

**THE ANARCHIAD X, *New Haven Gazette and Connecticut Magazine*,  
24 May 1787**

AT the opening of this Book, and previous to the great and final conflict, which, by what is legible at the close of the poem, appears to establish the Anarch in his dominion of the new world, Hesper, with a solicitude and energy becoming his high station and the importance of the subject, makes his last solemn address to his principal counselors and sages, whom he had convened at Philadelphia.

YE fires of nations, call'd in high debate  
From kindred realms, to save the sinking State,  
A boundless sway on one broad base to rear—  
My voice paternal claims your listening ear;  
O'er the wide clime my fostering cares extend,  
Your guardian genius, and your deathless friend.

When splendid victory, on her trophy'd car  
Swept from these shores the last remains of war—  
Bade each glad State that boasts Columbia's name,  
Exult in freedom and ascend to fame;  
To bliss unbounded stretch their ardent eyes,  
And wealth and empire from their labor rise—  
My raptur'd sons beheld the discord cease,  
And sooth'd their sorrows in the songs of peace.

Shall these bright scenes, with happiest omens born,  
Fade like the fleeting visions of the morn?  
Shall this fair fabric from its base be hurl'd,  
And whelm in dust the glories of the world?  
Will ye, who saw the heavens tempestuous lower—  
Who felt the arm of irritated power—  
Whose souls, descending with the wasting flood,  
Prepar'd the firm foundations, built in blood;  
By discord seiz'd, will ye desert the plan—  
Th' unfinish'd Babel of the bliss of man ?

Go search the field of death, where heroes lost,  
In graves obscure, can tell what freedom cost,  
Tho' conquest smil'd; there slain amid the crowd,  
And plunged, promiscuous, with no winding shroud,  
No friendly hand their gory wounds to lave,  
The thousands moulder in a common grave.  
Not so thy son, oh LAURENS! gasping lies,  
Too daring youth, war's latest sacrifice;

His snow-white bosom heaves with writhing pain,  
The purple drops his snow-white bosom stain;  
His cheek of rose is wan; a deadly hue  
Sits on his face, that chills with lucid dew.  
There WARREN  
A comely corse, that smiles in ghastly death:  
See MERCER  
'Mid heaps of slain, see great MONTGOMERY

Behold those veterans, worn with want and care,  
Their sinews stiffen'd, silver'd o'er their hair;  
Weak in their steps of age, they move forlorn,  
Their toils forgotten by the sons of scorn;  
This hateful truth still aggravates their pain,  
*In vain they conquer'd! and they bled in vain!*  
Go, then, ye remnants of inglorious wars,  
Disown your marks of merit, hide your scars,  
Of lust, of power, of titled pride accurs'd;  
Steal to your graves, dishonored, and abus'd.

For, see! proud Faction waves her flaming brand,  
And discord riots o'er the ungrateful land;  
Lo! to the north, a wild, adventurous crew,  
In desperate mobs, the savage state renew;

Each felon chief his maddening thousands draws,  
And claims bold license from the bond of laws;  
In other States the chosen fires of shame  
Stamp their vile knaveries with a legal name ;  
In honor's seat, the sons of meanness swarm,  
And Senates base the work which mobs perform;  
To wealth, to power, the foes of union rise,  
While foes deride you, and while friends despise.

Stand forth, ye traitors! at your country's bar,  
Inglorious authors of intestine war;  
What countless mischiefs from their labors rise!  
Pens dipp'd in gall, and lips inspir'd with lies!  
Ye fires of ruin, prime detested cause  
Of bankrupt faith, annihilated laws—  
Of selfish systems, jealous, local schemes,  
And union'd empire lost in empty dreams;  
Your names, expanding with your growing crime,  
Shall float, disgustful, down the stream of time;  
Each future age applaud th' avenging song,  
And outraged nature vindicate the wrong.

Yes, there are men, who, touch'd with heavenly fire,  
Beyond the confines of these climes aspire—  
Beyond the praise of a transient age,  
To live, immortal, in the patriot page;  
Who greatly dare, though warring worlds oppose,  
To pour just vengeance on their country's foes.

And, lo! th' ethereal worlds assert your cause;  
Celestial aid, the voice of virtue draws;  
The curtains blue, of yon expansion, rend  
— From opening skies heroic shades descend.  
See, rob'd in light, the forms of heaven appear;  
The warrior spirits of your friends are near—

Each on his steed of fire, (his quiver stor'd  
With shafts of vengeance,) grasps his flaming sword:  
The burning blade waves high, and, dipt in blood,  
Hurls plagues and death on discord's faithless brood.

Yet, what the hope? The dreams of Congress fade,  
The federal UNION sinks in endless shade;  
Each feeble call, that warns the realms around,  
Seems the faint echo of a dying sound;  
Each requisition wastes in fleeting air,  
And not one State regards the powerless prayer.

Ye wanton States, by heaven's best blessings curst,  
Long on the lap of softening luxury nurst,  
What fickle frenzy raves! what visions strange  
Inspire your bosoms with the lust of change,  
And flames the wish to fly from fancy's ill,  
And yield your freedom to a monarch's will?

Go, view the lands to lawless power a prey,  
Where tyrants govern with unbounded sway;  
See the long pomp, in gorgeous state display'd—  
The tinsel's guards, the squadron's horse parade;  
See heralds gay, with emblems on their vest—  
In tissue'd robes, tall, beauteous pages, drest;  
Where moves the pageant throng, unnumber'd slaves,  
Lords, Dukes, and Princes, titular knaves,  
Confus'dly thine, the purple gemm'd with stars,  
Sceptres, and globes, and crowns, and ruby'd cars,  
On gilded orbs the thundering chariots roll'd,  
Steeds snorting fire, and champing bits of gold,  
Prance to the trumpet's voice—while each assumes  
A loftier gait, and lifts his neck of plumes.  
High on the moving throne, and near the van,  
The tyrant rides, the chosen scourge of man:

Clarions, and flutes, and drums, his way prepare,  
And shouting millions rend the conscious air—  
Millions, whose ceaseless toils the pomp sustain,  
Whose hour of stupid joy repays an age of pain.

From years of darkness springs the regal line—  
Hereditary kings, by right divine;  
'T is theirs to riot on all nature's spoils—  
For them, with pangs unblest, the peasant toils;  
For them, the earth prolific teems with grain;  
Their's the dread labors of the devious main;  
Annual, for them, the wasted land renews  
The gifts oppressive, and extorted dues;  
For them, when slaughter spreads the gory plains,  
The life-blood gushes from a thousand veins—  
While the dull herd, of earth-born pomp afraid,  
Adore the power that coward meanness made.

Let Poland tell what woe returning springs,  
Where right elective yields the crown to kings!  
War guides the choice—each candidate, abhor'd,  
Founds his firm title on the wasting sword;  
Wades to the throne, amid the sanguine flood,  
And dips his purple in a nation's blood.

Behold, where Venice rears her sea-girt towers,  
O'er the vile crowd proud oligarchy lowers;  
While each aristocrat affects a throne—  
Beneath a thousand kings, the poor plebeians groan.

Nor less abhor'd, the certain woe that waits  
The giddy rage of democratic States,  
Whose pop'lar breath, high-blown in restless tide,  
No laws can temper, and no reason guide:

An equal sway, their mind indignant spurns,  
To wanton change, the bliss of freedom turns;  
Led by wild demagogues, the factious crowd,  
Mean, fierce, imperious, insolent and loud,  
Nor fame, nor wealth, nor power, nor system draws—  
They see no object, and perceive no cause;  
But feel, by turns, in one disastrous hour,  
Th' extremes of license, and th' extremes of power.

What madness prompts, or what ill-omen'd fears,  
Your realm to parcel into petty States?  
Shall lordly Hudson part contending powers,  
And broad Potomac lave two hostile shores?  
Must Alleghany's sacred summits bear  
The impious bulwarks of perpetual war?  
His hundred streams receive your heroes slain,  
And bear your sons inglorious to the main?  
Will States cement, by feeble bonds allied,  
Or join more closely, as they more divide?  
Will this vain scheme bid restless factions cease,  
Check foreign wars, or fix internal peace?  
Call public credit from her grave to rise,  
Or gain in grandeur what they lose in size?  
In this weak realm, can countless kingdoms start,  
Strong with new force, in each divided part—  
While empire's head, dissected into four,  
Gains life by severance of diminish'd power?  
So, when the philosophic hand divides  
The full-grown polypus, in genial tides,  
Each severed part, infused with latent life,  
Acquires new vigor from the friendly knife;  
O'er peopled sands the puny insects creep,  
Till the next wave absorbs them in the deep.

What then, remains? Must pilgrim FREEDOM fly  
From these lov'd regions, to her native sky?

When the fair fugitive the orient chased,  
She fixed her feet beyond the watery waste;  
Her docile sons (enough of power resign'd,  
And natural rights in social leagues combin'd)  
In virtue firm, though jealous in her cause,  
Gave Senates force, and energy to laws;  
From ancient habit, local powers obey,  
Yet feel no reverence for one general sway;  
For breach of faith, no keen compulsion feel,  
And find no interest in the federal weal.  
But know, ye favor'd race, one potent head  
Must rule your States, and strike your foes with dread,  
The finance regulate, the trade control,  
Live through the empire, and accord the whole.

Ere death invades, and night's deep curtain falls,  
Through ruined realms the voice of UNION calls;  
Loud as the trump of heaven through darkness roars,  
When gyral gusts entomb Caribbean towers—  
When nature trembles, through the deeps convuls'd,  
And ocean foams, from craggy cliffs repuls'd;  
On you she calls! attend the warning cry:  
"YE LIVE UNITED, OR DIVIDED DIE!"