

T. H. E.  
PATRIOT MUSE,

O R  
P O E M S

ON SOME OF THE  
PRINCIPAL EVENTS

O F  
THE LATE WAR;

Together with

A P O E M on the P E A C E.

*Vincit amor patriæ.*

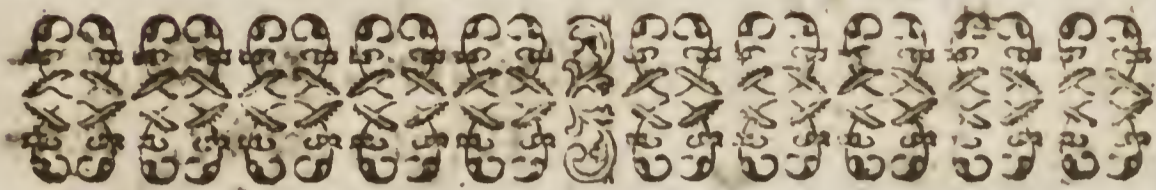
By, an AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.  
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RPJCB



T H E

P R E F A C E.

*T* H E following Poems are selected from a number of occasional pieces, which perhaps are the only ones that from their interesting nature can merit the public attention, and which, but for an hurry of other business, had been published above a year ago.

Some of them may perhaps seem a little foreign to the Title Page; but, if properly considered, it is hoped there are none of them, but what may appear in some shape to coincide with the general design.

The Latin translations, of The Fall of Goliath and David's Elegy, obtained a place, the first, by the resemblance the young Hebrew's victory over the gigantic Philistine



The P R E F A C E.

v

The Ode on the Conquest of the Havannah is incomplete; it was written thus far immediately after the news of that glorious event; but through hurry of business was laid aside, till, for reasons obvious enough, it would have been as disagreeable as unseasonable to have finished it.

The piece on the Liberty of the Press was written above two years ago, though it may perhaps be seasonable enough now, from which however the author flatters himself it will appear that he is no friend to unbounded license. In this, as in every thing else, he is an advocate for the golden mean; for as on the one hand he abhors any insult on majesty, personal or national reflexions, and stigmatising persons in public character without real necessity, yet on the other he firmly believes the press ought to be free to lash public Crimes, as it is one of the principal vehicles by which groans of misery can reach the royal ear, and, under certain circumstances, the grand bulwark of the liberties of the people.

From

RPJCB

vi The P R E F A C E.

*From the general tenor of the whole, though stationed in private life, he hopes to appear at once a loyal subject and an humble patriot; neither a whig nor a tory; but one who holds equally dear the prerogatives of the king, and the privileges of the subject.*



T H E



T H E

P A T R I O T M U S E .



O N

General *B R A D D O C K*'s D E F E A T,  
A. D. M D C C L V.

E REWHILE from *Eastern* shores well-pleas'd we heard  
Fame's silver trumpet found ; th' harmonious blast  
Rung through the land, and spread a gen'ral joy.  
Joyful the news and welcome to our ears !  
That foes perfidious perish'd in their crimes,  
Or left possessions by inçroachment gain'd,  
Vanquish'd by heav'n, and our victorious arms ;  
That foes *disguis'd*, were forc'd to drop the mask,  
And stand confes'd, all fiend-like as they are,  
Like *Satan* once, touch'd by *ITHURIEL*'s spear.  
'That *Nova-Scotia* now no longer groans  
Beneath th' usurping tyrant ; but, once more  
Reduc'd, acknowledges her *rightful* lord,  
Disdains proud *Louis*, and submits to *GEORGE*.

B

BUT

BUT oh! the strange vicissitude of things!  
 How soon the scene is chang'd! black low'ring clouds  
 Rise in the *West*, and frown upon the land;  
 Hoarse thunders bellow, shake the continent,  
 And make our cities tremble, while they sound  
 Through all our provinces our foul defeat;  
 In awful language tell, how *Gallic fraud*  
 Prevail'd o'er *English valour*; how the *slaves*  
 Of *Louis*, mix'd with barb'rous *savages*,  
 With *British* chiefs and *free-born* soldiers strow'd  
*Monongahela's* banks? Must *villains* thus  
 Succeed in their iniquitous designs,  
 And insolently triumph o'er the *just*?  
 Deceitful *treaty-breakers* thus elude  
 The vengeance due to violated faith!  
 Thus unchastis'd escape, and see the sword  
 Of *justice* fall, thus blunted, to the ground.  
 Must bold *usurpers* leap the bounds prescrib'd,  
 Unjustly seize dominions not their own,  
 And hold them uncontroul'd? Must they yet live,  
 And prosper in their villainous attempts,  
 While *honest* men die in their own defence?  
 Must BRADDOCK, HALKETT, SHIRLEY, and a train  
 Of heroes brave, in long succession, fall  
 Victims to the ambitious aims of *France*,  
 And scarce one *hostile villain* bite the ground?  
 Lamented shades! Ye for your country bled,  
 Your country *bleeds* for you; your dying groans  
 Yet live, and ev'ry sympathizing breast  
 Re-ecchoes groan for groan; each thankful tongue  
 Tells how you nobly dy'd, to save your country:  
 In *such a cause* who wou'dn't wish to die?  
 But, oh! to die by cruel savages,  
 A sacrifice to *Gallic perfidy*!  
 While scarce a wretch of all the hostile band  
 Fell in his turn, and paid his worthless life,  
 A trifling recompence, for one of those

Himself



*Himself destroy'd!* — how cutting is the thought!  
 Alas, how basely are the mighty fall'n!  
 O! tell it not in *France*, nor let *Quebec*,  
*Montreal*, or *Ohio*, know our shame; —  
 But, ah! how vain the caution! now, e'en now,  
 While here each gen'rous bosom heaves with sighs,  
 Each pitying eye lets fall an honest tear,  
 And each true heart bleeds for our country's woes;  
 There our victorious foes exulting tell,  
 How *Britons* lost, and *Indians* won, the day;  
 Triumphant show the trophies of the conquest,  
 Loud sing *Te deum* to their idol-gods,  
 And think (blasphemous!) heav'n propitious smiles,  
 Injustice favours and approves their crimes —  
 But hold — no more complain; — the pow'r supreme,  
 In just displeasure, thus succeeds our foes  
 Not to *indulge* their crimes, but *punish* ours;  
 To castigate our confidence and pride,  
 Who vainly hop'd to drive victorious on,  
 Without the presence of the LORD OF HOSTS.

Bow then, *Americans*, before his throne!  
 Bow! and, with humble prostrate souls, adore  
 The hand which strikes the blow; destroy the *Achan*,  
 Th' accursed thing that enervates our troops,  
 And renders thus *Omnipotence* our foe.

SHIRLEY and JOHNSON, our surviving hope!  
 Our hearts on heav'n, our eyes are fix'd on you;  
 But, oh! we fear (great as your talents are,  
 Great as the patriot zeal that fires your breasts)  
 Lest heav'n offended blast our hopes again,  
 And tumble all our wishes to the dust:  
 Oh! in the name of GOD display your banners,  
 Draw *in his name* your swords, and strike the blow,  
 With eyes intent on heav'n; go on and prosper:  
*The Lord be with you, mighty men of valour!*

ON THE  
SURRENDER  
OF  
FORT WILLIAM-HENRY,  
A. D. MDCC LVII.

WHAT awful sound is this comes issuing forth  
From the wild borders of the gloomy *North*?  
In distant murmurs now it strikes my ears,  
(Pertentous murmurs!) and awakes my fears;  
Now nearer rolls, and, laden with despair,  
The sound tremendous bursts along the air;  
Hark! how it roars along the trembling coast!  
*By Gallic wiles are all our counsels crost;*  
*France is victorious, William-Henry's lost.*

FORBID it, heav'n! nor let a faithless foe,  
'T' our sinking country, give so dire a blow! —  
But fruitless is the pray'r — 'tis so, indeed;  
*France* has but done what heav'n before decreed;  
Whilst we lament, exulting *Frenchmen* boast,  
*Montcalm's* victorious, *William-Henry's* lost!

AH me! where am I? whither shall I go,  
For consolation in this scene of woe?  
Far my thoughts begone, each smiling art\*;  
Your flow'ry joys can no relief impart,  
While my dear country's woes lie heavy on my heart.  
Come, let me count her various sorrows o'er,  
Regret her losses, and her wounds deplore;  
I'll mourn the hapless fortune of the brave,  
At least I pity, though I cannot save.

\* The author was at *Nassau-hall* when the news of the surrender of *Fort William-Henry* arrived.

E'ER since these regions heard war's dire alarms,  
*France* has prevail'd, in spite of *British* arms;  
 Still has the storm, which first the skies o'erspread,  
 O'er all the land it's dismal horrors shed,  
 All black, and threat'ning, awful to the sight,  
 With scarce one welcome interval of light;  
 Or from the skies, if some propitious ray  
 Broke through the clouds, to cheer the gloomy day,  
 The transient comfort but presag'd our doom,  
 So soon extinguish'd by a deeper gloom.

SCARCE has the sun thrice roll'd the seasons round,  
 Since hapless BRADDOCK fell on *British* ground;  
 Since fair *Monongahela's* silver flood,  
 Reluctant redd'ning with heroic blood,  
 Blush'd to behold th' unfortunate campaign,  
 While th' adverse bank groan'd with the heaps of slain;  
 Then savage bands, inspir'd by *France* and hell,  
 More barb'rous than the brutes with whom they dwell,  
 Rush'd from the desert, plunder'd all they found,  
 And scatter'd death and desolation round;  
 Butcher'd whole fam'lies with delib'rate rage,  
 Nor spar'd the softer sex or tender age;  
 Strew'd human *bones* where golden *harvests* stood,  
 And fields of *plenty* turn'd to fields of *blood*.

NOR can the muse, without the keenest pain,  
 Recount the losses of the last campaign,  
 Which saw our foes victorious all around,  
 And chief *Oswego* levell'd with the ground;  
 The gallant SCHUYLER too, a captive led,  
 Forc'd to *surrender*, when he scorn'd to *dread*;  
 Faithful as bold, and generous as brave,  
 Indignant pitying, when he might not save.  
 Plenty immense, and magazines of war,  
 At vast expence, transported from afar,

Fall into hostile hands (too easy prey!)  
 Ignobly lost, and proudly borne away;  
 Destin'd perhaps, (so fatal is the blow!)  
 T' annoy our country, and defend the foe;  
 While the *confed'rate* tribes, affrighted, shone  
 With *hostile flames* heard *British* thunder roar;  
 On *British* poops saw *Gallic* ensigns dance,  
 And all *Ontario* own the pow'r of *France*.

NOR be *Minorca's* cruel fate suppress'd,  
 Where fought brave *BLAKENEY*, gloriously distress'd;  
 True to his country, zealous for his king;  
 Yet, ah! deserted by degen'rate B—G;  
 Forc'd to oppose superior strength alone,  
 And see at length proud *Richelieu* master of *Mahon*.

OPEN'D too late, protracted by delays,  
 The *last* campaign thus ended in disgrace;  
 But *this*, 'twas hop'd, wou'd raise our sinking fame,  
 Redress our woes, and wipe away our shame.  
 For this great end, what num'rous hosts appear,  
 Rang'd in battalia with the op'ning year!  
 What active soldiers, fir'd by vengeance, wield  
 Their deadly arms, and pour into the field!  
 Resolv'd, it seems, to deal some mighty blow,  
 And rush impetuous forth to meet the foe;  
 But heav'n still makes our expectations vain,  
 And the dire scene is acted o'er again:  
 'Tis not enough *Oswego* to subdue,  
 Our foes have conquer'd *William-Henry* too;  
 In spite of all our efforts they advance,  
 Nor can our bulwarks bound the pow'r of *France*.

BUT oh! what tongue can tell, what fancy show,  
 The cruel actions of th'inhuman foe?  
 Faith violate, and treaties made in vain,  
 Harras'd the vanquish'd, and abus'd the slain!

THE PATRIOT MUSE.

L  
5

Like slaughter'd sheep must *British* heroes bleed?  
Blush, oh ye skies! to see so vile a deed;  
Tremble, oh earth! where *William-Henry* stood,  
Nor dare to hide a *butcher'd* army's blood!  
O *Sacrament*! loud let thy billows roar,  
And far retire from thy polluted shore;  
Let the dire marks of hostile rage remain,  
Nor let thy waters wash away the stain!

AMIDST the horrors of this scene of woe,  
And after all the triumphs of the foe,  
'Twere half amends for all misfortunes past,  
To be assur'd this *latest* were the *last*;  
But ah! I tremble, while my boding mind  
Thinks what (heav'n knows what) may be yet behind;  
What dismal sorrows yet our land await,  
Tremendous *embryos* in the womb of fate!  
Oh heav'ns! what prospects rise before my view!  
Or do I dream, or is the vision true?  
I see the foe victorious from afar  
Bound furious forth, in all the pomp of war;  
In vain would *British* troops oppose their way,  
Like greedy lions, in pursuit of prey,  
They rush impetuous with malignant breath,  
Spread ruin wide, and mark their steps with death;  
Still they proceed victorious to the main,  
And spread our southern shores with heaps of slain.  
I hear the cannons formidable roar,  
And see young *Britons* wallowing in their gore;  
Matrons and virgins sacrific'd to lust,  
And tender infants bleeding in the dust,  
Th' unhappy victims of inhuman rage;  
And lopp'd and spurn'd the hoary head of age;  
Where once was heard the *voice of peace* alone,  
I hear the *martial shout* and *dying groan*,  
And *savage yells*, more om'nous in the fight,  
Than the foul screeches of the bird of night;

I hear

I hear the maiden-shriek, the manly sigh,  
 The childish moan, and feeble infant cry;  
 From towns in flames I see the smoke arise  
 In cloudy volumes, and involve the skies;  
 The foe exulting stalk in triumph round,  
 And shout proud *Louis* lord of *British* ground;  
 Planted aloft I see their banners stand,  
 And wave triumphant o'er a conquer'd land.

Am I! must this decisive stroke be giv'n?  
 Is this decreed? Is this the will of heav'n?  
 Will not kind Providence reverse the doom,  
 And give us better hopes in years to come?  
 If not, oh! let me die before the date,  
 Nor be a witness of my country's fate!  
 Or let me greatly fall among the brave,  
 And underneath her ruins be my grave!

Amidst these scenes of past and future woe,  
 Say, *Fellow-Britons*, whither shall we go?  
 In spite of all the schemes our sages plan,  
 Still this truth glares, *Vain is the help of man*.  
 And should not nations at the lifted rod,  
 Humbly fall prostrate, and address their God?  
 Come, then, with me devoutly suppliant join,  
 And, with your pray'rs, besiege the throne Divine.  
 " O THOU, th' Almighty Sov'reign of the skies!  
 " Behold our injur'd cause with pitying eyes;  
 " Thy pow'rful hand can save our sinking state,  
 " Thy voice is influence, and thy will is fate:  
 " O curb *Canada's* too prevailing pow'r!  
 " And let her triumph in our shame no more.  
 " Thy scourge is just on these rebellious times,  
 " Nor are our suff'rings equal to our crimes;  
 " Yet, oh, forgive! and, oh, forgiving save!  
 " Nor, ah! destroy the land thy mercy gave.  
 " Turn us, oh LORD! thy wand'ring people turn  
 " To Thee, nor longer let thine anger burn;

" Convert

" Convert in mercy, or confound the foe,  
 " And let surrounding hostile nations know,  
 " That, though chastis'd by thy correcting rod,  
 " Britain's not yet forgotten of her God:  
 " Then shall our guilt no more affront thine eyes,  
 " Enormous guilt, that now for vengeance cries,  
 " Insults thy patience, and thy wrath defies;  
 " Then, sav'd from ruin, we shall sigh no more,  
 " But, happy in thy smiles, thy frowns adore;  
 " Then our glad tongues shall make thy mercies known,  
 " We'll give the glory to thy name alone,  
 " And praise like smoke of incense shall surround thy  
 " throne."



A N  
 E L E G Y  
 O N T H E  
 L A M E N T E D D E A T H  
 O F H I S E X C E L L E N C Y  
 J O N A T H A N B E L C H E R,  
 G O V E R N O R o f N E W J E R S E Y;  
 A N D  
 T h e R e v. A A R O N B U R R,  
 P R E S I D E N T o f N A S S A U - H A L L.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
 Tam charorum capitum?*

S C A R C E had we heard fame's brazen voice proclaim  
 Canada's glory, and our country's shame,  
 The rapid conquests of th'aspiring Gaul,  
 Montcalm's success, and William-Henry's fall;  
 When this sad tale (so blow succeeds to blow,  
 Like Job's successive messengers of woe)

C Augments

Augments our grief, as though too small before,  
*The best are mortal* — BELCHER *is no more!*

BELCHER *no more!* — how awful is the sound!  
 'The stroke how fatal! and how large the wound!  
 A wound, *Cæsarians!* ye must long deplore,  
 And know your former *balcyon* days no more.  
 Yourself can witness, how his gentle sway  
*Aw'd* not by *pow'r*, but *charm'd* by *love*, t'obey;  
 How oft his care the public storm assuag'd,  
 When discord rose, and bold sedition rag'd;  
 How nobly firm to heav'n's eternal laws,  
 With ardor he espous'd religion's cause;  
 How, at his frown, the fiend oppression fled,  
 And monster vice conceal'd her odious head;  
 Chear'd by his smiles, how misery grew gay,  
 And injur'd virtue wip'd her tears away:  
 How, ever anxious for the public good,  
 E'en while half-cold life's languid current flow'd,  
 With patriot-zeal his gen'rous bosom glow'd. }  
 Such was the man, *Cæsaria!* thou hast lost,  
 His people's \* glory, and his country's † boast;  
 Such was the ruler, lately at thy head,  
 Now laid in dust, and mingled with the dead.  
 Who can but mourn when worth, like his, expires?  
 Sure such a loss a gen'ral woe requires;  
 A conscious gloom let ev'ry visage wear,  
 And ev'ry heart sustain a mournful share;  
 Let floods of sorrow stream from ev'ry eye,  
 And ev'ry bosom heave a pensive sigh:  
 Let ev'ry rank, and ev'ry age deplore  
 The good, the pious BELCHER, now no more,

BUT you it most behoves to mourn his fall,  
 Ye blest inhabitants of *Nassau-Hall!*

\* The inhabitants of *New Jersey*.

† The province of the *Massachusetts-Bay*.



To heav'n's kind smiles, and his paternal care,  
 You owe your leave to breathe *Parnassian* air ;  
 Kind heav'n by him bestows the joys you feel  
 In the calm mansions where the muses dwell ;  
 'Tis by his means you trace art's flowery fields,  
 And taste the fruits which blooming science yields ;  
 By him you soar on philosophic wings,  
 And drink the nectar of *Castalian* springs ;  
 Come then, with me in filial sorrow mourn,  
 And, with your tears, bedew a patron's urn.

BUR ah ! behold another stroke is giv'n,  
 Nor yet exhausted are the shafts of heav'n ;  
 A blow severer still (but GOD is just)  
 Renews our sorrows, disappoints our trust,  
 And oh ! amazing ! brings great BURR to dust. }  
 Scarce has the venerable preacher paid  
 The debt funereal to his BELCHER's shade ;  
 Scarce spoke the virtues of a friend so dear \*,  
 And o'er his ashes shed a mournful tear ;  
 When the dear man receives his summons too,  
 Leaves us in tears, and bids the world adieu ;  
 The sov'reign hand of Providence adores,  
 Submits to fate, and is what he deplores.  
 BELCHER and BURR, by tenderest bands ally'd,  
 Each other's comfort, and *Cæsaria's* pride,  
 Two kindred souls ! ere they resign'd their breath,  
*Pleasant* they were, nor *separate in death*.  
 We, in their fall, two cruel wounds deplore,  
 The *first* was painful, but the *last* is more ;  
 When BELCHER fell, distressing was the blow,  
 But BURR's sad exit consummates our woe :  
 Before, our sorrows were too great to bear,  
 But now we're plung'd in absolute despair.  
 Though dear to all, though honour'd far and wide,  
 In good old age th'illustrious BELCHER dy'd ;

\* In his sermon, at the Governor's funeral.

Replete with years, he to his grave was borne,  
 Just in his season, like a shock of corn;  
 But BURR fell early, hardly past his prime,  
 Mow'd down untimely by the scythe of time;  
 While useful projects in perpetual bloom  
 Promis'd a richer harvest yet to come.  
 Invidious death! how cruel was thy dart  
 To balk our wishes thus! perform'd his part,  
 BELCHER approv'd behind the scenes retires;  
 In all the pomp of action BURR expires:  
 A long day past, in heav'nly splendor drest,  
 BELCHER'S bright star sat glorious in the west;  
 But hapless BURR! fate quench'd his lucid ray,  
 In all the glory of *meridian* day.

LAMENTED BURR! how shall I mourn thy end?  
 My teacher, guide, my father, and my friend!  
 Must I behold thy rev'rend form no more,  
 Nor see the smiles thy pleasant features wore?  
 No longer sit amongst the list'ning throng,  
 Nor hear the heav'nly music of thy tongue? —  
 Ah me! the cutting thought how can I bear,  
 That BURR no longer breathes the vital air!  
 What tongue can tell, how fatal is his fall;  
 How great *my* loss, how great the loss to *all*?

YE *sacred* tribe! come foremost in your turn,  
 Come, and the venerable *preacher* mourn.  
 You've oft observ'd, with what superior skill  
 He brake the bread of life; with flaming zeal  
 Oft have ye heard him from the desk proclaim  
 Dread *Sinai's* thunder, and *Immanuel's* name;  
 How sage t'advise, how ready to impart!  
 How kind his friendship and how good his heart!  
 Oft, when false light might lead your thoughts astray,  
 His prudent counsels pointed out the way;

You've

You've seen how warm his honest bosom glow'd  
 With pious ardour in the cause of God.  
 Come then, in silent pensive woe attend,  
 And deep bewail the *brother* and the *friend*;  
 A *saint* a *preacher* of no vulgar size,  
 Snatch'd from the earth and waisted to the skies.

YE faithful *Guardians* of fair *Nassau-Hall*  
 Attend obsequious to the heav'nly call!  
 Come o'er your orphan-charge your sorrows shed,  
 And mourn it's chief among the silent dead.  
 You long have known him, with unwearied pain,  
 Assiduous toil, nor has he toil'd in vain;  
 How many, once instructed by his care,  
 E'en now declaim with honour at the bar,  
 In sacred eloquence employ their breath,  
 Or rescue mortals from the jaws of death!  
 Short was his sleep; long ere the dawning light,  
 He rose laborious and abridg'd the night;  
 Rose to his work, impatient of delay,  
 And in continual labours spent the day;  
 Then cast on the protection of the skies  
 The infant college, ere he clos'd his eyes.  
 Thus did he act the faithful *regent's* part,  
 Thus his dear charge lay ever on his heart;  
 Thus his improvement in the arts reveal'd,  
 His growing fitness for the chair he fill'd;  
 Where can ye find the man (oh who can tell?)  
 To rear and teach the rising school so well?  
 Ah! who so well as he can bear the sway,  
 And awe and charm the students to obey,  
 Or who so well the scenes of art display?

COME, ye his well-lov'd *pupils*, next draw near,  
 And pay the doleful tribute of a tear,

His

Behold his reverend brethren first of all  
 In solemn state sustain the gloomy pall;  
 See too his pupils in long order come,  
 And wait upon their master to the tomb;  
 While a long train of ev'ry different kind  
 Close the procession and attend behind.  
 As the sad obsequies advance along,  
 A solemn silence sits on ev'ry tongue;  
 Each face a low'ring gloom of sorrow shows,  
 And ev'ry heart akes with uncommon throws;  
 Each pensive bosom heaves a willing sigh,  
 And tears spontaneous gush from ev'ry eye:  
 Then round his grave in anxious pain they mourn,  
 And with their sorrows water all his urn;  
 His *undeck'd* urn, magnificently plain,  
 No tawdry toys nor aught consum'd in vain;  
 Superfluous pomp abridg'd his will bestow'd,  
 To satisfy the craving poor with good,  
 The naked cloath and give the hungry food.

BUT not alone does animated breath  
 Lament his absence and bewail his death;  
 The august *pile*, which oft his presence knew,  
 Seems to bemoan her absent master too:  
 For while I walk along the spacious dome,  
 Or wander musing through each silent room,  
 The plaintive ecchoes of my founding tread,  
 Methinks, complain, and tell me, BURR is dead!  
 While the fair *Hall*, in gloomy fable hung,  
 Seems to deplore the silence of his tongue.

BUT whither am I led? why all this grief?  
 Though great our sorrow 'tisn't past relief;  
 Vast is our loss indeed, our hopes are slain;  
 But his are fated with immortal gain.  
 As I beheld him on his dying bed,  
 While his dear spouse sustain'd his drooping head,

When,

When, nature wasted, he resign'd his breath,  
 And gently sunk into the arms of death;  
 I saw th' exulting spirit leave it's clay,  
 And mount triumphant to the realms of day;  
 When, by attendant guardian-angels nigh  
 In willing crouds conducted to the sky,  
 In heav'nly glories clad, I saw him shine  
 In a bright mansion near the throne divine:  
 There, sinless and dismiss'd from all his toils,  
 He shares his Maker's beatific smiles;  
 There he beholds, no more to be remov'd,  
 With friendly pleasure the dear man he lov'd.  
 Then let our thoughtless tongues no more complain,  
 Dumb be our moans and banish'd all our pain;  
 Let sad BURRISSA'S sighs be all suppress'd,  
 And sooth'd the anguish of her troubled breast;  
 Since the dear man, who once her part'ner stood,  
 Has chang'd this earth for a divine abode,  
 And lives the life of angels, and enjoys his God.

}



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 His *undeck'd* urn, magnificently plain,  
 No tawdry toys nor aught consum'd in vain;  
 Superfluous pomp abridg'd his will bestow'd,  
 To satisfy the craving poor with good,  
 The naked cloath and give the hungry food.

BUT not alone does animated breath  
 Lament his absence and bewail his death;  
 The august *pile*, which oft his presence knew,  
 Seems to bemoan her absent master too:  
 For while I walk along the spacious dome,  
 Or wander musing through each silent room,  
 The plaintive ecchoes of my founding tread,  
 Methinks, complain, and tell me, BURR is dead!  
 While the fair *Hall*, in gloomy fable hung,  
 Seems to deplore the silence of his tongue.

BUT whither am I led? why all this grief?  
 Though great our sorrow 'tisn't past relief;  
 Vast is our loss indeed, our hopes are slain;  
 But his are fated with immortal gain.  
 As I beheld him on his dying bed,  
 While his dear spouse sustain'd his drooping head,

When,

When, nature wasted, he resign'd his breath,  
 And gently sunk into the arms of death;  
 I saw th' exulting spirit leave it's clay,  
 And mount triumphant to the realms of day;  
 When, by attendant guardian-angels nigh  
 In willing crouds conducted to the sky,  
 In heav'nly glories clad, I saw him shine  
 In a bright mansion near the throne divine:  
 There, sinless and dismiss'd from all his toils,  
 He shares his Maker's beatific smiles;  
 There he beholds, no more to be remov'd,  
 With friendly pleasure the dear man he lov'd.  
 Then let our thoughtless tongues no more complain,  
 Dumb be our moans and banish'd all our pain;  
 Let sad BURRISSA'S sighs be all suppress'd,  
 And sooth'd the anguish of her troubled breast;  
 Since the dear man, who once her part'ner stood,  
 Has chang'd this earth for a divine abode,  
 And lives the life of angels, and enjoys his God.

}



THE  
UNFORTUNATE HERO.

A N  
O D E  
Sacred to the MEMORY  
O F  
Viscount GEORGE AUGUSTUS HOWE,  
BARON of *Clenawley*, &c.

Who was slain in a SKIRMISH near *Carillon*,  
*July* the 6th, 1758.

*How are the mighty fallen!* DAVID.

## I.

COME, weeping muse, descend and bring  
Thy well-known lute, thy doleful notes renew,  
With trembling hand strike each complaining string,  
(Thy drooping brows crown'd with funereal yew)  
And in soft plaintive numbers sing  
The hapless fortune of the brave,  
The cruel triumphs of the grave,  
And be the tribute paid,  
The tribute justly due  
To HOWE'S illustrious shade:  
With pensive strains attend his hearse,  
His noble god-like deeds rehearse,  
And crown his mem'ry with a grateful verse.

## II.

COME all ye gen'rous souls that know,  
What 'tis to feel a patriot woe,  
Whose country's losses make your sorrows rise,  
Whose bosoms bleed when valour dies,

Deplore



Deplore the hero's fate ;  
 And while the muse complains  
 And in funereal strains  
 Describes a loss so formidably great,  
 Lay ev'ry smiling joy aside,  
 Let undissembled sorrows flow,  
 And in a briny tide  
 Give your fest passions vent, and all dissolve in woe.

## III.

FROM distant lands the hero came,  
 His heart all glowing with a sacred flame  
 By *Britain's* genius fir'd,  
 By no mean mercenary hopes inspir'd,  
 Nor in pursuit of fame ;  
 But bent on a disinterested aim,  
 A noble aim, divinely great,  
 To save our sinking country from the jaws of fate.  
 Lo ! he spontaneous leaves  
 The joys of peaceful life,  
 To try the chance of martial strife,  
 Intrepid braves  
 The winds and waves,  
 And all the dangers of the raging main ;  
 Danger and toil in vain oppose his way,  
 Our northern regions to his view display  
 Their frightful wilds in vain ;  
 Their frightful wilds beheld him nobly dare,  
 Bound forth impetuous to the war,  
 Nor dread the awful horrors of the wild campaign.

## IV.

NOBLE without a thought of pride,  
 And great without disdain,  
 Howe well cou'd lay the pomp of life aside  
 (When for deliverance his country figh'd)  
 And fare as meanly as the rural swain ;

D 2

Though

Though bred in all the elegance of taste,  
 Inspir'd with martial rage,  
 Th' heroic champion well disdain'd  
 Th' unmanly softness of the age,  
 Nor wou'd he be a guest  
 Where fulsome lux'ry reign'd :  
 The *British* int'rest all his care,  
 His patriot soul  
 Cou'd well controul  
 The appetites of youthful blood ;  
 Content with soldier's fare,  
 He liv'd on simple food,  
 Refus'd the pleasures of the sparkling bowl,  
 And quench'd his thirst in the pure chrystal flood.

## V.

Vice in our army long had held  
 Her arbitrary reign,  
 And guilt enormous with a fouler stain  
 Defil'd the martial field,  
 Than crimson seas of blood, or myriads of slain.  
 Virtue, celestial maid,  
 Long, long conceal'd her head ;  
 Till, shock'd by crimes of monstrous size,  
 The blushing goddess, forc'd to yield,  
 Indignant left the guilty field,  
 And fled, as erst *Astræa*, to her native skies.  
 But when kind providence from far,  
 Call'd Howe, her vot'ry, to the field of war,  
 There she resum'd her former throne,  
 There, in the midst of arms,  
 And with peculiar charms  
 The lovely goddess shone,  
 And clad the fav'rite youth in glories like her own.  
 The fav'rite youth himself obey'd  
 The dictates of the heav'nly maid,

And

And taught his legions to confess her sway ;  
 But vice, infernal monster, saw  
 Her empire overthrown,  
 And, by his great example struck with awe,  
 Or trembling at his frown,  
 Forsook the hallow'd camp, or shunn'd the face of day.

## VI.

OTHERS cou'd plan the future war,  
 Threaten destruction from afar,  
 And make a mighty show ;  
 Vainglorious count a num'rous host,  
 Of mere ideal vict'ries boast,  
 And triumph o'er the yet unconquer'd foe :  
 Modest though valiant, and though youthful wife,  
 Young HOWE cou'd shine in council too ;  
 But he had hands as well as voice,  
 While others talk'd with mighty noise,  
 The active HOWE was form'd to D O.  
 How glow'd with love and wonder every heart,  
 Ye sons of battle, say,  
 When in each toil he bore a part,  
 In ev'ry danger led the way !  
 How did his great example fire each breast,  
 When he abridg'd his hours of rest,  
 And in continual labours worried out the day !  
 Such were the warriors of the days of old,  
 Such *Cincinnatus*, such *Camillus* bold,  
 And the great *Scipios* rose \* ;  
 Heroes like these extensive vengeance hurl'd  
 On *Rome's* perfidious foes,  
 E're luxury's perfidious charms  
 Had spoil'd the temper of her arms ;  
 By thunderbolts like these she once subdu'd the world.

\* ——— *duo fulmina belli*  
*Scipiadas.* ———

VII.

AND so perhaps hadst thou,  
 If heav'n had deign'd to spare  
 Thy useful life, illustrious HOWE !  
 Oblig'd *Canadian* force to bow,  
 And put a period to the doubtful war :  
 We fondly hop'd to see thy sword  
 Deal sudden vengeance on the foe,  
 Their meritorious doom,  
 By some important blow  
 We hop'd to see our rights restor'd,  
 And shout thee living and victorious home ;  
 But ah ! our pleasing dreams are o'er,  
 Our flatt'ring prospects are no more,  
 Our hopes are buried in thy grave ;  
 Where is the man, lamented HOWE !  
 Like thee to head our army now,  
 So active and so brave ?

VIII.

BUT check thy passions, muse, and tell  
 How clos'd a life employ'd so well,  
 How brave the hero fought and how divine he felt.—  
 Behold ! with what a noble mien,  
 All animated yet serene,  
 He meets the ambush'd foe !  
 Warm in his country's cause,  
 And bold as the fam'd *Marlborough* was,  
 His sword the ardent warrior draws,  
 And aims the fatal blow.  
 Intrepid lo ! he stands,  
 And firm maintains his ground,  
 Inspiring with new life his martial bands,  
 And scatt'ring fate around ;  
 Till the dire ball, aim'd with delib'rate art,  
 By some base villain guiltier than the rest,  
 Impetuous penetrates his breast,

And

And lodges in his heart :  
 Expiring with the wound,  
 Down sinks the hero to the ground,  
 And as he falls he cries,  
 " Fight on my friends, and trust the skies,  
 " Nor let your courage languish, tho' your leader dies ;  
 " No ; save your country, and revenge my death."—  
 He can no more.—Fate stops his breath,  
 Eternal slumbers seal his eyes,  
 His spirit issues in a flood of gore,  
 And HOWE, the great, the good, the valiant, is no more.

IX.

CURSE on the wretch, who aim'd the fatal ball !  
 And can ye, *Britons*, see your leader fall  
 Alone, and fall in vain ?  
 No ; give the wretch the fate he gave,  
 Let him not triumph o'er the brave ;  
 But feel just vengeance for an hero slain.—  
 'Tis done—the righteous skies  
 Forbid the rising boast,  
 From the surrounding host  
 His crime recoils upon his head,  
 The deathful lead vindictive flies,  
 Quick stops his guilty breath,  
 Avenges HOWE's untimely death,  
 And down the villain drops, to wait upon his shade.

X.

BUT thee, dear youth, long shall thy country mourn,  
 With grateful tears bedew thy dust,  
 And future ages, to thy mem'ry just,  
 Shall dress with glory thy distinguish'd urn.  
 Long as these regions know th' insulting *Gaul*,  
*America* shall still deplore thy fall ;  
 And while th' historic page  
 Transmits to each succeeding age

B——'s disgrace and A——'s shame,  
 To future times,  
 And distant climes,  
 Loud shall resound thy name,  
 And shine with honour in the rolls of fame.



A N  
**O D E,**  
 O N T H E  
**SURRENDER of LOUISBOURG,**  
 July 27, 1758.

*Imprimis venerare Deum.* VIRG.

*Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat  
 Ventosum et nubes regnaque tristia,  
 Divosque, mortalesque turmas  
 Imperio regit unus æquo.* HOR.

*Aspice venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo!* VIRG.

I.

**T**IS done, 'tis done,  
 The day is won,  
 At length the destin'd blow is giv'n;  
 Though long our woes,  
 And strong our foes,  
 Our cause is still the care of heav'n.

II.

What though the field  
 Oft saw us yield,  
 The palm to the victorious foe,  
 And tell-tale fame  
 Reveal'd our shame,  
 When waves can roll or winds can blow?

III. Our

## III.

Our ardent cries  
 Have reach'd the skies,  
 And gracious heav'n at length repays  
 Our martial toils,  
 Propitious smiles,  
 And bids us hope for happier days.

## IV.

Ye sons of pride!  
 No more deride,  
 Nor vainly glory in your tow'rs;  
 For to your woe,  
 Ye vaunters know,  
 Your boasted *Louisbourg* is ours:

## V.

Ye slaves forbear,  
 Nor longer dare,  
 With your bold taunts insult the brave;  
 Hear to your shame,  
 The voice of fame,  
 "France in her turn has fed the grave."

## VI.

No more forlorn,  
 Ye *Britons*, mourn  
 No more regret our late alarms;  
 In sprightly strains,  
 Ye jovial swains,  
 Now sing the power of *British* arms.

## VII.

No more, no more,  
 As heretofore,  
 Shall *Gallia* uncontroul'd destroy;  
 Then wipe your tears,  
 Dismiss your fears,  
 And give your smiling country joy.

E

VIII. With

## VIII.

With heart and voice,  
 Let all rejoice,  
 And ev'ry loyal *British* tongue  
 In concert join  
 It's shouts with mine,  
 And aid the triumphs of my song.

## IX.

In thankful lays,  
 First sing his praise,  
 Who deigns to make our land his care;  
 Whose breath inspires  
 Heroic fires,  
 The Lord of Hosts the God of war.

## X.

He fires the zeal  
 Which patriots feel,  
 'Tis he that makes our sages wise;  
 PITT feels the flame,  
 Pursues his aim,  
 And acts the counsels of the skies.

## XI.

*Britons*, 'tis he  
 That rules the sea,  
 He bids it's raging billows rise:  
 At his controul,  
 They cease to roll,  
 And all the mighty tumult dies.

## XII.

His sovereign sway  
 The winds obey,  
 That sweep along the watry waste;  
 He fills your sails  
 With fouthern gales,  
 Or sends the furious northern blast.

XIII. The



## XIII.

The winds, his slaves,  
 Across the waves  
 Well waft our mighty squadrons o'er;  
 Secure they sweep  
 The faithless deep,  
 And reach at length the hostile shore.

## XIV.

Safe in his care,  
 Our navy there  
 Rides out the siege in solemn state;  
 While *France*, in pain,  
 Attempts in vain  
 To save her *Louisbourg* from fate.

## XV.

In vain she fights,  
 In vain she tries,  
 By force to ward the dire alarms;  
 By heav'n detain'd,  
 The fleet ordain'd  
 To check the progress of our arms;

## XVI.

But our's is seen,  
 Like *Neptune's* queen,  
 The sov'reign mistress of the flood:  
 Nor *France* can brave,  
 Nor tempests stave,  
 The fleet that boasts a guardian-god.

## XVII.

Each martial band  
 He guards to land,  
 And fires amid the wild uproar;  
 O'er dashing waves,  
 And gaping graves,  
 Fearless they climb the rocky shore:

## XVIII.

The roaring main,  
 And rocks in vain,  
 In all their dreadful horrors rise;  
 In vain our foes  
 Presume t' oppose  
 The heav'n-directed enterprize;

## XIX.

Divinely led,  
 Our soldiers shed  
 Fear and confusion on the foe;  
 Amaz'd they yield,  
 Or quit the field,  
 And trembling dread th' impending blow:

## XX.

The blow at length,  
 To *Gallic* strength,  
 By *Britain's* awful thunder giv'n;  
 Th' important blow,  
 For which we owe  
 Sincere thanks t' indulgent heav'n.

## XXI.

Then *Britons* join  
 The work divine,  
 Come and address the pow'r supreme;  
 In humble lays,  
 Your voices raise,  
 And shout loud honours to his name:

## XXII.

Nor let your tongues,  
 In thoughtless songs,  
 Prefer a lifeless sacrifice;  
 From hearts on fire,  
 Let thanks aspire,  
 Like clouds of incense to the skies.

## XXIII.

XXIII.

“ Almighty Lord \* !  
“ Thy conq’ring sword  
“ Has glorious but tremendous charms ;  
“ What mortal dare  
“ With THEE compare ?  
“ How dreadful is a GOD in arms !

XXIV.

“ What arm but thine,  
“ Thou pow’r divine !  
“ Cou’d humble thus the haughty foe ?  
“ Thy arm we own ;  
“ Thy arm alone  
“ Could deal the dread avenging blow :

XXV.

“ Of fleet or host  
“ We dare not boast,  
“ Lord, we confess the work divine :  
“ Thee we adore ;  
“ For sov’reign pow’r  
“ Thine is ; and be the glory thine.”—

XXVI.

Nor must my song  
Forgetful wrong  
Our chiefs, those mighty bolts of war,  
The thund’rer chose,  
To dash our foes,  
And save the people of his care.

XXVII.

By martial skill,  
And prudent zeal,

\* *Vid.* Exod. xv. 1—19.

AMHERST has earn'd immortal fame;  
 Let glory shed  
 On BOSCAWEN's head,  
 Such rays as grace the hero's name.

## XXVIII.

Be WOLFE renown'd;  
 Be LAWRENCE crown'd,  
 And WHITMORE with deserv'd applause;  
 Let HARDY shine  
 In *Britain's* Line,  
 And all grow great in *Britain's* cause.

## XXIX.

Bold sons of war!  
 Who nobly dare  
 Insulting *Gallia's* bold alarms  
 At length repay,  
 And wipe away  
 Dishonour cast on *British* arms:

## XXX.

Through ev'ry age,  
 Th' historic page  
 Their deeds with honour shall rehearse;  
 And bards unborn  
 Shall well adorn  
 Their names embalm'd in lofty verse.

## XXXI.

Mean while, ye swains  
 On *British* plains,  
 Their praise in rural songs begin;  
 Attend, ye fair,  
 The wreaths prepare,  
 And dress their brows in living green.

XXXII.

Let heav'n's kind smiles,  
And *Gallic* spoils,  
Your thankful hearts and tongues employ ;  
Devoutly gay,  
Those spoils survey,  
*Britons*, and give a loose to joy.

XXXIII.

Let cannons roar  
From shore to shore,  
Heav'n's guardian pow'r aloud proclaim,  
With awful voice,  
Express our joys,  
And far resound each hero's name :

XXXIV.

Let *Gallia* hear,  
*Conadia* fear,  
And savage nations dare no more  
Tempt *Britain's* stroke ;  
But own her yoke,  
And trembling *Britain's* GOD adore.



TO  
GENERAL AMHERST,  
Passing through LONG-ISLAND.

AMHERST, while crouds attend you on your way,  
The debt of love and gratitude to pay ;  
To greet the hero heav'n was pleas'd t'employ,  
To scourge our foes, and give our country joy ;  
Permit the muse to join the joyful throng,  
And pay the grateful tribute of a song :

Oh

Oh may her song obtain thy gentle smile!  
 While thus she bids you welcome to our *isle*.

HAIL, AMHERST brave! illustrious hero, hail!  
 Fain would the muse repeat the pleasing tale;  
 Fain would she in triumphant numbers tell,  
 How late *you* fought, and how *Cape-Breton* fell,  
 But well she knows, disgustful is applause  
 To one so zealous in his country's cause;  
 Though just, thy modest blush would not approve  
 Th' applauding strain of gratitude and love;  
 Great minds, like thine, from conscious worth receive  
 Superior joys to those the muse can give;  
 Yet oh! indulge her, while she would make known  
 Her country's obligations and her own.  
 Much we're indebted to thy martial skill,  
 Thy prudent conduct and delib'rate zeal;  
 No wild tumultuous and ungovern'd rage,  
 No frantic ardor fir'd you to engage:  
 Prudence with zeal combin'd your soul possess,  
 And steady manly courage fir'd your breast.  
 Like FABIUS\* Rome's wise general of old,  
 Though brave and active, yet not rashly bold,  
 Tender of lives, and circumspectly slow,  
 Cautious but sure, you gave the destin'd blow.  
*Well hast thou done*, thy thankful country cries,  
*Well hast thou done*, thy sovereign replies;  
 A prelude to the plaudit of the skies.

Go on, brave AMHERST, long mayst thou enjoy  
 Thy prince's trust, and give thy country joy;  
 Beneath heav'n's smiles, oh mayst thou still advance,  
 And humble more the tow'ring pride of *France*;

\* *Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem.* VIRG.

THE PATRIOT MUSE. 41

Glorious in arms, still triumph o'er our foes.  
And with fresh laurels yet adorn thy brows:  
Still shine in BRITAIN'S cause, and may thy name  
Grac'd by thy actions meet immortal fame.



BRITAIN'S GLORY,  
OR  
GALLIC PRIDE HUMBL'D:

A PINDARIC ODE.

Compos'd on the taking of QUEBEC.

M DCC LIX.

*Sicelides musæ, paullo majora canamus.  
Tu regere imperio populos, BRITANNE, memento;  
Hæ tibi erunt artes pacisque imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos. VIRG.*

I.

WHILE injur'd Britain's indignation glows,  
And in tremendous show'rs  
Extensive ruin pow'rs  
On her perfidious foes;  
While she the sword of justice wields,  
And fills *Canadia's* rugged fields  
With terrible alarms;  
While proud QUEBECCA yields,  
And swarthy savage nations fear  
Incens'd Britain's vengeance near,  
And wond'ring tremble while they hear  
The thunder of her arms;  
Kind heav'n's indulgent smiles,  
False *Gallia's* baffled wiles

F

And

And *Britain's* conquests all my thoughts employ :  
 Fain would I join the voice of fame,  
 And in triumphant sounds proclaim  
*Britannia's* glory, *Gallia's* shame ;  
 Boast heav'n's peculiar care, and give a nation joy.

## II.

Oft has the muse, in some soft rural strain,  
 Bewail'd her bleeding country's woes ;  
 Oft has she mourn'd her heroes slain,  
 The sword of justice drawn in vain,  
 And the too easy triumphs of her haughty foes.  
 The conscious forests heard her tell  
 By savage hands how BRADDOCK fell,  
 And sing sad dirges to his awful ghost ;  
 Lament *Britannia's* slaughter'd sons,  
 In artless solitary moans,  
 Join her deep sighs to *Pensylvania's* groans,  
 And mourn *Ofwego* and *Minorca* lost.  
 Th' alarming conquest of the *Gaul*,  
 In *William-Henry's* sudden fall,  
 She taught her lute to mourn ;  
 And ere *Ticonderoga's* field  
 Saw *British* troops ignobly yield,  
 She drop'd a tear o'er *Howe's* untimely urn,  
 And when indulgent heav'n  
 Proud *Louisbourg* had giv'n  
 To *Britain's* arms again ;  
 In joyful rural lays,  
 She sung our heav'nly guardian's praise,  
 Exulting hail'd the glad campaign,  
 And bade *New-Albion* hope for happier days. —  
 But now those days appear ;  
 Events stupendous aggrandize the year,  
 Strike us with glad surprize and ask a loftier strain.

III. *Genius*



## III.

*Genius of Britain!* (awful name!)  
 Indulge an humble bard's request,  
 Propitious smile, and fire his breast  
 With thine enthusiastic flame;  
 Let vast ideas through his fancy roll,  
 Let mighty raptures swell his soul,  
 And be his numbers worthy of his theme!  
 Thine influence *Britain's* awful monarch knows,  
 Her faithful earthly guardian \* owns  
 Thine animating charms;  
 With patriot-flames his bosom glows;  
 Rouz'd by thy voice, *Britannia's* sons  
 Resolve just vengeance on her foes,  
 Forget the blandishments of peace,  
 And, kindling at war's dire alarms,  
 Leap from the downy lap of ease,  
 And lead their gallant troops intrepid forth to arms.  
 Oh while thy breath inspires the sage,  
 While all thine ardor fires the hero's rage,  
 May the young bard thine aid engage  
 To his advent'rous lay!  
 Be it as smiling vict'ry gay,  
 Tremendous as *Britannia's* sword,  
 Majestic as her god-like lord,  
 Like her resistless pow'r,  
 By limits uncontroul'd,  
 Like her intrepid heroes bold,  
 Triumphant as her banners play,  
 And dreadful as her naval thunders roar.  
 What though a rural swain  
 Unskilful be my tongue?  
 Yet can I sing, and in no vulgar strain,  
 If thou, kind pow'r, propitious deign  
 To patronize th'attempt and animate my song.

\* Mr. PITT.

## IV.

*Britannia* long indignant mourn'd  
 Her disappointed aim,  
 Her oft dishonour'd name,  
 Her gallant troops repuls'd with shame,  
 Her offers slighted and her vengeance scorn'd.  
 Triumphant in their crimes,  
 From their wild northern climes,  
 The cruel murd'ers of the times,  
 She saw proud *Gallia's* servile sons advance ;  
 While, with parental pain,  
 She saw her own free children slain,  
 Unhappy victims to the pride of *France*.  
 Dejected on the ground  
 And desolate she lay,  
 While heav'n tremendous frown'd,  
 And shed it's dismal horrors round,  
 Without one smiling ray  
 Of joyful hope to chear the sullen gloom ;  
 Tumultuously distress'd  
 With presage dire of heavier woes to come,  
 And frantic with despair,  
 She tore her loose neglected hair,  
 Astonish'd smote her boding breast,  
 And anxious trembled at th'impending doom.

## V.

At length heav'n's gentle smile,  
 When most it's vengeance low'r'd,  
 Compassionately pour'd  
 The animating ray ;  
 Deliv'rance dawn'd o'er *Royal Isle\**,  
 Despers'd th'incumbent gloom,  
 Revers'd the threat'ned doom,  
 And gave sure earnest of a brighter day.  
 Now with uninterrupted blaze  
 That day of glory flames,

\* *Louisbourg*.

Now

Now gracious heav'n displays  
 Its sweetly smiling face,  
 And shines on *Britain* with continual beams.  
 So some black dismal night,  
 Without a ray of chearing light,  
 Involves the globe awhile ;  
 Like that which *Pharaoh's* court o'erspread,  
 Substantial to the touch, and shed  
 Its dusky horrors o'er the land of *Nile*.  
 At length, in radiance drest,  
 The morn salutes our eyes,  
 Beams from the windows of the east,  
 And darts its glories streaming o'er the skies :  
 With ruddy flames bright æther glows,  
 Wide and more wide the gay effulgence flows,  
 And puts the shades to flight ;  
 Till, hast'ning on his morning way,  
 Like a young bridegroom gay,  
 The sun, exhaustless source of light,  
 Victorious o'er conflicting night,  
 Looks glorious forth and consummates the day.

## VI.

Auspicious day ! that glorious shines  
 On *Britain's* bold designs,  
 That spreads her conquests wide,  
 And makes proud *Gallia's* humbled pride  
 Feel the just vengeance she so oft defy'd.  
 Important date of noble deeds !  
 When all our rights restor'd  
 By *Britain's* conq'ring sword,  
*New-Albion's* rescu'd, and *Canadia* bleeds.  
*Bound ev'ry heart, and ev'ry bosom burn !*  
 Since with the fairest fame  
 Heav'n condescends t' adorn  
 The once dishonour'd *British* name,  
 Bids *Britain* triumph, and proud *Gallia* mourn.

VII. What

## VII.

What though we long deplor'd  
 Our wisest counsels crost,  
 Saw with regret our labour lost,  
 And the defeated valour of *Britannia's* sword;  
 Since now the skies succeed  
 Each well-concerted scheme,  
 And her vast conquests far exceed  
 The largest hopes the boldest thought cou'd frame.  
 So once with trembling dread,  
 At *Si* the sons of *Israel* fled  
 Tumultuous o'er the plain;  
 And, while their gentile foes prevail'd,  
 Blush'd at their weakness, and bewail'd  
 Their efforts baffled, and their brethren slain;  
 But lo! at length  
 They gain new strength,  
 When, by divine command,  
 And by celestial conduct led,  
 With valiant *JOSHUA* at their head,  
 The fav'rite troops victorious spread  
 The triumphs of their arms extensive o'er the land.

## VIII.

First *Guadaloupe*, by *Gallia's* sword  
 Defended long in vain,  
 Submits to *Britain's* mightier lord,  
 And owns his gentler reign;  
*Niagara* next deploras  
 Her vanquish'd succours, and, with all her stores,  
 An helpless prey to *British* valour falls;  
 Mean while the foe reluctant yields  
*Ticonderoga's* fatal fields,  
 And gives up *Fred'ric's* long disputed walls:  
 At length her boasted guardian squadrons broke,

On *Abr'ham's*, memorable plain,  
 By glorious *WOLFE's* advent'rous stroke,  
*Quebec* submits to *Britain's* yoke,  
 And crowns the glad campaign.

## IX.

Ah *WOLFE*! the mention of thy name  
 Damps in my breast th' heroic flame,  
 And gloomy scenes far other thoughts inspire;  
 Smit by thy truly noble deeds,  
 Brave man! my conscious bosom bleeds,  
 To think such merit shou'd so soon expire.

And shall the martial lay  
 Triumphantly display  
*Britannia's* victories?  
 And not the fun'ral strain  
 In pensive moans complain,  
 When ah! perhaps her bravest hero dies?  
 Yes, thou shalt now my thoughts employ,  
 Awhile I'll bid adieu to joy,  
 And in soft mis'ry mourn;  
 Awhile my cheartful tongue  
 Shall drop the gay unfinish'd song,  
 And sing the dirge funereal o'er thy urn.

## X.

*Britain*, dear shade, indignant grieves  
 To be victorious at thy cost;  
 She mourns thy fall, and scarce believes  
 The conquest glorious, where her *WOLFE* is lost.  
 While she triumphant twines  
 For her surviving sons the *laurel* wreath,  
 To martial merit due,  
 Struck by thy hapless fate, she joins  
 The *cypress* and the *yew*,  
 To mourn her loss and their's in thy lamented death.

But

But thou cou'dst not repine,  
 Thou freely cou'dst resign  
 In *Britain's* cause thy breath;  
 Cou'dst act the patriot hero's part,  
 And bear thy country on thy heart,  
 Ev'n while it languish'd in the pangs of death.

## XI.

As once the *DECII* certain death defy'd,  
 T' insure *Rome* conquest and devoted dy'd;  
 As *CURTIUS*, noble youth! intrepid brav'd  
 The gulph wide-yawning, and his country sav'd;  
 So thou, brave *WOLFE*, durst, at the heav'nly call,  
 Rush into ruin's open jaws,  
 Thus like those heroes didst thou greatly fall,  
 Thyself devoted in thy country's cause.

Long as *Quebec* shall rear aloft her head,  
 Long as her rocks her stable walls sustain,  
 Long as *Laurentius* in his spacious bed,  
 Rolls his vast tide of waters to the main;  
 So long, O *WOLFE*, thy memory shall bloom,  
 And deathless laurels flourish on thy tomb.

## XII.

*BOURBON*! thy restless soul,  
 Impatient of controul,  
 Has long aspir'd to universal sway;  
 Thou wou'dst extend thine arbitrary rod,  
 Bid kingdoms tremble at thy nod,  
 Reign the sole sov'reign like a god,  
 And make a world obey.  
 Deaf to the sacred laws of right,  
 And usurpation thy delight,  
 Long hast thou aim'd, with ceaseless pains,  
 To gripe *New-Albion* in thy chains;  
 But the great sov'reign of the sky  
 Saw thy bold aim with jealous eye,

Firm to his own eternal laws,  
 And merciful as just,  
 He pitied *Britain's* injur'd cause,  
 Indignant broke  
 Thine iron yoke,  
 Dispers'd thy hopes like transient smoke,  
 And cast thy pride confounded to the dust.  
 What though thine arms cou'd foil  
*Britannia's* troops awhile,  
 And triumph in her woe?  
 Heav'n suffer'd thee to speed,  
 Thy vanity to feed,  
 And aggravate thy final overthrow.

XIII.

Abject, ashamed, forlorn,  
 Thy own confusion, *Britain's* scorn  
*How art thou fall'n, proud offspring of the morn!*  
 How foil'd the glory of thy crown  
 Which lately so illustrious shone!  
 While drawn thy lawless sword,  
 T' invade these western realms of *Britain's* lord  
 Infatiate monarch! thou hast lost *thy own*.  
 So, with ambition fir'd,  
 Once *Lucifer* aspir'd,  
 T' usurp the throne divine;  
 At length, by righteous vengeance driv'n  
 From his exalted seat in heav'n,  
 The disappointed seraph curs'd his vain design.

XIV.

Thus, O thou monarch of the skies!  
 For ever let th' ambitious fare,  
 Whose impious hearts profanely dare,  
 By guilty arts to rise;  
 Thus let their own invented snare  
 Intangle all the sons of violence and lies!

G

But

But oh! on GEORGE the just  
 Still show'r thy blessings down,  
 Brighten the glories of his crown,  
*In righteousness confirm his throne,*  
 And be his lawless foes all humbled to the dust!  
 Already his victorious arms  
 Fright haughty *Gallia* with alarms;  
 Proud *Louis* trembles on his throne:  
 We view the scene with glad surprize;  
 But, LORD, the glory we disown,  
 Far hence ye guilty boasts, begone!  
*Thine is the work, O GOD, and wond'rous in our eyes.*

## XV.

Still, O great guardian of our state,  
 The glorious work pursue,  
 And, while thou dost our foreign foes defeat,  
 Our worse intestine foes subdue;  
 Make thy salvation, LORD, complete,  
 And from our sins grant us deliv'rance too.  
 O may the present age  
 See sin and sorrow cease;  
 May rival hosts no more engage,  
 May nations lay aside their rage,  
 And beat their arms to instruments of peace!  
 Hasten on the glorious day,  
 When CHRIST his banner shall display,  
 And draw his conqu'ring sword;  
 When all earth's kingdoms shall submit,  
 In willing homage at his feet;  
 When monarchs shall contend no more,  
 But all with one consent adore  
 MESSIAH, *king supreme and universal* LORD.



A N

## H Y M N,

Sung at *Huntington* on *Long-Island* in *New-York*,  
*Nov. 22d, 1759*; being a day of general  
 thanksgiving, for the success of the *British*  
 arms. Composed at the desire of the preacher,  
 on his text, *viz. NUMB. XXIII. 23.*

I.

W H E N *Israel's* sons, a num'rous train,  
 Once pitch'd their tents on *Moab's* plain,  
*Balak*, malicious and afraid,  
 Of *Balaam* ask'd mysterious aid:

II.

Thus he bespoke the pagan priest,  
 "Come from the mountains of the east,  
 "Come curse the sons of *Israel* nigh,  
 "Come and the *Hebrew* host defy."

III.

*Balaam* the royal call obey'd,  
 And from on high their camp survey'd;  
 There thrice he try'd infernal charms,  
 To check the pow'r of *Israel's* arms;

IV.

But when authority divine  
 As oft forbid the bold design,  
 He saw his folly and confess,  
 He cou'd not curse whom *God* had blest;

## V.

“ *Nor magic arts can hurt,*” he cries,  
 “ *A people sacred to the skies ;*  
 “ *Nor can thy sword, O Balak, brave*  
 “ *An army heav’n resolves to save.*”

## VI.

Thus though, in this tumultuous age,  
 The *antichristian* pow’rs engage,  
 God’s fav’rite people to destroy,  
 And dark infernal arts employ ;

## VII.

Yet shall Omnipotence deride  
 Their feeble spite, confound their pride ;  
 Guarded by heav’n the church shall dwell  
 Safe from the rage of earth and hell.

## VIII.

Nor *war* can ravage *Zion’s* coasts,  
 Defended by the *Lord of hosts* ;  
 Nor *wiles* infernal sap th’ abode,  
 That entertains a guardian God.

## IX.

Almighty guardian of our land,  
 We own the wonders of thine hand ;  
 Thou hast our foes’ mad fury brav’d,  
 Hast humbled *France*, and *Britain* sav’d :

## X.

To thee we still direct our eyes,  
 To thee who heard’st our mournful cries ;  
 Since thou hast wip’d away our tears,  
 We’ll trust thy grace for future years.

A N

H Y M N,

Sung at *Huntington*, May the 13th, 1760 ;  
after a Sermon preached to the provincials  
of *Suffolk-County*, from *Ecclesiastes IX. 18.*

I.

I N vain are num'rous *hosts* in arms  
To quell a warlike foe,  
The *cannon's* voice gives vain alarms,  
The *sword* a feeble blow ;

II.

If without *military skill*  
The threat'ning troops engage ;  
Opposing pow'rs, unconquer'd still,  
May scorn their frantic rage :

III.

But force and skill may *both* be crost,  
And fruitless *both* may prove ;  
Unless *religion* rule the host,  
That *wisdom* from above.

IV.

Religion, heav'nly wisdom, guides  
The martial enterprize,  
And gains the camp where she resides  
The favour of the skies ;

V.

'Tis she the pious soldier's breast  
With manly courage warms,  
She cheers his spirits when deprest,  
And fires his soul to arms.

VI. Unanxious

## VI.

Unanxious for his mortal breath,  
Safe in heav'n's guardian care,  
The christian hero smiles at death,  
And calm enjoys the war;

## VII.

But *guilt* must shock the boldest heart,  
Unless by frenzy steel'd,  
Make death more dreadful, and impart  
Fresh horrors to the field:

## VIII.

Conscious of past flagitious deeds,  
The dastard aims to fly;  
Or wounded he reluctant bleeds,  
And trembling dreads to die.

## IX.

Vice, universal in the field,  
May blast the best design;  
Or ev'n one sinner, though conceal'd,  
Procure the curse divine;

## X.

So were from *Ai*, in ancient times,  
The sons of *Israel* driv'n;  
And single *Achan's* secret crimes  
Provok'd the frowns of heav'n.

T O T H E  
O F F I C E R S.

**G**O, fellow *Britons*, arm'd with terror, go,  
 Assert your country and chastise the foe;  
 Let *Britain's* wrong'd but righteous cause inspire  
 The patriot's zeal and all the hero's fire;  
 Let *Gauls* once gentle, now inhuman grown \*  
 Tremble at your's and angry *Britain's* frown.  
*Gauls*, who bely their thoughts with treach'rous art  
*Smiles* on their lips, but *cruelty* at heart.  
 Go, bid the civiliz'd *barbarians* die,  
 Victims to vengeance, or inglorious fly;  
 Make tawny painted savage villains feel  
 The fatal *lead*, and the vindictive *steel*;  
 Fall, by their own unmanly methods slain,  
 And howl their hideous martial *yell* in vain.  
 May heav'n protect you in the doubtful fight,  
 And screen you from the ball's destructive flight;  
 Till, to your arms propitious, vict'ry spreads  
 Her golden pinions glorious o'er your heads!  
 May your brave deeds, through heav'n's auspicious smile,  
 Advance the glory of fair *Nassau-Isle*!  
 May your gay brows triumphant laurels crown,  
 Your country's honour and your own renown!  
 May you at length safe quit the dire alarms,  
 Change the *rough scene* of *war* for female charms,  
 And *play* instead of *fight*, each in his spouse's arms!

† Alluding to some late astonishing instances of cruelty exercised upon *English* captives.

A N

## A C R O S T I C.

W HO's this to whom the helm of state is giv'n?  
 I s't not some seraph from the court of heav'n?  
 L ike *Michael* once of heav'n's insulted laws,  
 L o he stands guardian of our injur'd cause!  
 I n vain proud *Louis*, with deceit unknown,  
 A mbitious of dominions not his own,  
 M eans to usurp the British monarch's throne.

P IRT is the man; 'tis he, with patriot zeal,  
 I mploy's his counsels for the public weal:  
 T hough *AMHERST* *wields*, 'tis he *directs* the lance;  
 T he boast of *Britain*, and the scourge of *France*.





L A

L A M E N T A T I O N

D E

L O U I S X V .

Sur les VICTOIRES des ANGLOIS,

A. D. MDCC LX.



H

L A  
L A M E N T A T I O N  
D E  
L O U I S XV.

Sur les VICTOIRES des ANGLOIS,  
A. D. MDCCCLX.

Q U E dirai-je ?  
Que ferai-je ?  
Pauvre miserable roi !  
Ah ! personne  
La couronne  
N'embarasse autant que moi.

*L'Amérique*  
*Bretannique*  
J'ai pû piller ci-devant ;  
De *ma* terre  
Par la guerre  
Je suis chassé maintenant.

Le carnage  
De peu sage  
BRADDOCK trop remplit mon cœur  
D'allegresse,  
Sans tristesse,  
Pour regretter *Beau-sejour* ;

Bienque perte  
Fût soufferte  
Sous *Dieskau*, par talion,  
Je pris gage  
Du dommage  
Fort *Oswego* et *Mahon* ;

Dans



THE  
L A M E N T A T I O N  
O F  
L E W I S X V.

On Occasion of the CONQUESTS of the ENGLISH,  
A. D. M D C C L X.

PENSIVE, trembling and embarrass'd,  
What expedients shall I try?  
Sure no monarch e'er was harrass'd  
With such ill success as I.

Once those wide dominions yonder,  
Subject to the *British* crown,  
I without controul cou'd plunder,  
Now I can't defend *my own*.

BRADDOCK's army slain at leisure  
By my troops, conceal'd secure,  
Fill'd my heart with too much pleasure,  
To regret lost *Beau-sejour* ;

When *Dieskau*, in his rash action,  
Was by JOHNSON overthrown,  
Soon I seiz'd, for satisfaction,  
Fort *Oswego* and *Mahon* ;

Dans la fuite,  
Lorsque vite  
*William-Henry* J'abatois ;  
Les alarmes  
De mes armes  
Firent trembler les *Anglois* :

Mais peu graves,  
Et trop braves,  
Quand l'affaut à Carillon  
Ils donnoient,  
Et marchoient  
Jusqu'a l'ame du cannon ;

Quel ravage,  
Quel carnage,  
Tout renversa chaque rang !  
Que la terre  
(Belle guerre !)  
Fût abreuvée de sang !

Mais qu'importe  
De la sorte  
Rappeller dans la memoire  
Mes conquêtes,  
Car defaites  
Ont, hélas ! terni ma gloire.

Ah ! fans cesse,  
En detresse,  
Moi, il faut, noyé des larmes,  
Que Je pleure  
A-cette-heure,  
Le deshonneur de mes armes.

When my gallant troops assembled  
Fill'd *Fort William* with alarms;  
Ev'ry *British* province trembled  
At the thunder of my arms :

But when that fool-hardy nation  
Durst to *Carillon* advance,  
And, with blind precipitation,  
Brave th' artillery of *France* ;

How in gore, like floods of water,  
Was the field of battle drown'd !  
What a glorious dreadful slaughter  
Mow'd whole thousands to the ground !

But ah ! what avails the story  
Of past triumphs thus display'd ?  
Since defeats have stain'd my glory,  
And my short-liv'd laurels fade.

Since *Britannia* all-prevailing  
Still my trembling heart alarms,  
I shou'd rather tell bewailing  
The dishonour of my arms.

Fortune,

La fortune  
 Que la lune  
 Plus inconstante et volage,  
 M'abandonne,  
 En friponne,  
 Et ne m'aide davantage.

Le tonnerre  
 D'Angleterre  
 M'a contraint bon gré malgré,  
 Loin d'en prendre,  
 A lui rendre  
 Tout le bien que J'eus gagné.

Chose honteuse  
 Et facheuse  
 Ceux-ci rendre quoiqu'il soit,  
 Plus encore  
 Je deplore  
 Ceux que J'avois à bon droit;

Mes tranquilles  
 Fortes villes  
 Souffrent tous les maux de guerre;  
 Les outragent  
 Et ravagent  
 Loups farouches d'Angleterre.

Ils avide  
 Si rapides  
 Vont victorieux toujours;  
 Qu'incapable  
 Soit le diable,  
 Même en arrêter le cours.

Fortune, cruel jilt! has left me,  
 (Goddeſs fickle as the moon!)  
 Of her former ſmiles bereft me,  
 And denies the wonted boon.

By *Britannia's* dreadful thunder,  
 Spite of ramparts I'm conſtrain'd,  
 To reſtore her all the plunder  
 My ſucceſſful arms had gain'd.

Shameful 'tis, that, once victorious,  
 All my trophies I reſign;  
 How much more to loſe inglorious  
 That which was *in juſtice mine*;

Each once happy peaceful city  
 Falls a prey to lawleſs pow'r;  
 And my armies, without pity,  
 Furious *British* WOLVES devour.

With ſuch eagerneſs they ravage  
 My dominions far and near;  
 Satan cou'd not, they're ſo ſavage,  
 Check their violent career.

Moi, Je tâche,  
Sans relache,  
Aider *Louisbourg* en vain,  
Et defendre  
De se rendre  
*Guadaloupe* et *Fort-Duquesne* ;

Ils ensuite  
Gagnent vite,  
Ce que fût l'occasion  
De leur pique,  
Frédérique,  
Niagara et Carillon :

Bientôt même  
La supreme,  
Ma *Quebec* rend ses drapeaux,  
Et succombe,  
Lorsque tombe  
Le plus grand des generaux.

Ah ! quelle honte,  
Fait le conte,  
Quel deshonneur à ma gloire,  
Qu'ont pû quatre  
Dix combattre  
Et remporter la victoire !

Rien efface  
La disgrace,  
Et *Quebec* au coup de main  
Pas soumise,  
L'entreprise  
Tombe, tout-a-fait en vain ;

On my guardian care depended  
 Trembling *Louisbourg* in vain ;  
 And my troops in vain defended  
*Guadaloupe* and *Fort Duquesne* ;

'Tis a mournful task to mention,  
 How my foes at leisure won  
*Crown-point*, bone of long contention,  
*Niagara* and *Carillon* :

Without any to befriend her,  
 Sov'reign mistress though she reign,  
 Ev'n *Quebec* must soon surrender,  
 When her guardian hero's slain.

But, oh scandal ! how inglorious,  
 That so meanly *ten* should yield !  
 When, though over-match'd victorious  
*Four* persist and keep the field.

The concerted expedition,  
 Far from cancelling my shame,  
 Still more humbles my ambition,  
 Still more blemishes my fame ;

Mon armée,  
 Sur l'entrée,  
 Des renforts pour garnison,  
 Lâche quitte,  
 Par la fuite,  
 Tout leur camp à l'abandon.

Encore maître  
 Bientôt être  
 Je songeais ; mais si souvent  
 On me prive,  
 Qu'il m'arrive  
 En-effêt tout-autrement.

Car encore  
 Plus de gloire  
 Vient d'embellir les *Anglois* ;  
 Et plus d'honte,  
 Qui surmonte  
 L'autre, tacher les *François* ;

En courage  
 Brave et sage,  
 AMHERST prend l'*Isle Royale*,  
 Et abaisse,  
 Bien à l'aise  
 Tout l'orgueil de *Montreal*.

Mon empire  
 Se retire  
 De deffous mon sceptre là ;  
 En se gorge  
 Gourmand GEORGE,  
 Le seul roi de *Canada*.



Soon as fresh recruits withstand 'em  
 How my dastard soldiers yield,  
 Leave their camp and all at random,  
 And affrighted quit the field?

Then I fondly hop'd my losses  
 By my efforts to repair;  
 But, so frequent are my crosses,  
 Now, alas! I quite despair.

Further cheaply-gain'd successes  
 Britain's glory still advance;  
 But more scandalous disgraces  
 Sully the renown of *France*:

Happy AMHERST, great commander,  
 Triumphs over *Isle Royale*,  
 And with ease, like *Alexander*,  
 Bows the pride of *Montreal*.

There my empire's in submission  
 To proud GEORGE's boasted sway;  
 Now he gluts his wild ambition,  
 Single king of *Canada*.

Mais J'ai crainte  
 Que, sans *feinte*\*,  
 Son armée ne s'avance,  
 Et foumette,  
 Par conquête,  
 Le royaume encore de *France* ;

Ici *maître*  
*Vrai*, peut être,  
 Il fera, et quant à moi,,  
 Ah ! peu brave,  
 En esclave,  
 Je n'aurai que *nom du roi* :

Ce legere  
 N'est chimere,  
 Non ; car autrefois sa flotte  
 Fit ravage,  
 ( Grand outrage ! )  
 Alentour de nôtre côte.

Mais la guerre  
 Sur la terre  
 Pas me seulement chagrine ;  
 Morbleu ! m'outré  
 Aussi, foutre ! †  
 Le malheur de ma marine.

\* C'est une allusion à l'entreprise inutile sur l'isle d'*Aix*.  
 A. D. 1758.

† C'est un mot impertinent dont les *François* se servent presque incessamment ; j'espere dont que j'aurai le pardon du lecteur, s'il n'a point de signification ici.

But, what's still more sad, I tremble,  
 Lest ambitious he advance,  
 (Since his ships no more dissemble\*)  
 And invade the realm of *France*;

He perhaps will soon victorious  
 Rule this kingdom, to my shame,  
*Real monarch*, while inglorious  
 I have nothing but the *name*:

This is no fantastic notion,  
 For his fleet, which has ingross'd  
 Chief dominion o'er the ocean,  
 Not long since ranfack'd my coast.

Nor by *land* alone have cross'd  
 My once-glorious arms profan'd,  
 No, I mourn besides the losses  
 My proud *navy* has sustain'd.

\* Alluding to the fruitless descent on the island of *Aix*.  
 A. D. 1758.

Courte et triste  
Est la liste  
De mes foudroyans châteaux ;  
Car Je note,  
Que ma flotte  
Manque plus de *cent* vaisseaux.

Ah ! me sonde  
Tout le monde,  
Et ma banqueroute sent,  
Et personne  
Ni me donne,  
Ni me prête de l'argent ;

Il faut fondre,  
Pour répondre  
Aux moyens de ma défense,  
Mes *vaiselles*  
Les plus belles,  
Et en payer la dépense :

Pleins de rage,  
Sans courage,  
Mes sujets s'étant perdus,  
Me méprisent  
Et maudissent,  
Et pour moi Je suis confus.

Que dirai-je ?  
Que ferai-je ?  
Pauvre méprisable roi !  
Ah ! personne  
Sur un trône  
N'est si malheureux que moi.

How my naval strength is shaken!  
How my fleet's reduc'd, begar!  
*Britain* has destroy'd or taken  
Full *an hundred* ships of war.

Bankrupt and o'erwhelm'd with sorrow,  
All the world beholds my shame;  
I can neither beg nor borrow  
Money to pursue the game;

Barr'd all other try'd resources,  
(So distressing is my fate!  
Ere I can augment my forces,  
I'm oblig'd to coin my *plate* :

All my slaves, with empty purses,  
Scornful or with rage inflam'd,  
Load me with contempt or curses,  
And poor I am quite asham'd.

Ah! how sad is my condition!  
Nothing can I but repine;  
Sure ne'er monarch's wild ambition  
Met so base a fall as mine.

## LOYAL TEARS shed over ROYAL DUST,

O R

An ELEGY on the Death of his late MAJESTY  
K I N G G E O R G E II.

OF GLORIOUS MEMORY,

Who departed this Life, Oct. 25, 1760, Ætat. 76.

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede**Pauperum tabernas**Regumque turres.*

HORACE.

*Georgius alter ovans spoliisque insignis opimis**Emoritur, victorque obitum supereminet ipsum;**Hic rem Britannam magno turbante tumultu**Sistit enim: sternitque Indos Gallumque rebellem.**Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto —**Ille Deum vitam accipiet di-visque videbit**Permixtos heroas et ipse videbitur illis,**Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.*

VIRG.

WHY heaves thy bosom with continual sighs,  
 Hard on thy heart what dire misfortune lies,  
 Why hangs this gloom sad-low'ring on thy brow,  
 Say, *muse*, and whence thy trick'ling sorrows flow? —  
 — Laden with grief what heart but must bewail,  
 Yet who can utter the tremendous tale?  
 Oh heav'ns! the monarch, whose victorious lance  
 The nations aw'd, and prov'd the scourge of *France*,  
 Th' umpire of EUROPE, *Britain's* awful head,  
 And *Britain's* glory — mighty GEORGE — is dead.

*Dead!* — can it be? — must *monarchs* too expire,  
 In whom dread rule and majesty conspire,  
 Below the skies to mortals to afford  
 An august image of th' immortal LORD?

'Tis

'Tis so indeed — no character can save  
 The greatest son of *Adam* from the grave ;  
 Nor pow'r nor titles, majesty nor state,  
 Can plead exemption from the laws of fate ;  
 Ev'n those who, whilst proprietors of breath,  
*Submit to none, must yield at length to death :*  
 The tyrant's fatal shafts promiscuous fly,  
*And though they're gods, yet they like men must die\*.*  
 Now, *death*, indeed tremendous is thine arm,  
 Now more than ever thy dire threats alarm ;  
 How heighten'd are the horrors of thy brow !  
 Thou art indeed the *king of terrors* now :  
 Sure none that *lives* can thine assault defy,  
 None shun thy stroke, since *GEORGE himself* must die.  
 How splendid now the triumphs of thy pow'r !  
 That uncontroll'd, in one ill-fated hour,  
 Has from his lofty throne victorious hurl'd  
 The *sovereign* of the *mistress* of a world. —  
 But oh the shock ! how vast expression great !  
 How doubly dreadful to the orphan'd state !  
 While fame resounded *AMHERST's* glorious arms,  
 And smiling victory display'd her charms ;  
 Midst all her triumphs — oh what tongue can tell,  
 How *Britain* trembled as the monarch fell ?  
 Old ocean groan'd with melancholy roar,  
 (Ocean which long had own'd his sway) and bore  
 The doleful tidings to each distant shore.

Nor smile, proud monarchs, at the dismal tale,  
 Ye who so long have envy'd *Britain's* weal ;  
 Nor triumph in the sudden fall of *GEORGE*,  
 Ye who still smart by his vindictive scourge :  
 Or if ye swell and insolently boast,  
 Know, ye must soon experience to your cost,  
 Proud as ye are, that fleeting is your breath,  
 And fall like him a sacrifice to death.

\* Psal. lxxxii. 6, 7.

But, ye kind princes, generous allies,  
 Who pity *Britain* when her sov'reign dies,  
 Who love his virtues and his name revere,  
 Come, o'er his ashes drop the friendly tear ;  
 But most should *Britons*, o'er his awful urn,  
 With deep regret a common father mourn :  
 Then, while the muse kneels off'ring at his hearse  
 An humble debt of tributary verse,  
 All ye who felt the blessing of his sway,  
 Attend and now your last sad homage pay ;  
 From ev'ry eye let filial sorrow flow,  
 Let ev'ry bosom feel the *loyal* woe,  
 Vast as the mighty loss, and heavy as the blow.

By force their kingdoms cruel tyrants aw,  
*Pride* their sole motive, their *own will* their law ;  
 They gripe their slaves in arbitrary chains,  
 Smile at their bondage and insult their pains,  
 And, as unmov'd, they hear the wretches sigh,  
*Obnoxious* live and *unlamented* die.

But, greatly good and generously great,  
 The *guardian*, not th' *oppressor*, of the state,  
 Far other objects god-like GEORGE pursu'd ;  
 Justice his law, his aim the gen'ral good :  
 He virtuous joys, unknown to tyrants, found,  
 And shed diffusive happiness around ;  
 Acted the truly *christian* monarch's part,  
 And found a throne in ev'ry subject's heart.  
 Beneath his influence so benign and mild,  
 The *muses* triumph'd and the *graces* simil'd ;  
 Gay *freedom's* blessings did our land adorn,  
 And bounteous *plenty* pour'd her copious horn.  
 Such were his works of *peace* ; but not alone  
 In works of peace his royal virtues shone.  
 For when rebellious kingdoms durst provoke,  
 By lawless rapine\*, his avenging stroke ;

\* Alluding to the depredations of the *Spaniards* in the *West-Indies*, which were the occasion of the last war.



His angry voice aloud denounc'd their doom,  
 And bade the nations give his vengeance room,  
 (Tremendous preface to the dire alarms !)  
 And rous'd at once his gallant troops to arms :  
 Then bade his thund'ring navy plough the main,  
 Proud *Gallia's* bold incroachments to restrain,  
 Or curb the daring insolence of *Spain*.  
 Thus great in council, nor to action flow,  
 Himself could strike as well as guide the blow ;  
 Himself a warrior, personally brave,  
 Cou'd execute the bold commands he gave ;  
 His own heroic arm the sword cou'd wield ;  
 Himself has fought and triumph'd in the field.  
 Witness, ye regions, where he once was seen,  
 Warm in the cause of the *Hungarian* queen † ;  
 Where he such feats of martial prowess show'd ;  
 Say, how between the foremost ranks he rodé,  
 Amid the fiercest fight intrepid shone,  
 And fir'd his troops with ardor like his own :  
 Till conqu'ring *DETTINGEN's* illustrious plain  
 Was drown'd in hostile gore, and groan'd with heaps of slain.

Twice sixteen years and more (a term how rare !)  
 Britain was happy in his guardian care ;  
 But now, alas ! those halcyon-years are o'er,  
 And he must grace the *British* throne no more :  
 Snatch'd from the world, in this important day,  
 When most we need the influence of his sway ;  
 When *Britain's* int'rest, though confirm'd so far,  
 Yet quivers doubtful on the point of war ;

† *A. D.* 1743, June 16, when his Majesty, commanding an army of *English, Hessians, and Hanoverians*, was attacked, in his march to join Prince *CHARLES of Lorraine*, by an army of *French*, commanded by *Marechal de Noailles*, who were repulsed and cut to pieces.

When her allies in hapless anguish groan,  
 And *Prussia* trembles for her FRED'RICK's throne †.  
 Oh! had kind heav'n indulg'd the fond desire,  
 Which patriot love and loyalty inspire!  
 Oh had he liv'd, to spread fair freedom's charms  
 Through those wide regions conquer'd by his arms;  
 To see the troubles of the nation cease,  
 And left his kingdom when he dy'd, in peace!  
 But heav'n forbids — then be the wish suppress'd!  
 By heav'n's decree whatever is, *is best*:  
 Who can direct a pow'r supremely wise,  
 Or who'd controul the *sov'reign* of the skies?

WHAT though tumultuous storms of martial strife  
 And clouds deform'd the ev'ning of his life?  
 Since he has chang'd this *rough tempestuous* scene  
 For a calm region *peaceful and serene*;  
 What though he left his new domains so soon,  
 Nor liv'd to rule the provinces he won?  
 What though he lost, by his lamented fall,  
*Precarious* empire on this little *ball*?  
 Since now he greatly wears, in worlds unknown,  
 Th' *unfading* blaze of an *immortal* crown:  
 His *death* was *glorious*, though his *fall* was *great*,  
*Sudden*, but *not untimely*, was his fate;  
 His foes just humbled, in a good old age,  
 Midst shouts of loud applause, the monarch left the stage.

As when some bold but despicable beast  
 Rashly disturbs an aged *lion's* rest;  
 Laden with years though ready to expire,  
 The gen'rous creature rouses all his fire,  
 Devours the wretch that durst his age despise,  
 Then yields to fate and unreluctant dies.

† Relation is here had to the taking of *Berlin* by the *Austrians*.

THE PATRIOT MUSE. 77

So terrible in vengeance, GEORGE arose,  
 And hurl'd deserv'd destruction on his foes,  
 Who scorn'd his *age* and troubled his repose;  
 Gather'd fresh laurels of immortal bloom,  
 To crown his life and decorate his tomb:  
 Then, gay in rifled spoils of *Gallic* pride,  
 'Triumphant, in a blaze of glory, dy'd.

}  
}

NOR boast, that you've escap'd the doom declar'd,  
 Ye foes, whom his unfinish'd vengeance spar'd;  
 Another prince of *Brunswick's* line remains,  
 Another GEORGE o'er happy *Britain* reigns;  
 His sword shall (if kind heav'n permit) anon  
 Complete the vengeance his grand-fire begun;  
 He too shall glorious shine in deeds of arms,  
 And fill proud *France* herself with war's alarms:  
 Make lawless tyrants feel his angry scourge,  
 And EUROPE tremble at the name of GEORGE.

O MAY fair wisdom, piety, and truth,  
 With heav'nly charms, adorn the royal youth!  
 May he in ev'ry princely virtue shine,  
 And reign the fav'rite of regard divine,  
 The greatest prince of his illustrious line!  
 May favour still to *patriot-worth* be shown  
 And PITT still stand in honour *near the throne!*  
 Long may he live the guardian of our laws,  
 Patron of *freedom* and *religion's* cause;  
 Then late at length to *nobler empire* rise  
 Heir to a *throne eternal* in the skies!

}  
}

ELEGIA

EPIGRAMMA DAVIDICA,  
LATINE REDDITA.

**M**ONTIBUS in summis occisa est gloria gentis  
*Hebrææ*, fortes ut cecidère viri !  
Sit Gath dedecoris sitque Aſcalon inſcia noſtri,  
Comprimat et vocem garrula fama ſuam ;  
Quippe Philistææ ne ludant noſtra puellæ  
Damna, profanâ et *io* voce triumphæ canant.  
Gilboici montes : vos nec ros nec riget imber,  
Veſtra nec arva ferant munera ſacra DEO ;  
Fortis enim Sauli, tanquam plebeius, illic  
Abjicitur clypeus, ſub pedibusque jacet.  
Haud fruſtra rigidum ſinuavit Jonathan arcum,  
Saulus et innocuas non dedit enſe minas ;  
Sed ſimul hoſtili ſaturârunt arma cruore,  
Nec poſuère, forent nî rubefacta nece.  
Vel celeres potuère aquilas prævertere curſu,  
Viribus atque leones ſuperare feros :  
Charus amor placido devinxit fœdere vivos,  
Nec mors diviſit, quos ita jünxit amor.  
Iſacidûm filia, Saulum plorate peremptum,  
A quo delicia ſunt habitûſque nitor ;  
Scilicet hic vos coccineo decoravit amictu,  
Et gemmis atque auro rutilare dedit.  
Jonathan, in ſummis cecidiſti montibus, eheu !  
In bello fortes ut periere viri !  
Jonathan. inde tuî nunc me dolor anxius urget,  
Quòd perjucundus tu mihi frater eras ;  
Miro nempe meî fervebat pectus amore,  
Nec ſponſam conjux tam vehementer amat.  
Ut pereunt fortes, temeratis (proh dolor !) armis !  
Heu, generoſorum fors miſeranda virûm !

## G O L I Æ C A S U S.

S T Y L O L U C A N I O.

I S A M. XVII.

**P**ERFIDA gens animis atque armis nescia vinci,  
 Bella *Philistæi* cùm jam scelerata moventes,  
 Implèssent latos numerofo milite campos,  
*Ifacidæ*que suas, detrudere finibus hostem,  
 Struxissent acies; dirum subitò ecce profanis  
 Egreditur castris ingenti corpore monstrum.  
 Valle vel imâ alto montes supereminet ipfos  
 Vertice, et irato perlustrans omnia vultu,  
 Passibus immensis mediâ spatatur arena;  
 Scilicet *Anakidum* patuit genus esse gigantum,  
 Tantum robar erat, molis tamque ossa stupendæ;  
 Efferâ confedit truculentâ audacia fronte,  
 Infernam et rabiem prodebant luminis orbes.  
 Tum, minitante suâ sublata ad sidera dextrâ,  
 Fulguris in moremque oculis rutilantibus igne,  
 Horrendùm inclamans, tumido sic incipit ore:  
 “ Audite *Ifacidæ* atque animos advertite vestros;  
 “ Sunt mihi spretæ acies, teneant licet undique campum.  
 “ Agmina, quem vultis focium mihi mittite pugna.  
 “ Siquis adest, vestrum è tot millibus, inclytus heros,  
 “ Qui, famæ cupidus vitæ et qui prodigus, audet  
 “ Fatum sollicitare suum et contendere mecum;  
 “ Huc modo jam veniat citus, ut sua membra ministrem  
 “ Dilacerata feris avibusque voracibus escam.”  
 His ita jaçtabat dictis, et talia fatus,  
 Conticuit. Sed vox, ceu rauca tonitrua, latum  
 Undique terrifico complevit murmure campum,  
 Fudit humum sonitû, et magnum tremefecit Olympum.

OBSTUPUERE animis, subitâ formidine capti,  
*Ifacidæ*, sævi tumidas simul atque *Goliæ*  
 Audivere minas; cunctis jam frigidus horror

Membra

Membra quatit, trepidusque timet sibi quisque ruinam.  
 Pallida frons cuique est ; pavor anxius occupat ima  
 Pectora ; dirigit circum præcordia sanguis,  
 Vincendi hostilem nec spes erat ulla gigantem :  
 Territa sollicito miscentur castra tumultu,  
 Nec vult ancipiti quisquam se credere pugnae.

INTEREA pastor juvenilis, nomine *David*,  
 Nempe videre suos, venit ad focia agmina, fratres ;  
 Sed simul atque hausit minitancia verba *Goliæ*  
 Auribus, ira suo generosa exarduit ore.  
 Haud mora ; continuò volat ad tentoria *Sauli*,  
 Flagitat et veniam ut dirum egrediatur in hostem.  
 Egregiam pueri virtutem animosque viriles  
 Rex stupet attonitus, nec fortibus abnuit ausis ;  
 Sed timet exitio ne sit moriturus iniquo.  
 Extemplo juvenis rivum descendit, et inde  
 Quinque legit læves sacco conditque lapillos ;  
 Tum manet, impatiensque moræ et vigilantibus hostem  
 Expectans oculis, immani mole gigantem  
 Terribilem donec venientem vidit, et inter  
 Nubila sublimi nutantem vertice cristam :  
 Rugiit ille ruens fremitu maledicta minaci ;  
 Contremuere poli, pulsatusque ingemit aër.  
*David* subridens atque imperterritus audit  
 Horrisonas voces, et amico numine fretus,  
 Gestit ovans, celerique gradu sese obvius offert.  
 Desuper elatâ venientem fronte *Goliæ*  
 Fastidit juvenem. Celsâ velut arce sedenti,  
 Magnâ mole viri gracilesque brevesque videntur,  
 Pygmæis similes, dum infra spatiantur in urbe ;  
*Davidis* haud aliter species est visa *Goliæ*  
 Usque adeo exigua, ut vix cernere posset euntem :  
 Tanquam formicam, planâ tellure vagantem,  
 Ardaus ipse gigas humilem contemnit ephebum.  
 Constitit ille ferox, animo sibi fesus et armis ;  
 Hasta fuit nemus, armatique ipse agminis instar,

Lumine

Lumine sublimis rutilo micat ærea cassis,  
 Æthere diffundens radios, sol alter ; in auras  
 Sublatus, clypei tremulis simul ignibus umbo  
 Fulgurat, adversasque ferit lux vivida nubes,  
 Iridis æthereæ varios imitata colores.

TANDEM vociferans diris ululatibus, ambos  
 Prorsus ad usque polos, pavefactum concutit orbem :  
 “ Quis campo nimium temerarius, inquit, aperto  
 “ Obvius audes esse mihi ? te tamne pusillo  
 “ Corpore posse putas oculos eludere nostros ?  
 “ Protinus accenso, puer inconsulte, furori  
 “ Cede meo, et celeri procul hinc procul aufuge cursu ;  
 “ Sin minus, actutum dabis, improbe sanguine pœnas  
 “ Nam per *Dagonem* perque omnia numina juro,  
 “ Si præstò maneat, miserandâ morte peribis ;  
 “ Hæcce tuum trepidans lacerabit dextra cadaver,  
 “ Membraque torquebit valido trans-fidera jactu ;  
 “ Viscera spargam avibusque ferisque alimenta per agros,  
 “ Saxaque fumabunt tepido conspersa cerebro :  
 “ Frustra inimica forent simul omnia numina, cunctis  
 “ Nostra vel invitis erit insuperabilis ira ;  
 “ Sique Deum supplex votis precibusque fatiges,  
 “ Quem veneraris, mente licet miserescat amicâ,  
 “ Ille nequibit opem presso tibi ferre petitam,  
 “ Aut hujus dextræ depellere vindicis ictum.”

AUDIIT impavido jactantem parvulus heros  
 Pectore, dum cautes rigidas, ceu fulmina, findunt,  
 Atque inter curvos strepitant vaga murmura montes.  
 Lucida terribili micuerunt lumina fastu,  
 Atque severa tuens, contractâ fronte, canorâ  
 Talia voce refert : “ Linguam compesce profanam,  
 “ Desine jam tandem, jactator, fundere inanes  
 “ Futilis *ampullas et sesquipedalia verba* :  
 “ Te manet exitium ; decreti terminus ævi  
 “ Instat, et hic animam demittet calculus Orco ;

L

“ Ipse

" Ipse ego, crede mihi, tua sint licet ensis et hasta,  
 " Vincam ; noster enim DEUS est qui præsidet armis."  
 Dixit ; et intorquens agili sinuamine fundam,  
 Projecit lapidem ; summis ita viribus actus,  
 Ille volans celeri liquidum secat aëra cursu  
 Stridulus, adversamque hosti ferit impete frontem,  
 Atque per os crepitans sequitur mors ipsa lapillum,  
 Vasta ruit moles ; concussi pondere tanto,  
 Excelsi montes, agri, nemora, omnia circum,  
 Contremuère simul, gemitumque dedere tremendum ;  
 Pulvere dira diu volvuntur membra cruento,  
 Tandemque æternâ clauduntur lumina nocte :  
 Massa solo proluxa jacet, (mirabile visu !)  
 Sanguinis oceano velut ingens insula rubro.



ON THE  
LIBERTY of the PRESS.

T O  
 Mr. F ——— P R I N T E R, at *New-York* ;  
 A. D. M D C C L X I I.

**W**HERE tyrants rule with arbitrary sway,  
 And men enslav'd reluctantly obey ;  
 Where fiend-oppression rears her horrid throne,  
 Nor gives the suff'ring subject leave to groan.  
 By power despotic be the peace maintain'd,  
 Dumb be the people, and the *press* restrain'd :  
*Free* be the press, where GEORGE his sceptre wields,  
 And a *free* people *free* obedience yields ;  
 Where ev'ry subject claims an equal share  
 In *Britain's* welfare and her guardian's care :  
 A press that fears the threat'nings of the great,  
 Ill suits the genius of the *British* state ;  
 Nor less disgraceful is a press controul'd  
 By party-spirit or the love of gold.



YET long ev'n here did faction rule the roaft ;  
 Long filenc'd writers heard their rivals boast,  
 And mourn'd their country's sorrows past redrefs,  
 While party pens monopoliz'd the prefs ;  
 Threat'nings or bribes all-conqu'ring pow'r maintain'd,  
 While truth and reason secretly complain'd ;  
 And ev'ry patriot wish'd in vain to see  
 A prefs, like *Britain's* constitution, *free*.

F ——— appears at length in freedom's cause,  
 The gen'rous sons of virtue shout applause ;  
 But selfish souls of mercenary mould,  
 Who dread the loss of their beloved gold,  
 And guilty wretches still more base than they,  
 Whose secret actions shun the eye of day,  
 With force united, war perpetual wage,  
 And curse the *stranger* with malignant rage.  
 So when the moon, fair empress of the night,  
 On all the nations sheds her silver light,  
 To none confin'd, but to all parties free ;  
 (An emblem fair of what the prefs should be)  
 While man delighted hails the welcome ray,  
 Ill-natured hands and furlly m — ff's bay.

F ———, go on ; fear not the angry show'r  
 Of vulgar spite, nor frowns of men in pow'r ;  
 Still act the patriot, to the people true,  
 Yet give to *Cæsar* what is *Cæsar's* due ;  
 Treat with respect each *office* of the state,  
 Yet dare reprove the vices of the great :  
 Nor fear t' assert, *that ev'ry subject shou'd*  
*Detest bad rulers, and revere the good.*

F ———, go on ; pursue the plan propos'd,  
 Be virtue honour'd and be vice expos'd ;

Yet spare the *person* while the *deed* you scan,  
 And brand the *crime* not stigmatize the *man* :  
 That so, if guilt, provok'd to rage, reveal  
 The secret it was studious to conceal ;  
 The conscious heart alone may bear the blame,  
 Source of it's own iniquity and shame.

WHILE jovial *humour* in your paper shines,  
 Let sober *science* dignify your lines ;  
 Display fair *liberty* in all her charms,  
 And far proclaim the pow'r of *Britain's* arms :  
 Still, spite of selfish mortals envious rage,  
 Let your improving and impartial page  
 Instruct, reform, and entertain the age. }  
 Mean while the muse, amid the scribb'ling throng,  
 Begs leave to send you now and then a song,  
 At vacant hours your readers to amuse,  
 And fill blank paper in a dearth of news :  
 And if such artless homely strains as these,  
 Should chance t' obtain the happiness to please :  
 Insert them, and indulge her fond desire ;  
 If not, relentless doom them to the fire.

\*\*\*\*\*

A S O N G on the  
 S P A N I S H W A R

I.

**L**OUIS, worsted on the ocean,  
 In the bulwark and the field,  
 Feels within a strong commotion ;  
 Vanquish'd, yet too proud to yield :

II.

Though he sees confed'rate forces  
 Beat and baff'd like his own ;  
 Yet he aims, by *new* resources,  
 To secure his tott'ring throne.

CARLOS,

III.

CARLOS, *ah!* he cries, *relieve me.*  
*Bring thy succours, I implore ;*  
*Stript and rifled else, believe me,*  
*I shall soon be king no more :*

IV.

AUSTRIA'S *tir'd* battalions languish,  
 RUSSIA *views* the war askance ;  
 Pity, SPAIN, *thy sister's* anguish,  
*Rouse thy sons and succour FRANCE !*

V.

While afraid of BRITAIN'S thunder,  
 CARLOS seems averse to war ;  
 Big with hopes of fame and plunder,  
 Thus exclaims the *British* tar :

VI.

CARLOS, *help your suff'ring* brother,  
*'Tis a debt to merit due ;*  
*One good turn deserves another,*  
 HE LAST WAR WAS DRUBB'D FOR YOU.



On the SURRENDER of the  
 H A V A N N A H.

A. D. M DCC LXII.

A N

O D E.

WHILE the triumphant silver trump of fame  
 Shouts *Britain's* conquests from the *western* shore ;  
 While, the delightful tidings to proclaim,  
*Augusta* bids her dread artill'ry roar ;  
 While each tall taper spire a waving flag displays,  
 Loud ring the bells, and gay illuminations blaze ;

While

While pleasure sparkles in each loyal eye,  
 While jovial accents dance on ev'ry tongue;  
 Gay muse, thy voice in *Britain's* honour try,  
 For new success once more demands thy song.  
 On *Cuba* conquer'd now thy sprightliest thoughts employ.  
 Repeat the pleasing tale and aid the gen'ral joy.

In vain two kindred kings, of *Bourbon's* line,  
 Threaten our single state with new alarms;  
 In vain confed'rate pow'rs their forces join,  
 To check the course of conqu'ring *Britain's* arms;  
 Part'ners in lawless deeds, the same just fate they mourn,  
 And furnish double spoils her triumphs to adorn.

Of late proclaim'd with so much vain parade,  
 Where now thy boasts, say, mighty *Carlos*, where?  
 How empty prove the promises you made!  
 How are thy threat'nings vanish'd into air!  
 At length, rash prince, be wise; thy folly past deplore;  
 Henceforth own *Britain* just, and tempt her wrath no more.

\*\*\*\*\*

C N T H E

PEACE of FONTAINEBLEAU.

*quis talia fando*

*Temperet à lachrymis?*

VIRG.

○ FT has the muse her country's conquests sung,  
 Joy of each heart and boast of ev'ry tongue;  
 Oft has her voice, in flowing numbers, taught,  
 How plann'd her fages, how her heroes fought;  
 Display'd *Britannia* in tremendous charms,  
 And *Gallia* vanquish'd, trembling at her arms,  
 While by her arm chastising vengeance hurl'd,  
 Far-sounding frighted more than half the world.  
 But midst this pomp of war, these scenes of aw,  
 She hop'd ere long an happier scene to draw;

Of

Of *laurels* tir'd, she languish'd to rehearse  
 The calm delights of *peace* in rural verse ;  
 Through happy years her numbers to prolong,  
 And make the *olive* blossom in her song.  
 A peace she hop'd, that might, to years unknown,  
 Prove a sure basis to the *British* throne ;  
 That shou'd award our military spoils,  
 To recompense our wearied soldier's toils,  
 And trade promote, to reimburse the cost  
 Of millions spent, and lives, by thousands lost ;  
 A peace no hostile artifice could mar,  
 Firm as the conquer'd world, and *glorious* as the war.

But ah! she finds, in one ill-fated hour,  
 Her hopes all blasted like a morning flow'r.  
 Just when in prospect gaudy visions rise,  
 And scenes romantic dance before her eyes ;  
 While her gay fancy, with ideas fraught,  
 Enraptur'd teems with many a charming thought,  
 And she, impatient for the dear employ,  
 In embryo-strains anticipates the joy ;  
 She sees the glories of her fav'rite theme  
 At once all vanish like a golden dream.  
 Shock'd by the change she trembling drops the lyre,  
 A shudd'ring horror damps her kindling fire ;  
 Th'imperfect accents falter on her tongue,  
 And from her lips drops the abortive song :  
 Ah ! now no more must *Britain's* weal employ  
 Her tuneful numbers, *sacred once to joy* ;  
 No more must she indulge the *sprightly* strain,  
 But bid her lute in *dying* sounds complain :  
 Now in sad notes must her last song deplore  
*Britannia*, MISTRESS OF THE WORLD NO MORE !  
 By foes deluded, by false friends betray'd,  
 And rifled of the spoils her conquests made ;  
 Curs'd with a treaty, whose unequal terms  
 Check in mid-progress her victorious arms,

And,

And, at th'expence of a defrauded state,  
 Rescue deceivers from impending fate ;  
 Whose doubtful meaning must her sons expose  
 To future insults from her faithless foes ;  
 At which our allies blush, our neighbours scorn,  
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn.

AH! what avail the triumphs of the *day*,  
 The herald's pomp in gold and scarlet gay ?  
 By *night* the fire-wheels blazing on our eyes,  
 Or hissing rockets mounting to the skies ?  
 The *first*, but too significant, forebode  
 More millions spent, and garments roll'd in blood ;  
 Mean while the *last*, high-sparkling in the air,  
 Portend misfortunes, like a comet's glare ;  
 And, with joint omen, both alike presage,  
 That we, ere long, another war must wage :  
 But the once decent messengers of fame,  
 The *trumpet's* clang and *cannon's* roar, proclaim  
 No real tydings but *Britannia's* shame. }

LATELY majestic arbitress of fate,  
 Rever'd and honour'd by each neighb'ring state,  
 While her brave armies struck the world with aw,  
 And her dread navy gave the nations law,  
*Britannia* sat unrival'd on her throne,  
 And might ere long have call'd the world her own.  
 But oh! how fall'n, how dejected now,  
 With all her laurels with'ring on her brow !  
 Too dismal contrast! ah! from hopes so fair,  
 How dreadful the transition to despair !  
 Now she sits humbly in the dust below,  
 Spurn'd and insulted by her meanest foe :  
 There, with her hands uplifted tow'rd the skies,  
 She mourns, and with a mother's anguish cries,  
*Defend me heav'n! when will my sons be wise?* }

AH!

Ah! my dear country! — with infernal zeal  
 What spiteful dæmon envies *Britain's* weal?  
 What fatal destiny our nation rules?  
 Alas! must *Britons* ever act like fools?  
 Have they forgot already what befel  
 The league of *Utrecht* and *Aix-la-Chapelle*?  
 Have they not seen, no oaths or treaties bind  
 Our faithless foes, those plagues of human kind?  
 Or know they not, superior pow'r alone  
 Can peace secure, and guard the *British* throne?  
 Then why to vanquish'd foes their strength restore,  
 Till all their ins'lence can demand no more?  
 Couch'd in *French* phrase, t' indulge a vanquish'd foe,  
 Must this be styl'd the peace of *Fontainebleau*?  
 To *France* must *Bedford* at their nod repair,  
 Who jostle *Britons* from the palace there\*?  
 Good God! must we, though sov'reigns of the waves,  
 Victorious thus ignobly stoop to slaves?  
 Heav'ns! can it be? oh the dire thought will tear  
 My heart asunder; 'tis too much to bear.  
 Peace is a curse, on such inglorious terms,  
 And life itself has lost it's noblest charms:  
 Oh! when th' *Atlantic*, in tremendous form,  
 Rag'd furious, had I perish'd in the storm †!  
 Or when soon after *British* martial fire  
 Made hostile dastards tremble and retire;  
 Oh had I fallen on the deck of fame †,  
 Nor liv'd a witness of my country's shame!

GREAT PITT, illustrious senator, of late  
 The boasted guardian of the *British* state,  
 With patriot ardour quits his bed in vain,  
 His joints all aching with *artbritic* pain,

\* The author was, soon after the peace, with several other *English* gentlemen, several times expelled the *French* court at *Versailles*, with these remarkable words, OTEZ VOUS ANGLOIS.

† Alluding to two engagements with the enemy, in one of which the author was wounded, and very near being killed by a nine pound shot, in his passage from *America*, in the year 1762.

T' oppose a peace, more pregnant with remorse,  
 Than the dire fabric of the *Trojan* horse;  
 In vain he combats each obnoxious clause,  
 Th' undaunted champion of his country's cause;  
 In vain sagacious scribes their pens employ,  
 To point out wiles like those which ruin'd *Troy*;  
 For though forewarn'd, we stupidly pursue  
 Pernicious measures, which we soon must rue:  
 A pow'rful *Junto*, resolute and bold,  
 Maintain their point, and *Britain* must be sold.

O GEORGE! once far beyond thy grandfire great,  
 Thou best-lov'd monarch of a drooping state;  
 Thou *Briton* born! *Britannia's* gracious head!  
 How hast thou been by counsellors misled?  
 Th' unhappy fate of princes; oh excuse  
 The patriot freedom of the loyal muse!  
 Oh! frown not on her; but forgive her strain,  
 Who to her king wou'd speak her country's pain.  
 Oh! if thou yet hast heard *Britannia's* groans,  
 In royal mercy listen to her moans!  
 And, though too late to lend her timely aid,  
 Yet pity *Britain* by her sons betray'd!  
 For had thy royal virtues rul'd alone,  
 If no false courtiers had beset thy throne;  
 Our foes had never such advantage gain'd,  
 Thy people murmur'd, nor the muse complain'd.

UNHAPPY *Britain*! beggar'd by the peace,  
 She sees each month her miseries increase.  
 Already feeble and impoverish'd grown,  
 While *wily placemen*, that infest the throne,  
 Find means t' exclude the *virtuous and sincere*,  
 Lest her complaints shou'd reach the royal ear,  
 Beneath the burden of *excise* she bends,  
 To furnish *pensions* to enrich their friends;  
 Her brave *soldiers*, hobb'ling from afar,  
 Are cast out, and mangled by the war,



Quite disregarded, desolate and poor,  
 Must rob, or starve, or beg from door to door.  
 Meanwhile her *artists*, unemploy'd at home,  
 From native shores to foreign kingdoms roam;  
 Oblig'd (hard lot!) to earn the bread they eat,  
 By rearing rivals to the *British* fleet.  
 Besides proud *France*, indulg'd a right to plod  
 On em'lous schemes among the shoals of Cod,  
 Shall soon a branch of fruitful commerce mar,  
 And breed up sea-men for a future war:  
 And while the treaty more than half resigns  
 A fund far richer than *Peruvian* mines,  
 She'll soon defraud us of the *golden fleece*\*,  
 With her new navy see her wealth increase,  
 And rival *Britain* both in war and peace.

NOR, midst my sorrows, must thy hapless lot,  
 Dear native land, *New-Albion*, be forgot;  
 Ah no; if I forget thee in my song,  
 Let to my palate cleave my faulty tongue!  
 Let my right-hand forget to touch the lyre,  
 Nor glow my bosom with poetic fire!  
 What though the two contracting nations join  
*Canadia's* rugged provinces to thine?  
 What though thou see'st, subdu'd to *Britain's* lore,  
 Another people added to thy score?  
 They will one day perfidious rebels prove,  
 Steady and loyal to the prince they love;  
 Then thou alas! shalt to thy cost be wise,  
 And find them serpents in a fair disguise;  
 Like that which tempted *Eve*, they'll soon begin,  
 To tempt th' inhuman *savages* to sin;  
 Then death shall ravage, though the war be o'er,  
 And thy frontiers still smoke with kindred gore.  
 But when proud *France*, grown pow'rful on the main,  
 Shall em'lous try the chance of war again;  
 Then *Martinique* and *Guadaloupe* restor'd,  
 By the late treaty, to their former lord,

\* The woollen manufacture.

Those dens of thieves, by endless captures made,  
 With double fury shall distress thy trade:  
 Mean while (I shudder at the horrid thought!)  
 That brood of vipers to thy bosom brought,  
 Shall num'rous swarm, in some unguarded hour,  
 Tear out thy intrails, and thy life devour.

*Havannah!* oh! thou key to *Spanish* gold!  
 Thou grave of *Britons!* how hast thou been sold?  
 How art thou barter'd! not for fertile lands,  
 But *Florida's* inhospitable sands.  
 Treasures immense are thus exchang'd for nought,  
 And with a *diamond* a poor *pebble* bought:  
 While, all our forts demolish'd on the main\*,  
 Our brethren there shall soon once more complain,  
 Of the oft-suffer'd insolence of *Spain*.

Oh shame to *Britain!* oh inglorious peace!  
 That bids our conquests not our inj'ries, cease;  
 To our best int'rest more pernicious far  
 Than all the horrors of successful war;  
 That casts in shades our country's late renown,  
 And veils the glories of the *British* crown.  
 So have I seen the monarch of the day  
 Set out all-glorious on the morning way;  
 Still higher as his flaming chariot roll'd,  
 Still more illustrious shone his beamy gold,  
 Till he had gain'd the summit of the skies,  
 And flash'd resistless splendor on my eyes;  
 When, like an envious queen, the dusky moon  
 Spreads a black veil o'er all the blaze of noon;  
 O'er his bright orb her disk portentous hurl'd,  
 Casts a dark shadow on this distant world:  
 Darkness o'er light untimely empire gains,  
 And at mid-day unwelcome midnight reigns:  
 With grief mankind the dismal change survey,  
 And mourn the loss of interrupted day.

\* In the bay of *Honduras*, &c.

WHEN such th' eclipse, soon will the gloom be o'er,  
 Soon will the sun the ravish'd day restore;  
 Soon will his orb emerging greet our eyes,  
 And with new glories brighten all the skies;  
 But ah! the gloom o'er *Britain's* glory cast  
 Shall still unchang'd through future ages last;  
 And her, *once* glorious, *now* dishonour'd name  
 Wear the foul blot of everlasting shame:  
 While the dire league, each neighb'ring nation's scorn,  
 Shall prove the curse of *Britons* yet unborn.

IN vain has heav'n in *Britain's* cause engag'd;  
 An eight years' war in vain has *Britain* wag'd;  
 In vain her marshal'd armies trod the plain,  
 Her thund'ring navy plough'd the deep in vain;  
 In vain her sages, in delib'rate thought,  
 Plann'd all the glorious works of wonder wrought;  
 Her sons in vain their golden treasures shed,  
 Her *artists* labour'd and her *heroes* bled;  
 If we, like children foolish in their play,  
 Throw dear-bought conquests wantonly away,  
 Imprudently neglect th' advantage giv'n,  
 And slight the favours of indulgent heav'n.

ILLUSTRIOUS shades! immortal heroes dead!  
 Who in our battles unreluctant bled;  
 Who brav'd intrepid ruin's open jaws,  
 And nobly perish'd in your country's cause;  
 Ah! did ye see, just like some worthless clod,  
 Restor'd rich islands, purchas'd by your blood,  
 Th' ungrateful scene, that shou'd your thoughts employ,  
 Must almost make a pause ev'n in *Elysian* joy.

YE fawning sycophants! absurdly bold,  
 Who speak for int'rest, and who write for gold;  
 Ye hirelings! listen to the muses' song,  
 And heed the truths of her prophetic tongue.

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THE PATRIOT MUSE.

November, 19

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Collector's Hand

Ere twice five times, to lighten mortal eyes,  
Th' unweary'd sun shall travel round the skies,  
Again proud *Louis*, *Gallia's* restless lord,  
By the vast conquests of the war restor'd  
Strengthen'd once more, shall call his slaves to arms,  
And trouble *Britain's* peace with fresh alarms;  
Then all anew the flames of war shall burn,  
And *France* perhaps shall conquer in her turn;  
Then shall ye know, in an ill-fated hour,  
*Britain's* not safe, so long as *France* has pow'r;  
Then shall your sons, alas! too late, complain,  
Crush'd by the tyger loosn'd from his chain,  
Detest what now each parasite admires,  
And suff'ring curse the folly of their sires.

FAIN wou'd the muse the dismal tale pursue;  
But oh! she sickens at the dire review:  
Such floods of anguish overwhelm her soul,  
She can't repeat the melancholly whole;  
But, these few tears shed o'er a sinking state,  
Drops her sad strain, and leaves the rest to fate.

F I N I S.