

A Petition and Remonstrance to the PRESIDENT and CONGRESS of the United States.

[Written by a North-Carolina Planter.]

*Lanae me no drink! It gies us mair
Than either school or college,
It hinders us, it awakens us,
It pangs us fu' o' knowledge.*

YE choice of a' the thirteen states,
On whom power, wealth and wisdom waits,
Doucely directing our affairs,
To you I humbly fend my prayers.
Alas! I scarce can ope my mouth,
I'm amais't chokin' dead in drowth,
Thro' a' the land baith auld and young
Like craws are puttin out their tongue,
And prayin you with a' their might ay
To gie them back their *aqua vita*.
I hae nae skill to form addresses
In artfu' words and clerk-like phrases;
Wi' fulsome flattery and lies,
To ca' you great, and good, and wise,
To thank you honours, and to shew ye,
How much the land's indebted to ye—
Trowth, I hae nae sic gift o' gab,
But just like our ain I am or Bab,
I shall right honestly exprefs
Their grief and mine, and beg redress.
The country's a' in greetin mood
And some are like to rin red-wud:
Some chaps whom freedom's spirit warms
Are threatning hard to take up arms,
And headstrong in rebellion rise
'Fore they'll submit to that excise:
Their liberry they will maintain,
They fought for't, and they'll fight again:
Others as fierce wi' bitter dath
The persons of our great folk lash,
And fen' them to auld Cloutie strait
For villains a' and knaves o' state:
And some douce folk wha see right clear
Think we hae something mair to fear,
That fair alarms us: this, they say,
Is but the prologue o' your play,
Which if ye once can put in practice
There'll be no end o' tolls and taxes,
Frac less to mair, till by degrees
Ye'll tax our bread harth-stones and cheefe.
Tis dreadfu' times! I dinna ken
How a' these carryings-on may en',
But spite of a' your fair pretences
Folk tremble for the consequences.
From what, now think you, can a' this be?
Its just your tax upo' their *whiskie*.
O tak into consideration,
Ye mighty rulers of our nation
The purport o' my supplication,
And frae sic imposition free us
And nae mair cause to grumble gae us;
For while sic duties drain our purses
Ye'er loaded with the poor man's curses;
On whiskie ye've no right to tak it,
We dinna trouble you to mak it,
E'en let our water freely flow,
We raise our grain oursel, ye know,
Wi' our own cash we buy our stells
And mak it a' within oursel:
—Trowth, this is an odd kind o' quirk,
That we maun pay you for our work!
For your excitemen, I'll just tell them
The country has a mind to fell them,
Gif they obey their paughty masters
I wat they'll meet wi' some disasters,
May hap they'll get their stents well paid
Wi' a thrash'd back or broken head,
Shame fa' th' unmanly tame submission
That tholes the lordly imposition:
It e'er a creeping scoundrel pays
That tax, and does our whiskie raise,
Misfortune grant that for the gains o't
His stell may burst and blaw his brains out.
And ye, my countrymen, whoe'er
Holds liberry and whiskie dear,
Whose courage, fir'd wi' this by turns,
For that with jealous ardour burns,
Weell knowing they support each other,
And both mut stand or fall together;
How will your spirits brook some day
To see those blessings ta'en away!
I am nae fower of sedition
T' advise hot-headed opposition;
But can ye see those greedy kites
Make prey of, and devour your rights,
Some curst collector of the excise
Seizing a stell before your eyes,
Wha in triumphant rage has got
Nae mercy on the poor man's pot,
But wi' a sledge or handspike, either,
Is dingin baith its sides together
My free-born brithers, shou'd ye stan'
To look at this and hold your han';
Nay, dinna hesitate a minute
Seize him, and plunge, and boil him in it,
Just mak a soup o' the greedy sinner
And gee 't to auld Hornie for his dinner.
Tak heed, ye calm, deep thinking sages
Ere this too much the folk enrages;
If once their spirit's rais'd and nettled
Ye ken they'll na be ea'y settled,
But fierce as ony Bedlam crew
They'll tak nae tent o' what they do,
Wi' whittle drawn, thro' dirt and bluid
They'll push their point and mak it guid:
Then stand aloof wi' dread that day
I re le ye na to come their way,
For nae respect or mercy then
State officers, or Congress men
Blay hope to find; ye'll bear the brunt

Upo' your heads, wi' heavy crunt;
In furious rage quite desperate grown
They'll turn the continent upside down,
They'll damn your fine new constitution
And make a terrible confusion.
Is there nae ane among you there
Of parts and courage to declare,
The honest truth o' this affair,
To show wi' manly indignation
The injustice o' this new taxation,
And warn you in good time to cure it;
The country winna long endure it?
Where's that true patriot, hearted chief
Frac Salis'b'ry, what d'ye call him? Steele.
Get up, my lad, and still their clatter,
And tell them right about this matter;
For weel I wat that you can tell
My tale far better than mysel.
Your rhet'ric's now a fonsie shift
That canna fail to gee'us a lift,
If uncorrupted still you are,
The honest man that once you were:
I mind right weel, when first you spoke,
The worthy patriot part you took,
When lawyer-like, well see'd in han'
They made sic blasts about Steuben,
You made the Dutchman's conduct known,
And gart the hirelings hear their own;
If now you'll rise wi' sic a heart
And warmly take your country's part,
I pledge my honour I shall gie you
A whiskie naif next time I see you;
Speak out, my honest hearty blade
Ne'er mind those grumbling rooks o' state:
E'en let them tak it, plead'd or spited,
Be bauld and see your country righted.
Foul fa' your pranks, ye cunning gentry
Ye've amais't ruin'd a' the county!
About her indents first you play'd her
A trick, that bluidy mad has made her,
You wad retrieve the public credit
Forfooth, and ten times worse you've made it.
How they were rated nae ane tells
Ye kept that close among yoursel,
And ere the poor folk knew their worth
Ye sent your speculators forth.
Now, when you've cozen'd us o' these
(Whose blood but boils, the fraud that sees)
Our whiskie's tax'd, our cash must go
To pay the knaves that trick'd us so:
—Gif ye impose this double wrong
Ye'll see new measures ere't be long,
Ye need na' throw an angry gruntle
At this, for what I say I'll stan' till,
And mair than I: folk downa bear it
Their bluid is rais'd, they'll gar you hear it;
Albeit you're grown so grand and great
I'll speak my mind, I'll nae be blate;
On none of you am I attendant,
Am a plain ploughman independent;
But sin' I'm here among ye a'
Myself ill-bred I winna shaw;
For when great folk I come before 'em
I maun behave me wi' decorum,
But when I think upon that plitkie,
Which ye hav' play'd us 'bout our whiskie,
Tho' for it I shou'd get a thrashin
I hae nae power to curb my passion.
Low and despised in life my lot is
Where nae one thinks me worth his notice,
But gif I had the power or skill,
Like some o' you, to effect my will,
The chaps whose gabs advil'd such treason
Should find a stoppage in their weazon,
I'd fit a pair of iron garters
To some who trample freedom's charters;
True, I've nae skill in politics,
But de'il reward them for their tricks,
The crafty knaves that put ye to it
Because we poor folk can't see thro' it,
"To raise a revenue, ye say,
"Our public officers to pay."
I trow, it wad become ye better
And wi' your circumstance be fitter,
To low'r their wages and your own;
Ye're quite too gentlemanly grown:
Your country is a bankrupt made
That ye fou' liberal may be paid;
Large payment first ye did secure
For a' the wrongs ye've since done to her,
Yes, your first step secur'd your pay
Sax dollars to ilk man per day,
(O what a sin, O what a shame
In public trust to have such sim!)
Barefac'dly thus to make it p. a. a.
That your chief end was private gain,
Sax dollars! faith, ye are nae stinted!
That ilka day's na to be grinn'd at,
There's many an honest man I guess
Does better service for far less,
Ye weel might gat right loud for that
It's a brow hire for three hours chat;
I fear the folk that hae to pay you
Get na that worth 'o service frae you—
Sax dollars! gin 'twas lent to me
I'd clip your wages down to three;
And gif you wad na' tak it then
We'd find enough o' better men,
Wha'd serve us wi a ready zeal,
No! for their country's cash, but weal.
If poor, be frugal—ah! but then
Ye wad na tuk like gentlemen;
Europe wad think ye sic poor wretches
For their grandees ye'd be nae maucies;

Our pinching poverty they'd sneer at
An' that wad grieve your public spirit,
Wi' you its no for greed o' money,
Its—just the credit of the country,
Then tak fou' wages, dinna flint,
Contider ye hae sic a mint,
The chaps wha sic fine laws hae made
'Twere shame that they should be ill paid,
Gif your ain treasury grows scant
There's others—'tis no shift to want—
Sure ye hae credit to advance
Where wi' to borrow mair frae France;
On what conditions ye can hae it
Tak it—posteriorly can pay it,
Cram your own pouches fou, then han
A little o' it to Steuben:
Twas him, ye say, wha sav'd our state
When nae one else cou'd do a hair,
Thro' a' the war he was our hinge, ay,
Now ye'll na let him find ye stinger:
(I trow right weel ye ken his merit,
An' ye as weal hae let us hear it!)
These ither pensioners wha stan'
Sae bashtu' here wi' cap in han'
Gie them a groupin for their need;
The war is done, they maun hae bread,
Sin' they hae fought fae weel, 'twere now
Great shame to let them to the plough,
Pity that they shou'd come to starvin
The chaps that ha' been to deservin.
Thus deal't about, and dinna fret
Yoursel about the public debt,
For now's the time to make your fortune
Improve it weel, its but a short one,
For folk hae taken sic a pout,
That gin your present term is out,
Ye'll na come here again, I doubt.
Dinna be hard wi' ane another
But each be generous to his brither,
When cash or service he demands;
And work to ane another's hands,
I warrant ye, ye'll be repaid it
Wi' cash or service when ye need it.
Ha! ye're a fet o' trickie blades,
Fou' perfect masters o' your trades,
To grind the poor and leech the great,
To leave yoursel's and rob the state.
But tak ye care, ye'll find, I fear,
Sma' gain frae an ill-gotten gear,
For a' sic paukie carls ye're grown
The de'il may one day get his own,
And poor folk yet laugh at the excise
When ye're bak'd up in brunstone pies.
Now, if remead we dinna get
Neist time will find another set,
Right honest men, wha'll bear our prayer
And gee us a' we ask and mair:
Sae, do your worst—we need regard ye
But twa three years, and then discard ye.
But if you wad come back again,
Retrieve your credit while ye can:
Tak off this tax, and then fore oay
Ye be the Congress for my money,
Tak off this tax, and then ye may
Sit here till ye are a' grown grey.
Immortal, honoured Washington,
Great heir of glory, fortune's son,
Accept, illustrious President,
The gratefu' thanks that I present,
Weel ha' you acted in your sphere
Of power and trust this many a year,
In war you gain'd unequal'd glory
Driving our enemies before ye;
Your matchless conduct in the field
Made the proud arms of Britain yield,
Astonish'd Europe heard your fame
And tyrants trembled at your name;
More fondly now in you we boast
The hero in the patriot lost,
Whose guardian care o'er us maintain'd
Preserves those rights his valour gain'd:
A conduct that in peace exceeds
The high-blown fame of martial deeds,
Your dear renown spreads every where
Like incense thro' the sweeten'd air;
This is no false-meant panegyric,
I dinna aim to be fatyric,
Nor wou'd I treat ungrateful so
The man to whom so much I owe:
That we have peace and freedom too,
Great Sir, we owe our thanks to you;
'Tis what your prudent valour gain'd
And your wife conduct has maintain'd.
But a' your wisdom now may fail ye
You've sic an unco fet to deal wi'
For what I shall hereafter mention
Threats freedom with a fair declension,
Some folk, that are nae prophets neither,
But looking thro' a' things thegither,
Foretell, and others do them believe
Our freedom has not long to live:
Now, Sir, I wad be laith that ye
Wha sav'd her life shou'd let her die:
O wad you use her like a tather,
But draw corruption in a tether,
That thief o' state! who finds I fear
Too many of his cronies here;
I see him reach his hell-black paw
Handing our liberties awa'
For bribes to stuf his greedy maw.
With welcome joy they shake his hand
While injur'd freedom backward stans,
Hanging her head in wofu' bewl
Corruption's gae' an unco devil;

Can you behold it, mighty chief,
Insulted freedom's wrongs and grief,
And na' take measures for relief?
On you she turns imploring eyes
While struggling at their feet she lies,
And your assistance loud demands
To save her from their rufian hands,
And you'll assist her, I'm no doubt—
But your four years will soon be out,
And then may some guid angel help us
Or else I fear some ill ane tight us—
Who knows, from all our rights to rend us,
What President the devil may find us,
Assisted by some gallows knaves
To make us like the old-country slaves.
But to my point I wad address ye,
I mean the excise upo' our whiskie:
Alas! for this I'm vexed fair
That I can praise you now nae mair!
O Washington! I needs must wail
You're but a man! a' flesh is frail,
The cleanest wheat has ay' some chaff in,
The wisest hae their fits o' dallin,
And you ha' fadly been o'erlefen
Or in this fact you ne'er had been:
They've ta'en th' advantage when, I doubt, you
Ha not had a' your wits about you,
Trowth, my old friend, I fear you've deelt wi'
Chaps who triumph'd o'er human frailty,
—Nae doubt, great Sir, you think right queer
Sic talk, frae ane like me, to hear,
That's no accustom'd to your ear.
Those sycophants, a venal gang
Wou'd gar you think you ne'er do wrang,
Crying with some fly scilful view
There ne'er was sic a man as you,
You canna go a'ray, but still
Are point-blank right, do what ye will,
But you hae with-an to despise
Their fluchin insolent crafty lies,
For had na widoun been your guide,
You must ere this ha' swell'd wi' pride
And bursted like the frog, and died.
For me I think—I can't be sure—
There's ither men as good as you're;
I winna flatter to your face
You're just o' the common human race:
Tho' often right, yet must I say
That you ha' sometimes gane a'ray;
Your late concurrence prove too plainly
The justice o' this charge again ye;
Had you not ge'en your approbation
They cou'd na forc'd this foul taxation,
I wonder how they stak'd your e'en
That thro' th' effects you had na seen.
Nae doubt, when this act came before you
They coot some wicked glimmer o'er ye,
That darken'd so your mental sight
You cou'd na' understand it right,
The curst state wizards! they are well
Acquaint' wi' a' the arts o' hell.
But when spite o' their wicked skill
You learn th' effects, as soon you will,
Then he ha hopes that you'll take pain
To see a' things set right again:
And to you all I just wou'd say
And then I shall nae farther pray,
Contider "poor folk hae nae filler
To purchase coilly foreign liquor;
We downa call for spirits nice
While our lark purks dread their price,
Our whiskie, let us freely tak it
Untax'd, and cheap as we can mak it,
Or let some o' your cash be sent us
And either way it shall content us.
Now, gin ye do these wrongs redress
May heaven your honours ever bless,
Wi' a' the joys o' life in plenty,
And every needfu' comfort grant ye,
Guid huntin shirts to clothe your bodies
And buckikin bricks to wrap your hurdies,
May you ne'er lack a whiskie grog
And rowth o' hominy and hog,
May weel bak'd jouney cakes ne'er fail
To make ye strong and fat and hale,
Able for a' that comes your way;
Thus your petitioner shall pray.

Explanation of the terms in the Scottish Dialect.

It will only be necessary to give an English explanation of the most uncommon Scottish terms made use of in the preceding piece. The more common, such as a', an, fou' &c. every person knows the meaning of.

Blate—bathful.	Ken—know.
Brunt—the first off going.	Learn—laughter.
Brunstone—brinkstone.	Paif—a dram.
Croel—a young fellow.	Neist—next.
Closh—talk.	Paukie—cunning.
Cloutie—the devil.	Paughty—proud.
Crunt—blow of a cudgel.	Plitkie—trick.
Daffin—fully.	R-head—satisfaction.
Doucely—wisely.	Rede—advise.
Daw, can develop.	Red-wud—dark mad.
D-was—cannot.	R. wib—plenty.
Een—eyes.	Sile—money.
Fluchin—flattering.	Sic—lucky.
G. hars—a y. talk, mouth.	Stak'd—short.
G. hars—w. alth.	Stent—due.
G. hars—magic spell.	Tent—head consideration.
G. hars—cynic.	Thrum—wif.
G. hars—handful.	T. shes—beers, suffers.
G. hars—face.	Trow—believe.
G. hars—healthy.	Wat—guels.
G. hars—a name of the devil.	Wac—strange, very great.
G. hars—backbone.	