criminal in the captive. Upon these principles your prisoners, whose lives by the law of the land are destined to the cord, have hitherto been treated with care and kindness, and more comfortably lodged than the King's troops in the hospitals, indiscriminately it is true, for I acknowledge no rank that is not derived from the King.

(88)

To GENERAL GAGE.

"-----Your Prisoners whose Lives, by the Law of the Land, are destined to the Cord, etc."
G. Gage's Letter to Gen. Washington.

THESE polish'd Times, we must allow,
Expressions neat afford;
We never talk of hanging now,
But destine to the Cord.

Triumphant Gage has banish'd far
Hanging, that vulgar Word:
Happy no Doubt his Prisoners are
When destin'd to the Cord.

May equal Laurels still adorn
His most tremendous Sword,
Till all who treat his Name with Scorn
Are destin'd to the Cord!

And yet, great Guard of Boston Town,
Before your Prince can thank ye,
You'll knock a Thousand old Words down,
But not a single Yanky!

London Packet, 29 September 1775, p. 4.

(89)

EPIGRAM

On our late glorious LOSSES in America.

"THE World well lost!"--While Anthony could gain
His Cleopatra's love, he felt no pain;
The world ill lost is pious [George]'s fate;
Losing a world, he gains his subjects hate

B.

London Chronicle, 3 October 1775, p. 328.

Printed on the same page of the London Chronicle with this poem was a "Letter, dated August 10, from a Lady in Boston to her Friend in Chester." Although the poem ridicules General Gage for capturing sheep, the lady's letter makes it clear that provisions were in fact very scarce and that conditions were generally far from humorous for the British troops and Loyalists in the surrounded city:

> We are in the strangest state in the world; surrounded on all sides; the whole country is in arms, and entrenched. We are deprived of fresh provisions--subject to continual alarms, and cannonadings; the Provincials being very audacious, and advancing near to our lines, since the arrivals of the Generals Washington and Lee to command them. We are frequently alarmed in the night with the cannonading of the enemy, which, on our side, it is not thought proper to return. Believe me, I welcome the dawn of the day every morning, upon finding the town is not in flames.

(90)

On reading "That a considerable detachment of the Regulars were returned safe to the camp at Boston, with 1800 SHEEP--prisoners,"

IN days of yore the British troops
   Have taken warlike KINGS in battle;
But now, alas! their valour droops,
   For Gage takes nought but--harmless Cattle.

Britons, with grief, your bosoms strike!
   Your faded laurels loudly weep!
Behold your heroes, Quixote like,
   Driving a timid flock of--Sheep.

London Packet, 4 October 1775, p. 4.

(91)

ALEXANDER'S Tears and Sighs reversed

GREAT [George] our[King], most pious man,
Reverses Alexander's plan;
Glory's a thing no more a prize
For other worlds to lose, he cries.

N.

Public Advertiser, 18 October 1775, p. 2.

In mid-June 1775, the Second Continental Congress appointed four major generals to serve under Washington: Charles Lee, Philip John Schuyler, Israel Putnam, and Artemus Ward. Of these, the most experienced, or at least the most traveled, was easily Charles Lee. The son of a major general, Lee had been schooled in England and Switzerland, had served with various British armies on the Continent and in America, and had even seen duty with the Portuguese and the Polish armies before coming to New York in 1773.

(92)

RONDEAU extempore, on reading a Copy of extempore

Verses in One of Wednesday's Papers.

If Putnam, Ward, and Marshal Lee,
(The Guardians of dear Liberty!)
Can fight
No better than thee
Do'st indite;
Then oh! dear Liberty!
Adieu to ye;
The fatal Tree
Attends all three,
Guardians of dear Liberty,
Putnam, Ward, and Marshal Lee!

Lloyd's Evening Post, 20 October 1775, p. 382.

London Chronicle, 21 October 1775, p. 392.

London Magazine, November 1775, p. 597.

(93)

The COUNTER ADDRESSERS.

I.

The citizens meet, and combining their votes,
With parchments they croud to the throne;
"We beg you to cut the Americans throats;"
"We beseech you to let it alone."

II.

While petitions thus cross are held to his view
How shall act the viceregent of heaven?
The answer is easy--he'll know what to do,
If he thinks why his pow'r was giv'n.

M.

London Chronicle, 21 October 1775, p. 391.[1]

London Magazine, November 1775, p. 597.

(94)

From the SOUTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

The IRISHMAN's Epistle to the Officers and Troops at Boston.

By my faith but I think ye're all makers of bulls,
With your brains in your breeches, your guts in your skulls.
Get home with your muskets, and put up your swords,
And look in your books for the meaning of words.
Ye see now, my honies, how much your mistaken,
For Concord by Discord can never be beaten.

How brave you went out with muskets all bright,
And thought to befrighten the folks with the sight:
But when you got there, how they powder'd your pums*,
And all the way home how they pepper'd your bums:
And is it not, honies, a comical farce,
To be proud in the face, and shot in the [arse]?

How came you to think now, they did not know how,
To be after their firelocks as smartly as you?
Why ye see now, my honies, 'tis nothing at all,
But to pull at the trigger, and pop goes the ball.
And what have you got now, with all your designing,
But a town† without victuals to sit down and dine in;
And to look on the ground, like a parcel of noodles,
And sing how the yankies have beaten the doodles.
I'm sure if you're wise you'll make peace for a dinner,
For fighting and fasting will soon make ye thinner.

PADDY.

* Heads.
† Boston.

[1] This poem had appeared earlier in the Pennsylvania Magazine for May 1775, page 232.

Public Advertiser, 27 October 1775, p. 2.

(95)

A CONGRATULATORY ODE, addressed to Lord NORTH.

Scriberis Vario FORTIS, & Hostium
VICTOR, Maeonii carminis alite,
Quam rem cumque ferox NAVIBUS, aut EQUIS
Miles, TE DUCE, gesserit. HOR.[1]

I.

SAM JOHNSON in the true Sublime
Shall chaunt your Acts another Time,[2]
Your Wisdom in Taxation!
Though Boston still (without Remorse)
Would burn your Ships and starve your Horse,
She'd kiss your proclamation.

II.

Our Power supreme shall Yankees own,
Since Jacobites present the Throne
With both their Lives and Riches:
To raise Recruits the Highlands join,
And Birmingham will furnish Coin
To buy them--Velvet Breeches*.

III.

My trembling Muse can ne'er aspire
To tune an Ode with Whitehead's Fire,
Or sing these glorious Days:
Besides--your Ears, my Lord, are nice,
They shrink from Flattery in a Trice,
And scarce bear modest Praise.

IV.

Else should I hail this lucky Hour,
Lo dangerous SAYRE's safe in the Tower![3]
--Britain shall Paeans sing!
A Meal-tub Plot young Oates shall prove,[4]
Since Kate Macaulay basely strove
To †ravish George our King!

(continued next page)

V.

Can I describe th' Atlantic Sea,
Green as a Leek with India's Tea,
    Dire Cause of Civil Rage!
The Dust and Sweat on Putnam's Brow,
Who in the Battle equals Howe,
    But kneels to ‡Madam Gage.

VI.

Enough for me, if I rehearse
Some Whiggish Maxim in my Verse,
    And prove my Patriot Zeal:
I've no fond Wish to lose an Ear
(Or gain a Pension like Shebbeare)[5]
    Tho' the King's Touch might heal.

* Sir George Warren is already honoured with the Cloathing Contract to reward his Manchester Friends; and Mr. Bolton, of Birmingham, has obtained a Patent for Coining.

† Mr. R. (the Titus Oates of the Court) will produce undoubted Evidence to prove this extraordinary Fact.--The Lord Mayor Elect encouraged his Sister to this atrocious Attempt, unparalleled even in her own History.--Mr. Wilkes is also strongly suspected.

‡ To prevent malignant Constructions, the Author thinks himself bound in Honour to declare, that by Madam Gage he means Mrs. Gage, and not the General. At the same Time he candidly owns a Compliment was designed to the gallant old Wood cutter, for his singular Politeness to that Lady.[6]

[1] The passage from Horace, Odes, I, vi, 1-4, is as follows:

> Thou shall be heralded by Varius, a poet of Homeric flight, as valiant and victorious o'er the foe, whatever exploit with ship or horse the daring soldier has achieved under thy leadership.

[2] Johnson's pro-Ministry pamphlet, Taxation no Tyranny, discussed in the Introduction, is the target of this stanza.

(footnotes continued next page)

[3] Just as dishonest renegade Titus Oates had manufactured "undoubted evidence" in 1768 to prove the existence of a Popish Plot to kill the King, burn London, and re-establish Catholicism as the state religion of England, so evidence was presented in 1775 that Stephen Sayre, an American who had once been London's sheriff, was instigating a plot to seize George III. Sayre was arrested and sent to the Tower.

[4] Catherine Macaulay, forty-four and a widow at this time, was the sister of John Sawbridge, Lord Mayor of London. Both she and her brother were ardent supporters of radical movements in London.

[5] Doctor John Shebbeare, a well-known Ministerial writer, had been receiving a government pension for his services at least since 1764.

[6] Generals Gage and Howe were often criticized in 1775 for failing to pursue the Americans aggressively. Notice that the author of "O My Yankee, My Yankee" (London Packet, 7 August) speaks of General Howe as "Madam Howe." According to Merrill Jensen, even Gage's soldiers called him an "old woman" (The Founding of a Nation, p. 584).

Public Advertiser, 3 November 1775, p. 2.

(96)

The PARODY--addressed to both Houses.

To fight, or not to fight--that is the Question:
Whether 'tis nobler in Britannia's King
To bear the Mockery of the Boston Saints,
Or, by opposing, end 'em.--To fight; to kill;
No less--but in the War of Blood to say
Which Side shall conquer--must give us Pause.
There's the Respect--
That gives Rebellion such a lengthen'd life;
For who would brook their Insolence unpunished,
But that the Dread of rifle-barrel'd Guns
Puzzles our Officers--
And makes them rather stay in Boston Town
Than seek the Enemy on Bunker's Hill.

M.

Public Advertiser, 9 November 1775, p. 2.

This is one of several poems of the time which question whether the rebels and their supporters know the meaning of liberty.

ODE to LIBERTY (97)

Fair Liberty, whom Heaven gave,
But where peculiarly it loves,
And put off all, it meant for Slave,
With gentle Suns, and Citron Groves;

Cheer'd with whose gayer Beams, the Heath,
Parent of Furze and scentless Weeds,
Contemms the Waft of od'rous Breath,
And what the purple Vintage bleeds;

Say, lovely Nymph, who held'st so long
With Peace and Decency Alliance,
What wond'rous Cause has warp'd thee wrong,
To link with Insult and Defiance?

Hark! how the madding Tumults swell,
Are these thy Principles divine?
If such their Liberty, oh tell,
Sweet Goddess, what becomes of mine?

And farther say, celestial Maid,
Dost thou beat up for City Tools?
Do Mile-End Mobs invoke thy Aid,
Where Villains take the Lead of Fools?

Dost thou inspire the dayly Lie,
Which points at Royalty, Abuse,
Or lest Rebellion want Supply,
Give thy cool Hundred to its Use?

If such thy Haunts, if such thy Ways,
Madam, however you may brag,
You must appear to future Days,
No Mountain Nymph, but a foul Hag.

(continued next page)

I pray'd, serene the Goddess smil'd,
 Glowing with more than mortal Graces;
Says she, was ever Thought so wild?
 I neither know their Names or Faces.

Excepting, who for Bonds destroy'd,
 Or Breach of Trust, or being bang'd,
Won Fame, with them my Ears are cloy'd,
 More I may learn when they are hang'd.

London Packet, 22 November 1775, p. 4.

The first naval battle of the American Revolution occurred on 12 June 1775 off Machias, Maine, when two sloops commanded by Americans Jeremiah O'Brien and Benjamin Foster attacked an armed British schooner, or tender, the Margaretta, commanded by Midshipman James Moore. Moore had been assigned to escort two ships carrying lumber from Machias to British troops in Boston. The battle, which lasted about an hour, was fought at such close quarters that Moore was able to throw hand grenades onto the Americans' decks. He killed or wounded nine of his attackers before being shot twice in the chest. (Gardner W. Allen, A Naval History of the American Revolution, I, 6-11)

To the Memory of Mr. James Moore, who commanded a tender belonging to the Preston man of war, and who gallantly fell in action with the Provincials at sea; after which his vessel was taken, and he was afterwards buried at Machias, in the Bay of Fundy.[1]

By Captain E. Thompson[2]

(98)

IF sense in youth, mature as mellow'd age,
If honour, courage, may the world engage
To read thy monody, attend thy bier,
Such virtue claims the meed of Virtue's tear;
One piteous tear the hardest heart may spare
A grave so fresh, a youth so good and rare.

[1] Machias, Maine, is located well south of the Bay of Fundy. The author, a naval officer, should have known better.

[2] Commander Edward Thompson. See discussion of Thompson in the Introduction, pp. 13-14.

London Magazine, November 1775, p. 597.

(99)

On the Loss of NORTH AMERICA in one Campaign.

Of two Columbuses let Europe boast;
America one found--and t'other lost.

(100)

On the SAME.

O'er East and West, Pitt spread the British rein,
Curb'd envious France, and humbled faithless Spain.
North with rash ignorance and wasteful cost,
In one campaign a continent has lost.
What stigmas, ribbands, stars--how foul a blot,
When North a garter has, and Chatham not!

Public Advertiser, 7 December 1775, p. 2.

Probably the most maligned figure in the poetry of December 1775 was Lord George (Sackville) Germain (or Germaine). He had changed his name from Sackville to Germain in 1770 after receiving a large inheritance from Lady Betty Germain. The proximate cause of controversy was his appointment on 10 November to replace William Legge, Earl of Dartmouth, as Secretary of State for the American Colonies. Germain's appointment was opposed for two major reasons. First, he was known to be one of the North Ministry's strongest advocates of a "firm" policy toward the Americans. Just when many Londoners felt conciliation was urgently needed, Germain, a man who scorned the very idea of concessions and peace talks, was being installed as the Minister principally responsible for American policy. Second, London Whigs objected that Germain, the "coward of Minden" should ever be trusted with any high office. In 1759, Germain had commanded a contingent of British cavalry serving under German Prince Ferdinand against the French. At the Battle of Minden, he had refused the prince's repeated orders to lead a charge. He was given a court-martial upon his return to England in 1760, was found "unfit to serve his majesty in any military capacity whatever," and was dismissed in disgrace by George II and Prime Minister William Pitt. In 1762 he began a steady climb back to high position when George III restored him to the Privy Council.

Alan Valentine's excellent study of Germain (Lord George Germain) makes it clear that this was an aloof, distant man with an annoying air of superiority. Probably this haughtiness was responsible, in part, for the fact that his major commanders in America, Generals Clinton, Howe, Burgoyne, and Carleton, all came to despise him. Although much of this poetry may treat him unfairly, there can be little doubt that Lord George Germain, as much as any single man, was responsible for the course of events in America between 1775 and 1782.

CONGRATULATORY ODE, addressed to LORD G[EORG]E G[ERMAIN]E.

I. (101)

My Lord, I hail your spotless Fame,
A Civil Post, and Change of Name,
Has wash'd away all Sin:
The German Slough no more prevails,
For Serpent-like, you've lost your Scales,
And blaze in a new Skin.

(continued next page)

II.

Tho' fallen from a splendid Station,
You both surprise and please the Nation,
--Your Zeal they still applaud:
Sentenc'd no more to shine in Arms,
Like an old Trull with tarnish'd Charms,
You turn a useful Bawd!

III.

G[er]m[ain]e! in Combats often try'd,
Britannia's Troops in Triumph guide,
War's glorious Art improving!
Bend Rebel Yankies to our Will,
Display again your martial Skill,
And conquer without moving!

IV.

Your Sm[i]ths and Con[n]yng[ha]ms review,[1]
All honourable Men and true!
Staunch as intrepid Barre!
Your great Exploits brisk Ned will boast,
Make him official Penny-post,
He'll Tattles fetch and carry.

V.

Your Levees grac'd by Heroes now,
There, *Major Sturgeon strives to bow,
Your splendour P[hillip]ps sees![2]
The Scotch all puff you to a Man,
†M'Gregor's Chief, presents a Plan‡,
--All Under-wood and Trees.

VI.

Throw out a Lure for Ferdinand!
--Invest him with supreme Command,
At Boston fix his Station:
Then (Zanga like)[3] right well I ween,
You'll gratify Revenge and Spleen,
And end him by Starvation!.

(continued next page)

[1] Probably Lieutenant Colonel Edward Smith, Germain's aide-de-camp at Minden and his associate for several years thereafter, and Colonel James Cuningham, an old friend of Germain since their days as young men together in Dublin.

VII.

Or claim your Rank--degrade Tom Gage,
A Windmill <u>now</u> can't check your Rage,
And freeze your genial Blood;
Lead forth the Horse to Roxb'ry Town,
And drive full Gallop to Renown,
Except you meet a Wood.

VIII.

Could you keen JUNIUS' Thoughts refine,
Whose dangerous Shafts like Light'ning shine,
And pierce whome'er they hit:
We all may think you just as stout,
Your Treach'ry too we never doubt,
We only doubt your Wit.

IX.

The Smart of Minden's Wound is o'er,
You've got Court-plaister for <u>that</u> Sore,
And yet, my Lord, I'm thinking,[4]
Bold Johnston some Reward may claim,
His <u>Powder</u> sav'd your tainted Fame,
Just on the Point of stinking!

* Whoever Mr. F. might have designed by this ludicrous Character, yet the Author begs Leave to assure the candid Reader, that neither Gen. H[owe]nor Col. Th--ns are alluded to.

† Colonel R.

‡ Lord George complained that a Plan was sent over of the Battle of Minden, in which the <u>impervious</u> Wood, that obstructed the March of the Cavalry, was omitted. The Name of the malicious Engineer, who drew it, I now forget.

§ Mr. Dundas, Lord Advocate of Scotland, <u>invexit & sculpsit</u> this harmonious and expressive Word, which so justly and characteristically <u>pourtrays</u> the Features of his Country or Countrymen.

[2] Probably William Phillipps who commanded British artillery at Minden and served as a major general with Burgoyne and Clinton in America.

(footnotes continued next page)

[3] Zanga was the hero of The Revenge, a tragedy by Edward Young which was first produced in 1721 and remained popular throughout the century.

[4] Germain had reduced his reputation for cowardice somewhat in 1770 by engaging in a duel with George Johnstone.

London Packet, 11 December 1775, p. 4.

On a Gentleman's asking of another what brought so many Americans to London (102)

ASK you, What brought these Tories* cross the sea?
The things came hither, Sir, to drink their TEA.

*The Minister's friends are called Tories in America, as the foes of England are justly named in London.

Public Advertiser, 13 December 1775, p. 2.

The following Abstract of the RESOLVES of the GENERAL CONGRESS, assembled at Philadelphia in 1775, is put into Metre, for the help of weak Memories.

(103)

The Congress Resolves to acknowledge the King,
But not to obey him in any one Thing:

RESOLVES--That the Parliament's guilty of Treason,
For trying to bring the Bostonians to Reason;
Of Sacrilege too--For our ready Rhino
From Taxes exempted is, jure divino.

RESOLV'D--That we ne'er represented can be,
And ne'er will consent to what others decree.

RESOLV'D--That our Charters we'll firmly maintain,
Which our Ancestors purchas'd by crossing the Main,
And none but ourselves have a Right to explain.
Like a two-edged Sword, (let us do what we will)
Our Charters protect us in Good or in Ill:
Nor is it consistent with Law or with Reason,
A Right that's inherent to forfeit by Treason.
That Britain's our Parent, we readily grant,
Because, now and then, her Assistance we want;
But deem that Assistance most amply repaid,
By granting her freely Permission to trade:
And, if not contented, she'll find to her Cost,
If we shut up our Ports, all her Commerce is lost.

RESOLV'D--That the making a Judge independent,
Is a Proof of corrupt and injurious Intendment:
For in us is the Right, whene'er we see Cause,
To judge of the Judges as well as the Laws.
All Sects but our own as we piously hate;
And good Doctor Mather at large does relate,
What Quakers and Witches, for Conscience's Sake,
We've tortur'd, and brought to the Gibbet or Stake:

RESOLV'D--To give Freedom of Conscience to those,
Who are Papists avow'd, as every one knows,
Is a grievous Offence to a Protestant Nation,
And Proof of tyrannical Administration;
Which to Heights so despotic and cruel is grown,
That the French are allow'd to have Laws of their own.

(continued next page)

RESOLV'D--That, as Britons, being born to be free,
To base British Acts we will never agree;
But set at Defiance their Power and Laws,
And die in defending fair Liberty's Cause,
As all Civil Pow'r with the Judges is fled,
And none but a Yankey dares now show his Head.

RESOLV'D, in the People that Power does dwell,
Who have vested in us their Right to rebel:
'Tis therefore determin'd, by Sov'reign Command,
That these our RESOLVES are the Laws of the Land.

RESOLV'D--That we waste not our Time in Debate,
As to us is intrusted the Care of the State;
But shew the proud Britons, who Yankies disdain,
We hold not the Sword or the Sceptre in vain;
And Grant, with Confusion and Grief, shall behold,
That brave Men may tremble when Cowards feel bold.

RESOLV'D--That no Debtor shall pay what he owes;
For who'd starve himself to fatten his Foes?
With Britain no longer to trade, buy, or sell,
That, in England, the Poor may be forc'd to rebel:
Nor need we to fear--When we've emptied our Store,
The French and the Dutch will supply us with more.

RESOLV'D--That from Britain no News shall be spread,
No Facts be related, no Letters be read;
Till the Secret Committee their Sanction shall give,
That none, but ourselves, may the People deceive.

That (as in the Scriptures you plainly may see)
The Man, who's not with us, against us must be,
RESOLV'D--That whatever false Tory shall dare,
In Words or in Writing his Thoughts to declare,
Our Power dispute, or Decrees disobey,
To his Country the Debt of a Traitor shall pay.

RESOLV'D--That old Franklin, for us so disgrac'd,
In his Office of Post-master shall be replac'd;
With salary good, as he had from the King,
Whenever to Order our Matters we bring;
For much do we owe to his spirited Zeal,
And fostering Care of our young COMMONWEAL:
By him we found out, how our Plots were expos'd,
And our Secrets by false-hearted Traitors disclos'd;
By him we were taught to make sure of Success,
By flying to Arms, while we pray'd for Redress;
By him were instructed our Trust to repose,
In the Parties and Factions which weaken our Foes;

(continued next page)

Supported by them, that, if we persevere,
From the Pow'r of Britain we've nothing to fear:
For some to the Ministry bear such an Hate,
That to turn out Lord North they would ruin the State,
While others more keenly our Cause do espouse,
From Hatred sincere to the whole Royal House,
And wait with Impatience our Triumphs to see,
That they may rise too, and like us may be free.

As on our wise Counsels the State does depend,
Which, without a good Treasure, must soon have an End;
And as the small Sums, from the King ta'en away,
Have hardly suffic'd for our Dinners to pay;
And Taxes, as yet, might impolitic be,
As, for our Rebellion, Taxation's the Plea;
RESOLV'D--That a Coinage of Paper we try,
Sufficient the Wants of the State to supply,
Which all Ranks of People be bound to receive,
But (lest they suspect an Intent to deceive)
That the Lands, Goods, and Chattels, of each who is fled,
And in England has shelter'd his cowardly Head,
At public Vendue shall be sold out of Hand,
The Bills, now made current, to pay on Demand.

RESOLV'D--That an Army forthwith be array'd,
That twice the King's Pay to each Soldier be paid;
That a Staff be appointed, with Generals brave,
From the Pow'r of Britain this Country to save.

RESOLV'D--That ere War be proclaimed in Form,
Our Army do try to take Boston by Storm;
And, if they succeed, put the Whole to the Sword,
Except the few Chieftains reserv'd for the Cord.

RESOLV'D--That Washington, Putnam, and Lee,
Do hang the three Gen'rals on Liberty Tree.

Public Advertiser, 19 December 1775, p. 2.

(104)

On Some LATE PUBLICATIONS.

Curs'd be the Pen by Faction sway'd,
The Tool of blind Invective made,
The Foe to virtuous Fame,
That dares amongst the Mean and Base
With more than German Rancour place
Much-injur'd SACKVILLE's Name.

When half America was lost,
And timid DARTMOUTH left his Post,[1]
He took the dang'rous Lead,
To vindicate insulted Laws,
And hazard in his Country's Cause,
His Fortunes and his Head.

With Affluence blest, and blest with Friends,
Connected for no selfish Ends,
His Happiness was Home;
He knew the Joys of private Life,
He lov'd his Children and his Wife,
Nor wish'd Abroad to roam.

Already toss'd on boist'rous Seas,
His Object was domestic Ease;
Not all the Smiles of Court,
Not all that lavish Princes give,
Or greedy Favourites receive,
Could tempt him out of Port.

But, by the Will of adverse Fate,
When foul Rebellion shook the State,
And poison'd half the Realm;
No lukewarm Prudence cou'd countroul
The Patriot Spirit of his Soul;
He boldly grasp'd the Helm.

He only heard his Country's Call,
Ease, Comfort, Quiet, Safety, all
That Wisdom's thought to teach,
Submitted to the vast Desire
To keep the Empire still entire,
Or perish in the Breach.

[1] Germain's predecessor as Secretary of State for the American Colonies was the Earl of Dartmouth, who disagreed with the North Ministry's harsh attitude toward the Americans.

Public Advertiser, 23 December 1775, p. 2.

(105)

An ODE of CONDOLENCE, addressed to Lord G[EORG]E G[ER]M[AI]NE.

I.

My Lord, you're hurt by foolish Praise,
At yon vile Sycophants dull Lays,
    Indignant Blushes rise!
They add superfluous Disgrace,
--Your Friend with Honey daubs your Face,
    To drive away the Flies!

II.

Did Ferdinando ever mutter,
"You robb'd your Babes of Bread and Butter,"[1]
    Or lov'd domestic Strife!
--Sacred you keep the Marriage Tie,
And never cast a wanton Eye
    On Female--but your Wife.

III.

Dartmouth, 'tis true, had left his Post;
Ere all America was lost,
    He call'd for your Assistance;
Your Character the Saint surprises,
For higher still your Courage rises,
    --As Dangers at a Distance!

IV.

But since your Lordship's at the Helm,
You'd scarcely save both King and Realm,
    Were Rebels on the Borders!
R[i]ch[mon]d and Shelburne must knock under,[2]
The Ministry may safely blunder,
    You'll solve discordant Orders.[3]

V.

One Truth, at last, our Statesmen feel,
That Rebel Yankies scorn to kneel,
    To this or 'tother Lord;
Dartmouth sings penitential Psalms,[4]
G[e]rm[ai]ne resumes his Minden Qualms,
    And drops his wooden Sword.

(continued next page)

VI.

Early in Brag's* your Courage shone,
And Fontenoy first made you known;[5]
--Expos'd your timid Heart;
You dar'd the Field, and Honour died;
Callous to Shame--you rose in Pride,
To play a Traitor's Part.

VII.

In twenty Odes your Acts I'll sing,
How you traduc'd the Fame of Byng,[6]
--Betray'd your high Command:
You pleaded Clergy to the Crime,
Yet still the Muse with caustic Rhime,
Shall burn your trembling Hand!

VIII.

The Laurel wither'd on your Head,
We'll wreathe the Olive in its Stead:
And when you're mix'd with Dust,
Your Tomb shall boast a secret Spell,
The German Tongue your Deeds shall tell,
--Yon Aspin form your Bust!

* His Lordship was then Lieutenant Colonel to Brag's Regiment.

[1] Prince Ferdinand's complaint had nothing to do with Germain's family life.

[2] Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, and William Fitzmaurice Petty, Earl of Shelburne, had both participated in the action at Minden, and both opposed North's American measures.

[3] Germain first defended his refusal to lead the charge at Minden on the grounds that his orders were unclear.

[4] Dartmouth was a very religious man and a strong supporter of John Wesley. Franklin said he was "a truly good man and wishes sincerely a good understanding with the colonies." (Valentine, British Establishment, II, 529)

[5] Germain was wounded while serving as a lieutenant colonel at Fontenoy in 1745 and was promoted to colonel the same year.

[6] Admiral John Byng. In 1757, three years before Germain's court-martial, Byng, too, was tried and convicted of grave misconduct. Unlike Germain, however, Byng was shot, as Voltaire wrote, "to encourage the others."

London Chronicle, 26 December 1775, p. 616.

Public Advertiser, 26 December 1775, p. 4.

(106)

STANZAS written on CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1775.

I.

While Britain's Sons, with Feast and Song,
The gloomy Day beguile,
With Wine the Hours of Night prolong,
And make old Winter smile:

II.

While Cards, and Mirth, and Music wake
The Heart of Man to Joys,
And all the general Good partake,
Which all those Hearts employs:

III.

Say how, beyond th' Atlantic Tide,
The wretched Hours are spent,
Where Trade in Triumph us'd to ride,
Health, Plenty, Peace, Content:

IV.

Where Manliness, with open Arms,
And Virtue with her Lore,
Has courted Beauty's native Charms,
On Freedom's latest Shore:

V.

Where fair Religion's smiling Train
In various Forms advance,
Free from the rigid Laws of Spain,
Or Monkish Rules of France.

VI.

Say why, when thus on BRITAIN'S Isle
The chearful Hours are spent,
Should Half her Empire cease to smile,
With Rage internal rent?

(continued next page)

VII.

Britons for shame!--in Time be wise,
Your Friends, your Brethren save;
Nor let whole Nations close their Eyes
In one untimely Grave.

M.

London Magazine, December 1775, p. 655. (107)

A COMMON PRAYER for the PRESENT TIMES.

I.

Since we are taught in scripture-word,
To pray for friends and foes;
Then let us pray for George the Third,
Who must be one of those.

II.

Heav'n bless America, and Britain,
May folly past suffice,
Wherein they have each other smitten
Who ought to harmonize.

III.

Ally'd by blood, and interest too,
Soon let them re-unite,
May heav'n tyrannic minds subdue,
Haste, haste the pleasing sight.

IV.

May ev'ry morn and ev'ning prayer
Repeat this just petition,
What thinking Christian can forbear,
Appriz'd of our condition?

V.

Britannia's sins are our worst foes,
Let this be Britain's creed,
For those who God and man oppose,
Must rebels be indeed.

VI.

This rebel-host, how numerous grown!
This growth kind heav'n forbid;
'Tis fear'd some are too near the throne,
And seem securely hid.

VII.

Just heav'n to light all rebels bring
Who hate, or love the steeple,
Rebels to God, and to the King,
And rebels to--the
PEOPLE.

London Magazine, December 1775, p. 656.

One of the most controversial figures of the latter half of 1775 was John Wesley, seventy-two, founder of Methodism. Wesley was well acquainted with America, having spent the years 1735-1738 in Georgia as a missionary, and receiving continuous correspondence from Thomas Rankin, Francis Asbury, and other of his itinerant preachers in America. Wesley's views would have been important, even if they had influenced only the members of his own Methodist societies. From the beginning of the societies in 1739, membership had grown to around 175,000 by the time of Wesley's death in 1791. But many who were not Methodists also read Wesleyan pamphlets like A Calm Address to our American Colonies. Wesley's critics complained not simply that this pamphlet supported the claims of the Ministry against the Americans, but that it was little more than an abridgement of Samuel Johnson's recently published pamphlet, Taxation no Tyranny, and that it represented a suspiciously abrupt reversal of Wesley's earlier pro-American sentiments. In fact Wesley had written as recently as 15 June 1775 in a letter to Lord North, "I cannot avoid thinking, if I think at all, that an oppressed people asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner that the nature of the thing would allow." Later, Wesley's reply to his critics would be that he had read Johnson's anti-American pamphlet, had been strongly influenced, and had changed his mind about the American issues (L. Tyerman, The Life and Times of John Wesley, III, 185-198).

(108)

To the Reverend Mr. W[esley].

In early youth, when Oxford fondly saw[1]
A pigmy tutor give the Tory law;
Didst thou not there espouse each priestly plan,
The friend of tyranny--the foe of man?
Passive obedience to the Stuart line,
And non-resistance to their right divine?
There didst thou reverence the throes, the pains,
The mouse that's born of academic brains.

In middle age didst thou not step astray,
And hook our noses in another way?

(continued next page)

[1] Wesley was a fellow of Oxford from 1726.

Now, when the blood scarce trembles thro' the veins,
And nought but weakness--nought but fear remains,
To every twig the old transgressor flies,
On every early prejudice relies.
At thy command the giant periods[2] fall
From J[ohn]'s stilts, down on the ground to crawl.
Lest moles belov'd should blunder into day,
Thou darkenest with dust their feeble ray.
America and England too must yield,
When two such sturdy veterans take the field.
The sum of J[ohnson]'s argument is clear,
J[ohnson] is paid some hundred pounds a year.
And from thy Calm Address the king may know
Where he a bishoprick might well bestow.

That panders, in whatever robe array'd,
Traitors, who human nature dare degrade;
The willing prostitutes of every sinner,
That recommends a deanery or a dinner;
Who, when the soul becomes with guilt obscene,
Believe the royal touch can make it clean;
That such may end their few and evil days
In penitence and tears, devoutly prays

An Englishman.

[2] "periodic" or grand speech.

III. Independence for America (1776)

Poems 109-144

Chronology

10 January	Thomas Paine publishes Common Sense in Philadelphia.
17 March	British evacuate Boston. Howe takes his army to Halifax.
13 April	Washington arrives in New York with his army from Cambridge.
28 June	Americans on Sullivan's Island repulse the attack of General Clinton and Admiral Parker on Charleston.
29 June	General Howe arrives in New York harbor from Halifax.
4 July	Declaration of Independence is signed in Philadelphia.
17 August	Declaration of Independence appears in London Gazetteer.
27 August	Battle of Long Island.
29 August	Washington withdraws from Long Island during the night.
26 September	Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson (replaced by Arthur Lee in December), and Silas Deane are appointed American commissioners to France to seek aid.
21 November	Washington begins his retreat through New Jersey.
8 December	Washington crosses the Delaware River into Pennsylvania.

13 December	A day of fasting and prayer is observed in England.
13 December	American General Charles Lee is captured at Basking Ridge, New Jersey.
19 December	Thomas Paine begins his American Crisis series with the words, "These are the times that try men's souls."
21 December	Franklin arrives in Paris.
25-26 December	Washington recrosses the Delaware, surprises Hessians at Trenton, New Jersey.

London Chronicle, 4 January 1776, p. 16.

Gentleman's Magazine, March 1776, p. 133.

Pennsylvania Ledger, 21 February 1778.

Reverend Josiah Tucker, Dean of Gloucester Cathedral from 1758 until 1790, was an influential and outspoken clergyman. He was not a warm friend of the Americans; but he was an able economist, and he argued as an economist in a widely-read pamphlet of 1775, An Humble Address and Earnest Appeal, that Britons would be wise to divest themselves of their American colonies, whether or not the colonists themselves insisted upon independence. Tucker's position in this pamphlet is that Britain is primarily a shopkeeping nation and that the Americans are, above all else, her customers. He supports his position with an impressive statistical analysis of foreign trade in recent years. If we stop antagonizing the colonists and grant them their independence now, he says, they will certainly remain our good customers, and will probably fight among themselves and beg to return to our government. But if we try to bind them to us with force, the results for our trade may be disastrous.

(109)

AMERICA.

Addressed to the Rev. Dean TUCKER.

By Soame Jenyns, Esq;[1]

Crown'd be the man with lasting praise
Who first contriv'd the pin
To loose mad horses from the chaise,
And save the necks within.

See how they prance, and bound, and skip,
And all controul disdain!
They bid defiance to the whip,
And tear the silken rein.

Awhile we try if art or strength
Are able to prevail;
But, hopeless, when we find at length
That all our efforts fail,

With ready foot the spring we press,
Out jumps the magic plug,
Then, disengag'd from all distress,
We sit quite safe and snug.

(continued next page)

The pamper'd steeds, their freedom gain'd,
    Run off full speed together;
But, having no plan ascertain'd,
    They run they know not whither.

Boys, who love mischief and a course,
    Enjoying the disaster,
Bawl, stop 'em! stop 'em! till they're hoarse,
    But mean to drive them faster.

Each, claiming now his nat'ral right,
    Scorns to obey his brother;
So they proceed to kick and bite,
    And worry one another.

Hungry at last, and blind, and lame,
    Bleeding at nose and eyes,
By suff'rings grown extremely tame,
    And by experience wise,

With bellies full of liberty,
    But void of oats and hay,
They both sneak back, their folly see,
    And run no more away.

Let all who view th' instructive scene,
    And patronize the plan,
Give thanks to Glo'ster's honest Dean,
    For, TUCKER, thou'rt the man!

[1] See discussion of Jenyns in Introduction, pp. 29-31.

Public Advertiser, 12 January 1776, p. 2.

When Governor Dunmore of Virginia seized the stores of gunpowder in Williamsburg on 20 April 1775, American patriots like Patrick Henry and Peyton Randolph were infuriated. Then Dunmore learned that General Gage in Boston planned to issue a Proclamation (12 June) which would pardon all American rebels except Hancock and Adams. Dunmore reasoned that if Hancock and Adams were arrested, he might well be taken as a hostage by Randolph, Henry, and others. Accordingly he escaped Williamsburg at night with his family and boarded the Fowey man-of-war. He invited Virginia's House of Burgesses to meet with him on board his Majesty's ship in June, but they, predictably, refused. On 7 November 1775, Dunmore issued a proclamation from the Fowey which many Virginians took as the ultimate provocation: he invited slaves who were loyal to Britain to take up arms against their masters.

EXTEMPORE, on Lord DUNMORE's issuing his Proclamation from on board a Ship. (110)

I.

HAIL mighty Dunmore! great Viceroy!
On Land and Sea commanding:
Your Friends in England give you Joy,
And wish your Orders standing.

II.

Hail mighty Lord of all the Strand,
Whose Wit on Wisdom borders!
--Who cannot be obey'd on Land,
From Sea should send his Orders.

M.

Public Advertiser, 13 January 1776, p. 2.

General Gage had by this time returned to England, but the troops he had left behind in Boston were suffering from smallpox and a lack of fresh provisions.

Mr. WOODFALL, observing that you frequently insert POETRY, I send you the following Song, to the Tune of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.[1]

Your's,
SARAH TUNEFULL.

(111)

I.

O GAGE, Burgoyne, so great ye are,
In Wars tremendous Annals,
Your Fame each Briton longs to hear,
By means of Northern Channels:
At Bunker's hill, your Wisdom shone,
Your Prowess greatly pleas'd us;
And ever since, what has been done,
Has wisely been, and eas'd us.

II.

Let Putnam, Ward, and Washington,
Take care, how ye assail them,
Their strong Redoubts, their rifle Guns,
Will hardly then avail them:
Wisdom and Courage, thus combin'd,
United will annoy them,
And when th' Rus,[2] our Arms has join'd,
How 'twill, with Ease, destroy them.

III.

How great the Powers of Beef and Pork,
Should any such arrive there,
The Soldiers willingly would work,
Could they but touch a live Hare.
Potatoes are a dainty Dish,
Sour Crowt not quite so pleasing,
And Hogs becoming Food for Fish,
Is wonderfully teizing.

(continued next page)

[1] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, I, 367.

[2] Russia.

IV.

Yet as some Good does oft arise,
From Ills, the most perplexing,
F[ordyc]e will bless his needy Eyes,[3]
From what's to us so vexing.
The crafty Scot, supplies with Care,
Each daily Devastation,
Whilst Simpletons amazed stare,
At each wise Regulation.

[3] Alexander Fordyce had precipitated a national financial crisis in 1771 when he speculated with clients' money, went bankrupt, and absconded with what remained of the funds.

London Chronicle, 16 January 1776, p. 55.

Public Advertiser, 16 January 1776, p. 2.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 17 January 1776, p. 59.

(112)

The SNOW-BALL: a POEM.

THE blue-faced boys, with eager haste,
In spite of Winter's cold,
Assemble on the milk-white waste,
To see the Snow-ball roll'd.

Each takes his part, and thrusts amain,
To aid th' increasing pile;
And, as their little sinews strain,
They sing and laugh the while.

At length th' unwieldy mass, full grown,
Defies their utmost pow'r;
No help is present but their own,
And it will move no more.

So have I seen, in foreign lands,
The men of mighty weight,
Combining all their party hands,
To roll the Ball of State.

Still as they drive the vast machine,
It moves with tardier pace:
They call the Patriot party in,
To aid 'em in the chace.

The Patriot gang refuse their aid,
To work against their will;
And thus--(but let no more be said)
The Ball of State--stands still.

Public Advertiser, 16 January 1776, p. 2.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 17 January 1776, p. 60.

(113)

EXTEMPORE, on the Review of the 1st and 2nd Battalions of Troops, in frosty-weather.

ZEAL may exclude the dread of cold,
In men of mighty thinking;
As Drunkards feel themselves more bold,
Through the mere force of drinking.

Five-pence per day is horrid pay,
For broken leg or splinter;
In spite of what the Folks may say,
Who make warm work in Winter.

M.

Gazetteer, 23 January 1776, p. 2.

N[OR]TH and GER[MAI]NE; or, the Whimsical Union.

(114)

In different trades N[or]th and Germ[ai]ne were bred
Of Peace and War; both luckless, both were sped:
Since one knows not to treat, nor t'other fight,
Why will pert North and meek Lord George unite?
Sackv[i]lle, by milder arts, hopes to regain
Those honours, which he lost on Minden's plain;
Soft peace may cure disasters of the war;
And the scribe heal the dastard Soldier's scar.
Persuasion dwells not on North's double tongue;
Contempt and scorn to treachery belong.
Since none rely upon the Treasurer's word,
Let him resign the Staff, and try the Sword.

Public Advertiser, 24 January 1776, p. 2.

General Evening Post, 25 January 1776, p. 4.

London Chronicle, 25 January 1776, p. 88.

(115)

The MEETING after the RECESS; A Poem.

WITH Christmas mirth, and Christmas cheer,
My friends pray look not glummer;
With turkey, chine, and beef and beer,
You're surely in good humour.

The folks on t'other side the wave
Have beef as well as you Sirs;
Some chines and turkies too they have,
And as they bake they brew, Sirs.

What tho' your cannon raze their towns,
And tumble down their houses,
They'll fight like Devils--Blood and 'oons,
For children and for spouses.

Another truth--nay 'tis no boast,
Nor yet the lie o'th' day Sirs;
The saints on Massachusett's coast,
Gain, if they run away Sirs:

For farther than your bullets fly,
A common man may run Sirs,
And wheat will grow beneath the sky
Where cannot reach a gun Sirs.

Then what are ships, and swords, and guns,
And men of bloody mind Sirs,
While, Parthian-like, who conquers runs,
Who loses--stays behind Sirs.

Then rise my men, in merry mood,
Vote--Nem-con-tra-di-cente,
That five and five for ten are good,
And ten and ten make twenty.

Recall your ships, your troops recall,
Let friends each other nourish;
So shall Old England rule the ball,
And George and Freedom flourish. M.

General Evening Post, 27 January 1776, p. 4.

(116)

EPIGRAM.

Upon W[IL]KES's last Speech in Parliament.

HANCOCK and Adams traitors are
By royal proclamation:--
"They're honest men and subjects good,"
Says W[il]kes and Defamation.

Now this most wonderful dispute,
'Twixt Royalty and Vermine,
Jack Ketch,[1] who deals in knotty points,
Will probably determine.

[1] "Jack Ketch" had for many years been a favorite epithet for London's hangman.

General Evening Post, 30 January 1776, p. 4.

O navis, referent in mare te, eto.[1]

Horace Ode 14. Lib. 1.

(117)

BRITANNIA, every way compleat;
Thyself a formidable fleet!
Thou bravest vessel of the world,
Art thou again 'midst raging tempests hurl'd?

O save Britannia! all ye Gods,
Who rule the wind, or still the wave;
Incline from your sublime abodes,
And O! the brave Britannia save!

Who's He that greatly labours at the helm,
To whom the steady mariners resort?
By heav'n all's safe!--NORTH saves the realm,
And steers the noble vessel into port.

R.C.

[1] O ship, new billows threaten to bear thee out to sea again.

Public Advertiser, 30 January 1776, p. 2.

One of the most important acts of the First Continental Congress was their agreement on 20 October 1774 to an Association of Non-Intercourse with Britain. Non-consumption of British goods began on 1 March 1775. Non-exportation to Britain began on 10 September 1775. Committees of enforcement were to be formed in every town. According to Arthur Schlesinger (Colonial Merchants, pages 535-36), the "value of imports from Britain was nearly 97 per cent less in 1775 than it had been in 1774." In July 1775, the Second Continental Congress again committed themselves to support of the Association.

(118)

The Pausing AMERICAN LOYALIST.

A Parody on the Soliloquy of HAMLET.

TO sign, or not to sign? That is the Question.
Whether 'twere better for an honest Man
To sign, and so be safe; or to resolve,
Betide what will, against Associations,
And, by retreating, shun them. To fly--I reck
Not where: And, by that Flight, t'escape
FEATHERS and TAR, and Thousand other Ills
That Loyalty is Heir to: 'Tis a Consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To fly,--to want--
To want? Perchance, to starve: Ay, there's the Rub!
For, in that Chance of Want, what Ills may come
To patriot Rage, when I have left---my All
Must give me Pause:--There's the Respect,
That makes us trim, and bow to Men we hate.
For, who would bear th' Indignities o'th' Times,
CONGRESS' Decrees, and wild Convention Plans,
The Laws controll'd, and Inj'ries unredress'd,
The Insolence of Knaves, and thousand Wrongs
Which patient Liege-men from vile Rebels take,
When he, sans Doubt, might certain Safety find,
Only by Flying? Who would bend to Fools,
And truckle thus to mad, Mob-chosen Up-starts,
But that the Dread of something after Flight
(In that blest Country, where, yet, no moneyless
Poor Wight can live,) puzzles the Will,
And makes ten Thousands rather sign--and eat,
Than fly--to starve on Loyalty.-----

(continued next page)

Thus, Dread of Want makes Rebels of us all:
And thus the native Hue of Loyalty
Is sicklied o'er with a pale Cast of Trimming;
And Enterprizes of great Pith and Virtue,
But unsupported, turn their Streams away,
And never come to Action.

London Chronicle, 12 March 1776, p. 248.[1]

On the universal Forwardness of the present

military Disposition.

(119)

I'LL list for a soldier, says Robin to Sue,
T' avoid your eternal disputes;

Aye, aye, cries the termagant, do, Robin, do,
I'll raise, the mean while, fresh recruits.

[1] This is my single intentional deviation from strict chronological order in the appearance of these poems. This one had appeared in the May 1767 issue of the Gentleman's Magazine, page 273, but I have agreed with the editors of the London Chronicle that it deserved to be a part of the atmosphere of 1776.

Public Advertiser, 30 March 1776, p. 2.

London Chronicle, 2 April 1776, p. 319.

(120)

EXTEMPORE.

On the frequent REVIEW of the TROOPS.

REVIEWS are gaudy shews--allow'd,
And gay folks croud about 'em,
Yet England ought not to be proud,
For she does best without 'em.

Ten thousand paltry fighting beaus
May chance to gain a battle;
But England buys the bloody cloaths,
And all the guns that rattle.

But, when completed all the plan,
And all the people murder'd,
Let Casuists tell us, if they can,
Is England's welfare further'd?

M.

Gentleman's Magazine, March 1776, p. 135.

By the time this poem appeared in the March edition of the Gentleman's Magazine (published during the first week of April), Howe had already evacuated Boston. The British had been surrounded in Boston since the Battle of Bunker's Hill on 17 June 1775. Well before sunrise on 17 March 1776, Howe's army boarded ships to leave. Through a tacit agreement, the British did not burn the city when they left, and Washington did not fire on them during their departure for Halifax.

(121)

BOSTON in Distress.

While pleasure reigns unrival'd on this shore,
The streets of Boston stream with British gore;
While like fall'n Romans for new joys we sign,
Our friends drop breathless, or for mercy cry:
Perhaps the soldier, lost to pity's charms,
Now stabs the infant in the mother's arms;
Perhaps the husband sees his better part
Welt'ring in gore, and bleeding from the heart;
Perhaps the lover, plung'd in bitter woe,
Is torn from her whom most he loves below;
And sees the life he values as his own
Yielded in pangs, or hears the dying groan:
Perhaps the son, O! agony of pain!
Sees, fatal sight! his aged parent slain;
Perhaps whole families, together hurl'd,
Seek the dread confines of an unknown world.
O! scene of slaughter fiends alone enjoy,
Fiends who love death, and wait but to destroy.
Are widows tears, that never cease to roll,
Are mothers pangs, that penetrate the soul,
Are shrieks of infants sacrific'd to rage,
The horrid trophies of the present age?
Eternal Father! in thy mercy quell
The flames of faction, that arise from hell;
Pour into British hearts the balm of peace,
And bid, O bid, this cruel carnage cease;
Like Isaac's sons let Britons meet again,
Nor be one brother by the other slain.

General Evening Post, 2 April 1776, p. 4.

The Battle of Quebec began on the wintry night of 30 December 1775, when Americans under General Richard Montgomery and Colonel Benedict Arnold attacked the fortress held by British General Guy Carleton. The assault failed: Carleton had been forewarned; American companies attacked piecemeal; and Montgomery was killed in the first charge. Arnold was wounded, but he and the other Americans managed to keep the St. Lawrence closed and the city under siege until spring. British reinforcements arrived on 6 May. Montgomery was given an honorable burial by Carleton and was eulogized by Edmund Burke and Charles Fox in Commons.

To the Editor of the General Evening Post.

SIR.

Encomiums on the death of Montgomery having been admitted into some of the public papers, you are desired to give a place to the following Contrast in your next.

(122)

MONTGOMERY dies;--from his ill-boding fall,
Ah! wisdom learn, ye mad Provincials all.
Alike, alas! Montgomery to thee,
The fatal bullet, or the fatal tree.
Who fights and falls in foul Rebellion's cause,
From Virtue's friends can ne'er deserve applause:
Ambition's dupe, a lawless Faction's tool,
Must live a madman, and must die a fool.
Here read thy character, thy peril, Lee;[1]
A traitor's name, a traitor's destiny.

Q.

[1] Charles Lee, British soldier of fortune for many years, moved to New York in 1773 and became a major general in the Continental Army in 1775.

General Evening Post, 23 May 1776, p. 4.

To the Editor of the General Evening Post.

SIR,

AS the following Scottish General's Harangue before engagement, consisting of only two lines, comprehends all that has been, all that is, all that shall be, and all that can be said of our present situation with the Americans, a customer and occasional correspondent hopes you will give them a place in your paper, viz.

(123)

"My bra lads! see your foes! lo, yonder they be;

"Gan ye dinna kill them, in gude troth they'll kill ye."

Public Ledger, 11 June 1776, p. 2.

By 11 June 1776, British General Sir Henry Clinton was well south of Cape Fear, North Carolina, where the poet locates him. He was at anchor, along with Admiral Sir Peter Parker, ten warships and thirty transports, off Charleston Bar. Expecting to find considerable Loyalist support, they would attack Charleston on 28 June, only to be repulsed by surprisingly well-disciplined Americans under Colonel William Moultrie and General Charles Lee, who had come south from Cambridge to take command.

The MINISTER's CAMPAIGN.

A DITTY. (124)

I.

OF great Germaine,
And his campaign,
Do hear, my friends, the story;
I will relate
Our army's fate,
Shew how they fled for glory.

II.

At Bunker's Hill,
The troops stood still,
The Yankees would not fight, Sir;
Some Rifle Boys,
Without much noise,
Did numbers kill downright, Sir.*

III.

At Lexington
The great Duke's son,
Was forced to run away, Sir; †
It is no lie,
I'll tell you why,
'Twas dangerous to stay, Sir.

IV.

The victor Howe,
No longer now,
At Boston keeps his revels;
The town was spar'd,
The troops being scar'd,
They left it to the rebels.

(continued next page)

V.

Great Clinton, too,
Comes next in view,
His troops bring up the rear;
Safe from all harm,
They're snug and warm,
And landed at Cape-Fear. ‡

VI.

O, fam'd Burgoyne,
'Tis thou and thine
Light-horse, shall do the wonders;
Quebec you'll save,
By council grave,
Or by thy musquets thunders.

VII.

The bells shall ring,
The priests shall sing,
For joyful news-----Te Deum;
You shall indite,
The laws of right;
You shall explain
In words quite plain,
The Tuum and the Meum. ‖

VIII.

The conquest gain'd,
A peace obtain'd,
The King shall give his thanks;
For where's the he
Can rival thee,
In playing idle pranks? §

IX.

'Tis thus, Germaine,
In rapturous strain,
We sing thy feats of glory;
Thine is the plan,
Thou art the man,
Worthy the name of Tory.**

(continued next page)

X.

Hail Tories all,
Both great and small!
Men of such vast renown;
Whilst by debate,
You save the state,
--Pray leave the King his Crown.

* Out of thirty of our officers, twenty-four were killed, and the remaining six were wounded by the American Riflemen at the battle of Bunker's Hill. This fact has been attested by one of the wounded officers.

† No reflection is here meant on the conduct of any officer on the American service. The Lexington retreat is not to be denied. The truth seems to be, that the Americans dare not face our troops. They have hitherto only had the good fortune to attack the Regulars in--THE REAR.

‡ The name of this place conveys an odd idea.

|| That General Burgoyne is capable of writing a treatise on jurisprudence, may easily be collected from his letter to General Lee. Burgoyne is an admirable casuist when the rights of property are to be ascertained.

◊ General Burgoyne is said to have an happy turn for the stage. It was owing to this propensity that a Boston conventicle was converted into a theatre, wherein were represented several comic pieces to keep the soldiers in good humour.

**Lord George boasts of his Toryism. No man will say but what he acts according to his principles. On the plains of Minden he FOUGHT as became a Tory.

Gentleman's Magazine, June 1776, p. 279.

Pennsylvania Ledger, 14 February 1778.

This poem demonstrates a standard mode of Loyalist ridicule, pointing out that American Patriots are essentially ruffians. They are simply bullies, having neither the knowledge nor the experience required of successful military and governmental leaders.

(125)

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE from AMERICA.

Excuse me, dear friend, I can't think it true,
Tho' Solomon says it, that nothing is new;
Had he liv'd in these times we had rather been told,
Our West World's so new, it has nothing that's old:
But should he insist his old way to have it,
I would beg leave to ask of this old son of David
A few little questions; as where he e'er saw
Men legally punish'd for not breaking the law;
Tarr'd, feather'd, and carted, for drinking bohea,
And by force and oppression compell'd to be free?
The same men maintaining that all human kind
Are, and have been, and shall be, as free as the wind;
Yet impaling and burning their slaves for believing
The truth of the lessons they're constantly giving;--
Or what financiers, politicians, or sages,
In the past or the antediluvian ages,
He ever had seen, ever heard of, or read,
Who to raise funds for war first abolish'd their trade?
And, having all channels of commerce obstructed,
By which gold and silver to states are inducted,
In an instant more riches from paper produce,
And the quill of a grey cabalistical goose,
Than all the disciples of sage Rosicrucius
Ever made from their talismans, stones, and their cruces.

Nor only from nothing our money appears,
From nothing our hopes, and from nothing our fears;
From nothing our statesmen, our army, and fleet,
From nothing they came, and to nought they'll retreat,
And no arms they handle so well as their feet.

(continued next page)

Down at night a bricklayer, a carpenter lies,
Next sun a Lycurgus, a Solon doth rise;
While Doctors, who never made curing their trade,
Give a bolus of iron, or a pill all of lead.
But still counteracted by blunders and fate,
Tho' they murder'd in friendship, they spare in their hate.
Priests, taylors, and coblers, fill with heroes the camp,
And sailors, like craw-fish, crawl out of each swamp:
Self-created from nought, like a mushroom we see
Spring an* able Commander by land and by sea;
Late of Tories the Prince, and his country's great foe,
Now the Congress's Chairman†, a split-shirted beau:
All titles of honour and profit do wait on
Judge, General, Counsellor, Admiral Drayton,[1]
Who never smell'd powder, nor handled a rope,
But infallible more than Lord Peter the Pope;
Who makes flesh and blood of his bread and his wine,
‡While Drayton of schooners makes ships of the line,
Makes all laws of mechanics and nature knock under,
Can cram in an egg-shell a twenty-four pounder;
Can burn in an instant the whole British navy,
And eat up an army without salt or gravy.

* Supposed to be a gentleman formerly Confidant to Lord C.M. and then loaded with all the odium of the patriots, on account of his attachment to Government. He was appointed one of the Judges in South-Carolina by a Lieutenant-Governor; but the appointment was not confirmed, and another gentleman was sent out from home; immediately on which, as it happened, Mr. D. turned flaming patriot; at least it is so reported.

† The uniform of the South-Carolina rebels is a hunting-shirt, such as the farmers servants in England.

‡ These lines allude to D.'s ordering a little fleet of schooners to be fitted out from the port of Charles-Town; on board of one of them he ordered 24 nine pounders, but she was so small, that it was found she could not even float with above 12 of such guns on board.

[1] The target here is William Henry Drayton. A wealthy South Carolinian, he had opposed the Patriot cause until 1774, writing several articles against the non-importation agreements. The "Lieutenant-Governor" mentioned in the first footnote was Drayton's uncle, William Bull, and it is true that Drayton became a "flaming patriot" only after it became clear that he could not keep his job. On 1 November 1775, he was elected president of the Provincial Congress meeting in Charleston, and he played an active part in arming Carolinians for resistance.

London Chronicle, 9 July 1776, p. 31.

Major General Guy Carleton was wounded in 1759 when General Wolfe was killed in the capture of Quebec from the French, wounded again in 1761 at Port Andro, again in 1762 at Havana. He was made Knight of the Bath in 1776 for successfully defending Quebec against Montgomery and Arnold, but he was thereafter slighted and insulted by Lord Germain.

(126)

To his Excellency Major General CARLETON,

on his Defeat of the Rebels before Quebec.

FOR future laurels, sav'd by heav'n from harms,
Behold again the Veteran in arms;
Whose steel in crimson at the Havanna dy'd,
With Spain's correction--was Britannia's pride;
Who, when Rebellion darted forth her head,
And, deluge like, the Continent o'erspread,
Amidst the conquests by surprize she gain'd,
Still kept the tenor of his fame unstain'd,
And in his little skiff, like Caesar, past,
To be carest by victory at last:
On the same spot behold his glory soar,
Where mighty Wolfe's immortal grew before;
Alike the friends and guardians of the state,
Champions of war, and harbingers of fate;
With life, dear purchas'd, what 'twas his to gain,
'Tis your's with deathless honour to maintain,
Ensure the glories of your country's name,
And nobly fill the New World with her fame;
Still may the gods the patriot regard,
And powerful princes like the gods reward.

V.N.

Marlborough, at Spithead, June 24.

Gentleman's Magazine, July 1776, pp. 326-27.

Here a Loyalist recalls how he escaped one year earlier, on 10 May 1775, from a band of American patriots in New York. He made his way first to the banks of the Hudson and then to the British ship King-fisher commanded by Captain James Montagu, which carried him safely to England.

Patriot feeling was understandably high in New York on 10 May 1775; for word of Lexington and Concord had reached the city only about two weeks earlier, on 23 April 1775, carried by hard-riding postrider Israel Bissel. The day of the speaker's escape from New York was also the very day on which Benedict Arnold, Ethan Allen, and the Green Mountain Boys were capturing the British fort, Ticonderoga.

STANZAS written on the Evening of the 10th of May, 1776.

By an Exile from America.

(127)

To thee, O God, by whom I live
The tribute of my soul to give,
    On this revolving day;
To thee, O God, my voice I raise,
To thee address my grateful praise,
    And swell the duteous lay!

Now has this orb unceasing run
Its annual circuit round the sun,
    Since when the heirs of strife,
Led by the pale moon's midnight ray,
And bent on mischief, urg'd their way
    To seize my guiltless life.

At ease my weary limbs were laid,
And slumbers sweet around me shed
    The blessings of repose;
Unconscious of the dark design,
I knew no base intent was mine,
    And therefore fear'd no foes.

When straight, an heaven-directed youth,
Whom oft my lessons led to truth,
    And honour's sacred shrine,
Advancing quick before the rest,
With trembling tongue my ear addrest,
    Yet sure in voice divine.

(continued next page)

"Awake! awake! the storm is nigh,--
"This instant rouse,--this instant fly,--
    "The next may be too late:
"Four hundred men, a murderous band,
"Access, importunate, demand,
    "And shake the groaning gate."

I wake--I fly,--whilst, loud and near,
Dread execrations wound my ear,
    And sore my soul dismay:
One avenue alone remained,--
A speedy passage there I gained,
    And winged my rapid way.

That moment, all the furious throng,
An entrance forcing, poured along,
    And filled my peaceful cell;
Where harmless jest, and modest mirth,
And cheerful laughter, oft had birth,
    And joy was wont to dwell.

Not ev'n the Muses hallowed fane*
Their lawless fury can restrain,
    Or check their headlong haste;
They push them from their solemn seats,
Profane their long-revered retreats,
    And lay their Pindus waste.

Nor yet content,--but hoping still
Their impious purpose to fulfil,,
    They force each yielding door;
And whilst their curses load my head,
With piercing steel they probe the bed,
    And thirst for human gore.--

Mean while, along the sounding shore,
Where Hudson's waves incessant roar,
    I work my weary way;
And skirt the windings of the tide,
My faithful pupil by my side,
    Nor wish the approach of day.

At length ascending from the beach,
With hopes revived, by morn I reach
    The good Palemon's cot;
Where, free from terror and affright,
I calmly wait the coming night,
    My every fear forgot.--

* An elegant edifice, etc., since converted into common barracks.

(continued next page)

'Twas then I scaled the vessel's† side,
Where all the amities abide,
That mortal worth can boast;
Whence, with a longing, lingering view,
I bade my much-lov'd YORK adieu,
And sought my native coast.--

Now, all-composed, from danger far,
I hear no more the din of war,
Nor shudder at alarms;
But safely sink each night to rest,
No MALICE rankling through my breast,
In FREEDOM'S fostering arms.--

Though stripped of most the world admires,
Yet torn by few untamed desires,
I rest in calm content;
And humbly hope a gracious Lord
Again those blessings will afford.
Which once his bounty LENT.

Yet still, for many a faithful friend,
Shall, day by day, my vows ascend,
Thy dwelling, O my God!
Who, steady still in VIRTUE'S cause,
Despising FACTION'S mimic laws,
The paths of PEACE have trod.

Nor yet for FRIENDS alone,--for ALL,
Too prone to heed SEDITION'S call,
Hear me, indulgent Heaven!
"O, may they cast their arms away,
"To THEE and GEORGE submission pay,
"Repent, and be forgiven!"

†King-fisher,--Capt. James Montagu.

Gazetteer, 7 August 1776, p. 2.

Since his Calm Address had excited a storm of controversy in 1775, John Wesley had remained at the center of public attention. A number of writers had criticized his pro-Ministry stand in the periodicals, and he had answered several of them. Then in 1776, he reaffirmed his position in a longer pamphlet, A Seasonable Address to the more Serious Part of the Inhabitants of Great Britain, respecting the Unhappy Contest between us and our American Brethren; with an occasional Word interspersed to those of a different complexion.

By referring to Wesley as "Divine," "Politician," and "Quack," this poem calls attention to another of Wesley's enterprises which kept him in the public eye. In 1747 he had written a treatise on medicine, Primitive Physic, which had been popular ever since. By 1781, Primitive Physic had gone through twenty editions.

(128)

For the GAZETTEER.

Ye grave medical tribe, attend well to my call;
Ye graven divines, politicians and all.
Wesley's Primitive Physic is surely most able
To cure all our ills--to make Government stable:
He quotes old dull authors, collects their vagaries,
Convicts beyond doubts, tho' himself often varies.
To high Church a most crafty zealot he came,
But missing preferment, (pray was he to blame?)
He soon thought Perfection a practical scheme,
To pleasure some few, and to get him a name;
This brought him to riches, to credit, to shame;
For no mortal on earth can perfection e'er claim.
He's one day's America's friend and defender,
The next day as ready her rights to surrender.
This Tri-Arch-Divine, Politician and Quack,
Is willing to doom free-born sons to the rack;
But all this he's unable to do, or confound
The sons of those Heroes, who in honour are bound
To defend those just laws, our country's clear rights,
Our godlike forefathers bequeathed to our Mights.
No cowardly offspring from Britons e'er sprung,
No Trio-faced-parson such deed ever sung;
For Britons are hardy, bold, generous and free,
Despising all hypocrites of every degree.

(continued next page)

But Wesley they say all our cholics can cure;
Drink water! drink water! oh! drink water, that's pure;
Sure this is uncertain, tho' uncertain more civil
Than sending of freemen in chains to the devil.
This meek Gospel Divine, this deep-learn'd Politician,
And Trio-Arch-Quack, must sure mend the nation.
This Government's Slave, and subtle Defender,
Can't persuade Yankee Heroes their rights to surrender.

SQUIB.

Public Advertiser, 21 August 1776, p. 2.

London Chronicle, 22 August 1776, p. 183.

(129)

LITTLE BRITAIN; a Poem.

IN ancient times, no matter where,
A nation liv'd of wise men,
Who lawyers fed with special care,
Bum-bailiffs and excisemen.

Who made good laws to guard a hare,
A partridge or a pheasant,
But left the poor to nature's care:
Say, was not this right pleasant?

Who shut up men within brick walls,
Because they were indebted;
Then let them out when hunger's calls
Had them to shadows fretted:

Who paid ten thousand fools and knaves,
And twenty thousand villains,
To make their fellow-subjects slaves,
And steal their pence and shillings.

Who cut each other's throats for fun,
On land and on the water,
While half the world look'd weeping on,
And half was burst with laughter.

Who to this country would not run,
Where only freedom's got at?
Where birds escape the fatal gun,
And men alone are shot at.

London Chronicle, 31 August 1776, p. 212.

Scots Magazine, September 1776, p. 495.

Pennsylvania Journal, 26 February 1777, p. 3.

Admiral Peter Parker was not, of course, the author of this song about his experience at Charleston. On 28 June 1776, Admiral Parker with ten warships and thirty transports supported General Henry Clinton's attack on Charleston. The actual attack was made upon a fort on Sullivan's Island which guarded the channel into Charleston harbor. The fort, commanded by Colonel William Moultrie, held fast when Clinton's 2,500 men attacked, and the Americans then returned Parker's naval bombardment with considerable effect. They hulled his flagship, the Bristol, seventy times, and they hit so close to Parker himself with one shot that it tore off his "britches." By 31 August, when this poem appeared in the London Chronicle, Admiral Parker was back in New York where British forces had won the Battle of Long Island on 27 August.

(130)

A New WAR SONG.

By Sir P[e]t[e]r P[a]rk[e]r.

Tune--"Well met, brother Tar."

MY Lords, with your leave,
An account I will give,
That deserves to be written in metre;
For the Rebels and I
Have been pretty nigh,
Faith, almost too nigh, for Sir Peter.

With much labour and toil
Unto Sullivan's Isle
I came, fierce as Falstaff or Pistol;
But the Yankies (odd rat 'em,
I could not get at 'em)
Most terribly maul'd my poor Bristol!

Bold Clinton by land
Did quietly stand,
While I made a thund'ring clatter;
But the channel was deep,
So he only could peep,
And not venture over the water.

(continued next page)

De'el take 'em, their shot
Came so swift and so hot,
And the cowardly dogs stood so stiff, Sirs,
That I put ship about,
And was glad to get out,
Or they would not have left me a skiff, Sirs!

Now, bold as a Turk,
I proceed to New York,
Where with Clinton and Howe you may find me;
I've the wind in my tail,
And am hoisting my sail,
To leave Sullivan's Island behind me.

But, my Lords, do not fear,
For before the next year,
(Altho' a small island could fret us)
The continent whole
We shall take, by my soul--
If the cowardly Yankies will let us.

Public Advertiser, 14 September 1776, p. 2.

(131)

A PROPHECY said to be found behind an old Arras in lately fitting up the Royal Apartments at WINDSOR.

IN the same Year when seven and six
To one and seven shall backward fix,
Then shall this Realm be topsy-turvy,
And those command who ought to serve ye.
Britons with Britons in fell Spight,
At Daggers drawn, shall snarl and bite;
And British Ships who rul'd the Sea,
Shall of each other make a Prey.
Then Pow'r shall give an unknown Crew
To judge of what they never knew,
To prate, and vote, and rob our Purses,
Attended with the People's Curses.
In short, all Virtue shall retreat,
And Anarchy shall fill the Street.
And Priests who ought to pray for Peace,
With Rancour shall these Feuds increase.
Thus England to her Crimes shall bow,
And tho' some People call out, Howe?
This mighty Isle once so renown'd in Story,
Shall half her Empire lose--and all her Glory.

YOUNG MERLIN.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 14 October 1776, p. 364.

The Battle of Long Island was fought on 27 August. General Howe had arrived from Halifax on 29 June. Admiral Howe had arrived with reinforcements, including the first of many Hessian mercenaries, on 12 July. Admiral Peter Parker arrived with the forces of Generals Clinton and Cornwallis on 1 August. The British forces gathered first on Staten Island and began their movement across to Long Island on 22 August. When it became obvious that the British were too powerful on Long Island, Washington evacuated his army to Manhattan on the night of 29-30 August. Howe slowly pursued the American army during its withdrawal up the island, across the river, and into Westchester County. On 16 September the Americans won a tactical victory at Harlem Heights, about three fourths the distance up the island of Manhattan. On 21 September, General Howe's prize, New York City, was heavily damaged by a terrible fire.

By 14 October, when this poem appeared, the Americans had proved themselves to be anything but "Faction's coward Sons." Although Howe had taken Long Island and New York City, he had failed to destroy the American army, and he would never again be presented with so good an opportunity.

On the Defeat of the AMERICANS at (132)

LONG ISLAND.

HARK! vengeance rears her awful head,
While Faction's coward Sons are fled,
    Avow'd their abject fear;
Britannia calls her veteran band,
She waves her sword with giant hand,
    And lifts the avenging spear.

The Indian views, with joyful eye,
The cruel train unpitied die,
    Who mercy ne'er could feel;
Tumultuous yells around proclaim
Reveng'd Pizzara's torturing flame,
    And Cortez' murderous steel.

(continued next page)

Lo! Afric's sable Sons around
Join with the Natives jocund sound,
    And praise each glorious deed;
To freedom's Friends they lift their voice,
By freedom's arms they loud rejoice,
    To see their tyrants bleed.

To the bold Chief the sword who draws,
In liberty's and justice' cause,
    Success be ever given;
To curb the insolent and vain,
Still arm Britannia's dauntless train,
    The Delegates of Heaven!

Public Advertiser, 15 October 1776, p. 1.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 16 October 1776, p. 372.

London Chronicle, 17 October 1776, p. 372.

(133)

HOPE REVIVED.

Tandem resurget.

BRITANNIA, recovering from a Fit of Sickness, rises from the Couch and says,

"WHEN Sons ungrateful to kind Parents prove,
Bursting those bonds which duty seal'd with love;
What trains of evil from such discords rise,
What gloomy scenes appal our languid eyes!

I, hapless Parent, felt this racking woe,
I saw my children from their duty go;
And mourn'd, alas! the envious turns of fate,
The sudden revolutions of my state.

But now methinks a gladdening ray appears,
To soothe my sorrows, to dry up my tears;
And make my laurels, which I thought would fade,
Bud out afresh, and spread an ampler shade.

May Howe's victorious arms atchieve the deed,
Make glory after glory still succeed;
Bid smiling Peace at length expand her door,
With greater joy than e'er she knew before!
So future ages shall revere Howe's name,
And praise those Brothers--Brothers both to Fame.[1]

Oct. 12, 1776 D.

[1] Lieutenant General William Howe, victor in New York in 1776, and Vice Admiral Richard ("Black Dick") Howe, commander of British ships in American waters.

Public Advertiser, 14 November 1776, p. 2.

Early in October, Howe's force in New York had begun moving up the East River past Hell Gate in an attempt to cut off the retreating Americans.

(134)

An EPIGRAM

ALAS! we find it is too[1] true,
That the SCOTCH FACTION[1] would pursue
Our Friends with ruthless Hate;
We still believ'd they would make War,
But dream'd not Rage could go so far,
As push it to HELL-GATE.

[1] This is another of the many poetic suggestions that the Earl of Bute and other scheming Scots are responsible for the American war and most of England's other troubles.

Public Advertiser, 14 November 1776, p. 2.

On 30 October 1776, the King issued a proclamation for a general fast throughout England, Wales, and Ireland on Friday, 13 December. He ordered his subjects to fast and pray on that day for the speedy delivery of his North American subjects "from the violence, injustice, and tyranny, of those daring rebels, who have assumed to themselves the exercise of arbitrary power" (Gentleman's Magazine, November 1776, page 505).

(135)

On an intended FAST.

I Will not fast, nor DARE I pray,
Our Brethren's Lives to take away,
With Guns and Swords in 'Merica:
But I'll rejoice, and thank the Lord,
When Peace again shall be restor'd.

13th Nov. 1776 J.H.

London Chronicle, 21 November 1776, p. 496.

About 750 Americans were taken prisoner by the British on Long Island. Among them were William Alexander and John Sullivan. Alexander, of New Jersey, held the Scottish title of Lord Stirling and was the extraordinarily courageous leader of the American right flank at the Battle of Long Island. Sullivan, of New Hampshire, was in command of the American left flank, the first part of the line to come under attack and collapse on the morning of 27 August. Sullivan was soon released on parole, and Stirling was exchanged.

The Long Island Prisoners,

An Irregular Ode. (136)

WAshington, admir'd by all,
(For he is brave and honest 'tis agreed)
Where was he when such evil did befal
The rising Empire's sons--who rushed with speed
Rush'd from th' invaders--where did Lee command?
And where had hoary Putnam ta'en his stately stand.

See that indignant crowd
Of captives brought along!
They look most stern at Howe, tho' justly proud,
And hum a warlike song.
Proud might Sir William truly be,
For generalship alone procur'd the victory.

Since ever war, destroyer fell, began
To harass and extinguish human kind,
Not one example in embattl'd plan,
Shall the most keen enquirer find,
Where troops, althc' like Lybian lyons bold
Stood, when their foes surrounded them, as direful snakes enfold.

Behold, with high majestic mien,
Three Generals are seen!
Each like a Regulus appears,
Stretching his hopes of fame through years to roll on years:
The noble Stirling glowing with the fire
Which warm'd his great grandfather's fire.
The gallant Sullivan of Ireland's ancient race,
And fearless Udell,[1] firm in danger's darkest place.

(continued next page)

[1] The third American general who was captured at this time was Brigadier General Nathaniel Woodhull. "Udell" is probably a mistaken phonetic transcription.

Boast not, boast not mighty Howe,
For candour beams upon thy brow.
Think where thy valiant Brother's ashes lye[2]
Thou knowest to conquer as he knew to die--
Yet little is the conquest thou hast gain'd,
A station never meant to be maintain'd.

Uncertain still war's horrid meteors play,
Ours is the chance to-morrow, yours to-day,
On a sure basis British Empire build,
Think not her youngest sons will ever yield
To unconditional despotic sway,
From Jersey's cliffs to Massachuset's bay.
O let Conciliation be the plan
And in remotest climes revere the dignity of man.

[2] Besides Admiral Richard Howe and General William Howe, an older brother, George Augustus Howe, fought in America (against the French) and died at Ticonderoga in 1758.

Public Advertiser, 23 November 1776, p. 2.

(137)

EPIGRAM on the 13th of December, 1776.

IF praying would pay the Debt of the Nation,
I wish in each Church a full Congregation;
But all who to Church go, and offer up Prayers
To slaughter our Brethren,--let 'em forfeit their Ears.

(138)

EPIGRAM.

WERE we to tax America,
To th' utmost of our Wishes;
Our Ministers wou'd make away,
With all the Loaves and Fishes.

Nov. 21, 1776

(139)

EPIGRAM.

On the Prospect of a FRENCH INVASION, while

GREAT BRITAIN is engaged with AMERICA.

NOW whilst the Quarrel with our Sons,
Keeps us in Work enough;
And our Tobacco is grown scarce,
The French would have a Snuff.

But should the Fops on Britain land,
They shall not get a Pinch;
For British Pipes are not near out,
The BULL from Frogs won't flinch.

DEFIANCE.

Morning Post, 2 December 1776, p. 4.

(140)

An EPIGRAMATIC DIALOGUE

Between two great CHARACTERS,

On the approaching FAST.

Scene, Buckingham House.

LORD G[eorge] G[ermain].

NO news arriv'd?---Such nerveless drones!
Why, what can HOWE be doing?
My Liege, let's bend our marrow-bones,
And fast t'avert our ruin!

His MAJ[EST]Y.

I will not have my troops bely'd
By any sland'rer living!
They'll fight, and FAST on t'other side,
To treat us with--THANKSGIVING!

The SOLDIER's FRIEND.

Morning Post, 13 December 1776, p. 4.

(141)

The FAST.

An EPIGRAM.

THE KING proclaims a FAST to-day:
We'll fast, O KING!--but let us pray,
That this devoted nation
Be not, ere long, oblig'd to fast,
As once it was some few years past,
Without thy PROCLAMATION!

DIOGENES.

(142)

On the FAST DAY.

YE jovial mongers of the fishy trade,
For pious GEORGE let all your pray'rs be made!
While he by fast means to invoke his God,
He gives you chance to sell your stinking cod!
If fasting means--a belly-full of fish!
I wish each hungry family--a dish!
And by their fasting, they'll be full as merry
As my Lord Arch-bishop of CANTERBURY![1]

Dec. 12 O'LING.

[1] Frederick Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1768 through 1783, was notorious for his princely life style.

Morning Post, 18 December 1776, p. 4.

An OLD FABLE new turned.

(143)

IN days of yore, when mice could speak,
(As nat'rally as hogs do squeak)
A town-mouse gave an invitation
To his dear country-clod relation,
To pass a few days in the City,
Where Priests were pious,--Statesmen sitty;
Where ev'ry dainty he might share,
And live each day on goose, and hare;
On ducks, and ham, and fowls might dine,
With plenty of delicious wine,
And not on nasty flesh of swine.
With hopes allur'd,--to town he goes,
Where the poor wretch finds various woes;
For in the midst of all his joys,
The cat flies in,--and Mus annoys!
And, like a foolish country clown,
When first he goes to London town.
Gapes, and stares round him here, and there,
And then goes on, he knows not where.
So Mus pursued by his foe,
For safety, knows not where to go,
While his dear friend, who knew the town,
Escap'd the cat, and left the clown.
Poor Mus from danger once more free,
Resolv'd the town no more to see,
But in his cot to live at ease,
And eat his homely crust of cheese;
And, far remote from noise and fears,
To spend in rest his latter years.--

Like him ye YANKIES be content
With GEORGE, and BRITISH government,
Lest you may chance to be the sport
Of some curs'd arbitrary court.
For Man, unhappy in his station,
Oft like the mouse,--seeks ruin-ation!

Eton College. Dec. 6.

Morning Post, 30 December 1776, p. 4.

Among the many rumors circulating in London about Benjamin Franklin when he went to Paris late in 1776, one was that he was actually running away from America.

On Dr. FRANKLIN's sailing to EUROPE, on pretence of negociating with the FRENCH.

(144)

HAD Franklin's true reasons for sailing away,
To his long-ear'd, deluded companions been known
It is odds they had forc'd the old traitor to stay,
Or at least, that he had not departed alone!

Like the Devil in Milton, sole cause of their ruin!
He quits Pandemonium for ease, and for pleasure;
Saves his own wily pate from the storm that is brewing,
And leaves his poor gulls to be damn'd at their leisure!

AMEN.

IV. Burgoyne and the Turning Point (1777)

Poems 145-189

Chronology

3 January	Battle of Princeton. After this battle, Washington goes into winter encampment at Morristown, New Jersey.
18 January	General Howe is made Knight of the Bath.
23 February	Reports of Washington's victories at Trenton and Princeton reach London.
30 May	Chatham makes important speech in House of Lords urging reconciliation with America.
June	Howe spends the month in New Jersey, maneuvering vainly for a blow at Washington.
13 June	Burgoyne begins his march southward from Quebec.
6 July	Burgoyne takes Fort Ticonderoga.
10 July	British General Richard Prescott is captured in Rhode Island.
23 July	Howe sails from Staten Island for Philadelphia.
16 August	Battle of Bennington. Burgoyne sends Hessians under Colonel Friedrich Baum for provisions. They are badly beaten by Americans under Captain John Stark and Colonel Seth Warner.
25 August	Howe lands near Elkton, Maryland.
11 September	Battle of Brandywine. Howe defeats Washington.
19 September	First Battle of Freeman's Farm. Burgoyne holds his ground, but loses heavily.

19 September	Congress, fearing the approach of Howe, removes from Philadelphia. They go first to Lancaster and then, on 30 September, to York, Pennsylvania.
26 September	British occupy Philadelphia.
4 October	Washington is defeated again in Battle of Germantown.
7 October	Gates and Arnold defeat Burgoyne in Second Battle of Freeman's Farm.
17 October	Burgoyne surrenders his army to Gates at Saratoga.
2 December	Reports of Burgoyne's surrender reach London.
7 December	Reports of Burgoyne's surrender reach American commissioners in Paris.
19 December	Washington settles in winter quarters at Valley Forge.

Public Advertiser, 2 January 1777, p. 2.

The PRUDENT GENERALS compared:

An EPIGRAM. (145)

WHEN Rome was urg'd, by adverse Fate,
On Cannæ's evil Day,
A FABIUS sav'd the sinking State,
By Caution and Delay.

One only State! reply'd a Smart,
"Why talk of such a Dunce?
"When Billy Howe, by the same Art,
"Can save THIRTEEN at once!"

Dec. 28, 1776.

Morning Post, 10 January 1777, p. 4.

Charles James Fox was at this time a leading critic of North's American measures.

(146)

CHARADE.

MY first, was half-Hypocrite!--Tyrant!--and Martyr!
Who lost with his life something more than the Garter!
The race of my second, by fraud oft have sped,
Yet as oft have been robb'd of their life, with their head!
These characters join'd will soon point out another,
Tho' no kin to the first, to the last is half-brother!
Who with all their strange wiles, and ambition possest,
Ne'er's at peace with himself,---nor lets other folks rest!

ANSWER.

YOUR half-Hypocrite!--Tyrant!--and Martyr!---was CHARLES!
Sir Reynard plucks geese! hens! and cocks!
So your restless Man-REYNARD is easily known
To be---that rough monster---CHARLES FOX!

Public Advertiser, 1 February 1777, p. 2.

On 26 September 1776, Congress had appointed Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and Silas Deane as their commissioners to France. Arthur Lee was later named to replace Jefferson. Franklin left Philadelphia for France on 26 October with his two grandsons, Temple, seventeen, and Benjamin Franklin Bache, seven. Franklin was seventy when he undertook this critical mission. He landed in France on 3 December and traveled overland to Paris, reaching there on 21 December. Englishmen of all persuasions were keenly aware of Franklin's movements and his mission. Charles Fox, perhaps his strongest supporter in Parliament at the time, was on hand in Paris to greet Franklin on his arrival. (Carl Van Doren, Benjamin Franklin, pp. 564-573)

This poem's characterization of Louis XVI as a "Hebrew King" is meant to work in two ways. First, Londoners were accustomed to the stereotype of a Jewish moneylender (Shylock of The Merchant of Venice being perhaps the most popular example). Franklin was obviously coming to the court of Louis XVI to borrow money for the Americans, and since Charles Fox (Reynard) was a notorious gambler, it was easy to imagine that he had need of a moneylender too. Second, Louis XVI had undergone a minor operation after his marriage to make it possible to have sexual intercourse. Thus the poet is also suggesting that the French King has "turn'd JEW" by undergoing the "Jewish operation" of circumcision.

REYNARD's DISAPPOINTMENT.

An EPIGRAM. (147)

CHARLES reads the Papers--deems tis true
That Gallia's Monarch is turn'd JEW,
By manual Operation;
So, thinking Hebrew King would lend
More than a Christian Fop could spend,
He visits the French Nation.

With Broker Franklin to Versailles
He carries Bags of Congress-tales
To forward his Intent;
But--Hebrew King their Offers spurn'd,
"With Tail 'tween Legs the Fox return'd"
As empty as he went.

Q.

Public Advertiser, 5 February 1777, p. 2.

Franklin's hold on the popular imagination in Britain is illustrated by the spate of unfounded rumors during the first week of February to the effect that he was moving about London on a clandestine negotiating mission. In fact he was in Paris at the time.

(148)

On the sudden and secret Arrival of Dr. FRANKLIN

in London:

An EPIGRAM.

'TWAS said, last Night, that Franklin came,
"That genuine Heart of Freedom's Oak,
Inwrapt in pure electric Flame,
Or shrowded, in his Country's Smoke.

To tie Conciliation's Noose,
The new Prometheus wings his Way
And deems that North,--that timid Goose!
Will give good Terms to Men of Clay.

Public Advertiser, 28 February 1777, p. 2.

As if the Americans were not trouble enough, Lord North suffered much from personal infirmities in 1776 and 1777. On 23 September 1776, he fell from his horse and broke his right arm badly. This accident was severe enough to affect his general health, and he did not fully recover for more than a month. In mid-February 1777, he caught a cold which steadily worsened into a serious illness by the middle of March. This was the illness from which he had barely recovered on 9 April when he was required to perform the unpleasant task of presenting the King's message on his debts to Parliament.(Alan Valentine, Lord North, I, 423-442)

(149)

On the PREMIER's present HEAD ACHE:

An EPIGRAM.

THE World will think it quite absurd,
That Head-aches should confine my Lord.
Britannia feels,--'tis a Mistake,--
The Premier has no head to ache.

Feb. 27.

General Evening Post, 1 March 1777, p. 4.

Soon after news of Washington's victory at Trenton reached London, opponents of the Ministry became increasingly vocal. One result was that a bill was introduced on 6 February to suspend habeas corpus, thus permitting the government to arrest and confine suspected traitors without trial. Wilkes, Fox, and others argued vehemently against the bill.

(150)

A late PETITION Versified.

WE, the L[or]d-M[ayo]r and Al[derme]n, in C[ommo]n C[ounci]l,
Who us'd, without scruple, to swagger and bounce all,
Eat beef, and talk tr[easo]n at the London Tavern,
Without the least dread of a jail or a cavern,
From a motion first made in the chair by a noddy,
And so working downward quick thro' the whole body,
Perceiving ourselves in a nasty condition,
Present to the House this our humble Petition,
Which shews--if the bill now depending should pass,
Your Petitioners think themselves in a bad case.
We've been rebels at large, and have liv'd at our ease,
Since we learnt from Dick Price[1] "We might do what we please:"
But now (sad reverse) we must, under such pressures
Of law, be constrained to alter our measures.

Consider, Sirs, you will, in fact,
Suspend the Habeas Corpus act;
And that's the same as if y' intended
To have us patriots all <u>suspended</u>:
A resolution this that sights,
Point blank, against our Bill of Rights.
Rebellion since you mean to curb; hence
There has arisen great disturbance
Within our breasts; and, troth! 'tis hard
To feel such grumbling in one's gizzard.
Each night our L[or]d-Mayor H[allifa]x[2] is
Dreaming of halters and of axes;
Whilst honest patriotic S[awbridge][3]
Dreams he's o' th' wrong side of the drawbridge.

[1] Reverend Richard Price, strong opponent of the American war.

[2] Thomas Hallifax, Lord Mayor of London, 1776-1777.

[3] John Sawbridge, Lord Mayor of London, 1775-1776, an ardent supporter of Wilkes.

(continued next page)

In short, we all look very bluish,
From W[ilke]s down to Sir W[atky]n L[awe]s[4];
For fear some gaol may overwhelm
Us in some corner of the realm.
But, whate'er notice this act can take
Of those beyond the great Atlantic,
Pray, don't extend its operation
To any rebels in <u>this</u> nation;
Should there be any, do not heed 'em,
Because this is a Land of Freedom.

[4] Watkyn Lawes, ardent Wilkite, London Alderman.

Morning Post, 12 March 1777, p. 4.

On Lord NORTH's Illness. (151)

Occasioned by reading a late Prophecy in one of the Newspapers.

WHO shall command
The ministerial band,
When gentle North is sick in bed;
Ah! who the ministerial forces lead?

With truth, and justice to the state,
Amidst confusion, and debate,
Defend thy cause, Britannia mild,
Licentious, fickle, froward as a child?

Ah! poor Britannia! who thy cause
So gallantly will plead?
Support thy dignity, and laws,
Ev'n in the hour of need?

The feeble Marquis,--will he start again?[1]
Or Malagrida croak malignant strains,
When Spain, or France provoke us on the main,
If not the first to lead?--unworthy of the reins!

Shall haughty Lenox mouth, and Abingdon protest[2]
Against the wisest measures, and the best,
Aim'd at Rebellion's head, now lifted high,
Which Britain's arms, and Parliaments defy?

Virtue alone can stand the test,
Such is the fate of ev'ry wanton jest!
When Edmund Burke shall cease to flout,
And Johnny Wilkes' short date is out!

NORTH's honest name
Shall live in fame,--
Adorn the annals of our history,
While disappointed malice, fume, and die,
Smit with the love of truth, some future Bard will sing
The patriot Statesman! and the patriot King!

Each guardian genius of the realm,
Let all true Britons pray!
That NORTH may soon resume the helm,--
Our Pilot,--many a day! ATTICUS.

[1] Marquis of Rockingham, First Lord (1765-1766) who arranged for repeal of the Stamp Act.

[2] Charles Lennox, the Duke of Richmond, and Willoughby Montagu Bertie, the Earl of Abingdon. Both were strong supporters of America.

Morning Post, 13 March 1777, p. 4.

Washington, in New Jersey, had been sending urgent orders to Lee, in New York, to join him since 17 November 1776. Lee, who desperately wanted Washington's job and was keeping up steady correspondence with everyone he thought might help him get it, declined to obey on the grounds that he had high hopes of catching Richard Rogers and his Rangers if he stayed where he was. Besides, he said, his men were poorly equipped for a march to New Jersey. He finally crossed the Hudson into New Jersey on 2 December. On 12 December, he arrived at Vealtown, left his army under General Sullivan, and went to Basking Ridge, three miles away, to spend the night. He stayed overnight in a tavern operated by a widow, breakfasted there at ten o'clock the next morning, and was captured shortly thereafter, still in his night coat and slippers, by a party of British dragoons under Lieutenant Colonel William Harcourt and Cornet Banastre Tarleton.(John Alden, General Charles Lee, 155-58; Mary Marks, England and America, I, 432-43)

(152)

On taking General LEE.

An EPIGRAM.

YE American Rebels, don't obstinate be,--
What an omen!--you'll surely come off by the Lee!
From filth of Rebellion get wash'd,--'tis soon done!
If you'll use for that purpose--your great Washing-ton!

MARIA.

General Evening Post, 18 March 1777, p. 4.

London Chronicle, 18 March 1777, p. 264.

Morning Post, 18 March 1777, p. 4.

General Howe was made Knight of the Bath on 18 January 1777 for his victories in New York in 1776.

(153)

BON MOT of an AMERICAN.

On GENERAL HOWE.

MEN easily imitate others, they say,
If they are but instructed at first in the way;
But the truth of this rule we by no means allow,
Nor care we to fight, when the English shew--HOWE.

ETONIENSIS.

General Evening Post, 18 March 1777, p. 4.

The infamous "John the Painter" was actually James Aitken, a malcontent born in Edinburgh in 1751, who had twice enlisted and twice deserted from the British army. Beginning on 7 December 1776 at Portsmouth Dock, he started many highly destructive fires in warehouses and on ships, especially around Bristol. Before starting his campaign, Aitken had spoken with American negotiator Silas Deane in France and had received an earnest and a promise of greater reward after he had set fire to British dockyards. For a time it seemed that all of Bristol was being consumed in conflagrations set by pro-American arsonists; panicked citizens patrolled the streets, and the King offered a handsome reward for discovery of the incendiaries. Aitken was arrested in February, and he was subsequently found to have worked alone.(Mary Marks, England and America, I, 466-69)

STANZAS to the Memory of (154)

JOHN the PAINTER.

LONG as thy name shall last in infamy,
And sure it shall remain till latest time!
May'st thou a monument of warning be,
And the most daring tremble at thy crime!

Source of wild rage!--enthusiastic fire!
So may the schemes of modern Patriots thrive!
May their ambition, high as thine, expire,
Exalted from the earth, feet--sixty-five! †

Be the fell patricides deserted here!
While living tortur'd with despair and dread!
And may their corses blacken in the air,
Like thine, who would such dreadful ruin spread!

† Alluding to the height of the gibbet on which he was hung.

London Evening Post, 25 March 1777, p. 4.

General Howe's reports of Washington's victory at Trenton on 26 December 1776 and the Battle of Princeton on 3 January 1777 reached England on 23 February. But the Bristol also carried several other letters from General Howe and Governor Tryon; and, as the poem below demonstrates, London's poets did not immediately identify these battles as the most important of many reported events. The episode of Cornwallis and the broken bridge over the Raritan was actually an event of minor importance which was described by Howe in a letter written on 20 December, well before the major engagements in New Jersey. (Gentleman's Magazine, February 1777, pp. 89-91)

(155)

For the London Evening Post.

COME, my boys, let us sing
To the praise of our K[in]g,
Who has done such great wonders this season:
Lee in chains can be seen,
And with child is the Q[uee]n,
And a bill we have got against treason.

Lord Cornwallis was bent on
The taking of Trenton,
And to make not two bites of a cherry,
To pass was his aim
Over Rariton's stream,
But the boat left him at Oberon ferry.

This stuck in his liver,
Over Delaware river,
He swore he'd get over, or drown;
But when come to the bank,
With marching quite lank,
Behold ye! the bridge was broke down.

This being a trimmer,
And his Lordship no swimmer,
Did not chuse to plunge in, like old Caesar;
So he and the rest,
Finding Nature distress'd,
Return'd to their quarters to ease her.

Public Advertiser, 29 March 1777, p. 2.

Gentleman's Magazine, April 1777, p. 188.

Inscription on a curious CHAMBER-STOVE, in the Form of an Urn, contrived in such a Manner as to make the Flame descend instead of rise from the Fire, invented by the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Written by the Rev. Mr. Odell,[1] an Episcopal Clergyman, at Brunswick, in New Jersey.

(156)

Like a Newton sublimely he soar'd
To a summit before unattain'd;
New regions of science explor'd,
And the palm of philosophy gain'd.

With a spark that he caught from the skies
He display'd an unparallel'd wonder,
And we saw with delight and surprize,
That his rod could defend us from thunder!

O had he been wise to pursue
The track for his talents design'd,
What a tribute of praise had been due
To the teacher and friend of mankind.

But to covet political fame
Was in him a degrading ambition,
A spark that from Lucifer came,
And kindled the blaze of sedition.

Let candor, then, write on his urn,
Here lies the renowned inventor,
Whose flame to the skies ought to burn,
But, inverted, descends to the centre!

[1] Reverend Jonathan Odell. See Introduction, p. 11.

General Evening Post, 10 June 1777, p. 4.

Lord Chatham made his famous speech in the House of Lords on 30 May. Obviously aged and sick, he was wrapped in flannel and could stand only with the aid of a crutch. His message was that Britain must make peace with the Americans very soon, probably within the next six weeks, or the Americans would conclude a treaty with France, and all hope of reconciliation would be gone. His motion was rejected.

(157)

On L[or]d C[hatham]'s late Motion in the H[ouse] of L[or]ds.

WITH pride, ambition, envy, malice curs'd,
His entrails with the ferment well nigh burst,
Bending on crutches, with his face awry,
Among his P[ee]rs the Patriot P[ee]r lets fly;
The Patriot P[ee]rs snuff up the noisome scent,
And hang with rapture o'er the excrement.

Q.

Morning Post, 26 June 1777, p. 4.

On 13 June 1777, General Burgoyne began his march southward from Quebec, the march which would end in his surrender at Saratoga on 17 October. If "Belinda" was lucky, her lover was among the 3,000 men who stayed behind to defend Quebec under General Carleton.

An EPISTLE

from a Young LADY to an OFFICER (158)

With his Majesty's Army in Canada.

YE prosp'rous winds! propitious gales arise,
And cross th' Atlantic waft Belinda's sighs:
Yes, waft my sorrows to Canadian plains,
And bid their author share Belinda's pains;
For, if he loves, for ev'ry fear that flows,
He'll sympathising echo back my woes!

Where does my brave, my gen'rous Captain rove?
That star of Gallantry!--that soul of Love!
Mysterious Heaven! must he undergo
Fatiguing marches over hills of snow?
Or scorch'd beneath the piercing noon-tide rays,
Crossing deep rivers, or tempestuous seas?
Whither, ah! whither, can my lover fly,
To shun the perils that around him lie?
Where'er he goes, unnumber'd ills surround,
The woods unsafe, and treacherous the ground;
Death hid in ambush, all his steps attend,
And rifle guns their fatal bullets send.
When on some bank himself for ease he flings,
Noisome musquitos dart their pointed stings.
Ye guardian angels! hover round my swain,
Shield and protect him on th' embattled plain.
Ye scalping Indians! spare, I charge ye spare
His powder'd, scented, charming head of hair!
Ye rebel Yankees! stay your murd'ring arm,
Nor take his life--who never did ye harm!

Heav'ns! how revers'd,--how chang'd are all the scenes!
Where once dwelt pleasure,--melancholy reigns!
Balls! Plays! Assemblies!--all have lost their charms;
Since thou, dear youth, art absent from these arms,
No joy, no rapture, can Belinda know,
All!--all are vanish'd with my charming beau!
Not ev'n Ridottos,--Operas can please,
Nor gay Cornelys give a moment's ease!

(continued next page)

With thee my peace, my rest, my heart is flown,
I'm sick of mirth, and wish companions gone!
Ev'n all around, in sympathetic woe,
Bewail thy absence wheresoe'er I go:
My bird his tuneful warbling notes gives o'er,
And Shock's grown dull,--who ne'er was dull before!
Where'er I ride,--I walk,--whate'er I view,
Does only aggravate the loss of you.
Return! I cry, ye lightly pacing hours,
When Love, and you, endear'd the groves, and bow'rs!
When thou, dear youth, were ever at my side,
By day my lover, and by night my guide,
How in sweet converse we the time beguil'd,
If you were pleas'd, Belinda always smil'd;
Each hour, each minute, brought successive joy,
Sweet pleasures reign'd, and reign'd without alloy;
But now the scene is chang'd, and I'm no more
The gay Belinda that I was before:
My dress disorder'd, and my hair's uncurl'd,
My paints, pomatums, in confusion hurl'd;
No nodding plumes on high-built head I wear,
No India shawl display'd with careless air.

Oft do I sit and contemplate thy charms,
As oft in fancy have thee in my arms;
View thee in all thy martial dress array'd,
The scarlet coat, the sword, the smart cockade;
View the gilt gorget pendant from the neck,
And on thy shoulder see the epaulet.
I rise to meet thee, when thou art not near;
I strive to clasp thee, but I grasp the air!
Tho' seas divide us, and tho' mountains rise,
Thy much-lov'd form is still before my eyes!

To curst Ambition's mad, destructive cause,
This wretch, Belinda, all her misery owes!
That tyrant fiend!--whose more than savage reign,
To blood, and slaughter, dooms the peaceful plain!
Love flies affrighted at the clash of arms,
And Glory now has more superior charms!
Maids lose the conquests they had gain'd before,
Or mourn their Lovers weltering in gore!
Why need I paint to thee these horrid scenes?
Nought now, for me, but misery remains!
Till Peace, sweet Handmaid! once again appears,
And stops this flood of unavailing tears!
Then may I hope to clasp thee to my breast,
Enjoy thy presence, and from sorrow rest!

(continued next page)

But, ah! what horrid thought comes 'thwart my brain!
Oh! shou'd my Hero be in battle slain!
Shou'd the Gazette, which ev'ry day I dread,
Declare him wounded, or pronounce him dead;
Tho' Honour binds her laurels round his brows,
Can such a bubble e'er asswage my woes?
No, I shou'd curse the authors of this strife,
And, in a phrensy, end my wretched life!

Tower, June 24, 1777.

Gazetteer, 7 July 1777, p. 2.

This is one of several poetic objections to the "press warrants" which authorized gangs of "recruiters" to take men arbitrarily from waterfront areas and merchant ships and impress them into service in the British navy.

(159)

The British SAILOR's Appeal.

While British valour still by all confest
In ev'ry change of life alike is known,
The glorious inmate of each native breast,
Lives in all climes, and burns in ev'ry zone.

Say, can we doubt, at virtue's high command,
Her sons will arm, their sacred charge maintain,
From insults safe preserve their native land,
Flame in the field, and thunder o'er the main?

Why then should Britons, in the dangerous hour,
Joy o'er their heads oppression's rod to wave?
Why give a loose to wild, unlicens'd pow'r,
And sink the gen'rous warrior to a slave?

Say, is it fit that those who, for our cause,
"Fight nations battles" on the subject sea,
And stand the bulwark of our sacred laws,
And Freedom's reign, should not themselves be free?

Shame on the thought! Whilst Albion's heroes own
That sacred fires resistless unconfin'd,
Must they not find its vigour reign alone
In the free region of th' unconquer'd mind?

True to his trust, have ye not ever seen
The hardy Sailor plow the watry waste?
Have ye not view'd him with an eye serene,
Return with conquest and with trophies grac'd?

Why should ye then arrest, with hand profane,
The friends who guard you in the dang'rous hour?
Why seek those hands from freedom to restrain,
Which toil for Britain's weal, and still preserve her pow'r?

(continued next page)

Hark! Heard ye not the mother's plaintive cry,
The wife deserted, and the children's moan,
Who now shall wipe the tear, suppress the sigh,
Since he, their only stay and prop, is gone?

By ruffian hands!--Alas! The muse would fain
Forbear such speechless feelings to impart;
Then let her the sad, mournful task refrain,
Fulfill'd too often by the feeling heart!

Pause we! May Britain's sway by all confest,
In ev'ry land, in ev'ry age be known;
And may no secret pray'rs, from men oppress,
Sap the foundation of her rising throne!

GLAUCUS.

Morning Post, 11 July 1777, p. 4.

With this poem "Bellario" brings a new tone of belligerence into the poetry of summer 1777.

(160)

The TIMES.

COME on!--come on!--ye Britons brave,
The rattling drums, and trumpets sound,
Whilst Heroes rushing, throng to save
Their natal and unrivall'd ground!

With loud huzzas the air they rend,
'Tis Liberty inspires the brave!
With George their Parent, King, and Friend,
They claim a victory, or grave!

Long may he live his country's pride!
Long may he reign supremely blest!
With peerless Charlotte by his side,
'Till Heav'n shall call to endless rest!

The King commands, and at his word,
By grateful subjects quick obey'd,
Along the lines, behold the sword
Is instantly with joy display'd!

"Lead on!" 's the cry,--the haughty foe,
From Gaul, America, or Spain,
Shall lay their waving banners low
In dire confusion on the plain!

The British legions firmly form,
And terrible in arms appear,--
The nations dread the awful storm,
And leave to Providence the rear!

BELLARIO.

Public Advertiser, 19 July 1777, p. 1.

To the UNDERWRITERS of the good Ship the BRITANNIA.

(161)

WHO says that Dangers can the Ship o'erwhelm,
With PALINURUS[1] sleeping at the Helm?
Tho' by himself amidst the Breakers brought,
He meant no harm: 'Twas all for Want of Thought.
The hireling Novice fears no Rock nor Shelf:
The Vessel may, for him, e'en steer herself;
What if the Crew are sick; her Tackle gone;
What's that to him? So that his Pay goes on.
Hush then! no Noise! Let him have out his Nap.
Guard his fat Head, ye Gods! from all Mishap.
Woe to the Ship, ere he his Fill has snor'd,
Should such a Pilot tumble overboard!

[1] Palinurus. In Virgil's Aeneid, Palinurus was Aeneas' Trojan pilot who "nodded at the helm," fell into the sea, and was carried to the coast of Italy where he was killed. Palinurus here is obviously the Prime Minister, Lord North. Pope had earlier equated Palinurus with a dozing head of state, in his case Prime Minister Walpole, in the Dunciad (IV, 614).

Town and Country Magazine, July 1777, p. 382.

(162)

The POLITICIANS and TIME.

A FABLE.

THE sun was set and day light gone,
When the old topers at the Tun,
Enter'd in deep confabulation
About the business of the nation:
Angus Mac Guffin first begun,
A raw bon'd Caledonian son;
"Deel O my saul," says he, "I know,
America is England's foe,
And every man a rebel plain,
Who sho'd be burnt, and hang'd, and slain:
For do you ken what they're about,
(In time you'll find it will come out)
They wish in some unguarded hour,
To trample on old England's power;
And when they've got the sword in hand,
Lay waste at once their parent land,
Tumble their lawful sov'reign down,
And mount, like rebels, George's throne."

"Not quite so fast," the next reply'd,
A sage West Indian at his side:
"I cannot see the Colonies
Have been so very much amiss,
They only for their freedom stand,
The privileges of the land,
Their grants and charters to defend,
For that alone they now contend;
'Tis for their birth-right now they fight,
Which every one must own is right:
The minister each means may try,
He'll never bring them to comply;
They're num'rous, resolute, and bold,
Will sooner die than be controul'd."

(continued next page)

Old English John his pipe laid by,
And then to both made this reply:--
"Angus, I think you're too severe,
Rebels, perhaps, they may appear,
And yet an over-heated zeal,
The only passion which they feel,
To reason and to moderation
May plead some little palliation,
Rebellion is a different thing,
Then say no more but--bless the king.

"Nor you, good Sir, be in such haste
To lay old England's power waste,
The Americans, perhaps, are stout,
But English hearts will ne'er give out;
They'll send their ships with dreadful thunder,
And make their haughtiness knock under."

Old Time was passing by the door,
And hearing of the strange uproar,
Cried "Prithee, friends, give over raving,
And one another proudly braving;
'Tis all mere nonsense, idle, vain,
So smoke your pipes and drink again;
Wait patiently what may befall,
And I alone will tell you all;
'Tis Time brings every thing to bear,
And settles all in peace or war."

Town and Country Magazine, July 1777, p. 384.

CORYDON'S Farewell on his Embarkation for America.

(163)

FArewell the bell upon a ram's neck hung,
Farewell the rustic song by shepherd sung;
Farewell the hungry falcon's cat-like note,
As down the glade he stoops for mouse or float;
Farewell the fearful lapwing's chiding quest,
When Rover ranges near, too near her nest;
Farewell the jetty raven's scornful scoff,
Who proud, to prouder man, cries out off, off.
Lo fancy forms his ill-betiding croak,
And thou, farewell, that from the hollow oak,
The bird of wisdom 'clep'd does send around,
Thy manlike halloos hunters to confound.
Imbowerd'st in birchen groves thou wooing dove,
Emblem of spotless innocence and love;
Farewell, O say! with thy companion fate,
How oft thou'st seen me with as fair a mate,
Farewell, the busy hum of bees that bring,
Extracted honey from the pride of spring;
No more your toil shall Corydon molest,
When buzzing round my Chloe's tender breast,
Whether to sting her was your sad intent,
Or, whether sweets to steal was all ye meant.

Farewell each hill, each dale, each conscious grove,
Adieu each witness of my constant love.
Farewell of distant bells the liquid sound,
That while I lay stretch'd careless on the ground,
Would softly undulate along the glade,
And bring such news as pleasing fancy made.
Happly a wedding, or, an heir may be,
Or glorious vict'ry gain'd by land and sea;
For joy the very fairies dance and sing,
And leave their footsteps in a verdant ring.
The bells in triple cadence other times
At matins please the ear in softer chimes:
When good old dowager oppress'd with cares,
Or maiden aunt with Jacky steals to prayr's.
The evening knell reminds us of our folly,
And substitutes a pleasing melancholy.

(continued next page)

Farewell the lonely cot in neatness drest,
Which neighb'ring squire does annually invest,
With decent liv'ry of purest white,
A pleasing object to allure the sight;
Fix'd near a spacious wood of aged oak
Which shows the chimney's noon-day azure smoke,
Near it a limpid stream for ever flows,
Where linen-suited Sall for water goes,
To boil her cates, or wash her cotton hose.
A neat cut hedge, that can with tulips vie,
Where Sally hangs her favours out to dry.

Farewell the woodman's hem at every stroke,
Who hems and inter-whistles (hearts of oak.)
The sawyers working in the inmost wood,
Attentive hear the tune, and think it good.
They make their motions with the measure chime,
All arms now rise and fall in perfect time;
Their boys around, blest pledges! play their pranks,
Some houses build with chips, some swing on planks.
The tender watchful mother sits hard by,
Knitting, awhile the girls raise up dirt-pye.
O happy presage of their future lives,
Useful in arts the boys, the girls domestic wives.

Farewell each thing, each place I fondly know,
To distant climes poor Corydon must go,
The home-felt joys, beyond expression dear,
Deserve an elegy, a parting tear.

London Evening Post, 7 August 1777, p. 4.

Howe had maneuvered about in New Jersey during most of the month of June without managing to draw Washington into a decisive engagement. Finally he returned to his old camp on Staten Island, evacuating New Jersey. In early July, when he should have been moving north to meet Burgoyne, he embarked on his movement to Philadelphia.

(164)

On General HOWE's Army.

SOME men may think Howe's army is asleep,
'Tis no such thing--they're playing at bo-peep.

Public Advertiser, 22 August 1777, p. 1.

American General Charles Lee was captured on 13 December 1776 after riding away from his army to spend a night in a tavern. British General Richard Prescott (or Prescot) was captured on 10 July 1777 in Rhode Island. Prescott was taken in his quarters near Newport in an audacious midnight raid led by Lieutenant Colonel William Barton. Barton's express purpose was to obtain a high-ranking prisoner whom Washington might offer to the British in exchange for Charles Lee. This event must have been especially embarrassing for Prescott, for he had served the Americans once before in similar fashion. He had been captured by Colonel James Easton at Montreal in 1775, and exchanged for General John Sullivan. Prescott's discomfort must have been further compounded by the public knowledge that he had offered a reward for the capture of American General Benedict Arnold as though Arnold were a common outlaw, and that Arnold had replied by offering a smaller reward for the capture of Prescott. As if these two matters did not add enough to Prescott's humiliation, another report, the veracity of which I have been unable to document, was published in the London Evening Post of 26 August 1777 to the effect that the general had retired "to sleep a mile from his post, with a lady, but was discovered, and taken by a party of Provincials at two o'clock in the morning." True or not, this version of the story became popular in London, and Prescott-the-foolish-philanderer was roasted in epigram after epigram. For other responses to the capture of Prescott, see my entries from the London Evening Post, 28 August, the Public Advertiser, 30 August and 24 September, and the London Chronicle, 30 September.[1]

(165)

On a LATE Capture.

'TWIXT PRESCOTT and LEE,
What Difference there be,
May be found by the Price of their Head;
But 'tis certain that LEE
Reconnoitring would be,
While PRESCOTT went only To-bed!

[1] For a thorough discussion of the capture of General Prescott, see Benson J. Lossing, The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1860), I, 642-45.

London Evening Post, 26 August 1777, p. 4.

(166)

The PEOPLE's ADDRESS to LORD BOREAS.

I.

COME blust'ring Boreas, let us know
What for our millions thou has done;
Hast thou subdu'd the stubborn foe,
Or hast thou Philadelphia won?

II.

Thou didst on thy own dunghill crow,
Of laying rebels at thy feet;
But hast thou brought them down so low,
Or hast thou prov'd thyself a cheat?

III.

If thou has nothing done--retire,
And in some corner hide thy face;
To save thee from a nation's ire,
And let Lord Chatham take thy place.

London Evening Post, 28 August 1777, p. 4.

On 21 June, Burgoyne had made an address to the Indians who accompanied his army on its southward movement out of Canada. He told them that they might take scalps if they wished, but only from those who were already dead. Edmund Burke and others had strongly condemned this address.

(167)

General [Burgoyne]'s Letter.

A Thirst for blood, and sword in hand,
In fullest health my forces stand,
Quick to obey my dread command.
I now have savages in store,
And soon expect some thousands more,
Whom I shall feed on blood and gore.
As soon as I the fort reduce,
I then the Indians shall let loose,
And keep my troops for further use.
Shall in it put such able men,
That they may'nt take it back again,
And then proceed to slaught'ring.

(168)

On a late CAPTURE.

PRESCOTT with Arnold was so much enrag'd,
That dead or alive he even engag'd
To pay the bold man who that rebel trepann'd,
One thousand good guineas told right out of hand.
Arnold hearing of this, was determin'd to try,
To revenge the affront, by not rating so high,
So offer'd five hundred, enough too he thought,
When lo! to his feet the pris'ner was brought.

London Evening Post, 28 August 1777, p. 4.

Fort Ticonderoga fell to Burgoyne without a fight on 6 July. Lord North was urging Commons to "furnish the next year's supplies," and was understandably delighted by the victory. The King was supposedly so elated by the news of Ticonderoga that he burst into the Queen's rooms shouting "I have beat them, I have beat all the Americans!" He offered to make Burgoyne Knight of the Bath, but Burgoyne declined until he should have concluded his whole campaign successfully. (Marks, England and America, I, 524)

(169)

A GREAT MAN's SOLILOQUY.

TI-CON-DE-RA-GO,
Is no bad Bambago
To throw dust in the citizens eyes.
With this, and some other trick,
Gazetted just in the nick,
I'll furnish the next year's supplies.

Public Advertiser, 30 August 1777, p. 4.

This poem continues in the vein of the poem from the Public Advertiser for 22 August, asserting that the capture of American General Lee was more honorable than the capture of British General Prescott. Supposedly Lee was about his soldierly business, whereas Prescott was visiting a mistress. Both poets show an unwarranted kindness to Lee, who was taken in his bed clothes after ten o'clock in the morning at a tavern in New Jersey.

On the Captures of General LEE and General PRESCOT; the first as he was reconnoitring the Field of Mars, the second the Field of Venus.

(170)

BRAVE Lee was surprized as he went out to see
How his Army he best could defend;
But Prescot was ta'en--(and how silly was he)
In looking for what had no End.

Public Advertiser, 30 August 1777, p. 4.

Lloyd's Evening Post, 1 September 1777, p. 212.

Americans at Fort Ticonderoga had failed to fortify rugged nearby Sugar Hill, thinking there was no chance that the British artillery could be moved to its summit. On 5 July 1777, however, General St. Clair, in command of the fort, realized that British guns were in fact being installed on this hill and that they would soon be able to fire down into the fort at will. That night he evacuated the fort. His forces, including a division commanded by Colonel Long, were pursued to Fort Skenesborough, Fort Anne, and Fort Edward in succession. For a period of five days while St. Clair struck through the woods for Fort Edward, other American forces had no knowledge of his whereabouts. Area commander General Schuyler reported the action to General Washington in the letter parodied here.

Paraphrase of General Schuyler's Letter to General Washington. (171)

I Lately sent, dear Sir, a Letter,
I wish to Heaven it had been better;
And since that Time, Sir, Colonel Hay,
Tells me our Troops have run away:
Burgoyne ascended such a Height,
As put them in a horrid Fright;
So they resolv'd, on Sunday Morning,
Ere Phoebus was the Hills adorning,
With Expedition to retreat,
'Twas better far than being beat;
For, Sir, St. Clair, and Colonel Long,
Conceiv'd the Enemy too strong:
Besides, the Indians, not a few,
With Tomahawks appear'd in view;
So off they brush'd--their Breeches clean,
(At least six Thousand Men I ween.)
And Colonel Long, I have been told,
Is at Fort Ann, and feels quite bold.
But what's become of Gen'ral Clair,
Upon my Soul I can't declare;
Our choicest Troops are under him,
But Heaven knows in what a Trim;
And Dontignore has in a Heat,
Confirm'd just now our damn'd Retreat.

(continued next page)

Indeed, he says, at No. 4,
Him, whom our Troops should all adore,
To take in Body-lining, and
Just fetch his Breath, has made a Stand;
But this, observe you, by the bye,
I do believe a cursed Lye;
I sent an Officer, post haste,
To beg St. Clair no Time would waste,
But to Fort Edward bend his Way--
He might be taken by Delay.
My Mem'ry's bad, so will not swear
That all is true I here declare.
Where we shall run our Heads to hide,
Old Nick, and Burgoyne, must decide.

Public Advertiser, 5 September 1777, p. 2.

Early in June 1777, General Howe decided to leave New Jersey and go by sea to Philadelphia. Not wishing to leave Washington with a strong army at his back, however, he planned to draw him into a major engagement before embarking for Philadelphia. By 6 June, Howe was moving his troops from their Staten Island camp into New Jersey for the killing blow at Washington. On 12 June he was in Brunswick, and after inconsequential maneuvering he was back in Brunswick on 19 June. On 22 June he moved out toward Amboy, his point of embarkation. This time, Washington learned that Howe really meant to embark, so he followed him along the route to Amboy as far as Quibbletown. Thinking he had drawn Washington into the wished-for fight, Howe doubled back to Quibbletown, himself at the head of one column, Cornwallis at the head of another. But Washington's intelligence about Howe's movements was excellent, and he simply withdrew to safe fortifications on higher ground. At Quibbletown a skirmish did develop between Cornwallis and Stirling (not Putnam as the poet says), but it had no strategic significance, and Howe elected not to follow Washington deeper into New Jersey.

Howe began to embark on 5 July. He sailed for an undisclosed destination on 23 July. Hearing that the Delaware River was blocked, he sailed all the way to Chesapeake Bay, finally landing at the head of the Elk River near Elkton, Maryland, on 25 August. He began his march to Philadelphia on 8 September, three days after this poem appeared.

The Substance of Sir W[illia]m H[ow]e's last Letter,

from NEW YORK, versified. (172)

AS to kidnap the Congress, has long been my Aim,
I lately resolv'd to accomplish the same;
And, that none, in the Glory, might want his due Share,
All the Troops were, to Brunswick, desir'd to repair.
Derry Down, etc.[1]

There I met them in Person, and took the Command,
When I instantly told them the Job upon Hand;
I did not detain them with long-winded Stuff,
But made a short Speech, and each Soldier look'd bluff.

(continued next page)

[1] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, I, 348.

With this Omen elated, towards Quibbletown
I led them, concluding the Day was our own;
For, till we went thither, the Coast was quite clear,--
But PUTNAM and WASHINGTON, d[am]n them, were there!

I own I was stagger'd, to see with what Skill
The Rogues were intrench'd, on the Brow of the Hill;
With a View to dismay them, I shew'd my whole Force,
But they kept their Position, and car'd not a Curse.

There were then but two Ways,--to retreat or attack,
And to me it seem'd wisest, by far, to go back;
For I thought, if I rashly got into a Fray,
There might be the Devil and Piper to pay.

Then, to lose no more Time, by parading in vain,
I determin'd elsewhere to transfer the Campaign;
So, just as we went, we return'd to this Place,
With no other Diff'rence--than mending our Pace.

Where next we proceed, is not yet very clear,
But, when we get there, be assur'd you shall hear;
I'll settle that Point, when I meet with my Brother,--
Mean while, we're embarking for some Place or other.

Having briefly, my Lord, told you,--how the Land lies,
I hope there's enough--for a Word to the Wise;
'Tis a good Horse, they say, that never will stumble,--
But fighting or flying,--I'm your very humble.

New York, July 5, 1777.

Public Advertiser, 5 September 1777, p. 2.

(173)

The LUNATIC.

COME here to me, ye fighting Fools!
Here bend your Course!--Attend my Rules:
Ye, who mighty Wars maintain:
I've all the Wars of Europe in my Brain.

See me, see me soar on high!
See me reach the Azure Sky!
Hear me the Celestials hail!
With fifty thousand Yankies at my Tail.

See how briskly we put on!
Marching thro' the Torrid Zone!

To storm Jove's Temples, put the Gods to Flight.
And snuff the Candles of Eternal Light.

How obedient to my Nod,
Each martial Hero flying!--
Enthron'd I'll be!--each trembling God
An humble Victim lying.

Let the Globe dance a Hornpipe!--Here! Washington! Howe!
Brother Madmen!--attend me!--I'll whisper ye now:--

Let's climb yon Mount so high,
And there disturb the Weather;
Pull down the Rainbow from the Sky,
And tie both Ends together.

Mad, mad, mad,--very mad we will be!
All Earth and all Heaven shall jointly agree,
That none are more mad or more raving than We,
Excepting the Congress and General Lee.

London Chronicle, 13 September 1777, p. 264.

After evacuating New Jersey, Howe began embarking from Staten Island on 5 July and effectively "disappeared" until 25 August when he landed near Elkton, Maryland. Burgoyne "appeared on the back settlements" on 6 July with his victory at Fort Ticonderoga.

The poet in this case is strikingly prophetic. According to the war plan devised by Burgoyne and approved by Germain, Howe was to move north from New York to meet Burgoyne at Albany. But Howe was not advised of the plan. After spending the month of June vainly chasing Washington about New Jersey, and the months of July, August, and September taking Philadelphia, he was unable to meet Burgoyne at Albany. The result of their failure to "mingle" "their light" was of course that Burgoyne surrendered to Gates on 17 October. France was then encouraged to enter the war on the side of the Americans, and England had soon bid much of "the 'Western World' good night."

EXTEMPORE, on reading that, as soon as one General appeared on the Back Settlements, another disappeared on the Coast of the Jerseys.

(174)

OUR Gen'rals, noted for disasters,
Are like to Polluxes and Castors;[1]
No sooner does one star arise,
Than in a cloud the other flies,
And hides his rays the lord knows where;
Both lights are too much for one sphere.
But if they mingle not their light,
We'll bid the "Western World" good night.

[1] Pollux and Castor, the two bright stars in the constellation Gemini, were named for the mythological brothers who were the twin sons of Leda and the brothers of Helen. They were said to be the protectors of men at sea.

Middlesex Journal, 13 September 1777, p. 4.

Public Advertiser, 13 September 1777, p. 4.

"Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne was not particularly eager for a military command in America. He thought of himself as a negotiator and a man of letters, and he would have much preferred to succeed Tryon as Governor of New York. He seems to have been as interested in the theater as he was in fighting. Early in 1777, though, Lord Germain approved his plan for an invasion of New York from the north, and on 13 June, Burgoyne set off from Quebec with his army. On 29 June he issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of New York which reveals his tendency toward pomposity and theatrical posturing. He calls "the present unnatural rebellion the foundation for the compleatest system of Tyranny that ever God in his displeasure suffer'd for a time to be executed over a froward and stubborn generation." He concludes by threatening to "give stretch to the Indian forces under my direction, and they amount to thousands, to overtake the hardened enemies of Great-Britain and America." This Proclamation, which was printed whole in the Gentleman's Magazine for August 1777, immediately became the source of parodies such as the one below. Other versions appeared in the Lloyd's Evening Post of 18 August 1777 and the New York Journal of 8 September 1777.

BURGOYNE's Proclamation versified.

(175)

BE it known unto all that here I am come,
With cannons and muskets, with fife and with drum;
In command so ferocious, should any one dare
To oppose me, destruction is surely his share.
From Germany soldiers I've brought--for their booty
The brave English corps have follow'd from duty
Three thousand fierce savages close at my back
To scalp, tomahawk, to carve, cut and hack;
In torturing exquisite, anguish prolong,
Whilst we tickle the bye-standers with the death song.
Be, therefore, advised--join your forces with mine;
Regardless of interest freely combine:
For if you do not, not a soul shall remain--
Your females all ravished, your men shall be slain;
Your houses destroyed, your farms sow'd with salt;
Our ravages doubled wherever we halt:
No mercy be shewn to your children or wives
Nor the beasts we don't want escape with their lives.

(continued next page)

Submit then to mild, to power benignant,
Nor thus, by resisting, seem longer indignant;
From submission you'll feel what blessings will spring--
His Majesty's known for a good-natur'd King.
On absolute faith, though you place small reliance,
And power despotic increases defiance,
Yet well be assured, when you once have submitted,
Your grievances will, to your folly, be fitted.

Public Advertiser, 24 September 1777, p. 2.

London Chronicle, 25 September 1777, p. 304.

EPIGRAM upon General PRESCOT's (when he was taken Prisoner) calling out for his Breeches.

(176)

"THE Handkerchief!"--Othello cries,
(The Handkerchief, the Stage replies)
"I prize it more than Riches."
A diff'rent Note poor Prescot roars,
For nought resounds th' Atlantic Shores;
"But where? Oh! where's my Breeches?"

London Chronicle, 30 September 1777, p. 320.

On General PRESCOT being carried off naked,

"unanointed, unanealed."

(177)

WHAT various lures there are to ruin man;
    Woman, the first and foremost all bewitches!
A nymph thus spoil'd a General's mighty plan,
    And gave him to the foe--without his breeches.

Middlesex Journal, 11 October 1777, p. 4.

Public Advertiser, 11 October 1777, p. 2.

This poem presents a question which had long bothered Washington, as well as many Londoners: where did Admiral Richard Howe take his brother, General William Howe, and the British army after leaving Staten Island on 26 July 1777? Of course the riddle was solved in America by the time this poem appeared in London. General Howe had landed in Maryland on 25 August. His army started toward Philadelphia on 8 September, defeated Washington at Brandywine on 11 September, and occupied Philadelphia on 26 September.

The BROTHERS: An Epigram

(178)

THE BROTHER-STARS of former Days
Ne'er jointly dipt their friendly Rays,
For still, though frugal of their Light,
They kept alternate Watch by Night,
But our BRIGHT TWINS, in Ocean's Stream,
Conceal, at once, their feeble Gleam;
And setting, with their splendid Train,
In such grim Darkness wrap the Main,
That poor BRITANNIA, pale with Fear,
Scarce knows which Way her Bark to steer.

Middlesex Journal, 11 October 1777, p. 4.

Public Advertiser, 11 October 1777, p. 2.

An EPIGRAM.

(179)

WHEN first the fatal War began,
    Which shakes the Empire of the Sea,
In furious Rage each Party ran,
    And quarrell'd for a Pound of TEA.

But now, so dreadful is the Stroke,
    The Colonists so bent to fight us,
While ends in Blood what seem'd a Joke,
    All INDIA's TEA would fail to right us.

St. James's Chronicle, 28 October 1777, p. 4.

The QUESTION proposed.

(180)

AMERICA must be subdu'd--
The common Cry of Men:
The Wise in Office point out How--
But who can point out When?

R.

London Evening Post, 4 November 1777, p. 4.

This poem illustrates how far official reports sometimes fell behind events. It is a response to the latest news from America, released three days earlier, on Saturday, 1 November, and summarized alongside this poem on the same page of the London Evening Post. The news is that Howe has landed at Chesapeake Bay and that Burgoyne has killed a number of provincials, although losing four cannon, in a recent engagement. Actually Howe's army had captured Philadelphia more than a month earlier, and Burgoyne had surrendered to Gates on 17 October.

For the London Evening Post.

(181)

ALL joy to great Caesar, the Howe's are found
Safe and sound
On Christian ground;
And if they go on the rate they have done,
As sure as a gun,
By losing one town, and by getting another,
Lord Howe and his brother,
In a century more,
Will have made our affairs ten times worse than before.
All joy to great Caesar! the Scotch and the Tories
Have lost him an empire, and crown'd him with glories.

St. James's Chronicle, 8 November 1777, p. 4.

This reference to Franklin's invention of lightning rods illustrates the response of many of these poets to the man they saw as a wizard, an Americanized Merlin.

EPIGRAM. (182)

WHILST you, great G[eorg]e, for Knowledge hunt,
And sharp Conductors change for blunt,
    The Empire's out of Joint;
Franklin a wiser Plan pursues,
And all your Thunder useless views,
    By keeping to the Point.

C.

Public Advertiser, 21 November 1777, p. 2.

Burgoyne's last official dispatch had been written on 20 August. In it he mentioned the failure of his men to obtain provisions at Bennington and the loss of his Indian confederates at Fort Stanwix. Official word of the two great American victories at Freeman's Farm on 19 September and 7 October and of Burgoyne's surrender on 17 October did not reach London until the evening of 2 December, but this poem makes strong evidence that rumors of the Second Battle of Freeman's Farm were at large in the city at least two weeks earlier. Gates was the commander of the American army in this battle, but Arnold was certainly the hero of the day. This overwhelming victory made Burgoyne's surrender ten days later virtually inevitable.

On hearing that General BURGOYNE was defeated by

General ARNOLD.

(183)

IT's well known Burgoyne is wise, loyal, and brave,
He values not Danger one Penny;
Then the Scale of my Talent does me deceive,
If one Arnold for him prov'd too many.

General Evening Post, 25 November 1777, p. 4.

This poem was printed alongside reports of fighting near Philadelphia and war debates in the House of Lords. "P.L.B." is surely one of those poets for whom the war was nothing more than an incidental occasion for poetry.

(184)

The IRRESISTIBLE ENEMY.

LET Poets sing, in lofty rhymes,
The mighty wars of former times,
And others in as happy strains
Exalt BURGOYNE's or HOWE's campaigns;
I will in humble verse repeat
My own engagement and defeat.
Not hostile squadrons on the sea,
Nor horse nor foot, have ruin'd me:
My foe more powerful was by far
Than armed troops, or men of war.
The two-edg'd sword, or pointed blade,
One may with slight of art evade;
And walls or shields may guard us from
A musket-ball, or threat'ning bomb:
But neither shield nor art can aid
A man whom lightning doth invade;
Not common lightning, from the skies,
But from the heav'n in CÆLIA's eyes.

P.L.B.

London Evening Post, 2 December 1777, p. 4.

(185)

Our COMMANDERS.

GAGE nothing did, and went to pot,
Howe lost one town, another got;
Guy nothing lost, and nothing won,
Dunmore was homewards forc'd to run;
Clinton was beat, and got a garter,
And bounding Burgoyne catch'd a Tartar.
Thus all we get for millions spent,
Is to be laugh'd at, and repent.

London Evening Post, 11 December 1777, p. 2.

Public Advertiser, 11 December 1777, p. 1.

On 16 October, having already agreed, through his Commission, to the conditions of his surrender to Gates, Burgoyne received information that a relieving force under General Sir Henry Clinton had taken Fort Montgomery, had pushed further up the Hudson to the hamlet of Esopus, and should arrive at Albany soon. Greatly encouraged at first, Burgoyne summoned his council to consider whether, at this point, he could honorably repudiate the Conventions to which he had agreed, and whether his army could hold out until Clinton arrived. Persuaded by his council that the answer to both questions was no, he signed the Conventions of Surrender on 17 October. All thirteen Articles of Convention were printed alongside this ode in the London Evening Post of 11 December.

For the London Evening Post

THOUGH my friend General Burgoyne and his army have laid down their arms, yet they were invincible whilst they held them in their hands.--This is my consolation.--The campaign has not answered our expectations--Ego & Rex mens are disappointed.--One army being prisoner at Boston, and another army, shut up, in Philadelphia, are (it must be owned) rather unlucky accidents.--But let it be considered that we have only sixty thousand men in America, (General Burgoyne and his army included). Thirty or forty thousand more may do great things, and perhaps reduce the rebels to unconditional submission in five or six campaigns. I took up the pen from a generous motive;--to celebrate our supposed victories, to display the glory of Old England, the extension of our commerce, the wisdom of our Ministers, the magnanimity of our Monarch, and the happiness of the people.--As it is my ardent wish to raise the spirits of my desponding countrymen, I still think the publication of the following chearful Ode (tho' a little mal a propos at present as to facts) may prove a national benefit.
I am, Sir, your's, etc.

ODE. (186)

On the SUCCESS of his MAJESTY's ARMS.

Custode rerum Caesare, non furor
Civilis, aut vis exigit Otium;
Non ira, qua procudit enses,
Et miseras inimicat urbes.
HOR. L. 4. Ode 15.[1]

(continued next page)

I.

SING Io Paeans, thro' the land,
No more the Yankey cowards stand
    Who basely meant t' enslave us;
We've slay'd their virgins--babes and wives,
With tomahawks and scalping knives,
    *Which GOD and NATURE gave us.

II.

Our bayonets have op'd their veins,
The Congress quaking in our chains
    Are "destin'd to the cord;"
--Yet still they talk of rights and laws,
And say they fell in freedom's cause,
    Beneath a tyrant's sword!

III.

Traitors ring from every tongue,
The King--the King--can do no wrong!
    These Knaves talk common sense!
Array'd in terrors let him shine
And imitate the wrath divine,
    --'Tis in his own defence!

IV.

"Grac'd with all the power of words
"So known--so honour'd by the Lords,"
    Our Tully will harangue 'em:
Ambitious Twitcher act Jack Ketch
And gratify his loyal letch,
    Both to impeach and hang 'em.

V.

Sam Johnson rob'd in gown and band
With that fam'd pamphlet in his hand
    Which charm'd the British Nation;
Will strain his Wit to gibe and scoff
And roar---(just as they're turn'd off)
    "No Tyranny-----Taxation."

VI.

Bold G[e]rm[ai]ne crys out---"Who's afraid."
Then nobly draws his conquering blade
    Yet stain'd with Minden's slaughter;
--He spares no rebel--live or dead,
For lo, he smites off--†Cushing's head,
    And flogs his wife and daughter.

(continued next page)

*Lord Suffolk's speech.

VII.

Franklin shall Sawney's vengeance feel,
And die by neither rope or steel,
But take a daring flight;
--To Heaven he mounts in chains of wire
To perish by his ‡stolen fire,
Ty'd to a paper-kite.

VIII.

§ Clinton and Howe will form a noose
By twisting of their Cordon Rouge;
--There--Washington may swing:
Suff[o]lk shall whet the scalping knife
And chaunt (till he's bereft of life)
The mercy of our K[in]g.

IX.

One Arnold too shall feel our ire
By horses torn, let him expire
Amidst an Indian screech;
--Nor by his death, let vengeance cease,
The Jockey's Ghost can't rest in peace
If Burgoyne forge his speech!

X.

Rejoice ye sprites of Hessians slain,
And hail us o'er th' Atlantic main
In shadowy whiskers drest;
--Om Del'war's Banks, those sons of thunder
Wept not their Fate--but loss of plunder
Broke their Elysian rest.

XI.

On the bare earth Charles Lee shall kneel,
Young Harcourt draws the shining steel,
And bids the party--fire!
--Why my brave friend that milky heart!
Had you perform'd Prince ‖ Orlow's part
No frowns had sunk your Sire.

XII.

Now Wed[derbur]ne, your acts besmear!
With poison purchas'd from Sh[eb]b[ea]re,
The lawyer's force to eat 'em;
And whilst they writhe with doleful face,
Hillsbro' may promise ¶ Royal Grace
He knows the way to cheat 'em.

(continued next page)

XIII.

Loud let the song of triumph sound,
Americ's bleeding on the ground,
    Britannia's hands have torn her:
Her childrens heads she'll spike on high--
Soft Burke will raise the Irish cry
    And Chatham be chief mourner.

XIV.

Rebellion dies--and war shall cease,
Great Caesar now presides in peace,
    O'er arts his genius suit;
No more shall desp'rate Wilkes break loose,
To spoil the royal game of goose
    He plays with Johnny Bute.

XV.

Then bards will tune sublimer lays
To sing the blessings of these days;
    Charles Fox G[e]rm[ai]ne shall kiss;
C[a]rl[y]le* may tickle C[i]bb[e]r's Lyre,
And M[a]ns[fie]ld (†Simeon like expire)
    In extasies of bliss.

XVI.

Then shall my lofty numbers tell
Who taught the royal babes to spell,
    And Sov'reign arts pursue;
--To mend a watch--and set a clock,
New patterns shape for H[e]rvy's frock,
    Or buttons made at Kew.

† The severe punishment designed for this gentleman, and his family, was probably owing to his Lordship's having discovered that Mr. Cushing had conceived an idea of being elected King by the revolted Colonies. I am indebted to my learned friend, Dr. Johnson, for this anecdote, to which he alludes by saying, "If their rights are inherent and underived, they may by their own suffrages encircle by a diadem the brows of Mr. Cushing."
Taxation no tyranny, P. 214.

‡ It is clear beyond a possibility of doubt, that this arch patriot, philosopher, modern Prometheus, and rebel, is an old offender. The Solicitor General was therefore highly commendable for calling him a thief. He proved

(continued next page)

the charge (to the entire satisfaction of the K. and Council) by a quotation from Zanga. Mr. Wilson, it is to be hoped, will dress up the Doctor for his execution with a few blunted conductors.

§This co-operation between the Generals, was expressly ordered by the military Cabinet, at the instance of Lord Mansfield;--the Secretary for the Colonies prevailed on his Royal master, to give Mr. Clinton, a red ribband, to enable him to perform this maneuvre.

‖When General Lee was taken prisoner in the Jerseys.--The meaning is so very obvious, that even the Lord Chancellor, who is keeper of the King's conscience, Ex Officio, will understand it.

¶His Lordship's circular letter to the Colonies, quoted and commented on by Mr. Burke, with so much wit, spirit, and eloquence.

*This young nobleman obtained a promise of being created Poet Laureat, on his being disappointed of the Lieutenancy of Ireland.

†Julian.

[1] Horace, L. 4. Ode 15, ll. 17-20, may be translated as follows:

While Caesar guards the state, not civil rage, nor violence, nor wrath that forges swords, embroiling hapless towns, shall banish peace.

London Evening Post, 11 December 1777, p. 4.

General Howe having settled at Philadelphia, Admiral Howe took steps to secure lines of communication by opening the Delaware River. On 22 October, Americans repulsed an attack of Hessians led by Count Donop at Fort Mercer (Red Bank) on the New Jersey bank of the Delaware. That night two of Admiral Howe's ships ran aground near Fort Mercer, and the next day they were burned. The poet mistakenly associates these events with Mud Island, across the river from Red Bank. Actually Fort Mifflin on Mud Island did not become the object of a concerted attack until 10 November. The brothers Howe then subjected Mud Island to a six-day artillery barrage, after which they occupied the island on 16 November without opposition. London received confirmation of the British victory at Mud Island on 8 January 1778.[1]

(187)

EPIGRAM

On one part of our army being made captives under General Burgoyne; and the other part, under General Howe, attacking Mud Island, in order to keep up a communication with Philadelphia.

THAT we're all in the dirt, or as good,
No longer now let it be cavill'd;
Since our soldiers are chain'd, or in mud,
And our Ministry terribly gravell'd.

[1] For a thorough discussion of this minor, but poetically stimulating, engagement, see John W. Jackson, The Pennsylvania Navy, 1775-1781: The Defense of the Delaware (New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1974).

London Evening Post, 23 December 1777, p. 1.

General Cornwallis had entered Philadelphia on 26 September 1777.

(188)

On the intended Rejoicings for the taking of Philadelphia, etc.

IS there such cause for joy, ye sons of mirth,
Now God has sent his judgments thro' the earth?
Can ye rejoice to hear your brethren slain,
That thousands bled on Philadelphia's plain,
And thousands more lie rack'd with wounds and pain!

The tender feelings of the humane heart,
In these destructions take a diff'rent part;
They mourn the loss with sympathetic grief,
(On either side) and wish to give relief.

If there's a name deserves to be accurs'd,
'Tis his who plann'd this bloody war at first;
A war replete with ev'ry horrid name,
And brands Britannia with eternal shame!

Look down, great God, on thy once favour'd land,*
Bid the destroying angels stay their hand;
Bid the keen sword be sheath'd in lasting peace,
And this unnat'ral, ill-judg'd war to cease.

May Royal George, and his illustrious line,
Long rule these realms in peace, and with true glory shine.

Chelmsford, Nov. 3. PEACE.

*Alluding to Great Britain and her Colonies.

London Evening Post, 27 December 1777, p. 4.[1]

The HALCYON DAYS of OLD ENGLAND.[2]

Or, The Wisdom of Administration demonstrated: A BALLAD

To the tune of--Ye Medley of Mortals.[3]

(189)

I.

GIVE ear to my song, I'll not tell you a story,
This is the bright aera of Old England's glory!
And tho' some may think us in pitiful plight,
I'll swear they're mistaken, for matters are right!
Sing tantararara wise all, wise all,
Sing tantararara wise all!

II.

Let us laugh at the cavils of weak, silly elves!
Our Statesmen are wise men!--they say so themselves!
And tho' little mortals may hear it with wonder,
'Tis consummate WISDOM that causes each blunder!
Sing tantararara wise all, etc.

III.

They now are engag'd in a glorious war!
(It began about tea, about feathers and tar)
With spirit they push, what they've planned with sense!
Forty millions they've spent--for a tax of three-pence!
Sing tantararara wise all, etc.

IV.

The debts of the nation do grieve them so sore,
To lighten our burden--they load us the more!
They aim at th' Americans cash, my dear honey!
Yet beggar this kingdom, and send them the money!
Sing tantararara wise all, etc.

V.

What honours we're gaining by taking their forts,
Destroying batteaux, and blocking up ports!
Burgoyne would have work'd them--but for a mishap--
By Gates and one Arnold--he's caught in a trap!
Sing tantararara wise all, etc.

(continued next page)

[1] A slightly different version of this song appeared in the London Packet of 31 December 1779, page three.

VI.

But Howe was more cautious and prudent by far,
He sail'd with his fleet up the great Delaware;
All summer he struggled, and strove to undo them.
But the plague of it was, that he could not get to them!
Sing tantararara wise all, etc.

VII.

Oh! think us not cruel, because our allies
Are savagely scalping men, women, and boys!
Maternal affection to this step doth move us--
The more they are scalped--the more they will love us!
Sing tantararara wise all, etc.

VIII.

Some folks are uneasy, and make a great pother,
For the loss of one army, and half of another:
But, Sirs, next campaign by ten thousands we'll slay them!
If we can but find soldiers, and money to pay them!
Sing tantararara wise all, etc.

IX.

I've sung you my song, now I'll give you a pray'r
May peace soon succeed to this horrible war!
Again may we live with our brethren in concord
And the authors of mischief all hang in a strong cord!
Sing tantararara wise all, wise all,
Sing tantararara wise all.

[2] Frank Moore writes in Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution that this song "has been attributed to Arthur Lee, who at the time of its appearance in England, was in France" (p. 202). But see William Stone, Burgoyne Ballads: Ballads and Poems Relating to the Burgoyne Campaign (Albany: Joel Munsell's Sons, 1893). Stone writes that Horace Walpole "wrote and published" the song, and he cites Walpole's Last Journal's as evidence (p. 69). In fact "Halcyon Days" is included in the Journals immediately following Walpole's entry for 31 January 1778, but it is not accompanied by any explanation or attribution.

[3] See tune to "Ye Medley of Mortals" in Claude M. Simpson, The British Broadside Ballad and Its Music (New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1966), pp. 665-66.

V. The French Alliance (1778)

Poems 190-220

Chronology

6 February	Agreement is reached in Paris on an American-French alliance.
17 February	Lord North proposes his Conciliatory Bills.
27 February	A day of prayer and fasting is observed in England.
13 March	The American-French alliance is announced in London. The King responds with an irate Message on the Treaty.
13 April	D'Estaing leaves Toulon for America with the French fleet.
4 May	Congress ratifies the Treaty of Alliance with France.
12 May	Chatham dies.
23 May	Burgoyne appears before Commons to defend his conduct in America.
4 June	Lord North's peace commissioners arrive in Philadelphia.
18 June	British army evacuates Philadelphia.
28 June	Washington dismisses General Lee at Battle of Monmouth Court House.
2 July	Congress returns to Philadelphia.
10 July	France declares war on Great Britain.
29 December	British take Savannah.

London Packet, 2 January 1778, p. 4.

(190)

Impromptu on the NEW YEAR.

(Applied to our American Affairs.)

WE'VE fought some years to gain taxation,
But lost our men, and reputation;
No longer, Britons, be such silly elves,
Is it not madness thus to tax yourselves?

Public Advertiser, 2 January 1778, p. 2.

EXTEMPORE. (191)

WHEN first th' unnatural War begun,
    Which shakes Britannia to the Centre,
Our Prophets said the Foe would run,
    If we to follow could but venture.

Full many a gallant Boy has gone,
    To tempt the Dangers of the Plain,
But yet the War is far from done,
    While many a British Youth is slain.

Then let us sheathe the hostile Sword,
    And tempt the bloody War no more:
Be Peace, and all her Arts restor'd,
    And triumph round Britannia's Shore!

London Evening Post, 3 January 1778, p. 4.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE hear it is now in contemplation to erect a Pedestrian statue of General Burgoyne, in the most public part of the City. That he is to be represented as supported by two savages on the right, with scalping knives; on the left, by two with tomahawks; and on the base of the statue, is to be engraven the following inscription:

(192)

I, John of Burgoyne, essay'd to alarm,
And vauntingly boasted with out-stretched arm,*
To let loose the savage with tomahawk and knife,
That these bloodhounds should kill each man, maid, and wife.
Tho' this usage in war was ne'er practis'd before,
I'd reward them to bring me scalps reeking with gore;
But more cruel than Indians to me were the Fates,
Who ordain'd it that I should surrender to Gates,
With an army of four thousand brave British men,
And my honour I pledg'd ne'er to fight them again!
On these scurvy conditions, disgrace makes me frantic,
We were pris'ners sent home from beyond the Atlantic.

* A term used by the General in his proclamation.

London Evening Post, 10 January 1778, p. 4.

Extempore EPIGRAM on yesterday's EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE.

(193)

AN Extra Gazette! Mud Island[1] taken!
Huzza! th' Americans are beaten!
Glorious advantage! hail the nation!
HOWE may now change his situation;--
Or (if in vulgar phrase we say)
He may escape, or run away!

HUZZA!

[1] An island in the Delaware River near Philadelphia.

London Evening Post, 15 January 1778, p. 4.

ENGLAND's EVIL GENIUS.

(194)

WHY rages still this savage, horrid strife?
Why still do Britons thirst for Britons blood?
Why must we part with all our wealth and life
For that, which ne'er can bring the nation good?

Tare weeds do in old England's garden grow,
Which are the cause of all this war and woe;
The thistle[1] M[ansfield], and the thistle B[ut]e,
Of all our grievous evils are the root.

[1] Thistles, in the poetry of this period, are almost always symbolic of the Scots.

Public Ledger, 15 January 1778, p. 1.

A ROYAL DREAM (195)

'TWAS night--and sleep weigh'd down the monarch's eyes,
Sleep without balm, and broke by frequent sighs,
Unusual tremblings shook his tortur'd breast,
And sad Britannia stood to him confest.
Not as the jocund queen of Britain's isles,
Bedeck'd with dimples, and adorn'd with smiles,
Not crown'd with laurel, and with plenty clad,
As when her people a kind guardian had:--
Ah, sad reverse!--my dewy brow grows faint,
And my heart shudders at the form I paint.

Big tears cours'd one another down her face
Shrunk by neglect, and faded by disgrace.
Her hair dishevel'd hung, (for decent pride,
And careful dress, misfortune stern deny'd),
On her fallen bosom lay some jetty hair,
The rest behind stream'd wild with ev'ry air;
Her locks were torn, her breast was black with blows,
Grief had struck this, Despair had torn off those;
Her eyes were sunk, their boasted fire grew weak,
Her brow contracted, and full wan her cheek;
Her hasty step, her fix'd and eager look,
Her forward attitude impatience spoke,
While her clasp'd hands and out-stretch'd arms express'd
Strong supplication lab'ring in her breast;
But the big sorrow, and the swelling sigh
Forbad an utterance of her agony.-----

What could she do, by grief like this assail'd?
Still the wish struggl'd, but the language fail'd.
With pain repell'd, her sighs one moment cease,
She seiz'd the instant, and exclaim'd for PEACE.

Public Ledger, 15 January 1778, p. 1.

On GENERAL BURGOYNE's avidity for the Canada expedition.

(196)

GIVE me ten thousand men--and I
Will undertake the task d'ye see,
To make each dastard rebel fly;
And SCOUR the plains of Albany:

But brave New England's free-born sons,
Led on by GATES--this host alarms;
And harrass'd so these mighty-ones
Were not allow'd to SCOUR their arms.

On the Reduction of MUD-ISLAND.

(197)

OUR commanders and statesmen, a comical herd--
Of lawless assassins!--each other support;
The former besieging an island of MUD,
Whilst the latter keep planning much dirtier work.

Public Ledger, 15 January 1778, p. 2.

The Northern Route; or, "Three Children sliding on the Ice."

(198)

PARAPHRASED.

I.

THROUGH Canada--some Englishmen,
Vindictively march'd on one day,
As it fell out, great part fell in-----
A trap;-----and they were led away

II.

Now had these soldiers stay'd at home,
Nor fought in this inglorious cause;
Posterity wou'd ne'er have known,
Britons! subverted sacred laws.[1]

Cornhill, Jan. 6. SQUIB.

[1] "subverted sacred laws" is a reference to the many reports of atrocities committed by the Indians who accompanied Burgoyne along his route southward from Quebec.

Gazetteer, 16 January 1778, p. 2.

This illustrates the sort of pro-recruiting songs which appeared occasionally throughout the war.

A NEW SONG

Addressed to the loyal Recruits now raising at Manchester.

(199)

Let Britannia's genius smile,
Bless and guard our native isle,
Spirit on the loyal band,
To protect our native land;
Blow the fife, and beat the drum,
Let the willing soldier come;
And with transport from afar
Fearless join the honest tar,
To preserve our gracious King,
And his foes beneath him bring;
With the Olive in your hand
Peace or war alike command.

You, the Heart of Oak, shall bring,
Peace to George our lawful King;
Quell the rebel insect train,
Masters of the sea remain:
God preserve our gracious King,
All his foes beneath him bring;
Bless his children, England's pride,
Genius o'er these realms preside:
Blow the fife, and beat the drum,
Let the willing soldier come;
And with transport from afar,
Fearless join the honest tar.

Sons of Albion, loyal grown,
O'er the rebel troops shall frown;
Scottish youth, with highland clans,
Offer Howe their hearts and hands.
Wave the standard, join their corps,
Send your voices round the shore;
Join your friends, and hither bring

(continued next page)

Discord chain'd beneath your King:
Then shall Britain's Genius smile,
Peace reward the warrior's toil:
Beauty, fearless of alarms,
Fly to grace the conqu'ror's arms.

MIRA.

London Evening Post, 24 January 1778, p. 4.

To the K[ing], on the present Men and Measures.

(200)

THY sceptre turn into an iron rod;
An honest Whig's the noblest work of God!
The Patriot cherish, and thy country save;
Britannia sinks beneath th' Atlantic wave.
Let B[ute], let N[orth],* thy just resentment feel,
And meet the shining vengeance of the steel.

* etc.

Morning Post, 26 January 1778, p. 4.

A RETORT.

(201)

WHEN modern mock-patriots exult that the fates
Gave America laurels, thro' British-built-GATES,[1]
'Tis insolence, sure!----as such, Sirs, the case is,
I would throw their Mud-Island slap-dash in their faces!

TERMAGANT.

[1] American General Horatio Gates, to whom Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga, was, in a sense "British-built." Born in England and named for his godfather, Horace Walpole, Gates had entered the British army while quite young. He served as a lieutenant under Cornwallis in Nova Scotia in 1750 and as a captain under Braddock in Virginia in 1755. Gates moved permanently to America in 1772 at the invitation of his friend, George Washington. (Dictionary of American Biography, IV, 184-85)

London Evening Post, 3 February 1778, p. 4.

SCALE of TALENT:

A Political Cantata.

(202)

Tune--Chevy Chace.[1]

'TWAS in the year of seventy-seven,
All British hearts must own,
To England's Crown fell such mishaps,
The like was never known.

A mighty boasting man of war
To Canada was sent;
But surely vext the Chief must be,
That e'er he thither went.

Ten thousand chosen troops he led,
Their valour to display,
Which being told, one Arnold swore,
He would dispute the way.

"Where is the rebel that has dar'd,
To mock the words I've said;
I'll give that man a thousand crowns,
Who brings to me his head."

'Twas nobly spoke, but whilst the Chief
Of vict'ry was in quest,
The rebels to his quarters came,
And took away his chest.

The cruel Fates sent forth a Gates,
And hard must be the task;
That of a foe he held so cheap,
A man should mercy ask.

Tune--Highland Laddie.

Were ever British forces in
A more distressed situation;
By mortal was there ever seen,
A more bombastic proclamation.

(continued next page)

CHORUS.

Was ever army so surrounded;
Was ever General so confounded.
The boaster strikes, tho' none so gallant
Ever fought by scale of talent.

They cross'd the Lakes, and scour'd the grounds,
Stoutly fighting for provision;
Till almost brought within the bounds
Of unconditional submission.

Chorus--Was ever army, etc.

Full of vigour this vaunting commander set out,
And vow'd he would soon put his foe to the rout;
How the tables were turn'd, when this hero, alas!
Was himself taken up, and sent home with a pass.[2]
Derry down.

To make his way over a wild wilderness,
He ardently strove, but in vain did he press;
On retrograde motions was given to frown,[3]
Nor danger beheld till a tumbrel broke down.
Derry down.

'Twas said in the place where wise Senators meet,
That the rebels should bend at the Minister's feet.
On such like affairs only think how absurd
It must be for a man to be worse than his word.
Derry down.

Ye humble Addressors, who crave blood and slaughter,
In readiness get to go over the water;
Your lives and your fortunes you've promis'd the King,
I wish in the end you don't give him the fling.
Derry down.

The Manchester heroes, and other stout fellows,[4]
For the good House of Stuart, who've ever been zealous;
To deceive and betray, may call George their Defender,
But they'd much rather fight for their King--the Pretender.
Derry down.

(continued next page)

The man years ago, who his country betray'd,[5]
Of this ruinous war still we see at the head;
And whilst he is scheming, and dreaming of wonders,
Eaoh season brings on a succession of blunders.
Derry down.

Warwickshire, Jan 24.

[1] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, I, 199.

[2] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, I, 350.

[3] On 30 June 1777, soon after starting his march from Quebec, Burgoyne issued a General Order to his army. Grandiloquent as ever, he affirmed that "This army must not retreat." Of course the army might well have been saved by a timely retreat in September.

[4] Despite the bad news from Burgoyne, the Jacobite towns of Manchester and Liverpool remained eager to pursue the war in December 1777 and January 1778. They even subscribed for two extra 500-man regiments at this time.(Marks, England and America, I, 577).

[5] Lord George (Sackville) Germain, the "coward of Minden," remained as Secretary of State for the Colonies until 1782.

London Evening Post, 7 February 1778, p. 4.

On the following words in a proclamation for a Fast,

viz. "By the King's command."

(203)

"BY command of the K[ing]," if I am not mista'en,
True Britons by thousands have lately been slain;
"By command of the K[ing]," you may fast if you please,
Tho' they're shedding of blood, while the K[ing]'s
on his knees.

Chester. NEUTRO.

London Evening Post, 12 February 1778, p. 4.

The ENGLISHMAN's LITANY.

(204)

FROM Parliaments venal, who barter our laws,
Who plead for the old Jacobitical cause,
And from Torifi'd Courtiers who seek for applause,
Good Lord deliver us!

From a foolish and tyrannous council of state,
Who freedom and all its adherents do hate,
Whom justice and popular fury await,
Good Lord deliver us!

From Scotchmen and placemen, the nation's chief pest,
Who St. James's, and all its environs infest,
With whom Temple Bar should long have been drest,
Good Lord deliver us!

From troops that are rais'd without shadow of right,
By such whose true names dare not come to the light,
Whom swords and gunpowder, and cannons affright,
Good Lord deliver us!

From fasting and praying our brethren to kill,
And their innocent blood unjustly to spill,
Because they won't tamely submit to our will,
Good Lord deliver us!

That England from Scotchmen may always be freed,
And villains for crimes they've committed may bleed,
And order, and concord, and friendship succeed,
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!

That health, peace, and plenty, our times may afford,
While we rest in the blessing that's writ in thy word,
"That people is happy whose God is the Lord,*
We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"

Cheapside, Feb. 9. ANGLICANUS.

* Psalm 144 ult.

London Evening Post, 7 March 1778, p. 4.

Providence Gazette, 29 August 1778, p. 4.

North's "Recantation," or Conciliatory Bills, had been introduced in mid-February. They passed Commons on 2 March, passed Lords on 9 March, and eventually led to the appointment of William Eden, George Johnstone, and the Earl of Carlisle as peace commissioners to America.

(205)

On Lord N[or]th's Recantation.

WHEN N[ort]h first began,
With his taxation plan,
The Colonies all to supplant;
To Britain's true cause,
And her liberty, laws,
O! how did he scorn to recant.

O! how did he boast,
Of his pow'r and his host,
Alternately swagger and cant;
Of Freedom so dear,
Not a word would he hear,
Nor believe he'd be forc'd to recant.

That Freedom he swore,
They ne'er should have more,
Their money to give and to grant;
Whene'er they address'd,
What disdain he express'd,
Not thinking they'd make him recant.

He armies sent o'er
To America's shore,
New government there to transplant;
But ev'ry campaign
Prov'd his force to be vain,
Yet still he refus'd to recant.

But with all their bombast,
They were so beat at last,
As to silence his impious rant;
Who for want of success,
Could at last do no less,
Than draw in his horns, and recant.

(continued next page)

With his brother Burgoyne,
He is forc'd now to join,
And a treaty of peace for to want;
Says he ne'er more will fight,
But will give up his right
To taxation, and freely recant.

With the great Gen'ral Howe,
He'd be very glad now,
He ne'er had engag'd in the jaunt;
And ev'ry proud Scot,
In the dev'lish plot,
With his Lordship are forc'd to recant.

Old England, alas!
They have brought to such pass,
Too late are proposals extant;
America's lost,
Our glory at most,
Is only that--tyrants recant.

Chester, March 1. FACT.

Gazetteer, 17 March 1778, p. 2.

This poem was published four days after the American-French treaty was announced in London. Of course America could hardly have "reflected" on the offers of conciliation at this time, for the peace commission would not arrive in Philadelphia until 4 June. And by then the promise of French aid would be far more interesting to the American Congress than anything the British peace commissioners were authorized to offer.

AMERICA's Reflections on the CONCILIATORY ACTS.

(206)

Submissive to a Mother's will,
Obedient to her nod;
A Child of tender years I was,
I fear'd and kiss'd the rod.

Of human greatness, human power,
How short-liv'd is the boast!
My Mother now is childish grown,
And I shall rule the roast.

Morning Post, 21 March 1778, p. 4.

St. James's Chronicle, 2 April 1778, p. 4.

When George III learned of the American-French treaty, he responded almost immediately with an irate "Message on the Treaty" to Parliament.

(207)

On the late long Obscurity of the SUN, and its resuming its Lustre on a Determination for War, Tuesday, March 17, 1778.[1]

An EXTEMPORE.

WHILE long dup'd Britain doubted what to do,
Th' offended SUN, his genial rays withdrew;
But soon as rous'd to War, (t' assert our right)
Pleas'd, he again resumes his radiant light!
Join then brave BRITONS, to support your cause,
Nor doubt success,--since Heav'n thus smiles applause!

C.P.

[1] The weather in London on 14, 15, and 16 March 1778 was "heavy" and "dull" with "some sleet at times." The day of the King's warlike message, 17 March, was a "very fine bright day." (Gentleman's Magazine, February 1779, p. 50)

Lloyd's Evening Post, 24 April 1778, p. 388.

PROLOGUE, (208)

Spoken by a Gentleman of the Army, at the opening of the Theatre in Southwark, Philadelphia,[1] by a Society of Gentlemen of the Army and Navy, for the laudable Purpose of raising a Supply for the Widows and Orphans of those who have lost their Lives in his Majesty's Service, as well as for such other generous Charities as their Funds may enable them to perform.

ONCE more, ambitious of theatric glory,
Howe's strolling Company appears before ye.
O'er hills, and dales, and bogs, thro' wind and weather,
And many a hair-breadth 'scape, we've scrambled hither.
For we, true vagrants of the Thespian race,
Whilst summer lasts, ne'er know a settled place;
Anxious to prove the merit of our Band,
A chosen squadron wander through the land.
How beats each Yankee bosom at our drum,
"Hark, Jonathan, zaunds, here's the strollers come."
Spruc'd up with top-knots, and their Sunday dress,
With eager looks the maidens round us press,
"Jemima see--an't this a charming sight,
"Look, Tabitha! Oh Lord, I wish 'twas night."
Wing'd with variety our moments fly,
Each minute tinctur'd with a different dye:
Balls we have plenty, and Al Fresco too,
Such as Soho or King-street never knew.
Did you but see sometimes how we're array'd,
You'd fancy we design'd a Masquerade:
'Twould tire your patience was I to relate here,
Our routs, drums, hurricanes, and Fetes-Champetres.
Let Ranelagh still boast her ample dome,
While Heaven's our canopy, the Earth's our room;
Still let Vauxhall her marshall'd lamps display,
And gild her shades with artificial day:
In lofty terms old vaunting Sadlers-Wells
Of her tight rope and ladder dancing tells,
But C--g--m in both by far excels.

(continued next page)

[1] The curtain for this stage was painted by Captain John André, later to become an important figure in the war and in this poetry as Major André (Marks, England and America, I, 635).

Now winter* --Hark--and I must not say no
"But soft, a word or two before I go:"
Benevolence first urg'd us to engage,
And boldly venture on a public stage,
To guard the helpless orphan's tender years,
To wipe away th' afflicted parent's tears;
To soothe the sorrows of the widow'd breast,
To lull the friendless bosom's care to rest;
This our design--and sure, in such a cause,
E'en error's self might challenge some applause:
With candor then our imperfections scan,
And where the Actor fails, absolve the Man.

* The bell rings.

London Chronicle, 2 May 1778, p. 423.

The French fleet under D'Estaing had set sail from Toulon on 13 April. Ministers learned of this event on 26 April, but they did not know D'Estaing's destination.

BRITANNIA's CALL to her SONS, on Expectation of a FRENCH War. Tune, Come then all ye social Powers.

(209)

COME ye lads who wish to shine
Bright in future story,
Haste to arms, and form the line
That leads to martial glory.

CHORUS.

Charge the musquet, point the lance,
Brave the worst of dangers,
Tell the blust'ring sons of France
That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
And her flag is rearing,
Always finds her sons dispos'd
To drub the foe that's daring.
Chorus--Charge the musquet, etc.

Hearts of oak with speed advance,
Pour your naval thunder
On the trembling shores of France,
And strike the world with wonder.
Chorus--Charge the musquet, etc.

Honour for the brave to share
Is the noblest booty:
Guard your coast, protect the fair,
For that's a Briton's duty,
Chorus--Charge the musquet, etc.

(continued next page)

What if Spain, to take their parts,
    Form a base alliance,
All unite, and English hearts
    May bid the world defiance.

CHORUS.

Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
    Manly and united,
Danger face, maintain your ground,
    And see your country righted.

April 22, A Warwickshire Lad.

London Chronicle, 21 May 1778, p. 488.

By this time Burgoyne had arrived in London on parole to defend his conduct in America. He made his first appearance before Commons on 23 May.

THE CONTRAST:--On the ARRIVAL of a certain GENERAL.

(210)

IN the last George's famous days,
When Pitt directed Britain's helm,
Her glory beam'd with brightest rays,
And vigour triumph'd thro' the realm.

Then Wolfe, on bleak Canadian heights,
For England's weal resign'd his breath;
The hero falls the while he fights,
And conquers in the hour of death.

The court and camp one soul inspir'd,
The statesman plann'd, the soldier bled;
By every sense of duty fir'd,
The members labour'd for the head.

But now, alas! how chang'd the time!
We fight for years, and can't prevail,
The sad disgrace but mars my rhyme;
The conquer'd comes himself to tell the gloomy tale.

London Packet, 12 June 1778, p. 2.

London Magazine, June 1778, p. 282.

(211)

The Etiquette.

What though America doth pour
Her millions to Britannia's store,
(Quoth Grenville) that won't do--for yet,
Though it risque all, and nothing get,
Taxation is The Etiquette.

The tea destroy'd--the offer made
That all the loss should be repaid--
North asks not justice, nor the debt,
But he must have The Etiquette.

He'd stop their port, annul their laws--
"Hear us, cry'd Franklin, for our cause!"
To hear th' accus'd--the senate met,
Decreed, 'twas not The Etiquette.

At Bunker's Hill the cause was try'd,
The earth with British blood was dy'd;
Our army, though 'twas soundly beat,
(We hear) bore off The Etiquette.

The bond dissolv'd, the people rose,
Their rulers from themselves they chose;
Their Congress then at naught was set--
Its name was not The Etiquette.

Though 'twere to stop the tide of blood,
Their titles must not be allow'd,
(Not to the Chiefs of armies met)
One Arnold was The Etiquette.

The Yankees at Long-Island found
That they were nearly run aground:
Howe let them 'scape when so beset--
He will explain that Etiquette.

His Aid de Camps to Britain boast
Of battles--Yankees never lost;
But they are won in the Gazette--
That saves the nation's Etiquette.

(continued next page)

Clinton his injur'd honour saw,
Swore he'd be try'd by martial law,
And kick Germain whene'er they met--
A ribband sav'd that Etiquette.

Though records speak Germaine's disgrace,
To quote them to him to his face,
(The Commons now are--si honnete)
They voted not the Etiquette.

Of Saratoga's dreadful plain--
An army ruin'd--why complain?
To pile their arms as they were let,
Sure they came off with Etiquette!

Cries Burgoyne, "They may be reliev'd,
That army still may be retriev'd,
To see the King if I be let;"--
"No, Sir! 'tis not The Etiquette."[1]

God save the King! and should he choose
His people's confidence to lose,
What matters it? They'll not forget
To serve him still--through Etiquette.

[1] The King refused to see Burgoyne when he returned to London on parole to defend himself.

London Magazine, June 1778, p. 282.

After defending himself before Commons, Burgoyne announced his opinion that Government was trying to make him a scapegoat and said he intended to join Opposition in Parliament. He argued against prorogation of Parliament at this time of crisis for England. Others--Hartley, Lowther, Clerke--also argued that this was no time for a recess, but the King prorogued on 3 June.

(212)

The Recess

And now our senators are gone
    To take their leave of London,
To mourn how little they have done,
    How much they have left undone!

Heaven bless 'em in their summer seats,
    And grant their neighbours stare at
The long recounting of their feats,
    Tho' wond'ring much what they're at!

Bless'd be the times when men may do,
    What no one comprehendeth;
May boast of deeds that all must rue,
    Nor judge where nonsense endeth!

One year, with half ten thousand men,
    We swallow all our foes up;
The next, the times are turn'd, and then
    Old England's scale light goes up.

But still with courage and with glee,
    New laws we must be framing;
With paper and with parchment, we
    The savages are taming.

We swear the transatlantic folks
    Shall all obey our orders;
While they turn all we do to jokes,
    And cry out, "guard your borders."

Well, then, we'll go to war with France--
    Yes--no--we must--we must'nt;
John Bull shall teach Monsieur to dance--
    But can't--and there's the curse on't.

(continued next page)

What's to be done?--We'll end the jar--
    But how?--Ah! there's the devil--
'Tis easier to provoke a war
    By far, than cure the evil.

We trust you'll nearer hit the point
    When you shall meet next winter;
And if you cannot set the joint,
    Be sure reduce the splinter.

Public Advertiser, 14 July 1778, p. 1.

General Howe left Philadelphia on 24 May and returned to England to defend his conduct of the war. A few weeks later, on 18 June, his army also marched away and left the city to the Americans. Howe arrived in London to find Parliament in recess. It convened again on 26 November, and he finally made his motion for investigation of the American papers on 17 February 1779.

(213)

On the Word HOWE.

HOW Britain seems still with Atlantic Trips Sea-sick?
How those -----s and Vitals seem still to need Physic?
How America's Sons are so tatter'd and torn?
How by those luckless Burgoyne was render'd forlorn?
How North has pick'd up his late pitiful Stile?
How G[eorge] has small Hopes to reign out of this Isle?
How France bullies Britain, which certainly rare is?
How Franklin and Silas triumph it at Paris?
How Keppel and Co. are so slow to get out?
How D'Estaing is so peaceably following his Route?
How Abroad we seem pow'rless, dejected, and mean?
How at Home we pretend to the contrary-----clean?
How W[eymou]th and S[andwi]ch Duke-baited feel sore?
How S[avi]le now shakes, who ne'er trembled before?
How Congress' Resolves British Councils direct?
How John Bull seems quite passive in ev'ry Respect?
How Washington huts with his Rascals secure?
How our warlike Assemblies his Safety insure?
How Congress still laughs at our gentle mild Sov'reign?
How its Pow'rs are supported by Rogues without cov'ring?
How Britain of late has so tarnish'd her Glory?
How her rapid Declension will puzzle in Story?
How these strange Things have happen'd pray answer me now?
Who the Devil can answer but Ge[rmai]ne and Howe!

Drogheda, June 9. DROGHEDENSIS.

London Packet, 22 July 1778, p. 4.

The POOR GHOST of Old England.

A Ballad.

(214)

WHEN Chatham the glorious directed the state,
To France or to Spain he would ne'er duck his pate,
But how are we all metamorphos'd of late!
Oh the poor ghost of Old England!
Old England is only a ghost.

For since our good king by Scotch knaves hath been rul'd,
And spurr'd, and rein'd in, and bamboozl'd, and fool'd,
He hath thought himself master, but only been school'd.
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

When the Yankies rebell'd, lord Mansfield he said,
Ye ken vary weel they've nae powder or lead,
So send out an army and kill them aw dead.
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

Their brethren to slay they no scruple confest,
Bute laugh'd in his sleeve, and Twitcher could jest,
And George Germaine was with courage possest.
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

So they swagger'd at court, and they issu'd commands,
To burn all their houses, and waste all their lands,
Because 'twas believ'd they'd no arms in their hands.
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

But when our old enemies beat up to wars,
And rigg'd out their navy, and call'd home their tars,
What a panic was struck thro' these bold sons of Mars!
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

Lord Mansfield he quaked, and Bute, in a fright,
Slunk away to his kennel, and wish'd them gude night,
Twitcher hung down his ears, and Germaine stunk outright,
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

For wisely they thought, that these Monsieurs of Gaul
Had ships, guns, and muskets, and powder and ball,
Whereas the poor Yankies had got none at all.
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

(continued next page)

So they said it would now shew good sense to knock under,
Most damnably dreading the sound of French thunder,
Tho' much they had wish'd for American plunder.
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

Twitcher swore by his catches, and Bute by his itch,
That, rather than fight, they'd kneel down in a ditch,
Beg pardon of France, and kiss the king's breech.
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

When madmen, and cowards, and fools in high station,
Thus sever the empire, and lower the nation,
Methinks, my good friends, I could die with vexation.
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

And yet we do nothing but stupidly stare,
Or shake our wise heads, or complain to the air,
And every Scotch fardel like asses we bear,
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

Our tradesmen are bankrupts, our merchants the same,
Our credit is ruin'd, and lost is our fame,
We're America's joke, and to Europe a shame.
Oh the poor ghost, etc.

But give us a ministry honest and true,
And let our king do as other kings do,
We'll humble the Frenchmen, and laugh at Spain too.
Not the poor ghost of Old England,
Old England shall not be a ghost.

No more 'gainst our brothers we'll shed brothers blood,
But give them a peace, plain and well understood,
And, joining together, be lords of the flood,
Not the poor ghost of Old England,
Old England shall not be a ghost.

Public Advertiser, 25 July 1778, p. 1.

John Montagu, Fourth Earl of Sandwich, was known popularly as "Jemmy Twitcher," after the famous pickpocket of John Gay's The Beggar's Opera who "peached" on his old friend, highwayman Macheath, just as Sandwich turned on his old crony, John Wilkes, in 1763. Notoriously dissolute as a young man, Sandwich, now sixty and First Lord of the Admiralty, was widely condemned for mismanagement of the navy's ships and supplies.

To the Printer of the Public Advertiser.

SIR,

THOUGH few People, I believe, think it worth their Pains to transcribe what is commonly recorded on Panes of Glass, yet the following Lines appeared to me not unworthy of that Trouble. I found them lately on one of the Parlour Windows of the principal Inn at Maidenhead Bridge.--From the well known Cognomen, I was at no Loss to guess at the noble Person to whom they referred; but the Nature and Occasion of the Subject required some Explanation. As, therefore, I knew the Landlord, to be a shrewd, intelligent Fellow, I called him to my Assistance. His Account of the Matter was, that the noble Lord, who wields the Thunder of this Country, made a frequent Practice of amusing himself with fishing for Gudgeons in that Neighborhood; and that a Gentleman, who stopped there a few Days before to change Horses, scratched off the Verses, while Things were getting ready for his Journey, on being told that his Lordship, with a select-Party, was to dine in that very Parlour that Day, after returning from his favourite Diversion. He added, that the Peer, on his Return, no sooner entered the Room than, by some Accident, he threw his Eyes on the Verses; and that, though the Covers were already laid there, he ordered them Immediately to be removed to a different Apartment, under some Pretence or other.-----Such as they are, Mr. Printer, I send the Lines to you; and cannot help thinking that, making the proper Allowance for an extempore Production, they are not altogether destitute of Merit, independent of the just Reproof they contain.

ANTI-GUDGEON.

(215)

DEAR Twitcher, is this fit Amusement for Age,
With poor little Fish puny Warfare to wage?
Whilst France rules the Ocean and Britain's in Dudgeon,
You, with Neptune's broad Trident, are slaying a Gudgeon.

(continued next page)

For Shame, my good Lord, from such Trifles retire,
Nor dabble in Water, whilst Europe's on Fire:
Do something that's clever, or fly from the Day,
And dive into Night that is gilt by no RAY.

Cease, cease to stretch forth your slim Wand o'er the Pool,
Your Years quite unfit you for Line and for Rule;
Your Bait-bag is broken, your Tackle is old,
Your Blood needs no cooling,--you know 'tis quite cold.

Public Advertiser, 26 August 1778, p. 2.

The Peace Commission appointed by Lord North arrived at Philadelphia on 4 June 1778. Its members were Frederick Howard, 5th Earl of Carlisle, head of the Commission and its youngest and most personable member; William Eden, an ambitious politico who had been Carlisle's close personal friend since their days together at Eton; and George Johnstone, a last-minute appointment to replace Richard Jackson who resigned. Their secretary was Adam Ferguson, an Edinburgh professor of natural and moral philosophy and the author of several important discourses.

On 17 June it was revealed in the Pennsylvania Gazette that Johnstone had been attempting to improve his position by corresponding privately with Henry Laurens, President of the Continental Congress, and soon word spread that Johnstone had tried unsuccessfully to bribe several members of Congress. Johnstone's reputation was destroyed, and although the other commissioners disavowed his actions, the whole mission became a fiasco. Congress had ratified the French treaty on 4 May, and nothing less than independence would now satisfy them. Johnstone was sent back to England in September; Carlisle and Eden left America in late November.

As the supposed speaker of this poem, Johnstone tells his version of the whole affair.

IRREGULAR VERSES on the Reception of the British Commissioners by the Americans.

(216)

WE three shall never meet again,
Cries bluff George Johnston on the Main;
T'would make a Saint with Anger smile
To sail so far with Lord Carlisle,
And hear him talking all the while
To his accomplish'd 'Squire, this Storer,
Who to a Tar, like me is quite a Borer:
And for this Eden, as they call him,
May all the Penal Laws befall him,
But not until stern Justice has relented
With the same Softness that he has commented.

(continued next page)

Holla, what Cheer?
Who now comes here?
A Vessel to receive us;
Upon my Word,
And rusty Sword,
Clinton will scarce believe us.
What then will gallant Washington conclude,
I fear, I fear he'll think us wondrous rude:
For crossing the Atlantic,
Without an Invitation,
To visit a whole Nation,
Nay, he may call us frantic.
"Be it remembered, yes I hear them cry,
"Be it remembered when we did apply,
"By a respectful, earnest, grave Petition,
"How we were treated as if 'twere Sedition,
"Could it fail to exasperate Men,
"No Answer but the Sword should be given to Penn?"
But now we're landed let's send on
The Scotch Professor, Fergusson.
Judiciously I judge
A Scotchman sure may trudge
Into the Presence of the Congress--those
To whom the generous Scotch have not been Foes.
With Letters from Oswald and Manning,
Like another Elizabeth Canning.
This Doctorly Friend may precede us his Betters,
Being of the highest Esteem in the Republic of Letters.
But alas for us all,
We must e'en return home;
Such Disgrace to befall
Is a Subject for Soame;[1]
Whose Wit and whose Humour is freely display'd,
Unclogg'd by the dull Speculations of Trade.
Yet still let me try
To "see the Country,"
And "the worthy Characters,"
(Though the best sometimes errs.)
'Tis in vain, 'tis in vain,
I must go back again.
Even LAURENS resolves to refuse me;
Independence alone,
Of Contention's the Bone,
And 'tis not now the Time to amuse me.

[1] Soame Jenyns, member of Board of Trade and Plantations and author of the poem in this anthology from the London Chronicle for 4 January 1776.

London Packet, 28 August 1778, p. 4.

EPIGRAM.

(217)

THE common soldier, who has broke
The bands of military yoke;
In plain blunt language has deserted
Is seiz'd, and home comes broken hearted.
Five hundred lashes he receives,
Each one of which a furrow leaves;
Yet he survives it, drinks his can,
Determin'd--to desert again.
But lo! Britannia tender nerv'd,
For a worse spectacle reserv'd;
A spectacle before unseen,
(O could we draw a veil between,
While fate unfolds her secret types)
Now bleeds to death from-----thirteen stripes!

London Chronicle, 26 September 1778, p. 300.

AMERICAN CONTEST.

SONG. (218)

Tune--Push about the brisk bowl.

WHEN luxury reign'd, and court panders obtain'd
Rewards for no services done;
Hopes of still greater sway, caus'd a father to lay
An extra demand on his son.

Such a plan to uphold, he by many was told,
Would soon his own fortune impair;
Britannia in tears, whisper'd this in his ears,
Yet all could not make him forbear.

From words that arose, he proceeded to blows,
And being with power replete,
Made oath to his friends, that he'd never shake hands,
Till the youth was laid down at his feet.

The Gallic cock crew, when his sabre he drew,
Better pastime he could not desire;
At their wounds and their stings, he kept clapping his wings,
Well assur'd the aggressor would tire.

This treacherous foe, to give a bye blow,
Will all opportunities take;
Time has been that Monsieur would have trembled with fear,
If the lion his mane did but shake.

Savage monsters let loose, did their scalping knives use,
The Indians their tomahawks threw;
Ev'ry effort was try'd, German butchers employ'd,
Yet nothing the bus'ness could do.

After millions expended, and no good intended,
Oh! think how it humbled his pride;
When touch'd in the quick, the old Grecian turn'd sick,
Chang'd colour, recanted, and cry'd.

To undo what he'd done, then he fairly set on,
Nor blush'd at so shameful a stain;
But do what he can, no Commissioner's plan,
One-tenth of his loss can regain.

(continued next page)

False friends by his side, the state-rudder to guide,
Are dangerous leaders to trust;
Yet strange as it seems, he those best esteems,
Who his property injure the most.

Few minds, 'tis well known, to maturity grown,
Imperious commands can endure;
And terms better made, might the parent have had,
Than conquest could ever insure.

In regard to the fray, many standers-by say,
'Twere better (to stop further cost)
Each other to aid, and go partners in trade,
Than suffer the whole to be lost.

Then come smiling peace cause discord to cease,
And all be united and free;
Thy welcome approach is solicited much,
Grant soon we the blessing may see.

A Warwickshire Lad.

London Packet, 21 October 1778, p. 4.

To the Printer of the London Packet.

SIR,

If the following should be thought worthy of a place in your paper, it is much at your service.

Lynn, Oct. 1778. X.

(219)

STRANGE were the times, should kings refuse their ear
When loyal subjects seek redress by pray'r--
Strange would it be, should kings their friends forsake--
Strange would it be, should kings their buttons make--
Strange would it be, should kings their subjects kill,
And only urge, 'twas their despotic will--
Strange should a monarch hate his nearest kin,
Only because they lead a life from sin--
Strange should a war once enter that king's brain,
Whose credit's lost, and soldiers half are slain--
Strange is the king, who shall select for tools,
The most superlative of knaves and fools--
Strange would it be, should maids of honor breed,
Should one man see all these, 'twere strange indeed.

Public Advertiser, 23 December 1778, p. 2.

Lord Howe was at this time defending his conduct of American affairs and attacking Germain in Commons.

EXTEMPORE.

On Sir W[illia]m H[ow]e having expressed his Disapprobation of the VIGOROUS and NECESSARY Measures hereafter to be persued in America, and declaring them to be very different from THOSE which he had observed in carrying on the War.

(220)

WHAT brave Sir W[illia]m says is very true,
"He still was sparing of the Yankee Blood:"
We know--to THEM--what Harm he did not do;
Next, let him tell--to Us--if he did good!

VI. The Coming of Peace (1779-1783)

Poems 221-264

Chronology

1779

12 January-11 February	Admiral Keppel's court-martial.
17 June	Spanish ambassador is recalled from England.
21 June	Spain declares war on Great Britain.
16 August	French and Spanish fleets appear off Plymouth.
23 September	John Paul Jones in Bonhomme Richard defeats British force and captures Serapis.
9 October	D'Estaing and General Lincoln are unsuccessful in their attempt to drive British from Savannah.

1780

8-16 January	Admiral Rodney captures two Spanish convoys.
6 April	Dunning presents resolutions for reform in Commons.
12 May	General Clinton captures Charleston.
3 August	American General Benedict Arnold is placed in command of West Point.
16 August	Gates is defeated by Cornwallis at Camden, South Carolina.
23 September	Major André is captured.
2 October	André is hanged as a spy.

7 October	American frontiersmen defeat British force at King's Mountain, North Carolina.
20 December	Great Britain declares war on the Netherlands.

1781

17 January	Americans under Daniel Morgan defeat Tarleton's dragoons at Cowpens, South Carolina.
3 February	Rodney takes Dutch island of St. Eustatius.
15 March	Battle of Guildford Court House, North Carolina. Cornwallis wins battle, but decides to evacuate North Carolina.
15 June	Congress appoints a peace commission to treat with the British.
1 August	Cornwallis moves into Yorktown, Virginia.
5 September	Washington arrives at Yorktown with allied armies.
6 September	British General Benedict Arnold burns New London, Connecticut.
19 October	Cornwallis surrenders to Washington.
25 November	Word of Cornwallis' surrender arrives in London.

1782

1 March	Commons presents formal message to George III, urging him to conclude a peace with the Americans.
20 March	North Ministry resigns. Rockingham becomes Prime Minister.
12 April	Rodney defeats De Grasse off Martinique.
4 July	Shelburne becomes Prime Minister upon death of Rockingham.
11 July	British evacuate Savannah.

30 November	Peace Preliminaries between England and America are signed in Paris.
5 December	George III recognizes the independence of the United States of America.
14 December	British evacuate Charleston.

1783

20 January	Agreement is reached on a Cessation of Arms between England and the United States.
24 February	Fox-North coalition overturns Shelburne Ministry.
2 April	Duke of Portland becomes Prime Minister.
19 April	Congress ratifies Peace Preliminaries.
3 September	Peace Treaty is signed in Paris.
25 November	British leave New York City.

Gazetteer, 28 January 1779, p. 2.

This poem is one of many dealing with the court-martial of Admiral Augustus Keppel which occurred at Portsmouth between 12 January and 11 February 1779. Keppel, perhaps the most popular commander in Britain at the time, had incurred the wrath of the Ministry in 1775 when he resigned his commission rather than serve against the Americans. When France entered the war, though, he accepted command of the Home Fleet. On 27 July 1778, an inconclusive engagement occurred between Keppel's fleet and a French fleet off Ushant. Keppel's disappointment was caused, at least in part, by the failure of his subordinate, Admiral Hugh Palliser, a favorite of Lord Sandwich and the Ministry, to follow orders. Although Keppel declined to criticize his fellow officer, the story could not long remain secret. Palliser wrote to Keppel demanding a public approval of his conduct, but Keppel refused to make such a statement. Palliser thereupon published his side of the story in the Ministerial Morning Post and charged Keppel with failing to pursue the enemy aggressively.

In the poem, the "shade" or spirit of Admiral Charles Saunders is urged to return quickly and help fellow hero Keppel in his dispute with the Admiralty Board or "council" of which Palliser was a member. Saunders had died in 1775 after gaining popular acclaim as commander of British forces at Quebec in 1759. He left 5,000-pound legacies to both Keppel and Palliser. The poet also cites the ghosts of other popular admirals--Russel, Blake, and Boscawen--as being spiritually aligned with Keppel.

(221)

The following New Song is at this time greatly in vogue at Portsmouth.

Tune, "Welcome, welcome, brother debtor!"

"Haste thee! Saunders, England calls thee,
"Awhile these blest abodes resign;
"Treach'rous friends and foes conspiring,
"Threat my darling son and thine.
"France, exulting o'er my sorrows,
"Sees with joy the threaten'd blow:
"And hopes at length for ample vengeance
"On her old and deadly foe."

(continued next page)

Thus did, with grief and sorrow pining,
England's guardian angel say,
Where in laurel grove reclining,
The great shade of Saunders lay.
Round him Russel, Blake, Boscawen,
Heard well pleas'd the chief explain,
How Keppel he had left behind him,
To guard the empire of the main.

It was the hour when gentle slumbers
Seal in rest the guiltless mind;
Sir Hugh, by sleep and peace deserted,
Sir Hugh nor sleep nor peace could find.
Round his couch stood Envy gnawing,
Pale-fac'd Guilt, and black Despair;
And Discord high her fire-brand throwing,
Cast all around a dismal glare.

Thus in council they sat working
Britain's woe, Keppel's fate;
Each a charge in turn preferring,
Lengthen'd out the high debate;
When two forms appear before them,
Clad in robes of heav'nly sight;
Saunders, led by England's Genius,
Burst on their astonish'd sight.

"Forbear, rash man, thy horrid purpose,
(Sternly thus the Phantom said)
"Forbear, rash man, 'tis Saunders bids thee
"Revere his Keppel's honour'd head.
"Was't for this thy youth I guarded?
"Was't for this I thousands gave?
"Was't for this that Keppel spar'd thee,
"And sought thy doubtful name to save?

"Far, vain man, beyond thy malice
"Mounts my Keppel's sacred name,
"In Glory's roll it stands recorded
"'Mongst the chiefs of deathless fame.
"Long he'll guard Old England's glory,
"Hear and envy, and that late,
"'Midst kindred souls, whilst thou liest growling,
"Eternal honours on him wait.

London Packet, 22 February 1779, p. 4.

Admiral Keppel was acquitted on 11 February at Portsmouth. Word reached London at eleven o'clock that night, and exultant mobs attacked the residences of North, Germain, Sandwich, Palliser, and others, breaking windows at each. On Tower Hill, Palliser was burned in effigy. On 18 February, Keppel went to Commons to receive their praise, and he was later received by the King himself. This poem supposedly gives Palliser's response to these events.

(222)

The COMPLAINT.

BRanded, like Cain, ah! whither can I turn?
Accurst I wander thro' the world forlorn;
My house they raze, my effigy they burn,
O! who shall shield me from revenge and scorn!

The CONSOLATION.

VEX not thy soul, Sir Hugh, with vain alarms,
Tho' Honour's gates, against thee, all are shut;
Four kindred spirits hail thee to their arms,
Twitcher and Minden, Parson Bate and Strutt.[1]

ILLUMINATOR.

[1] Palliser's hated supporters are:
"Twitcher," Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty.
"Minden," Lord Germain, the "coward of Minden," Secretary of State for the American Colonies.
"Parson Bate," Reverend Henry Bate, Ministry polemicist and editor of the Morning Post in which Palliser's first criticism of Keppel was published.
"Strutt," John Strutt, the only Member of Commons to oppose the 18 February vote of thanks to Keppel for his services.

London Packet, 9 April 1779, p. 2.

(223)

THE POOR MAN's SOLILOQUY

to his TOBACCO PIPE.

FAREWELL, my Pipe, my social Pipe adieu;
The schemes of scoundrels sep'rate me and you,
How oft with thee and humble home-brew'd ale,
Have I been won't t'indulge the sweet regale;
Thou grateful Indian plant, so mild and bland,
Exotic plant of our own Maryland,
But ours alas, no more! her sons our foes,
Their commerce lost, and nothing gain'd but blows;
Relinquish thee I must, nought can prevent,
I cannot purchase thee at cent per cent.

When cares oppress'd me, and my wife perverse,
New griefs would mention, or old griefs rehearse;
When blackest clouds upon her brow were hung,
And loudest thunders rattled from her tongue,
My philosophic Pipe--strange to perform,
Endur'd the tempest and rode out the storm.
No longer now's exchang'd the friendly quid,
Shut is each box as if seal'd down the lid,
The friendly box which said "fear no denial,
"Doubt ye my friendship, put it to the trial!"
But now 'tis chang'd, and cries since this disaster:
"I find it hard t'accommodate my master."
Possess'd of thee I envied rich, nor great
Miscreants to rob me of my humble treat!
And thousands more, whose curses them shall greet;

Would fate but grant whene'er this storm is weather'd,
They cross th' Atlantic to be tarr'd and feather'd,
Then crown their suff'rings, and to end the strife,
Confine them close to Scotland for their life.
And there employed themselves, and not their brokers,
To cut tobacco for all honest smoakers.

General Evening Post, 8 July 1779, p. 4.

Public Advertiser, 8 July 1779, p. 2.

London Magazine, August 1779, p. 377.

Word of Spain's official break with England, the recall of the Spanish ambassador, came to Londoners on 17 June. Now the House of Bourbon, Spain and France, was united against her. Nevertheless the King prorogued Parliament for its summer recess on 3 July.

(224)

The RECESS of PARLIAMENT.

RETIRING from the winter's fight,
To seek the coolness of the grove,
From wrangling much of wrong and right,
To scenes of calm domestic love:

O! with you take, for BRITAIN's weal,
An ardent wish in ev'ry breast,
Convinc'd, by what you all must feel,
That PUBLIC HONOUR is no JEST:

That wrangling but obstructs the cause
Which Unanimity should serve;
That public Virtue props our laws:
--Then, from that Virtue never swerve.

And while, with fond, paternal eyes,
You view your smiling children round,
And fancy that you see them rise
The pride of their paternal ground;

Think, coolly think, how much on you
Their future welfare must depend;
And, as your hearts are good and true,
And, as your votes our land defend;

So shall each child have cause to bless
The mem'ry of the father's name;
So shall the babe you now caress,
Rise, greatly rise, to future fame.

Warm'd with this thought, whene'er you meet,
Let vengeance on the foe be hurl'd:
So BRITAIN's army, BRITAIN's fleet,
Shall rule triumphant thro' the world!

General Evening Post, 8 July 1779, p. 4.

ADVICE to Both Parties,

On the Present STATE of AFFAIRS.

(225)

DUMB, now, be Faction; Party cease to roar;
And let fell Discord's voice be heard no more:
United, let your streamers fly in air,
And each bold Briton for the fight prepare;
To arms, to arms! urg'd by your country's call,
And pour swift vengeance on the perjur'd Gaul:
Nor be the Gaul devoted to the blow
Alone-----ALL Bourbon is Britannia's foe:
On kindred coasts, then, let your thunders roar,
And shake, with dread, Iberia's haughty shore.

London Chronicle, 10 July 1779, p. 31.

The JOLLY SOLDIERS.

A New Song. (226)

CLUB your firelocks, my lads! Let us march to the coasts,
To try whether Monsieur will stick to his boasts:
For "Parbleu!" he cries, "me vill England invade"--
But Monsieur deals largely, and fibbing's his trade.
Derry down, down derry down.[1]

What signifies all this confusion and pother,
Their routes and their marches from one place to t'other?
Their transports to carry, their navies to sight?
When learnt they that Frenchmen bold Britons could fright?
Derry down, etc.

We'll remind 'em, perhaps, as their mem'ries are bad,
What drubbings and dressings they formerly had;
When England's roused Lion stretched forth his strong paw,
He ne'er missed to the Gallic Baboon to give law.
Derry down, etc.

Can ye Frenchmen forget (still as friends we'll address ye)
The bastings you got at Poictiers and at Cressy?
But should you reject this as quite an old story,
The fate of last war is still recent before you.
Derry down, etc.

Cross quickly the channel! why all this delay?
We long to return you the visit you pay.
In us you will find of politeness no lack,
We'll receive you so well, that you'll never go back.
Derry down, etc.

What tho' the dull Spaniard has join'd the French friskers,
His Donship will find we can pull his grave whiskers;
The Havanna we'll put in our pockets again,
And blow both the Bourbons quite out of the main.
Derry down, etc.

[1] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, I, 350.

Morning Chronicle, 13 July 1779,[1] p. 4.

Public Advertiser, 14 July 1779, p. 4.

Monsieur Gérard, Ambassador from Louis XVI ("Lewis") to the United States, arrived in Philadelphia on 11 July 1778. After a long passage, Admiral d'Estaing also arrived off Sandy Hook on 11 July with the French fleet from Toulon. D'Estaing and General Sullivan moved first against General Pigot in Rhode Island, but while they were waiting for the New England militia to reinforce Sullivan's army, Admiral Howe appeared with his strengthened fleet on 9 August. For two days Howe and d'Estaing maneuvered for advantage, eventually moving out of sight of both the American and British forces poised for battle on Rhode Island. Finally Sullivan determined to attack without naval support, but then a terrific storm forced further delay by spoiling much of the Americans' ammunition. Meanwhile the two fleets had failed to engage, but had themselves been scattered and heavily damaged by the storm. D'Estaing finally returned to tell Sullivan that he must take his fleet to Boston for repairs before engaging in any further action. Sullivan fought one inconclusive battle, learned that Howe was returning with General Clinton, and withdrew.

Yankee Doodle's Expedition to Rhode-Island,

written at Philadelphia, 1778.

(227)

FROM Lewis, Monsieur Gerard came,
To Congress, in this town, Sir,
They bowed to him, and he to them,
And then they all sat down, Sir.
Chorus, Yankee Doodle, etc.

Begar, said Monsieur, one grand coup
You shall bientot behold, Sir,
This was believed like gospel true,
And Jonathan felt bold, Sir.

So Yankee Doodle did forget
The sound of British drum, Sir,
How oft it made him quake and sweat,
In spite of Yankee rum, Sir.

(continued next page)

[1] This song had appeared in the New York Royal Gazette of 3 October 1778.

He took his wallet on his back,
    His rifle on his shoulder,
And vowed Rhode-Island to attack,
    Before he was much older.

In dread array, their tattered crew,
    Advanced with colours spread, Sir,
Their fifes played Yankee doodle doo,
    King Hancock at their head, Sir.

What numbers bravely crossed the seas,
    I cannot well determine;
A swarm of rebels and of fleas,
    And every other vermin.

Their mighty hearts might shrink they thought,
    For all flesh only grass is;
A plenteous store they therefore brought,
    Of whisky and molasses.

They swore they'd make bold Pigot squeak,
    So did their good ally, Sir,
And take him prisoner in a week,
    But that was all my eye, Sir.

As Jonathan so much desir'd,
    To shine in martial story;
D'Estaing with politesse retired,
    To leave him all the glory.

He left him what was better yet,
    At least for present use, Sir;
He left him for a quick retreat,
    A very good excuse, Sir.

To stay unless he ruled the sea,
    He thought would not be right, Sir,
And Continental troops said he,
    On Islands should not fight, Sir.

Another cause, with these combined,
    To throw him in the dumps, Sir,
For Clinton's name alarmed his mind,
    And made him stir his stumps, Sir.
        Sing Yankee doodle doo.

Morning Chronicle, 16 July 1779, p. 4.

To the Printer of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

I Picked up a letter of a lively friend of mine, the other morning. By inserting the following lines from it, you'll greatly oblige

A Constant Reader.

(228)

WELL, since I've thus succeeded in my plan,
And conquer'd this all conq'ring tyrant, man,
To farther conquest still my soul aspires,
And all my bosom glows with martial fires.-----
Suppose a female regiment we raise?-----
We must--for men grow scarcish now-a-days--
Now all the boys of spirit are enlisted,
Why, Ladies, those brave lads should be assisted.
The glorious scheme my flutt'ring heart bewitches--
But hold--I've promised not to wear the breeches.
No matter--in this variegated army,
We'll find some regimentals that shall charm ye;
If plumes and lace, uniting, can persuade,
We try to shew our parts in masquerade:
Our feathers here are fitted in a trice,
Then for the crest, the motto and device,
Death's head and bones.-----No, we'll have flames and darts,
In Latin mottos men may shew their parts,
But our's shall be true English, like our hearts.
Our uniform we'll copy from the Greek,
The emblem and the drap'ry true antique,
Minerva's aegis, and Diana's bow,
And thus equipt to India's coast we'll go.
While high on stately elephants we ride,
Whose feet shall trample European pride
Think not our country we can e'er forget,
We plunder but to pay the nation's debt.
Then there's America, we'll soon dispatch it,
This tedious war, when we take up the hatchet.
Heroes and soldiers Indian wiles may catch,
But in a woman they may meet their match;
To arts and stratagems we are no strangers,
We fear no hazards, nor once think of dangers,
In our true characters of female rangers.

London Chronicle, 22 July 1779, p. 72.

This and several other poems of the time reflect the spirit of unanimity and cooperation which seems to have grown in London since the official break with Spain. Lord North had hoped that this new adversity would bring the troublesome Opposition into line behind his Ministry, and Barré accused him of wearing a smile on his face when he brought the news of Spain to Commons.

In this poem John Bull, England's Uncle Sam, seemingly plays into North's hands by urging all parties to forget their differences until the present difficulties have been resolved.

JOHN BULL's Advice to all Parties.

(229)

SAYS my Lord to the Senate--"This base Opposition
"Has reduced our affairs to a wretched condition;
"Without their cabals, and the language they held,
"It is plain that the rebels would not have rebell'd;
"Their inquiries and bonfires have almost undone us,
"And have brought all the Family Compact[1] upon us."

From the opposite phalanx, an orator thunders,
"That our ruin arose from the Ministers blunders;
"That our ancient allies will not trust, nor endure us,
"Till we alter our measures, and change Palinurus;[2]
"That Britannia laments that those who could save her,
"Her KEPPEL and HOWE"--"Psha, d[am]n your palaver,

"Shall I bear (cries John Bull) that the cause of the nation
"Should suffer from party on such an occasion?
"When invaders prepare to seize all our dishes,
"Accurst be the scramblers for loaves and for fishes!
"Let discord be dumb, mind your firelocks and mainyards,
"And turn all your rage on the French and the Spaniards:
"When we humble proud Lewis, and cripple his Brother,
"We shall then have more leisure to worry each other,
"And sneer at our foes with our usual decorum;
"But first let us conquer them--more Majorum."

[1] The family of Bourbon rulers of France and Spain had agreed to give mutual aid.

[2] Palinurus was one of the common sobriquets for Lord North.

Public Advertiser, 7 August 1779, p. 2.

This may be a response to the proposal for a regiment of female rangers in the Morning Chronicle of 16 July 1779.

EXTEMPORE.

(230)

SINCE Tyranny's become a Trade,
And Pressing, too, a Trade is,
Ye Varlets let the Men go free,
But closely press the Ladies.

For this Advice the Reason's clear,
Men think your Conduct rough,
While Women, Strangers to all Fear,
Can ne'er be press'd enough.

London Packet, 27 August 1779, p. 4.

Fears of a French invasion were growing throughout the summer of 1779. On 31 July, Reverend Josiah Tucker, Dean of Gloucester Cathedral, issued the reassuring pamphlet cited in the poem below. Tucker insisted that the French would not invade England, for the dangers at every step--embarkation, sailing, debarkation, and march by land--would make such an enterprise too hazardous to risk. The French would be even less likely to invade Ireland, he said, because an invasion of Ireland would entail an even longer sea journey with proportionately greater hazards.

As if to spite Tucker, the combined fleets of France and Spain, amounting to some sixty ships of the line, appeared off Plymouth on 16 August. Admiral Hardy, given command of the Home Fleet after Keppel's resignation, drew in sight of them on 31 August. Because of sickness and the dread of autumn storms, however, they withdrew without a fight.

A DIALOGUE between Dean Tucker and the DEVIL; occasioned by a late Publication, entitled "THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT POSTURE OF AFFAIRS." (231)

THE Dean and Devil, in free conversation,
Thus briefly discours'd on the state of the nation:
Quoth Satan, "dear Doctor, religion a trade is;
Your pen when you flourish, what Briton afraid is?
You write as you fight, and you fight as you write,
With equal instruction, and equal delight.
Defended by TUCKER, old England shall stand;
What Frenchman shall dare to embark*, or to land?"

TUCKER,

"Dear Satan, if ever I kneel'd at your shrine,
Our councils befriend, from the first I was thine,
Invasion's a bug-bear; Monsieurs are civil;
Else Hardy had sent 'em long since to the Devil†.

* Vide "Thoughts on the present, etc."

† A pleasure which remains to be accomplished.

(continued next page)

But Congress with temper I never can mention;
I curse day and night Saratoga's convention.
Independence I hear in each westerly wind;
And Bunker's first slaughter is fresh on my mind.
On the side of blest freedom should Providence fight,
I'll lie through whole pages, with impotent spite.
One tyrant I'll flatter, and ridicule those
Who blood and taxation shall dare to oppose.
No matter, should England herself be undone,
Might TUCKER complete what ambition begun."

SATAN.

"But, good Mr. Dean, should the tables be turn'd,
Should Monsieur come o'er, and your writings be burn'd."

TUCKER.

"Then to Evans[1] and Price[2] I'll leave scribbling and wit,
And own, when too late, that the Biter is bit."

[1] Probably Thomas Evans, humorous, well-known bookseller and writer who published the first London edition of Goldsmith and also the works of Savage, Prior, and others. This is not the Thomas Evans who also sold books, published the Morning Chronicle for a time, and grievously insulted Goldsmith.

[2] Reverend Richard Price, close friend of Benjamin Franklin and author of the 1776 pro-American pamphlet, Observations on Civil Liberty and the Justice and Policy of the War with America.

London Magazine, August 1779, p. 377.

As desperation became more a part of the London air in 1779, one response was the call for unanimity such as we have seen in the London Chronicle poem for 22 July, "John Bull's Advice to All Parties." Another response, illustrated here, was to ignore England's cares in an atmosphere of sensual abandon.

(232)

ODE

In the Manner of Anacreon.

With wine I'll chase those cares away,
Which with to-morrow chill to-day,
    Through present joys I'll range;
Of Folly's clan that man is chief,
Who draws on future times, for grief,
    And gives so much exchange.

This moment's bliss is wholly mine,
Dame Fortune on the next may shine,
    Or, if she choose, turn coy;
E'en she has on the past no pow'r,
Nor can she rob one well-spent hour,
    Of any of its joy.

Boy, fill a bumper--to my arms
Call devious Lucy's facile charms,
    Let Mirth and Dance step forth!
What is't to me, if next campaign
Should join to France the pow'r of Spain--
    Such cares belong to NORTH.

Let dire portents of coming ill
Through mischief boding bosoms thrill,
    They me shall never fright,--
Should Cynthia's wan complexion fail,[1]
Or comet brush with fiery tail
    The sooty face of Night.

[1] Cynthia was a popular name for the Greek Artemis or Roman Diana, goddess of the moon. An eclipse of the moon or the appearance of a comet would be taken by many as an evil omen.

Public Advertiser, 1 September 1779, p. 2.

The OX and the FROGS.

A Fable for the TIMES.

(233)

"BEFORE I'll be humm'd by the Frogs, (cries the Ox)
"I'll trample the Rascals by Dozens;"
--"That may be (say the Frogs) but believe us, dear Friend,
"We're your Counsellors faithful, and Cousins."

"Oh yes! and be d[amne]d t'ye (the Ox made Reply)
"Your Advice I shall hastily follow;
"Like the French you've deceived me with Lie after Lie,
"But no more of your Hums will I swallow."

So saying, he leisurely walk'd through the Pool,
(How much he despis'd them a Proof,)
No Quarter he gave to Rogue, Rascal, or Fool,
But trod Hundreds to Death with his Hoof.

Public Advertiser, 1 September 1779, p. 2.

Morning Chronicle, 2 September 1779, p. 4.

SEPTEMBER. To the Sportsmen.

(234)

NOW, now, while France and Spain combine,
Th' Extent of Tyranny to show,
Let every Freeborn Briton join
To hurl Destruction on the Foe.

Now, now indeed, "the Games on Foot,"
Now let the fleetest Staghounds start,
Let Frenchmen know, and rue to boot,
Britain's the Hound, and France the Hart.

Now legal Liberty declares
That Murder stalk the Country round,
O spare your Partridges and Hares,
Since better Sport may now be found.

But let us have no Sportsmen less
Than we have had in former Days,
While every Hunter joins to chace
The Vermin that would knaw his Bays.

Free fly the feather'd Breed this Year,
And let the harmless finny Race,
For once elude the Angler's care,
A[nd] safely skim the watery Space.

Tempt not the Trout's sagacious Eye,
Nor Blood of Hares now spill:
--BRITONS have other Fish to fry,
And other GAME to KILL.

Public Advertiser, 25 September 1779, p. 1.

The COMPARISON: Or, What's the Difference?

(235)

AS Tom Bowline was prowling the Streets with his Gang,
Such Fellows to press, as would otherwise hang,
He spy'd one he thought who would answer his End,
And, slapping his Shoulder, cry'd, "What Ship, my Friend?"
"You mistake," said the Man, "Sir, you cannot take me;
"I can prove how I live; so by Law I am free."--
"Your Law," said Tom, "I am not very apt in:
"That's a Thing which we leave to the Reg'lating Captain:
"But this I know well, that whate'er you can say,
"I've a Warrant to press, and so you must away."

Then strait, with their Prey, they set off to the Boat,
And his Children and Wife left to sink or to float.

A Frenchman, attentive, observ'd all that past,
And thus to a Friend he broke Silence at last:
"Now, Sir, pray you tell-a-me, en verite,
"Vat vas you tink now of your grand Liberty?
"You make de great Joke of de Lettre de Cachet;
"Ma foi, de Press-Varrant vas very well match it."

M.N.

Public Advertiser, 1 October 1779, p. 1.

After raiding the Irish Sea coast of England in 1778 and taking the British sloop Drake, John Paul Jones returned to British waters in 1779 in his new ship, the Bonhomme Richard. Although this poem does not describe the encounter, Jones's most famous battle had occurred only a few days earlier, on 23 September, in the North Sea. Jones's squadron had met and attacked a British convoy, with the Bonhomme Richard herself engaging the larger and better armed leader of the convoy, the Serapis. At first the Americans seemed overwhelmed by the superior firepower of the Serapis, but Jones, swearing that he had "not yet begun to fight," moved alongside and led his men in savage hand-to-hand fighting for three hours. Finally the British surrendered, the Bonhomme Richard sank, and Jones assumed command of the Serapis. (236)

On the sending out a Fleet in Pursuit of PAUL JONES.

OUR Ministers vex'd,
And sadly perplex'd,
Send a Fleet in Pursuit of Paul Jones;
But politic Paul,
More Cunning than All,
Determines to keep whole his Bones.

"No, no, Master TWITCH,"[1]
Tho' your Fingers may itch
To seize and to capture my Fleet,
Disappointed you'll be;
For when Danger I see,
I always take Care to retreat.

"By deep Penetration
And keen Speculation
My Country at large have obtain'd
That Pow'r and Domain
Which 'tis now pretty plain
Will by England, Sir, ne'er be regain'd,

"The Genius and Spirit
My Country inherit,
The Prudence, the Foresight, and all
That's essential and meet
To keep safe my Fleet,
You'll find, Sir, is cent'red in PAUL."

[1] "Master TWITCH" is Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, known popularly since the 1760's as "Jemmy Twitcher."

Public Advertiser, 14 October 1779, p. 2.

London Packet, 15 October 1779, p. 2.

London Magazine, Appendix to annual edition for 1779.

The Times

(237)

The ministers bad,
The people half mad,
His majesty horribly bit,
The bankrupts increasing,
And good payments ceasing,
With many a pitiful writ,

The Bourbonites great,
Approaching in state,
Britania's old honours to sap;
A wide separation,
They say in the nation,
By their interference must hap.

All Europe a-gazing,
Do think it amazing,
That England so basely should shrink;
And at minister's crimes,
In these horrible times,
With meanness connivingly wink.

The devil a power,
In this dreadful hour,
To succour poor England arrives;
E'en the Dutch by the bye,
That most faithful ally,
By Gallican perfidy thrives.

(continued next page)

Hasn't Joseph Yorke steady
Remonstrances ready,
Besides a most sanctify'd compact?[1]
But their Mightiness' High,
With the Stadtholdher by,
By such an adherence retract.

Yet one comfort arrives,
When we've all lost our lives,
The Empress of Russia intends,
With Prussia's great King,
Such a sweet peal to ring
As shall presently make us all friends.[2]

J.M.

[1] Joseph Yorke, Ambassador to The Hague, had complained in a recent message to their High Mightinesses the Dutch States General that the Dutch were not only failing to aid England as they had promised to do in an earlier treaty, but they were actually giving aid to England's enemies by allowing Dutch ships to serve French ports and by granting sanctuary in Dutch harbors to that despicable pirate, John Paul Jones. On 17 April 1780, England would notify the Dutch United Provinces that they were now considered a neutral state, no longer an ally.

[2] In a message of 21 March 1780, Empress Catherine of Russia would declare that her country was no longer an ally of England, but would consider itself an armed neutral in the present hostilities.

Town and Country Magazine, November 1779, p. 607.

The FAIR AMERICAN.

(238)

FROM those unhappy shores where British blood
In crimson torrents oft is seen to flow;
Where rebel states with foreign powers conclude
A league to lay Britannia's honours low.

From those sad shores is Laura forc'd to fly,
To seek in Albion's isle some calm retreat;
She hopes her sorrows will be wip'd away.
And joy and comfort here she hopes to meet.

Deck'd with each rare accomplishment of youth,
Each happy talent, and each happy art;
Endu'd with virtue, wisdom, prudence, truth,
And every charm that can ensnare a heart.

Fair as the lily, lovely as the rose,
And like the myrtle she can always please;
But stop--no flower could e'er such charms disclose,
Compar'd with her, poor similes are these!

Long, long may she to grace our isle be found,
Secure from hostile civil war's alarms;
And may some gen'rous youth at length be found,
Worthy to share her heart and all her charms.

Rood-lane. G.R.

London Packet, 13 December 1779, p. 4.

A Patriotic, Sentimental Toast, in Verse. (239)

B. M. S. N. G. may the halter dispatch 'em![1]
So infernal a crew! the Devil can't match 'em!
Let a sixth, in Canonicals share the same fate;
To old Nick give his due, his old friend Parson B[at]e.[2]

VOX POPULI.

A SPEEDY way to get rid of LIBERTY. (240)

To quick destruction would you Freedom bring,
Choose for your Instrument some Saintlike King.

QUESTION and ANSWER. (241)

Q. Was there a viler Ministry e'er known?
A. Never--But none so welcome to the Th rone .
Q. Shall we be always rul'd by knaves and fools?
A. Ever, while Englishmen are Scotchmens tools.

EPIGRAM on a late SPEECH.[3] (242)

Joe scann'd it o'er, and seem'd provok'd,
And swore great George had only jok'd;
"Why comrade Hodge, (do'st hear me, pray)
"Here's not the word America."
Hodge smiling said, "the reason's known,
"George knows that country's not his own;
"And would'st thou have great folks to fret,
"For foreign countries they can't get."

In Chatham's time things were not so;
But Britain's glory now's laid low;
Britain may strive, and strive in vain,
Her mighty empire's rent in twain.

[1] Probably Bute, Mansfield, Sandwich, North, Germain.

[2] Parson Bate was publisher of the pro-Ministry Morning Post.

[3] Astonishingly, the King's address to the new Parliament on 25 November 1779 contained no mention of the American war.

Public Advertiser, 24 December 1779, p. 2.

Count d'Estaing and General Lincoln attacked Savannah on 9 October 1779 and were repulsed. Official reports on the action arrived in London on 20 December 1779 in a letter from General Clinton in New York. He included reports sent to him by Governor Tonyn and Lieutenant Colonel Fuser, garrison commander. One report was brought to Clinton by a messenger who, Clinton said, "though he is a Mulatta, appears to me to be a very intelligent man."

PUNCHINELLO to the K[ing], on the late glorious Success of his M[ajesty]'s Arms in America.

(243)

WHEN first your Cannon so clear-o,
Did reach our astonished Ear-o,
We thought it was only the Q[uee]n-o,
That had brought us another Bambino.[1]
For your M[ajest]y so good a Man is,
And your Servants such comicalinos,
That though every Year
Your Prowess appear,
Since we last heard a Gun
Fired for Victories won,
'Tis now full Years seventeen-o.

Then Thanks to Tonyn and Fuser,
Faddledy daddledy dino;
For sending us such great News, Sir,
Ribbery bibbery bino;
And to the Mulatto, th' intelligent Man,
Whom you cannot do less by, than make Aid de Camp.
Fiddledy diddledy, faddledy daddledy,
Robbery bobbery, ribbery bibbery,
Faddledy daddledy dino,
Ribbery bibbery bino.

[1] The speaker need not have been embarrassed that he mistook the meaning of the cannon fire, for this was much more apt to signify a royal birth than a military victory in George III's reign. As the speaker says, a victory had not been celebrated in seventeen years, but Queen Charlotte presented the King with no less than fifteen babies.

(continued next page)

Sing, Io triumphe, Caesar,
    Niddlety, noddlety, no,
D'Estaing is again put to Sea, Sir,
    Bibbety, bobbety, bo.
Though like a French Dog, not content with his own,
He has carried off two of your Ships--and hid one.
    But the Siege, G[od] be praised,
    Of Savannah is raised,
As Prevost[2] will soon put out of all Doubt,
If once they will let him but fairly come out:
But the obstinate Rebels have not yet retreated,
Nor fly, as they ought, when completely defeated.

Then Io triumphe again let us sing,
    Faddledy daddledy dino;
The Guns they shall roar, and the Bells they shall ring,
    Bibbery bibbery bino.
And though Wags pretend it will make even sick Tories,
To be popping the Guns for such comical Victories;
'Tis a pretty Beginning, good, Sir, as Things go;
We've lost but three Ships and escaped a damn'd Blow.

[2] Major General Prevost, British commander at Savannah, reported to Clinton that the port was still blocked, despite the victory.

Public Advertiser, 24 December 1779, p. 2.

Guns and bells were sounded in London on the evening of Monday, 20 December 1779, when first word of the victory at Savannah arrived.

On the Firing the TOWER GUNS last Monday Evening.

(244)

OUR Ministers wise,
Whom most Men despise,
    Lest their Ign'rance be not enough known,
From the TOWER proclaim
That Folly and Shame
    Which so long hath surrounded the Throne.

G.

Public Advertiser, 29 December 1779, p. 1.

ODE on the VICTORY at SAVANNAH, in GEORGIA, on hearing the Guns fired for it.

(245)

HARK! hark! the Park and Tower's Guns
Proclaim, in thund'ring Roar and Noise,
How Fame, with News victorious, runs
And ecchoes Fame with babling Voice;
Each Fool receives the great Report,
And Joy expands itself at Court.
    Let every Voice be rais'd,
    Let Fuser's Name be prais'd
        In one united Sound;
    Let Tonyn's Name go round;
Nor the Mulatto we'll refuse,
Who there conveyed the heavenly News.

RECITATIVE.

With Pleasure Majesty attentive reads,
In Joy surveys these valiant bloody Deeds!

AIR.

    Let it be known, he cries,
    The Rebels are a Sacrifice,
    The French are all destroy'd; we know
    Who aided this rebellious Foe.
    This we may safely, boldly say,
        'Tis ever with America.
Let Eccho, sounding Eccho, greet
The News, and each great Act repeat:
Let splendid Flambeaux Night enblaze;
In Harmony let Music join
In Song extatic and divine;
Let all their Transports raise.

RECITATIVE.

Pale Envy stung with self-tormenting Pain
Of Joy, unmeaning Joy, pours out this Strain,
"Unus'd to conquer, you are frantic grown,
"'Tis not for Victory you'll surely own."

(continued next page)

AIR.

Let haggard Eyes bewail,
The bloody sad Detail,
Of fifteen Hundred Slain,
Face upwards on the Plain.
Let us applaud Moncrieffe's Resource,
Give Heaven Thanks, it was not worse.

[RECITATIVE.]

Let the Trumpets Silver sound,
Proclaim it to the Stars around;
Let ev'ry neighbouring Nation know,
The Obstinacy of the Foe;
Five Years in Arms, yet never we
Burn'd Powder thus,--in Jollity
Sullen, see patriotic Spleen,
Low'ring with heavy Eye,
Anguish and Spite distort his Mien,
Nor knows the Reason why.
"You now rejoice, each cries, for what you shou'd
"Lament, or full Atonement make for Blood;
"'Tis Despotism's Wiles have Ruin led,
"And hurled Vengeance on each Freeman's Head."

AIR.

Such idle Prating, who can bear,
Or lend attentive, yielding Ear?
No doubt (ere this) the People will
Each Act of Vengeance (there) fulfill;
Return to Duty, one and all,
Submissive, unconditional;
Let our great King in Truth respected be,
Applaud his Wisdom, Mercy, Constancy.

DEMOCRITUS.

London Magazine, Appendix to annual edition for 1779.

RECEIPT to make a Modern Minister.

(246)

To form a minister, th' ingredients
Are, a head fruitful of expedients,
Each trimm'd to suit the present minute,
(No harm, if nothing else be in it;)
The mind, tho' much perplex'd and harrass'd,
The face must be quite unembarrass'd;
Nay, further, to deceive the while,
When things are worst--should wear a smile;[1]
The talents of a treaty maker;
The sole disposal of th' Exchequer;[2]
Of right and wrong no real feeling,
Yet in the names of both much dealing;
In short, this man must be a mixture
Of broker, sycophant, and trickster:
For more particulars, 'tis meet
You call on BOREAS, Downing-street.[3]

[1] Isaac Barré and others were infuriated with Lord North for smiling while he informed Commons that England was now at war with Spain as well as France and America.

[2] As Prime Minister, North combined the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[3] Boreas, the name of the north wind, had long been a favorite nickname for Lord North.

London Chronicle, 18 March 1780, p. 271.

Lord North had nominated Fletcher Norton, "Bullface Double-fee," for the position of Speaker of the House of Commons in 1770, and Norton had held the post ever since. Early in 1780, Norton became ambitious to replace retiring Chief Justice De Gray, but he learned that North planned to appoint his Attorney General, Alexander Wedderburn, instead. Norton then gave his support to Burke's Establishment Bill for reducing the influence of the Crown and said in Commons that Lord North was now "no friend of his."

On a late Altercation in the H[ous]e of C[ommo]ns. (247)

SIR Bullface Double-fee, who firm for years
Drew with the Premier in his foulest gears,
Wanting more plunder from th' exhausted state--
Deny'd, turns patriot with rancorous hate.
This, this is all the roaring Patriot's aim,
Who to a man, if in, would act the same.

C.J.C.P.

London Chronicle, 18 March 1780, p. 271.

On 12 February 1779, the City of London had presented Admiral Keppel with "the freedom of the city" (a key to the city) in a box made of "heart of oak." This was the day after the popular commander had been acquitted in his court-martial at Portsmouth. Keppel's action on 27 July 1778, from which Palliser and Ministerial papers like the London Chronicle had generated charges for a court-martial, had taken place off the lee shore of Ushant.

On 29 February 1780, Admiral Rodney was honored for his two victories over Spanish convoys on 8 and 16 January 1780. Before 1780, Rodney was as famous for his profligacy as for his naval prowess. His affinities for women and play were well known, and from 1775 until 1778 he lived in Paris to avoid British creditors.

On the CITIZENS of LONDON presenting one Admiral with a Box of GOLD, and another with one of HEART OF OAK.

(248)

EACH Admiral's defective part,
Satyric Cits! you've told;
That cautious Lee-shore wanted Heart,
And gallant Rodney GOLD.

London Packet, 3 May 1780, p. 4.

On 6 April 1780, after forty petitions had been presented in Commons on abuses of public expenditure, John Dunning moved his two famous resolutions to diminish the influence of the Crown and to examine and correct abuses in expenditure. These motions passed over strong Ministerial opposition. On 10 April another of Dunning's resolutions passed, this one designed to make Parliamentary bribes more difficult by publicizing all payments from the government to members of either house. At this point Dunning was prevented from presenting further reform motions by the announced illness of the Speaker of Commons. By the time the Speaker had recovered and Dunning was ready to proceed with his reforms, North and his Ministers had "reinspired" their men in Commons. Dunning's next motion, to ask the King not to prorogue Parliament until this urgent business was settled, lost by a decisive margin. The importance of Dunning's earlier successful resolutions, though, can hardly be overemphasized. A vocal minority, represented in this poem by "Fox, Savile, Burke, Barre, Dunning," had long opposed the American war. Now it was clear that they could occasionally control enough votes to have their way, and the pressure on Ministers to end the war was increased significantly.

The PARLIAMENT MAN.

A NEW BALLAD. (249)

To the Tune of "The Warwickshire Lad."

YE Quidnuncs and politic asses,
See what at our Parliament passes,
Where the country is sold by the placeman and slave;
For the Knave of all knaves is a Parliament knave.
Parliament knave.
A counsellor grave;
For the knave of all knaves is a Parliament knave.

When the Minister opens the budget,
To vote all he asks who can grudge it?
For he pays for <u>their</u> votes as <u>they</u> pay for their seat,
And the cheat of all cheats is a Parliament cheat.
Parliament cheat;
Yes, I repeat,
That the cheat of all cheats is a Parliament cheat.

(continued next page)

Then for penknives and razors raise taxes;
Tho' God knows, we'd rather buy axes;
For our grievances sore have no chance of relief,
While the thief of all thieves is a Parliament thief.
Parliament thief,
'Tis my belief,
That the thief of all thieves is a Parliament thief.

These gentlemen vote, without ceasing,
The King's pow'r is encreas'd and encreasing,
Then resolve to diminish it all that they can;
And the man of all men is a Parliament man.
Parliament man,
Stick to that plan,
And the man of all men is a Parliament man.

But having once said it, they finish;
Forbid bid them begin and diminish,
To oppose ev'ry means then they make it a rule,
And the tool of all tools is a Parliament tool.
Parliament tool,
Both knave and fool,
And the tool of all tools is a Parliament tool.

Our petitions they swear are half granted
By refusing us all that we wanted;
So our comical Premier may chuckle and brag
That the wag of all wags is a Parliament wag.
Parliament wag,
With a full bag.
The wag of all wags is a Parliament wag.

We have Members both honest and cunning,
Fox, Savile, Burke, Barre, and Dunning;
But never will get the Lord Advocate's vot.
And the Scot of all Scots is this Parliament Scot.
Parliament Scot,
For a speech or a shot,
The Scot of all Scots is a Parliament Scot.

But hold--in respect to the mace,
The Speaker has got a swell'd face;
Lord North too complains that he dares not go out,
For the gout of all gouts is a Parliament gout.
Parliament gout,
O Lord, what a rout!
When the gout of all gouts is a Parliament gout.

Public Advertiser, 21 August 1780, p. 4.

The humiliating defeat of twenty-one American ships, mostly privateers, by a smaller British squadron in Penobscot Bay had occurred on 15 August 1779, fully a year before the publication of this poem. The American fortress at Charleston had surrendered to General Clinton on 12 May 1780.

Parliament had been prorogued on 8 July, despite Dunning's motion to the contrary. When good news arrived from Charleston, Ministers decided to take advantage of the wave of popular encouragement by dissolving Parliament (which they did on 1 September) and holding elections before another embarrassing and rancorous debate could further diminish their strength.

On the Destruction of the Rebel Fleet at Penobscott, and the Reduction of Charles-Town.

(250)

WHIGS of all denominations,
Ranks, degrees, and occupations,
Souls of Murder, hearts of Treason,
Lyars, in and out of reason;
Desp'rate band of hellish ruffians,
Pack of scurvy raggamuffins!
In despite of French alliance,
Now we set you at defiance.

Tremble, then, ye proud misleaders,
Covenanters and Seceders,
Anabaptists, Presbyterians,
Independants, Oliverians,
Slaves to Congress, and Conventions,
Names that honour hates to mention,
Vengeance now comes on you poring;
Hark, the British Lion roaring!

Stand forth Hancock, Adams, Franklin!
Malice in your bosoms rankling;
Bless mine eyes! what odious creatures!
Paleness sits upon their features;
What a hateful group of Nero's!
These were they that talk'd like heroes;
These were they who promis'd wonders;
What have they perform'd but blunders!

(continued next page)

Washington, once fam'd in story,
(But fallen now, alas! from glory)
Lee, the refuse of creation,[1]
Out-cast of the British nation;
Sullivan, thou proud King-hater,
Arnold valiant, but a traitor,[2]
You have had, for all your boasting,
Bastinadoes, and rib-roasting.

What is continental bravery?
Cowardice in league with Knavery.
What is continental honour?
Fraud, with hangman's mark upon her.
What is continental money?
Paper trick of cash to fun ye.
What is continental freedom?
To oppress mankind, and bleed'em.

What are continental mercies?
Tarring, feathering, and curses.
What are continental glories?
To rob and murder all the Tories.
What are continental armies?
Rogues that run where ere th' alarm is.
Where's the continental navy?
'Tis all gone to little Davy.

Hence away, each vile delusion!
Hence, ye authors of confusion!
See, the Refugees are ready;
They are hearts of oak, and steady;
Tryon's gone to chase the ravens
On their coasts, and in their havens;
He will trounce the Yankee nation,
He will give them flagellation.

Offspring of felonious convicts,
Are you fit for martial conflicts?
Spawn of Rapparees, and out-laws,
How came you to think about laws?
Seed of vile fanatic preachers,
Who appointed you for teachers?
Sons of gypsies, thieves, and shoolers,[3]
Who the Devil made you rulers?

(continued next page)

[1] Actually General Lee had been out of command since Washington relieved him at the Battle of Monmouth Court House in June 1778.

[2] At this point Arnold was a traitor only in British eyes. He did not betray the Americans until the next month, September 1780.

[3] A "shooler" was a vagrant or beggar. (O.E.D.)

Now the steeds of war are harness'd
Cornwallis now go on in earnest:
Haldimand,[4] bring thy battalions
To extirpate the rapscallions.
Clinton, arm, with all thy thunder!
Scourge the rav'nouw hounds of plunder;
Clear the land of all banditti,
Sweep off Congress, and Committee.

NAUTICUS.

[4] Frederick Haldimand, from Switzerland, had joined the British army before the Seven Years' War and had risen to the rank of lieutenant general by 1777. In 1778, Germain appointed him to replace General Guy Carleton in Canada.

Gentleman's Magazine, February 1781, p. 87.

The allusion below is to Addison's Cato (1713), IV, iv. The old man, Cato, learns that his son Marcus has died courageously amid "a whole host of foes." Cato replies simply "I'm satisfied." Major Pierson died with similar gallantry in early January 1781 when the French attempted to bring the war home to the English by taking the Channel Island of Jersey. French troops under de Rullecourt had already seized the island's Deputy Governor and forced him to sign a capitulation when twenty-four-year-old Major Pierson led a heroic charge which thoroughly defeated the French, but in which Pierson himself was killed.

On the DEATH of MAJOR PIERSON.

(251)

"TELL me, says Cato, where you found
"My boy--and how he fell?
"In front--and in his breast the wound?--
"I thank the Gods--'tis well."

Thus the stern Stoic sooth'd his grief,
And check'd the rising groan,
By making honour his relief,
And common good his own.

Yet more, the terms of vital breath
He knew--and chance of war,
That youth is no where safe from death,
And glory courts a scar.

For yours--on these reflections dwell,
When you behold his urn;
And as He like a Roman fell,
Do you like Romans mourn.

True--He was young--and brave as young--
And generous as brave:
Yet every virtue could not long
Or Him or Marcus save.

Fly to the truth--to you 'tis clear
What Cato wish'd to prove,
That virtuous valour suffering here,
Shall find its crown above.

SON.

London Chronicle, 10 March 1781, p. 236.

Scots Magazine, April 1781.

Colonel Banastre Tarleton, twenty-seven, was perhaps the most feared British officer in America at this time. In 1776 he had led a part of the small force which had captured American General Charles Lee, and by 1781 his audacity and his long list of victories in the South over respected American commanders like Buford, Gates, De Kalb, and Sumpter had made his name known throughout the country. His dragoons fought on horseback and on foot and made a habit of traveling incredible distances at night and falling upon unsuspecting enemies the next morning. Tarleton's victory over Colonel Buford on 29 May 1780 contributed a new epithet to the language, "Tarleton's quarter," when the 113 Americans who surrendered and "begged for quarter" were killed after the battle by Tarleton's men.

If bad news had traveled a bit more quickly, however, Tarleton's reputation for invincibility would have been somewhat tarnished by the time this poem appeared. For on 17 January 1781, Daniel Morgan's force turned and faced the pursuing Tarleton at Cowpens, South Carolina. Tarleton's cavalry was badly beaten, and he himself would have been taken but for the speed of his horse. Word of this battle had not reached London when this poem appeared.

An HUDIBRASTIC EPISTLE to Colonel TARLETON.

(252)

WHOEVER taught you first to fight,
I like their mode, and think it right,
But am convinc'd your better rules
Were never learn'd in modern schools,
Because your mind you cannot bring
To what is call'd maneuvre-ing;
But I can tell you for your comfort,
Altho' you'll never shew your bum for't,
Nor turn your back on certain glory,
As H[ow]e and K[eppe]l did before ye:
Applauses due we ne'er shall pay,
Unless you'll fight to run away.
You sure must know, or else I'll teach ye,
(Attend me here, Sir, I beseech ye)
That none are prais'd our foes for banging,
But only such as merit hanging:

(continued next page)

And therefore you are much to blame
For thinking you'll acquire fame;
Because, when cowards make a fuss,
True valour must be infamous.
Fighting was once a British passion,
But most things change, and so does fashion;
Last war sky rockets pierced the skies,
For foes distress'd, and victories;
But now our windows blaze from far,
To shew our foes triumphant are;
Make a retreat, or make a fight on't,
Our politicians still make light on't,
Sir, if you wish for reputation,
Do all you can to hurt the nation;
Alarm your foes with fifes and drumming,
And let them know that you are coming;
The man is always prais'd who flies 'em,
You'll sure be d[amne]d if you surprise 'em.
Whether you fight on sea or dry land,
Observe Sir W[illia]m at Long Island;
Ne'er force their lines, nor think of beating,
Nor e'er prevent them from retreating.
From K[eppe]l prudent maxims borrow,
And trim 'em handsomely--To-morrow.
Oppose your conscience and conviction,
And men will praise for contradiction.
But if you imitate the Swede*,
Or fight pell-mell, like Diomede,
Pursue your foes, and never mind 'em,
And rout 'em wheresoever you find 'em;
For censure you'll afford an handle,
And will be curs'd, bell, book, and candle.

T.R.

*Charles XII.

General Evening Post, 31 March 1781, p. 4.

On 3 February 1781, Admiral Rodney appeared off the West Indies island of St. Eustatius with General Vaughan and fifteen ships of the line and gave Dutch Governor De Graaffe one hour to surrender. St. Eustatius had long been used as a free port by all belligerents--England, France, and Spain--and de Graaffe had no idea that on 20 December 1780 England had declared war on their former allies, the Dutch. There was no fort on the island, and the Governor had only about fifty soldiers assigned to him, so of course he capitulated. Rodney took possession of an enormous treasure in the various materials being stored on the island by different nations, but on 30 March the King renounced his claim to the spoils. Many of the goods were thereafter sold at auction and went to the traders who would probably have received them in any case.

On 14 May 1781, several weeks after the appearance of this poem, Edmund Burke opened debate in Commons on the wisdom of attacking what had clearly amounted to a neutral port whose right to carry on commerce was protected by the Grenada Act, the Tobacco Act, and the Cotton Act. In the same month, the most valuable of the spoils were shipped from St. Eustatius in a British convoy under Commodore Hotham. French Commander M. De la Motte Piquet intercepted the convoy and took seventeen of the twenty-one ships. In November, St. Eustatius itself was captured by the Marquis de Bouillé. The income from the auction, amounting to 2,000,000 livres, which was stored on the island as the property of Rodney and Vaughan, now went to the French. Thus income, stores, and island were all lost within ten months of the stirring victory celebrated by this poem.

On Admiral RODNEY's allowing the Governor of St. Eustatia only ONE HOUR to consider of a Surrender.

(253)

HOW vast the gallant Rodney's pow'r!
How glorious he appears!
Who more has done in one short hour,
Than others have for years.

Gentleman's Magazine, May 1781, pp. 235-36.

Major John André, aide and later adjutant general to General Clinton, British commander in New York, had plotted with American General Benedict Arnold to take the American fort guarding the Hudson River at West Point, then under Arnold's command. André was taken up the Hudson on a sloop to make final arrangements with Arnold on 21 September 1780, After putting André ashore, the sloop came under fire and was forced to withdraw, leaving André to make his own way back to New York after a nightlong meeting with Arnold. André chose to return by way of Tarrytown and to exchange his British uniform for civilian clothes. On 23 September he was captured, and the plot was exposed. Arnold escaped to New York on the sloop which was to have taken André. Had André been captured in uniform, he would have been merely a prisoner of war and would probably have been exchanged as he had been exchanged once before in 1775. Because he was wearing civilian clothes, though, he was considered a spy and, despite General Clinton's personal appeals, was hanged on 2 October 1780.

Anna Seward, or "Julia," author of the Monody on Major André which elicited the poem below, had been an admirer and correspondent of André for more than ten years. Her stepsister, Honora, had been engaged to marry André until forced by her parents to dissolve the engagement.

(254)

To Miss SEWARD, on her Monody on Major André

ABOVE the frigid etiquette of form,
With the same animated feelings warm,
I come, fair maid, enamour'd of thy lays,
With tribute verse to swell the note of praise:
Nor let the gentle Julia's hand disdain
The bold intrusion of an honest strain:
Nor is it mine alone--'tis the full voice
Of such* as honour with no vulgar choice;
Of such as feel, each glowing line along,
The tender impulse of thy tuneful song.

* A reading society at Shrewsbury.

(continued next page)

When Cook unfurl'd his enterprizing sail
With eagle-pinion to the freezing gale,
Thy Muse attendant on his daring soul
Through the bleak chambers of the Southern pole,
Amazement listen'd--doubtful most t' admire
The Hero's spirit, or the Poet's fire;
And down her cheek the frequent tear would stray,
While Delicacy deck'd his lone Morai;
Soft sigh'd the heart of sympathy--but oh!
'Tis dumb distress, unutterable woe!
While thy pathetic genius hovers o'er
The tragic horrors of the Western shore;
In holy numbers eloquent to tell
How gracefully the gallant André fell:
More pleasing to his dear departed shade
Than all the tears, which grateful Britain paid.
Shedding sweet honours on his hallow'd bier,
Thy pen, more potent than Ithuriel's spear,
Strips from the ruthless Chief† his corselet's pride,
And shews his heart of Nero's colour dy'd.

Oh, would that pen its guardian-aid extend
To grace the innocent, the fair befriend:
Would Julia's hand the generous task essay!
(Once the bright subject of an humbler lay‡)
The treasures of the female breast make known,
By copying the soft movements of her own,
Woman should walk, array'd in her own robe,
The hope, the boast, the blessing of the globe.

Shrewsbury. S. JOHNSON.[1]

† Washington.

‡ Alluding to an Essay on Women, written by the author of these verses.

[1] Probably Samuel Johnson. See discussion in Introduction, pages twenty-four through twenty-six.

London Magazine, December 1781, pp. 596-97.

On 19 October, Cornwallis had surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, effectively ending British hopes in America. First word of the surrender reached Germain at noon on Sunday, 25 November. He hurriedly advised Lord North, and they set about revising the King's speech to be delivered when Parliament convened on 27 November.

(255)

The Vain Contest.

Quo quo scelesti ruitis? Aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enses conditi?
Parumne campis atque Neptuno super
Fusum est Latini sanguinis?
Horace.[1]

Still, by some fraudful lure led on,
Against th' Americans we run,
T' o'erpow'r them strive with might and main,
But, ah! a fruitless strife maintain;
For tho' their troops we oft annoy,
As, in their turn, they our's destroy;
Yet we no sooner scarce chastise
One band, than two t' oppose us rise;
This furnish'd by their grand ally,
While that the States themselves supply:
So that in truth the more we kill,
The more are found to slaughter still.
Just so, when HERCULES of old
(As we by ancient bards are told)
From LERNA's monster hew'd one head,
Still two succeeded in its stead.

Slow too, quite slow, the progress made
(And oft our steps seem retrograde)
When we those spacious tracts essay
To conquer back, we fool'd away;
For as we, with vast cost and pother,
One province seize, we lose another.

Thus SISYPHUS, his sins t' atone,
Up-hill still rolls a massy stone,
Which, ever tumbling down again,
Renders his ceaseless efforts vain.

(continued next page)

And must we then, till quite undone,
Thus to no purpose still go on?
Gods! shall war's tempest ne'er subside?
Or through the storm can no one guide
Our found'ring bark? Can't they this strife
Compose, who wak'd it into life?
Ah, no!--'twas their's the state t' embroil,
And Albion's matchless glory foil,
But now it mocks their art to heal
Her troubles, and restore her weal.
Thus quacks, those hardy sons of shame,
When they have on the human frame
Induc'd disease, too scant of skill
Are found to cure th' inflicted ill.

Albion! how art thou fall'n of late!
How chang'd, since CHATHAM's days, thy state!
Then, 'midst the nations, as their queen,
Wast thou in dazzling splendour seen.
By Wisdom then to conquest led,
Thy valour fill'd the world with dread,
And, while that valour wonders wrought,
Admiring states thy favour sought:
But, ah! it is no longer thine
Amidst admiring states to shine;
For Folly, holding now the place
Of Wisdom, leads thee to disgrace:
Hence, while thy schemes their mirth excite,
All nations now thy favour slight.
Contemn'd, distress'd, without one friend
A kind, assisting hand to lend,
Alone thou stand'st; and seest, with woe,
In each European pow'r a foe;
Save such, whose amity must fail
Of weight in the politic scale.

Thus unsupported, right or wrong,
This rueful conflict we prolong;
And tho' *soft Peace! we seem to mourn,
Thy absence, court not thy return,
But war, prepost'rous war, still wage,
And bid the feeble battle rage.
Meanwhile more keenly we contend,
The faster our resources spend:
Hence, tho' arms no deed have done
Decisive, deep in debt we're run;
And running on, as if stark mad,
We still to millions, millions add.

* Et nomen pacis dulce est, & ipsa res salutaris.[2]
CICERO

(continued next page)

While thus to bankruptcy we haste,
Our troops too, with our treasures, waste;
Those troops of which the flow'r are gone,
By war's ensanguin'd scythe cut down.
In fine, each morn the circling sun,
When ris'n his stated course to run,
Our isle surveys, he sees us grow
More abject still, though sunk so low.
And can we hope, in such a state,
Th' Americans to subjugate,
Those pow'rs, now leagu'd with France and Spain,
With whom alone we strove in vain?
No; Reason, truthful guide and guest,
Repels from each unbiass'd breast
Th' expectance fond; still bold to blame
And chide the visionary aim.
No longer, then, in Reason's spite,
Let's urge the dire, destructive fight;
But wisely, ere it is too late,
Tho' loath, resign us to our fate,
And, since it nought avails to kill,
Forbear more kindred blood to spill.

PHILA-SENNESO.

Riccall, Nov. 21

[1] The passage from Horace, Epod. 7, ll. 1-4, may be translated as follows:

> Whither, whither are ye rushing to ruin in your wicked frenzy? Or why are your hands grasping the swords that have once been sheathed? Has too little Roman blood been shed on field and flood?

[2] The passage from Cicero, 2 Philippics 44.113, may be translated as follows:

> And the name of peace is sweet, and the thing itself wholesome.

London Chronicle, 21 February 1782, p. 182.

Salem Gazette, 17 October 1782, p. 4.

Since betraying America in September 1780 as a major general in command of West Point, probably our most important fort at the time, Arnold had been made a brigadier general (a one-step demotion) in the British army. British General Clinton, apparently somewhat uncertain about his new officer, avoided giving him critically important assignments and usually sent another British commander along at Arnold's side. Arnold's last action in America was in his home state of Connecticut where he burned the town of New London in September 1781, hoping to divert a part of Washington's force from its siege of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

After this parting gesture, Arnold came to England and was welcomed by the Court. On 31 January 1782, Abingdon objected in the House of Lords to this welcome, referring to the disgrace of "one Arnold, coming into this kingdom with his hands reeking with the blood of his countrymen."

On 28 February 1782, one week after the appearance of this poem, a bill was passed "to enable his Majesty to conclude a Peace, or Truce, with the revolted colonies in North America." When a delegation from Commons formally presented the message to the King on 1 March, he gave them a studied and unmistakable indication of his displeasure by arranging to have Arnold standing at his right hand when he received the delegation.

ODE, addressed to GENERAL ARNOLD.

By LADY CRAVEN.[1] (256)

WELCOME one Arnold to our shore,
Thy deeds on Fame's strong pinions bore,
    Spread loyalty and reason:
O! had success thy projects crown'd,
Proud Washington had bit the ground,
    And Arnold punish'd treason.

Around you press the sacred band,
Germaine will kneel to kiss your hand,
    Galloway his plaudits blend:
Sir Hugh will hug you to his heart,
The tear of joy from Twitcher start,
    And Cockburn hail his friend.

(continued next page)

[1] Elizabeth Craven. See Introduction, pp. 15-16.

Since you the royal levees grace,
Joy breaks thro' Denbigh's dismal face,
    Sir Guy looks brisk and capers;
Grave Amherst teems with brilliant jests,
The Refugees are Stormont's guests,
    His wine's a cure for vapours.

Mild Abingdon shouts out your praise,
Burgoyne himself will tune his lays,
    To sing your skill in battle;
Greater than Hans who scal'd the Alps,
Or Indian Chiefs who brought him scalps,
    Instead of Yankee cattle.

For camp or cabinet you're made,
A jockey's half a courtier's trade,
    And you've instinctive art;
Although your outside's not so drest,
Bid Mansfield dive into your breast,
    And then report your heart.

What think you of this rapid war?
Perhaps you'll say we've march'd too far,
    (And spar'd when we should kill)
Was it by coursing to and fro,
That Sackville beat the daring foe,
    Or bravely standing still?

Heroic Sackville, calm and meek,
Tho' Ferdinando smote his cheek,
    He never shook his spear:
(That spear in Gallic blood fresh dyed)
But like Themistocles, he cried,
    *Frappez, Mon Prince!--but hear.

As yet we've met with trifling crosses,
And proved our force e'en by our losses
    (Conquest or death's the word):
Britons strike home!--Be this your boast,
After two gallant armies lost,
    Sir Henry--has a third.

Worn out with toils and great designs,
Germaine to you the seals resigns,
    Your worth superior owns;
Would rev'rend Twitcher now retreat,
We still might keep a greater fleet,
    By bringing o'er Paul Jones.

* The Author had this anecdote from Sir J. Irwin. See Plutarch's Lives.

(continued next page)

O'er Twitcher's breast, and Germaine's too,
Fix Edward's star and riband blue,
    To ravish all beholders;
That when to Heaven they get a call,
Their stars (like Eli's cloak) may fall
    On Paul's and Arnold's shoulders.

Caermarthen ope your sacred gates,
The gen'rous valiant Germaine waits,
    Who held the Atlantic steerage:
(He'll shine a jewel in the crown)
When Arnold knocks all traitors down,
    He, too, shall have a peerage!

Should faithless Wedderburne decline,
To rank his name, Germaine, with thine,
    This truth (unfee'd) I'll tell you,
Rise a Scotch Peer--right weel I ween,
You'll soon be chose--one of sixteen,--
    Dare Grafton then expel you?

London Magazine, March 1782, p. 140.

To a YOUNG LADY on the return of her Lover from America.

(257)

Harriet, prepare! thy captain's come:
Thy captain's come from far;
Without the noise of fife or drum,
Or pageantry of war.

His courage he hath well approv'd,
In distant climes 'twas shown:
Now for the sake of her he lov'd,
He'd show it in his own.

The trumpet for the lute he'll quit;
For some soft couch the plain;
And boldly his lov'd Harriet meet
In Venus's campaign.

Full many a wound he got in war,
Full many a toil endur'd,
Besides that little fatal scar
Which must by you be cur'd.

Then gently take him to your arms
And he'll be ever true;
Tho' fond of war and fierce alarms
He'd sooner fight with you.

He'd fight--tho' sure to be o'ercome,
Oppos'd to <u>such</u> a foe;
And never murmur at his doom,
When <u>you</u> have laid him low.

London Magazine, April 1782, p. 186.

After the King, with Benedict Arnold standing at his right hand, had unhappily accepted the message from Commons on 1 March 1782 concerning their unwillingness to support the American war, Conway moved on 4 March that any Ministers who should advise the King to continue the war should be considered henceforth "as enemies to his Majesty and this country." Conway's motion was seconded by Althorpe and passed by the House without requiring a "division" or formal counting of votes. This was the first of a series of motions which soon persuaded Lord North and the King that North's position was untenable.

On 20 March, barely ahead of Lord Surrey's motion of "no confidence" which would have forced the Ministry out, North announced to the House that his Cabinet had resigned. The new Cabinet would include Charles Watson-Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham, replacing Lord North as First Lord of the Treasury; Charles James Fox, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; the Earl of Shelburne, Secretary of State for Home and Colonial Affairs; Edmund Burke, Paymaster-General of the Forces; Lord Camden, President of the Council; the Duke of Richmond, Master-General of the Ordnance; and the Duke of Grafton, Lord Privy Seal.

(258)

UNANIMITY.

A Song on the change of the ministry in 1782.

BY G. ROLLOS,

Author of the Royal Quatorze, printed in the Lond. Mag. for October 1780. Vol. XLIX.

Tune. Rural Felicity.

Ye true honest Britons and friends to the nation,
Who long have lamented her hapless estate,
Now hail the blest change in the administration,
So likely to render us happy and great!
Come hither, come hither,
United together,
In liberty's cause your glad voices employ;
Come, see
Wish'd unanimity
Which free-born Britons once more shall enjoy.

(continued next page)

No longer shall party-commotions divide us,
But Englishmen all in one mind shall agree;
Our foes shall no longer insult and deride us,
But trembling before our cannon shall flee:
Now each hostile nation
Shall see with vexation,
In vain their insidious attempts they employ:
While we
Wish'd unanimity,
Like free-born Britons resolve to enjoy.

The greatest of Kings shall with rapture behold us,
The loyalest subjects the world doth contain;
Well-pleas'd as he oft has most graciously told us,
Secure in the hearts of his people to reign.
Of every blessing
Possest, and possessing,
No feuds shall disturb us, or faction destroy:
Come, see
Wish'd unanimity
Which loyal Britons deserve to enjoy.

Let us now hail the men who these blessings procur'd us,
And loud in their praise let our voices resound;
To CONWAY and ALTHORPE, whose votes have secur'd us,
The prospect of peace with the nations around:
For such valu'd favours,
And godlike endeavours,
Our tribute of gratitude let us employ;
Come, see
Wish'd unanimity,
Which free-born Britons delight to enjoy.

FOX, SHELBURNE, and BURKE claim our just veneration,
Whose voices, with full-flowing eloquence fraught,
Have wrought in conjunction this blest reformation;
Such patriots let us revere as we ought!
And at each merry meeting,
Respectfully greeting,
In chearful libations the glasses charge high;
Come, see
How unanimity
Makes every countenance sparkle with joy!

(continued next page)

With CAMDEN's grave wisdom in council presiding,
See RICHMOND, with GRAFTON and *WENTWORTH consort;
With such skilful pilots the helm of state guiding,
The good ship BRITANNIA shall steer safe to port.
Then, spite of rough weather,
Keep all hands together,
And with three jolly cheers hoist the pendant of joy;
Huzza!
Wish'd unanimity
May happy Britons long live to enjoy!

*Marquis of Rockingham.

General Evening Post, 25 June 1782, p. 4.

Admiral Rodney's great victory over Admiral de Grasse took place off Martinique on 12 April. This is the battle described by Anna Seward in her poem published in the Gentleman's Magazine for September. Word of Rodney's victory reached London on the evening of 18 May and immediately set off rejoicing in London and throughout the country.

RODNEY for EVER!

A favourite Song, by Mrs. KENNEDY, at Vauxhall.

(259)

AGAIN BRITANNIA smile,
Smile at each threat'ning foe,
To save this drooping isle,
See Rodney strikes the blow!
For Rodney quickly will regain
Thy Sov'reign Empire o'er the main,

Against thee, treacherous foes
And false allies combine;
But vainly they oppose,
If Rodney still is thine:
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The British Empire o'er the main.

Long may he plough the main;
Long may he victor prove,
Reward still sure to gain,
Of King and People's love:
For gallant Rodney will maintain
The British Empire o'er the main.

Gentleman's Magazine, September 1782, p. 447.

This poem describes the major battle which took place off the island of Martinique on 12 April 1782. Admiral de Grasse commanded the French fleet from his flagship, the Ville de Paris. Admiral Rodney was in command of the British fleet. The fight began at sunrise, lasted eleven hours, and was extremely intense. When the captain of the British ship Formidable went aboard the Ville de Paris to accept the French surrender, he supposedly walked in blood over his shoe buckles all the way from the fore mast to the main mast.

The following, sung by Mr. Saville in a miscellaneous Concert for the Benefit of Addenbrooke's Hospital, at the Senate House, Cambridge, was received with the loudest applause.

THE CELEBRATED OLD BALLAD,

THE BATTLE OF LA HOGUE. (260)

Altered and applyed to the late Naval Victory in the West Indies.

BY MISS SEWARD.[1]

WHEN April wak'd the dawn with lucky gales,
For ever be recorded the glorious Eighty-two,
Brave Rodney joyous spy'd the Gallic sails,
That on the wings of morn before him flew.
All hands, all hands aloft--let British valour shine.
Let fly a culverin--the signal for the line,
And launce the lightning of the guns!
Rising winds, ardent minds,
Bear to conquest Britain's warlike sons!
Chorus--Rising winds, etc.

De Grasse indignant plows the foaming main,
And sullen shuns in combat the dreaded foe to meet,
Though troops of generous heroes crowd his train,
And though out-numb'ring cannon arm his fleet.
Now every gallant mind to victory does aspire,
The bloody fight's begun--the sea is all on fire!
And Fate's dark brow portentous gleams!
While a flood, all of blood,
Through the dazzling Ville de Paris streams.
Chorus--While a flood, etc.

(continued next page)

Sulphur, smoke, and fire disturbing the air,
    Their thunders hoarse resounding from Ocean's lowest cave,
Proud Gallia's shrinking genius hovers near,
    And drops her faded lilies on the wave!--
Now Hood's intrepid force right onward bears its course,
To give the second blow, a total overthrow,
    While Death and horror madly reign!
Now they cry, Yield or die,
    British colours ride the vanquish'd main!
                Chorus--Now they cry, etc.

See! they fly amaz'd, o'er rocks and sands!
    What dangers they grasp to shun a greater fate!
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
    The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their hapless state!
Proud Ville de Paris! now thy lord superior know!
In bright Britannia's line thy burnish'd sides shall glow!
    Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now we sing, bless the king,
    Here's a health to every British tar.
                Chorus--Now we sing, etc.

[1] Anna Seward. See Introduction, pp. 17-23.

General Evening Post, 4 January 1783, p. 4.

Peace Preliminaries between England and America were signed in Paris on 30 November 1782. The King officially recognized America's independence from Great Britain on 5 December 1782.

To PEACE.

An Invocation.

(261)

COME, PEACE! pure Virgin of the sky,
With healing on thy wings descend;
Blest harbinger of truest joy,
Come, and thy sacred influence lend.

Fell WAR, and all his horrid train
AMBITION! PRIDE! and deadly HATE!
O let them ever more remain
Fast bound, and firmly fixt by FATE.

Pale FAMINE, with her eager eye,
With bones just starting thro' the skin,
Hence! bid the hagard monster fly,
And never here again be seen.

Bid COMMERCE rear her drooping head,
Bid PLENTY ope her lib'ral horn,
Raise PUBLIC SPIRIT from the dead,
And bid her public men adorn.

So may thy reign thro' time extend
Beyond the ken of mortal eye;
The NINE* shall hail thee as their friend,
And FREEDOM join the gen'ral joy.

*The MUSES.

Wittenhall, Staffordshire, S.C.
Dec. 30, 1782.

London Chronicle, 4 February 1783, p. 116.

On 20 January 1783, agreements were reached on Peace Preliminaries between England and France and between England and Spain, a truce between England and Holland, and a Cessation of Arms between England and America.

(262)

An ODE on PEACE.

FELL war avaunt, thou bane of every good;
Plunder, and rapine, are thy daily food;
Thy jaws voracious have ten thousands slain,
Wilt thou curs'd tyrant thirst for blood again?
Know this, mild Peace shall rob thee of thy pow'r,
And on fair Albion wonted blessings shower.
Peace shall bind thy cruel hand,
Bid thee quit our weary land,
Banish thee destructive foe,
Cause of orphans, widows woe:
Peace, soft harbinger of joy,
Shall thy haughty wiles destroy.

Welcome sweet Peace, to thee all hail be given,
Long wish'd for comfort, messenger from Heav'n;
Pleas'd with thy birth, thy nurse Compassion smil'd,
And Pity owns thee her beloved child:
We all embrace thee now with eager arms,
Admire thy beauty, and adore thy charms.
Inspir'd by thee the Muses smile,
And welcome thee to Britain's isle,
In cheerful strains again they sing,
"Happy People, happy King"
Lovely Peace with us remain,
Whilst the race of George shall reign.

Commerce now shall raise her drooping head,
Again be cherish'd in thy downy bed;
The thrifty Merchant shall new schemes pursue,
With climes remote, lost friendship shall renew,
The Husbandman shall whistle o'er his land,
Nor dread the blast of war's devouring hand.
Now shall flourish arts and trade,
Peace and plenty make us glad;
We with thankfulness to heav'n,
Shall confess the blessing giv'n;
In our hearts shall never cease,
Gratitude for thee sweet Peace.

Winbourn, Jan 26 M. APPLIN.

London Chronicle, 11 March 1783, p. 235.

After three months as First Minister, Rockingham died and was succeeded by the Earl of Shelburne. Most of the peace negotiations were conducted by the Shelburne Ministry. On 14 February 1783, Charles Fox and Lord North, two old enemies who had little in common excepting their dislike for Shelburne, met at the house of North's son George and agreed to a coalition. This improbable team overturned Shelburne's administration on 24 February, infuriated both the Fox and North factions, destroyed most of Fox's reputation for integrity, greatly weakened the Whig party, and finally accepted a Peace Treaty on 3 September 1783 which was essentially the one already negotiated under Shelburne.

THE WONDERS.

A New SONG. (263)

YE friends to Old England, untainted by gold,
Whose virtues are not as a tale that is told,
Pray tell me? Can Chaos e'er make us amends,
Since Lord N[orth] and C[harles] F[ox] pursue the same ends.
Derry down, etc.[1]

Let the beasts of the field be in one common weal;
And the hare from the hound ne'er tremble for ill;
Let serpents and doves embrace and be friends,
Since Lord N---- and C------ F-- pursue the same ends.
Derry Down, etc.

Let the birds of the air and the fish of the sea,
Be from cages and net-work for ever set free;
Let Saints form alliance with damnable fiends,
Since Lord N---- and C------ F-- pursue the same ends.
Derry Down, etc.

Let Parsons preach gospel, and practise it too,
(And that, by your leave, would be something new)
Let a Lord be sincere when at levee he bends,
Since Lord N---- and C------ F-- pursue the same ends.
Derry Down, etc.

Let Lawyers be honest, and ne'er take too much,
And opera dancers be taught by the Dutch;
Let B[ur]ke avoid tropes when with Pitt he contends,
Since Lord N---- and C------ F-- pursue the same ends.
Derry Down, etc.

[1] See tune in Chappell, Popular Music of Olden Time, I, 350.

(continued next page)

Let S[an]d[wic]h relinquish the bottle and glass;
And W[ilke]s for a Methodist clergyman pass;
Make an usurer kind, when his money he lends,
Since Lord N---- and C------ F-- pursue the same ends.
Derry Down, etc.

In a word, let the world depart now in smoke,
And patriot zeal be deem'd but a joke;
He's supported on air, who on such help depends,
Since Lord N---- and C------ F-- pursue the same ends.
Derry Down, etc.

London Magazine, March 1783, p. 142.

On the BRITISH EMPIRE IN AMERICA.

Written by an English Officer, some years ago, at Boston in New England.

(264)

A Crafty American walking one day,
By chance a blunt Englishman lit on;
Then dryly demanded--"Now tell me my friend,
The bounds of the Empire of Britain?"

The Englishman piqu'd at a question so home,
In an instant took fire like a rocket;
And swift to reply, first thrusts in his hand,
And pulls out a map from his pocket.

"Behold this red line with my finger I trace:
By this we our empire bound, Sir;
See! yonder it sweeps beyond Canada's lakes,
Here circles your colonies round, Sir,

By this both our force and our empire's bounds,
Are prov'd to the fullest conviction."
"I admit (says the other) its power and extent;
But it is with some little restriction.

For whilst on your maps you this empire extend
By your little red line that's ideal,
You reflect not, its power is in Boston confin'd,
By a line of entrenchments that's real."

D.E.

List of Works Consulted

I. Literary Influences

Boswell, James. Boswell's Life of Johnson, ed. G. B. Hill, rev. by L. F. Powell. 6 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1950.

Chappell, William. The Ballad Literature and Popular Music of the Olden Time. 2 vols., 2nd ed., with new introduction by Frederick W. Sternfield, 1859: rpt. New York: Dover Publications, 1965.

Chatterton, Thomas. The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton, ed. Walter W. Skeat with a Memoir by Edward Bell. 2 vols. London: George Bell and Sons, 1901.

Clifford, James L. and Donald J. Greene. Samuel Johnson: A Survey and Bibliography of Critical Studies. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1970.

Courtney, William Prideaux. A Bibliography of Samuel Johnson, rev. by David Nichol Smith. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1915.

Crane, Verner, ed. Benjamin Franklin's Letters to the Press. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1950.

Doughty, Oswald. English Lyric in the Age of Reason. London: Daniel O'Connor, 1922.

French, David P., comp. Minor English Poets, 1660-1780. 10 vols., a selection from Alexander Chalmers' The English Poets, 1810, with new introduction by David P. French. New York: Benjamin Blom, 1967.

Granger, Bruce I. Political Satire in the American Revolution, 1763-1783. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1960.

Heartman, Charles F., comp. The Cradle of the United States: Five Hundred Broadsides and Pamphlets, 1765-1789. 2 vols. indexed, annotated, and printed by the compiler. Perth Amboy, New Jersey: 1922.

Johnson, Samuel. Taxation no Tyranny, in The Works of Samuel Johnson, L.L.D., with essay by Arthur Murphy. 12 vols. London: W. Baynes and Son, 1824, 12, 167-216.

Johnson, Samuel. The Letters of Samuel Johnson, ed. R. W. Chapman. 3 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1952.

McAdam, E. L., Jr., and George Milne, eds. Samuel Johnson: Poems, vol. 6 of the Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson. 9 vols. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1964.

Moore, Frank, ed. Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1856.

Previte-Orton, C. W. Political Satire in English Poetry. Cambridge: University Press, 1910.

Schlesinger, Arthur M. "A Note on Songs as Patriot Propaganda." William and Mary Quarterly, 11 (1954), 74-88.

Simpson, Claude M. The British Broadside Ballad and Its Music. New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1966.

Smith, David Nichol, and Edward L. McAdam, eds. The Poems of Samuel Johnson. 2nd ed., 1941: rpt. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974.

Steele, Richard. The Conscious Lovers. rpt. ed. Shirley Strum Kenny. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1968.

Stone, P. W. K. The Art of Poetry, 1750-1820: Theories of Poetic Composition and Style in the late Neo-Classic and early Romantic Periods. New York: Barnes and Noble, 1967.

Stone, William L., comp. Burgoyne Ballads: Ballads and Poems Relating to the Burgoyne Campaign. Albany, New York: Joel Munsell's Sons, 1893.

Sutherland, James R. English Satire. Cambridge: University Press, 1958.

Sutherland, James R. Preface to 18th Century Poetry. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1948.

Thompson, J. A. K. Classical Influences on English Poetry. London: George Allen and Unwin, 1951.

Yost, Calvin D. The Poetry of the Gentleman's Magazine: A Study in 18th Century Literary Taste. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1936.

II. Periodicals

Bourne, H.R. Fox. English Newspapers: Chapters in the History of Journalism. 2 vols. London: Chatto and Windus, 1887.

Graham, Walter J. English Literary Periodicals. New York: T. Nelson and Sons, 1930.

Haig, Robert L. The Gazetteer, 1735-1797. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1960.

Hindle, Wilfrid. The Morning Post, 1772-1937. London: George Routledge and Sons, 1937.

Hinkhouse, Fred J. The Preliminaries of the American Revolution as Seen in the English Press, 1763-1775. New York: Columbia University Press, 1926.

Morison, Stanley. The English Newspaper, 1622-1932. Cambridge: University Press, 1932.

Rea, Robert R. The English Press in Politics, 1760-1774. Lindoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1963.

Salmon, L.M. The Newspaper and the Historian. New York: Oxford University Press, 1923.

Schlesinger, Arthur M. Prelude to Independence: The Newspaper War on Britain, 1764-1776. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1966.

Werkmeister, Lucyle. The London Daily Press, 1772-1792. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1963.

III. General Period History

Allen, Gardner W. A Naval History of the American Revolution. 2 vols. New York: Russell and Russell, 1962.

Bailyn, Bernard, ed., with the assistance of Jane N. Garrett. Pamphlets of the American Revolution, 1750-1776. vol. 1, 1750-1765. Cambridge: Belknap Press of the Harvard University Press, 1965.

Bailyn, Bernard. The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution. Cambridge: Belknap Press of the Harvard University Press, 1967.

Botsford, Jay Barrett. English Society in the 18th Century as Influenced from Oversea. New York: Macmillan, 1924.

Carrington, Henry B. Battles of the American Revolution, 1775-1781: Historical and Military Criticism, with Topographical Illustration. New York: A. S. Barnes and Company, 1876.

Clark, Dora Mae. British Opinion and the American Revolution. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1930.

Hart, Roger. English Life in the 18th Century. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1970.

Jackson, John W. The Pennsylvania Navy, 1775-1781: The Defense of the Delaware. New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1974.

Jensen, Merrill. The Founding of a Nation: A History of the American Revolution, 1763-1776. New York: Oxford University Press, 1968.

Kronenberger, Louis. Kings and Desperate Men: Life in the 18th Century. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1942.

Lossing, Benson J. The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1860.

Marks, Mary A. M. England and America, 1763-1783: The History of a Reaction. 2 vols. London: Brown, Langham and Company, 1907.

Marshall, Dorothy. 18th Century England. New York: D. Mckay Company, 1962.

Miller, John Chester. Origins of the American Revolution. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1943.

Moore, Frank, comp. Diary of the American Revolution from Newspapers and Original Documents. 2 vols. New York: Charles T. Evans, 1863.

Morgan, Edmund S. and Helen M. Morgan. The Stamp Act Crisis: Prologue to Revolution. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1953.

Namier, Lewis Bernstein. England in the Age of the American Revolution. London: Macmillan, 1930.

Powicke, F. Maurice, et al., eds. Handbook of British Chronology. London: Royal Historical Society, 1961.

Ritcheson, Charles R. British Politics and the American Revolution. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1954.

Schlesinger, Arthur M. The Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution, 1763-1776. New York: Columbia University Press, 1918.

Sparks, Jared, comp. Correspondence of the American Revolution, Being Letters of Eminent Men to George Washington, from the Time of his Taking Command of the Army to the End of His Presidency. 4 vols. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1853.

Walpole, Horace. A Selection of the Letters of Horace Walpole, ed. W. S. Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1926.

Walpole, Horace. Horace Walpole's Correspondence, eds. W. S. Lewis et al. 34 vols. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1937-1965.

Walpole, Horace. The Last Journals of Horace Walpole During the Reign of George III from 1771-1783, with Notes by Dr. Duran. 2 vols., ed. with an introduction by A. Francis Steuart. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

Watson, John Steven. The Reign of George III, 1760-1815. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1960.

IV. Major Figures

Alden, John Richard. General Charles Lee: Traitor or Patriot. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1951.

Ayling, Stanley. George the Third. New York: Knopf, 1972.

Brooke, John. King George III, with foreword by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1972.

Brown, Gerald S. The American Secretary: The Colonial Policy of Lord George Germain, 1775-1778. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1963.

Cary, John. Joseph Warren, Physician, Politician, Patriot. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1961.

Dictionary of American Biography. Ed. Allen Johnson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1964.

Dictionary of National Biography. Eds. Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. London: Oxford University Press, 1968.

Everett, C. W., ed. The Letters of Junius. London: Faber and Gwyer, 1927.

Fortescue, Sir John William, ed. The Correspondence of King George the Third from 1760 to December 1783. 6 vols. London: Macmillan and Company, 1927-1928.

Freeman, Douglas Southall. George Washington: A Biography. 6 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948.

Gruber, Ira D. The Howe Brothers and the American Revolution. New York: Atheneum, 1972.

Jellison, Charles A. Ethan Allen: Frontier Rebel. Syracuse, New York: Syracuse University Press, 1969.

Kronenberger, Louis. The Extraordinary Mr. Wilkes: His Life and Times. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, 1974.

Sherrard, Owen A. A Life of John Wilkes. New York: Dodd, 1930.

Sherrard, Owen A. Lord Chatham and America. London: Bodley Head, 1958.

Thayer, Theodore George. Nathanael Greene: Strategist of the American Revolution. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1960.

Trench, Charles Chenevix. Portrait of a Patriot: A Biography of John Wilkes. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood, 1962.

Tyerman, L. The Life and Times of John Wesley, M.A. 3 vols. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1878.

Valentine, Alan. The British Establishment, 1760-1784. 2 vols. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1970.

Valentine, Alan. Lord George Germain. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1962.

Valentine, Alan. Lord North. 2 vols. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1967.

Van Doren, Carl. Benjamin Franklin. New York: Viking Press, 1938.

Wallace, Willard M. Traitorous Hero: The Life and Fortunes of Benedict Arnold. New York: Harper, 1954.

Washington, George. The Writings of George Washington from the Original Manuscript Sources, 1745-1799, ed. John C. Fitzpatrick. 39 vols. Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1931-1944.