

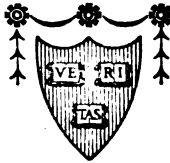
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No. 120

The Unfortunate Hero
A
Pindaric Ode
Occasion'd by the Lamented Fate of
Viscount George Augustus Howe

New York, 1758

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December 16, 1940

The unfortunate HERO;

PINDARIC ODE.

Occasion'd by the lamented Fate of

Viscount George Augustus Howe,
Baron of Glenawley, &c.

Who was Slain in the Battle near Carillon, July the
6th, 1758.

How are the mighty fall'n!

DAVID.

Together with an ODE,

ON THE

Reduction of LOUISBOURG,

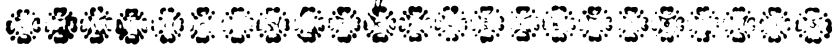
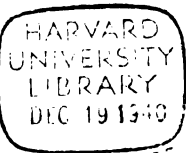
July 27, 1758.

*Imprimis venerare Deum.
Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Fertilem, et Urbes, regnaque tristia,
Divisque, mortalesque tu-mas
Impressit regis unius aquas.
Appere venturo latentur ut omnia scilicet!*

VIRG.

HORACI
VIRG.

NEW-YORK: Printed by Parker and Weyman, 1758.



Advertisement.

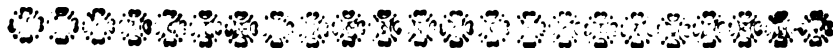
THE two following Odes were compos'd on their respective Occasions, merely for the Author's Amusement and the Entertainment of his Friends; but their Importunity and favourable, not to say partial, Judgment of them, have induc'd him to present them to publick View, not without some Hope, that they may meet with kind Reception, if not by their intrinsic Merit, at least by their Relation to those important and interesting Events which gave them Birth:

As the Life of Lord Howe was unspeakably valuable, so his Death is, and it were astonishing if it were not, most sincerely and universally lamented: And indeed I know not, whether the sad Catastrophe which succeeded his Fall, tho' attended with the Loss of so many Lives, has occasion'd more Regret, than the single Fate of that illustrious and promising young Hero. But the Reduction of Louisbourg to his Britannick Majesty must needs give inexpressible Pleasure, and afford a most delightful Prospect, to every one, in proportion as he apprehends its Importance to, and prizes the Welfare of, the British Colonies in America,

If this View of Things, and a critical Humour apart, the Author hopes these Performances with all their Faults (which he is ignorant of) may afford a pleasing Entertainment to his Fellow Subjects, even at this Distance of Time; and if so, he wou'd have been glad if his Distance from the Press, &c. had not prevented their being somewhat more seasonable.

If the Character of Lord Howe be, as doubtless it is, incomplete, it must be consider'd that this Sketch of it was copied from the Voice of Fame; and if any Gentlemen of the Army or Navy seem to be neglected, or not mention'd according to their Rank, in the Ode on the Reduction of Louisbourg, I hope it will be imputed rather to their Ignorance than the Partiality, of

The AUTHOR.





The Unfortunate HERO;

An O D E.

C 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 funeral 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 Herse,
His noble God-like Deeds rehearse,
And crown his Mem'ry with a grateful Verse.

II. Comes

* Referring to some former Compositions occasioned by publick Misfortunes.

II.

Come all ye gen'rous Souls that know,
 What tis to feel a patriot Woe,
 Whose Countries Losses make your Sorrows rise,
 Whose Bosoms bleed when Valour dies,
 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 soft 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 sigh'd)
 And fare as meanly as the rural Swain;
 Tho' bred in all the Elegance of Taste,
 Inspir'd with martial Rage,
 Th' heroick 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 *Africa*, to her native Skies.

But

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 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 tho' valiant, and tho' 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 DO.
 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

Such were the Warriors of the Days of old,
 Such *Cincinnatus*, such *Camillus* bold,
 And the great *Scipio's* rose ;†
 Heroes like these extensive Vengeance hurl'd
 On *Rome's* pertidious Foes,
 E'er Luxuries pernicious Charms
 Had spoil'd the Temper of her Arms ;
 By Thunderbolts like these she once subdu'd the World.

VII.

And so perhaps hadst Thou,
 If Heav'n had deign'd to spare
 Thy useful Life, illustrious Howr !
 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 Howr !
 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 fell.---
 Behold !

• † ————— *duo faimina belli*
Scipiadas. —————

Behold! with what a noble Mien,
 All animated yet serene,
 He meets the ambush'd Foe!
 Warm in his Countries Cause,
 And bold as the fam'd *Marlbro'* 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 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, that 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.----

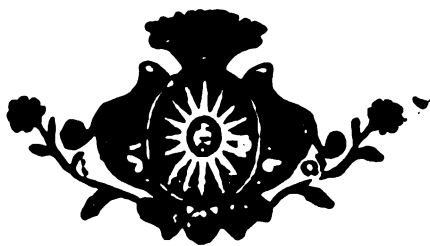
Ti

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 Howz'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, y
 To future Times,
 And distant Climes,
 Loud shall rebound thy Name,
 And shine with Honour in the Rolls of Fame.

¶ In the Advertisement, in the 19th Line, read, (*which he is not ignorant of*).



At

An O D E,

On the Surrender of *Louisbourg*, July 27, 1758.

I.

TIS done, tis done,
The Day is won,
At length the destin'd Blow is giv'n ;
Tho' long our Woes,
And strong our Foes,
Our Cause is still the Care of Heav'n.

II.

What tho' 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 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 Tower's,
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

Hear to your Shame,
The Voice of Fame,
" *France* in her turn has led 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.
VIII.

With Heart and Voice,
Let all rejoice,
And ev'ry loyal *British* Tongue
In Concert join
Its 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,
Whole Breath inspires
Heroick Foes,
The Lord of Hosts the God of War.
X.

He fires the Zeal
Which Patriots feel,
'Tis He that makes our Sages wise ;
Pierc'd feels the Flame,
Pursues his Aim,
And acts the Councils of the Skies.
XI.

Britons tis He
That rules the Sea,
He bids its raging Billows rise:

At

At his Controul,
They cease to roll,
And all the mighty Tumult dies.

XII.

His sovereign Sway
The Winds obey
That sweeps along the watry Waste ;
He fills your Sails
With Southern Gales,
Or sends the furious Northern Blast.

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 ours is seen,
Like *Neptune's* Queen,
The Sov'reign Mistress of the Flood :
Nor *France* can brave,
Nor Tempests slave,
The Fleet that boasts a Guardian-God.

XVII.

Each martial Band
He guards to land,
And fires amid the wild uproar ;

O'er

[13]

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 Enterprise ;

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 *Galic* Strength,
By *Britain's* awful Thunder giv'n,
Th' important Blow,
For which we owe
Sincerest Thanks t'indulgent Heav'n.

XXI.

Then *Briton's* 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.

" Almighty Lord !
" Thy conqu'ring Sword
" Has glorious but tremendous Charms ;

" What

• *Vid.* Exod. xv. 1—19.

“ What Mortal dare
 “ With **THESE** 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 **Hoft**
 “ 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**, †
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**.

† *Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit Rom.*

XXIX.

Bold Sons of War!
 Who nobly dare
 Infulting *Gallia's* bold Alarms
 At length repay,
 And wipe away
 Dishonour cast on *British* Arms :

XXX.

Thro' 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 *Gallia's* Spoils,
 Your thankful Thoughts and Tongues employ;
 Devoutly gay,
 Those Spoils survey,
 Britons, and give a Looke 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,
Canadia fear,
 And savage Nations dare no more
 Tempt *Britain's* Stroke;
 But own her Yoke,
 And trembling *Britain's* GOD adore.

F I N I S.

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