

## **The Scourge, *Carlisle Gazette*, 23 January 1788**

The FEDERAL JOY, to the tune of Alexander, hated thinking.

I. AWAKE my muse in copious numbers,  
Sing the federal joy compleat,  
The loud huzzas the cannon thunders  
Announce their triumphs to be great.

II. Behold they march with curls flying,  
Weary steps, and powdered heads,  
Soften'd hands, with eyes espying  
Crowds of whigs assembled.

III. But see they halt, & now are forming  
Regular as veteran bands,  
Breathing defiance, scoffing, scorning,  
The low opposers of their plans.

IV. But now a crew for constitution,  
Harshly then began to treat them,  
Despising federal institution,  
Nor aw'd by powder or pomatum.

V. From words to blows, those vile aggressors,  
Rudely drove our harmless band,  
Despoil'd the work of their hair-dressers,  
Daring assumed the chief command.

VI. Now helter skelter in disorder,  
Flew our heroes to their homes,  
Happy their legs were in good order,  
To save from geting broken bones.

VII. Lawyers, doctors and store-keepers,  
Forsook their general in his need.  
And from their windows began peeping  
Viewing their valliant hero bleed.

VIII. But like veterans in the morning,  
Appear'd in arms bright array,  
Revenge, Revenge, they cry'd when forming

We ne'er again will run away.

IX. Full thirteen rounds for federal honor  
Shall thunder loud, tho' hell oppose;  
Display our new terrific banner,  
To intimidate our scurvy foes.

X. Undauntedly three rounds they fir'd,  
When lo a drum, most dreadful sound  
Awak'd new fears, courage retir'd,  
Paleness in every face was found.

XI. Again their shanks were put in motion,  
With rapid strides they homewards stretches,  
Or to avoid another portion,  
Or s - - t a second pair of breeches.

XII. And now the pannic being over,  
When not afraid of club or rope,  
Descends to law for to recover  
Money for to purchase soap.

XIII. But not a souse for all their swearing,  
Tho' shirt and breeches both were foul'd;  
Liberties sons are presevering,  
Nor will by fed'rals be controul'd.

XIV. And if those harpies seek preferment  
Thro' their countries streaming blood,  
They'll dig graves for their interment,  
Or smother in the purple flood.

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