

The Votes of Congress Tyranny unfold.
 With Doctrines strange in Matter and in Dress,
 There sounds the Pulpit and here groans the Press.
 Confusion blows her Trump, and far and wide
 The Noise is heard, the Plow is thrown aside ;
 The Awl, the Needle and the Shuttle drops ;
 Tools change to Swords, and Camps succeed to Shops;
 The Doctor's Glyster-pipe, the Lawyer's Quill,
 Transformed to guns, retain the Power to Kill.
 From Garrets, Cellars, rushing through the Street,
 The new-born Statesmen in Committee meet ;
 Legions of Senators infest the Land,
 And mushroom Generals thick as mushrooms stand.

Ye Western Climes where youthful Plenty smiled,
 Ye Plains just rescued from the dreary Wild,
 Ye Cities just emerging into Fame,
 Ye minds now tinged with Learning's sacred Flame,
 Ye People, wondering at your swift increase,
 Sons of United Liberty and Peace,
 How are your Glories in a Moment fled !
 See ! Pity weeps and Honor hangs her Head.
 O ! for some magic Fire, some wondrous Spell,
 To call the Furies from profoundest Hell !
 Arise, ye Fiends from dark Cactus' brink,
 Soot all my Paper, Sulphurize my Ink ;
 So with my Theme the Colours shall agree,
 Brimstone and black, the Livery of Lee."

So, also, the following reference to Washington can scarcely be exceeded in its ferocity :

"Wilt thou, great Chief of Freedom's lawless Sons,
 Great Captain of the Western Goths and Huns ;
 Wilt thou, for once, permit a private Man
 To parley with thee and thy Conduct Scan !
 At Reason's bar hath Cataline been heard,
 At Reason's bar e'en Cromwell hath appear'd.
 Successful or successful, all must stand
 At her Tribunal and hold up their Hand.
 Severe but Just, the Case she fairly states,

And Fame or Infamy, her sentence Waits.
 Hear thy Indictment, Washington, at large ;
 Attend and listen to the Solemn Charge.
 Thou hast supported an atrocious Cause,
 Against thy King, thy Country and the Laws ;
 Committed Perjury, encouraged Lies,
 Forc'd Conscience, broken the most sacred Ties ;
 Myriads of Wives and Fathers at thy Hand,
 Their Slaughtered Husbands, Slaughtered Sons
 demand.

That Pastures hear no more the lowing kine,
 That Towns are desolate, all, all is thine.
 The frequent Sacrilege that pain'd my Sight,
 The Blasphemies my Pen abhors to write,
 Innumerable crimes on thee must fall,
 For thou maintainest, thou defendest all.
 Wilt thou pretend that Britain is in fault !
 In Reason's Court a Falsehood goes for nought.

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What could, when half-way up the Hill to Fame,
 Induce thee to go back and link with shame ?
 Was it Ambition, Vanity or Spite
 That prompted thee with Congress to unite ?
 Or did all these within thy Bosom Roll ?
 Thou 't Heart of Hero, with a Traitor's Soul.
 Go, wretched Author of thy Country's Grief,
 Patron of Villainy, of Villains Chief.
 Seek with thy cursed Crew the Central Gloom,
 Ere Truth's avenging Sword begins thy doom,
 Or Sudden Vengeance or Celestial Dart
 Precipitate thee with augmented Smart.
 O ! Poet ! seated on thy lofty Throne,
 Forgive the Bard who makes thy words his own.
 Surprised: I trace in thy Prophetic Page.
 The Crimes, the Follies of the present Age.
 The Scen'ry, Saying, admirable Man
 Pourtray our struggles with the dark Divan.
 What Michael to the first Arch Rebel said,