

**Essex Journal, 9 January 1788**

Mr. Printer, Please to insert the following, and you will oblige many of your Customers.

Newbury, Jan. 1, 1788.

FEDERALISM *Triumphant: Or, The JUNTO Defeated.*

The Town-meeting—Interval, and Mock Town-meeting.

Come Muse, for who but thee can tell.  
What dire mishap, last week befell  
Great *Polish-dust* the wou'd be squire.  
And sev'ral more, of note no higher.  
Who in *his* cause had sworn to fight,  
If they cou'd gain promotion by't,  
As long as Sanco Panca fought,  
For his great master Don Quixote?  
The subject intraduc'd—with speed  
To circumstances we proceed  
Not twice two weeks have roll'd away  
Since this town, on th' appointed day,  
Assembled with the good intention,  
To choose their members for Convention.  
But now, as erst, when sons of God  
Present themselves before the Lord,  
Lo! Satan, from his dark retreat,  
Obtrudes himself, and takes a seat.  
But here, to obviate ev'ry doubt,  
And fairly make th' assertion out,  
We wou'd not have it understood  
That Dæmons sit on seats of wood,  
Or, bolt upright on end of breech,  
As women their young children teach;  
For, sp'rits infernal can assume,  
Or shape, or size, as suits the room  
Their de'ilships mean to occupy,  
Or strait, or spacious, low or high.  
Now, *Polish dust* of no renown,  
Had undertook to rule the town;  
For which no doubt he was design'd,  
Or, why so elevate a mind?  
For he, without one drachm of learning,  
Will prove that sun-rise is the morning:  
And is at argument, as able

As quadruped, in his own stable.  
But, since it may be here oppos'd,  
That parts so great, are ne'er inclos'd  
In brainless head, like Polish-dust:  
We answer—that we firmly trust,  
That lack of brains gives no pretence  
For us to argue want of sense:  
Since Satan oft full leave obtains  
To fill that vacuum of brains—  
And who can call the fellow dull,  
That has the Devil in his skull?  
Such requisities for lofty posts,  
As here describ'd, our Hero boasts;  
And who so hardy as to rise,  
Or, dare with him dispute the prize?  
Now he, by old tartarean rule,  
Wrought to an antifed'ral tool,  
To meeting comes—with desp'rate rabble,  
To drown fair reasoning by babble.  
Wide opes his squealing throat to urge,  
His towns-men, one, & all, to purge  
Themselves from ev'ry fed'ral seed,  
By which, from debts they'l all be freed;  
Nor Priest, nor Levite, must support:  
If they dispute, he's M-nn-g for't.  
*(Now M-nn-g is with him the same,  
As Holy Writ with other men.)*  
But, as you see the stately horse,  
Pass undiverted in his course,  
Nor heeds the yell of village dogs  
Around his heels; but on he jogs,  
And in contempt with blast of wind,  
Leaves all the yelping curs behind.  
So th' advocates, for righteous laws,  
Push'd firmly on, the virtuous cause,  
Nor heeded the discordant notes,  
Belch'd out from antifed'ral throats;  
But wisely chose out men of parts,  
And *honesty*.  
But why this break, the critic cries?  
I'll tell you snarler—Want of eyes:  
For here the Poet's light went out,  
As did the hopes of baffled rout.  
The bus'ness of the day complete,

Each fed'ral member quits his seat,  
And cheerfully explores his home,  
Anticipating joys to come.  
Not so the rest.—When house dissolv'd,  
The Junto found themselves involv'd  
In circumstances more perplex'd  
Than hunted hare, by sportmen vex'd.  
Nor did they yet forsake the place,  
Which prov'd the scene of their disgrace;  
But kept their seats, nor stir'd from thence,  
Fast held by breech, in dumb suspence.  
What length of time we can't relate,  
But that's a point of no debate—  
Since we're assur'd one after spoke,  
In speech like this, and silence broke:  
I, sure, have read in Thomas Thumb,  
Or, in some other bulky tome,  
The means by which to gain relief  
From disappointment and from grief:  
'Tis by exerting *active powers*—  
And that exertion must be ours,  
To counter act the dire effects  
Of this day's work. And who neglects  
To act his part in this attempt,  
May he forever be exempt  
From all the sweets of Anarchy—  
And, curst with *Congress* may he die.  
This dread *anathema* went forth,  
With so much vehemence & wrath,  
That Polish dust, who all the while  
Had hung his head, now grinn'd a smile;  
And thus in fault'ring accents spake;  
Patience, my friends, let's patience take—  
Our case, I trust, is not so bad,  
But some relief may yet be had.  
I'm sure if M-nn-g did but know't  
He'd soon provide a rem'dy for't.  
I'm sure that M-nn-g soon shall know't  
If he'll provide a rem'dy for't,  
Re-eccho'd all, with dismal roar,  
And left their seats, to gain the door.  
The next intelligence we heard,  
Was, that great M—g had appear'd;  
Charg'd with *prescription*, ready written,

For such as were, at meeting smitten.  
As head-ach, the effect of grog,  
As cur'd by hair of the same dog:  
So M-nn-g thought another dose  
Of meeting might their heads compose:  
And, straightway draws out instrument,  
Which they must sign, and then present,  
To all in town, who Anarch's cause  
Preferr'd, to regulating laws.  
This instrument, Petition stil'd,  
Was soon from head to foot defil'd  
With paltry daubs; blots if you will,  
Vile prostitution of the quill,  
Which things to construe into names,  
Would rack a virtuoso's brains.  
Now M—g's work *in toto factum*,  
What means to use no more distract'em.  
But short, like the illusive joys  
Of children dreaming of their toys,  
Was their repose: as story fames:  
For soon Petition cramm'd with names  
Such as they were, new meeting bro't,  
That delegates might now be taught,  
Not, how to cut their bread & cheese,  
Or, kiss their wives with greater ease,  
As was reported. These were strokes  
Of such as love to crack their jokes.  
But, things of more importance far;  
How they must wage determin'd war  
With ev'ry fed'ral inclination,  
On peril of the State's salvation—  
That *Union* is the source of evil—  
And *Constitution* is the Devil:—  
Therefore they should not ratify  
The Monster-Brat, but let it die.  
And now in order they propose  
To have a Moderator chose—  
Up jumps the Clerk—If't be your minds  
To *chuse one?* manifest your signs.  
Erect, the arms of Junto stood,  
Like blighted trees in verdant wood;  
One here, one there, and you some more,  
The whole not making up a score.  
*Contrary minds*, anon was cry'd—

Now was the cause of Virtue try'd,  
Which clearly did predominate  
O'er that of Vice, as *one* to *eight*.  
As *one* to *eight*!—A Bull, I'm sure,  
Like Paddy, who surrounded four!  
Your pardon, reader—E'er I've done,  
I mean to tell you *eight* to *one*.  
Mock-meeting now dissolv'd of course,  
Since neither fraud, nor guile, nor force  
Infernal or Terrestrial,  
Could 'stablish the first article.  
Now, had you seen defeated rout,  
With heads abas'd, fast sneaking out,  
Like Dog with tail between his legs,  
Or, Fox pursu'd for stealing eggs—  
I'm sure your risibles had mov'd,  
Unless you had their deeds approv'd.

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