

CASTALIAN FOUNT.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SHAYS TO SHATTUCK.

AN EPISTLE.

HARD *times and no money*—are wonderful hard,
Of kindred depriv'd, and of country debar'd!
Can the station of any poor devil be worse,
No wit in his head, and no pence in his purse?
No home to return to, or solace for grief,
No friend to administer ease or relief?
While all our assistants, thro' poverty fail,
And you—(O my conscience!) lock'd up in a jail:
How long must we rue the time, dear Brother

SHATTUCK,

Since we against government took up the mattuck!

These evils (I speak it with shame and contrition)
These flow from the sorrowful stream of sedition;
That stream, in description, to shew you aright,
Is a subject for *Barlow*, *M'Fingal* or *Dwight*.
A picture to draw of a case so distress'd,
Would puzzle *Brown*, *Trumbull*, or *Copley*, or *West*.

Imagine me painted with Terrors 'round,
With Treason and Pride lying prone on the ground,
While o'er them, with whips most insultingly vaunt
The dæmons of Poverty, Perjury, Want;
Suspicion and Ignorance raging around,
Pluck off the vile blindfold that Rashness had bound,
Guilt clotted with blood, leads on Horror and Fear,
And rueful Repentance comes slow in the rear.

My conscience breaks out in the blaze of the sun
Upgrades and exposes the crimes I have done,
With knav'ries and vices presents me so foul,
That I fly from the face of the day like an owl.

Dear SHATTUCK, since matters are ending so bad,
Why should not I be as well merry as sad,
I'm hooted, and pointed at all round the globe:
O! would not this pose all thy patience, dear Job?
And tho' I shall never get what I deserve,
In the name of the devil—pray why should I starve?
Now you know that three States, (and Connecticut
Will give for my person, each, 300 dollars, [follows,
(Rhode Island bids nought if I'm taken or slain,
'They're a set of d— rogues who mind nothing but
Yet villain may nab me, deluded by pelf, [gain.)
But I think to secure the reward to myself.
'They bid the full worth of my body and soul,
'Tis therefore expedient I grab at the whole,
Deliver my carcase to justice and fate,
Pocket up all the money, and sign a receipt.
'This State will grant plenty of leisure I think,
To repent of my sins, and expend all my chink.
The government surely have wisdom and spirit,
In truly discerning thy various merit,
They judge—but their wisdom is seen in relenting,
And giving you plenty of time to repent in—
You may therefore expect me some time in the fall,
And you and I, Job, will keep batchelors' hall.

God bless you, dear Job, to the end of your days,
With happiness, peace and contentment; so prays
Your affectionate brother, and friend,

DANIEL SHAYS.