The Forc'd Alliance
Middletown, Conn., *Middlesex Gazette*, 31 December 1787

The forc'd ALLIANCE;
A DIALOGUE.
Or, the News-Boy's Shift for January 1st, 1788.

Hail to my happy friends—the accustom'd lay
Must fail to greet you on this welcome day.
For all our bards, so self important grown,
Refuse to scribble for a single town;
While pride directs their pomp-belabour'd rhymes
To distant nations and to future times.
Without the raid I'll try my utmost skill.
To please my readers, and my purse to fill.

An *Oyster-Catcher's Song* is all I boast,
Who, labouring late along the sea-beat coast,
O'erheard two patriots, on the silent shore,
By moonlight met to talk their systems o'er:
Tho' foes by instinct; yet their private ends
And common danger taught them to be friends.
He sings how Wronghead thus the silence broke,
And Lamb responsive swagger'd as he spoke.

WRONGHEAD.

What say our friends, that rule the roast at York?
And what new change will *Constitution* work?
Does Anarch's viceroy still the strife oppose,
And Yates and Jones[1] defeat his numerous foes?

LAMB.

Fear not for Clinton—he, with mole-like toil,
Our friends shall succour and our foes dispoil;
Our salaries, post and imposts he'll maintain,
And proud Conventions spend their wits in vain.

WRONGHEAD.

Had the small-pox but curried once this hide,
I'd soon be there to labour at his side.
For all our homebred friends, I rul'd of late,
Have left my cause, and I must leave the state.

LAMB.

Through our glad harbour, sails unnumber'd pour,
The wealth of nations to the crouded shore;
In prospect now we hold imperial reins,
And sister states in tributary chains.

WRONGHEAD.

In all the wealth that both the Indies pour,
While Yankey fools increase the splendid store,
Your State may boast—give us the hard-bound soil,
Where equal poverty repays the toil.

LAMB.

Waft us, O winds, a vast increase of trade,
Full-freighted ships, with IMPOST to be paid,
Goods of all foreign growth, though vile and poor,
They'll pay the duties, and I ask no more.

WRONGHEAD.

Oh, for those simple times, our father's knew,
Ere trade began, when all their laws were blue;
When log-built hutts defended from the storm,
And leather aprons kept their bellies warm;
When witches strove in vain to breath thro' hemp,
And common food was bear's grease mixt with samp.

LAMB.

Shine clear, O moon, in all thy silver pride,
Aid my brave boys that watch the nightly tide;
May no vile smuggler shun their faithful view,
And rob my coffers of their rightful due.

WRONGHEAD.

Oh, that a wall of brass, our State around,
Had us enclos'd and fixt the people's bound.
Of all its gates that open to the seas,
In this right hand had I the fatal keys;
With Satan's leave, I'd try one magic spell,
And send them by his Majesty to hell.

LAMB.

Auspicious stars, that o'er the main preside,
That lead the tempests and the sailors guide,
Round other harbours show what dangers lurk,
And point each vessel to the port of York.

WRONGHEAD.

And, Oh, return the late triumphant days,
When Springfield trembled at the march of Shays.
Ill-fated chief! alone, in northern woods,
He roams, where Laurence rolls his icy floods.

LAMB.

In fields of blood let Shays or Lincoln[2] fall,
Let *Blue Laws* reign, or raise thy brazen wall.—
But let imperial York still rule the sea.
And leave our posts to Clinton and to me.

WRONGHEAD.

But vain the toil—our highest hopes are vain;
This Constitution haunts my turbid brain.
Scarce from dread Compo's distant field of fight
A spectre rose so hideous to my sight;
Nor yet such horror, lest the Upper Board,
When I resign'd, should take me at my word.

LAMB.

Thy fears are just. My soul shall rue the day,
That bears the impost from these hands away;
For when to Congress, Clinton's pride shall yield,
His friends must fall, his minions quit the field.

WRONGHEAD.

What then remains? shall men of sense and note,
Who scorn my counsels and give me no vote,
Shall laws, shall government, shall foederal power,
Rise from the dust, and rule the peaceful shore?

LAMB.

Nor yet despair—for trite *Objections* rise,
Where Mason gains, and Gerry, full supplies.
See the loud Lees eke out their scribbling trade,
And all York wits afford their feeble aid;
No day elapses, but essays a score
Come out from men, who ne'er essay'd before.

WRONGHEAD.

Had my good sire but taught this hand to write,
That Constitution ne'er had seen the light.
My sinking glory I'd revive amain,
And vile *Detectors* should detect in vain.

LAMB.

This load of sly-wrote Pamphlets, small and great,
Distribute gratis —— they'll distract your State.
In them you'll find the hopeful scheme we form,
To save our cause, and ward the gathering storm;
In this let all your friends with us embark,
And seek their safety in the chosen ark.

WRONGHEAD.

On this new deluge may we safely ride,
Till ebbing waves succeed the raging tide;
Then, in good time, we'll send abroad a fowl,
And Bubo, though no dove, is yet an owl;
He, hooting round, will bring us in his bill,
Some sign to act, or longer to lie still.

1. Probably Robert Yates and Samuel Jones, New York Antifederalists. "Yates" could also be Abraham Yates, Jr., another New York Antifederalist.

2. General Benjamin Lincoln commanded the Massachusetts troops which suppressed Shays's Rebellion.

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