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T H E  
B O S T O N I A N P R O P H E T.

AN HEROI-COMICO-SERIOUS-PARODICAL-PINDARIC

O D E.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

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T H E

**BOSTONIAN PROPHEET.**

AN HEROI-COMICO-SERIOUS-PARODICAL-PINDARIC

O D E,

IN IMITATION OF THE BARD.

W I T H

*NOTES CRITICAL, SATIRICAL, AND EXPLANATORY*

B Y

T H E E D I T O R .

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*Ridendo dicere Verum quid vetat?*

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## ADVERTISEMENT BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN the Author first shewed the following Ode to his friends, even *they* advised him to subjoin some few explanatory notes: but he protested, like a true Pindaric bard, that he had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty. The Editor however, who, as a mere profeman, sees things with more coolness, has ventured to take that liberty; and has explained some things which might otherwise have appeared rather obscure. The “mazy progress” of Pindarism is not easily traced—Convinced of this, the British Pindar has no less truly than sweetly sung

“From Helicon’s harmonious springs

“A thousand rills their *mazy progress* take,”

and has, upon second thoughts, added some notes to illucidate that mazy progress. As the Author of the Bostonian Prophet has imitated him in other respects, the Editor has attempted to follow him in the humbler walk of annotation.



# BOSTONIAN PROPHET.

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1. 1.

‘ **R**UIN comes, thou luckless Land!  
‘ Defeat, disgrace thy flag await;  
‘ By wou’d-be-conquest’s wing though fann’d,  
‘ It mocks the air with futile state.  
‘ Squib, nor candle nought avail; 5  
‘ [a] The pale, dim stars in Faction’s turbid tail:  
‘ They whizz, they bounce, they twinkle, stink and die;  
‘ [b] And so shall you, and so shall I!  
Such were the founds that o’er the empty pride  
Of Britain’s Rulers scatter’d wild dismay, 10  
[c] As on the silver Thames’s silky side  
They plann’d of play-thing Camps the prim array,  
Stout MINDEN stood aghast in mortal trance,  
Cried horse-guards, foot-guards, march!—they knew not to *advance*.

B

1. 2.

## 1. 2.

On a rock, whose low'ring brow 15

Frown'd o'er th' Atlantic's foaming flood,

No shoe to clothe his frozen toe,

The wan BOSTONIAN PROPHET stood:

(Unshav'd his beard, his tangled hair

Stream'd, like a dusky comet, in the air), 20

And with a war-hoop voice, and Mohawk's fire,

Thus execrates his British Sire.

' Hark! how each rugged oak, and hollow cave

' Groan to th' Atlantic's awful voice beneath.

' O'er thee, O land! their threat'ning arms they wave, 25

' Revenge on thee in hoarser bellowings breathe;

' Vocal no more, since *Tea-act's* fatal day,

' To *smuggler's* jocund pipe, or the soft *bundling* lay [*d*].

## 1. 3.

' Nerveless MONTGOMERY'S arm,

' That mow'd the steely field; 30

' Brave WARREN sleeps on Bunker's bloody hill;

' MERCER, who ne'er wou'd yield,

' Whom war's loud thunders charm,

' Of

‘ Of wounds, and glorious death has got his fill.  
 ‘ On the bleak western shore they lie, 35  
 ‘ Bleach’d with frosts, and drench’d with dews ;  
 ‘ Them, far aloof, th’ affrighted *Yankey* [*e*] views,  
 ‘ And the gaunt *Buckskin* [*f*] howls and passes by.  
 ‘ Dear lost associates in rebellion’s art,  
 ‘ [*g*] Dear, as the ends I gain by holy lies, 40  
 ‘ Dear as the gulps of rum that warm my heart,  
 ‘ Ye died amidst your weeping country’s cries.  
 ‘ [*h*] No more I snivel, they’re not gone to the devil,  
 ‘ On yonder cliffs, a grielly band,  
 ‘ I see them all flutter, to keep up the sputter, 45  
 ‘ The firebrands of their native land.  
 ‘ With more than Luciferian grin they smile,  
 ‘ And weave with bloody hands the web of Britain’s Isle.’

2. 1.

“ Weave the warp and weave the woof,  
 “ The winding-sheet of Albion’s land : 50  
 “ Give big *Corruption* room enough  
 “ To lie, for faith he cannot stand.  
 “ Place we fiery *Faction* there,  
 “ With Babel voice, and with Medusa’s hair,

“ That

" That screams you're lost, while by her you're undone. . . . 55  
 " Hark, hark! the glorious work's begun!—  
 " Vile cub of Fox, with unrelenting fangs,  
 " That tear't the bowels of the mangled state,  
 " From Israë'l be born that o'er thee hangs  
 " The scourge of Heav'n—what terrors round thee wait! . . . . 60  
 " First circumcision comes, with p—x combin'd,  
 " And bankrupt's faded form, and poverty behind.

2. 2.

" Mighty spokesman, mighty Lord,  
 " Low in the grave thy CHATHAM lies!  
 " Forgot, the nation's shield and sword, . . . . 65  
 " As soon as his vain obsequies.  
 " Is the Senate's thunderer fled?  
 " Thy PITT is gone, and busy in his stead  
 " A brood of insects spread the feeble wing,  
 " Insects that only stink and sting. . . . 70  
 " Fair laughs *his morn*, the wind propitious blows;  
 " While, proudly riding on the azure realm,  
 " As Britons wont, the oak-ribb'd navy goes,  
 " Valour on deck, and Conduct at the helm.  
 " The *Insect's* gloomy eve to pale dismay, . . . . 75  
 " To shame, disgrace, confusion yields an easy prey.

2. 3.

2. 3.

- " Fill high wild Comus' bowl,  
 " The luscious feast prepare :  
 " Though TWITCHER cannot whore, he yet may eat,  
 " May comb a strumpet's hair [*i*], 80  
 " As yet a catch may howl,  
 " Or bawdy make him wriggle in his seat.  
 " [*k*] R—NE, mean-while, panting, seems to cry  
 " TWITCHER! cease, the bliss control,  
 " I melt! I die! Ah, catch my parting soul! 85  
 " [*l*] While drunken raptures quench her sparkling eye.—  
 " Detested houses! privies [*m*] of the isle!  
 " With many a bribe, and midnight job yfed ;  
 " Ye hail congenial vice, th' approving smile  
 " Laurels the kindred lecher's hoary head. 90  
 " Above, below, with equal glow,  
 " The *Patriot* and the *Placeman* fly  
 " Where *Int'rest* hawls, or *Pleasure* calls ;  
 " All hogs of EPICURUS' stye.  
 " Now Brothers! bending o'er th' accursed loom, 95  
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and fix Britannia's doom.

## 3. 1.

- “ [n] Crowding round, see barons bold  
 “ Sublime their starry bosoms rear,  
 “ And gorgeous dames, both young and old,  
 “ In feather'd majesty appear. 100  
 “ In the midst a *form supine*,  
 “ With large lack-lustre eye attempts to shine.  
 “ Look NEWTON, CLARK, behold his vacant face,  
 “ It realizes *empty space* [o].  
 “ See, see him, nodding, half-form'd schemes prepare, 105  
 “ Like drunkards' morning dreams they melt away.  
 “ Attend not CHATHAM to thy Britain's prayer,  
 “ Nor send thy soul to animate his clay.  
 “ Let N—TH in Lethargy's dull bosom lie,  
 “ And ne'er with statesmen mix, the eagles of the sky. 110

## 3. 2.

- “ [p] C——AL——D, we consecrate  
 “ Thy heart to dulness, nonsense, spite;  
 “ To libels too against the state  
 “ Pray set thy *mark* [q]—thou canst not write.

“ Stay

“ Stay, darling HOWE! propitious hear! 115

“ We hope thou hast a *vulnerable* [r] ear,

“ Still slumber here in peace;—Ah, from our eyes

“ In *mischianza* cloud he flies!”——

‘ Alas! Fate’s grievly weavers too are fled—

‘ But scenes of triumph now their skirts unrol, 120

‘ Visions of glory fill my aching head,

‘ And unborn ages crowd upon my soul.

‘ No more our long-lost CROMWELL we bewail— 121

‘ I see the Thirteen Stripes o’er Britain’s Flag prevail. 122

3. 3.

‘ A while dread war shall reign, 125

‘ A while amidst the grove

‘ (In foreign rage, and whisker’d fury dress),

‘ The HESSIAN shall rove:

‘ The breechless SCOT distain

‘ His sword with blood from Freedom’s throbbing breast. 130

‘ But list! I hear the cherub choir—

‘ See! ’tis heaven’s *gazette* they bear—

‘ Victorious shoutings lessen on mine ear,

‘ That lost in long futurity expire.

‘ Fond

' Fond Briton ! think'st thou that yon sanguine flood, 135  
 ' Spilt by thy arm, has quench'd the western ray ?  
 ' Our glorious sun, emerging from the cloud,  
 ' Shall warm the nations with a tenfold day.  
 ' Enough for me, with joy I see  
 ' The different doom our fates assign. 140  
 ' Yours is to-day, that once away,  
 ' A long and lasting triumph's mine.'  
 He spoke, and darting from the mountain's height,  
 Snug in the arms of SQUAW disported all the night.

11:7 '19

THE END OF THE POEM.

NOTES.

## N O T E S.

[ a ] **T**HIS line expressive, picturesque and sublime—see Pindar and Homer *passim*, from whom the hint is taken.

[ b ] All good poets, both ancient and modern, have condescended to stoop from their highest flights, and pick up an obvious moral sentence. The Author has well imitated them here; and seems to have had in view the beautiful simplicity of the following lines in the “ Ode on the “ Spring :”

“ And they that creep, and they that fly

“ Shall end where they began.”

[ c ] The alliteration here, it must be confessed, is not so complete as in the prototype, but then it is to be considered that the same beauty runs through the following line, which is totally wanting in the original. Sorry am I, however, to say that *Master Rombus*, in a sort of mask presented before Queen Elizabeth, and printed at the end of Sidney's *Arcadia*, outdoes, beyond all comparison, both the copy and original.

“ Sojourned in the surging sulkes of the sandiferous seas”

is a line that will not be eicher soon or easily imitated.

[ d ] It is necessary to inform the Reader who is unacquainted with New-England customs, that when a young man goes to visit a planter in that country, the custom is for him to take the daughter, niece, or cousin to a bed-chamber; where, without stripping however, they lie down upon the bed, and play a game at romps for what time they choose. This is called *Bundling*. But every thing passes with the most Platonic innocence. Our friends of New-England, acquainted as they are with the Bible, should, it is true, have learnt to avoid even the “ appearance of evil.” Notwithstanding of this I venture to *pledge* myself to prove to the satisfaction of the public, in some future production, that there is no more in *bundling* than in the *cizibcism* of the Italians, or the *cortejoism* of the Spaniards, both of which the gentle and well informed Signior Baretto has washed as white as snow.

[ e ] New-Englander.

[ f ] Virginian.

[ g ] Our Enemies will say that the *Costume* is admirably observed in this and the following line.—I wish it had been less so; but poets are like madmen, who, in their fury, indiscriminately strike both friend and foe.

[ *b* ] Here I cannot help thinking that the *Bostonian Prophet* excels the *Welch Bard*. For if a *single* rhyme in the middle, answering to one at the end of the line, be a beauty, certainly *double* rhymes in the same situation are a *double* beauty.

[ *c* ] See Dr. Kunitzokius in *Tristram Shandy*.

[ *d* ] R—ne is very well known, if what is *common* can be so.

[ *e* ] This is an imitation of an imitation.

“ Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie

“ The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his Eye.” *Progress of Poesy*.

The Editor hopes the spirit has not evaporated in being thus poured from gold and silver vessels into an earthen one.

[ *f* ] The Author has here assumed the right, claimed in all ages by the Pindaric Muse, of calling things by what name she pleases. And surely he has as good a right to call *houses* (whether *higher* houses, or *lower* houses, or both) *privies*, as either Pindar, or Collins after him, had to call any part of a country “ The green navel” of that country.

[ *g* ] In comparing the *Bostonian Prophet* with the *Bard*, the Reader must here turn to 3. 2. of the *Bard*, “ Girt with many a baron bold.”

[ *h* ] The Reader may peruse Newton, Clark and Leibnitz on *Space*, or he may let it alone.

[ *i* ] The Reader is now to turn to 3. 1. of the *Bard*, “ Edward, lo! &c.”

[ *j* ] Here, as in every part of this admirable poem, the *Bostonian Prophet* adheres strictly to truth. The *White Prince* has proved, both in court and in print, that he *cannot write*.

[ *k* ] See Sir William Howe's dispatch, when he speaks of a “ vulnerable part in the enemies entrenchments.” Very pretty and metaphorical! and would have done exceedingly well in a heroic poem, which Britain wishes *in vain* he had furnished matter for.

11 : 7 : 49

T H E E N D.