





*Presented to a Regt. of Soldiers
with the objects of having
them to be read & sung*

THE
COSSACK CELEBRATION,

5.00

AT

SHEPHERD'S TOWN.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, VIRGINIA,

JULY 28th, 1814.

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EXPLANATORY.



Robert L. Garrison

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THE matter contained in the following pages, was hastily thrown together and first printed in a newspaper, on the spur of the occasion: It is therefore, in point of method and execution, very defective. But considered as an historical scrap, it bids defiance to contradiction, and may, perhaps be useful, as it exposes and reprobates the most scandalous proceedings which ever disgraced our country.

The fall of *Napoleon Bonaparte* was the pretext for getting up this "joyful jubilee." But, to embarrass the government of our own country, at the most gloomy period of the present war, and "drive James Madison from the helm of state," was the real object of our Cossack instigators, whose contemptible doings (at a place selected and thought predisposed to favour the views of faction) had no other tendency than to expose their own moral and political depravity, and hold up to public scorn; the impotency of the advocates of royalty amongst us.

The facts stated, are all true: and none of the characters are fictitious—Those not mentioned by name will easily be recognised by almost every inhabitant of Jefferson and the adjacent counties.

The time arrived—the plan display'd,
 In order all things ready made;
 Grave Instigators—pious men,
 Resolve to go to Church, and then,
 With solemn faces join in pray'r,
 To make the gaping vulgar stare:
 Turn God's house to a den of thieves,
 And then go chuckle in their sleeves.

A motley mixture crowd the place,
 "A servile, mean, degenerate race:
 "Hirelings who valued nought but gold,
 "By the best bidder bought and sold:
 "Truants from honor's sacred laws,
 "*Betrayers of their country's cause.*
 "The dupes of party, tools of pow'r,
 "Slaves to the minions of an hour—
 "Lackies who watched a leader's nod,
 "And took a puppet for a god."

The prayer done—they pause, they smile,
*Isca*riot like, are full of guile—
 With joy each subtle head is full,
 Because they hope "the herd" to gull,*

* *Nothing could have been more disgusting than the mockery of marching in procession with solemn music, slow step, and "sad countenance," (like the hypocrites when they fast,) to and from the Church; and the scenes of intoxication and rioting which took place among themselves after feasting, were still more disgraceful and abominable.*

Next the *Oration*—child of promise,
 Must be pronounced by *John H. Thomas*.
 Not being there, we cannot tell,
 If smoothly all his periods fell;
 Nor can we now say what was in't,
 But hope to see it soon in print;
 And then, if health our Muse retain,
 From her, perhaps you'll hear again.*

The *humbug* at the Church now over,
 They wish to wallow next in clover;
 Their feelings freely to disclose,
 Away they march to Colonel *Joe's*.

* *Of this oration it may be said, that a part only, of what was delivered, afterwards appeared in print. The remainder was deemed too execrable to have a place even in the Winchester Gazette; which paper, however, contains a kind of apology for the omission, in the words following. "After the conclusion of Mr. Thomas's written oration, he took a luminous and comprehensive view, in an extemporary address of half an hour's length, of the character and policy of the miserable creatures, by whose misrule our country has been brought to the brink of ruin and degradation. We have great cause to regret that time and circumstances prevented him from reducing the entire oration to writing, for publication."*

THE COSSACK CELEBRATION.

The board was there with viands crown'd,
‘ And plates and knives and forks resound.
‘ They eat, they drink—the servants run,
‘ As if a fire had just begun.
‘ Now mourn ye geese—ye turkeys mourn,
‘ Ye hens for chickens from you torn:
‘ Ye beeves and sheep, your fate lament,
‘ And groan ye hogs with one consent;
‘ How bravely were your limbs attack'd,
‘ And by the foe in pieces hack'd!
‘ Amid the busy work of death,
‘ At first no mortal paus'd for breath,
‘ So long indeed had been their fasting,
‘ Their appetites seem'd everlasting.
‘ At length when they had cram'd their fill,
‘ In order next, the wine they swill;
‘ And many a toast prepared with zeal*
‘ Was drank amidst a thundering peal
‘ Of loud huzzas—less loud the noise,
‘ When ravening lions raise their voice;
‘ Less loud the savage Indians yelling
‘ Or stormy oceans boisterous swelling,

* *The seventeenth toast exhibits a curious jumble of mock piety and pettifogging cant.*

“ PEACE—When our bleeding, suffering
“ country exchanged the blessings of peace
“ for the horrors of War—she was under
“ duress, and cheated in the bargain—May
“ heaven's HIGH CHANCELLOR listen to our
“ prayers and set aside the contract.”

'Which beats upon the rocky shore—
 'Less loud the drunken sailors roar,
 'Than did these Celebrator's sound
 'The cheers with which each toast was crown'd.

'Now full of wine, our friends of order,
 'All left the table in disorder;
 'Nor need we tell how some were drunk,
 'Some pious men in kennel sunk;
 'How carefully the streets they scour,
 'Tho' rainy was the evening hour,
 'How some with drinking not content,
 'To revel at a tavern went.*

The truth however must come out,
 No matter who may wince or pout.†

While PEACE these men are celebrating,
 A *warfare* of their own creating,
 Is rising fast among themselves—
 As wolves will often snarl at wolves.
 At length it fairly comes to blows,
 Cossack with Cossack strives to close:

* *The Globe.*

† *We are indebted to the pen of a gentleman of Richmond for about 30 of the preceding lines, who wrote them, on a particular occasion, some years ago—and, as we found them so admirably suited to our purpose, we took the liberty of using them almost verbatim.*

The trump of Mars, now rends the air,
 Muse tell us who the suff'ers were.

First down came Col. *John M Pherson*,*
 As flat as tho' he lay a hearse on;
 By *Emberson's* rude hand he fell,
 But why, or wherefore, could not tell.
 He curs'd the scrape that he was led in,
 'Twas something like an *Irish wedding*:
 And now (sad tale) away he goes,
 With sable eye and bloody nose.

O'er turn'd too, in the mud and mire,
 Lay wallowing a courtly squire—
 A leader staunch, well known to fame,
 ALFRED or some such thing, his name.
 Alas! could not his public station—
 The place he holds in legislation,—†
 Exempt him from plebeian blows,
 From batter'd ribs and dirty cloaths?
 Ah no! 'twas fate decreed those thumps,
 Which sent him home, in doleful dumps.

With such dread scenes before our eyes
 Let's pause a while and moralize.

Trust not, O man! to well laid schemes—
 To fairy fields—to golden dreams;
 Mishap alas! may lurk below,
 And bring forth plenteous crops of woe.
 This moment we may laugh and sing;

* *Of Fredericktown, Maryland.*

† *In the Senate of Virginia.*

But who knows what the next may bring?
 The *Bird* that's in the morning gay,
 Ere night, the *Cat* may snatch away.
 So——at a Kalmuck celebration,
 Joy may be changed to tribulation:
 As happen'd here, beyond dispute,
 To two great men of fair repute,
 Who got (besides their feelings hurt)
 Black eyes and coats bedaub'd with dirt.
 O sad reverse! enough to make
 The stoutest heart to quail and quake.
 Then trust not man, to well laid schemes—
 To fairy fields—to golden dreams.

The *Orator* was next in danger,
 To many an obtruding stranger;
 Yet, *prudence*, ever at his beck,
 His martial spirit kept in check.
 Of *Valour*, he had learn'd by heart,
Discretion was the better part;
 And therefore prudently withdrew,
 To where he might with safety view,
 The fury of the raging storm:
 His person thus, secured from harm;
 His mind by sage reflection led,
 Remember'd what he once had read:
 How he who skulks or runs away,
 "May live to fight another day;
 "But he who is in battle slain,
 "Will never, never fight again."
 These maxims long have been his guide,

For when his dearest friends had tried,
 To bring him on, to help them out,
 With their untoward mobbing bout,*
 Where friends in need, were friends indeed,
 His *letters* only, came good speed,
 His *person* could not budge an inch—
 ‘Mary was sick—He scorn’d to flinch—
 ‘But then he hoped to be excused,
 ‘As he their foe had just abused;
 ‘*Leonidas* came from his pen—
 ‘He wish’d them well—would write agen—
 ‘His absence made but little odds’—
 And thus he left them in the suds!!

With speed, let us again survey,
 The mob which had this very day,
 Profan’d, as we must needs declare,
 With mockeries the house of pray’r.

All order now had left the ground,
 Of tongues was heard a Babel sound:
 Some roar’d for thrones *legitimate*,
 For whisky some vociferate.
 Some rais’d, for Church and State, a breeze,
 Some gave their loaded stomachs ease;
 Some would not stay, yet could not go:
 And many stagger’d to and fro.
 But others made of stuff more stern,
 Whose intellects could now discern,
Affront in ev’ry look or word;
 For battle fierce, themselves prepar’d.

* *Charles stre et, Baltimore.*

Whilst thus encreas'd the gen'ral bustle,
 None bluster'd more than *Arthur Russel*;
 But on the near approach of fight,
 He fairly took himself to flight.
 Accus'd of cowardice by *Trail*;
 Full well he knew his *warp* was frail,
 And dreading evils dire to come,
 An effort made to stagger home.

Behold in the embattled ranks,
 With pond'rous fist, stood *Clement Banks*:
 Boldly his foe upon him sprung,
 Like bull dogs they together clung.
 Or—as we're told in ancient story,
 Sometimes a Greek, a Greek would worry,
 These Bruins grappled one another,
 'Twas AJAX this—ULYSSES t'other:
 Fortune awhile would play her pranks,
 But victory declared for *Banks*.

Now *chaos* howl'd and shook the crowd,
 Wild *anarchy* responded loud;
Confusion stalk'd from front to rear;
 Wings, right and left, were flank'd by *Fear*.
 Pale *Horror* chill'd the vital blood,
 On tiptoe *Expectation* stood;
 Whilst *Conscience* rais'd chimeras dire,
Gluttony snor'd in filth and mire.
Decorum to the winds was toss'd—
Hypocrisy her mask had lost,

And sad *Dismay*, with brow o'ercaſt,
Saw *Terror* ride the howling blaſt.

Thus matters ſtood—when in the route,
Sprain'd was the leg of *Daniel Krout*.
This incident with chymic pow'r,
Made *sour Krout*—aye, made *Krout sour*.
Sweetneſs it could not be for him,
To limp with diſlocated limb.
Louder than *Stentor's* was his roar—
He yell'd—he blaſphem'd, curſed and ſwore.
His wrath, he knew not what to fix on,
But bellow'd forth *Gots donder un blixen*.

Night now enſhrouded what was done,
Yet reeling came a hopeful ſon
Of Calvin's kirk—a pious elder—
Whom *Bacchus* now muſt needs bewilder
So that he ſcarce could find his way,
To where *Jake Hains's* pavement lay.
Thrice he eſſay'd the ſill to gain,
Thrice hem'd—took ſnuff, then hem'd again:
And being well with wine ſupplied,
Supported and confirmed by pride,
Poor *Jacob's* terrors to beguile,
“Grin'd horribly a ghawſtly ſmile—
“Features ſo horrid, were it light,
“Would put the devil himſelf to flight.”

Here all who liſt, may plainly ſee,
The works of rank hypocricy.

The Cossack's present state compare,
 With his Church look and morning pray'r,
 And then, we think, that candour must,
 Be almost poisoned with disgust.*

In the face of all this rioting, fighting, shouting, gluttony and drunkenness, witnessed by the whole town and neighbourhood, the Editor of the Winchester Gazette (who was himself in the midst of the revel) had the modesty to state that "The utmost order was observed by the company throughout—and perhaps, on no occasion where the same number of people were assembled, was a day spent in more perfect harmony and good humor! But it is sufficient to say, it was a FEDERAL celebration: *Good order is ever the concomitant of FEDERALISM.*" Nevertheless we should be glad to know, how the pretty pair of *black eyes*, which his friend Colonel M'Pherson carried with him from the "joyful jubilee," may have squinted at this *good humoured and orderly* paragraph?

* *The Cossack editors have since told the world that "The solemn service of the day was concluded by prayer." They ought rather to have said beastly debauchery.*

THE
COSSACK CELEBRATION,
AT
SHEPHERD'S-TOWN,

PART THE SECOND.

'Tis hard—'tis passing hard forsooth,
To be obliged the naked truth
To tell "just as the measure flows,
"In halting rhyme, half verse half prose;"
But then again—no one can doubt it
(Though awkwardly we go about it)
That in fair FREEDOM'S vindication,
We're bound to sing this celebration,
To give our mite in times like these,
A most imperious duty is.

Our country's almost over power'd
By her own sons—almost devour'd,
By vermin which herself has bred,
And British scoundrels by her fed:
Villians who wish old *Guelf* to reign,
And give the king "his own again."

Yet some pretend to side with those,
Who would the factious feast oppose;

But whether they were quite sincere,
 A matter is, that's not so clear:
 For still they go—they join the host,
 And gulp each lathing hatchet toast.*
 “An open foe may prove a curse,
 “But a *pretended* friend is worse.”

While *Justice* sanctions all our hate,
 She bids us to discriminate,
 Between the foul, and fair intent—
 The guilty and the innocent.
 The sacred law then let us keep,
 And separate from goats the sheep.

* *The 18th toast may truly be classed with the order of lathing hatchets. It is as follows: “The present anniversary, which recalls to our grateful remembrance the image of the martyred Lingan, and the patriotic devotion of the distinguished band of Charles street, in defence of principles of right, whose triumph we this day celebrate.” Here the instigators nearly unmask themselves, since it appears from this toast that all foreign events were forgotten, and that they were actually celebrating the anniversary of a domestic occurrence of an odious character, viz. The Baltimore riots. So difficult it is for dissimulation long to preserve the appearance of consistency.*

Some honest federalists we know,
 Who scorn'd to join the *Blue light* show:*
 They knew it sprung from evil root,
 And clearly saw the cloven foot.
 They saw the British tyrant's train,
 By myriads wafted o'er the main:
 They saw the hostile preparation,
 For murder, theft and conflagration:
 They felt as men must ever feel,
 Who have at heart the public weal—
 Who, like their neighbors, interested,
 Well knew the danger must be breasted;
 And willing were, their blood should flow,
 Or drive far hence the brutal foe,

Not so the *lathing hatchet* crew,
 Who took of things a different view:
 All love of country lost in hate,
 With spite prepense, they meditate,
 How disaffection to foment,
 How thwart the acts of government.
 The law on treason—how evade,
 Yet give the foe substantial aid.
 With hearts carv'd from the flinty rock,
 They saw th' uplifted *tommahawk*,
 Nor molified, tho' well aware
 The foe, nor age, nor sex would spare.

* Alluding to the signals made by certain
 traitors unknown, at New London.

Without emotion too, could gaze on,
 The murd'rous scenes at river Raisin—
 Could (dead to manly feelings) see
 At MIMS's fort the massacree,
 And what was worse—could paliate*
 Deeds which the damn'd must execrate:
 Deeds not by us to be narrated,
 But deeds at HAMPTON perpetrated.
 Infernal projects could devise,
 The public arm to paralyze:
 Then calmly view the land's distress,
 And celebrate the foes success!!!

It is no wonder then at all,
 That we should dip our pen in gall.
 Or that the classic course we take
 And solemn invocation make.

Genius of CHURCHILL! condescend
 To grant thy aid—thy vigour lend:

* *We could name an old man who publicly affects the utmost religious devotion: who has a wife, and is the father of several daughters—and who nevertheless could say, that what was recently done at HAMPTON, was nothing uncommon—Nothing more than might have been expected.—That all armies did so.—“Why we would do the very same thing ourselves!!”*

On this occasion we require
A spark of thy peculiar fire.
O lend us *Satires* keenest scourge,
And thy Herculean arm to urge
Correction home, without delay,
In order that just vengeance may
Upon their naked backs be hurl'd
And "lash the scoundrels thro' the world."

The object of our home bred foe,
Is not a secret—well we know,
That many of your celebrators,
Are nothing else but moral traitors.
They love the British, but in fact,
Dare not commit the *overt act*.
Democracy they cannot bear,
Because the PEOPLE masters are:
Our laws and institutions mild,
Are ever by these knaves revil'd—
Besides all this, their guile they summons,
To welcome back king, lords and commons.

Among such characters stands one,
Dear Monarchy's devoted son:
Who cross'd the seas, an *orphan* boy
(From Britain's Isle) "his mother's joy."
Without or principles or merit,
He came a fortune to inherit;
But *Citizen*, would never be,
For he abhor'd Democracy:

And very often did declare,
That when his views accomplish'd were,
To England quickly back he'd hie,
And *British Subject* live and die.
But then, for mere convenience sake,
He scrupled not the oath to take,
Of a grand juror.—What a blot!
Tho' *Citizen* he then was not!!

Thus wicked men will often sport,
With sacred things in open court—
“And in the day's broad searching eye”
Make heaven witness to a lie:
For which their forfeit ears should pay,
If JUSTICE could but have her way.

Now by impunity made bold,
To faction he is wholly sold—
Presumption, insolence and pride
(To upstart fortunes ever tied)
Propel him on, to aid such things,
As favour most the cause of kings.
A forward, busy, meddling fool,
Who makes it still a constant rule,
To be at ev'ry public place,
With mighty nothings in his face.
Where—to hatch treason, has the *will*,
But not the *pow'r* to do much ill.
Nature (his malice to restrain)
Gave him a mudled watry brain.

She gave him leave to brood on spite—
To shew his teeth, but not to bite:
And being drill'd in faction's school
He's now a paltry party tool.

Whilst thus of Celebrators writing,
Why should we overlook dwarf *Whiting*?
A *dwarf* in mind—"a hoddy doddy,"
However huge may be his body.
This Cossack "form'd on doubtful plan,
"Not quite a beast, nor quite a man,"
Was that day, on the grand parade
(Or rather in the Cavalcade)
Most gallantly observ'd to ride,
With a black female side by side.
Perhaps with him 'twas not uncommon,
To be so near a Negro woman.

And next in order was espied,
The very pink of upstart pride:
An open votary of kings,
Whose soul aspires at *noblest* things.
Tho' on a dunghill born and bred,
His mind's by gaudy visions fed;
And therefore we may well suppose,
He spurns the dirt from which he rose.

When he was poor he was content,
(Nay, took it for a compliment)

That *mister* did precede his name;
 But now he snuffs up other game.
 (Such changes pelf will oft afford,
 A lacky's almost made a lord!)
 This mushroom gentleman, I trow,
 Must be call'd COLONEL *Hopkins* now—
 And thus his vanity be sooth'd,
 Whilst common sense is much abus'd.

A man of parts he is, 'tis true,
 As well as *sense*—for long we knew,
 His int'rest he could twist and turn well;
 But who the devil made him *Colonel*?
 “As mastiff dogs in modern phrase are,
 “Call'd *Pompey, Scipio and Cæsar*”
 So pride and meanness oft presume
 A lofty title to assume.

Well then—this tinsel'd man of might,
 Was fairly seen, before 'twas night,
 Link'd arm in arm with *Stophel Verner*,*
 And then again with *Harry Turner*!!

* *In a certain village in Pennsylvania, it is well understood that a stately matron called mistress JUSTICE, would certainly have made advances towards this young man, had he not baulked her intentions, by suddenly decamping.*

Now here upon this apt connection,
Let's introduce a trite reflection.

*Birds of a feather flock together,
As well in foul as fairest weather.*
If this be true, then tell us pray,
Where was old *Linthecomb* that day?
Why did he not, the good old soul,
March with his fellows, cheek by jowl?
This knotty point should be unravell'd,
Was he alone by conscience gravel'd? *
Did inward guilt his face o'er spread,
For human blood his hands had shed;
Whilst others who had done the same,
Were there, without remorse or shame?
And tho' their consciences appear'd,
As with a red hot iron sear'd—
Yet did they strive with thin disguise,
To hide the worm that never dies?
Alas! dame *Truth* when most profound,
Upon the surface can't be found,
But sometimes doth, as sages tell,
Lie in the bottom of a WELL †

* *He had recently been tried for the murder of young Mr. Parret.*

† The bottom of a well. *In Jefferson county this passage requires nothing explanatory.*

The best way then, would be, no doubt,
 To let these cronies draw her out;
 And then she may each knot disjoint,
 And clear up ev'ry doubtful point.

Here we could tell, had we the skill—
 For true it is, we have the will,
 But not the art, nor yet the time,
 To class and to arrange in rhyme—
 Such things, as once expos'd to light,
 Your detestation would excite.

Here we could tell of men grown old,
 Toothless and bald, in search of gold,
 Who still (engross'd by self alone)
 No other God, but Mammon own,
 Who never for their country fought,
 Or deem'd her worth a single thought;
 Yet here could shout, with hearts elate,
 For principles *legitimate*.
 To such the adage closely sticks—
Ye cannot learn old dogs new tricks.

Here we could tell of hypocrites,
 Who regulate their shallow wits,
 By *outward forms*, in which we trace
 Their morals, piety and grace.
 To godliness they *seem* inclin'd;
 Yet with these Judas's we find,
 A solemn oath, is but a joke—
 Religion, a convenient cloak:

For, when on fraud or mischief bent,
They go and take the sacrament;
Then think that *white-wash'd* thus they can
Impose on God, as well as man.

Here we conspirators could name,
Who hot from various quarters came,
To stimulate the ignorant,
To acts of treason——But intent
Most cautiously, such means to use,
As to accomplish all their views;
Yet run no hazzard (as they hope)
Of dangling at the end of rope.*

* *After it had been determined on, by these political Incendiaries to "rejoice," a pamphlet was printed at Winchester, entitled "A correct account of the Baltimore Mob, by general Henry Lee." This pamphlet was no doubt, struck off for the particular purpose of being largely distributed gratis amongst the credulous and ignorant, on the day of feasting, which was accordingly done. This circumstance: The selection of the day: The inflammatory matter of the Oration and the intemperate tone of some of the toasts, all taken in connection, speak a language not to be misunderstood.*

Here public agents we could trace,
 Who on the land reflect disgrace:
 Members of Congress—one at least,
 Came on to share the guilty feast.
Has beens and *would-bees* too, were there,
 And in the throng, behold George Baer!*
 Quacks too, appear'd—some three or four,
 And pettifoggers half a score.
 Hungry and gaunt, they snuff the breeze,
 For horse flesh rare, or legal fees;
 Appearing ready to be sold,
 For any thing like British gold.

Here we could name a bloated ape—
 An odious brute, in human shape,
 Who, when he heard that PIKE had fell,
 Exclaim'd "I hope he is in hell—

* *Of Fredericktown, Maryland. This enlightened Statesman, is now a candidate—that is to say—desirous of becoming one of "the governors of the people." He sported a volunteer toast, which, whatever it may have been, when delivered, was, when printed as follows. "Rejoice ye hills! Respond the joy, ye vallies! For the destroyer of your inhabitants is overthrown; and the finger of providence points the governors of the people to PEACE—May our rulers mark well the guiding hand."*

"He had no business—and no right
 "In such a cause to go and fight."

* * * * *

Heroic shade! Immortal PIKE!
 Here Satire would, but cannot strike:
 She knows thy gen'rous soul must smile,
 To see this viper bite a file.
 She knows when this poor wretch is rotten,
 His follies and his name forgotten—
 When party rancour lies becalm'd,
 Thy memory will be embalmed.
 Thy virtues and thy fame shall live,
 Thy grateful country freely give,
 The tribute of her just applause,
 To him who died in such a cause.

Now all this while ('twas unexpected)
 The HERO has been quite neglected!*
 He who could shuffle, cut and quirk—
 Could do a world of dirty work!

* *This legitimate Quixote was recently forced through the "Common Sewer" upon the public attention, and eulogized, because of "that pure and exalted enthusiasm which induced the venerable HERO, in the midst of winter, to undergo a journey of a hundred miles to be present at the last celebration at Annapolis."*

He who could dash through thick and thin,
And wade in filth, up to his chin—
Whose zeal with *Blue light* ardor burn'd;
Whose brain had left no stone unturn'd,
To bring about this "joyful" farce,
And pat his *kingly* hobby horse,
Like "MIDAS now, neglected stands
"With asses' ears and dirty hands."
Stop Muse:—His character's well known,
So let the poor old dev'l alone.

As the *Cossacks* had procured a *band of music*, and had moreover, among themselves, several *adepts* in the art of *Psalm singing*, the following paraphrase of Gouverneur Morris's *notions* was prepared for them by a Democrat, and published in a cotemporary print. But we have not heard that it was actually chaunted, either in, or out of the Church, during "the ceremonies of the day."

A NEW SONG,

Set to music by GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

Ye who are promoters of war—ye vile clowns
Who wantonly slaver out venomous things
Against all who wear *legitimate* crowns,
Come hither and see those *christian* KINGS.

You tell us that sovereigns are just like wild
beasts,

For whose sure destruction all means are
most fair,

With blood thirsty tempers you hie to your
feast:

Approach now and see—tho' you burst
with despair.

And thou too, Democracy, savage and wild,
 Who gladly wouldst humble the virtuous
 and wise:
 Of envy and squinting, thou splenetic child,
 Behold how *legitimate* MONARCHS arise!

See! tho' it thine eyeballs to atoms should
 blast—

See, objects which call forth thine own
 deadly hate—

See princes *right lawful* surrounded at last,
 By subjects *most loyal* well pleased with
 their fate.

And thou my dear country, self murder'd
 indeed—

Rejoice, since 'tis done—the *Bourbons*
 now reign;

Retrace thy false footsteps—redouble thy
 speed:

Join chorus with *Britain*, with *France*
 and with *Spain*.

Restor'd are the *Bourbons*—restor'd is that
 line,

Of monarchs who govern by GEORGE'S
permission—

Then turn to your KING who with mercy
divine,

Will pardon your *crimes* and receive your
SUBMISSION.

Note.—Morris's Oration is preserved in
Niles's Register, vol. 6. page 310, to which
the curious reader is referred.





