

Maine Not to be Coupled with the Missouri Question

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MISSOURI QUESTION.

If the South will not yield, to the West be it known,
That Maine will declare for a King of her own;
And three hundred thousand of freemen demand
The justice bestow'd on each State in the land.
Free whites of the East are not blacks of the West,
And Republican souls on this principle rest,
That if no respect to their rights can be shown,
They know how to vindicate what are their own.
Their patriot zeal has been ever express'd;
Their enterprize, Europe has often confess'd. —
They are founded on freedom, humanity's right,
Ordained by God against slavery to fight.
And Heaven born liberty sooner than yield,
The whites of Missouri shall dress their own field.
We are hardy and healthy, can till our own soil,
In labour delight; make a pleasure of toil.
They spurn at our climate; yet live in a bog:
We enjoy fair, cold weather; they grope in a fog.
We fly in our sleighs; they wallow in mire,
O'erwhelm'd with mosquitoes; we sing by our fire.
We have pork and potatoes, fish, mutton, and beef;
Fill'd with agues, to physic, they fly for relief.
They too lazy to work, drive slaves, whom they fear;
We school our own children, and brew our own beer.
We do a day's work and go fearless to bed;
Tho' lock'd up, they dream of slaves, whom they dread.
We have learn'd too much wisdom to emigrate west,
As poor souls returning, too well can attest.
We this principle hold, as fixed, as fate,
Independent of them, we will be a State. —

While we sail in fine ships, they paddle a float,
The best of their navy a flat bottom'd boat.
A bushel of corn they often are glad
To exchange for a cod, or poor shotten shad:
And without their slaves, how long would it take
To shell corn enough to purchase one hake?
We have coffee and salt and tea the year round;
Six bushels of corn, they must pay for a pound.
By sea and by land never idle nor stingy,
Our houses are fill'd with the products of India.
And if a cold season, we all have a notion,
John Codline will bring us a fish from the ocean.
While we grant they can live on lean smok'd hams,
We fear not starvation on lobsters and clams.
Our bays are alive with geese, ducks, and widgeons,
And every scarce year our woods swarm with pigeons.
They may boast of fine pastures as much as they please,
But we stand unrival'd in butter and cheese.
They may boast of their blacks; we boast of our plenty;
And swear to be free, eighteen hundred and twenty.
South and West, now be honest, to MAINE give her due,
If you call her a child, she's an Hercules too.
A Sister in Union admit her, as free;
To be coupled with slaves, she will never agree.

TIMOTHY CLAIMRIGHT.

Brunswick, Jan. 1820.