

THE MARYLAND MUSE

BY

EBENEZER COOKE

A FACSIMILE, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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THE publication in this country of the poems of Ebenezer Cooke, laureate of Maryland, began at Annapolis in the year 1728. It is the distinction of these works that they were the earliest poems of local composition to be printed south of Pennsylvania. A minor distinction, interesting in another sense, is that they were chief in importance among the poetical writings to issue from the press of William Parks, a printer and man of taste to whom I have elsewhere applied the borrowed epithet "nurse of literature." Through the publication of works of literary intent, of works of science and history, of political theory and economic practice, Parks strove consciously throughout a quarter century in Maryland and Virginia to develop a body of native American writing. Around his establishments in Annapolis and Williamsburgh from 1726 until his

NOTE. The author wishes to record here his indebtedness in the preparation of this Introduction to certain friends and correspondents in Baltimore, who have invariably replied to his inquiries of several years past with information or with some other form of encouragement. The late Mrs. Hester Dorsey Richardson gave information which she had collected for her own uses. Messrs. William B. Marye, Alexis J. Shriver, and J. Hall Pleasants undertook journeys and engaged in examination of court records that proved to be very important in the result. Messrs. Percy G. Skirven, Louis H. Dielman, Charles Fickus, Arthur Trader, and Miss Martha Bokel gave specific information and suggestions that proved helpful in every instance. All these friendly services are specifically acknowledged in the notes which accompany the Introduction.

death in 1750 centered a picturesque literary activity that needs little in the way of apology or extenuation.¹ Many of those whose writings he published were competent men of letters, urbane in manner and not too deeply marked by the brand of amateurism; others were administrators and political theorists of respectable attainments; and still others were inquisitive students of mathematics and medicine. The writings of Ebenezer Cooke were part of this conspicuous literary activity, but Cooke himself stood outside the several groups of Annapolis and Williamsburgh men of letters, and his poems differed in matter and form from their sound but conventional product. Of good position, of good education, he was nevertheless something of a ruffian when he plied his pen, addressing it, for the greater part, to the composition of admirable narrative poems informed by rudeness, savage wit, and the gift of portraying human types and their backgrounds. Too often when early colonial writings are reprinted in modern times, they are presented as specimens of a quaint and homespun art, as museum exhibits in Literature's American Wing. But the two Ebenezer Cooke poems which make up *The Maryland Muse*, of Annapolis, 1731, presented here in facsimile, are animate records, still vital after the passage of the centuries, and still possessed of the power to vivify the half-forgotten scene in which they were conceived.

THE IDENTITY OF EBENEZER COOKE

Whether the harsh and salty lines of the *Sot-weed Factor* as originally published in 1708, record the actual experience of an English visitor new to Maryland, or whether they are the work of a resident satirist unafraid of holding a mirror to the gaze of his fellow-countrymen has long been one of the problems of

¹The career of this printer has been given monographic treatment by me in *William Parks, Printer and Journalist of England and Colonial America*, William Parks Club Publications, edited by Earl Gregg Swern, No. 3, Richmond, 1926.

American literary history. I am abashed to admit that the problem has not been solved by the present investigation of the poem and its author. The difficulty is, briefly put, that though the name of Ebenezer Cooke appears frequently in Maryland records, it is never found among them in a clear association with the poems to which that name is affixed in the position of author. In the following pages, however, a figure bearing the name of Ebenezer Cooke is built up of several scattered references and presented as the probable author of the poems. It is understood that this is an hypothetical figure, intended to serve only until in some way certainty shall be arrived at in the matter of the poet's identity. Its construction is based upon facts, suppositions, and deductions. I have been careful to document the facts, and, in one way or another, to indicate at what points and in what degree hypothesis takes the place of well-founded assertion.

It is necessary, at the beginning, to go back to an earlier generation in the life of Maryland. In the year 1661, the name of an Andrew Cooke appears upon a jury panel formed in St. Mary's City, the capital of the Province.¹ In the same year this individual, or another bearing his name, received from the Proprietary license to trade throughout Maryland,² and a year later an Andrew Cooke, designated as merchant or broker, of London, began to engage in land transactions in Dorchester County, a county situated on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, across the Chesapeake from St. Mary's City. In 1664, this name appeared also in the land records of Kent County, another county of the Eastern Shore, and again in 1668 in the land records of Dorchester County. Among the Dorchester lands taken up in this period by Andrew Cooke was a tract at the mouth of the Choptank River, called "Malden" and afterwards known as

¹Archives of Maryland, XLI. 539.

²*Ibid.* III. 446.

"Cooke's Point."¹ A later owner of the tract acquired by Andrew Cooke in Kent County was one Nicholas Lowe, probably Nicholas Lowe, of Talbot County (died, 1714), uncle of the Hon. Nicholas Lowe whose elegy was written by Ebenezer Cooke upon his death in 1728.² In 1664, Andrew Cooke demanded 200 acres of land from the Proprietary for the transportation of four persons, among them an individual bearing his own name, Andrew Cooke.³ It has been said that this Andrew was one of the sons of the patentee. This assertion has not been satisfactorily proven,⁴ but in the absence of contradictory data, we may assume the relationship, and assume further that it was this second Andrew who soon afterwards returned to London and on August 1, 1665, under the style of merchant and bachelor of the parish of St. Michael, Bassingshawe, London, was married to Anne Bowyer, and later had issue in the persons of Ebenezer and Anna Cooke.⁵ But disregarding these assumptions as, in a sense, irrelevant, we return once more to solid fact in the terms of a will found both in Somerset House, London, and the Court House of Dorchester County, Cambridge, Maryland, in which "Andrew Cook of the parish of St. Giles in the Fields in the County of Middlesex Gentleman," under date of December 31,

¹See for example, Clerk's Office, Cambridge, Dorchester County, Maryland, Liber Old I, folios 71 and 73; Kent County Rent Rolls, page 40, in Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore. I am indebted for these references to the courtesy of the late Mrs. Hester Dorsey Richardson, of Baltimore. The tract "Malden" or Cooke's Point was acquired March 5, 1662, from Thomas Manning and Grace, his wife, for 7000 pounds of tobacco. *Archives of Maryland*, XLIX. 27-28.

²Kent County Rent Rolls, page 40. See note above.

³Liber No. 7, folio 524 of the Patent Records in the Land Office of Maryland, Annapolis, Maryland.

⁴See Elias Jones, *Revised History of Dorchester County, Maryland*, pages 279-290, where this fact seems to be taken for granted.

⁵*Ibid.*, where reference is made to "Marriage Allegations of the Vicar General of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Vol. 33 of the Publications of the Harleian Society," page 145, and where this assumption is made of the identity of the contracting parties and their issue without supporting documents. The entry from the Marriage Allegations is not quoted in full and the name of the parish is incorrectly given by Dr. Jones as St. Michael, Bassingham, instead of St. Michael, Bassingshawe. The church of St. Michael, Bassingham, is in Lincolnshire.

1711, bequeathed to his son Ebenezer and his daughter Anna, share and share alike, two houses in London, and the whole of his estate at the mouth of the Choptank River in Maryland called "Cooke poynt." This will was probated in London on January 2, 1711/12 by the legatees and executors, Ebenezer and Anna Cooke, clear evidence, to which we shall return, that Ebenezer was in person in England at the time particularized.¹ Earlier than this year we have twice encountered the name, Ebenezer Cooke, in a Maryland association: in 1694, Ebenezer Cooke, a freeman of St. Mary's City, signed a remonstrance against the removal of the capital from that town to Annapolis;² in 1708, a satirical poem, *The Sot-weed Factor*, was published in London by "Eben. Cooke, Gent." We shall now consider a number of instances of the occurrence of the name in Maryland records in later years. In 1717, Ebenezer Cooke sold his share of the Dorchester County estate inherited from his father.³ It is not known whether he was in Maryland in person at the time of this transaction, but a few years later we come upon the name again in association with a neighboring county of the Province. In 1720, Ebenezer Cooke, acting as deputy receiver-general under a commission from Henry Lowe, Jr., of Kent County, receiver-general of the Province, leased on behalf of Lord Baltimore a certain piece of land lying in Baltimore County.⁴ The entry of this transaction describes his Lordship's agent

¹This will has been copied for me in Somerset House (P. C. C.—4 Barnes) by Miss Alice J. Mayes, who was unable, however, to find in the registers of St. Giles in the Fields record of birth or baptism of either Ebenezer or Anna Cooke. The will is given in abstract in Baldwin's *Maryland Calendar of Wills*, VII. 262.

The burial register of St. Giles in the Fields bears this entry "6 Jan. 17 ¹¹12—Andrew Cook." The date of probate, January 2, 1711/12, by Ebenezer and Anna is endorsed upon the will in Somerset House.

²*Archives of Maryland*, XIX. 75.

³Dorchester County Deeds, Cambridge, Maryland, Liber Old 7, folios 46 and 47. The purchaser was Edward Cooke, Planter, the degree of whose relationship to Ebenezer, if relationship existed, is uncertain. One month later Anna Cooke disposed of her share of Cooke's Point to Captain Henry Trippe. This is one of several important references generously given me by the late Mrs. Hester Dorsey Richardson.

⁴Baltimore County Land Records, Liber T. B., No. E, folio 541, March 20, 1720/[21?].

as Ebenezer Cooke of Cecil County, Gentleman, and a search of the land records of that county reveals an individual of the same name engaged in other activities of the sort. In March, 1721/22, under commission from Bennett Lowe, then receiver-general in succession to Henry Lowe, who had died in 1721,¹ he granted 230 acres of land to one William Howell, who agreed to pay "a yearly rent of twenty three shillings sterling and two Capons at the feast of the Nativity, and to plant an Orchard of 200 apple trees."² In May, 1722, this time bearing a commission from a different receiver-general, Ebenezer Cooke granted leases of other Proprietary lands under terms similar in tenor to the picturesque agreement quoted above.³ More than once we return to this association between an individual named Ebenezer Cooke and members of the Lowe family. Three of the sons of Colonel Henry Lowe of St. Mary's County (died, 1717), were Henry Lowe, Jr., the first of the receivers-general mentioned above, Bennett Lowe, of the document cited, and the Hon. Nicholas Lowe, the subject of Cooke's *Elegy* of 1728.⁴

Our next meeting with an individual named Ebenezer Cooke is in another Maryland county. In the court records of Prince George's County, among the proceedings of August court, 1728, occurs the following entry: "Ebenezar Cooke Gent (on a motion made by himself) is by the Court here admitted to Practice as an Attorney in this court on taking the Oath's and complying with the requisites whereupon the said Ebenezar Cooke in his proper person in open Court

¹According to the document cited, Bennett Lowe was acting as receiver-general as early as October 20, 1721. Henry Lowe was living July 2, 1721. (*Archives of Maryland*, XXXIV. 211.)

²Land Records, Cecil County, Maryland, Vol. III, folio 489. Mr. Percy G. Skirven, of Baltimore, kindly put me in the way of acquiring this information, which was found for me by Miss Mollie Howard Ash, of Elkton, Cecil County, Maryland.

³*Ibid.*, folios 484, 486, and 487.

⁴In pages 284-290, following, a probable association is established between Henry Lowe, Jr., and Ebenezer Cooke, the poet. Mr. Lowe thus seems to stand as a connecting link between Ebenezer Cooke, the official, and Ebenezer Cooke, the poet, a circumstance which suggests that official and poet were one. For another such connection through a member of the Lowe family, see pages 273-274, following.

here takes the Oaths appointed to be taken by act of assembly to the government . . ."¹ This is the first and only designation in the records of Ebenezer Cooke as a lawyer. In the poems that go under that name we find evidence that the writer was a man of education, and occasionally in these writings occur scraps of law Latin that show at least a certain degree of familiarity with court procedure. The next and final appearance of an Ebenezer Cooke in the Maryland records has also to do with court business, but in this instance Mr. Cooke is not an attorney but a witness. In the Provincial Prerogative Court, May Term, 1729, Mary Young, spinster of St. Mary's County, asserted that Nicholas Lowe, Esq. had bequeathed her certain "personal chattels" in his will, but that his executors had not proved the will or made over the legacy to her.² In connection with this petition and allegation certain witnesses were summonsed to appear in behalf of the executors at the court held May 13, 1729. Among these was one Ebenezer Cooke, whose citation was issued to the sheriff of Prince George's County.³ The exact nature of Cooke's connection with the case is uncertain, but one of the other witnesses for the executors deposed that Nicholas Lowe, not long before his death, "was telling this Deponent of some scandal raised by one Ebenezer Cooke upon the said Mr. Lowe and one Mrs. Mary Young that the said Lowe said he did not regard it for his own part so much, but as for the young woman he was troubled for her he never saw any harm by her and she did not deserve it, for she had lost her good name in his house and he thought in

¹A visit to the Prince George's County Court House at Upper Marlboro, Maryland, undertaken in my behalf by Messrs. William B. Marye and Alexis J. Shriver, of Baltimore, resulted in the acquisition of this important information regarding Ebenezer Cooke from "Court Record, Prince George's County, 1723-1729, Liber "C." (Old title: "Book of Entries, Liber O, Begins Anno 1728.")

²For this information, I am indebted, as in the instance mentioned above in Note 1, to the interest of Mr. William B. Marye, of Baltimore, who abstracted for me the entry of this case found in the Land Office of Maryland, at Annapolis, in "Testamentary Proceedings," XXVIII, 368-370, May Court, 1729.

³Testamentary Proc. XXVIII, p. 368, Land Office, Annapolis.

conscience he ought to see she had satisfaction made for it."¹ Our next encounter with an individual named Ebenezer Cooke is the appearance of the name "E. Cooke. Laureat." at the foot of "An Elegy on the Death of the Honourable Nicholas Lowe, Esq." in the *Maryland Gazette* for December 24, 1728. I suggest in a later section that this elegy breathes very faint praise of its subject and that, to me, it seems actually satirical in quality. Certainly the court record just quoted indicates a state of dislike existing between Mr. Lowe and the Ebenezer Cooke who had slandered a young woman of the Lowe Household. As it seems unlikely that Nicholas Lowe would have been on unpleasant terms with two individuals named Ebenezer Cooke at the same time in that small community, I feel that cause has been adduced for believing that Ebenezer Cooke, a resident of Prince George's County, and E. Cooke, Laureat, were the same individual.²

The remaining references to an Ebenezer Cooke of Maryland are found in connection with three literary productions: the *Sotweed Redivivus*, published at Annapolis in 1730; *The Maryland Muse* of Annapolis, 1731; and "An Elegy on the death of the Honorable William Lock, Esq.," an unpublished piece of 1732. Nothing is known of him after the writing of the Locke Elegy, and if he was, as I shall suggest, some sixty or more years of age at that time, it is not unlikely that the cause of the silence which thereafter engulfs him was his death.

These are the facts that have been gathered relating to the individual, or individuals, named Ebenezer Cooke. It is now time to construct a theory which fits them.

Before going on to present that theory, it is desirable to emphasize here a circumstance later to be remarked upon, that the expression and point of view of the

¹Testamentary Proc. XXVIII, p. 370, Land Office, Annapolis.

²Here for the second time (see note 4, p. 272) one of the Lowe brothers acts as a link between Ebenezer Cooke, citizen and official, and Ebenezer Cooke, poet.

Sot-weed Factor of 1708 are not those of a long-time resident of Maryland, but of an individual bred and educated in England, visiting the Maryland scene for the first time, or at the least, relatively new to it. The action of the poem is in the period between 1695 and 1708.¹ The phrasing, the ideas, and the references of the narrative affirm a degree of education and knowledge of the great world not normally attainable in an American colony in the closing years of the seventeenth and the opening years of the eighteenth century. Two references to "college" in the poem, one of them specifically to "Mother Cambridge," seem even to suggest that the poet had attended an English university.² The vividness of the impressions set down in the narrative bespeaks a mind and eye fresh to the scenes of a new land. As the strange life of its people unfolds itself to the author's critical observation, one becomes conscious of his gradually widening experience, of the building up in his mind of a complete picture as fact added itself to fact and impression to impression. He comments at length upon the familiar things and conditions that a native would normally pass by without remark—upon the character and quality of the food and drink, upon the houses, beds, daily life, diversions, and open hospitality of the planters—always placing emphasis upon features strange to one accustomed to older and greatly less primitive surroundings. If the author's rôle of foreign observer and critic was assumed as a literary device, it must be said that it was sustained by him with extraordinary cleverness. Throughout the poem he speaks always in

¹The narrator took his legal claim to the Provincial Court, sitting at Annapolis. Government business was transferred to Annapolis in February, 1695. If the time of action had been earlier, the case would have been tried at St. Mary's City. At this point the poem reads

St. Mary's once was in repute,
Now here the Judges try the Suit.

See page 25 of the appended facsimile.

²The name of Ebenezer Cooke, however, does not appear in the *Alumni Cantabrigiensiis* of John and J. A. Venn, 1922-27.

character, never laying aside his rôle of bewildered and disgusted stranger in a strange land, never by unguarded observation or reflection betraying greater knowledge of his surroundings than would have been the natural possession of an intelligent newcomer to the country. In view of this quality of agreement between the poem and the circumstances under which its narrator claims to have written it, of its unity, and of the conviction of genuineness it leaves behind, it is reasonable to believe, as most readers have done, that at the time of writing its author was in truth an individual of English upbringing newly come to Maryland.

Let us see how this garment fits the form composed by the facts and suppositions set forth earlier in this section, assuming at once and without reservation that all the mentions there cited of an Ebenezer Cooke refer to the same individual, and further assuming that the individual thus created was the poet. This assumption is allowable, I believe, because there is no chronological or other objection to its acceptance as a basis of argument. The period of known adult activity of the composite figure thus formed—1694-1729; his station in life—landowner, gentleman, deputy receiver-general, attorney; his residences in this period—Maryland, London, and again, Maryland, offer no contradiction in chronology or circumstance. The figure we have constructed as our poet thus takes form as the son of Andrew Cooke, a merchant of London, who, after a short residence in Maryland in 1664, returned to England and was married in London in 1665.¹ There he died in 1711, leaving his son Ebenezer an estate in Maryland. Probably born in London, and educated in England, Ebenezer was sent to Maryland in

¹It seems advisable to state again, see note 5, page 270, that the identity of Andrew Cooke of St. Giles in the Fields, father of Ebenezer, with Andrew Cooke of St. Michael, Bassingshawe, married in 1665, has not been definitely established. It may mean everything or nothing in this connection that Andrew of St. Giles had a daughter named Anna, and Andrew of St. Michael had a wife named Anne. The parish registers of St. Michael, Bassingshawe, London, have been searched fruitlessly for record of the birth of an Ebenezer Cooke. This parish is now combined with the parish of St. Lawrence, Jewry.

young manhood as a factor or agent in the tobacco trade, appearing first in St. Mary's City as a citizen of the place in 1694. The time of his arrival in Maryland and the length of his stay there are unknown. He returned to London, published in 1708 a satirical poem embodying personal experience with Maryland and its people, and remained there probably until January, 1712, when he appeared in court to prove his father's will. In 1717, he returned to Maryland,¹ sold his inherited land in Dorchester County, and, removing to Cecil County, found occupation as a provincial official under commissions received from different members of the important and wealthy Lowe connection with whom he may have become acquainted in the course of his earlier residence in St. Mary's City, and towards one of whom, the Hon. Nicholas Lowe, he later seems to have conducted himself in a manner which did not bespeak his gratitude to the family. He next became an attorney in Prince George's County, and when the Maryland press was given a new lease by the coming to Annapolis of William Parks, he resumed his efforts at verse writing, contributing to the *Maryland Gazette* and publishing separately in 1730 the *Sotweed Redivivus*, and in 1731 *The Maryland Muse*. In the introduction to *The Maryland Muse* he was referred to as "Old Poet"; in his address, "To the Generous Subscribers," which heads the *Sotweed Redivivus*, he hints at failure to obtain material success in life, and speaks of giving over the struggle, and guiding his "gouty Feet" in the "Path of Pegasus." It is likely that he died not long after the year 1732 at about sixty years of age, for the assumption is that he was the son of Andrew and Anne (Bowyer) Cooke, who were married in London in 1665.

In bringing together these scattered references involving the name "Ebenezer Cooke," and postulating them as standing for the individual who was the

¹This reconstruction of the movements of Cooke in this period is further discussed in the section headed, "1a. The Second Edition of *The Sot-weed Factor*."

author of *The Sot-weed Factor*, I have formed a theory which, I believe, is presumptive of the actual state of the case. It is easy to forecast that fresh data may at any time upset this painfully reared structure, but until such data is in hand, I present it as an explanation of the identity of Ebenezer Cooke, the Maryland Laureate. It delineates, at the least, a credible figure whose actions are not at war with chronology or normal human conduct.

THE EBENEZER COOKE POEMS: A LIST AND A
DESCRIPTION

The published writings of Ebenezer Cooke, so far identified, are these in the following list:

1. THE SOT-WEED FACTOR: OR, A VOYAGE TO MARYLAND. A Satyr. In which is describ'd, The Laws, Government, Courts and Constitutions of the Country; and also the Buildings, Feasts, Frolicks, Entertainments and Drunken Humours of the Inhabitants of that Part of America. In Burlesque Verse. By Eben. Cook, Gent. London: Printed and Sold by B. Bragg, at the Raven in Pater-Noster-Row. 1708. (Price 6d)

Sm. 4to. 1 leaf without signature, B-F², 1 leaf without signature; pages [i-ii], 1-21.

BM, (2 copies). NYPL. LC. JCB. Harvard.

THE SOT-WEED FACTOR. Second Edition.

Supposed to have once had existence because after this title on the title-page of *The Maryland Muse* appear the words: "The Third Edition." See discussion below, under Section 1a. THE SECOND EDITION OF THE SOT-WEED FACTOR.

THE SOTWEED FACTOR, &C. The Third Edition.

No. II in *The Maryland Muse*. A revised version. See No. 4, below.

THE SOT-WEED FACTOR.

Reprinted from the edition of 1708 as "Shea's Early Southern Tracts, No. II," New York, 1865, with introduction by Brantz Mayer.

THE SOT-WEED FACTOR.

In *Early Maryland Poetry*, edited by Bernard C. Steiner, Baltimore, 1900, Maryland Historical Society Fund Publication, No. 36, pages 11-32. Reprinted from the John Carter Brown Library copy of the edition of 1708.

2. AN ELEGY [ON] THE DEATH OF THE HONOURABLE NICHOLAS LOWE, ESQ; [signed at end]: E. Cooke. Laureat.

In the *Maryland Gazette*, December 17 to 24, 1728. Reprinted in *Early Maryland Poetry*, edited by Bernard C. Steiner, Baltimore, 1900, pages 53-55.

3. SOTWEED REDIVIVUS: OR THE PLANTERS LOOKING-GLASS.

In *Burlesque Verse*. Calculated for the Meridian of Maryland. By E. C. Gent. [One line from Juvenal.] Annapolis: Printed by William Parks, for the Author. M,DCC,XXX.

Sm. 4to. A-I²; pages [i]-viii, [1]-28.

NYPL. JCB.

THE SOTWEED REDIVIVUS.

In *Early Maryland Poetry*, edited by Bernard C. Steiner, Baltimore, 1900, page 33-52. Reprinted from the John Carter Brown Library Copy.

4. THE MARYLAND MUSE. Containing I. The History of Colonel Nathaniel Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia. Done into Hudibrastick Verse, from an old MS. II. The Sotweed Factor, or Voiage to Maryland. The Third Edition, Corrected and Amended. By E. Cooke, Gent. [2 lines of quotation] Annapolis: Printed in the Year M,DCC,XXXI.

Sm. fol. 1 leaf without signature, B-G², 1 leaf without signature; pages [i-ii], 1-25.

Copy in the British Museum is the only copy recorded. See British Museum *Catalogue* under Cooke, Ebenezer.

Call number, 11686.1.

Photostat copies: NYPL. MdHS. JCB.

5. AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE HONORABLE WILLIAM LOCK, ESQ., one of his Lordship's Provincial Justices, who departed this Life at his Seat in Anne Arundel County, May, 1732. By Ebenezer Cook, Poet Laureate.

Manuscript in the Bozman Papers, Library of Congress. Printed for the first time in the *Maryland Historical Magazine* XIV, pages 172-173. Under date of November 23, 1935, Mr. Valta Parma, Curator of the Rare Book Collection of the Library of Congress writes that the text of the Lock Elegy among the Bozman Papers is not in the original manuscript, but is a copy in the hand of John Leeds Bozman (1757-1823), historian of Maryland, who describes it as "the copy of a Manuscript in my possession.

I. THE SOT-WEED FACTOR

The earliest poem in the list of Cooke's writings, the *Sot-weed Factor* of London, 1708, has been well-known to historians of American society and letters since its republication in 1865, with an introduction by Brantz Mayer, as No. II of Shea's *Early Southern Tracts*. In 1879 it was discussed with enthusiasm by Moses Coit Tyler in his *History of American Literature*, and in 1900, Bernard Christian Steiner reprinted it with sensible comment in his *Early Maryland Poetry*.¹ In its splenetic description and commentary it shows evidence, a critic of the psychological school might tell us, of having been composed by one not yet recovered from the attacks of malaria which alternately burnt and froze the narrator in the course of a visit to Southern Maryland. On account of the most unflattering picture of Maryland it presents it is read with indigna-

¹Dr. Steiner's *Early Maryland Poetry* is described under No. 1 in the list of Cooke's publications found in the preceding pages. A recent discussion of Cooke's writings is found in an article "Ebenezer Cooke and *The Maryland Muse*," by James Talbot Pole, in *American Literature*, III. No. 3, November, 1931, pages 296-302.

tion by those native sons who romanticize the history of their state, with malice by persons who delight in bringing the romanticist to earth, and with downright enjoyment by all who are indifferent to its social implications. There is truly no reason for the indignation or for the malice, but there is reason in plenty for the enjoyment.

At the time of action of the poem, sometime in 1708 or in the decade before, Maryland was an English colony lately emerged from its seventeenth-century beginnings, a community not greatly differing in degree of material and spiritual poverty from other English colonies of that period. In the *Sot-weed Factor* its background is well drawn and many of its human types are realistically portrayed. But among these types one looks in vain for an upright or a literate judge, an honest merchant, a decent woman, or a sober planter. Their deliberate exclusion from the picture is an obvious fault in its composition. It was by just such omissions as these that the slyly clever and malicious "J. W." failed to give a complete picture of Massachusetts in his *Letter from New England* of 1682,¹ and that the scurrilous Ned Ward cruelly misrepresented the people of the Bay Colony in his *Trip to New England*² of 1699. But more fortunate than these, Cooke was given the opportunity for recantation, and to anyone comparing the original poem of London, 1708, with the revised form of it published in Annapolis in 1731, it is clear enough that sometime in the years between these two dates, he had suffered a thoroughgoing change of heart with regard to the land of his abode. He had become in this period, I believe, a permanent resident of Maryland, interested in its people and in the economic problems which confronted them. Furthermore, in

¹A *Letter from New-England Concerning their Customs, Manners, and Religion*. Written upon occasion of a Report about a Quo Warranto Brought against that Government. [Signed at end] Yours, J. W. London, 1682.

²A *Trip to New-England. With a Character of the Country and People, both English and Indians*. [By Edward Ward.] London, 1699.

1731, the year of publication of the revised poem, his financial state was low,¹ and he was trying to make money by the local sale of his poems. It may have been therefore, nothing more than policy that caused him to coo so gently in the later version of the poem, but I prefer to think that his new manner arose from a growing love of the land and of its people, brought about through years of familiarity with them and through the bond of interests held in common. In the next section of this study, documentary evidence is presented which seems to support this interpretation of the poet's changed attitude.

When compared with the version of 1708, the *Sotweed Factor* of 1731 presents numerous purely verbal changes. One easily counts some 80 instances in which alterations were made in the later version in phrasing, spelling, or punctuation, and an exhaustive examination would doubtless bring to light still further changes of a similar character. In almost every case these amendments tended to improvement of the poem in sense or in sound, though occasionally the result was contrary to this in effect. Confusion was introduced into the later version for example, when in it, on page 20, column two, second line from the bottom, "Coat" was substituted for the "Groat" of the original; and again, when for the original phrase "reverend Sire" there appeared on page 18, second column, the meaningless "Reverend Sir." In several other instances the whim or ignorance of the printer perversely brought difficulties into a text which the author had intended only to make clear and simple by his emendations. Another change of significance was

¹The address "To the Generous Subscribers" at the beginning of the *Sotweed Redivivus*, of 1730, opens with these words:

The Author finding all Attempts prove vain,
Those glittering smiles from Fortune to obtain:

and in the lines "To the Author," which introduce the Bacon's Rebellion poem in the *Maryland Muse*, the anonymous H. J. suggests that Cooke has asked him for a topic,
Worth Praise and Pence for Pains in Writing.

Other indications exist of the poet's desire at this time for monetary reward for his writing.

the omission, as unnecessary in the Maryland version, of the explanatory footnotes which had been placed in the edition of 1708 for the benefit of English readers. A single couplet of no significance was added to the new text.

The whole spirit of the revision is illustrated by the substitution of a series of pallid good wishes for the hearty curse with which the original version ended. If we compare the two, we shall see to what extent the poet in wooing his audience surrendered the vigor of expression which gave effectiveness and character to the earlier work. Let us read first the version of 1708:

Embarqu'd and waiting for a Wind,
 I left this dreadful Curse behind.
 May Canniballs transported o'er the Sea
 Prey on these slaves, as they have done on me;
 May never Merchant's trading sails explore
 This Cruel, this Inhospitable Shoar;
 But left abandon'd by the World to starve,
 May they sustain the Fate they well deserve:
 May they turn Savage, or as *Indians* Wild,
 From Trade, Converse, and Happiness exil'd;
 Recreant to Heaven, may they adore the Sun,
 And into Pagan Superstitions run
 For Vengeance ripe — — — —
 May Wrath Divine then lay those Regions wast
 Where no Man's* Faithful, nor a Woman chast.

*The Author does not intend by this, any of the English Gentlemen resident there.

In place of this ferocious expression of ill-will, we find in the version of 1731 a "happy ending," composed for the American trade:

And while I waited for a Wind,
 This Wish proceeded from my Mind,
 If any Youngster cross the Ocean,
 To sell his Wares—may he with Caution

Before he pays, receive each Hogshead,
 Lest he be cheated by some Dogshead,
 Both of his Goods and his Tobacco;
 And then like me, he shall not lack-woe.
 And may that Land where Hospitality,
 Is every Planter's darling Quality,
 Be by each Trader kindly us'd
 And may no Trader be abus'd;
 Then each of them shall deal with Pleasure,
 And each encrease the other's Treasure.

In discussing in the section immediately below the second edition of *The Sot-weed Factor*, it becomes apparent that the "Curse" of the edition of 1708, published in London by a writer who doubtless thought he had turned his back upon Maryland for good and all, became an embarrassment to that same individual when he found himself once more a resident of Maryland and proposing a republication of the poem. Truthfully or not, he averred under these circumstances that the "Curse" had been added to the earlier version by a corrector of the press, and affirmed his intention of omitting entirely from the second edition a passage offensive to a people who had received him with "unparallell'd friendship & hospitality."

1a. THE SECOND EDITION OF THE SOT-WEED FACTOR

There has recently been deposited in the Hall of Records at Annapolis, Maryland, a volume of Edward Coke's *Second Part of the Institutes of the Lawes of England*, of the edition of London, 1642, which contains on its front fly leaves four drafts of what seems to be an intended preface to a second edition of *The Sot-weed Factor*.¹ The volume bears the signature of

¹These drafts were discovered, not many weeks ago, by Dr. J. Hall Pleasants, of Baltimore. Immediately upon recognizing their interest, Dr. Pleasants communicated their contents to me and has since been assiduous in helping me interpret the problems they present.

Thomas Notley, governor of Maryland in the period 1676-1679. With it were deposited two other law books, one of which also contains Governor Notley's autograph and bears in addition a statement showing that in 1713 it was in the possession of Henry Lowe, Jr. There is thus set up the strong possibility that the Notley copy of Coke's *Institutes* also traces back to the library of Henry Lowe. An earlier section of this study makes it plain that the connection between the Lowes and Ebenezer Cooke was close enough to explain the poet's possession of a book once owned by a member of that family. One of the fly leaves contains, furthermore, the inscription "E Cooke," but the extraordinary largeness of the handwriting of this signature creates so great an unlikeness between it and the writing of the drafts that its presence in the book is here referred to only as a detail corroborative of the association.

Although each of the drafts has some special point of interest, it does not seem practicable to reproduce them here in their entirety. What seems to be the final form of the preface, draft D, is given in full, however, and certain of its passages explained and compared with analogous passages in drafts A, B, and C. Two things above all are uncertain in connection with these drafts: (a) Cooke's handwriting is unknown, so that it is impossible to say that these writings are in his autograph; (b) there is no guaranty that this preface was used in the second edition of *The Sot-weed Factor* as finally printed, because no one of our times has seen such an edition, and its existence is known only by the presence of the words, "Third Edition," following the title of that poem on the title-page of *The Maryland Muse*. What is certain, however, is that the preface of another of Cooke's works, the *Sotweed Redivivus* of Annapolis, 1730, was written with these drafts before the author. The likeness is too great in phrasing and in idea to be accidental. It may be that Cooke let his second *Sot-weed Factor* go out without a preface or with a preface of a different sort, and, econo-

mist of words and ideas, formed from these drafts the preface to his *Sotweed Redivivus*. It is unlikely that he would have issued relatively close together two poems with prefaces so similar as these in thought and phrasing. But whatever his procedure, it is clear that the similarity between the proposed preface for the second edition of *The Sotweed Factor* and the actual preface of the *Sotweed Redivivus* appreciably strengthens the assumption here made that the same individual, Ebenezer Cooke, was the author of both prefaces.

In order to construct an hypothesis as to when and where the second edition of *The Sotweed Factor* was issued, it is necessary to proceed upon a basis of reasonable probabilities. We shall assume, therefore, that the volume of Coke's *Institutes*, just described, once belonged to Henry Lowe, Jr., that it passed from him to Ebenezer Cooke, and that the drafts of a preface found on its fly leaves are in Cooke's handwriting.

Here is the text of the fourth and, obviously, the most nearly finished, of the drafts, A, B, C, and D. The letters in square brackets scattered through the draft are reference marks for the commentary that follows it.

The

Publisher to the Reader.

Design'd for a preface to the Sottweed ffactor.

May I be rhym'd to death by the Muses, if I see any occasion of a preface, unless it be to tell the Reader that our Author having run the tongue gauntlett, for stealing their Ladyshipps Sottweed [a] is resolv'd to hazzard yet another dance & in order thereunto has ventur'd (not withstanding the penalty) [b] to turn out a few Seconds in hopes of a latter Crop [c], w^{ch} peradventure may answer the toil, & pass 'mongst other trash for merchantable ware no(w) the conflagration act is out of date [d]; unless some carping momus informe [e], & if so vah! miseris! we are quite undone, since one blast from a Criticks mouth damns the whole Cargo, were ye Sott-

weed ne'er so bright, w^{ch} he protests (on y^e word of a poet) is er'y leaf y^e product of his own barren soyl, except y^e Curse [f], w^{ch} y^e gent. y^t Corrected y^e press was pleas'd to add & in this Second edition is entirely omitted, in respect to y^e fair Sex & y^e unparallel'd friendship & hospitallity y^e Author has met wth from y^e inhabitants in y^e land of Nod [g], where if it be his fate to make another bad voyage [h], I have done my part & must leave it to y^e reader to Judge as he pleases.

[a] In draft A, we have: "being falsely impeach't on y^e Stat. 8 Anne C. 19," which was the celebrated first copyright law of England. In draft B: "Since malevolent tongues have . . . impeach't him of piracy." This accusation is discussed below, under 3. **THE SOTWEED REVIDIVUS.**

[b] In draft A: "has ventured (Maugre y^e act)"; in draft B: "no breach of y^e late act"; in draft C: "(contrary to y^e late Act.)" The reference is clearly to one of the acts for improving the tobacco trade. See [c] below.

[c] In both 1727 and 1728, acts were passed by the Maryland Assembly (*Archives of Maryland*, XXXVI. 86 and 266) for improving the tobacco staple. The act of 1728 was the more specific of these and provided that all fields be examined annually after July 20 and any plants showing signs of a second growth be cut up and destroyed. The analogy between these "seconds" of the local staple and Cooke's second edition is obvious.

[d] An act of 1722, amending an act of 1721, provided that trashy tobacco prepared for sale by a planter should, when found, be burned in the presence of a justice of the county court. (See *Archives of Maryland*, XXXVIII. 302). As this is the only instance I have found of an act in force in the period of Cooke's second residence in Maryland which specified the burning of trashy tobacco, I conclude that we have here the "conflagration act" he refers to in the preface as "out of date." This act of 1722 became "out of date" by expiration in November, 1724.

[e] Usually these acts for the improvement of the staple contained rewards for informers against those who raised seconds or packed trashy tobacco.

[f] This explanation of the Curse he had called down upon Maryland at the conclusion of *The Sot-weed Factor* of 1708 is found in all four drafts.

[g] In the first edition of *The Sot-weed Factor*, Maryland is referred to, page 2, as "the Land of Nod."

[h] In draft A: "since his last Voyage to y^e Land of Nod, where finding . . . expectation blasted . . . has ventured . . ."; in draft B: "Since his last arrival in y^e Land of Nod." The sense of the clause in both drafts is clearly that he was writing in Maryland. The book in which the drafts are found was of Maryland ownership, and the phrasing of the drafts is that of one who has returned to the "Land of Nod" after an absence.

If Cooke, as seems likely, was preparing for the printing of this second edition in Maryland, the next question is, what was the date of that edition. Turning for a moment to page 24 of the third edition of *The Sot-weed Factor* in *The Maryland Muse*, we find that he has placed at the foot a note which declares that the description of Annapolis on that page was "given Twenty Years ago," which means, without doubt, in the first edition of 1708. But this third edition was published in 1731, twenty-three years after the description of 1708 appeared in London. If the note had been written for this third edition of 1731, wouldn't he have said "more than twenty years ago," or "nearly twenty-five years ago?" The point is a small one, but if it is tenable, it may mean that the footnote was originally written for the second edition, and that the need for changing its terms was overlooked in reprinting the third edition from the text of the second. With these dates in mind, one may draw the conclusion that the second edition appeared about the year 1728. Let us see if we can arrange a schedule of events

which will support this theory. The facts upon which are predicated the poet's movements, as outlined in the schedule below, will be found in fuller form in the section of this study entitled "The Identity of Ebenezer Cooke." The schedule comprises the following premises:

Cooke may have gone back to Maryland from London at any time after his father's burial in January, 1712, but the time of his return is uncertain. He sold his lands in Dorchester County in 1717, but he was not necessarily there, in person, at that time. It is sure, however, that he was in Maryland in 1720, or 1720/1721, when he became a deputy receiver-general under Henry Lowe, Jr.

Henry Lowe, Jr. died in 1721. It may have been at this time that Cooke came into possession of Henry Lowe's book. For some reason not clear he was close to the Lowes and was reappointed deputy by Bennett Lowe who succeeded Henry as receiver-general.

In [d] above, I concluded that the act for improving the staple of 1721, as amended in 1722, was the "Conflagration act" referred to by Cooke as "out of date" at the time of his writing. If this conclusion is correct, the date of the second edition is after November, 1724, the time at which this act expired.

The phrases, "notwithstanding the penalty," "maugre y^e act," and "contrary to y^e late act" may refer either to an act of 1727 which provided for the cutting up and destroying of "seconds," or to a similar and more elaborate act of the same tenor of 1728. In either case, the date of Cooke's writing the preface for the second edition would be after the year 1727.

William Parks began printing in Annapolis in 1726. By 1728 he had printed productions of two of the local poets—Richard Lewis and Ebenezer Cooke.

All these factors considered, one may suggest that the second edition of *The Sot-weed Factor* was published at Annapolis by William Parks sometime between the tobacco act of 1727 and the appearance of the third edition of the poem in *The Maryland Muse*

of 1731. For reasons already given, the year 1728 seems the likeliest date of publication within this period.

This is a suggestion based upon a series of assumptions. It has seemed to me the most reasonable conclusion to draw from the rough drafts here described of an intended preface to a second edition of *The Sotweed Factor*. The accidental discovery of these drafts by Dr. Pleasants in a place where they would never have been looked for is one of those chances that give zest to literary and historical research.

2. ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF THE HONOURABLE NICHOLAS LOWE, ESQ.

In discussing the identity of our author we have called attention to the fact that in the years 1720 to 1722 an Ebenezer Cooke of Cecil County, Maryland, received commissions as a deputy receiver-general of the province under both Henry and Bennett Lowe, brothers of Nicholas Lowe, the subject of this *Elegy*.¹ And we have had occasion already to cite a document in which it appears that one Ebenezer Cooke, then of Prince George's County, had raised a scandal upon the private life of the Hon. Nicholas Lowe in connection with a member of his household. We are assuming that all these Ebenezers are one and that one the poet, and if this assumption is correct the incident last named may serve to explain the note of something not quite like admiration that we perceive in Cooke's *Elegy upon the Death of the Honourable Nicholas Lowe, Esq.* Though on the face of it complimentary, this poem seems to me praise in a questionable shape. Indeed, I gather that underneath its solemnity is the desire to mock the departed spirit of this "cautious, sober,

¹It has been mentioned that the land which Andrew Cooke, grandfather (?) of Ebenezer, patented in Kent County in 1664, is found about 1700, according to the Kent County Rent Rolls, in the possession of Nicholas Lowe, probably the uncle of the subject of the *Elegy*. This is one of many pieces of information for which I am indebted to the kindness of the late Mrs. Hester Dorsey Richardson, of Baltimore.

charitable man," whose only fault was that he had "liv'd and Dy'd a Batchelor at last."¹

3. THE SOTWEED REDIVIVUS

One has only to read the *Maryland Gazette* of the period and to examine the titles of works that issued from the local press to realize that there was disturbance in the year 1730 in the economic condition of Maryland, as there was, indeed, in Virginia at the same time. The two tobacco colonies were suffering from conflict with the government monopoly in France, from the inability of the London merchants to keep price agreements among themselves, and from the failure of the planters to co-operate in the passage of laws for their own protection. There existed, too, other distresses naturally inherent in an economic system based upon the cultivation and marketing of a single crop. *Proposals for a Tobacco Law*, 1726; *A Letter from a Freeholder*, 1727; Darnall's *Just and Impartial Account of the Transactions for the Advancement of the Price of Tobacco*, 1729; *The New Tobacco Law*, 1730, are Maryland titles which indicate the state of the public mind in these years from 1726 to 1730, and it was while the condition was at its height, just before the passage of the new tobacco law, that Mr. Ebenezer Cooke once more took up his critical pen, publishing at Annapolis in 1730 the *Sotweed Redivivus: Or the Planters Looking-Glass*. The second of his poems on the Maryland theme is an economic treatise, discussing from a common-sense standpoint problems of forest depletion, the tobacco-staple, currency, and the diversification of crops. It is impossible to point to specific political results of the poem, but one feels that its sound common sense, strikingly expressed, may have

¹In his *Revised History of Dorchester County Maryland*, pages 279-290, article "Cooke, Brooke & Beckwith Families of Dorchester County, Maryland," Dr. Elias Jones affirms a family relationship between the Hon. Nicholas Lowe and the family of Cooke from which the poet derived, but I have not been able to trace the connection.

had some part in forming local opinion on the subjects discussed.

The *Sotweed Redivivus* is less well known to historians than the earlier work of 1708. It seems to exist in only two original copies, and it was not reprinted until, in 1900, Bernard C. Steiner included it in his *Early Maryland Poetry*. Though it was mentioned by Moses Coit Tyler in his *History of American Literature*, it seems obvious from the nature of the criticism he expressed of the poem that Tyler had made only the most cursory examination of its text. Comparing it to the *Sot-weed Factor* of 1708, he wrote: "The first poem has, indeed, an abundance of filth and scurrility, but it has wit besides; the second poem lacks only the wit." Too often critics stultify themselves for the sake of an epigram, and in these words we perceive an outstanding example of the dangers that beset the phrase-maker. Contrary to Mr. Tyler's dictum, the *Sotweed Redivivus* possesses a reasonable degree of wit; it is wholly devoid of scurrility; and it has only a single line which even our delicate age could regard as filth. It is, furthermore, a serious economic discussion, significant in the history of the tobacco colonies, a fact completely lost upon its brilliant critic.¹

In the rough drafts of a proposed preface to a second edition of *The Sot-weed Factor*, described in a preceding section, the writer, whom I suppose to have been Ebenezer Cooke, raised a question that confuses his present-day biographers and critics. Moses Coit Tyler casually, and, I believe, without serious intention, suggested that the author of the *Sotweed Redivivus* may not have been the Ebenezer Cooke who twenty-two years earlier had published in London *The Sot-weed Factor*. Though I do not think a suggestion so lightly made should be given great consideration, yet it is a fact that, by reason of certain statements in these drafts

¹*History of American Literature*, II, 260. It may be said, however, that Cooke himself recognized a certain lack of lightness in his theme and its treatment, describing the poem in its preface as "this dull Piece of Household Stuff."

for a preface, we are compelled to face the question it raises. In one form or another in all these drafts, the writer informs us that Cooke had been accused, by persons unnamed, of piracy under the English copy-right law, the celebrated 8 Anne Chapter 19. Though commonly used as a term descriptive of a publisher's republication without permission of another publisher's book, the term "piracy" might conceivably cover also an individual's false claim to the authorship of a previously published work. At any rate that seems to be the sense in which it is used in the drafts in question. But the writer of those drafts, whom we assume to have been Cooke himself, emphatically denied this false impeachment by "idle tattlers" and "malevolent tongues" and asserted that the whole poem, except the "Curse," was of his own authorship. In succeeding years he made a tacit reassertion of this claim by the mere act of publishing under his own name the *Sotweed Redivivus* of 1730 and the *Maryland Muse* of 1731. I am inclined to give complete credence to his statement. *The Sot-weed Factor* is entirely of a piece with these later writings in its style and in its literary and spiritual values. It was well within his powers as a writer, and he seems to have had opportunity to undergo the experience related by its narrator and to acquire the local knowledge which makes the poem valuable. Though I do not, for my part, doubt that the Ebenezer Cooke who wrote *The Sot-weed Factor* was the same Ebenezer as he who afterwards wrote the *Sotweed Redivivus*, it has seemed to me desirable to record the fact that according to his own statement some of his Maryland neighbors raised that question of identity at the time he proposed the publication of a second edition of the earlier work.

4. THE MARYLAND MUSE

In the collection entitled *The Maryland Muse*, of Annapolis, 1731, we recognize the first number in a

series proposed for annual publication. It is believed that the series ended, as it began, with the number before us. There may have been published later parts in succeeding years which, like the second edition of the *Sot-weed Factor*, have been lost to knowledge, but it is more likely that the support of the project was insufficient to justify its continuance. Printed by William Parks in the small folio format, *The Maryland Muse* is an unusually handsome production of the colonial press. The existence of the book has been known to scholars since Brantz Mayer in 1865 described briefly its contents, failed to mention its title, and gave incorrectly the name of its printer.¹ The British Museum copy, from which Mr. Mayer obtained his scant knowledge of the collection, was at length correctly recorded by title and imprint in Evans's *American Bibliography*, No. 3407, and a full description of it, a facsimile title-page, and the text of the lines introducing its first poem were given in my *History of Printing in Colonial Maryland*, pages 66-68 of the text and item No. 70 in the Maryland Imprint section. In 1922, Wilberforce Eames procured for the New York Public Library a photostat negative of the entire book, affording us for the first time the opportunity of making acquaintance with its contents.

I have already described the "Corrected and Amended" third edition of the *Sotweed Factor* which forms the second part of *The Maryland Muse*. That piece and the long poem which precedes it in the book, "The History of Colonel Nathaniel Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia" are reprinted here, so far as is known, for the first time since their original printing in 1731. When it came from the press in that year, Cooke's poem, though burlesque in intention, was actually the most elaborate record of Bacon's rebellion that had then appeared in print.

To many readers a pleasant feature of *The Maryland*

¹Shea's *Early Southern Tracts*, No. II, page v.

Muse is the rhymed address, "To the Author," preceding the long poem on Bacon's Rebellion. Its lines are so friendly and playful, with that innocent pleasantness of eighteenth-century gentlemen in moments of ease, that I should be inclined to repeat them here even if they were not necessary to the exposition which follows.

TO THE AUTHOR.

Old Poet,
 As you may remember,
 You told me sometime in September,
 Your pleasant Muse was idly sitting,
 Longing for some new subject fitting
 For this Meridian, and her Inditing,
 Worth Praise and Pence for Pains in Writing.
 I therefore (thinking it great Pity
 A Muse should pine, that is so witty)
 Have sent an old, authentick Book,
 For Her in Doggrel Verse to Cook;
 For since it never was in Print,
 (Tho' wondrous Truths are written in't)
 It may be worthy Clio's Rhimes,
 To hand it down to future Times.

You know what never-fading Glory,
 Old Salust got by Catlin's Story;
 The Fame Hyde gain'd, I need not tell y'on,
 By's Hist'ry of the Grand Rebellion:
 You know how Butler's witty Lays
 Procur'd for him immortal Praise:
 I'll add no more—But if you please, Sir,
 Attempt the same for Ebenezer,
 Which you may gain, or I'm mistaken,
 If you can nicely Cook this Bacon.

H. J.

I owe to Earl Gregg Swem, Librarian of the William and Mary College Library, the suggestion that the

"H. J." who wrote these pleasant, adroit lines of introduction to the Bacon Rebellion poem was the Rev. Hugh Jones, M.A., a distinguished clergyman of Maryland and Virginia. Welsh families of the patronymic "Jones" seem to have followed the custom of naming their sons Hugh, sending them to Jesus College, Oxford, and obtaining for them parishes in Virginia and Maryland. That procedure has complicated the task of identifying with complete certainty the Hugh Jones whom we have in mind as the "H. J." of our poem. There were two, and possibly three, clergymen of that name in colonial Virginia and Maryland. This is not the place to attempt the unravelling of a particularly twisted skein in American ecclesiastical biography. It is enough for present purposes to record that the Rev. Hugh Jones, Master of Arts of Jesus College, Oxford, was ordained priest by the Bishop of London on September 23, 1716. Eight years later, on August 21, 1724, he was licensed by a later Bishop of London to perform his holy office in Virginia,¹ and on September 18, 1724, he accepted the King's Bounty for his passage to that colony.² He is said to have served as rector of St. Stephen's Parish, King and Queen County, Virginia, until February, 1726, when he came to Maryland and served the ensuing five years or more as rector of William and Mary Parish, Charles County. On October 17, 1731, he became rector of St. Stephen's Parish in Cecil County, where as Hugh Jones, Philomath, he dabbled in mathematics, and as the Rev. Hugh Jones, M.A., he served his churches and engaged in printed controversy with the Jesuits of Bohemia Manor.³

¹*Archives of Maryland*, XXV. 543-545.

²Fothergill, *List of Emigrant Ministers to America*, p. 38. It is usually said that this was Mr. Jones's second visit to America, that he spent the years 1716-1721 in Virginia, returned to London and published there in 1724 *The Present State of Virginia*, and in the same year came back to the colonies. See the article under his name in the *Dictionary of American Biography*.

³The Rev. Hugh Jones died on September 8, 1760. His obituary appeared in the *Maryland Gazette* for September 18, 1760.

We expect to show in the next section that the poem on Bacon's Rebellion was based upon an account of that incident found in a contemporary document known as the Burwell Manuscript. The document is so-called from its first being known as the possession of Captain Nathaniel Burwell, who found it among the effects of an old family in the Northern Neck of Virginia, that large section of the Old Dominion lying between the Rappahannock and the Potomac Rivers. King and Queen County, in which Hugh Jones held a parish from 1724 to 1726, though not one of the counties of the Northern Neck, lies not far south of the Rappahannock and within the Tidewater section to which the Virginia settlements were then chiefly confined. It is not suggested that the manuscript sent Cooke by "H. J." was the Burwell Manuscript itself, but simply that it was another copy of the narrative found in the Burwell Manuscript. If "H. J." was, indeed, the Rev. Hugh Jones, the former residence of that individual in the Virginia Tidewater might well account for his possession of a copy of this narrative of a memorable event in the history of the section. And if, as we later postulate, the author of the poem on Bacon's Rebellion in *The Maryland Muse* was that Ebenezer Cooke whom we shall find residing in Prince George's County, Maryland, in 1728 and 1729, there exists the possibility that the "H. J." who provided the poet with an "old, authentick Book" on that event and urged him to make a poem of it was the Rev. Hugh Jones. In those years Mr. Jones was rector of a parish in Charles County, a county contiguous to Prince George's, and in that country of large plantations and relatively small population cultivated individuals of adjoining counties might easily be well enough known to each other for such interchange as is indicated in the quoted lines, "To the Author." It is certain that the poem on Bacon's Rebellion was based upon the Burwell Manuscript narrative, and there exists this possibility that the source was brought to the poet's attention by the

Rev. Hugh Jones. But this thread of association becomes almost fantastically weak when I admit uncertainty as to the identity of the poet with Ebenezer Cooke of Prince George's County. But whether or not this slender thread has reality, the spinning of it from so many unsubstantial elements has been a pleasant exercise, resulting in an hypothesis that may explain how the author of the Bacon poem was enabled to base his narrative upon the story familiar in later years as the Burwell Manuscript account of the Rebellion in Virginia.

5. AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE HONORABLE
WILLIAM LOCK, ESQ.

This was one of the two poems, signed by Cooke as "Laureat" or "Poet Laureate," in which he memorialized the passing of leading citizens of the Province. In this elegy, Cooke refers somewhat vaguely to an earlier poem, now lost, on Benedict Leonard Calvert.¹ So persistent was he in these elegiacal utterances that one joins Bernard Christian Steiner in the conjecture made in his introduction to *Early Maryland Poetry* as to whether Cooke actually had received commission, or permission, from the Lord Proprietary to sign himself "Laureate" and to pay in funeral verse official homage to the great men of the Province. In his versified address, "To the Generous Subscribers, &c.," at the beginning of the *Sotweed Redivivus*, Cooke, in deprecating his abilities as a poet, makes special reference to his elegies. He explains with a plethora of classical allusion, that not much need be expected of his Muse, assuring the reader that

¹Benedict Leonard Calvert, governor of Maryland, 1727-1731, was the second son of Benedict Leonard Calvert, 4th Lord Baltimore, and brother of Charles Calvert, 5th Lord Baltimore. He died in 1732 at the age of 32.

Such lofty Numbers and heroic Strains
Of sprightly Wit, as Virgil's Lays contains,

. . .

Are too sublime for her, that ne'er could fly
Above the Pitch of Grub-street Elegy
Or the flat Sound of Doggerel Poetry:

Our poet seems to have recognized the limitations of his talent. It is a pity that to his skill in narrative was not joined the gift of finished metrical expression.

It may be said that this poem on the death of William Locke is the most serious and dignified of Cooke's known productions. In it he drops his customary japery for a simple and genuine tribute to one whom he describes as,

The most impartial Judge of human Strife,
That ever yet, with an unbiass'd hand,
The Scales of Justice held in Maryland.

The copy of the *Sotweed Redivivus* now owned by the John Carter Brown Library bears on its title-page the signature "W^m Lock," doubtless the subject of this elegy.¹

THE SOURCE OF THE POEM ON BACON'S REBELLION THE BURWELL MANUSCRIPT

Until the uncovering in relatively recent years of pertinent material in the Public Record Office, London, and in other archival depositories, the chief sources of knowledge of Bacon's Rebellion were the three relations printed, from early manuscripts, in Volume I of the Force Tracts; that is, in the outline of events

¹The title of the Elegy in our list gives the essential facts concerning the Honorable William Locke, who, in addition to his other activities, practiced medicine. The name of Dr. Locke has another association in Maryland letters. He was the uncle, or close relative, of David Weems, father of the celebrated Mason Locke Weems who, as Parson Weems, was an active writing man a century after the events of our present interest. See Emily Ford Skeel, *Mason Locke Weems, His Works and Ways*, III, Appendix I.

signed "T. M."; the letter written to a friend in England by Mrs. Ann Cotton; and the account in the anonymous Burwell Manuscript; respectively, Force Tracts, Vol. I, Nos. VIII, IX, and XI. Evidence that the mention of a manuscript source in the "H.J." verses of *The Maryland Muse* was not a mere literary device provided by Cooke to create an authentic background for his work is found in the fact that the poem follows one of those manuscript accounts so closely as to leave no doubt that its author had before him a copy of it as his guide and chief repository of facts. An examination, involving an elaborate comparison of the poem and the three manuscript accounts, the details of which will not be recorded here, makes this fact clear, and it shows also that the account in question was that which we find in the Burwell Manuscript. It brings out, furthermore, the similarity between the Ann Cotton account and the Burwell Manuscript account, a factor of which we shall speak later.¹

The conclusions to be derived from this investigation are that there exists no relationship between the Cooke poem and the T. M. account, and that the Ann Cotton account might well have been regarded as the source of the poem if the Burwell Manuscript account, with its even greater likeness, especially in scope of action, did not exist. Leaving out of consideration the numerous superficial resemblances, one feels justified in claiming the Burwell Manuscript account as the source of Cooke's poem on the basis of these fundamental factors of identity:

(a) Identity in scope of action.

The two texts begin at relatively the same point, allot the same proportions of space to the successive events, and almost invariably place the emphasis upon the same matters.

¹It has seemed inadvisable to encumber this Introduction with my detailed, parallel column tabulation of specific points as treated in the poem and the three manuscripts. A copy of that tabulation, however, is to be found filed with a photostat copy of *The Maryland Muse* in the John Carter Brown Library.

- (b) Identity in the order in which events are narrated.
- (c) Identity in place names, personal names, and statistics.
- (d) Identity in incidental references, and frequent resemblance in phraseology and comment.

In none of the other early narratives of the Rebellion do there exist these factors common to narrative and poem. The only incident in which the poem gives detail not found in the Burwell Manuscript account is in the description in Canto II of the siege of Jamestown.¹ Nor is this particular detail to be found in any of the other narratives. One may suggest that it existed in the specific copy of the narrative supplied the poet by "H. J.," or that it came to him from some unidentified printed source available to him in 1730. It is clear from a reference to Beverley's printed *History of Virginia* at the end of Canto I that Cooke supplemented his manuscript source by reference to that work. It is certain, therefore, that Cooke made use of other sources than the Burwell Manuscript account for some of his incident, but the greater part of the poem is based upon that narrative and not upon Beverley's *History* or any known printed source then available.

HISTORY AND AUTHORSHIP OF THE BURWELL MANUSCRIPT

The Burwell Manuscript with its important record of an event memorable in the tragic annals of our country has undergone a curious history. It was found, presumably about the end of the eighteenth century, by Captain Nathaniel Burwell of King William County, among the effects of an old family of

¹Compare page 7 of the appended reprint with page 25 of the Burwell narrative in the Force Tracts, I. No. XI, and page 319 of that narrative in the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, 1866-67.

the Northern Neck of Virginia. It is in the form of a bound volume, written in a hand contemporary or nearly contemporary with the events it describes, and it lacks an undetermined number of leaves at both beginning and end. In 1812 it was turned over by William Burwell, a relative of Nathaniel Burwell and a Member of Congress at that time from Virginia, to Josiah Quincy, one of his colleagues in Congress from Massachusetts, for the expressed purpose of publication in the *Collections* of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Accordingly it was printed in 1814 in Volume I, second series, of the *Collections*. In 1866, after deliberation as to ownership, the Society returned the manuscript to the Burwell family for permanent deposit in the Virginia Historical Society, but before the final transfer was made the narrative was once more printed by its temporary custodians. The need for this reprinting is made plain by the editorial note accompanying the text as it now appeared on pages 299-342 of the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society* for the year 1866-67. The editor wrote as follows:

That the printed copy [i.e. the copy of 1814] has been carefully compared with the original manuscript, by the Assistant Librarian, and found to contain numerous errors of orthography and punctuation, besides others still more important; the whole number of errata amounting to several thousands, no less than seventy having been detected on a single page. Not only are single words transposed or omitted, but whole sentences, and even the last two pages (which are somewhat mutilated), are not printed. In many instances where the manuscript is obscure, words are interpolated, sometimes changing entirely the sense of the paragraph or sentence.

Unfortunately the version of the Burwell Manuscript in the Force Tracts, Volume I, No. XI, is a reprint of the document as originally published by the Massa-

chusetts Historical Society in 1814. In this form, therefore, it is not of the highest usefulness, though its association in that volume with the T.M. and Ann Cotton accounts enables the reader to compare the main features of these three contemporary narratives with ease and convenience.¹

The value of the Burwell Manuscript as containing the chief contemporary account of the events of Bacon's Rebellion gives it a quality of importance superior to our restricted interest in it as the source of a single poem. The determination of its authorship becomes, therefore, a matter worth the pain of a close examination of its text.

As long ago as 1879 Moses Coit Tyler suggested in a footnote to his discussion of the Burwell Manuscript narrative that its author was the husband of that Mrs. Ann Cotton, of Queen's Creek, Virginia, whose letter on the same subject so closely resembles it in matter and form.² So far as I have learned, Professor Tyler never recorded his reasons for this statement, but with his note as a guide it has been a relatively easy matter to show by comparison of the two manuscripts that his attribution was almost certainly correct.

The Ann Cotton account of the Rebellion is in the form of a letter from Mrs. Ann Cotton of Queen's Creek to an English correspondent who had formerly lived in Virginia. It is accompanied by a moralizing letter on the theme of life's mutability from the husband of Ann Cotton, written to her from Jamestown at one of the critical moments of the Rebellion. It presents a terse narrative comprising some eleven of Force's

¹The Burwell Manuscript account was reprinted, following the 1814 version, in *American Colonial Tracts Monthly*, Volume I, No. 10, February, 1898. It was again reprinted, this time with adequate notes and with the text of the corrected version of 1867, by Charles M. Andrews in *Narratives of the Insurrections, 1675-1690*, (1915), in the Original Narratives of Early American History Series.

²*History of American Literature*, I. 79n. Inadvertently, I believe, Professor Tyler described Mrs. Cotton as of Acquia Creek.

printed pages. Though it comprehends in scope the entire Rebellion, it hurries over the events of Ingraham's leadership after Bacon's death. The Burwell Manuscript account, even in its incomplete form in the Force Tracts, occupies 43 pages, sixteen of which are given over to "Ingraham's Proceedings." Ann Cotton's letter has the tone of a communication made very soon after the termination of the events narrated in its pages. The Burwell Manuscript account is leisurely in style, and so full and detailed in matter that it acquires the dignity of a *history*, a work written after time had been allowed for reflection upon the events recorded. Those events are philosophized and the expression of them is self-conscious and literary. It is because of this greater fullness in narration, broader treatment of the issues involved, and general air of leisurely handling that one judges the Burwell Manuscript account to be the later of two documents which even a superficial comparison shows to be closely related. One soon recognizes the probability that its author made use of the Ann Cotton letter as the skeleton of his account, and going on upon this assumption, one finds in his relation distinctive words, devices of punctuation, recognizable phrases, unusual metaphors, and, now and then, sentences and extended passages taken from the Ann Cotton narrative, notably a passage in which are found in paraphrase the moralizing reflections of the letter from her husband with which Mrs. Cotton embellished her text. The conclusion is forced upon us that the Burwell Manuscript account was based upon Mrs. Cotton's narrative, but it is necessary to go further into its matter to find grounds for accepting Professor Tyler's attribution of it to the pen of Mrs. Cotton's husband.

Mrs. Cotton's letter was written, we learn from its text, because some individual in Virginia, not mentioned by name, had been asked by an English correspondent to furnish a relation of recent events,

and because this individual, finding himself unable at the time to comply with the request, had given her "his permission" to supply the need according to her ability. She would naturally have made a copy or kept a rough draft of her elaborate letter, and just as naturally members of her family would in good time have become familiar through such a copy with her account of the revolt. But even if this assumption be admitted as probable, it does little more than suggest that the author of the Burwell Manuscript account may have been some one close to Mrs. Cotton. It is necessary to seek further evidence of this fact in the narratives themselves. Such evidence, when found, turns out to be grim in character. In naming to her correspondent those who had been hanged for complicity in the Rebellion, Mrs. Cotton wrote: "and Leift. Collonell Page (one that my Husband bought of Mr. Lee, when he kep store at your howse)." In this same connection the author of the Burwell Manuscript account (in the corrected version of 1867,¹ but not in the Force Tract) thus expressed himself: "Major Page (once My Sarvant, at his [fir]st coming [into] the Countrey." The fact that Governor Berkeley, too, in his list of those he had hanged described Mr. Page as "formerly my servant" means little.² Even if we did not know of the trade in indentures that resulted in frequent changes in ownership of a servant's time, we should never be able to think of Berkeley as the author of the dispassionate account of the Rebellion found in the Burwell Manuscript. The career and ending of Mr. Page seem to form a link, therefore, between the two narratives of the Rebellion we are considering. It is without difficulty that one thinks of John Cotton, the husband of Ann, taking up in a period of leisure, his wife's letter to an English friend and

¹*Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, 1866-67, page 341.

²Force Tracts, I, No. X, page 3.

making it over into the history of the Rebellion found in the Burwell manuscript.¹

CONCLUSION

There are moments in which one is repelled by certain characteristics of our Maryland laureate. To compare his poem on Bacon's Rebellion, for example, with the prose source upon which it was based is to recognize at once that in passing from prose to verse the bright metal of that narrative took on an unbecoming tarnish. The author of the Burwell Manuscript account, though personally incommoded by Bacon's revolt, yet contrived, in relating its history, to maintain a reasonable impartiality. He betrayed no contempt for Bacon, though he deplored his resort to violence as a weapon against Berkeley's dictatorship. He treated both leader and movement with the sympathy and the seriousness of the historian, and he

¹It is not surprising that Professor Tyler (*History of American Literature*, I, 79n) did not know the Christian name of the husband of Mrs. Ann Cotton, for that gentleman, after all, was a relatively obscure individual. It seems clear, however, that he was John Cotton, of Queen's Creek, a stream that flows into York River north of Williamsburgh. It is not easily understood why Professor Tyler described Mr. Cotton, husband of Ann, as of Acquia Creek, a tributary of the Potomac, distant many miles from Queen's Creek. In her letter to "Mr. C. H., at Yardly, in Northamptonshire [England]," Mrs. Cotton is designated as of "Q. Creek," a name which Virginia historians take to mean Queen's Creek. On this stream lived, from 1666 or earlier, according to contemporary documents, a John Cotton and his wife Ann, a lady who is regarded by these historians as the author of the Ann Cotton account of the Rebellion contained in the letter to Mr. C. H. The plantation of John Cotton on Queen's Creek came later into the possession of Colonel Nathaniel Bacon, cousin of Nathaniel, the leader of the Rebellion. Through the marriage of Colonel Bacon's niece and heiress to Lewis Burwell, this plantation and nearly the whole of the countryside between King's and Queen's Creeks became Burwell property. We might easily suppose that our Burwell Manuscript had come into the possession of Captain Nathaniel and William Armisted Burwell through this association, but as against such an explanation is the latter's statement that Captain Burwell had found the manuscript among the effects of a family of the Northern Neck of Virginia. That family, of course, may have been one with Burwell connections. For the basis of the foregoing attribution of the Burwell Manuscript account to the pen of John Cotton of Queen's Creek, see *William and Mary College Quarterly*, 1st series, V, 123-124, XXII, 74-75; and *Tyler's Quarterly Historical and Genealogical Magazine*, I, 234. See also the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, XLIV, 197-199. This search for the identity of Mrs. Ann Cotton's husband has demonstrated to me most happily the great usefulness of the *Virginia Historical Index* by Earl Gregg Swem, the first volume of which (A-K) appeared in 1934, a most valuable aid to American historical scholarship.

included in his text two elegies, giving respectively the points of view of friend and foe. "That old fool," said Charles II of Governor Berkeley, "has put to death more people in that naked country than I did here for the murder of my father." Our Mr. Cooke seems to have felt much as Berkeley did about the Rebellion and its leader. To him Bacon was another Cromwell; he sneered at and satirized his aspirations, displaying hard indifference to the dignity of human personality and thorough ignorance of the deeper meaning of the rebellion that Bacon bravely led. Bacon's defiance of a tyrannical administration, his high and passionate earnestness, his sacrifice of life itself are to our poet only an excuse for the exercise of a coarse wit which reaches its depths when, in describing the death of the young leader, he suggests with a superfluity of quips and puns that by dying in his bed he had unjustly cheated the gallows of its fruit. In the preface of another Maryland publication of the period, Richard Lewis's translation of Holdsworth's *Muscipula*, one finds a sentence aptly expressive of Cooke's handling of his tragic theme. "This Poem," wrote Lewis of the *Muscipula*, "is of the Mock Heroic, or Burlesque Kind, of which, there are two Sorts. One, describes a ludicrous Action, in Heroic Verse; such is the Rape of the Lock; The Other under low Characters, and in odd, uncommon Numbers, debases some great event, as Butler has done, in his celebrated Hudibras . . ." Certainly Cooke, in his *History of Colonel Nathaniel Bacon's Rebellion*, succeeded in debasing a great event. One is compelled to admit that fact, but the truth is, he went at his ignoble task so heartily, and carried it through with so high a degree of what Dr. Johnson called "stark insensibility," that in reading the result of his efforts, one sooner or later comes down from the moral high-horse and enjoys the gusty piece unashamedly.

It is easy thus to enjoy the *gauloiserie* of an earlier period, however greatly we may feel offended at that

spirit in the current writing of our own time. I am grateful to this Ebenezer for his spirited poems on men and events in the Chesapeake Tidewater, even though I feel sure that as his contemporary I should have disliked the crude insolence that marks them. But I hope that even under those conditions I should have found in them qualities that brought compensation. Coarse and ignoble though his writing may sometimes show itself, it is splendid story-telling, swift, racy, and charged with a wholesome native flavor. It uses the idiom of a lost people and keeps alive for us their forgotten way of life. It brings us closer to the men whose blood we have inherited than does a whole library of neo-classical imitations, deriving from Pope and the London wits, or than many volumes of labored reconstruction by modern historians and novelists. Its mockery, its hard generalization, its lack of insight, its sneers and innuendo, are but sordid marks of genuineness. These poems are real, and beneath their harsher qualities, or mingled with them, are life and movement, and running through the whole is a broad, careless, cynical humor that expresses the spirit of the new land in the days before gentility laid its blight upon the people.

THE
MARYLAND MUSE.

CONTAINING

I. The History of Colonel NATHANIEL BACON'S Rebellion
in *VIRGINIA*. Done into *Hudibrastick* Verse, from
an old-MS.

II. The SOTWEED FACTOR, or Voiage to *MARYLAND*.

The Third EDITION, Corrected and Amended.

By E. COOKE, Gent.

*Let Criticks that shall discommend it,
mend it.*




ANNAPOLIS:
Printed in the Year M,DCC,XXXI.

To the A U T H O R.

Old Poet,

*A*s You may remember,
You told me sometime in September,

Your pleasant Muse was idly fitting,
Longing for some new Subject fitting
For this Meridian, and her Inditing,
Worth Praise and ~~Pain~~ Pains in Writing.


I therefore (thinking in great Pity
A Muse should pine, that is so witty)
Have sent an old, authentick Book,
For Her in Doggrel Verse to Cook;
For since it never was in Print,
(Tho' wondrous Truths are written in't)
It may be worthy Clio's Rhimes,
To hand it down to future Times.

YOU know what never-fading Glory,
Old Salust got by Catlin's Story ;
The Fame Hyde gain'd, I need not tell y'on,
By's Hist'ry of the Grand Rebellion :
You know how Butler's witty Lays
Procur'd for him immortal Praise :
I'll add no more — But if you please, Sir,
Attempt the same for Ebenezer,
Which you may gain, or I'm mislaken,
If you can nicely Cook this B A C O N.

H. J.

BACON'S Rebellion, &c.

CANTO I.

*This CANTO gives you a Narration
Of Colnel BACON'S Provocation;
And shews, in what rebellious Manner
He ventur'd to display his Banner.*



SING those dire BACONIAN
(Wars,
Which, like the *Oliverian* Jars,
Long since broke out in Smoke and Fire,
'Twixt testy Knight, and waspish 'Squire:
The First of which, (as Authors tell)
Govern'd *VIRGINIA* very well,
'Till little *Nat*, presumptuous *He*,
(Aspiring, like the *Lord Protector*)
O're the *Atlantick* Ocean came,
And put the People in a Flame;
Set Folks together by the Ears,
Who liv'd in Friendship many Years,
And in a Snare drew headstrong Rabble,
Who too much listen'd to his Babbble.

BUT e'er the Plot grew ripe for Action,
That was begun by *Bacon's* Faction,
Fame led the Van with hot Alarms,
Of *Ab-origines* in Arms,
Who far and near did then resort,
In Haste to *Susquebanna* Fort,
Full bent on Thoughts of Massacre,

(Inspir'd by their accurs'd *Oke*)
Combining in their *Hellish* Anger,
To cut off ev'ry *MARYLANDER*,
Thus Devils, in the Shape of Men,
Secur'd themselves in moated Den,
Which oft the Planters try'd to take;
But still in vain Attempts did make.

THE *Indians* making such Resistance,
Caus'd *English* Foe to seek Assistance,
Who thought it fit, without Delay,
To found their *Neighbours* down the *Bay*;
And try how Gov'nor *BERKLEY* stood
Affected to the Common Good;
(Praying *VIRGINIA* to stand
In Time of Need by *MARYLAND*;
Who, out of *Christian* Compassion
To Neighb'ring Friends of his own Nation,
Sent *Washington*, (with Vet'ran Forces,
Arm'd at all Points with Leaden Doses,
And double Rounds of Cannon Powder,
To make their Pop-Guns sound the louder,
For *MARYLAND*, to aid poor Brethren,
That were attack'd by barb'rous *Heathen*;

B

Wick

With whom a sharp Dispute began,
 Wherein was kill'd both Horse and Man;
 Some Pris'ners were, some Cripples made,
 By *Indian* Scouts in Ambuscade;
 (Who ne'er in vain at Friend or Foe,
 A Trigger draw, or bend their Bow,
 As able Archers, and as good,
 As *Little John* and *Robin Hood*)
 Others were left on Foot to trudge it,
 (With Carbine slung, like *Tinkers Budget*)
 That to the Combat did advance, Sir,
 Mounted on Skeletonian Prancer,
 Whose down-cast Looks seem'd to foretell
 Their certain Fate, in Battle fell:
 Whilst many were to Slaughter led
 By *Savages*, on Horse-flesh fed,
 Which from the *English* Camp, in Fight,
 They carry'd off, or stole by Night,
 To satisfy the greedy Maws
 Of such as scarce cou'd stir their Jaws,
 But lay as if they had been dead,
 Stretch'd out on Honour's Truckle-Bed,
 Almost with Hunger famish'd.

THUS the beleagu'rd in their Hive,
 By Carrion were preserv'd alive,
 'Till glutted with such *Trojan* Diet,
 And willing to depart in Quiet,
 Six Captains (famous in Report)
 To sue for Peace rush from the Fort;
 Whom the Besiegers, with small Pains,
 To *Pluto* sent, without their Brains:
 Which treach'rous Act (by all Relations
 Against the Law of Arms and Nations)
 Provok'd the *Infidels* with Ire
 And Indignation to retire.

SO in the Night they left their Cell,
 (Resemblance of a future Hell)
 And to their Subterfuges went,
 On bloody Vengeance fully bent,
 Leaving the *English* (struck with Wonder)
 Their empty *Citadel* to plunder;
 Who pelted at the *Dæmons* Nest,
 With Courage not to be express'd;
 Whilst the Delinquents, in their Flight,

In *Morpheus*' Arms flew Ten out-right
 Of the Besiegers, whom they found
 Extended on the Mossy Ground;
 And to compleat their furious Anger,
 (With *Tomabawke* instead of Hanger)
 They made the Number up Threecore,
 Leaving them weltring in their Gore,
 Whole harmless Lives (like bloody Hounds)
 They had let out by mortal Wounds.

THEN, to extenuate the Act,
 (Which wilful Murder was, in Fact)
 They to *VIRGINIA*'s CHIEF complain.
 " Their *Heroes* by the *English* slain,
 " Were *Messengers of Peace* lent out,
 " To put a Period to the Rout;
 " So should have been to Council led,
 " And not (like Dogs) knock'd on the Head
 " By Centinels, to them inferior,
 " Altho' in Number much superior;
 " Wherefore they ask for Satisfaction
 " For Damages sustain'd in Action:
 " And further, they desir'd to know
 " Why *BARKLEY* was so much their Foe,
 " As to assist the *MARYLANDERS*,
 " With valiant Soldiers and Commanders;
 " Which brought their *Indian* warlike Nation
 " To Poverty and Tribulation?
 " Telling how *Popp*s and *Squaws* lay dead,
 " (Like rotten Sheep) for want of Bread:
 " That in Revenge, they thought it fit,
 " That Ten for One should pay for it:
 " That if he wou'd the Peace renew,
 " He must Compassion to them shew;
 " Recall forthwith his Sons of Thunder,
 " Who prov'd their Courage to a Wonder,
 " By making *Savages* knock under:
 " Or else, resolv'd they were each Man,
 " To fight it out, kill as kill can.

THIS free Remonstrance of their Case,
 Rebellion carry'd in its Face;
 And was rejected, with Derision,
 By Persons of the best Condition,
 Whose Int'rest lean'd the other Way;
 Such as, for Honour or for Pay,

Made

Made Sword and Pistol their Vocation,
 And held it an Abomination,
 And base Dishonour to their Station,
 On any Terms t'accept a Peace
 From *Infidels*; that, like wild *Geese*,
 Beyond the *Western* Mountains roam,
 And rarely can be found at Home.

THIS rais'd the *Indians* mortal Rage,
 Which nought but Death of Foes could
 ('twage,

Who to their Aid (to share the Spoil,
 And bear a Bobb in *Martial* Toil)
 The neighb'ring *Savages* soon call,
 And draw to Battle great and small,
 That to the *English* Tribute paid;
 On whom they fresh Incurfions made,
 And oft did use their Scalping Trade.

GREAT was the Slaughter, great the Cries,
 (Throughout the *English* Colonies)
 Of Murders, Rapines, Conflagrations,
 Committed by outrag'ous Nations;
 Like antient *Pisets* of monstrous Size,
 And Aspect frightful to the Eyes :
 Tho' false, and Cowards in their Natureſ,
 Yet terrible and fierce as *Satyrs*;
 As many found it to their Coſt,
 Who dearest Friends, and Substance loſt ;
 With plenteous Crops, and Herds and Flocks,
 Being forc'd to fly to Woods and Rocks ;
 Wand'ring like *Pilgrims*, Lord knows whi-

(ther,
 Expos'd to Wind and stormy Weather ;
 This raging Calenture to ſhun,
 Or by the *Heatben* be undone.

THUS was *VIRGINIA'S* prof-
 (pr'ous State
 Disturb'd at firſt, by adverſe Fate ;
 With *Indian* Wars, and various Rumors,
 Which ended with intestine Tumors ;
 That Minds, to dire *Rebellion* bent,
 Rais'd to diſturb the Government ;
 Beyond *WILL'S* Power to prevent.

FOR *Fortune*, that is ever fickle,
 And always has ſome Rods in Pickle,
 To plague the *Governour* much more
 Than ſhe had done ſome Years before,
 Rais'd civil Diſcords in the People,
 Who, chatt'ring like *Jack-daws* in Steeple,
 Againſt Sir *William* ; choſe this *Bacon*
 Their *Champion* ; whom at firſt I ſpake on ;
 A Man reſpected by the Mob,
 As a fit Fool to do their Jobb ;
 Who, Sword in Hand, would reſcue Cattle,
 And give the *Indians* bloody Battle ;
 That had from *MARLAND* taken Flight,
 Dreading with *Bounett* blew to fight,
 Who well they knew (as *Scotch Highlander*)
 Was hot, as fiery *Salamander*.

WRAPT in their little *God* of Strife,
 Who was (to draw him to the Life)
 From Head to Foot ſcarce Nine-pin high,
 Nor half ſo thick as *Magogg's* Thigh,
 The Male-contents with one Conſent,
 Brave *Nat* with Prais's compliment ;
 Then to Sir *William* recommend him,
 As qualified, would he ſend him
 With Force their *Generaliſſimo*,
 'Gainſt their *Ocanackeean* Foe :
 But *WILL*, that better knew than they,
 The *Indian* Game he had to play,
 Would not on any Motives yield,
 To let *Nat* govern in the Field ;
 And in Deriſion bid them nim'ly
 " Go ſmoak their *Bacon* in the Chimney.

NOW as theſe Matters were debating,
 (At Council-board ſcarce worth relating)
 News came, that much diſturb'd *Nat's* Quiet,
 Of an unlawful *Indian* Riot,
 Committed by a Generation
 Of Vipers, riſing his Plantation ;
 Who, not content the ſame to plunder,
 Had Overſeer cut in ſunder.

WHEREFORE, at this unhappy Seafon,
 Without conſulting firſt his *Reaſon*,

(Like

(Like unadvised *Politician*)
 He readily accepts Commission,
 From furious Mobb, who give their Hand,
 By him in greatest Streights to stand.

THUS, great as *Noll*, as *Quixot* stout,
 At Head of Planters he rid out,
 The Woods of *Salvages* to clear,
 Pursu'd by *Berkley* in the Rear ;
 Who (being oblig'd by his Station)
 Had fall'y'd forth from *Midd Plantation*,
 With Life-Guard, resolutely bent
 Impending Mischiefs to prevent ;
 Make *Lilliputian Cavalero*,
 (As great in Thought as *Spanish Hero*)
 On bended Hams *Peccassi* cry ;
 Or *Bacon* hang on Gibbet high,
 For daring contumaciously,
 To levy War on Enemy,
 Without the general Assent
 Of *Governour* and *Parliament* ;
 Who of the Publick Good to treat,
 Were then at *James-Town* call'd to meet.

WHITHER, disbanding *Voluntiers*,
 Sir *WILLIAM* went t'advise w'his Peers ;
 Oblig'd the Wild-Goose Chase to quit,
 Not knowing how the Way to hit ;
 That *Nat* had in his Rambles took,
 When he *Domestick Cares* forsook ;
 And rashly follow'd empty *Fame*,
 But gain'd a *Traytor's* odious Name,
 And Blots, whose vile *Characteristicks*,
 You'll plainly see i'th following *Trifsticks*.

An Order's made *Traytor* to seize on,
 For *Bacon* (not without good Reason, }
 Was judg'd, as tainted with High-treason : }
 So that by *Berkley's* Proclamation,
 He got a pitchlike *Defamation* }
 Sticking to him and's Generation, " }
 As in the Sequel of the Story
 Appears ; eclipsing *Bacon's* Glory.

WHO, after he had put to Flight
 The *Ab-origenes* in Fight,
 Retir'd with great Precipitation
 To visit Country Habitation ;

Where presently, in County Squabble,
 He was elected by the Rabble,
 To serve as *Burgeses*, tho' unfit
 In House of *Burgeses* to sit ;
 As having been (e're in Disgrace)
 By *WILL* advanc'd to higher Place,
 Who *Bacon* rais'd, (from a Shote)
 In *Upp'r House* to give his Vote.

HOWEVER, *Nat* (resolv'd to see
 If there he might admitted be)
 With Forty Men and *Mack'rel* Gale
 For the *Metropolis* set sail :
 When dropping Anchor, 'twas their Fate,
 To be made Prisoners of State ;
 And then by *Gard'ner* forc'd on Board,
 Whose Ship before the Town was moar'd :
 Whither in Spight of all Denial,
 The *Rebels* were convey'd for Trial,
 By Order of the higher Powers,
 (*Huzza'd* by Mobb from *Oaken Bowers*)
 Where instantly they were acquitted ;
 And *Bacon* once again admitted,
 At *Council Board* to take his Post,
 By *Berkley*, Ruler of the Roast ;
 Who also promis'd (tho' not hearty)
 To make him *Gen'ral* of a Party ;
 Intended by the *Government*,
 Against the *Indians* to be sent.

BUT, Promises are scarce worth minding,
 And (as *Civilians* say) not binding,
 Grounded on mental Reservation ;
 Or made without Consideration,
 As *Nat* experienc'd to his Cost,
 When he (by adverse *Fortune* cross'd) }
 Imaginary Honours lost. }

FOR, when the Rabble were withdrawn,
 And promis'd Day had pass'd it's Dawn,
 For putting *Bacon* in Commission,
WILL, like a crafty *Politician*,
 Refus'd to sign the Instrument,
 Drawn up in Form, for that Intent ;
 Under Pretence, that Col'nel *Bacon*
 Had other private Measures taken.

N A 2

BACON'S REBELLION.

5

NAT (thus deluded) thought it best,
To let his hot Resentment rest ;
And patiently pretend t' endure,
What (whilst in Town) he could not cure,
With Hopes he should a Method find,
To pay Sir WILLIAM in his Kind ;
Which soon came int' his frantick Brain,
Nor did the Project prove in vain.

FOR, as the Council sat at Table,
(You may believe me, 'tis no Fable)
A Letter was to Bacon brought,
With melancholly Tidings fraught ;
Importing, that his loving Wife
Lay ready to depart this Life :
As Nat inform'd the Governour ;
Desiring Leave (unlucky Cur)
To visit his betrothed Spouse,
Who ne'er had broke her nuptial Vows :
To which his Excellence reply'd,
The Motion could not be deny'd :
So, since he made such Moan for's Dear,
The Governour bid him, go and see her ;
Against th' Advice of faithful Friends,
Who guess'd at Bacon's wicked Ends :
For knowing well the Tricks of Nat,
They in the Letter smelt a Rat ;
Which (when too late to be detected)
Was found (as rightly was suspected)
To come from Party disaffected ;
That, loving Bacon very heart'ly,
Had manag'd Matters very smartly ;
Informing Nat, " That Mob was ready,
" And in their Resolutions steady,
" That when he'd give the Sign to rise, }
" They'd cut all Bacon's Enemies, }
" As small as Meat is man'd for Pies,
" In Case WELL would not, with Submission,
" Put Bacon in a blank Commission :
This said the Letter : Now let's see
How BERKLEY's blind Credulity,
By the Imposter was rewarded,
As it in Story stands recorded.

Before black Messenger rid Post,
(As if the De'el had drove) to th' Host ;
To head a factious, stubborn Crew,
(As e're o're Seas for Refuge flew)
Of Servants, Slaves, and Over'cers,
At least Five Hundred Mutineers ;
That to insult the Governour,
(By Bacon's Preincouragement)
At Nat's Approach began to bluffer,
And Hurley-burley soon did muster,
Like Tumble-T--ds got in a Cluster.

WITH these new list'd Sons of Plunder,
Nat enter'd Town, to BERKLEY's Wonder ;
Who, when required to make good
His Promise, like a Statue stood :
Nat threatening to give no Quarter,
But burn poor WILL like Smithfield Martyr ;
Swearing, that if he lost his Aim,
He'd put the City in a Flame.

AT this the House, thro' Fear, divide,
And BERKLEY's take, or Bacon's Side ;
In whose Behalf (to save the Hive)
'Twas carried in th' Affirmative,
" That Nat should General be sent,
" Intefine Quarrels to prevent ;"
Who, with his new created Power,
(Extorted in an evil Hour
By Force of Arms) rid from his Dwelling,
Like Oliver, a Colonelling.

FIRST then, he settles Ways and Means,
For proper Posture of Defence ;
Then fits his Troops, then makes Drums rattle
For March, to give the Indians Battle.

NOW b'ing advanc'd to Out-plantations }
Searching for Foes of Indian Nations ; }
News comes of BERKLEY's Preparations : }
Which puts the Rebels to their Trumps, }
And makes them look in doleful Dumps, }
Like Hitbrington, upon his Stumps.

HOWE'ER the Bully re-advances,
To Midd-Plantation, since by Francis,

NAT having play'd this cunning Trick,
Instead of visiting the Sick,

Call'd *Williamsburg*; makes Replication,
 To *Berkley's* second Proclamation:
 Then by each other, One and All,
 The *Rebels* swear to stand or fall;
 And sign the League, which you may see,
 Drawn up at large, in *Beverley*:

Which put Sir *WILLIAM* in a Fright,
 Who with his Friends took hasty Flight,
 Across the *Bay* to *Accomack*;
 But thence was quickly hurry'd back,
 In Time t'oppose this grand *Rebellion*:
 That's all, this *CANTO* is to tell y'on.

CANTO II.

*This CANTO tells of Gov'nor WILL
 Being routed by Nat Bacon's Skill:
 Of Stafford Folks with Treason sullied;
 And Glo'ster Men from Leigiance bullied:
 Here too, you'll find, to make you merry all,
 Accounts of Bacon's Death and Burial.*

NEXT I describe t'you *Bacon's* Army,
 You need not fear, they will not harm
 ye;

Altho' they were (whilst under *Nat*)
 Like *Kentish Rebels*, led by *Watt*;
 A thoughtless, giddy Multitude,
 From *Newgate*, and from *Bridewell* spew'd,
 As *Straw*, or *Kett*, or *Wyat*, rude,
 B'ing *Bullies*, *Ruffians*, *Debauchees*,
Cheats, *Gamesters*, *Pimps*, and *Raparees*.

WITH these undaunted mean *Rascallions*
 Poor *Shabberoon Tatterdemallions*;
 (The small Remains of those *Battalions*,)
Nat on the *Frontiers* turn'd a Drift,
 Amongst the Planting Herd to shift;
 Through pathless Woods his Way he made,
 To turn the Town into Blockade;
 Which *Berkley*, whom the Mob detested,
 In *Bacon's* Absence had in vested;
 Transporting from the *Eastern Shore*
 (T'augment the Force he had before).
 Of Arms and Ammunition Store,
 And Men, who fought for ready Pay,
 Twelve Pence a Head, for ev'ry Day;

With Plunder of all that had taken
 Rebellious Oath to Col'nel *Bacon*.

WHO, on the Banks of *Powhatan*,
 Before th' intended Siege began,
 First cramm'd his Army, ev'ry Man,
 With Hommony and Pone, and got,
 Sufficient Progg for Pan and Pot,
 With Drams enough of *Aque vitæ*,
 To make his Men like Devils fight ye.

BUT e'er he could the Siege commence,
 He needed Trenches for Defence;
 Which thus he made: First, out he sent
 Some Horse and Foot, with an Intent
 To seize the Wives of Loial Party,
 And all that were not to him hearty;
 These taken, sitting at their Dinners,
 They drest with Aprons, Bibbs and Pinnars,
 And rang'd them on their Works, in View
 Of *Citadel* and Cannon too:
 So that no Loialist durst fire,
 To make *Baconians* retire,
 Left, with his Foes, his Wife or Daughter
 Might first be slain in common Slaughter.

SO,

SO, thus by Petticoats protected,
 He rais'd the Works he had projected,
 In Order to reduce the Town,
 Taking at Night these Life-guards down,
 Who trembling, in the Day time stood
 Like Virgins bound to Stumps of Wood,
 That were ordain'd by Fate's Decree,
 To *Hydra's* Jaws to be a Prey ;
 As Authors tell us in the Story,
 So were these Women, to their Glory,
 On *Martial* Bank oblig'd to stand,
 Like Mourning Captives, Hand in Hand ;
 Leaving behind their Linen Gcer,
 When *Phebus* in his hot Career,
 Forsook the *Western Hemisphere*,
 Stuck artificially on Poles,
 Which made their Husbands think, poor Souls,
 They had done Duty all the Night,
 Appearing still dress'd up in White,
 To open View, as *Sol* begun
 His Oriental Course to run :
 But where they slept, 'tis hard to say,
 'Till *Phaëton* usher'd in the Day ;
 Unless with *Nat*, a Nap they took
 In Tent, as black as Chimney Nook.

NOW, having well secur'd his Men,
 In Trenches deep (like Pigs in Pen)
 He Female Pioneers dismiss'd,
 To take their Rambles where they list ;
 Declaring they had done more Good
 For him, whilst on the Ditch they stood,
 Then e're their Husbands would perform,
 For *BERKLEY*, whom he meant to storm.

WHO, b'ing inform'd the Fair were got,
 Beyond the Reach of Cannon Shot,
 Resolves with *Bacon* not to dally,
 But boldly venture on a Sally ;
 And Storm *Nat's* Hold, tho' at th' Expence
 Of a few Men ; to drive him thence.

BESIDES his mercenary Troops,
 Confin'd on Board (like Geese in Coops)
 Might get the Scurvy (as he thought)
 In Case to Shore they were not brought.

OF these, *WIT* sends a Party strong,
 That did to *Accomack* belong,
 Commanded by one *Huber Farrell*,
 More us'd t'attack a Cyder Barrel
 Than face a Foe upon old Sorrel.

THE Ships forthwith began to play,
 And with their Shot clear *Farrell's* Way,
 By Order of the *Governour* :
 But all in vain, *Nat* would not stir ;
 'Till lucky Chance did on him smile,
 And render'd fruitless, *Huber's* Toil :
 Who (tho' he had but little Skill)
 In's Thoughts did vie with *Machiavel* :
 Wherefore, resolv'd with *Nat* to cope,
 Strutting at Head of Forlorn-hope,
 (Sent out to drive *Nat* from his Trenches,
 Well lin'd with Men, and stroling Wenches)
 He bids his Bands, in *Martial* Paces,
 By stooping down, to save their Faces
 From Shot ; (thus Woodcocks hide their
 Snout,
 In Bush, but leave their Bodies out)
 When once they saw him this to do,
 He order'd them, to do so too.

THEN marching on, a Ball from *Nat*
 Laid *Farrell* on his Belly flat ;
 Which b'ing observ'd by *Farrell's* Bands,
 They all fall flat upon the Sands,
 Thinking he did it, as the Token,
 Of what he just before had spoken :
 Whereby a Body of Foot Soldiers,
 Compos'd of Servants and Freeholders,
 That follow'd *Farrell* in the Rear,
 Were forc'd to halt when they drew near ;
 Which made a Troop of Horse, behind,
 Towards the Marsh about to wind,
 To see what should be the Occasion
 Of unexpected Retardation ;
 Who looking over tow'rds the Main,
 Thought all their Forlorn-hope were slain.
 So Wheeling suddenly about,
 They put their own Reserves to th' Rout ;
 Which made them all retire for Shelter,
 In great Confusion, *Helter-skelter*,

Excepting

Excepting such as *Bacon's* Shot
 Imbargo'd dead upon the Spot,
 And One or Two that in Retreat
 Were trod i'th' Water under Feet.

HAD *Nat* now follow'd them to Town,
 No Doubt the Day had been his own ;
 When Cowards (brought from *Accomack*)
 With Threats came out, with Fears ran back.
 But *Bacon* thought his Forces were
 Inferior to *WILL's* Numbers far ;
 Which made him not pursue the Rabble,
 And get so little in this Squabble :
 In which Encounter some were wounded,
 And Eight or Ten were kill'd or drowned.
 Whereas each Man of *Bacon's* Party,
 Were still alive, and brisk and hearty.

NEXT Day, the *Gen'ral* was reliev'd,
 With Reinforcements he receiv'd,
 (Under Command of Major *W'bailey*,
 Who had assisted *Bacon* daily)
 With Pieces Three of heavy Cannon,
 As good as e'er flung Shot o'er *Shannon* ;
 Which *Bacon* mounted on the Trench,
 In Order soon the Siege to clench ;
 And try, with this his fresh Assistance,
 To drive the Ships to greater Distance ;
 Which (tho' as yet they'd done no Harm)
 Might Neighbours prove, for him too warm.

THE *Governour*, at this sad News,
 Did soon resolve, no Time to loose ;
 But, summoning both Old and Young,
 He strait persuades the trembling Throng,
 Like Men, to save themselves, retreating,
 And not (like Dregs) run Risque of Beating.
 So, Bag and Baggage, they by Night
 To *Accomack* again take Flight.

THE Birds b'ing fled, *Nat* thought it best,
 In Ashes to consume their Nest :
 So, soon as *WILL* with Gang retir'd,
 In Brutish Rage, the Town he fir'd.

THEN, that he might Examples make,
 Of all that *BERKLEY's* Side shou'd take,

To shew that he would prove impartial,
 He calls together a *Court Martial*,
 Condemns and shoots, before departing,
 A poor Lieutenant, for Deserting,
 Who fought for *BERKLEY* ; tho' he'd taken
 The Oaths before to *Col'nel Bacon*.

THUS, having *BERKLEY* put to Rout,
 For *Green-Spring* next he fac'd about.
 Thence, with his Army, into *Gloster*,
 At *Tindall's-Point* he boldly cross'd, Sir :
 Where *Bacon* scarce Two Days had staid,
 At *Col'nel Warner's*, (as 'tis said)
 Before a Letter, by a Post,
 (Which did not much disturb his Host)
 Informs him that one *Col'nel Brent*
 Had left *Pattowmack*, with Intent
 In *WILL's* Behalf to give *Nat* Battle,
 And make his Bones in's Skin to rattle,
 With Men, a Thousand and Two Hundred,
 As nimble Rogues as ever plunder'd,
 (*Staffordians*, *Indians*, and *new Negroes*)
 Destruction threat'ning to Besiegers.

SURPRIS'D hereat, as well he might,
 Not having Men such Odds to fight,
 To Camp *Nat* comes, in mighty Heat,
 Commanding first his Drums to beat.
 Then to his Soldiers, in close Order,
 Now under Colours, (like Recorder)
 He ope's the Letter, *Gutheridge* sent,
 And pumps, to find his Soldiers Bent,
 Pretending Love to *Government*,
 And *King*, and *Country*, th' rebellious :
 (Thus did old *Noll*, and *Rumpish* Fellows.)
 Then Soldiers swear, by all the Gods,
 They'd fight *Brent's* Men, at Tripple Odds,
 And under *Nat* wou'd finge their Codd's.

FROM thence to *Gloster Courthouse* strait,
 In Rank and File they march'd ; where Fate
 Decreed the Fields should be their Quarters
 That Night ; but as they were true Starters,
 For *Col'nel Smith's*, near *Purton*, they
 Began their March at Break of Day ;
 Where News was brought, by quick Express,
 That *Brent* was left in great Distress,

His

His Men intending to desert,
And (most) to take the *Traytor's* Part,
Consi'ring should they follow *Brent*,
They might perhaps too late repent,
The Day they *Bacon*-hunting went.

THUS Cowards of a tim'rous Heart,
At their own Shadows often start,
Quit those that most in them confide,
And safely take the strongest Side.
So they, that most to *Brent* pretend,
Ith' Lurch do leave him in the End,
Adoring here the Rising *Sun*,
As in the *East*, they say, 'tis done.

THESE happy Tidings brought to *Bacon*,
Who by the Ear wrong *Sow* had taken,
Did providentially prevent
A bloody War 'twixt him and *Brent*.

NOW *Nat* to th' Court-house does repair,
To meet the *Gloster* Gentry there,
According to his Invitation,
Not for the Sake of Recreation,
But to seduce them to his Measures,
And gain their helping Hand and Treasures,
Which always chiefest Sinews are
Alike, of just and unjust War.

WHO mounting Steeds, the Hero met,
On Propositions vile to treat,
Whom *Nat* with Flat'ry and Careffes,
With artful Rhetorick Addresses:
He tells them, smiling, Cap in Hand,
"That he from Friends did understand,"
"They ne'er had sign'd the Covenant,"
Then says, "He hopes they will partake on,
'The common Cause, with *Patriot Bacon*'."

TO which the Gentlemen reply'd,
"They would not join with either Side;
"For as they could not take the Oath,
"So to oppose him they were loath'."

TO which the Gen'ral sternly said,
"They would be dam'd (he was afraid)

"With basest Villains, who expected
"The just Man's Peace, but Works neglected"

AT this a certain Officer,
Apply'd to's Honour, saying, Sir,
"You've spokt to th' Horle but not the Foot,
" 'Tis ten to one, but they will do't".
Quoth *Nat*, "You misst my Speech's Force,
"I spokt to th' Men, and not the Horle,
"Though 'twas scarce worth my whil
"t' harangue 'em,
"They're such obdurate Rascals, hang 'em;
"Pray you go speak t' your Brother Creatures,
"Asses best know the Horles Natures".

HOWEVER, at a second Meeting,
At *Warner's* House, for farther Treating,
The *Gloster* Men, th' Engagement sign'd,
And willingly with *Bacon* joyn'd.

MEAN-WHILE there came a Letter o're,
Inviting *Nat* to th' *Eastern* Shore;
Humbly requesting, "That he wou'd,
"Come there, to rescue Publick Good,
"From *Governor*, who seiz'd Provision,
"With Horles, Men, and Ammunition }
"And would not pay late Expedition; }
"When they at *James-Town* ran away,
"Fighting, *per* Poll, Twelve Pence a Day;
"Which *Eastern* Shore Men did not like,
"And made them take 'gainst *Will* a Pique;
"Pray *Bacon's* Party to assist 'em;
"For if they'd come, none shou'd resist 'em".
The Letter too, "In *Bacon's* Power,
"Propos'd to put the *Governour*,
"And of his Loial Party three,
"Ludwell, and Cole, and *Beverly*":
Which Friends the *Gov'nor* most respected,
His Cause by them b'ing most protected:
So probably to human Thinking,
BERKLEYAN Intr'est was just Sinking:
But Providence now interven'd,
And to *Nat's* Life, soon put an End;
Who on a sudden being pent
By dang'rous Illness up, intent,
One *Bremington*, 'gainst *Indian* sent; }
D Intending

Intending when he did recover,
To *Easter* Shore to hurry over.

ON these Designs was *Bacon* harping,
At *Berkley's* Conduct often carping ;
When *Death* at's Chamber door came rapping,
As *Moss* caught *Marc*, took *Bacon* napping.

BUT e're he was by *Death* arrested,
With his Commission he invested,
One *Johnson* (alias) call'd *Ingram*,
To head the *Rebellious Army* (trinêtram ;)
As *Rickard Cromwell*, wife and brave,
Like *Quixot's Sancho*, Fool and Knave.

BUT Hero now confin'd to Bed, Sir,
By Flux and Fever (as 'tis said, Sir)
By Lice was eaten up alive,
That crawl'd thro's Skin (as Bees from Hive)
From Maggots hatched in hot Brain,
Where Passage out they fought in vain,
Thro' brazen Front ; so down they went,
And through his Pores found easy vent ;
Where marching out in num'rous Armies,
They seiz'd 'Squire *Bacon*, *vi & Armis* ;
So Vermin slew this Publick Evil ;
That fear'd not GOD, nor Man, nor Devil.

THE Gen'ral thus (as *Herring* dead)
Was wrapt in *Winding Sheet* of Leed,
And sunk into an Arm o'th' Ocean,
Because his fearful Friends had Notion,
That if his Carcass should be found,
By adverse Party under Ground,
To rot on *Gibbet*, Bones of *Nat*,
Like Bones of *Noll* would have the Fate :
So they secur'd them in the Water,
From Foes, *Indignities*, and Laughter.

SATAN of old, possessing Swine,
Pickled his Pork in *Neptune's* Brine ;
In which sad Pickle for his Kitchens,
'Tis fear'd he 'as sows'd poor *Bacon's* Flit-
chins.

He died o'th' *Murrain* (that is true)
Tho' Carron, yet De'll takes his Due :
At smallest Game, he'll take a Bout,
Rather than unconcern'd stand out :
Thus when he had no Fish to fry,
How Pork would do, he long'd to try :
He driving Hogs, need run, ('tis said)
Tho' brought to Market ne'er so bad.

NOW tho' the Creepers spoil their *Bacon*,
For which at first, they sadly take on ;
Yet *Bacon's* Friends (I say't in Jest)
Of their bad Market, made the best, }
Which brought their Minds some little Rest :
For tho' they could not save their *Bacon*,
They sav'd his Bones from being taken.

WHO's born for Hanging (*Proverb* says)
Ne'er needs fear Drowning in the Seas ;
So, *vice versa*, 'stead of Tree,
The Fates ordain'd *Nat* to the Sea ;
Who justly merited the Halter,
But nought the Fates Decrees will alter ;
Tho' t'had been better, had he swung,
Such *Bacon* being best well hung.

BUT, now beneath the restless Billow,
He rests, who ne'er had Rest on Pillow.
The Year that *Nat* set Sail for *Styx*,
Was Sixteen Hundred Sev'enty Six,
I'th Month *October*, the 18th Day :
So I've no more of him to say.



CANTO III.

*This CANTO shows, how WILL came 'ere,
To chase the Male-Contents, once more :
Who, under Ingram (as their Head)
Were to deserv'd Destruction led :
Till at the last, these Rebels fell,
And that is all I have to tell.*

THE News, that Bacon was departed,
Made BERKIEY once again light-
hearted.

BUT, tho' Nat's dead, yet sad Distraction,
Springs from the Root of Bacon's Faction :
The Rebels for the good old Cause,
Persist 'gainst Governour and Laws,
Who Might and Main, intended still,
With bloody Rods, to Whip poor WILL,
By Fighting under Ingram's Banners,
And Whaley's ; whose rebellious Manners,
(Like Lambert and like Fleetwood bold)
Provok'd Sir WILLIAM, now grown old,
To try if he could stem the Tide,
Of Treason, and ambitious Pride,
That like a sudden Inundation,
Had drove him from his Habitation.

H E then conceiv'd, the surest Way
To quash the Rebels o're the Bay,
Was now to strike, whilst Iron's hot,
And so make Traitors go to Pot ;
Before they could their Courage rally,
So now he thought not fit to dally.

THUS, at Noll's Death (as Stories tell us)
WILL dockt the Rump of the Rebellious ;
Of civil Wars, first clipt the Pinions,
Proclaiming Charles in his Dominions.

FOR of VIRGINIAN Territory,
'Tis said to their immortal Glory,
This Antient Colony most Loial,
Stuck longest firm to Party Royal ;
And having last 'gainst Cromwell stood,
Did first restore the Common Good ;
Being of all the English reckon'd,
The First that dare own CHARLES the
Second.

A L L this was done (as we are told)
Under Sir WILLIAM, Wise and Bold ;
Who now to save his youthful Praise,
In his declining aged Days,
Did bravely rouse his drooping Sprits,
And (to augment his former Merits)
For Good of King and Colony,
Resolves to Conquer, or to Dye.

THE Scene thus chang'd, it was not long
Before he sent a Party strong,
In Sloop or Shallop (which you please)
From Accomack, Nat's Friends to seize ;
That on York-Banks, the Coast to guard,
At Auburn's Houle kept Watch and Ward :
Where Col'nel Hausford, with some others,
Who, in Rebellion, were sworn Brothers ;
Was after some Resistance made,
By Auburn's wanton Wife betray'd ;

And

And thence across the Bay convey'd,
And hang'd at *Accomack*, 'tis said.

THIS Expedition being over,
WILL (who with Friends did live in Clover)
Of whom the Mob did vilely talk,
Resolv'd the Matter not to baulk :
And so Embarks without Delay,
Then for *Tork-River* plows the Bay.
Where having Wind, which prov'd a Flanker,
At *Tinda's Point* he soon cast Anchor:
From whence, he sends forth Men Six Score,
Bold hardy Soldiers (less or more)
Marching in Ranks, of different Size,
Few Scatterlopers to surprize,
Of Male-contents, and beardless Boys,
That scarce had left their childish Toys ;
Who at a House not far from thence,
In Arms were muster'd, on Pretence
Of standing in their own Defence ;
Commanded by th' aforesaid *Wbaley*,
As great a Rogue, as *Water Bailly*.

BUT, lest his Soldiers should prove tardy,
He sent some Friends, both bold and hardy,
(As faithful *Lutwell*,) with Intent,
To give the more Encouragement ;
Left *Hubert*, who Commander went,
Should fail again in his Descent ;
Who of the Wound, was now quite well,
He got, when he at *James-Town* fell.

THESE now at *Piny-point* safe landed
By *Hu* (as said before) commanded ;
Their Heads do first together lay,
To study out the safest Way,
Without much Loss, to win the Day ;
On which they did not long consult,
Before they came to this Result,
That is: If Centry should demand
Who's there, or order them to stand,
To seize and gag him ; then *Pell-mell*,
To enter into *Rebels* Cell ;
Which had no Barricades by Chance,
So they the easier might advance,
And take the House in *Dusk* of Night,
Without the Risque of bloody Fight.

BUT, pray behold the bad Conclusion,
Of this well grounded Resolution :
For 'stead of this to Centry's Call,
They made Reply with Musquet Ball.
So they by Centry were betray'd,
Who, when they Shot, loud Hollw'ing made.
To give Alarm to those i'th' House,
Who scarce awake, half drunk soon rouse
To Arms, and headlong falling out,
Put *Farrell* and his Men to Rout ;
Who dropping instantly a Stern,
Secur'd themselves behind a Barn,
To which i'th' Dark, they quickly got,
To screen themselves from *Rebels* Shot:
Where long they pelted at each other,
Tho' none was kill'd in all this Pother,
Excepting *Hubert*, who i'th' Chase,
Fell once again upon his Face ;
When pop came Ball, from Musquet Barrel.
That thro' the Back shot *Hubert Farrell*.

THUS stoutest Braggadochio must
At last lay's Honour in the Dust :
So Pitcher now, you see is broke,
At *James-Town* crack'd, by Random Stroke }
From *Nat* ; as I before have spoke. }

HIS Men observing him to fall,
Not by the Sword, as did King *Saul*,
Aboard their Vessel, hast in Hurry,
To avoid the Danger of the Florry ;
Thro' thick and thin, thro' Mire and Sands,
One Pair of Heels, worth Two of Hands ;
Happy the Man, that first can get
To Shallop, tho' like drown'd Rat wet,
Higgledy Piggledy Malpas shot,
Heels over Heads, away they trot, }
'Till safe unto their Boat they got : }
Ev'n those that others Legs did use, }
In getting out (to save their Shoes) }
Run on their own Legs now, to choofe. }

WHEN *Hubert's* mis'd, freight four or
five,
Resolve to find him dead or' live,

Who

Who for their Valour dearly paid,
Being by *Wholey* Pris'ner made.

NOW, though Sir WILLIAM lost the
Day,

By *Huvert* basely giv'n away ;
Yet *Gloster* Men, full Thirty Score,
With *Middlesexians* many more,
B'ing rais'd, he's brisker than before.

BUT, see the Turns of Fate ; for soon,
His Matters go but badly on ;
For *Ingram* had no sooner heard
That all this Force for WILL appear'd,
But streight he sent Lieutenant *Walkett*,
To *Middlesex*, to try to baulk it ;
Who march'd with thirty able Horse,
The choicest of the *Rebels* Force ;
And kept the Fort from Major *Smith*,
A Friend of *Berkley's* (spight of's Teeth)
For all he had Five Hundred Men,
So *Smith* soon marches back again
To Dwelling House of Mr. *Pate*,
Where Matters were in dismal State.

FOR, *Ingram* having Information,
That *Smith* had left *Pate's* Habitation,
Whips in between the House and Major,
And swore like Tinker in his Rage, Sir ;
" That 'less the Garrison would surrender
" On Terms that he should please to tender,
" He'd Shoot, or Burn, or Hang, or Kill,
" Each Person that declar'd for WILL":
Which naughty Words, of wicked Whoreson,
Did so affright poor Captain Parson,
Whom *Smith* had left to guard the House,
(In Peace a Man, in War a Mouse)
That, not accusom'd to such Sport,
He forthwith gives him up the Fort,
Resolving now to mind his Church,
And ne'er more leave her in the Lurch ;
But stick to's Text, and mind his Book,
Since *Mars* had such a dismal Look ;
Ne'er fight again, with temp'ral Sword,
But fight the Battle of the Lord ;
And never use a Sword at all,
Besides the Sword that's spirit'ual,

INGRAM, obtaining this Rendition,
Found Store of Arms and Ammunition,
With Provender for Man and Beast,
Which was laid in for Captain Priest :
On which he feasts, yet had the Sense
To keep in Posture of Defence ;
Left Major *Smith* should in the Centre,
Of all his Jollity re-enter ;
And spoil his Stomach, by insisting
On Satisfaction, for such Twisting
Of Ducks and Capons (well worth praising)
And Roasters not of his own raising.

SMITH, like a Lion to his Den,
Was now return'd, to *Pate's* again ;
Where much against his Expectation,
He *Ingram* found in Warlike Station,
Which prov'd to him a sad Vexation :
It made him Mad ; but yet not quite
Enough to make him *Ingram* Fight ;
Having more Wit in this his Anger,
Than to fall foul on this great Stranger.

WHILST *Ingram*, on the other Hand,
Did but on Part Defensive stand.
Each fear'd the Dance first to begin,
So Curs at one another grin.
Thus they continue Scolding, Bawling,
Like Cats in Cockloft Caterwawling :
Tho' some o'th' *Rebels* were for Blows,
Being half starv'd, for want of Cloaths,
Who env'ing Spruce *Berkelian's* Bravery,
Long'd for their Cloaths, to cloak their
Knavery ;
Whilst other *Ingramites* thought best,
Tho' naked, in whole Skins to rest ;
Who on the Belly fully bent,
With Meat and Drink were well content.

BUT now lets us take a Turn, and see
How Major *Smith*, and's Men agree.
He and some more *Glocestrian* Gentry,
Were into *Pate's* for forcing Entry ;
Who bold and zealous were for Battle,
To Life or Limb tho' ne'er so fatal.

E. OTHERS

OTHERS (b, far the better Christians)
Wanted Retreat to greater Distance ;
Who thought to spill Man's Blood was
heinous ;
Saying, the Guilt of Blood sha'nt stain us.

A MIDDLE Sort, I now must mention
That had a kind of mixt Intention ;
Who wisely minded, that there are
Most bloody Accidents in War ;
But that on t'other Hand to fly,
Would brand them with black Infamy.

THIS Sort propose Capitulation,
To save their Lives and Reputation.
In this Tripartite Strife, at last
The light heel'd Gentry t'others cast.

THEN each Man down his Arms does lay,
And wing'd with Fear, all run away ;
Who, tho' they save their Hides and Cloaths,
Yet thus their Arms and Honour lose ;
Nay spoil their Coat, with Blot of Cowards
Saith Herald, under Marshal *Howard*.

LIKE harmless Lambs, they're now become,
Who bluster'd at first Noise of Drum,
And roar'd like *Phalaris's* Bull,
With Rage and windy Courage full,
A mighty Cry, but little Wool.

LIKE *Lewis, Smith* with many Men
March'd out, and then run back again.

NOW comes the Trick of Captain *Grant-
tham*,
Which some think base ; but I think hand-
some :

He long had traded in the Parts,
Knew Planters Tempers and their Hearts ;
And had great Influence far and near,
Either for Int'rest, Love, or Fear ;
As many worthy Traders have,
Who in their Hands still keep the Staff ;
By keeping Planters Eg' in Nest,
Pray don' t be Mad, 'tis but a Jest.

THIS Captain, cut out for the Work,
I'th Nick of Time arriv'd in *York* ;
And privately on *WILL* attending,
Get Management o'th Cause depending ;
For *WILL* and he together lay
Their Heads, the *Traitors* to betray.

WHEN under *Ro's*, they had agreed,
To *Ingram, Granttham* goes with Speed,
To try what could be done by Skill,
Since Arms had fail'd i'th Cause of *WILL*.

GRANTHAM, a nat'ral Rhetorician,
A Merchant, Tar, and Politician,
Did try with Words, as smooth as Oil,
If he could stubborn *Ingram* foil,
And *Walkett*, both to Reason bring ;
' Who taking Arms against the King,
' Had Lives and Fortunes forfeited,
' And were in Law already dead ;
' As *Granttham* told them ; adding further,
' He really thought it wilful Murder
' To kill poor Subjects, on Pretence
' Of standing in their own Defence ;
' Which could not be, since (as he hear'd)
' They by *Nat's* Compass blindly steer'd ;
' So if their Course they would not alter,
' They'd soon be moar'd to Tree, by Halter ;
' So begg'd them well to weigh the Case,
' And Mercy by all Means embrace,
' Whilst certain Mercy could be found,
' Before the Men of War struck Ground,
' With Men 'tixt Decks, and Arms i'th Hold,
' Chuck-full, like *Grecian* Horse of Old.
Thus he advis'd them to submit
To *Government*, if they thought fit.

AT this, they both began to look
As if they had been Thunder-struck,
Which *Sligo* saw ; and then said he,
' Since you dead-hearted seem to be,
' I will with *BARKLEY* stand your Friend,
' Who to request may condescend,
' (Perhaps) a piteous Ear to lend :

IF

' If you surrender to his Mercy,
 ' He'll pardon (I believe by Hear-say :)
 ' Besides, some Time with him I spent,
 ' Before I last to *England* went ;
 ' And then to me he seem'd inclin'd
 ' To be compassionate and kind :
 ' So knowing him, and knowing you,
 ' I'll tell you what you'd best to do ;
 ' And if you'll do as I would have you,
 ' I dare believe, that I can save you'.

THIS friendly cordial Advice,
 Made both the Wolves, as quank as Mice ;
 Both condescending for to take
 The Terms that he should for them make :
 The Terms agreed, he does propose
 That they their Minds must not disclose,
 Nor let their Army know what he
 With both their Honours did agree ;
 But in their Noddles private keep all,
 'Till he had fathomed the People.

THIS done, the Captain tacks about,
 And next address'd the *Rebel*-Rout ;
 But with these Folks, fly *Grantham* found
 That he should gain but little Ground,
 Unless with Wheelles he could nick 'em,
 And so into a Halter trick 'em ;
 Well knowing that he had to do
 With Runaways and Freemen too,
 At length he saith ; ' Good Gentlemen,
 ' You know, that I long Time have been
 ' A Trader here, where I have got
 ' A deal to help to boil my Pot ;
 ' But now (I tell you to my Cost)
 ' My Trade is likely to be lost,
 ' Whilst you bear Arms in this your Post ; }
 ' Poor Crops are made, Tobacco low ;
 ' What I shall do, I do not know,
 ' For whilst you here are nothing doing,
 ' Merchant and Planter run to Ruin ;
 ' You have been all, ' faith he (good Sirs)
 ' My Friends, Acquaintance, Customers ;
 ' And often have had Room to try
 ' My Kindness to the Colony ;
 ' B'ing bound in Interest and Honour,

' To love and value such a Donor ;
 ' But you 'bove all (and then he swore)
 ' Who have been Dealers at my Store :
 ' Excuse me therefore, if I be
 ' For your own Good, too frank and free :
 ' I left a Fleet moar'd in the Downs,
 ' Freighted with Redcoats, Bloody Hounds !
 ' That *CHARLES* has sent to aid Sir
 WILLIAM,
 ' To seize the *Rebels*, and to kill 'em.

AT this they glibly swallow Bait,
 And for Advice impatient wait ;
 Which they request, that he would give 'em,
 And at this ticklish Point relieve 'em.
 He soon reply'd, ' I'll go and try,
 To sound Sir WILLIAM, by and by ;
 ' I dare believe his Heart is tender :
 ' And he'll forgive, if you surrender
 ' On Terms like these : As first suppose,
 ' There was Indemnity for those
 ' That Freemen are and good Freeholders ;
 ' And then for all the listed Soldiers,
 ' Suppose for them I get their Pay,
 ' And get the Servants freed, what say y' ?

TO this they soon unan'mously
 With Thanks and Joy did all agree :
 But yet before with them he parted,
 Thinking the *Gen'ral's* hollow-hearted,
 He bid them not let *Ingram* know
 What they had thus contriv'd to do ;
 Lest he and *Wickett* should prevent,
 What was their Int'rest and Intent.
 This done, they parted, *Grantham* went
 Down to his Ship, they to the Tent.

BUT 'twas not long e're *Grantham* brought
 The Pardon, which the *Rebels* fought ;
 Which being drawn in ample Manner,
 Indue'd them soon to strike their Banner.

NEXT Day a board a Sloop they'r flow'd,
 And down to *Tindal's-point* are tow'd,
 Their Arms b'ing first secur'd with Care,
 Lest they should still persist in War.

OH how WILLIAMS treats them with good
Cheer!
With Pork, and Beef, and Drums, and Beer.
Then after mutual Compliment,
Each to their Habitation went.

WITH joyful Hearts the Planters set
To Work, with Ax and Hough, to get
Their Bread, which each had often wanted,
Since last they'd Corn and 'Tatoes planted;
Resolving never more to enter,
Nor Corps in civil Wars to venture.

NOW Readers you must understand,
You are arriv'd in Sight of Land;
As said *Diogenes* of old,
When Oae a tedious Story told.

FOR finding the Conclusion near,
There's Land (saith he) brave Boys! don't fear.
Thus you may know by this Allusion,
My Story's almost at Conclusion.

FOR now Sir WILLIAM's got ashore,
And safe arriv'd at Home once more,
His House by Friends b'ing now retaken
From Garrison, put there by Bacon:
Whence Goods and Prog were took, but

Drummond

And poor *French Valet*, paid for some on't,
Who almost starv'd and famish'd found,
Were soon trufs'd up, Twelve Foot from
Ground.

AND now each Party seem'd at Ease,
Supposing nought could break their Peace,

When Council and Assembly thought,
That some o'th archest *Rebels* ought,
By Death to make some Satisfaction,
For all the Ills of late Distraction,
To frighten Folks from trayt'rous Action.

THEN here and there did *Rebel* swing,
On Limbs of Trees, like Dogs in String.
To put the Saddle on right Horle,
The vilest hangs in Chains in Courle;
So *Tony Arnold*, who kept Ferry,
Was thus prefer'd to *Charon's* Wherry.

THUS oft the Villains Offspring find
Just Vengeance, when a like inclin'd
To do the same, as Dad had done,
And into Punishment will run.

MAY all such *Rebels* to the State,
For *Arnold's* Crimes have *Arnold's* Fate,
Which basest *Rebel* did atone,
For Hundreds, who less Harm had done.

NOW, having told o'th' greatest Villain,
You can't expect me to go still on;
And other *Rebels* Names bespatter,
So Mum's the Word about this Matter.
I've said enough, I really think;
The more 'tis stir'd, the more 'twill stink.

SO much for Hanging and for Killing,
Enough (I hope) for half Five Shillings;
For I v'e no more of this to tell,
'Ere you read *Sotweed* rest a Spell,
So for the present, Sirs, Farewell.

4 AP

F I N I S.

T H F

The Sotweed Factor, &c.



ONDEMN'D by Fate, to
 wayward Curſe,
 Of Friends unkind, and empty
 Purſe,

Plagues worſe than fill'd *Pandora's* Box,
 I took my Leave of *Albion's* Rocks,
 With heavy Heart, concern'd that I
 Was forc'd my native Soil to fly,
 And the old World muſt bid Good-b'ye:
 But Heav'n ordain'd it ſhou'd be ſo,
 And to repine is vain, we know.

FREIGHTED with Fools, from *Pli-*
mouth Sound,
 To *MARYLAND* our Ship was bound;
 Where we arriv'd, in dreadful Pain,
 Shock'd by the Terrors of the Main;
 For full Three Months our wav'ring Boat
 Did thro' the ſurly Ocean float,
 And furious Storms and threatening Blaſts,
 Both ſplit our Sails, and ſprung our Maſts:
 Weary'd, yet pleas'd we did eſcape
 Such Ills, we achor'd at the *Cape*;
 But weighing ſoon, we plow'd the *Bay*,
 To cove it in *Piſcataway*.

INTENDING there to open Store,
 I put myſelf and Goods on Shore,
 Where ſoon repair'd a numerous Crew,
 In Shirts and Draw'rs, of *Scotch-cloth* blew,
 With neither Stocking, Hat, nor Shoe:
 Theſe *Sotweed* Planters crowd the Shore,
 In Hew as tawny as a *Moor*;

Figures, ſo ſtrange, no GOD deſign'd
 To be a Part of Human-kind:
 But wanton Nature, void of Reſt,
 Moulded the brittle Clay in Jeſt.

A T laſt, a Fancy very odd,
 Took me, This was *The Land of Nod*,
 Planted at firſt when Vagrant *Cain*
 His Brother had unjuſtly ſlain;
 Then, conſcious of the Crime he'd done,
 From Vengeance dire hither run,
 And in a Hut ſupinely dwelt,
 The firſt in *Furrs* and *Sotweed* dealt:
 And ever ſince that Time, this Place
 Has harbour'd a deteſted Race,
 Who, when they could not thrive at-Home;
 For Refuge to theſe Worlds did roam,
 In Hopes by Flight they might prevent
 The Devil, and his fell Intent,
 Obtain from Trippe-Tree Reprieve,
 And Heav'n and Hell alike deceive:
 But e're their Manners I diſplay,
 I think it fit I open lay
 My Entertainment by the Way,
 That Strangers well may be aware on
 What homely Diet they muſt fare on;
 To ſee that Shore where no good ſenſe is found,
 But Converſation's loſt, and Manners drown'd.

I croſs'd unto the other Side
 A River, whoſe impetuous Tide,
 Thoſe *Salvage* Borders do divide,
 In ſuch a ſwimming odd Invention,
 I ſcarce can give it's due Dimenſion,

F The

The *Indians* call this watry Waggon,
Canoe, a Vessel none can brag on,
 Cut from a Poplar Tree, or Pine,
 And fashion'd like a Trough for Swine :
 In this most noble Fishing-boat,
 I boldly put my self afloat,
 Standing erect, with Legs stretch'd wide,
 We paddled to the other Side ;
 Where being landed safe by Hap,
 (As *Sol* fell into *Tbetis'* Lap)
 A ravenous Gang, bent on the Strawl,
 Of Wolves for Prey, began to howl :
 This put me in a pannick Fright,
 Lest I shou'd be devour'd quite :
 But as I there a Musing stood,
 And quite benighted in the Wood,
 A Female Voice pierc'd thro' my Ears,
 Crying, You Rogue drive home the Steers :
 I listen'd that attractive Sound,
 And freight a Herd of Cattle found,
 Drove by a Youth, and homeward bound. }
 Cheer'd with the Sight, I freight thought fit
 To ask, Where I a Bed might get?
 The surly Peasant bid me stay,
 And ask'd, From whom I'd run away ?
 Surpris'd at such a sawey Word,
 I instantly lugg'd out my Sword,
 Swearing I was no Fugitive, }
 But from *Great Britain* did arrive,
 In hopes I here might better thrive.
 To which he mildly made Reply,
 I beg your Pardon, Sir, that I }
 Shou'd talk to you unmannerly :
 But if you please to go with me,
 To yonder House you'll welcome be.

ENCOUNTERING soon the smoaky Seat,
 The Planter old did thus me greet,
Whether You're come from Goal, or College,
You're Welcome, to my certain Knowlege,
And if You'll please all Night to stay,
My Son shall put You in the Way :
 Which Offer I most kindly took,
 And for a Seat did round me look,
 When presently among the rest
 He plac'd his unknown *Englisb* Guest,

Who found 'em drinking, for a Whet,
 A Cask of Sider on the Fret :
 'Till Supper came upon the Table,
 On which I fed whilst I was able ;
 So after hearty Entertainment,
 Of Drink and Victuals, without Payment,
 For Planters Tables, you must know
 Are free for all that come and go,
 Whilst Pone, with Milk and Mush well stor'd,
 In wooden Dishes grac'd the Board,
 With Hominy and Sider-Pap,
 Which scarce an *Englisb* Dog would lap,
 Well stuff'd with Fat from Bacon fry'd,
 And with Melasses dulcify'd,
 Then out our Landlord pulls his Pouch,
 As greasy as the Leather Couch
 On which he sat, and freight begun
 To load with Weed his *Indian* Gun,
 In Length scarce longer than one's Finger,
 Or that for which the Ladies linger.
 His Pipe smoak'd out, with awful Grace,
 With Aspect grave and solemn Pace,
 The Reverend Sir, walks to a Chest,
 Of all his Furniture the best,
 Closely confin'd within a Room,
 Which seldom felt the Weight of Broom ;
 From thence he lugs a Cagg of Rum,
 And nodding to me, thus begun :
I find, says he, you don't much care
For this our Indian Country Fare ;
But let me tell you, Friend of mine,
You may be glad of it in Time, }
Tho' now you're Stomach is so fine ;
And if within this Land you stay,
You'll find it true what I do say :
 This said, the Rundlet up he threw,
 And bending backwards strongly drew ;
 I pluck'd as stoutly, for my Part,
 Altho' it made me sick at Heart,
 And got so soon into my Head,
 I scarce could find my Way to Bed ;
 Where I was instantly convey'd,
 By one that pass'd for Chamber-Maid,
 Tho' by her loose and fluttish Drefs,
 She rather seem'd a *Bedlam-Befs*.

Curious

Curious to know from whence she came,
 I press'd her to declare her Name?
 She blushing, seem'd to hide her Eyes,
 And thus in civil Terms replies:
In better Times, o'er to this Land
I was unhappily trepann'd,
Perchance as well I did appear,
As any Gentlewoman here,
Not then a Slave for Twice Two Year;
My Cloaths were fashionably new,
Nor were my Shifts of Scotch Cloth blew:
But Things are chang'd: Now at the Hoe
I daily work, and barefoot go,
In weeding Corn, and feeding Swine,
I spend my melancholly Time;
Kidnapp'd and fool'd, I hither fled,
To shun a hated Nuptial Bed;
And, to my Grief, already find
Worse Plagues than those I left behind.

WHATE'ER the Wand'rer did profess,
 Good faith I cou'd not chuse but guess
 The Cause which brought her to this Place,
 Was Supping e're the Priest said Grace:
 Quick as my Thoughts the Slave was fled,
 Her Candle left to shew my Bed,
 Which, made of Feathers soft and good,
 Close in the Chimney-corner stood:
 I laid me down, expecting Rest,
 To be in Golden Slumbers blest;
 But soon a Noise disturb'd my Quiet,
 And plagu'd me with Nocturnal Riot:
 A Puff, which in the Ashes lay,
 With grunting Pig, began a Fray,
 And prudent Dog, that Feuds might cease,
 Most sharply bark'd, to keep the Peace:
 This Quarrel scarcely was decided
 By Stick, that ready lay provided,
 But *Reynard*, arch and cunning Loon,
 Crept into my Apartment soon,
 In hot Pursuit of Ducks and Geese,
 With full Intent the same to seize;
 Their cackling Plaints with strange Surprise
 Chac'd Sleep's thick Vapours from my Eyes;
 Raging, I jump'd upon the Floor,
 And like a drunken Sailor swore,

With Sword I fiercely laid about,
 And soon dispers'd the feather'd Rout,
 The Poultry out of Window flew,
 And *Reynard* cautiously withdrew;
 The Dogs who this Encounter heard,
 Fiercely themselves to aid me rear'd,
 And to the Place of Combat run,
 Exactly as the Field was won,
 Fretting and hot as roasted Capon,
 And greasy as a Flitch of Bacon.

I to the Orchard did repair,
 To breathe the cool and open Air,
 Impatient waiting for bright Day,
 Extended on a Bank I lay;
 But Fortune here, that sawcy Whore,
 Disturb'd me worse, and plagu'd me more
 Than she had done the Night before;
 Hoarse croaking Frogs did round me ring,
 Such Peals the Dead to Life wou'd bring,
 A Noise might move their Wooden King:
 I stuff'd my Ears with Cotton white,
 And curs'd the melancholly Night,
 For fear of being deaf outright:
 But soon my Vows I did recant,
 And *Hearing* as a Blessing grant,
 When a confounded *Rattle-Snake*
 With Hissing made my Heart to ach,
 Not knowing how to fly the Foe,
 Or whither in the dark to go,
 By strange good Luck I took a Tree,
 Prepar'd by Fate to set me free,
 Where, riding on a Limb astride,
 Night and the Branches did me hide,
 And I the De'el and Snake defy'd.
 Not yet from Plagues exempted quite,
 The curs'd *Muschetoes* did me bite;
 'Til rising Morn, and blushing Day,
 Drove both my Fears and Ills away,
 And from Night's Terrors set me free,
 Discharg'd from hospitable Tree.

I did to Planter's Booth repair,
 And there at Breakfast nobly fare,
 On Rasher broil'd, of infant Bear:
 I thought the Cubb delicious Meat,
 Which ne'er did ought but Chefnuts eat,

Ngq

Nor was young *Orson's* Flesh the wortè,
 Because he suck'd a *Plum* Nurfè :
 Our Breakfast done, the Planter flout,
 Handed a Glàs of Rum about.

PLEAS'D with the Treatment I did find,
 I took my Leave of Host so kind,
 Who, to oblige me, did provide
 His eldest Son to be my Guide ;
 And lent me Horses of his own,
 A skittish Colt and aged Roan,
 The four legg'd Prop of his Wife *Joan*.
 Steering our Course in Trott or Pace,
 We sail'd directly for a Place,
 In *MARLAND* of high Renown;
 Known by the Name of *Battle-Town* :
 To view the Crowds did there resort,
 Which Justice made, and Law, their Sport,
 In their Sagacious County Court :
 Scarce had we enter'd on the Way,
 Which thro' the Woods and Marshes lay,
 But *Indian* strange did soon appear
 In hot Pursuit of wounded Deer;
 No mortal Creature can exprefs
 His wild fantastick Air and Drefs ;
 His painted Skin, in Colours dy'd,
 His sable Hair, in Satchel ty'd,
 Show'd *Savages* not free from Pride :
 His tawny Thighs and Bosom bare,
 Disdain'd an usefèss Coat to wear,
 Scorn'd Summers Heat and Winters Air ;
 His manly Shoulders, such as please
 Widows and Wives, were bath'd with Grease,
 Of Cub and Bear, whose supple Oil,
 Prepar'd his Limbs in Heat and Toil.

THUS naked *Pis* in Battle fought,
 Or undisguis'd his Mistress fought ;
 And knowing well his Ware was good,
 Refus'd to skreen it with a Hood :
 His Visage Dun, and Chin that near
 Did Razor feel, nor Sciffars bear,
 Or know the Ornament of Hair,
 Look'd sternly grim ; surpriz'd with Fear,
 I spur'd my Horse as he drew near ;
 But Roan, who better knew than I,
 The little Cause I had to fly,

Seem'd by his solemn Steps and Pace,
 Resolv'd I shou'd the Specter face,
 Nor faster mov'd, tho' spur'd and prick'd,
 Than *Balam's* Ass by Prophet kick'd ;
Kekicnatop, the *Heathen* cry'd,
 How is it *Tom*, my Friend reply'd ;
 Judging from thence, the Brute was civil,
 I boldly fac'd the courteous Devil,
 And lugging out a Dram of Rum,
 I gave his tawny Worship some ;
 Who in his Language as I guess,
 My Guide informing me no less,
 Implor'd the Devil me to bless :
 I thank'd him for his good Intent,
 And forward on my Journey went ;
 Discourfing as along I rode,
 Whether this Race was fram'd of GOD,
 Or whether some malignant Power,
 Had fram'd them in an evil Hour,
 And from his own infernal Look,
 Their dusky Form and Image took.

FROM hence we fell to Argument
 Whence peopl'd was this Continent ?
 My Friend suppos'd *Tartarians* wild,
 Or *Chinese*, from their home exil'd,
 Wandring thro' Mountains hid with Snow,
 And Rills that in the Valleys flow,
 Far to the *South of Mexico*,
 Broke thro' the Bars which Nature cast,
 And wide unbeaten Regions past ;
 'Till near those Streams the human Deluge
 roll'd,
 Which sparkling shin'd with glittering Sands
 of Gold ;
 And fetch'd *Pisarro* from th' *Iberian* Shore
 To rob the *Indians* of their native Store.

I smil'd to hear my young Logician,
 Thus reason like a Polititian ;
 Who ne'r by Father's Pains and Earning,
 Had got, at Mother, *Cambridge* Learning ;
 Where lubber Youth just free from Birch,
 Most stoutly drink to prop the Church ;
 Nor with grey Coat had taken Pains
 To purge his Head, and cleanse his Reins ;
 And

And in Obedience to the College,
 Had pleas'd himself with carnal Knowledge ;
 And tho' I lik'd the Younster's Wit,
 I judg'd the Truth he had not hit ;
 And could not chuse but smile to think,
 What they cou'd do for Meat and Drink,
 Who o'er so many Defarts ran,
 With Brats and Wives in Carravan ;
 Unless perchance they'd got a Trick,
 To eat no more than Porker sick,
 Or could with well-contented Maws,
 Quarter like Bears upon their Paws :
 Thinking his Reason to confute,
 I gravely thus commenc'd Dispute ;
 And urg'd, that tho' a *Chinese* Host
 Might penetrate this *Indian* Coast,
 Yet this was certainly most true,
 They never could the Isles subdue ;
 For knowing not to steer a Boat,
 They could not on the Ocean float,
 Or plant their Sun-burnt Colonies,
 In Regions parted by the Seas :
 I thence infer'd, *Phœnicians* old
 Discover'd first, with Vessels bold,
 These *Western* Shores, and planted here,
 Returning once or twice a Year,
 With Naval Stores, and Lasses kind,
 To comfort those were left behind ;
 'Till by the Winds and Tempests tore,
 From their intended golden Shore,
 They suffer'd Shipwreck, or were drown'd,
 And lost the World so newly found :
 But after long and learn'd Contention,
 We could not finish our Dissention ;
 And when that both had talk'd their Fill,
 We had the self same Notion still . .

THUS Parson Grave well read, and Sage,
 Does in Dispute with Priestess engage,
 The one protests they are not wise,
 Who judge by Sense, and trust their Eyes,
 And vows he'd burn for it at Stake,
 That Man may GOD his Maker make ;
 The other smiles at his Religion,
 And vows he's but a learned Widgcon,

And when they've emptied all their Store,
 From Books and Fathers, are not more
 Convinc'd, or wiser than before.

S C A R C E had we finish'd serious Story,
 But I espy'd the Town before me ;
 And roaring Planters on the Ground,
 Drinking of Healths, in Circle round:
 Dismounting Steed with friendly Guide,
 Our Horses to a Tree we ty'd,
 And forward pass'd amongst the Rout,
 To chuse convenient Quarters out ;
 But being none were to be found,
 We sat like others on the Ground,
 Carousing Punch in open Air,
 'Till Cryer did the Court declare :
 The planting Rabble being met,
 Their drunken Worship's likewise sat,
 Cryer proclaims the Noise shou'd cease,
 And streight the Lawyers broke the Peace,
 Wrangling for Plaintiff and Defendant,
 I thought they ne'r wou'd make an End on't,
 With Nonsense, Stuff, and false Quotations,
 With brazen Lies, and Allegations ;
 And in the Splitting of the Cause,
 Us'd such strange Motions with their Paws,
 As shew'd their Zeal was rather bent
 In Blows to end the Argument.
 A Reverend Judge, who to the Shame,
 Of all the Bench, cou'd write his Name,
 At Petty-Fogger took Offence,
 And wonder'd at his Impudence :
 My Neighbour *Dab*, with Scorn replies,
 And in the Face of Justice flies ;
 The Bench in Fury streight divide,
 And Scribes take on Judge's Side ;
 The Jury, Lawyers, and their Clients,
 Contending, fight, like Earth-born Giants,
 'Till Sh'riff that slyly lay perdue,
 Hoping Indictments would ensue ;
 And when—
 A Hat or Wig fell in the Way,
 He seiz'd 'em for the Queen, as Stray ;
 The Court adjourn'd in usual Manner,
 In Battle, Blood, and fractious Clamour.

I thought it proper to provide,
 A Lodging for my self and Guide ;
 So to our Inn we march'd away,
 Which at a little Distance lay ;
 Where all Things were in such Confusion,
 I thought the World at it's Conclusion ;
 A Heard of Planters on the Ground,
 O'rewhelm'd with Punch, dead Drunk we
 found ;
 Others were fighting and contending,
 Some burn'd their Cloaths, to save the mend-
 ing ;
 A few whose Heads, by frequent Use,
 Could better bear the potent Juice,
 Gravely debated State Affairs,
 Whilst I most nimbly tripp'd up Stairs,
 Leaving my Friend discoursing oddly,
 And mixing Things Prophane and Godly ;
 Just then beginning to be drunk,
 As from the Company I slunk :
 To every Room and Nook I crept,
 In hopes I might have somewhere slept ;
 But all the Beding was possest,
 By one or other drunken Guest ;
 But after looking long about,
 I found an antient Corn-lost out ;
 Glad that I might in Quiet sleep,
 And there my Bones unfractur'd keep :
 I laid me down secur'd from Fray,
 And soundly snor'd 'till break o'Day ;
 When waking fresh, I sat upright,
 And found my Shoes were vanish'd quite,
 Hat, Wig, and Stockings, all were fled,
 From this extended *Indian* Bed :
 Vex'd at the Loss of Goods and Chattle,
 I swore I'd give the Rascal Battle,
 Who had abus'd me in this Sort,
 And Merchant-Stranger made his Sport :
 I furiously descended Ladder,
 No Hare in *March* was ever madder,
 And did with Host and Servants quarrel,
 But all in vain, for my Apparel ;
 For one whose Mind did much aspire
 To Mischiefe, threw them in the Fire.

Equipp'd with neither Hat nor Shoe,
 I did my coming hither rue,
 And doubtful thoughts what I should do }
 When looking round I saw my Friend,
 Lye naked on a Table's End,
 A Sight so dismal to behold,
 One would have thought him dead and cold,
 There ready laid, to be next Day
 On Shoulders Four convey'd away :
 'Till wringing of his bloody Nose,
 By fighting got, we may suppose,
 I found him not so fast asleep,
 Might give his Friends some cause to weep :
 Rise *Oronoko*, rise, said I,
 And from this *Hell* and *Bedlam* fly :
 My Guide starts up, and in a Maze,
 With Bloodshot Eyes did round him gaze,
 At Lenth with many Sigh and Groan,
 He went in search of aged Roan ;
 But Roan who seldom us'd to falter,
 Had fairly this Time slipt his Halter,
 And not content all Night to stay,
 Ty'd up from Fodder, run away ;
 After my Guide to catch him ran,
 And so I lost both Horse and Man ;
 Which Disappointment tho' so great,
 Did only Jest and Mirth create :
 'Till one more civil than the rest,
 In Conversation far the best,
 Observing that for want of Roan,
 I shou'd be left to walk alone,
 Most readily did me intreat
 To take a Bottle at his Seat,
 A Favour at that Time so great,
 I blest my kind propitious Fate ;
 And finding soon a fresh Supply
 Of Cloaths, from Store-House kept hard by,
 I mounted streight on such a Steed,
 Did rather Curb than Whipping need ;
 And straining at the usual Rate,
 With Spur of Punch which lies in Pate, }
 E'er long we lighted at the Gate ;
 Where in an antient Cedar-House,
 Dwelt my new Friend, a *Cockerouse*,
 Whose Fabrick, tho' 'twas built of Wood,
 Had many Springs and Winters stood :
 When

When sturdy Oaks and lofty Pines,
Were levell'd with Musk-Melon-Vines,
And Plants eradicated were,
By Hurricans drove in the Air :
There with good Punch and Apple Juice,
We spent our Time without Abuse,
'Till Midnight in her sable Vest,
Persuaded Gods and Men to rest ;
And with a pleasing kind Surprize,
Indulg'd soft Slumber to my Eyes.

FIERCE *Æthon*, Courser of the Sun,
Had half his Race exactly Run,
And breath'd on me a furious Ray,
Darting hot Beams the following Day,
When Rug in Blanket white, I lay ;
But Heat and Chinces rais'd the Sinner,
Most opportunely to his Dinner ;
Wild Fowl and Fish delicious Meats,
As good as *Neptune's* Doxy cats,
Began our hospitable Chear,
Fat Venison follow'd in the Rear,
And Turkeys-wild, luxurious Fare :
But what the Feast did most commend,
Was hearty Welcome from my Friend.

THUS having made a noble Feast,
I eat as well as pamper'd Priest ;
Madera strong in flowing Bowles,
Fill'd with extreme Delight our Souls ;
'Till wearied with a purple Flood,
Of gen'rous Wine, the Giants Blood,
As Poets feign, away I made
For some refreshing verdant Shade ;
Where musing on my Rambles strange,
And Fortune, which so oft did change,
In midst of various Contemplations,
Of Fancies odd and Meditations,
I slumber'd long, —
'Till airy Night and noxious Dews,
Did Sleep's unwholsom: Fetters loose,
With Vapours cold and misty Air,
To Fire-side I did repair ;
Near which a jolly Female Crew,
Were deep engag'd at *Lanterloo*,
In Nightrails white, with dirty Mien,
Such Sight's are scarce in *England* seen :

I thought them first some Witches, bent
On black Designs, in dire Convent ;
'Till one who with affect'd Air,
Had nicely learn'd to Curse and Swear,
Cry'd, *Dealing's lost, 'tis but a Flam,*
And vow'd by *G-- she'd have her Pam :*
When Dealing thro' the Board had run,
They ask'd me kindly, *to make one :*
Not staying often to be bid,
I late me down as others did ;
We scarce had play'd a Round about,
But that those *Indian* Frows fell out :
D--m you, says one, *tho' now so Brave,*
I knew you late a Four Tears Slave,
What, if for Planter's Wife you go,
Nature design'd you for the Hoe :
Rot you, replies the other streight,
The Captain kiss'd you for his Freight ;
And if the Truth was known aright,
And how you walk'd the Streets by Night,
You'd blush, if one could blush for Shame,
Who from Bridewell and Newgate came.
From Words they fairly fell to Blows,
And being loth to interpose,
Or meddle in the Wars of Punk,
Away to Bed in Haste I sunk :
Waking next Day with aking Head,
And Thirst that made me quit the Bed,
I rigg'd my self and soon got up,
To cool my Liver with a Cup
Of *Succabanah* fresh and clear,
Not half so good as *Englisb* Beer,
Which ready stood in Kitchin Pail,
And was, in Fact, but *Adam's* Ale.

F O R Planters Cellars, you must know,
Seldom with good *October* flow,
But Perry, Quince, and Apple Juice,
Spout from the Tap, like any Sluice,
Until the Cask grows low and stale,
They're forc'd again to Goard and Pail,
The soothing Draught scarce down my
Throat,
Enough to set a Ship on float,
With *Cockeroose* as I was sitting
I felt a Fever intermitting,

⚡

A fiery Pulse beat in my Veins,
 From cold I felt resembling Pains ;
 This curi'd Seafoning I remember,
 Lasted from *March* 'till cold *December* ;
 Nor could it then it's Quarter shift,
 Until by *Carduus* turn'd adrift :
 And had my Doct'reis wanted Skill,
 Or Kitchin-Phisick at her Will,
 My Father's Son had lost his Lands,
 And never seen the *Goodwin Sands* :
 But Thanks to *Fortune*, and a Nurse,
 Whose Care depended on my Purse,
 I saw my self in good Condition,
 Without the Help of a Phisician :
 At length the shivering Ill reliev'd
 My Heart and Head, which long had griev'd.

I then began to think with Care,
 How I might sell my *British* Ware ;
 That with my Freight I might comply,
 Did on my Charter-Party lie :
 To this Intent, with Guide before,
 I tript it to the *Eastern* Shore ;
 Where riding near a Sandy Bay,
 I met a Planter in my Way,
 A pious, conscientious Rogue,
 As e're wore Bonnet, Hat, or Brogue,
 Who neither swore, nor kept his Word,
 But cheated in the Fear o' th' Lord ;
 And when his Debts he could not pay,
 From trusting Fools he'd run away.

WITH this sly Zealot, soon I struck
 A Bargain, for my *English* Truck,
 Agreeing for Ten Thousand Weight
 Of *Sotweed* good, and fit for Freight :
 Broad *Oronoko*, bright and sound,
 The Growth and Product of his Ground ;
 In Cask, that shou'd contain compleat
 Five Hundred of *Tobacco* neat.

THE Contract thus betwixt us made,
 Not well acquainted with the Trade,
 My Goods I trusted to the Cheat,
 Whose Crop was then o'board the Fleet ;
 And going to receive my own,

I found the Bird was newly flown :
 Curfing this execrable Slave,
 This damn'd pretended Godly Knave,
 On due Revenge and Justice bent,
 I instantly to Council went ;
 Unto an ambodexter Quack,
 Who learnedly had got the Knack
 Of giving Clysters, making Pills,
 Of filling Bonds, and forging Wills ;
 And with a Stock of Impudence,
 Supply'd his want of Wit and Sence,
 With Looks demure, amazing People,
 No wiser than a Daw on Steeple :
 My Anger flushing in my Face,
 I stated the preceding Case,
 And of my Money was so free
 That he'd have poison'd you or me,
 And hang'd his Father on a Tree,
 For such another tempting Fee.

SMILING, said he, the Cause is clear,
 I'll manage him, you need not fear,
 The Case is judg'd, good Sir, but look
 In *Galen*, no, in my Lord *Cook*,
 I vow to G-d, I was mistook :
 I'll take out a Provincial Writ,
 And trownce him for his knavish Wit,
 Upon my Life, I'll win the Cause,
 With as much Ease I cure the Yaws :
 Resolv'd to plague the Holy Brother,
 I set one Rogue to catch another.

TO try the Cause then fully bent,
 Up to *Annapolis* I went,
 A City situate on a Plain,
 * Where scarce a House will keep out Rain ;
 The Buildings fram'd with Cyprels rare,
 Resembles much our *Southwark-Fair* ;
 But Strangers there will scarcely meet,
 With Market Place, Exchange, or Street ;
 And if the Truth I may report,
 It's not so large as *Tottenham-Court*.

* This Account of Annapolis was given Twenty Years ago,
 and does not resemble it's present State.

St. *Mary's* once was in Repute,
 Now Here the Judges try the Suit,
 And Lawyers twice a Year dispute.
 As oft the Bench most gravely meet,
 Some to get drink, and some to eat
 A swinging Share of Country Treat :
 But as for Justice write or wrong,
 Not one amongst the numerous Throng
 Knows what it means, or has the Heart,
 To vindicate a Stranger's Part.

NOW, Court being call'd by beat of Drum,
 The Judges left their Punch and Rum ;
 When Pettifogging Doctor draws
 His Papers forth, and opens Cause ;
 And left I should the Better get,
 Brib'd Quack suppress'd his knavish Wit :
 So Maid upon the downy Field,
 Pretends a Rape, and fights to yield :
 The byas'd Court without Delay,

} Adjudg'd my Debt in Country Pay,
 } In Pipe Staves, Corn, or Flesh of Boar,
 } Rare Cargo for the *English* Shore.
 } Raging with Grief, full Speed I ran,
 } To join the Fleet at *Kickatan* :
 } And while I waited for a Wind,
 } This Wish proceeded from my Mind,

*I F any Youngster cross the Ocean,
 To sell his Wares—may be with Caution
 Before he pays, receive each Hog'shead,
 Lest he be cheated by some Dog'shead,
 Both of his Goods and his Tobacco ;
 And then like me, he shall not lack-woe.*

*AND may that Land where Hospitality
 Is every Planter's darling Quality,
 Be by each Trader kindly us'd,
 And may no Trader be abus'd ;
 Then each of them shall deal with Pleasure,
 And each increase the other's Treasure.*

N B. The Author of these POEMS intending to publish his Works Annually, under the same Title, hopes *The Second Part* (when ready for the Press) will meet with the like Encouragement from his Friends and Benefactors.



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