













POEMS OF THE REVOLUTION.





P O E M S

RELATING TO THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY

PHILIP FRENEAU.

"

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR AND NOTES.

BY

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.



NEW YORK:

W. J. WIDDLETON, PUBLISHER.

M.DCCC.LXV

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1871

## Winter

But, are no joys to these cold months assigned?

Has winter nothing to delight the mind?

No friendly Sun that beams a constant ray,  
No Social Moons that light us on our way? —

Yes, there are joys that may all storms defy,  
The chill of Hibernia, and a frozen sky.

Happy with wine we may indulge an hour.

The noblest beverage of the wildart power

Happy, with Love, to place every care,

Happy with Sense and wit an hour to share.

## PHILIP FRENEAU.

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**P**HILIP FRENEAU, the popular poet of the days of the Revolution, who cheered the hearts of the citizens by his ready rhymes in behalf of the good cause, and opposition to its foes, while patriots were struggling for independence, was born in Frankfort Street, in the City of New York, January 2, 1752. The family was of French Huguenot descent, his first ancestors in America having taken refuge in this country, with many other most estimable emigrants to our shores, from the religious and civil persecutions consequent upon that unhappy policy, so injurious to the true wealth of France, the Revocation, by Louis XIV., of the Edict of Nantes. These refugees came in considerable numbers, a peaceful, intelligent, industrious population, and their simple virtues are to this day the pride of their descendants. The Freneaus were of this wholesome stock; they were good citizens of New York,

and their names are cherished in the records of the St. Esprit Church, the "Old French Church," the quaint place of worship in Pine Street, still remembered by our citizens, though the impulse of trade has, since its removal from that spot, a second time driven the wandering house of worship to a new locality.

Andrew Freneau, the grandfather of Philip Freneau, was a shipping-merchant in the City of New York, of high repute among the inhabitants. Some interesting notices of his standing and liberal hospitality are recorded in that interesting volume, the "Memoirs of the Huguenot Family of the Fontaines." John Fontaine, a traveller from France, visited New York in 1716, on purposes of business and observation. Immediately upon his arrival he called upon Andrew Freneau, at his home, where he met with a cordial reception, and was much with him during his stay in the city, at the Coffee House, at the French Club, and at Church.\* Andrew Freneau resided, at the time of his death, in Pearl Street, near Hanover Square. He left two sons, born in New York, Pierre and Andrew, who pursued the business of wine-merchants in the city, and were engaged in the Bordeaux and Madeira trade. Pierre was the father

\* "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family," by Ann Maury, 296-310.



of Philip, the poet of the Revolution, and of Peter Freneau, who became hardly less distinguished in South Carolina. Andrew Freneau, the uncle of Philip, married a daughter of Bishop Provost. Pierre, the father of the poet, bought an estate of a thousand acres at Mount Pleasant, New Jersey, a family inheritance which his son afterwards occupied, and where he wrote many of his poems. Both the father and grandfather of Philip Freneau are buried in a vault in Trinity Churchyard, New York, by the side of their family relations.

Of the boyhood of Philip Freneau we know little, but we may infer from the position of his family, and his subsequent attainments, that he was well instructed at the schools of the city, for we find him in 1767 a student at the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, where he graduated with credit, after the usual four years' course, in 1771. He began early the practice of versification; for, in his sophomore year, at the age of seventeen, he composed a rhymed poem of decided promise, entitled "The Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah," which appears at the head of the first general collection of his "Poems." Other compositions, in various metres, on classical and historical themes, preserved in the same volume, were written during his collegiate course. It was a creditable year for the institution when he

graduated; for in his class were James Madison, the future President; Hugh Henry Brackenridge, the celebrated Judge, and author of "Modern Chivalry;" besides others of note in the annals of America, among whom we may mention the father of the venerable Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, Samuel Spring, who became a chaplain of the Revolutionary army, was with Arnold at the attack of Quebec, in 1775, and in that disastrous affair carried in his arms the wounded Aaron Burr from the field. The commencement exercises at Nassau Hall that year, 1771, were of unusual interest. It was in the Presidency of that eminent patriot, John Witherspoon, who, though born in Scotland, was proving himself, by his enlightened sagacity and devotion to freedom, an "American of the Americans." The political independence of the country, though not yet formally proclaimed, was ripening, in Massachusetts and elsewhere, to its great declaration and invincible resolve. The young patriots of Princeton, on a spot destined to become memorable in the struggle, were already animated by the kindling promise of the future. Brackenridge and Freneau had already developed a taste for poetry, and they united, for their commencement exercise, in the composition of a dialogue, *A Poem on the Rising Glory of America*, which they pronounced together, founding, in animated blank verse, the achievements of colonization in

the past and the visionary grandeur of empire hereafter. This joint poem was published in Philadelphia in 1772, with the well-known motto from Seneca, the Roman tragic writer, afterwards adopted by Irving on the title-page of the "Life of Columbus." The portion written by Freneau opens the present collection—the prelude to his poems of the Revolution.

The next information we have of Freneau is gathered from the dates of the poems which he contributed to the journals published by Hugh Gaine and Anderson, in New York, in 1775. They exhibit his interest in the important military affairs of the year at Boston, and will be found reproduced in the present volume. In a poem of this year, "Mac Sniggen," a satire on some hostile poetaster, he expresses a desire to cross the Atlantic:—

"Long have I sat on this disastrous shore,  
And, fighting, fought to gain a passage o'er  
To Europe's towns, where, as our travellers say,  
Poets may flourish, or perhaps they may;"—

an inclination for foreign travel which was gratified, in 1776, by a voyage to the West Indies, where he appears to have remained some time, in a mercantile capacity, visiting Jamaica and the Danish island, Santa Cruz. Several of his

most striking poems, as the "House of Night," and the "Beauties of Santa Cruz," were written on these visits.

In 1779, Freneau was engaged as a leading contributor to *The United States Magazine: A Repository of History, Politics, and Literature*, edited by his college friend and fellow-patriot, Hugh Henry Brackenridge, and published by Francis Bailey, in Philadelphia. It was issued monthly from January to December, when its discontinuance was announced "until an established peace and a fixed value of the money shall render it convenient or possible to take it up again." The volume forms a most interesting memorial, in its literary as well as historical matter, of this important year of the war. Freneau wrote much for it, in prose and verse, and with equal spirit in both.\* Here at first appeared the two poems written in the West Indies, already alluded to, and two of the poems, "King George III.'s Soliloquy," and the spirited "Dialogue between his Britannic Majesty and Mr. Fox," reprinted in this volume. In comparing

\* It is stated in Allibone's Dictionary, that Freneau edited this magazine. That his relation to the work was that of a contributor, appears from a note to a poetical imitation of the 137th Psalm, in the September number. The poem is signed by Freneau, and dated at Monmouth, N. J. The note is to the author's name:—"A young gentleman to whom, in the course of this work, we are greatly indebted,"—an acknowledgment which would hardly be made in such terms if Freneau had been the editor. Besides, it is distinctly stated in the Biography of Brackenridge, by his son, that the magazine was edited by the author of "Modern Chivalry."

these with the poems as they appear in the later editions, we find numerous important additions and changes, showing the care and skill which the poet bestowed upon his productions. The "House of Night," in the Magazine, is comprised in seventy-three stanzas; in the subsequent collection of the author's poems it was extended to one hundred and thirty-six, and the fifty-two stanzas of the poem on "Santa Cruz," to one hundred and nine; and various alterations occur. The last-mentioned poem in the Magazine is prefaced by an interesting prose description of the island. In it occurs this noticeable testimony of the author on the subject of negro slavery:—

"The only disagreeable circumstance attending this island," says he, "which it has in common with the rest, is the cruel and detestable slavery of the negroes. 'If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.' A description of the slavery they endure would be too irksome and unpleasant to me; and, to those who have not beheld it, would be incredible. Sufficient be it to say, that no class of mankind in the known world undergo so complete a servitude as the common negroes in the West Indies. It casts a shade over the native charms of the country; it blots out the beauties of the eternal spring which Providence has there ordained to reign; and amidst all the profusion of bounties

which nature has scattered—the brightness of the heaven, the mildness of the air, and the luxuriancy of the vegetable kingdom—it leaves me melancholy and disconsolate, convinced that there is no pleasure in this world without its share of pain. And thus the earth, which, were it not for the lust of pride and dominion, might be an earthly paradise, is, by the ambition and overbearing nature of mankind, rendered an eternal scene of desolation, woe, and horror; the weak goes to the wall, while the strong prevails; and after our ambitious frenzy has turned the world upside down, we are contented with a narrow spot, and leave our follies and cruelties to be acted over again, by every succeeding generation.”

Freneau has also recorded his detestation of the cruelties of West India slavery in verse, in the poem, a terrific picture of slave life, addressed “To Sir Toby, a Sugar-Planter in the interior parts of Jamaica:”—

“If there exists a HELL—the case is clear—  
Sir Toby’s slaves enjoy that portion here.”

In another poem, “On the Emigration to America, and Peopling the Western Country,” published in his volume of 1795, Freneau comes nearer home in the declaration of his opinions on this subject, when he writes:—

“O come the time and haste the day,  
When man shall man no longer crush  
When reason shall enforce her sway,  
Nor these fair regions raise our blush,  
Where still the African complains,  
And mourns his yet unbroken chains.”

In after life, when the poet himself, under the mild system of Northern servitude, became the owner of slaves in New Jersey, he uniformly treated them with kindness, manumitted them in advance of the Emancipation Act in the State, and supported on the farm those of them who were not able to take care of themselves. One of these, a veteran mammy, proud of having opened the door in her day to General Washington, and been addressed by him in a word or two on that important occasion, long survived the poet.

In the year following the publication of the Magazine, Freneau, having embarked as passenger in a merchant vessel from Philadelphia, on another voyage to the West Indies, was captured with the crew by a British cruiser off the Capes of the Delaware, and carried with the prize to New York. There he was confined on his arrival in the *Scorpion*, one of the hulks lying in the harbour used as prison-ships. The cruel treatment which he experienced on board,

with the aggravated horrors of foul air and other privations, speedily threw him into a fever, when he was transferred to the hospital-ship *Hunter*, which proved simply an exchange of one species of suffering for another more aggravated. How long Freneau was confined in this hideous prison we are not informed, nor by what influences he gained his discharge. He carried with him, however, on his escape, a burning memory of the severities and indignities he had endured, which he gave expression to in one of the most characteristic of his poetical productions, "*The British Prison-Ship*," which was published by Francis Bailey, in Philadelphia, in 1771. This poem, originally divided into four cantos, was subsequently recast by the author in the form in which it appears in the present volume, with the title, "Cantos from a Prison-Ship." The picturesque incidents of the voyage, which is described; the animated action of the capture; the melancholy circumstances of the prison-ship contrasted with the happy scenery of the shore; the stern terrors of the hospital, with the satirical humour expended upon the description of the Hessian Doctor, are all in Freneau's best manner.

Freneau now became a frequent contributor of patriotic odes and occasional poems, celebrating the incidents of the war, to *The Freeman's Journal* of Philadelphia. Here



many of the poems in the present volume, including the humorous verses on Rivington and his "Royal Gazette," were first published. Literature, however, was not then a profitable occupation; and Government, which had exhausted its resources in keeping an army in the field, had scant opportunity of rewarding its champions. The poet, looking to other means of subsistence, returned to his seafaring and mercantile habits, and became known by his voyages to the West Indies as Captain Freneau. He still, however, kept up the use of the pen. In 1783, besides his poetical contributions to the newspapers, including several New Years' Addresses, written for the carriers of the Philadelphia journals, a species of rhyming for which he had great facility, we find him publishing in that city a translation of the travels of M. Abbé Robin, the chaplain of Count Rochambeau, giving an account of the progress of the French army from Newport to Yorktown. In 1784, Freneau is at the Island of Jamaica, writing a poetical description of Port Royal.

The first collection of his poetical writings which he made, entitled "*The Poems of Philip Freneau, written chiefly during the late War,*" was published by Francis Bailey, "at Yorick's Head in Market street," Philadelphia, in 1786. It is prefaced by a brief "Advertisement," signed by the

publisher, in which he states that the pieces now collected had been left in his hands by the author more than a year previously, with permission to publish them whenever he thought proper. "A considerable number of the performances," he adds, "as many will recollect, have appeared at different times in newspapers (particularly *The Freeman's Journal*), and other periodical publications in the different States of America, during the late war, and since; and, from the avidity and pleasure with which they generally appear to have been read by persons of the best taste, the Printer now the more readily gives them to the world in their present form (without troubling the reader with any affected apologies for their supposed or real imperfections), in hopes they will afford a high degree of satisfaction to the lovers of poetical wit and elegance of expression."

The success of this volume led to the publication, by Mr. Bailey, of another collection of Freneau's writings in 1788. It is entitled, "*The Miscellaneous Works of Mr. Philip Freneau, containing his Essays and Additional Poems.*" A number of the poems were printed from manuscript. "Some few of the pieces," the publisher announced, "have heretofore appeared in American newspapers; but, through a fatality not unusually attending publications of that kind, are now, perhaps, forgotten; and, at any time, may possi-

bly never have been seen, or attended to, but by very few." The volume, as not uncommon even with works of very limited extent, in that early period of the nation, was published by subscription. The Honorable David Rittenhouse, Mathew Carey, and John Parke, A. M., of Horatian celebrity, were among the subscribers in Philadelphia; New York furnished, among others of note, De Witt Clinton, Edward Livingston, Colonel Marinus Willet, and John Pintard, who took two copies; Maryland sent some thirty; but the largest number was contributed by South Carolina, that State supplying two hundred and fifty, or more than half the entire list. Captain Freneau was well known and highly appreciated at Charleston, which he frequently visited in the course of his mercantile adventures to the West Indies, and where his younger brother Peter, who subsequently edited a political journal in that city, and was in intimate correspondence with President Jefferson, was already established as an influential citizen.

The "Essays" and "Tales," in this collection, display the author's taste and ingenuity. They cover a wide range of subjects, moral, humorous, and satirical; and, like the kindred productions of Franklin and Francis Hopkinson, these sketches of manners and society are remarkably neat in execution. The formal parts of literature were, in the

days of our author, more attended to than at present, at least in these occasional compositions. The writer who appeared in print before the public, in that age of ceremonial costume, felt it incumbent upon himself to pay some regard to the dress in which he clothed his thoughts. Freneau had, beside, a true author's instinct in regard to the small proprieties of expression. He would polish and refine at every opportunity, as the studied improvement of particular passages in the successive editions of his writings bears witness. The "Tracts and Essays," by Mr. Robert Slender, the name under which Freneau frequently wrote, are, in fact, quite pleasant reading at this day; they are enlivened with various happy inventions, and reflect, in a genial vein of humour, the habits and opinions of our forefathers at a period which will always be peculiarly interesting to the genuine American.

After several years spent in voyaging, we find Freneau again in active literary employment in 1791, as editor of the *Daily Advertiser*, a journal printed in New York, the superintendence of which he presently exchanged for that of the *National Gazette* at Philadelphia, the first number of which appeared under his direction in October of the year just mentioned. He was employed at the same time by Jefferson, the Secretary of State,—the seat of government being now removed to Philadelphia,—as translating clerk in the

State Department, with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. It was a time of fierce political excitement, when the newly framed Constitution, not yet fully established in its working, was exposed to the fierce criticism of its adversaries; while popular opinion was greatly excited by the rising tumult of ideas generated in the French Revolution. In this strife of parties Freneau was an active partisan of the new French ideas, was a supporter of Genet, the minister who sought to entangle the country in the great European struggle, and, as might be expected, was an unsparing assailant of the policy of Washington, whose character he had heretofore eulogized. Washington was annoyed, and Hamilton attacked Jefferson for his official support of the troublesome editor. Jefferson replied that he had befriended Freneau, as a man of genius; but that he had never written for his paper. It is unquestionably true, however, that Freneau's political writings, at this time, had Jefferson's warmest sympathy.

The *Gazette* came to an end with its second volume and second year, in 1793, after which Freneau became, as he had been before, a resident of New Jersey. He had still, however, an inclination to editorial life, and we accordingly find him, in the spring of 1795, publishing at Mount Pleasant, near Middletown Point, a new journal, entitled *The*

*Jersey Chronicle.* A copy of this journal is preserved in the library of the New York Historical Society. The first number was dated May 2; it was issued weekly and continued for a year, when it was arrested by that frequent malady of such undertakings, want of support. This *Chronicle* is quite a curious affair. It was printed by the author himself, who had mustered a medley of types for the purpose. The first number was of the humble dimensions of eight small quarto pages, of seven inches by eight. But it bore a brave motto, from the editor's favourite Horace:—

“Inter sylvas Academi quærere verum,”

and loftily proposed to review the foreign and domestic politics of the times, and “mark the general character of the age and country.” The spirited little journal was presently somewhat enlarged, but typographically, at least, it always appeared of a somewhat sickly constitution.

The office types, however, were well employed in printing, this year, 1795, a new and comprehensive edition of the author's poems, in an octavo volume of four hundred and fifty-six pages, of the title-page of which we present a close imitation:—

# P O E M S

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1768 & 1794,

BY

PHILIP F R E N E A U,

OF

N E W J E R S E Y.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED and CORRECTED by the  
AUTHOR; Including a considerable number of  
PIECES never before PUBLISHED.

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*Audax inde cohors stellis e pluribus unum  
Ardua pyramidos tollit ad astra caput.*

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M O N M O U T H

[ N. J. ]

P R I N T E D

At the Press of the AUTHOR, at MOUNT-PLEASANT, near  
MIDDLETOWN-POINT: M.DCC.XCV: and, of  
—AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE—

XIX.

The explanation of the stars in the title will be found in the concluding poem of the present volume, entitled "The Pyramid of the Fifteen American States." In this collection Freneau revived his poem on the Prison-Ship, and reprinted at length his humorous animadversions on Rivington and Gaine; all of which, with the other Revolutionary poems, have been transferred to the present volume.

One more newspaper venture concludes the list of Freneau's undertakings of this description. In 1797 he edited, at New York, a miscellaneous periodical, entitled *The Time-Piece and Literary Companion*. It was printed in quarto form, appeared three times a week; and, besides his editorship, Freneau was associated with a partner in its printing and publication. As usual, his part was well done, the journal being well arranged, judiciously filled with a variety of matter, spirited and entertaining; in fact, what its title promised, an agreeable companion to an intelligent reader. This, at least, was its character while in charge of Freneau. He appears to have left it during the year, after which it languished and died.

In 1799, Freneau published at Philadelphia, "printed for the author," a thin octavo volume, entitled, "*Letters on Various Interesting and Important Subjects; many of which have appeared in the Aurora. Corrected and much en-*



*larged. By Robert Slender, O. S. M.,*” with the motto from Pope :—

“Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;  
The rest is all but leather or prunella.”

Freneau, of whose occupations we have now no particular account, appears to have resided in New Jersey, doubtless often visiting New York, and certainly keeping alive his poetical faculty, by his habit of penning occasional verses on topics suggested by the day. In 1809 he published a new collection, the fourth, of his writings, which he entitled, “*Poems Written and Published during the American Revolutionary War, and now Republished from the Original Manuscripts ; interspersed with Translations from the Ancients, and other pieces not heretofore in print.*” The title-page also bore the motto—

“ — Justly to record the deeds of fame,  
A muse from heaven should touch the soul with flame ;  
Some powerful spirit, in superior lays,  
Should tell the conflicts of the stormy days.”

The translations “from the ancients,” are the third Elegy of the first book of Ovid’s “*Tristia*,” and the passage of Lucretius, in the sixth book of his poem, in which he describes the great plague at Athens. The selection shows

that Freneau had not altogether lost the early instruction in the classics which he had received at Nassau Hall. The collection in which these poems appeared was published in two duodecimo volumes, at Philadelphia, "from the press of Lydia R. Bailey."

Freneau lived to commemorate the incidents of the second war with Great Britain, in 1812. He wrote various poems celebrating the naval actions of Hull, Macdonough, Porter, and others, which stirred the soul of the old Revolutionary warrior. His traditional hatred of England survives in these and other compositions which he published in New York, in 1815, in two small volumes, from the press of David Longworth, entitled, "*A Collection of Poems on American Affairs and a Variety of other Subjects, written between the years 1797 and the present time.*"

"Then England come!—a sense of wrong requires  
To meet with thirteen stars your thousand fires :  
Through these stern times the conflict to maintain,  
Or drown them, with your commerce, in the main."

These volumes received a genial notice in the *Analectic Magazine*, from the pen of Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck. Deprecating the severity of criticism towards poems of an occasional character, the writer remarks: "He depicts land

battles and naval fights with much animation and gay colouring; and being himself a son of old Neptune, he is never at a loss for appropriate circumstance and expressive diction, when the scene lies at sea. \* \* \* His martial and political ballads are free from bombast and affectation, and often have an arch simplicity in their manner that renders them very poignant and striking. If the ballads and songs of Dibdin have cheered the spirits and incited the valour of the British tars, the strains of Freneau, in like manner, are calculated to impart patriotic impulses to the hearts of his countrymen, and their effect in this way should be taken as the test of their merit, without entering into a very nice examination of the rhyme or the reason. For our own part, we have no inclination to dwell on his defects; we had much rather—

‘ With full applause, in honour to his age,  
 Dismiss the veteran poet from the stage;  
 Crown his last exit with distinguished praise,  
 And kindly hide his baldness with the bays.’”\*

After witnessing and chronicling in his verse the conflicts of two wars, Freneau had yet many years of life before him. They were mostly passed in rural retirement, at the home

\* “Analectic Magazine,” v. 518.

where he had been long settled, near Monmouth, New Jersey. He occasionally visited New York, keeping up his acquaintance with the Democratic leaders, with whom he had been associated in the political struggles of the past, and honoured by the friends of literature in the city, who never failed to appreciate the merits of the veteran singer of the Revolution. His appearance and conversation at this time have been graphically described by the late Dr. John W. Francis, in whom the genius and history of Freneau excited the warmest interest. "I had," says he, "when very young, read the poetry of Freneau, and as we instinctively become attached to the writers who first captivate our imaginations, it was with much zest that I formed a personal acquaintance with the Revolutionary bard. He was at that time about seventy-six years old, when he first introduced himself to me in my library. I gave him an earnest welcome. He was somewhat below the ordinary height; in person thin, yet muscular; with a firm step, though a little inclined to stoop; his countenance wore traces of care, yet lightened with intelligence as he spoke; he was mild in enunciation, neither rapid nor slow, but clear, distinct, and emphatic. His forehead was rather beyond the medium elevation; his eyes a dark gray, occupying a socket deeper than common; his hair must have once been beautiful; it

was now thinned and of an iron gray. He was free of all ambitious displays; his habitual expression was pensive. His dress might have passed for that of a farmer. New York, the city of his birth, was his most interesting theme; his collegiate career with Madison, next. His story of many of his occasional poems was quite romantic. As he had at command types and a printing-press, when an incident of moment in the Revolution occurred, he would retire for composition, or find shelter under the shade of some tree, indite his lyrics, repair to the press, set up his types, and issue his productions. There was no difficulty in versification with him. I told him what I had heard Jeffrey, the Scotch Reviewer, say of his writings, that the time would arrive when his poetry, like that of Hudibras, would command a commentator like Grey.

“It is remarkable how tenaciously Freneau preserved the acquisitions of his early classical studies, notwithstanding he had for many years, in the after portion of his life, been occupied in pursuits so entirely alien to books. There is no portrait of the patriot Freneau; he always firmly declined the painter’s art, and would brook no ‘counterfeit presentment.’”\*

\* A sketch contributed by Dr. Francis to the “Cyclopædia of American Literature,” i. 333, 334.

John Pintard, in a biographical notice of Freneau, also celebrates his mental accomplishments: "He was," says he, "a man of great reading and extensive acquirements; few were more thoroughly versed in classical literature, and fewer still, who knew as much about the early history of our country, the organization of the government, and the rise and progress of parties."\*

The aversion of the poet to sitting for his portrait, noticed by Dr. Francis, was one of his peculiarities, for which it is not easy to suggest a sufficient explanation. As an author he was careful of the preservation of his fame. Certainly the cause was not to be found in any unfavourable impression his likeness might create, for he was, as accurately described by Dr. Francis, of an interesting appearance in age. In youth he was regarded as handsome. His brother Peter was renowned, in South Carolina, for his personal beauty. But, whatever the motive, Freneau resolutely declined to have his portrait painted. He was once waited upon by the artist, Rembrandt Peale, with a request for this purpose, by a body of gentlemen in Philadelphia; but he was inexorable on the subject. On another occasion, the elder Jarvis, with a view of securing his likeness, was smuggled into a

\* *New York Mirror*, Jan. 12, 1833.

corner of the room at a dinner-party, at Dr. Hofack's, to which the poet had been invited; but the latter detected the design and arrested its accomplishment. At this late day, the neglect has been, in a measure, repaired. The portrait prefixed to this volume has been sketched by an artist, at the suggestion and dictates of several members of the poet's family, who retain the most vivid recollection of his personal appearance. It is pronounced by them, a fair representation of the man in the maturity of his physical powers, previous to the inroads of old age. His daughter, Mrs. Leadbeater, and his grandson and adopted son, Mr. Philip L. Freneau, of this city, to whom we are indebted, in this Memoir, for several interesting personal particulars, pronounce it a satisfactory likeness. Though wanting the authenticity which might have been conferred by a Trumbull or Stuart, the sketch is of undoubted interest as an embodiment of the recollections and impressions of his family, who are not likely to be deceived in a matter so closely touching the affections. It is, at any rate, all that now can be rescued from the past. The attempt, under the circumstances, was well worthy of being made, and must be regarded, with the evidence before us, as reasonably successful.

Freneau survived nearly to the completion of his eightieth

year. He died December 18, 1832.\* The *Monmouth* (N. J.) *Inquirer* thus announced his death:—

“Mr. Freneau was in the village, and started, towards evening, to go home, about two miles. In attempting to go across he appears to have got lost and mired in a bog meadow, where his lifeless corpse was discovered yesterday morning. Captain Freneau was a staunch Whig in the time of the Revolution, a good soldier, and a warm patriot. The productions of his pen animated his countrymen in the darkest days of '76, and the effusions of his muse

\* Philip Freneau left a family of four daughters, all of whom, at this present time (1865), are living. The mother of Governor Seymour, of New York (Mary, the daughter of General Jonathan Forman), was a niece of Mrs. Philip Freneau, the wife of the poet. The Freneaus, through the second marriage of the poet's mother, are connected with the Kearney family, of New Jersey. Philip Freneau married early in life, at about the age of thirty, Miss Eleanor Forman, daughter of Samuel Forman, a wealthy citizen of New Jersey. General Jonathan Forman and Denise Forman, who were much engaged in military affairs in the State during the Revolution, were her brothers. David Forman, also in military life, was her cousin. This lady, who shared her husband's talent for poetry, corresponding with him, for several years before their marriage, in verse, was of marked character and intelligence. She was devotedly attached to the Episcopal Church, which the family attended, having left the French Church in the lifetime of the poet's father. Mrs. Freneau survived her husband many years, retaining, in her latter days, much of the personal activity of her youth, and a fund in conversation of the most interesting memories of the days of the Revolution. The remains of Mrs. Freneau repose, with those of her husband, in the family burial-ground at Mount Pleasant, New Jersey. A monument to the poet's memory, within a few years, has been erected on the spot.



cheered the desponding soldier as he fought the battles of freedom.”

The eulogy of the Monmouth journal will remain Freneau's highest distinction. He was the popular poet of the Revolution. We have made this service the ground of selection of the poems which compose the present volume. For the first time, all that he himself thought worthy of republication of this nature, is here brought together in a single volume. The poems have been carefully gathered from the several editions, and the author's latest revised text has in all cases been followed. Where changes of any interest were made by him, the variations have been pointed out in a note.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that Freneau had other claims to attention as a poet, than his literary association with the events of the Revolution. He was essentially of a poetic mood, and had many traits of rare excellence in the divine art. His sympathies were with nature and his fellow-men. His mind was warmed into admiration at the beauties of landscape; his conceptions were imaginative; visionary scenes swarmed before his imagination; and the same susceptibility of mind which led him to invest with interest the fading fortunes of the Indian, and Nature's prodigality in the luxurious scenery of the tropics, made him

keenly appreciative of the humble ways and manners of his race. The practical Captain Freneau combined humour with fancy, and his Muse, laying aside what Milton termed "her singing robes," could wear with ease the garments of every-day life. The common, once familiar incidents and manners of his time, will be found pleasantly reflected in many a quaint picture in his poems.

"The poems of Philip Freneau," if we may be allowed here to repeat our estimate of his powers, from a sketch written some years ago, "represent his times, the war of wit and verse no less than of sword and stratagem of the Revolution; and he superadds to this material a humorous, homely simplicity peculiarly his own, in which he paints the life of village rustics, with their local manners fresh about them; of days when tavern delights were to be freely spoken of, before temperance societies and Maine laws were thought of, when men went to prison at the summons of inexorable creditors, and when Connecticut deacons rushed out of meeting to arrest and waylay the passing Sunday traveller. When these humours of the day were exhausted, and the impulses of patriotism were gratified in song; when he had paid his respects to Rivington and Hugh Gaine, he solaced himself with remoter themes: in the version of an ode of Horace, a visionary meditation on the antiquities of America, or

a sentimental effusion on the loves of Sappho. These show the fine tact and delicate handling of Freneau, who deserves much more consideration in this respect from critics than he has received. A writer from whom the fastidious Campbell, in his best day, thought it worth while to borrow an entire line, is worth looking into. It is from Freneau's *Indian Burying-Ground*, the last image of that fine visionary stanza :—

‘ By midnight moons, o’er moistening dews,  
 In vestments for the chase array’d,  
 The hunter still the deer pursues,  
 The hunter and the deer—a shade.’

Campbell has given the line a rich setting in the ‘lovelorn fantasy’ of *O’Conor’s Child* :—

‘ Bright as the bow that spans the storm,  
 In Erin’s yellow vesture clad,  
 A son of light—a lovely form,  
 He comes and makes her glad ;  
 Now on the grass-green turf he sits,  
 His tassel’d horn beside him laid ;  
 Now o’er the hills in chase he flits,  
*The hunter and the deer a shade.*’

“ There is also a line of Sir Walter Scott which has its

prototype in Freneau. In the introduction to the third canto of *Marmion*, in the apostrophe to the Duke of Brunswick, we read—

‘Lamented chief!—not thine the power  
To save in that presumptuous hour,  
When Prussia hurried to the field,  
And snatch’d the spear but left the shield.’

“In Freneau’s poem on the heroes of Eutaw, we have this stanza:—

‘They saw their injur’d country’s woe;  
The flaming town, the wasted field;  
Then rush’d to meet the insulting foe;  
They took the spear—but left the shield.’

“An anecdote which the late Henry Brevoort was accustomed to relate of his visit to Scott, affords assurance that the poet was really indebted to Freneau, and that he would not, on a proper occasion, have hesitated to acknowledge the obligation. Mr. Brevoort was asked by Scott respecting the authorship of certain verses on the battle of Eutaw, which he had seen in a magazine, and had by heart, and which he knew were American. He was told that they were by Freneau, when he remarked, ‘The poem is as fine a thing as there is of the kind in the language.’ Scott also praised one of the Indian poems.

“We might add to these instances, that in 1790, Freneau, in his poetical correspondence between Nanny, the Philadelphia House-keeper, and Nabby, her friend in New York, upon the subject of the removal of Congress to the former city, hit upon some of the peculiar pleasantry of Moore’s Epistles in-verse, of the present century.

“Freneau surprises us often by his neatness of execution and skill in versification. He handles a triple-rhymed stanza in the octosyllabic measure particularly well. His appreciation of nature is tender and sympathetic,—one of the pure springs which fed the more boisterous current of his humour when he came out among men, to deal with quackery, pretence, and injustice. But what is, perhaps, most worthy of notice in Freneau is his originality, the instinct with which his genius marked out a path for itself, in those days when most writers were languidly leaning upon the old foreign school of Pope and Darwin. He was not afraid of home things and incidents. Dealing with facts and realities, and the life around him, wherever he was, his writings have still an interest where the vague expressions of other poets are forgotten. \* \* \* It is not to be denied, however, that Freneau was sometimes careless. He thought and wrote with improvidence. His jests are sometimes misdirected; and his verses are unequal in execution. Yet it is not too

much to predict, that, through the genuine nature of some of his productions, and the historic incidents of others, all that he wrote will yet be called for, and find favour in numerous editions.”\*

This prediction was ventured ten years ago. It is now in a measure fulfilled, in the demand for the present imprint—the only publication in America of any collection of Freneau’s writings since the year 1815, and the first of his Revolutionary Poems since 1809.

\* “Cyclopædia of American Literature,” i. 327-348.

THE  
RISING GLORY OF AMERICA.

*Being part of a DIALOGUE, pronounced on a public occasion.\**

---

————— Venient annis  
Sæcula feris, quibus oceanus  
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens  
Pateat tellus, Typhisque novos  
Detegat orbes; nec fit terris  
Ultima Thule.—————

Seneca, Med. Act. iii. v. 375.

A R G U M E N T .

THE subject proposed.—The discovery of America by Columbus—A philosophical enquiry into the origin of the savages of America—The first planters from Europe—Causes of their migration to America—The difficulties they encountered from the jealousy of the natives—Agriculture descanted on—Commerce and navigation—Science—Future prospects of British usurpation, tyranny, and devastation on this side the Atlantic—The more comfortable one of Independence, Liberty, and Peace—Conclusion.

*Acasto.*

NOW shall the adventurous Muse attempt a theme  
More new, more noble, and more flush of fame  
Than all that went before—  
Now through the veil of ancient days renew

\* N. B. This Poem is a little altered from the original (published in Philadelphia, in 1772), such parts being only inserted here as were written by the author of this Volume. A few more modern lines, towards the conclusion, are incorporated with the rest, being a supposed prophetic anticipation of subsequent events.

[The circumstances under which the Poem was composed have been noticed in the Prefatory Memoir of the author.]

The period fam'd when first Columbus touch'd  
 These shores so long unknown—through various toils,  
 Famine, and death, the hero forc'd his way,  
 Thro' oceans pregnant with perpetual storms,  
 And climates hostile to advent'rous man.  
 But why, to prompt your tears, should we resume  
 The tale of *Cortez*, furious chief, ordain'd  
 With Indian blood to dye the sands, and choak,  
 Fam'd *Mexico*, thy streams with dead? or why  
 Once more revive the tale so oft rehears'd  
 Of *Atabilipa*, by thirst of gold,  
 (All conquering motive in the human breast)  
 Depriv'd of life, which not *Peru's* rich ore  
 Nor *Mexico's* vast mines could then redeem?  
 Better these northern realms demand our song,  
 Design'd by nature for the rural reign,  
 For agriculture's toil.—No blood we shed  
 For metals buried in a rocky waste.—  
 Curs'd be that ore, which brutal makes our race,  
 And prompts mankind to shed a brother's blood!

*Eugenio.*

————— But whence arose  
 That vagrant race who love the shady vale,  
 And choose the forest for their dark abode?—  
 For long has this perplex'd the sages' skill  
 To investigate.—Tradition lends no aid  
 To unveil this secret to the mortal eye,  
 When first these various nations, north and south,



Posselt these shores, or from what countries came.—  
Whether they sprang from some primæval head  
In their own lands, like Adam in the east,—  
Yet this the sacred oracles deny,  
And reason, too, reclaims against the thought :  
For when the general deluge drown'd the world  
Where could their tribes have found security,  
Where find their fate, but in the ghastly deep?—  
Unless, as others dream, some chosen few  
High on the Andes 'scap'd the general death,  
High on the Andes, wrapt in endless snow,  
Where winter in his wildest fury reigns,  
And subtle æther scarce our life maintains.  
But here philosophers oppose the scheme :  
This earth, say they, nor hills nor mountains knew  
Ere yet the universal flood prevail'd ;  
But when the mighty waters rose aloft,  
Rous'd by the winds, they shook their solid base,  
And, in convulsions, tore the delug'd world,  
'Till by the winds assuag'd, again they fell,  
And all their ragged bed expos'd to view.

PERHAPS, far wandering toward the northern pole,  
The streights of Zembla, and the frozen zone,  
And where the eastern Greenland almost joins  
America's north point, the hardy tribes  
Of banish'd Jews, Siberians, Tartars wild  
Came over icy mountains, or on floats  
First reach'd these coasts, hid from the world beside.—  
And yet another argument more strange,

Reserv'd for men of deeper thought, and late,  
 Presents itself to view :—*In Peleg's\* days,*  
 (So says the Hebrew seer's unerring pen)  
 This mighty mass of earth, this solid globe  
*Was* cleft in twain,—“*divided*” east and west,  
 While straight between, the deep Atlantic roll'd.—  
 And traces indisputable remain  
 Of this primæval land, now sunk and lost.—  
 The islands rising in our eastern main  
 Are but small fragments of this continent,  
 Whose two extremities were Newfoundland  
 And St. Helena.—One far in the north,  
 Where shivering seamen view with strange surprize  
 The guiding pole-star glittering o'er their heads ;  
 The other near the southern tropic rears  
 Its head above the waves—Bermuda's isles,  
 Cape Verd, Canary, Britain, and the Azores,  
 With fam'd Hibernia, are but broken parts  
 Of some prodigious waste, which once sustain'd  
 Nations and tribes, of vanish'd memory,  
 Forests, and towns, and beasts of every class,  
 Where navies now explore their briny way.

*Leander.*

Your sophistry, Eugenio, makes me smile :  
 The roving mind of man delights to dwell  
 On hidden things, merely because they're hid :

\* Gen. X. 25.

He thinks his knowledge far beyond all limit,  
And boldly fathoms Nature's darkest haunts—  
But for uncertainties, your broken isles,  
Your northern Tartars, and your wandering Jews,  
(The flimsy cobwebs of a sophist's brain)  
Hear what the voice of history proclaims—  
The Carthaginians, ere the Roman yoke  
Broke their proud spirits, and enslav'd them too,  
For navigation were renown'd as much  
As haughty Tyre with all her hundred fleets,  
Full many a league their vent'rous seamen sail'd  
Thro' streight Gibraltar, down the western shore  
Of Africa, to the Canary isles :  
By them call'd Fortunate ; so Flaccus\* sings,  
Because eternal spring there clothes the fields  
And fruits delicious bloom throughout the year.—  
From voyaging here, this inference I draw,  
Perhaps some barque with all her numerous crew  
Falling to leeward of her destin'd port,  
Caught by the eastern *Trade*, was hurried on  
Before the unceasing blast to Indian isles,  
Brazil, La Plata, or the coasts more south—  
There stranded, and unable to return,  
Forever from their native skies estrang'd  
Doubtless they made these virgin climes their own,  
And in the course of long revolving years  
A numerous progeny from these arose,

\* Hor. Epod. 16.

And spread throughout the coasts—those whom we call  
 Brazilians, Mexicans, Peruvians rich,  
 The tribes of Chili, Patagon, and those  
 Who till the shores of Amazon's long stream.—  
 When first the power of Europe here attain'd  
 Vast empires, kingdoms, cities, palaces  
 And polish'd nations stock'd the fertile land.  
 Who has not heard of Cusco, Lima, and  
 The town of Mexico—huge cities form'd  
 From Europe's architecture ; ere the arms  
 Of haughty Spain disturb'd the peaceful soil.—  
 But *here*, amid this northern dark domain  
 No towns were seen to rise.—No arts were here ;  
 The tribes unskill'd to raise the lofty mast,  
 Or force the daring prow thro' adverse waves,  
 Gaz'd on the pregnant soil, and crav'd alone  
 Life from the unaided genius of the ground,—  
 This indicates they were a different race ;  
 From whom descended, 'tis not ours to say—  
 That power, no doubt, who furnish'd trees, and plants,  
 And animals to this vast continent,  
 Spoke into being man among the rest,—  
 But what a change is here !—what arts arise !  
 What towns and capitals ! how commerce waves  
 Her gaudy flags, where silence reign'd before !

*Acasto.*

Speak, my Eugenio, for I've heard you tell  
 The dismal story, and the cause that brought

The first adventurers to these western shores ;  
 The glorious cause that urg'd our fathers first  
 To visit climes unknown, and wilder woods  
 Than e'er Tartarian or Norwegian saw,  
 And with fair culture to adorn a soil  
 That never felt the industrious swain before.

*Eugenio.*

All this long story to rehearse, would tire,  
 Besides, the sun toward the west retreats,  
 Nor can the noblest theme retard his speed,  
 Nor loftiest verse—not that which sang the fall  
 Of Troy divine, and fierce Achilles' ire.  
 Yet hear a part:—By persecution wrong'd,  
 And sacerdotal rage, our fathers came  
 From Europe's hostile shores to these abodes,  
 Here to enjoy a liberty in *faith*,  
 Secure from tyranny and base controul.  
 For this they left their country and their friends,  
 And dar'd the Atlantic wave in quest of peace ;  
 And found new shores, and sylvan settlements,  
 And men, alike unknowing and unknown.  
 Hence, by the care of each adventurous *chief*  
 New governments (their wealth unenvied yet)  
 Were form'd on liberty and virtue's plan.  
 These searching out uncultivated tracts  
 Conceiv'd new plans of towns, and capitals,  
 And spacious provinces—Why should I name  
 Thee, Penn, the Solon of our western lands ;

Sagacious legislator, whom the world  
 Admires, long dead: an infant *colony*,  
 Nurs'd by thy care, now rises o'er the rest  
 Like that tall Pyramid in Egypt's waste  
 O'er all the neighbouring piles, they also great.  
 Why should I name those heroes so well known,  
 Who peopled all the rest from Canada  
 To Georgia's farthest coasts, West Florida,  
 Or Apalachian mountains?—Yet what streams  
 Of blood were shed! what Indian hosts were slain,  
 Before the days of peace were quite restor'd!

*Leander.*

Yes, while they overturn'd the rugged soil  
 And swept the forests from the shaded plain  
 'Midst dangers, foes, and death, fierce Indian tribes  
 With vengeful malice arm'd, and black design,  
 Oft murdered, or dispers'd, these colonies—  
 Encourag'd, too, by Gallia's hostile sons,  
 A warlike race, who late their arms display'd  
 At *Quebec*, *Montreal*, and farthest coasts  
 Of *Labrador*, or *Cape Breton*, where now  
 The British standard awes the subject host.  
 Here, those brave chiefs, who, lavish of their blood,  
 Fought in Britannia's cause, in battle fell!—  
 What heart but mourns the untimely fate of *Wolfe*  
 Who, dying, conquer'd!—or what breast but beats  
 To share a fate like his, and die like him!

*Acasto.*

But why alone commemorate the dead,  
 And pass those glorious heroes by, who yet  
 Breathe the same air, and see the light with us?—  
 The dead, Leander, are but empty names,  
 And they who fall to-day the fame to us  
 As they who fell ten centuries ago!—  
 Lost are they all that shin'd on earth before;  
 Rome's boldest champions in the dust are laid,  
 Ajax and great Achilles are no more,  
 And *Philip's* warlike son, an empty shade!—  
 A WASHINGTON among our sons of fame  
 We boast conspicuous as the morning star  
 Among the inferior lights—  
 To distant wilds Virginia sent him forth—  
 With her brave sons he gallantly oppos'd  
 The bold invaders of his country's rights,  
 Where wild *Ohio* pours the mazy flood,  
 And mighty meadows skirt his subject streams.—  
 But now, delighting in his elm tree's shade,  
 Where deep *Potowmac* laves the enchanting shore,  
 He prunes the tender vine, or bids the soil  
 Luxuriant harvests to the sun display.—  
 Behold a different scene—not thus employ'd  
 Were *Cortez*, and *Pizarro*, pride of Spain,  
 Whom blood and murder only satisfy'd,  
 And all to glut their avarice and ambition!—

*Eugenio.*

Such is the curse, Acasto, where the soul  
 Humane is wanting—but we boast no feats  
 Of cruelty like Europe's murdering breed—  
 Our milder epithet is merciful,  
 And each American, true hearted, learns  
 To conquer, and to spare; for coward souls  
 Alone seek vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.  
 Gold, fatal gold, was the alluring bait  
 To Spain's rapacious tribes—hence rose the wars  
 From Chili to the Caribbean sea,  
 And Montezuma's Mexican domains:  
 More blest are we, with whose unenvied soil  
 Nature decreed no mingling gold to shine,  
 No flaming diamond, precious emerald,  
 No blushing sapphire, ruby, chrysolite,  
 Or jasper red—more noble riches flow  
 From agriculture, and the industrious swain,  
 Who tills the fertile vale, or mountain's brow,  
 Content to lead a safe, a humble life,  
 Among his native hills, romantic shades  
 Such as the muse of Greece of old did feign,  
 Allur'd the Olympian gods from chrystal skies,  
 Envyng such lovely scenes to mortal man.

*Leander.*

Long has the rural life been justly fam'd,  
 And bards of old their pleasing pictures drew



Of flowery meads, and groves, and gliding streams ;  
 Hence, old Arcadia—wood-nymphs, satyrs, fawns ;  
 And hence Elysium, fancied heaven below !—  
 Fair agriculture, not unworthy kings,  
 Once exercis'd the royal hand, or those  
 Whose virtues rais'd them to the rank of gods.  
 See, old *Laertes*\* in his shepherd weeds  
 Far from his pompous throne and court august,  
 Digging the grateful soil, where round him rise  
 Sons of the earth, the tall aspiring oaks,  
 Or orchards, boasting of more fertile boughs,  
 Laden with apples red, sweet scented peach,  
 Pear, cherry, apricot, or spongy plumb ;  
 While through the glebe the industrious oxen draw  
 The earth-inverting plough.—Those Romans too,  
 Fabricius and Camillus, lov'd a life  
 Of neat simplicity and rustic bliss,  
 And from the noisy Forum hastening far,  
 From busy camps, and sycophants, and crowns,  
 'Midst woods and fields spent the remains of *life*,  
 Where full enjoyment still awaits the wise.

How grateful, to behold the harvests rise,  
 And mighty crops adorn the extended plains !—  
 Fair plenty smiles throughout, while lowing herds  
 Stalk o'er the shrubby hill or grassy mead,  
 Or at some shallow river flake their thirst.—  
 The *inclosure*, now, succeeds the shepherd's care,

\* Hom. Odyss. B. 24.

Yet milk-white flocks adorn the well stock'd farm,  
 And court the attention of the industrious swain—  
 Their fleece rewards him well ; and when the winds  
 Blow with a keener blast, and from the north  
 Pour mingled tempests through a sunless sky  
 (Ice, fleet, and rattling hail) secure he sits  
 Warm in his cottage, fearless of the storm,  
 Enjoying now the toils of milder moons,  
 Yet hoping for the spring.—Such are the joys,  
 And such the toils of those whom heaven hath blest'd  
 With souls enamour'd of a country life.

*Acasto.*

Such are the visions of the rustic reign—  
 But this alone, the fountain of support,  
 Would scarce employ the varying mind of man ;  
 Each seeks employ, and each a different way :  
 Strip Commerce of her sail, and men once more  
 Would be converted into savages—  
 No nation e'er grew social and refin'd  
 'Till Commerce first had wing'd the adventurous prow,  
 Or sent the slow-pac'd caravan, afar,  
 To waft their produce to some other clime,  
 And bring the wish'd exchange—thus came, of old,  
*Golconda's* golden ore, and thus the wealth  
 Of *Ophir*, to the wisest of mankind.

*Eugenio.*

Great is the praise of Commerce, and the men  
 Deserve our praise, who spread the undaunted sail,  
 And traverse every sea—their dangers great,  
 Death still to combat in the unfeeling gale,  
 And every billow but a gaping grave:—  
 There, skies and waters, wearying on the eye,  
 For weeks and months no other prospect yield  
 But barren wastes, unfathom'd depths, where not  
 The blissful haunt of human form is seen  
 To cheer the unsocial horrors of the way——  
 Yet all these bold designs to Science owe  
 Their rise and glory——Hail, fair Science! thou,  
 Transplanted from the eastern skies, dost bloom  
 In these blest regions——Greece and Rome no more  
 Detain the Muses on *Cithæron's* brow,  
 Or old *Olympus*, crown'd with waving woods,  
 Or *Hæmus'* top, where once was heard the harp,  
 Sweet *Orpheus'* harp, that gain'd his cause below,  
 And pierc'd the heart of Orcus and his bride ;  
 That hush'd to silence by its voice divine  
 Thy melancholy waters, and the gales  
 O *Hebrus!* that o'er thy sad surface blow.——  
 No more the maids round *Alpheus'* waters stray,  
 Where he with *Arethusa's* stream doth mix,  
 Or where swift *Tiber* disembogues his waves  
 Into the Italian sea, so long unfring ;  
 Hither they wing their way, the last the best

Of countries, where the arts shall rise and grow,  
 And arms shall have their day—even now we boast  
 A *Franklin*, prince of all philosophy,  
 A genius piercing as the electric fire,  
 Bright as the lightning's flash, explain'd so well  
 By him, the rival of Britannia's sage.\*—  
 This is the land of every joyous sound,  
 Of liberty and life, sweet liberty !  
 Without whose aid the noblest genius fails,  
 And Science irretrievably must die.

*Leander.*

But come, Eugenio, since we know the past——  
 What hinders to pervade with searching eye  
 The mystic scenes of dark futurity !  
 Say, shall we ask what empires yet must rise,  
 What kingdoms, powers and STATES, where now are seen  
 Mere dreary wastes and awful solitude,  
 Where Melancholy sits, with eye forlorn,  
 And time anticipates, when we shall spread  
 Dominion from the north, and south, and west,  
 Far from the Atlantic to Pacific shores,  
 And shackle half the convex of the main !——  
 A glorious theme !—but how shall mortals dare  
 To pierce the dark events of future years  
 And scenes unravel, only known to fate ?

\* Newton.

*Acasto.*

This might we do, if warm'd by that bright coal  
Snatch'd from the altar of cherubic fire  
Which touch'd Isaiah's lips—or if the spirit  
Of Jeremy and Amos, prophets old,  
Might swell the heaving breast—I see, I see  
Freedom's establish'd reign; cities, and men,  
Numerous as sands upon the ocean shore,  
And empires rising where the sun descends!—  
The *Ohio* soon shall glide by many a town  
Of note; and where the *Mississippi* stream,  
By forests shaded, now runs weeping on,  
Nations shall grow, and STATES not less in fame  
Than Greece and Rome of old!—we too shall boast  
Our Scipio's, Solon's, Cato's, sages, chiefs  
That in the womb of time yet dormant lie,  
Waiting the joyous hour of life and light—  
O snatch me hence, ye muses, to those days  
When through the veil of dark antiquity  
Our sons shall hear of us as things remote,  
That blossom'd in the morn of days—Alas!  
How could I weep that we were born so soon,  
Just in the dawning of these mighty times,  
Whose scenes are panting for eternity!  
Diffentions that shall swell the trump of fame,  
And ruin brooding o'er all monarchy!

*Eugenio.*

Nor shall these angry tumults here subside  
 Nor murders\* cease, through all these provinces,  
 Till foreign crowns have vanish'd from our view  
 And dazzle here no more——no more presume  
 To awe the spirit of fair Liberty—  
 Vengeance shall cut the thread—And Britain, sure,  
 Will curse her fatal obstinacy for it !  
 Bent on the ruin of this injur'd country,  
 She will not listen to our humble prayers,  
 Though offer'd with submission :  
 Like vagabonds, and objects of destruction,  
 Like those whom all mankind are sworn to hate,  
 She casts us off from her protection,  
 And will invite the nations round about,  
 Russians and Germans, slaves and savages,  
 To come and have a share in our perdition——  
 O cruel race, O unrelenting Britain,  
 Who bloody beasts will hire to cut our throats,  
 Who war will wage with prattling innocence,  
 And basely murder unoffending women !——  
 Will stab their prisoners when they cry for quarter,  
 Will burn our towns, and from his lodging turn  
 The poor inhabitant to sleep in tempests !——  
 These will be wrongs, indeed, and all sufficient  
 To kindle up our souls to deeds of horror,

\* The massacre at Boston, March 5th, 1770, is here more particularly glanced at.

And give to every arm the nerves of *Sampson*—  
These are the men that fill the world with ruin,  
And every region mourns their greedy sway—  
Nor only for ambition—————  
But what are this world's goods, that *they* for them  
Should exercise perpetual butchery ?  
What are these mighty riches we possess,  
That they should send so far to plunder them ? —  
Already have we felt their potent arm—  
And ever since that inauspicious day,  
When first Sir *Francis Bernard*  
His cannons planted at the *council door*,  
And made the assembly room a home for strumpets,  
And soldiers rank and file—e'er since that day  
This wretched land, that drinks its children's gore,  
Has been a scene of tumult and confusion !—  
Are there not evils in the world enough ?  
Are we so happy that they envy us ?  
Have we not toil'd to satisfy their harpies,  
King's deputies, that are insatiable ;  
Whose practice is to incense the royal mind  
And make us despicable in his view ?  
Have we not all the evils to contend with  
That, in this life, mankind are subject to,  
Pain, sickness, poverty and natural death—  
But into every wound that nature gave  
They will a dagger plunge, and make them mortal !

*Leander.*

Enough, enough—such dismal scenes you paint,  
 I almost shudder at the recollection—  
 What, are they dogs that they would mangle us?—  
 Are these the men that come with base design  
 To rob the hive, and kill the industrious bee!—  
 To brighter skies I turn my ravish'd view,  
 And fairer prospects from the future draw—  
 Here independent power shall hold her sway,  
 And public virtue warm the patriot breast:  
 No traces shall remain of tyranny,  
 And laws, a pattern to the world beside,  
 Be here enacted first.——

*Acasto.*

And when a train of rolling years are past,  
 (So sung the exil'd seer in Patmos isle)  
 A new Jerufalem, sent down from heaven,  
 Shall grace our happy earth—perhaps this land,  
 Whose ample breast shall then receive, tho' late,  
 Myriads of saints, with their immortal king,  
 To live and reign on earth a thousand years,  
 Thence called *Millennium*. Paradise anew  
 Shall flourish, by no second Adam lost.  
 No dangerous tree with deadly fruit shall grow,  
 No tempting serpent to allure the soul  
 From native innocence.—A *Canaan* here,  
 Another *Canaan* shall excel the old,



And from a fairer *Pisgah's* top be seen.  
No thistle here, nor thorn, nor briar shall spring,  
Earth's curse before : the lion and the lamb,  
In mutual friendship link'd, shall browse the shrub,  
And timorous deer with soften'd tygers stray  
O'er mead, or lofty hill, or grassy plain :  
Another Jordan's stream shall glide along,  
And Siloah's brook in circling eddies flow :  
Groves shall adorn their verdant banks, on which  
The happy people, free from toils and death,  
Shall find secure repose. No fierce disease,  
No fevers, slow consumption, ghastly plague,  
(Fate's ancient ministers) again proclaim  
Perpetual war with man : fair fruits shall bloom,  
Fair to the eye, and grateful to the taste ;  
Nature's loud storms be hush'd, and seas no more  
Rage hostile to mankind—and, worse than all,  
The fiercer passions of the human breast  
Shall kindle up to deeds of death no more,  
But all subside in universal peace.—

————— Such days the world,  
And such, AMERICA, thou first shalt have,  
When ages, yet to come, have run their round,  
And future years of bliss alone remain.

[1771.]

TO THE AMERICANS  
ON THE RUMOURED APPROACH OF THE HESSIAN FORCES,  
WALDECKERS, &c., 1775.

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The blast of death! the infernal guns prepare—  
“Rife with the storm and all its dangers share.”

Occasioned by General Gage’s Proclamation: That the Provinces were in a  
state of Rebellion and out of the King’s protection.\*

**R**EBELS you are—the British champion cries—  
TRUTH, stand thou forth!—and tell the wretch, He  
lies:—

Rebels!—and see this mock imperial *lord*  
Already threatens *these rebels* with the *CORD*.†

\* General Gage’s celebrated Proclamation at Boston, issued June 12, 1775. It began: “Whereas the infatuated multitudes, who have long suffered themselves to be conducted by certain well-known incendiaries and traitors, in a fatal progression of crimes against the constitutional authority of the state, have at length proceeded to avowed rebellion, and the good effects which were expected to arise from the patience and lenity of the king’s government have been often frustrated, and are now rendered hopeless by the influence of the same evil counsels, it only remains for those who are intrusted with the supreme rule, as well for the punishment of the guilty as the protection of the well-affected, to prove that they do not bear the sword in vain.” Frothingham, in his “Siege of Boston,” cites the comment of Mrs. Adams, in a letter dated June 15, 1775, to her husband John Adams: “Gage’s Proclamation you will receive by this conveyance. All the records of time cannot produce a blacker page. Satan, when driven from the regions of bliss, exhibited not more malice. Surely the father of lies is superseded. Yet we think it the best proclamation he could have issued.”

† General Washington, from his head-quarters at Cambridge, on the 11th of

The hour draws nigh, the glass is almost run,  
 When truth will shine, and ruffians be undone ;  
 When this base miscreant will forbear to sneer,  
 And curse his taunts, and bitter insults, *here*.

If to controul the cunning of a knave,  
 Freedom respect, and scorn the name of SLAVE ;  
 If to protest against a tyrant's laws,  
 And arm for vengeance in a righteous cause  
 Be deemed REBELLION—'tis a harmless thing :  
 This bug-bear name, like death, *has lost its sting*.

AMERICANS ! at freedom's fane adore !  
 But trust to Britain and her flag, no more :  
 The *generous genius* of their isle has fled,  
 And left a mere impostor in his stead.  
 If conquered, rebels (their Scotch records show)  
 Receive no mercy from the *parent foe*.\*

Nay, even the grave, that friendly haunt of peace,  
 (Where nature gives the woes of man to cease)

August, 1775, addressed Lieutenant-General Gage, asserting, among other complaints : " That the officers engaged in the cause of liberty and their country, who by the fortune of war have fallen into your hands, have been thrown indiscriminately into a common gaol appropriated for felons," and threatening retaliation in like cases, " exactly by the rule you shall observe towards those of ours now in your custody." To this Gage replied, on the 13th : " Britons, ever pre-eminent in mercy, have outgone common examples, and overlooked the criminal in the captive. Upon these principles your prisoners, whose lives, by the law of the land, are *destined to the cord*, have hitherto been treated with care and kindness," &c.

\* After the battle of Culloden. See Smollett's History of England, 1745.  
 —*Author's Note.*

Vengeance will search—and buried corpses there  
 Be raised to feast the vultures of the air—  
 Be hanged on gibbets!—such a war they wage—  
 Such are the devils that swell our souls with rage!—

If Britain conquers, help us, heaven, to fly :  
 Lend us your wings, ye ravens of the sky ;—  
 If Britain conquers, we exist no more ;  
 These lands will redden with their children's gore,  
 Who, turned to slaves, their fruitless toils will moan,  
 Toils in these fields, that once they called their own !

To arms ! to arms !—and let the murdering sword  
 Decide, who best deserves the HANGMAN'S CORD :  
 Nor think the hills of Canada too bleak  
 When desperate Freedom is the prize you seek ;  
 For *that*, the call of honour bids you go  
 O'er frozen lakes, and mountains wrapt in snow :  
 No toils should daunt the nervous and the bold,  
 They scorn all heat, or wave congealing cold.—

Haste !—to your tents in iron fetters bring  
 These SLAVES, that serve a tyrant, and a king,  
 So just, so virtuous is your cause, I say,  
 Hell must prevail, if Britain gains the day.

## EMANCIPATION FROM BRITISH DEPENDENCE.

*Libera nos, Domine*—Deliver us, O Lord,  
Not only from British Dependence, but also,

**F**ROM a junto that labour for absolute power,  
Whose schemes disappointed, have made them look four,  
From the lords of the council, who fight against freedom,  
Who still follow on where delusion shall lead 'em.

From the group at St. James's that slight our Petitions,  
And fools that are waiting for further submissions—  
From a nation whose manners are rough and abrupt,  
From scoundrels and rascals, whom gold can corrupt.

From pirates sent out by command of the king  
To murder and plunder, but never to swing ;  
From *Wallace*, and *Graves*, and *Vipers*, and *Roses*,\*  
Whom, if heaven pleases, we'll give bloody noses.

\* Sir James Wallace, Admiral Graves, and Captain Montague were British naval officers employed on our coast. The *Viper* and *Rose* were vessels in the service. Lord Dunmore, the last Royal Governor of Virginia, had recently, in April, 1775, removed the public stores from Williamsburg, and, in conjunction with a party of adherents, supported by the naval force on the station, was making war on the province. William Tryon, the last Royal Governor of New York, informed of a resolution of the Continental Congress: "That it be recommended to the several provincial assemblies in conventions and councils, or com-

From the valiant *Dunmore*, with his crew of banditti,  
 Who plunder Virginians at *Williamsburg* city,  
 From hot-headed *Montague*, mighty to swear,  
 The little fat man, with his pretty white hair.

From bishops in Britain, who butchers are grown,  
 From slaves, that would die for a smile from the throne,  
 From assemblies, that vote against *Congress proceedings*,  
 (Who now see the fruit of their stupid misleadings.)

From *Tryon* the mighty, who flies from our city,  
 And swell'd with importance disdains the committee :  
 (But since he is pleas'd to proclaim us his foes,  
 What the devil care we where the devil he goes.)

From the caitiff, lord *North*, who would bind us in chains,  
 From our noble king *Log*, with his tooth-full of brains,  
 Who dreams, and is certain (when taking a nap)  
 He has conquered our lands, as they lay on his map.

From a kingdom that bullies, and hectors, and swears,  
 I send up to heaven my wishes and prayers  
 That we, disunited, may freemen be still,  
 And Britain go on—to be damn'd if she will. [1775.]

mittees of safety, to arrest and secure every person in their respective colonies whose going at large may, in their opinion, endanger the safety of the colony or the liberties of America," discerning the signs of the times, took refuge on board the Halifax packet in the harbour, and left the city in the middle of October, 1775.

## GENERAL GAGE'S SOLILOQUY.

*Scene, BOSTON, besieged by the men of Massachusetts.\**

*Written and published in New York, 1775.*

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Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart, unwounded, play—  
For some must *write*, while some must *speak*;  
So runs the world away!

*Shakespeare.*

“**D**ESTRUCTION waits my call—some demon say  
Why does destruction linger on her way!  
Charlestown is burnt, and Warren is deceas'd—  
Heav'ns! shall we never be from war releas'd?”

\* General Thomas Gage, the last Royal Governor of Massachusetts, arrived at Boston as the successor of Governor Hutchinson in May, 1774. His first appearance in America was in 1755, as Lieutenant-Colonel in the army of General Braddock. He was with that ill-fated officer at the time of his defeat, bore himself conspicuously in the battle, and was wounded on the field. A few years later, in 1760, he was Governor of Montreal, and, in 1763, succeeded General Amherst in command of the British forces in North America. He had married a lady of New Jersey, and was in good esteem in the colonies for his agreeable manners. Not much, however, says Irving, was expected from him in his new post of Governor of Massachusetts, “by those who knew him well.” He was narrow-minded, and failed to estimate at their proper value the new elements of the situation in which he was placed. He relied upon force for the suppression of the popular sentiment, offended the people by his dictatorial interference, and closed a year of aggression by his celebrated Proclamation of the 12th of June,

Ten years the Greeks besieg'd the walls of Troy,  
 But when did Grecians their own towns destroy?  
 Yes! that's the point—Let those who will, say, No;  
 If GEORGE and NORTH decree—it must be so.

DOUBTS, black as night, disturb my lov'd repose—  
 Men that were once my friends have turn'd my foes—  
 What if we conquer this *rebellious town*.

Suppose we burn it, storm it, tear it down—  
 This land's like *Hydra*, cut off but *one* head,  
 And TEN shall rise, and dare you in its stead.  
 If to subdue a league or two of coast  
 Requires a navy, and so large a host,  
 How shall a length of twice seven hundred miles  
 Be brought to bend to two European isles?—  
 And *that*, when all their utmost strength unite,  
 When twelve\* dominions swear to arm and fight,  
 When the same spirit darts from every eye,  
 One fix'd resolve to gain their point or die.

As for myself—true—I was born to fight

1775, in which he declared martial law, and offered pardon, on submission, to all offenders save Samuel Adams and John Hancock. He had just before been joined by Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne. Admiral Graves was in command of the government vessels in the harbour. The war of the Revolution, commenced at Lexington in April, was now in progress. The battle of Bunker Hill was the prompt answer of the yeomanry of Massachusetts to the Proclamation. Washington took the field, arriving before Boston at the beginning of July, and the siege of that city, commemorated in the poem, was commenced. General Gage continued in command till October, when, leaving Major-General Howe as his successor, he returned to England. Howe remained at Boston till the following March, when he was compelled, by the military operations of Washington in the vicinity, to evacuate the city. Gage died in England in 1788.

\* Georgia had not at this time acceded to the Union of the 13 States.



As George commands, let him be wrong or right,  
 While from his hand I squeeze the golden prize  
 I'll ask no questions, and he'll tell no lies—  
 But did I swear, I ask my heart again,  
 In their base projects monarchs to maintain?  
 Yes—when REBELLION her artillery brings  
 And aims her arrows at the best of kings,  
 I stand a champion in my monarch's cause—  
 The men are *rebels* that resist his laws.

A VICEROY I—like modern monarchs, stay  
 Safe in the town—let others guide the fray:  
 A life, like mine, is of no common worth:  
 'Twere wrong, by heaven, that I should sally forth!  
 A random bullet from a RIFLE sent  
 Might pierce my heart; and ruin NORTH's intent:  
 Let others combat in the dusty field,  
 Let petty captains scorn to live or yield,  
 I'll send my ships to neighbouring isles, where stray  
 Unnumb'ed herds, and steal those herds away,  
 I'll strike the women in this town with awe,  
 And make them tremble at my martial law.

Should gracious heaven befriend our troops and fleet,  
 And throw this vast dominion at my feet,  
 How would Britannia echo with my fame!  
 What endless honours would await my name!  
 In every province should the traveller see  
 Recording marble rais'd, to honour me—  
 Hard by the lakes, my sovereign lord would grant  
 A rural empire to supply my want,

A manor would but poorly serve my turn,  
 Less than a kingdom from my soul I scorn!  
 An ample kingdom round Ontario's lake  
 By heaven, should be the least reward I'd take,  
 There might I reign, unrivall'd and alone,  
 An ocean and an empire of my own!—  
 What though the scribblers and the wits might say,  
*He built his pile on vanquish'd LIBERTY—*

Let others meanly dread the slanderous tongue,  
 While I obey my king, can I do wrong?—

Then, to accomplish all my soul's desire,  
 Let red-hot bullets set their towns on fire;  
 May heaven, if so the righteous judgment pass,  
 Change earth to steel, the sky to solid brass,  
 Let hosts combin'd, from Europe centring here,  
 Strike this base offspring with alarm and fear;  
 Let heaven's broad concave to the center ring,  
 And blackest night expand her sable wing,  
 The infernal powers in dusky combat join,  
 Wing the swift ball, or spring the deadly mine;  
 (Since 'tis most true, tho' some may think it odd,  
 The foes of Britain are the foes of God:)  
 Let bombs, like comets, kindle all the air,  
 Let cruel famine prompt the orphan's prayer,  
 And every ill that war or want can bring  
 Be shower'd on subjects that renounce their king.

What is their plea?—our sovereign only meant  
 This people should be *tax'd without consent*.  
 Ten years the court with secret cunning try'd

To gain this point—the event their hopes bely'd :  
 How should they else than sometimes miss the mark  
 Who sleep at helm, yet think to steer the barque ?  
 NORTH, take advice ; thy lucky genius show,  
 Dispatch Sir JEFFERY\* to the *states* below.  
 That gloomy prince, whom mortals *Satan* call,  
 Must help us quickly, if he help at all—  
*You* strive in vain by force of bribes to tie,  
 They see thro' all your schemes with half an eye,  
 If open force with secret bribes *I* join,  
 The contest sicken—and the day is mine.

But hark the trumpet's clangor—hark—ah me !  
 What means this march of *Washington* and *Lee* ?  
 When men, like these, such distant marches make,  
 Fate whispers something—that we can't mistake ;—  
 When men like these defy my martial rule,  
 Good heaven ! it is no time to play the fool—  
 Perhaps, they for their country's freedom rise ;  
 North has, perhaps, deceiv'd me with his lies.—  
 If George at last a tyrant should be found,  
 A cruel tyrant, by no fancies bound,  
 And I, myself, in an unrighteous cause  
 Be sent to execute the worst of laws,  
 How will those dead whom I conjur'd to fight—  
 Who sunk in arms to everlasting night,  
 Whose blood the conquering foe conspir'd to spill  
 At Lexington and Bunker's fatal hill,

Sir Jeffery Amherst, who about this time refused to act against the colo-  
 cause.—*Author's Note.*

Whose mangled corpses scanty graves embrace—  
Rife from those graves, and curse me to my face?—

Alas! that e'er ambition bade me roam,  
Or thirst of power forsake my native home—  
What shall I do?—*there*, crowd the hostile bands;  
*Here*, waits a navy to receive commands—  
I speak the language of my heart—shall I  
Steal off by night, and o'er the ocean fly,  
Like a lost man to unknown regions stray,  
And to oblivion leave this stormy day?—  
Or shall I to Britannia's shores again,  
And, big with lies, conceal my thousands slain?—

Yes—to some distant clime my course I steer,  
To any country rather than be here,  
To worlds, where Reason scarce exerts her law,  
A branch-built cottage, and a bed of straw—  
Even Scotland's coast seems charming in my sight,  
And frozen *Zembla* yields a strange delight.—  
But such vexations in my bosom burn,  
That to these shores I never will return,  
'Till fruits and flowers on Greenland's coasts be known,  
And frosts are thaw'd in climates once their own.

Ye souls of fire, who burn for chief command,  
Come! take my place in this disastrous land;  
To wars like these I bid a long good night—  
Let NORTH and GEORGE themselves such battles fight.”

THE MIDNIGHT CONSULTATIONS: OR A TRIP TO  
BOSTON.

**S**MALL bliss is theirs, whom Fate's too heavy hand  
Confines through life to some small speck of land ;  
More wretched they, whom heaven inspires to roam,  
Yet languish out their lives, and die at home.

Heaven gave to man this wide extended round,  
No climes confine him, and no oceans bound ;  
Heaven gave him forest, mountain, vale and plain,  
And bade him vanquish, if he could, the main ;  
But fordid cares our short-liv'd race confine,  
Some toil at trades, some labour in the mine,  
The miser hoards, and guards his shining store,  
The sun still rises where he rose before—  
No happier scenes his earth-born fancy fill  
Than one dark valley, or one well-known hill,  
To other shores his mind, untaught to stray,  
Dull and inactive, slumbers life away.

BUT by the aid of yonder glimmering beam  
The pole star, faithful to my vagrant dream,  
Wild regent of my heart ! in dreams convey  
Where herded *Britons* their bold ranks display ;  
So late the pride of England's fertile soil.  
(Her grandeur heighten'd by successive toil)

See, how they sicken in these hostile climes,  
Themes for the stage, and subjects for our rhimes.

WHAT modern poet have the muses led  
To draw the curtain that conceals the *dead*?  
What bolder bard to Boston shall repair,  
To view the peevish, half-starv'd spectres there?

O thou wrong'd country! why sustain these ills?  
Why rest thy navies on their native hills?  
See, endless forests shade the uncultur'd plain,  
Descend, ye forests, and command the main:  
A leafy verdure shades the mighty mast,  
And every oak bends idly to the blast,  
Earth's entrails teem with stores for your defence,  
Descend, and drag the stores of war from thence;  
Your fertile soil the flowing sail supplies,  
And Europe's arts in every village rise—  
No want is yours—Disdain unmanly fear.  
And swear, *no Tyrant shall reign master here*;  
Know your own strength—in rocky deserts bred,  
Shall the fierce tiger by the dog be led,  
And bear all insults from that snarling race  
Whose courage lies in impudence of face?—  
No—rather bid the wood's wild native turn,  
And from his side the unfaithful guardian spurn.

Now, pleas'd, I wander to the dome of state  
Where *Gage* resides, our western potentate—  
Chief of ten thousand, all a race of slaves,  
Sent to be shrouded in untimely graves;  
Sent by our angry *Jove*, sent sword in hand

To murder, burn, and ravage through the land—

You dream of conquest—tell me how or whence—

Act like a man, and get you gone from hence ;

A madman sent you to this hostile shore

To vanquish nations, that shall spill your gore—

Go fiends, and each in friendly league combin'd

Destroy, distress, and triumph o'er mankind !—

'Tis not our peace this murdering hand restrains,

The want of power is made the monster's chains ;

Compassion is a stranger to his heart,

Or if it came, he bade the guest depart ;

The melting tear, the sympathizing groan

Were never yet to *Gage* or *Jefferies*\* known ;

The seas of blood his heart fore-dooms to spill

Is but a dying serpent's rage to kill,

What power shall drive these vipers from our shore,

These monsters swoln with carnage, death, and gore :

Twelve was the hour—congenial darkness reign'd,

And no bright star a mimic day-light feign'd—

First, *GAGE* we saw—a crimson chair of state

Receiv'd the honour of his honour's weight,

This man of straw the regal purple bound,

But dullness, deepest dullness, hover'd round.

Next *Graves*, who wields the trident of the brine,

The tall arch-captain of the embattled line

All gloomy fate—mumbling of flame and fire,

Balls, cannon, ships, and all their damn'd attire ;

\* An inhuman butchering English Judge.—*Author's Note.*

Well pleas'd to live in never ending hum,  
But empty as the interior of his drum.

Hard by, BURGOYNE assumes an ample space,  
And seem'd to meditate with studious face,  
As if again he wish'd our world to see  
Long, dull, dry letters writ to General LEE—  
Huge scrawls of words through endless circuits drawn  
Unmeaning, as the errand he's upon.—  
Is he to conquer—he subdue our land?—  
This buckram hero, with his lady's hand?  
By Cæsars to be vanquish'd is a curse,  
But by a scribbling fop—by heaven, is worse!

Lord *Percy* seem'd to snore—but may the muse  
This ill-tim'd snoring to the peer excuse;  
Tir'd was the long boy of his toilsome day,  
Full fifteen miles he fled—a tedious way,  
How should he then the dews of Somnus shun,  
Perhaps not us'd to walk, much less to run.\*

\* Lord Percy, subsequently Duke of Northumberland. He was sent by Gage with a detachment to the support of Colonel Smith on the retreat of the latter from Concord, on the celebrated 19th of May, 1775. He came up with the retreating party in the afternoon, and returned with the fugitives to Boston. Trumbull, in his "McFingal," celebrates the exploits of the Yankee provincials in this disastrous flight, as they

"Taught Percy fashionable races,  
And modern modes of Chevy-chaces."

Halleck's allusion to Percy among the Dukes of Northumberland, in his "Alnwick Castle," will be remembered by the reader:—

"Who, when a younger son,  
Fought for King George at Lexington,  
A major of dragoons."



Red fac'd as suns, when sinking to repose,  
 Reclin'd the infernal captain of the ROSE,\*  
 In fame's proud temple aiming for a nich,  
 With those who find her at the cannon's breech ;  
 Skill'd to direct the cannonading shot,  
 No Turkish rover half so murdering hot,  
 Pleas'd with base vengeance on defenceless towns,  
 His heart was malice—but his words were, *Zounds !*

HOWE, vext to see his starving army's doom,  
 Once more besought the skies for *elbow room*—  
 Small was his stock, and theirs, of heavenly grace,  
 Yet just enough to ask a larger *place*.—  
 He curs'd the brainless minister that plann'd  
 His bootless errand to this hostile land,  
 But aw'd by Gage, his bursting wrath recoil'd,  
 And in his inmost bosom doubly boil'd.

These, chief of all the tyrant-serving train,  
 Exalted fate—the rest (a pension'd clan,  
 A sample of the multitudes that wait,  
 Pale sons of famine, at perdition's gate,  
 NORTH's friends down swarming, (so our monarch wills)  
 Hungry as death, from Caledonian hills ;  
 Whose endless numbers if you bid me tell,  
 (I'll count the atoms of this globe as well)  
 Knights, captains, 'squires—a wonder-working band !  
 Held at small wages 'till they gain the land,  
 Flock'd pensive round—black spleen assail'd their hearts,

\* Captain Wallace.

(The sport of plough boys, with their arms and arts)  
 And made them doubt (howe'er for vengeance hot)  
 Whether they were invincible or not.

Now *Gage up-starting* from his cushion'd feat  
 Swore thrice, and cry'd—" 'Tis nonsense to be beat !  
 Thus to be drubb'd !—pray, warriors, let me know  
 Which be in fault, myself, the fates, or you—  
 Henceforth let Britain deem her men mere toys—  
 Gods ! to be frightened thus by country boys ;  
 Why, if your men had had a mind to sup,  
 They might have eat that scare-crow\* army up—  
 Three thousand to twelve hundred thus to yield,  
 And twice five hundred stretch'd upon the field !—  
 O shame to Britain, and the British name,  
 Shame damps my heart, and I must die with shame—  
 Thus to be worsted, thus disgrac'd and beat !—  
 You have the knack, Lord Percy, to retreat,  
 The death you 'scap'd my warmest blood congeals,  
 Heaven grant me, too, so swift a pair of heels—  
 In Chevy-Chace, as, doubtless, you have read,  
 Lord Percy would have sooner died than fled—  
 Behold the virtues of your house decay—  
 Ah ! how unlike the Percy of that day !"

Thus spoke the great man in disdainful tone  
 To the gay peer—not meant for him alone—  
 But ere the tumults of his bosom rise  
 Thus from his bench the intrepid peer replies :

\* School-boy.—Ed. 1795

“When once the foul has reach’d the Stygian shore,  
 My prayer-book says, it shall return no more—  
 When once old Charon hoists his tar-black’d sail,  
 And his boat swims before the infernal gale,  
 Farewell to all that pleas’d the man above,  
 Farewell to feats of arms, and joys of love,  
 Farewell the trade that father *Cain* began,  
 Farewell to wine, that cheers the heart of man ;  
 All, all farewell !—the pensive shade must go  
 Where cold *Medusa* turns to stone below,  
 Where *Belus’* maids eternal labours ply  
 To drench the cask that stays forever dry,  
 And *Sisiphus*, with many a weary groan,  
 Heaves up the mount the still recoiling stone !

“Since, then, this truth no mortal dares deny,  
 That heroes, kings—and lords, themselves, must die,  
 And yield to *him* who dreads no hostile sword,  
 But treats alike the peasant and the lord ;  
 Since even great George must in his turn give place  
 And leave his crown, his Scotchmen, and his lace—  
 How blest is he, how prudent is the man  
 Who keeps aloof from fate—while yet he can ;  
 One well-aim’d ball can make us all no more  
 Than shipwreck’d scoundrels on that leeward shore.

“But why, my friends, these hard reflections still  
 On Lexington affairs—’tis Bunker’s Hill—  
 O fatal hill !—one glance at thee restrains  
 My once warm blood, and chills it in my veins—  
 May no sweet grass adorn thy hateful crest

That saw Britannia's bravest troops distressed—  
 Or if it does—may some destructive gale  
 The green leaf wither, and the grass turn pale—  
 All moisture to your brow may heaven deny,  
 And God and man detest you, just as I——  
 'Tis Bunker's Hill, this night has brought us here,  
 Pray question him who led your armies there,  
 Nor dare my courage into question call,  
 Or blame Lord Piercy for the fault of all."

HOWE chanc'd to nod while heathenish *Piercy* spoke,  
 But as his lordship ceas'd, his honour 'woke,  
 (Like those whom sermons into sleep betray)  
 Then rubb'd his eyes, and thus was heard to say :

“ Shall those who never ventur'd from the *town*,  
 Or their ships' sides, now pull our glory down ?  
 We fought our best—so God my honour save—  
 No British soldiers ever fought so brave—  
 Resolv'd I led them to the hostile lines,  
 (From this day fam'd where'er great Phœbus shines)  
 Firm at their head I took my dangerous stand,  
 Marching to death and slaughter, sword in hand,  
 But wonted Fortune halted on her way,  
 We fought with madmen, and we lost the day—  
*Putnam's* brave troops, your honours would have sworn  
 Had robb'd the clouds of half their nitrous store,  
 With my bold veterans strew'd the astonish'd plain,  
 For not one musquet was discharg'd in vain.—  
 But, honour'd Gage, why droops thy laurell'd head ?—  
 Five hundred foes we pack'd off to the dead.—

“ Now captains, generals, hear me and attend !  
 Say, shall we home for other succours send ?  
 Shall other navies cross the stormy main ?——  
 They may, but what shall awe the pride of Spain ?  
 Still for dominion haughty *Louis* pants——  
 Ah ! how I tremble at the thoughts of France.—  
 Shall mighty George, to enforce his injur’d laws,  
 Transport all Russia to support the cause ?——  
 That ally’d empire countless shoals may pour  
 Numerous as sands that strew the Atlantic shore,  
 But policy inclines my heart to fear  
 They’ll turn their arms against us, when they’re here——  
 Come, let’s agree—for something must be done  
 Ere autumn flies, and winter hastens on—  
 When pinching cold our navy binds in ice,  
 You’ll find ’tis then too late to take advice.”

The clock strikes *two* !—Gage smote upon his breast,  
 And cry’d,—“ What fate determines must be best——  
 But now attend—a counsel I impart  
 That long has laid the heaviest at my heart——  
 Three weeks—ye gods !—nay, three long years it seems  
 Since *roast-beef* I have touch’d, except in dreams.  
 In sleep, choice dishes to my view repair,  
 Waking, I gape and champ the empty air.—  
 Say, is it just that I, who rule these bands,  
 Should live on husks, like rakes in foreign lands ?——  
 Come let us plan some project ere we sleep  
 And drink destruction to the rebel sheep.  
 On neighbouring isles uncounted cattle stray,

Fat beeves, and swine, an ill defended prey—  
 These are fit visions for my noon day dish,  
 These, if my soldiers act as I would wish,  
 In one short week should glad your maws and mine—  
 On mutton we will sup—on roast beef dine.”

Shouts of applause re-echo'd thro' the hall,  
 And what pleas'd one as surely pleas'd them all,  
 WALLACE was nam'd to execute the plan,  
 And thus sheep-stealing pleas'd them to a man.

Now slumbers stole upon the great man's eye,  
 His powder'd foretop nodded from on high,  
 His lids just ope'd to find how matters were,  
*Dissolve*, he said, *and so dissolv'd ye are*,  
 Then downward funk to slumbers dark and deep,  
 Each nerve relaxed—and even his guts asleep.

#### EPILOGUE.

WHAT are these strangers from a foreign isle,  
 That we should fear their hate, or court their smile—  
 Pride sent them here, pride blasted in the bud,  
 Who if she can, will build her throne in blood,  
 With slaughter'd millions glut her tearless eyes,  
 And bid even virtue fall, that she may rise.

What deep offence has fir'd a monarch's rage?  
 What moon-struck madness seiz'd the brain of GAGE?  
 Laughs not the foul when an imprison'd crew  
 Affect to pardon those they can't subdue,  
 Tho' thrice repuls'd, and hemm'd up to their stations,

Yet issue pardons, oaths, and proclamations !——  
 Too long our patient country wears their chains,  
 Too long our wealth all-grasping Britain drains.

Why still a handmaid to that distant land ?  
 Why still subservient to their proud command ?  
 Britain the bold, the generous, and the brave  
 Still treats our country like the meanest slave,  
 Her haughty-lords already share the prey,  
 Live on our labours, and with scorn repay——  
 Rise, sleeper, rise, while yet the power remains,  
 And bind their nobles and their chiefs in chains :  
 Bent on destructive plans, they scorn our plea,  
 'Tis our own efforts that must make us free—  
 Born to contend, our lives we place at stake,  
 And rise to conquerors\* by the stand we make.—

The time may come when strangers rule no more,  
 Nor cruel mandates vex from Britain's shore,  
 When commerce may extend her shorten'd wing,  
 And her rich freights from every climate bring.  
 When mighty towns shall flourish free and great,  
 Vast their dominion, opulent their state,  
 When one vast cultivated region teems  
 From ocean's side to Mississippi streams,  
 While each enjoys his vine tree's peaceful shade,  
 And even the meanest has no foe to dread.

And you, who far from Liberty detain'd,  
 Wear out existence in some slavish land—

\* Grow immortal.—Ed. 1795.

Forfake those shores, a self-ejected throng,  
And arm'd for vengeance, *here* repent the wrong :  
Come to our climes, where unchain'd rivers flow,  
And loftiest groves, and boundless forests grow,  
Here the blest soil your future care demands ;  
Come, sweep the forests from these shaded lands,  
And the kind earth shall every toil repay,  
And harvests flourish as the groves decay.

O heav'n-born Peace, renew thy wonted charms—  
Far be this rancour, and this din of arms—  
To warring lands return, an honour'd guest,  
And bless our crimson shore among the rest—  
Long may Britannia rule our hearts again,  
Rule as she rul'd in George the second's reign,  
May ages hence her growing grandeur see,  
And she be glorious—but ourselves as free !

[1775.]



AMERICA INDEPENDENT:

AND HER EVERLASTING DELIVERANCE FROM BRITISH  
TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION.

*First published in Philadelphia, by Mr. Robert Bell, in 1778.*

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To him who would relate the story right,  
A mind supreme should dictate, or indite.—  
Yes!—justly to record the tale of fame,  
A muse from heaven should touch the soul with flame,  
Some powerful spirit, in superior lays,  
Should tell the conflicts of these stormy days!

**T**IS done! and Britain for her madness fights—  
Take warning, tyrants, and henceforth be wise.  
If o'er mankind *man* gives you regal sway,  
Take not the rights of human kind away.

When God from chaos gave this world to be,  
Man then he form'd, and form'd him to be free,  
In his own image stamp'd the favourite race—  
How dar'st thou, tyrant, the fair stamp deface!  
When on mankind you fix your abject chains,  
No more the image of that God remains;  
O'er a dark scene a darker shade is drawn,  
His work dishonour'd, and our glory gone!

When first Britannia sent her hostile crew

To these far shores, to ravage and subdue,  
 We thought them gods, and almost seem'd to say  
 No ball could pierce them, and no dagger slay—  
 Heavens! what a blunder—half our fears were vain;  
 These hostile *gods* at length have quit the plain,  
 On neighbouring isles the storm of war they shun,  
 Happy, thrice happy, if not quite undone.

Yet soon, in dread of some impending woe,  
 Even from those *islands* shall these ruffians go—  
 This be their doom, in vengeance for the slain,  
 To pass their days in poverty and pain;  
 For such base triumphs, be it still their lot  
 To triumph only o'er the rebel *Scot*;  
 And to their insect isle henceforth confin'd  
 No longer lord it o'er the human kind.—

But, by the fates, who still prolong their stay,  
 And gather vengeance to conclude their day,  
 Yet, ere they go, the angry Muse shall tell  
 The treasured woes that in her bosom swell:—

Proud, fierce, and bold, O Jove! who would not laugh  
 To see these bullies worshipping a *calf*:  
 But they are *slaves* who spurn at Reason's rules;  
 And men, once slaves, are soon transform'd to fools.—

To recommend what monarchies have done,  
 They bring for witness David and his son;  
 How one was brave, the other just and wise,  
 And hence our plain Republics they despise:  
 But mark how oft, to gratify their pride,  
 The people suffer'd, and the people died:

Though one was wife, and one Goliath flew,  
*Kings are the choicest curse that man e'er knew!*

Hail, worthy Britain!—how enlarg'd your fame;  
 How great your glory, terrible your name,  
 “Queen of the isles, and empress of the main,”——  
 Heaven grant you all these mighty things again;  
 But first insure the gaping crowd below  
 That you less cruel, and more just may grow:  
 If fate, vindictive for the sins of man,  
 Had favour shown to your infernal plan,  
 How would your nation have exulted here,  
 And scorn'd the widow's sigh, the orphan's tear!  
 How had your prince, of all bad men the worst,  
 Laid worth and virtue prostrate in the dust!  
 A second *Sawney*\* had he shone to-day,  
 A world subdued, and murder but his play.  
 How had that prince, contemning right or law,  
 Glutted with blood his foul, voracious maw:  
 In him we see the depths of baseness join'd,  
 Whate'er disgrac'd the dregs of human kind;  
 Cain, Nimrod, Nero—fiends in human guise,  
 Herod, Domitian—these in judgment rise,  
 And, envious of his deeds, I hear them say  
 None but a GEORGE could be more vile than they.

Sworn tho' he was with wealth, revenge, and pride,  
 How could he dream that heaven was on his side—  
 Did he not see, when so decreed by fate,

\* Alexander the Great.—*Author's note.*

They plac'd the crown upon his royal pate,  
 Did he not see the richest jewel fall—\*  
 Dire was the omen, and astonish'd all—

That gem no more shall brighten and adorn;  
 No more that gem by British kings be worn,  
 Or swell to wonted heights of fair renown  
 The fading glories of their boasted crown.

Yet he to arms, and war, and blood inclin'd,  
 (A fair-day warrior, with a feeble mind,  
 Fearless, while others meet the shock of fate,  
 And dare that death, which clips his thread too  
 He to the fane (O hypocrite!) did go,  
 While not an angel there, but was his foe,  
 There did he kneel, and sigh, and sob, and pray,  
 Yet not to lave his thousand sins away,  
 Far other motives sway'd his spotted soul;  
 'Twas not for those the secret sorrow stole  
 Down his pale cheek—'twas vengeance and despair  
 Dissolv'd his eye, and planted sorrow there—  
 How could he hope to bribe the impartial sky  
 By his base prayers, and mean hypocrisy—  
 Heaven still is just, and still abhors all crimes,  
 Not acts like George, the Nero of our times—  
 What were his prayers—his prayers could be no more  
 Than a thief's wishes to recruit his store;  
 Such prayers could never reach the worlds above;  
 They were but curses in the ear of Jove;—

\* A real event of that day. See the REMEMBRANCER of 1777.—*Author's note.*

You pray'd that conquest might your arms attend,  
 And crush that freedom virtue did defend,  
 That the fierce Indian, rousing from his rest,  
 Might these new regions with his flames invest,  
 With scalps and tortures aggravate our woe,  
 And to the infernal world dismiss your foe.

No mines of gold our fertile country yields,  
 But mighty harvests crown the loaded fields,  
 Hence, trading far, we gain'd the golden prize,  
 Which, though our own, bewitch'd their greedy eyes—  
 For that they ravag'd India's climes before,  
 And carried death to Asia's utmost shore—  
*Clive* was your envied slave, in avarice bold  
 He mow'd down nations for his dearer gold ;  
 The fatal gold could give no true content,  
 He mourn'd his murders, and to *Tophet* went.

Led on by lust of lucre and renown,  
*Burgoyne* came marching with his thousands down,  
 High were his thoughts, and furious his career,  
 Puff'd with self-confidence and pride severe,  
 Swoln with the idea of his future deeds,  
 Onward to ruin each advantage leads :  
 Before his hosts his heaviest curses flew,  
 And conquer'd worlds rose hourly to his view :  
 His wrath, like Jove's, could bear with no controul,  
 His words bespoke the mischief in his soul ;  
 To fight was not this General's only trade,  
 He shin'd in writing, and his wit display'd—  
 To awe the more with titles of command

He told of *forts he rul'd* in Scottish land ;—  
 Queen's *colonel* as he was, he did not know  
 That thorns and *thistles*, mix'd with honours, grow ;  
 In Britain's senate tho' he held a place,  
 All did not save him from one long disgrace,  
 One stroke of fortune that convinc'd them all  
 That we could conquer, and *lieutenants* fall.

Foe to the rights of man, proud plunderer, say  
 Had conquest crown'd you on that mighty day  
 When you, to GATES, with sorrow, rage, and shame  
 Resign'd your conquests, honours, arms, and fame,  
 When at his feet Britannia's wreathes you threw,  
 And the sun sicken'd at a fight so new ;  
 Had you been victor—what a waste of woe !  
 What souls had vanish'd to where souls do go !  
 What dire distress had mark'd your fatal way,  
 What deaths on deaths disgrac'd that dismal day !

Can laurels flourish in a soil of blood,  
 Or on those laurels can fair honours bud—  
 Curs'd be that wretch who murder makes his trade,  
 Curs'd be all wars that e'er ambition made !

What murdering Tory now relieves your grief,  
 Or plans new conquests for his favourite chief ;  
 Designs still dark employ that ruffian race,  
 Beasts of your choosing, and our own disgrace.  
 So vile a crew the world ne'er saw before,  
 And grant, ye pitying heavens, it may no more :  
 If ghosts from hell infest our poison'd air,  
 Those ghosts have enter'd their base bodies here,

Murder and blood is still their dear delight—  
Scream round their roofs, ye ravens of the night !  
Whene'er they wed, may demons, and despair,  
And grief and woe, and blackest night be there ;  
Fiends leagu'd from hell the nuptial lamp display,  
Swift to perdition light them on their way,  
Round the wide world their devilish squadrons chase,  
To find no realm, that grants one resting place.

Far to the north, on Scotland's utmost end  
An isle there lies, the haunt of every fiend,  
No shepherds there attend their bleating flocks  
But wither'd witches rove among the rocks ;  
Shrouded in ice, the blasted mountains show  
Their cloven heads, to daunt the seas below ;  
The lamp of heaven in his diurnal race  
There scarcely deigns to unveil his radiant face,  
Or if one day he circling treads the sky  
He views this island with an angry eye,  
Or ambient fogs their broad, moist wings expand,  
Damp his bright ray, and cloud the infernal land ;  
The blackening winds incessant storms prolong,  
Dull as their night, and dreary as my song ;  
When stormy winds and gales refuse to blow,  
Then from the dark sky drives the unpitying snow ;  
When drifting snows from iron clouds forbear,  
Then down the hailstones rattle through the air—  
There screeching owls, and screaming vultures rest  
And not a tree adorns its barren breast ;  
No peace, no rest, the elements bestow,

But seas forever rage, and storms forever blow.

There, LOYALS, there ; with loyal hearts retire  
*There* pitch your tents, and kindle *there* your fire ;  
 There desert Nature will her stings display,  
 And fiercest hunger on your vitals prey,  
 And with yourselves let *John Burgoyne* retire  
 To reign the monarch, whom your hearts admire.

Britain, at last to arrest your lawless hand,  
 Rises the genius of a generous land,  
 Our injur'd rights bright Gallia's prince defends,  
 And from this hour that prince and we are friends,  
 Feuds, long up-held, are vanish'd from our view.  
 Once we were foes—but for the sake of you—  
 Britain, aspiring Britain, now must bend—  
 Can she at once with France and us contend,  
 When we alone, remote from foreign aid,  
 Her armies captur'd, and distress'd her trade—  
 Britain and we no more in combat join,  
 No more, as once, in every sea combine ;  
 Dead is that friendship which did mutual burn,  
 Fled is the sceptre, never to return ;  
 By sea and land, perpetual foes we meet,  
 Our cause more honest, and our hearts as great ;  
 Lost are these regions to Britannia's reign,  
 Nor shall these strangers of their loss complain,  
 Since all, that *here* with greedy eyes they view,  
 From our own toil, to wealth and empire grew :—

Our hearts are ravish'd from our former queen  
 Far as the ocean God hath plac'd between,



They strive in vain to join this mighty mass,  
 Torn by convulsions from its native place  
 As well might men to flaming *Hecla* join  
 The huge high *Alps* or towering *Appennine* ;  
 In vain they send their half-commissioned tribe  
 And whom they cannot conquer strive to bribe ;  
 Their pride and madness burst our union chain,  
 Nor shall the unwieldy mass unite again.

Nor think that France sustains our cause alone ;  
 With gratitude her helping hand we own.  
 But hear, ye nations—Truth herself can say  
 We bore the heat and danger of the day :  
 She calmly view'd the tumult from afar,  
 We brav'd each insult, and sustain'd the war :  
 Oft drove the foe, or forc'd their hosts to yield,  
 Or left them, more than once, a dear bought field—  
 'Twas then, at last on Jersey plains distressed,  
 We swore to seek the mountains of the west,  
 There a free empire for our seed obtain,  
 A terror to the slaves that might remain.\*

\* "In this dark day of peril to the cause and to himself (at the close of 1776) Washington remained firm and undaunted. In casting about for some stronghold where he might make a desperate stand for the liberties of his country, his thoughts reverted to the mountain regions of his early campaigns. General Mercer was at hand, who had shared his perils among those mountains, and his presence may have contributed to bring them to his mind. 'What think you,' said Washington, 'if we should retreat to the back parts of Pennsylvania, would the Pennsylvanians support us?' 'If the lower counties give up, the back counties will do the same,' was the discouraging reply. 'We must then retire to Augusta County, in Virginia,' said Washington. 'Numbers will repair to us for safety, and we will try a predatory war. If overpowered, we must cross the Alleghanies.' Such was the indomitable spirit, rising under difficulties and buoyant

Peace you demand, and vainly wish to find  
 Old leagues renew'd, and strength once more combin'd—  
 Yet shall not all your base dissembling art  
 Deceive the tortures of a bleeding heart—  
 Yet shall not all your mingled prayers that rise,  
 Wash out your crimes, or bribe the avenging skies ;  
 Full many a corpse lies mouldering on the plain  
 That ne'er shall see its little brood again :  
 See, yonder lies, all breathless, cold, and pale,  
 Drench'd in her gore, *Lavinia* of the vale ;  
 The cruel Indian seiz'd her life away,  
 As the next morn began her bridal day !—  
 This deed alone our just revenge would claim,  
 Did not ten thousand more your sons defame.\*

Return'd, a captive, to my native shore,  
 How chang'd I find those scenes that pleas'd before !  
 How chang'd those groves where fancy lov'd to stray,  
 When spring's young blossoms bloom'd along the way :  
 From every eye distils the frequent tear,  
 From every mouth some doleful tale I hear !  
 Some mourn a father, brother, husband, friend :  
 Some mourn, imprison'd in their native land,

in the darkest moment, that kept our tempest-tost cause from foundering."—  
 IRVING'S *Life of Washington*, II., p. 448.

\* An allusion to Miss Jane McCrea, whose murder by a party of Burgoyne's Indians, in the vicinity of Fort Edward, was one of the tragic incidents of the war, which, with the feeling of horror it created, called forth also much romantic sympathy. Barlow has a poetic version of "Lucinda's Fate" in the sixth book of the *Columbiad*. Washington Irving has told the story in his simple, effective way, with some circumstances derived from a niece of Miss McCrea, in the third volume of his "Life of Washington."

In sickly ships what numerous hosts confin'd  
 At once their lives and liberties resign'd :  
 In dreary dungeons woeful scenes have pass'd,  
 Long in the historian's page the tale will last,  
 As long as spring renews the flowery wood,  
 As long as breezes curl the yielding flood :—  
 Some sent to India's sickly climes, afar,  
 To dig, with slaves, for buried diamonds there,  
 There left to sicken in a land of woe  
 Where o'er scorch'd hills infernal breezes blow,  
 Whose every blast some dire contagion brings,  
 Fevers or death on its destructive wings,  
 'Till fate relenting, its last arrows drew,  
 Brought death to them, and infamy to you.

Pests of mankind ! remembrance shall recall  
 And paint these horrors to the view of all ;  
 Heaven has not turn'd to its own works a foe  
 Nor left to monsters these fair realms below,  
 Else had your arms more wasteful vengeance spread,  
 And these gay plains been dy'd a deeper red.—

O'er Britain's isle a thousand woes impend,  
 Too weak to conquer, govern, or defend,  
 To liberty she holds pretended claim—  
 The substance we enjoy, and they the name ;  
 Her prince, surrounded by a host of slaves,  
 Still claims dominion o'er the vagrant waves :  
 Such be his claims o'er all the world beside,—  
 An empty nothing—madness, rage, and pride.

From Europe's realms fair freedom has retir'd,

And even in Britain has the spark expir'd—  
 Sigh for the change your haughty empire feels,  
 Sigh for the doom that no disguise conceals!  
 Freedom no more shall *Albion's* cliffs survey;  
 Corruption there has centred all her sway,  
 Freedom disdains her honest head to rear,  
 Or herd with nobles, kings, or princes there;  
 She shuns their gilded spires, and domes of state,  
 Resolv'd, O Virtue, at thy shrine to wait;  
 'Midst savage woods and wilds she dares to stray,  
 And bids uncultur'd nature bloom more gay.

She is that glorious and immortal sun,  
 Without whose ray this world would be undone,  
 A mere dull chaos, sunk in deepest night,  
 An abject something, void of form and light,  
 Of reptiles, worst in rank, the dire abode,  
 Perpetual mischief, and the dragon's brood.

Let Turks and Russians glut their fields with blood,  
 Again let Britain dye the Atlantic flood,  
 Let all the east adore the sanguine wreath  
 And gain new glories from the trade of death—  
 America! the works of peace be thine,  
 Thus shalt thou gain a triumph more divine—  
 To thee belongs a second golden reign,  
 Thine is the empire o'er a peaceful main;  
 Protect the rights of human kind below,  
 Crush the proud tyrant who becomes their foe,  
 And future times shall own our struggles blest,  
 And future years enjoy perpetual rest.

Americans ! revenge your country's wrongs ;  
 To you the honour of this deed belongs,  
 Your arms did once this sinking land sustain,  
 And fav'd those climes where Freedom yet must reign—  
 Your bleeding foil this ardent task demands,  
 Expect you' thieves from these polluted lands,  
 Expect no peace till haughty Britain yields,  
 'Till humbled Britons quit your ravag'd fields—  
 Still to the charge that routed foe returns,  
 The war still rages, and the battle burns—  
 No dull debates, or tedious counsels know,  
 But rush, at once, embodied, on your foe ;—  
 With hell-born spite a seven years war they wage,  
 The pirate *Goodrich*, and the ruffian *Gage*.  
 Your injur'd country groans while yet they stay,  
 Attend her groans, and force their hosts away ;  
 Your mighty wrongs the tragic muse shall trace,  
 Your gallant deeds shall fire a future race ;  
 To you may kings and potentates appeal,  
 You may the doom of jarring nations seal ;  
 A glorious empire rises, bright and new !  
 Firm be its basis, and must rest on you—  
 Fame o'er the mighty *pile* expands her wings,  
*Remote* from princes, bishops, lords, and kings,  
 Those fancied gods, who, fam'd through every shore,  
 Mankind have fashion'd, and, like fools, adore.—  
 Here yet shall heaven the joys of peace bestow,  
 While thro' our soil the streams of plenty flow,  
 And o'er the main we spread the trading sail,  
 Wafting the produce of the rural vale.

ON THE NEW AMERICAN FRIGATE

ALLIANCE.\*

AS Neptune trac'd the azure main,  
That own'd so late proud Britain's reign,  
A floating pile approach'd his car,  
The scene of terror, and of war.

\* The "Alliance" was built at Salisbury, Massachusetts, and launched about the time of the Treaty with France, in 1778, a circumstance from which her name was derived. "She was," says Cooper, "the favourite ship of the American Navy, and, it might be added, of the American nation, during the war of the Revolution; filling some such space in the public mind, as has since been occupied by her more celebrated successor, the Constitution. She was a beautiful and an exceedingly fast ship, but was rendered less efficient than she might otherwise have proved, by the mistake of placing her under the command of a French officer, who had entered the service with a view to pay a compliment to the new allies of the republic." This was Captain Landais, with whom Lafayette embarked in the frigate on her first voyage from Boston to Brest, in January, 1779. She had a motley crew, including some wrecked British sailors, volunteers from British prisoners, and a few French seamen. The result was a deeply laid plan for a mutiny at sea, which was revealed at the last moment by an American sailor on board, to whom it had been communicated. By the energy of the officers and passengers the ringleaders were seized and the danger averted. The Alliance was subsequently added by Dr. Franklin, in Paris, to the squadron placed at the disposal of Commodore Paul Jones, and, under the management of her captain, Landais, bore no creditable part in the memorable engagement with the Serapis. Captain Landais was suspended for his conduct on this occasion, though he was allowed to return with the vessel to America in 1780. On the passage he was deposed from the command on the charge of insanity, and was, soon after

As nearer still the monarch drew,  
 (Her starry flag display'd to view)  
 He ask'd a Triton of his train  
 "What flag was this that rode the main—

"A ship of such a gallant mien  
 "This many a day I have not seen,  
 "To no mean power can she belong,  
 "So swift, so warlike, stout, and strong.

"See how she mounts the foaming wave—  
 "Where other ships would find a grave,  
 "Majestic, awful, and serene,  
 "She walks the ocean, like its queen."—

"Great monarch of the hoary deep,  
 "Whose trident awes the waves to sleep,  
 (Reply'd a Triton of his train)  
 "This ship, that stems the western main,

"To those new, rising *States* belongs,  
 "Who, in repentment of their wrongs,

landing, discharged from the Navy. The Alliance, on this voyage, brought a large quantity of arms and ammunition for the United States. Captain John Barry succeeded Landais in command of the Alliance. He carried Colonel Laurens in her to France early in 1781, and, in a subsequent cruise that year, victoriously encountered on the Atlantic the British vessels *Atalanta* and *Trepassy*. In the following year, Barry gained other laurels in command of the Alliance in the West Indies. After the peace this renowned frigate was sold, and converted into an Indiaman. "Her wreck," says Cooper, in 1839, "still lies on the island opposite to Philadelphia."

“ Oppose proud Britain’s tyrant sway,  
“ And combat her, by land and sea.

“ This pile, of such superior fame,  
“ From their strict *union* takes her name,  
“ For them she cleaves the briny tide,  
“ While terror marches by her side.

“ When she unfurls her flowing sails,  
“ Undaunted by the fiercest gales,  
“ In dreadful pomp, she ploughs the main,  
“ While adverse tempests rage in vain.

“ When she displays her gloomy *tier*,  
“ The boldest Britons freeze with fear,  
“ And, owning her superior might,  
“ Seek their best safety in their flight.

“ But, when she pours the dreadful blaze,  
“ And thunder from her cannon plays,  
“ The bursting flash that wings the ball,  
“ Compells those foes to *strike*, or fall.

“ Though she, with her triumphant crew,  
“ Might to their fate all foes pursue,  
“ Yet, faithful to the land that bore,  
“ She stays, to guard her native shore.

“ Though she might make the cruisers groan  
“ That sail beneath the torrid zone,



“ She kindly lends a nearer aid,  
“ Annoys them here, and guards the trade.

“ Now, traversing the eastern main,  
“ She greets the shores of France and Spain ;  
“ Her gallant flag, display’d to view,  
“ Invites the old world to the new.

“ This task achiev’d, behold her go  
“ To seas congeal’d with ice and snow,  
“ To either tropic, and the *line*,  
“ Where suns with endless fervour shine.

“ Not, Argo, in thy womb was found  
“ Such hearts of brass, as here abound ;  
“ They for their golden fleece did fly,  
“ These sail—to vanquish tyranny.”——

[1778.]

ON THE DEATH OF  
CAPTAIN NICHOLAS BIDDLE,

*Commander of the Randolph Frigate, blown up near Barbadoes.\**

WHAT distant thunders rend the skies,  
What clouds of smoke in columns rise,  
What means this dreadful roar!  
Is from his base *Vesuvius* thrown,  
Is sky-topt *Atlas* tumbled down,  
Or *Etna's* self no more!

\* Nicholas Biddle, descended from an old colonial family of West Jersey, was born in Philadelphia, in 1750. He had been a seaman from his boyhood, and, at one time, was rated as midshipman on board a British sloop-of-war. "It is a singular fact," says Cooper, in his *Naval History*, "in the life of this remarkable young man, that he entered on board one of the vessels sent towards the north pole, under the Honourable Captain Phipps, where he found Nelson, a volunteer like himself. Both were made cockswains by the Commodore." This was in 1773; two years later, young Biddle, foreseeing the troubles at hand in his native country, returned to America, took part in the struggle of the colonies, and was early employed in the service of Congress. He was employed on the eastern coast, and when the *Randolph*, 32, was launched at Philadelphia, in 1776, he was made her commander. He sailed in her on her first cruise early the next year, put into Charleston, and, sailing again out of that port, captured four Jamaica-men, with which he returned to the city. There he was detained for some months by the enemy's blockade. The South Carolinians, "pleased with his

Shock after shock torments my ear ;  
 And lo ! two hostile ships appear,  
     Red lightnings round them glow :  
 The *Yarmouth* boasts of sixty-four,  
 The *Randolph* thirty-two—no more—  
 And will she fight this foe !

zeal and deportment," fitted out for him four small vessels, which he took out with the *Randolph* on a cruise, in the ensuing spring of 1778. On the 7th of March he encountered, to the eastward of Barbadoes, the British ship *Yarmouth*, 64, Captain Vincent. An action was fought at close quarters, which was maintained with vigour for twenty minutes, when the *Randolph* blew up. "The two ships were so near at the time," says Cooper, in his narrative of the affair, derived from a published letter of Captain Vincent, "that many fragments of the wreck struck the *Yarmouth*; and, among other things, an American ensign, rolled up, was blown in upon her fore-castle. This flag was not even singed." The *Yarmouth*, after this, left the spot, and gave chase to two of the vessels in Captain Biddle's company. Returning several days after to the place, Captain Biddle picked up four men surviving of the crew of the *Randolph*, who had saved themselves on a fragment of the wreck. "In the action with the *Yarmouth*," says Cooper, "Captain Biddle was severely wounded in the thigh, and he is said to have been seated in a chair, with the surgeon examining his hurt, when his ship blew up. His death occurred at the early age of twenty-seven, and he died unmarried, though engaged at the time to a lady in Charleston. His loss was greatly regretted in the midst of the excitement and vicissitudes of a revolution, and can scarcely be appreciated by those who do not understand the influence that such a character can produce on a small and infant service."

Freneau, with patriotic or poetic license, represents his hero falling at the point of victory—an assumption hardly justified in face of the superiority of the enemy, and Captain Vincent's report of but five men killed and twelve wounded in the engagement. Captain Biddle, however, undoubtedly acted with great gallantry in steadily working his ship in such an unequal contest; and although, in the words of Cooper, "victory was almost hopeless, even had all his vessels behaved equally well with his own ship, we find it difficult, under the circumstances, to suppose that this gallant seaman did not actually contemplate carrying his powerful antagonist, most probably by boarding."

A memoir of Captain Biddle, with a portrait, will be found in *The Port Folio* for October, 1809.

The Randolph soon on Stygian streams  
 Shall coast along the land of dreams,  
     The islands of the dead !  
 But fate, that parts them on the deep,  
 Shall save the Briton yet to weep  
     His days of victory fled.\*

Say, who commands that dismal blaze,  
 Where yonder starry streamer plays ;  
     Does *Mars* with *Jove* engage !  
 'Tis Biddle wings those angry fires,  
 Biddle, whose bosom *Jove* inspires  
     With more than mortal rage.

Tremendous flash !—and hark, the ball  
 Drives through old Yarmouth, flames and all :  
     Her bravest sons expire ;  
 Did Mars himself approach so nigh,  
 Even Mars, without disgrace, might fly  
     The Randolph's fiercer fire.

The Briton views his mangled crew,  
 “ And shall we strike to *thirty-two*  
     (Said Hector, stain'd with gore)  
 “ Shall Britain's flag to *these* descend—

\* We give this stanza as it appears in the author's third edition of 1809. It is entirely omitted in the second edition of 1795. In the first, of 1786, the concluding lines read :—

Shall save the Briton, still to weep  
 His ancient honours fled.

“ Rise, and the glorious conflict end,  
 “ Britons, I ask no more !”

He spoke—they charg’d their cannon round,  
 Again the vaulted heavens resound,  
     The Randolph bore it all,  
 Then fix’d her pointed cannons true—  
 Away the unwieldy vengeance flew ;  
     Britain, thy warriors fall.

The Yarmouth saw, with dire dismay,  
 Her wounded hull, shrouds shot away,  
     Her boldest heroes dead—  
 She saw amidst her floating slain  
 The conquering *Randolph* stem the main—  
     She saw, she turn’d—and fled !

That hour, blest chief, had she been thine,  
 Dear *Biddle*, had the powers divine  
     Been kind as thou wert brave ;  
 But fate, who doom’d thee to expire,  
 Prepar’d an arrow, tipped with fire,  
     And mark’d a wat’ry grave.

And in that hour, when conquest came,  
 Wing’d at his ship a pointed flame,  
     That not even *he* could shun—  
 The battle ceas’d, the Yarmouth fled,

The bursting Randolph ruin spread,  
And left her task undone.\*

\* As published in the edition of 1786, the last three lines of this stanza read :—

The conquest ceas'd, the Yarmouth fled,  
The bursting Randolph ruin spread,  
And lost what honour won.

In the edition of 1795, "honour," in the last line, is changed to "courage." We print the stanza from the author's revised edition of 1809. The date of the action is erroneously given, 1776, in the title of the poem in the edition of 1786 (reprinted in England in 1861), and in the Philadelphia edition of 1809.

GEORGE THE THIRD'S SOLILOQUY.

WHAT mean these dreams, and hideous forms that rise  
Night after night, tormenting to my eyes—  
No real foes these horrid shapes can be,  
But thrice as much they vex and torture me.

How curs'd is he,—how doubly curs'd am I—  
Who lives in pain, and yet who dares not die ;  
To him no joy this world of Nature brings,  
In vain the wild rose blooms, the daisy springs.  
Is this a prelude to some new disgrace,  
Some baleful omen to my name and race !—  
It may be so—ere mighty Cesar died,  
Presaging Nature felt his doom, and sigh'd ;  
A bellowing voice through midnight groves was heard,  
And threatening ghosts at dusk of eve appear'd—  
Ere Brutus fell, to adverse fates a prey,  
His evil genius met him on the way,  
And so may mine !—but who would yield so soon  
A prize, some luckier hour may make my own ?—  
Shame seize my crown, ere such a deed be mine—  
No—to the last my squadrons shall combine,  
And slay my foes, while foes remain to slay,  
Or *heaven* shall grant me one successful day.

Is there a robber clofe in Newgate hemm'd,  
 Is there a cut-throat, fetter'd and condemn'd?  
 Haste, loyal slaves, to George's standard come,  
 Attend his lectures when you hear the drum;  
 Your chains I break—for better days prepare,  
 Come out, my friends, from prifon and from care,  
 Far to the weft I plan your desperate fway,  
 There 'tis no fin to ravage, burn, and flay;  
 There, without fear, your bloody aims purfue,  
 And fhew mankind what Englifh thieves can do.

That day, when firft I mounted to the throne,  
 I fwore to let all foreign foes alone.  
 Through love of peace to terms did I advance,  
 And made, they fay, a fhameful league with France.  
 But different fcenes rife horrid to my view,  
 I charg'd my hofts to plunder and fubdue—  
 At firft, indeed, I thought fhort wars to wage,  
 And fent fome jail-birds to be led by *Gage*,  
 For 'twas but right, that thofe we mark'd for flaves  
 Should be reduc'd by cowards, fools, and knaves:  
 Awhile, directed by his feeble hand,  
 Thofe *troops* were kick'd and pelted through the land,  
 Or ftarv'd in Bofton, curs'd the unlucky hour  
 They left their dungeons for that fatal fhore.

France aids them now, a desperate game I play,  
 And hostile Spain will do the fame, they fay;  
 My armies vanquifh'd, and my heroes fled,  
 My people murmuring, and my commerce dead,  
 My fhat-ter'd navy pelted, bruis'd, and clubb'd,



By Dutchmen bullied, and by Frenchmen drubb'd,  
 My name abhorr'd, my nation in disgrace,  
 How should I act in such a mournful case !  
 My hopes and joys are vanish'd with my coin,  
 My ruin'd army, and my lost Burgoyne !  
 What shall I do—confess my labours vain,  
 Or whet my tusks, and to the charge again !  
 But where's my force—my choicest troops are fled,  
 Some thousands crippled, and a myriad dead—  
 If I were own'd the boldest of mankind,  
 And hell with all her flames inspir'd my mind,  
 Could I at once with Spain and France contend,  
 And fight the *rebels*, on the world's green end ?——  
 The pangs of *parting* I can ne'er endure,  
 Yet *part* we must, and part to meet no more !  
 Oh, blast this *Congress*, blast each upstart STATE,  
 On whose commands ten thousand captains wait ;  
 From various climes that dire *Assembly* came,  
 True to their trust, as hostile to my fame ;  
 'Tis these, ah these, have ruin'd half my sway,  
 Disgrac'd my arms, and led my slaves astray—  
 Curs'd be the day, when first I saw the sun,  
 Curs'd be the hour, when I these wars begun :  
 The fiends of darkness then possess'd my mind,  
 And powers unfriendly to the human kind.  
 To wasting grief, and fullen rage a prey,  
 To *Scotland's* utmost verge I'll take my way,  
 There with eternal storms due concert keep,  
 And while the billows rage, as fiercely weep—

Ye highland lads, my rugged fate bemoan,  
Assist me with one sympathizing groan ;  
For late I find the nations are my foes,  
I must submit, and that with bloody nose,  
Or, like our James, fly basely from the state,  
Or share, what still is worse—old *Charles's* fate.

[1779.]

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN GEORGE AND FOX.

[Supposed to have passed about the time of the approach of the combined fleets of France and Spain to the British coasts, August, 1779.]

GOOD CHARLY FOX, your counsel I implore,  
Still George the third, but potent George no more.  
By NORTH conducted to the brink of fate,  
I mourn my folly and my pride, too late :  
The promises he made, when once we met  
In Kew's gay shades, I never shall forget ;  
That at my feet the western world should fall,  
And bow to me, the potent lord of all—  
Curse on his hopes, his councils, and his schemes,  
His plans of conquest, and his golden dreams,  
These have allured me to the jaws of hell ;  
By Satan tempted thus Ifscariot fell :  
Divested of majestic pomp, I come,  
My royal robes and airs I've left at home,  
Speak freely, friend, whate'er you choose to say,  
Suppose me equal with yourself to day :  
How shall I shun the mischiefs that impend ?  
How shall I make Columbia, yet, my friend ?  
I dread the power of each revolted State,

The trembling East hangs ballanc'd with their weight.  
 How shall I dare the rage of France and Spain,  
 And lost dominion o'er the waves regain?  
 Advise me quick, for doubtful while we stand,  
 Destruction gathers o'er this wretched land:  
 These hostile squadrons, to my ruin led,  
 These gallic thunders fill my soul with dread:  
 If these should triumph—Britain thou must fall,  
 And bend, a province to the conquering Gaul:  
 If this must be—thou earth, expanding wide,  
 Unlucky George in thy dark entrails hide——  
 Ye oceans, wrap me in your dark embrace—  
 Ye mountains, shroud me to your lowest base——  
 Fall on my head, ye everlasting rocks——  
 But why so pensive, my good Charly Fox?

*Fox.*

While in the arms of power and peace you lay,  
 Ambition led your restless soul astray.  
 Possess of lands, extending far and wide,  
 And more than Rome could boast in all her pride,  
 Yet, not contented with that mighty store,  
 Like some base miser, still you sought for more;  
 And, all in raptures for a tyrant's reign,  
 You strove your subjects' dearest rights to chain:  
 Those ruffian hosts, beyond the ocean sent,  
 By your command, on blood and murder bent,  
 With cruel hand the form of man defac'd,  
 And laid the toils of art and nature waste.

(For crimes like these imperial Britain bends,  
For crimes like these her ancient glory ends.)  
Those lands, once truest to your name and race,  
Which the wide ocean's utmost waves embrace,  
Your just protection basely you deny'd,  
Their towns you plunder'd, and you burnt beside.  
Virginia's slaves, without one blush of shame,  
Against their cause you arm'd with sword and flame ;  
At every port your ships of war you laid,  
And strove to ruin and distress their trade,  
Yet here, ev'n here, your mighty projects fail'd ;  
For then from creeks their hardy seamen fail'd,  
In slender barques they cross'd a stormy main,  
And traffick'd for the wealth of France and Spain ;  
O'er either tropic and the line they pass'd,  
And, deeply laden, safe return'd at last :  
Nor think they yet had bow'd to Britain's sway,  
Though distant nations had not join'd the fray,  
Alone they fought your armies and your fleet,  
And made your Clintons and your Howes retreat,  
And yet while France stood doubting if to join,  
Your ships they captur'd, and they took Burgoyne !

How vain is Britain's strength, her armies now  
Before Columbia's bolder veterans bow ;  
Her gallant veterans all our force despise,  
Though late from ruin we beheld them rise ;  
Before their arms our strongest bulwarks fall ;  
They storm the rampart and they scale the wall ;  
With equal dread, on either service sent,

They feize a fortrefs, or they ftrike a tent.

But fhould we bow beneath a foreign yoke,  
 And potent France atchieve the humbling ftroke,  
 Yet every power, and even ourfelves, muft fay,  
 "Juft is the vengeance of the fkies to-day :"  
 For crimes like ours dire vengeance muft atone ;  
 Forbear your fafts, and let the Gods alone—  
 By cruel kings, in fierce Britannia bred,  
 Such feas of blood have, firft and laft, been fhed,  
 That now, diftreft for each inhuman deed,  
 Our turn is come—our turn is come to bleed :  
 Forbear your groans ; for war and death array,  
 March to the foe, and give the fates their way.  
 Can we behold without one dying groan,  
 The fleets of France fuperior to our own ?  
 Can we behold, without one poignant pang,  
 The foreign conquefts of the brave D'Efiaing ?  
 NORTH is your friend, and now deftruction knocks,  
 Still take his counfel, and regard not FOX.

*George.*

Ah ! fpeak not thus—your words will burft my heart,  
 Some fofter counfel to my ears impart.  
 How can I march to meet the infulting foe,  
 Who never yet to hostile plains did go ?  
 When was I vers'd in battles or in blood ?  
 When have I fought upon the faithlefs flood ?  
 Much better could I at my palace door  
 Recline, and hear the diftant cannons roar.

Generals and admirals Britain yet can boast,  
 Some fight on land, and some defend the coast ;  
 The fame of these throughout the globe refounds,  
 To these I leave the glory and the wounds ;  
 But since this honour for no blood atones,  
 I must and will—be careful of my bones.

What pleasure to your monarch would it be,  
 If Lords and Commons could at last agree ;  
 Could *North* with *Fox* in firm alliance stand,  
 And *Burke* with *Sandwich* shake the social hand,  
 Then should we bring the rebels to our feet,  
 And France and Spain ingloriously retreat,  
 Her ancient glories to this isle return,  
 And we no more for lost Columbia mourn.

*Fox.*

Alliance !—what !—my master must be mad:  
 Say, what alliance can with these be had ?  
 Can lambs and wolves in social bands ally ?—  
 When these prove friendly, then will North and I:  
 Alliance ! no—I curse the abject thought ;  
 Ally with those their country's ruin fought !  
 Who to perdition sold their native land,  
 Leagu'd with the foe, a close connected band—  
 Ally with these !—I speak it to your face—  
 Alliance here, is ruin and disgrace.  
 Angels and devils in such bonds unite,  
 So hell is allied to the realms of light—  
 Let *North* or *Sackville* still my prayers deride,

Let turn-coat *Johnstone* take the courtly side,  
 Even *Pitt*, if living, might with these agree ;  
 But no alliance shall they have with me.

But since no shame forbids your tongue to own  
 A royal coward fills Britannia's throne ;  
 Since our best chiefs must fight your mad campaigns,  
 And be disgrac'd, at last, by him who reigns,  
 No wonder, heaven ! such ill success attends !  
 No wonder North and Mansfield are your friends !  
 Take my advice, with them to battle go,  
 These book-learn'd heroes may confront the foe—  
 Those first who lead us tow'rd's the brink of fate,  
 Should still be foremost, when at Pluto's gate ;  
 Let them, grown desperate by our weight of woes,  
 Collect new fury from this host of foes,  
 And, ally'd with themselves, to ruin steer,  
 The just conclusion of their mad career.

*George.*

No comfort in these cruel words I find—  
 Ungrateful words to my tormented mind !  
 With me alone, both France and Spain contend,  
 And not one nation can be call'd my friend :  
 Unpitied now the Dutchman sees me fall,  
 The Russian leaves me to the thundering Gaul,  
 The German, grown as careless as the Dane,  
 Consigns my carcase to the jaws of Spain.  
 Where are the hosts they promis'd me of yore,  
 When rich and great they heard my thunders roar



While yet confefs'd the mafter of the fea,  
The Germans drain'd their wide domain for me,  
And, aiding Britain with a friendly hand,  
Help'd to fubdue the rebels and their land ?  
Ah ! rebels, rebels ! infolent and mad ;  
Our Scottifh rebels were not half fo bad——  
They foon fubmitted to fuperior fway ;  
But thefe grow ftronger as my hofts decay :  
What crowds have perifh'd on their hoftile fhore !  
They went for conqueft, but return'd no more.  
Columbia, thou a friend in better times !  
Loft are to me thy pleafurable climes :  
You wifh me buried in eternal night,  
You curfe the day when firft I faw the light—  
Your commerce vanifh'd, hoftile nations fhare,  
And thus you leave us naked, poor, and bare ;  
Despis'd by thofe who fhould our caufe defend,  
And helpiefs left, without one pitying friend.  
Thefe dire afflictions fhake my changeful throne,  
And turn my brain—a very idiot grown :  
Of all the ifles, the realms with which I part,  
Columbia fits the weightieft at my heart,  
She, fhe provokes the deepeft, heavieft figh,  
And makes me doubly wretched, ere I die.

Some dreary convent's unfrequented gloom  
(Like Charles of Spain) had better be my doom :  
There while in abfence from my crown I figh,  
George, Prince of Wales, thefe ills may rectify ;  
A happier fortune may his crown await,

He yet, perhaps, may save this sinking state :  
 I'll to my prayers, my bishops, and my beads,  
 And beg God's pardon for my heinous deeds ;  
 Those streams of blood, that spilt by my command,  
 Call out for vengeance on this guilty land.

*Fox.*

In one short sentence take my whole advice,  
 (It is no time to flatter and be nice)  
 With all your soul for instant peace contend,  
 Thus shall you be your country's truest friend—  
 Peace, instant peace, may stay your tottering throne,  
 But wars and death and blood can profit none,  
 To *Catharine* send, in humble garb array'd,  
 And beg her intercession, not her aid :  
 Withdraw your armies from th' Americ' shore,  
 And vex her oceans with your fleets no more ;  
 Vain are their conquests, past experience shews,  
 For what this hour they gain, the next they lose.  
 Implore the friendship of those injur'd States ;  
 No longer strive against the stubborn fates.  
 Since heaven has doom'd *Columbia* to be free,  
 What is her commerce and her wealth to thee ?  
 Since heav'n that land of promise has denied,  
 Regain by cunning what you lost by pride :  
 Immediate ruin each delay attends,  
 Imperial Britain scarce her coasts defends ;  
 Hibernia sees the threat'ning foes advance,  
 And feels an ague at the thoughts of France ;

Jamaica mourns her half-protected state,  
Barbadoes soon may share Grenada's fate,  
And every isle that owns your reign to-day,  
May bow to-morrow to the Frenchman's sway,  
Yes—while I speak, your empire, great before,  
Contracts its limits, and is great no more.  
Unhappy prince ! what madness has possessed,  
What worse than madness seiz'd thy vengeful breast,  
When white-rob'd peace before your portal stood,  
To drive her hence, and stain the world with blood !  
For this destruction threatens from the skies ;  
See hostile navies to our ruin rise ;  
Our fleets inglorious shun the force of Spain,  
And France, triumphant, stems the subject main.

[*Anno*, 1779.]

## THE BRITISH PRISON-SHIP.\*

Amid these ills no tyrant dared refuse  
My right to pen the dictates of the muse,  
To paint the terrors of the infernal place,  
And fiends from Europe, insolent as base.

### CANTO I.—*The Capture.*

**A**SSIST me, CLIO! while in verse I tell  
The dire misfortunes that a ship befell,  
Which outward bound, to St. Eustatia's shore,  
Death and disaster through the billows bore.

From Philadelphia's happy port she came;  
(And there the builder plann'd her lofty frame,  
With wonderous skill, and excellence of art  
He form'd, dispos'd, and order'd every part,  
With joy, beheld the stately fabric rise  
To a stout bulwark, of stupendous size,  
'Till launch'd at last, capacious of the freight,  
He left her to the pilots, and her fate.

First, from her depths the tapering masts ascend,  
On whose tall bulk the transverse yards depend,  
By shrouds and stays secur'd from side to side

\* Written towards the close of 1780, and first published by Mr. Francis Bailey, Philadelphia, early in the year 1781.

Trees grew on trees, suspended o'er the tide :  
 Firm to the yards extended, broad and vast,  
 They hung the sails, susceptible of the blast,  
 Far o'er the prow the lengthy bowsprit lay,  
 Supporting on the extreme the taut fore-stay,  
 Twice ten six pounders, at their port holes plac'd,  
 And rang'd in rows, stood hostile in the waist :  
 Thus all prepar'd, impatient for the seas,  
 She left her station with an adverse breeze,  
 This her first outset from her native shore,  
 To seas a stranger, and untry'd before.

From the fine radiance, that his glories spread,  
 Ere from the east gay Phœbus lifts his head,  
 From the bright morn, a kindred name she won,  
 AURORA call'd, the daughter of the sun,  
 Whose form, projecting, the broad prow displays,  
 Far glittering o'er the wave, a mimic blaze.

The gay ship now, in all her pomp and pride,  
 With sails expanded, flew along the tide ;  
 'Twas thy deep stream, O Delaware, that bore  
 This pile intended for a southern shore,  
 Bound to those isles where endless summer reigns,  
 Fair fruits, gay blossoms, and enamell'd plains ;  
 Where sloping lawns the roving swain invite ;  
 And the cool morn succeeds the breezy night,  
 Where each glad day a heaven unclouded brings  
 And sky-topt mountains teem with golden springs.

From Cape HENLOPEN, urg'd by favouring gales,  
 When morn emerg'd, we sea-ward spread our sails,

Then, east-south-east, explor'd the briny way,  
 Close to the wind, departing from the bay ;  
 No longer seen the hoarse resounding strand,  
 With hearts elate we hurried from the land,  
 Escap'd the dangers of that shelving ground  
 To sailors fatal, and for wrecks renown'd——

The gale increases as we plough the main,  
 Now scarce the hills their sky-blue mist retain :  
 At last they sink beneath the rolling wave,  
 That seems their summits, as they sink, to lave.  
 Aft the beam the freshening breezes play,  
 No mists advancing, to deform the day,  
 No tempests rising o'er the splendid scene,  
 A sea unruffled, and a heaven serene.

Now *Sol's* bright lamp, the heaven-born source of light,  
 Had pass'd the line of his meridian height,  
 And westward hung—retreating from the view  
 Shores disappear'd, and every hill withdrew,  
 When, still suspicious of some neighbouring foe,  
 Aloft the Master bade a seaman go,  
 To mark if, from the mast's aspiring height,  
 Through all the round, a vessel came in sight.

Too soon the seaman's glance extending wide,  
 Far distant in the east a ship espy'd,  
 Her lofty masts stood bending to the gale,  
 Close to the wind was brac'd each shivering sail ;  
 Next from the deck we saw the approaching foe,  
 Her spangled bottom seem'd in flames to glow  
 When to the winds she bow'd in dreadful haste

And her lee-guns lay deluged in the waift ;  
 From her top-gallant wav'd an *Engliſh Jack* ;——  
 With all her might ſhe ſtrove to gain our tack,  
 Nor ſtrove in vain—with pride and power elate,  
 Wing'd on by winds, ſhe drove us to our fate,  
 No ſtop, no ſtay her bloody crew intends,  
 (So flies a comet with its hoſt of fiends)  
 Nor oaths, nor prayers arreſt her ſwift career,  
 Death in her front, and ruin in her rear.

Struck at the fight, the maſter gave command  
 To change our courſe, and ſteer toward the land—  
 Straight to the taſk the ready failors run,  
 And while the word was utter'd, half was done ;  
 As, from the ſouth, the fiercer breezes riſe  
 Swift from her foe alarm'd *AURORA* flies,  
 With every fail extended to the wind  
 She fled the unequal foe that chac'd behind.——  
 Along her decks, diſpos'd in cloſe array,  
 Each at its port, the grim artillery lay,  
 Soon on the foe with brazen throat to roar ;  
 But, ſmall their ſize, and narrow was their *bore* ;  
 Yet, faithful, they their deſtin'd ſtation keep  
 To guard the barque that wafts them o'er the deep,  
 Who now muſt bend to ſteer a homeward courſe  
 And truſt her ſwiftness rather than her force,  
 Unfit to combat with a powerful foe ;  
 Her decks too open, and her *waiſt* too low.

While o'er the wave, with foaming prow, ſhe flies,  
 Once more emerging, diſtant landſcapes riſe ;

High in the air the *starry* streamer plays,  
 And every sail its various tribute pays ;  
 To gain the land, we bore the weighty blast ;  
 And now the wish'd for *cape* appear'd at last ;  
 But the vext foe, impatient of delay,  
 Prepar'd for ruin, prefs'd upon his prey ;  
 Near, and more near, in awful grandeur came  
 The frigate IRIS, not unknown to fame ;  
 IRIS her name, but HANCOCK once she bore,  
 Fram'd and completed on NEW ALBION'S shore,  
 By MANLY loft, the swiftest of the train  
 That fly with wings of canvas o'er the main.\*

Then, while for combat some with zeal prepare,  
 Thus to the heavens the Boatswain sent his prayer :  
 " Lift' all ye powers that rule the skies and seas !  
 " Shower down perdition on such thieves as these,  
 " Winds, daunt their hearts with terror and dismay,  
 " And sprinkle on their powder salt sea spray !  
 " May bursting cannon, while his aim he tries,  
 " Distract the gunner, and confound his eyes—  
 " The chief that awes the quarter-deck, may he  
 " Tripp'd from his stand, be tumbled in the sea.  
 " May they who rule the *round-top's* giddy height

\* "The Iris had been the United States' ship Hancock, 32, Captain Manly, and was captured by the Rainbow, 44, Sir George Collier. The Hancock, or Iris, proved to be one of the fastest ships on the American station, and made the fortunes of all who commanded her. Captain Manly is thought to have lost her in consequence of having put her out of trim, by starting her water while chased. The ship, in the end, fell into the hands of the French in the West Indies."—  
 COOPER'S *Naval History*.



"Be canted headlong to perpetual night ;  
 "May fiends torment them on a leeward coast,  
 "And help forsake them when they want it most—  
 "From their wheel'd engines torn be every gun—  
 "And now, to sum up every curse in one,  
 "May latent flames, to save us, intervene,  
 "And hell-ward drive them from their magazine !”

The Frigate, now, had every sail unfurl'd,  
 And rush'd tremendous o'er the watery world ;  
 Thus fierce *Pelides*, eager to destroy,  
 Chac'd the proud Trojan to the gates of Troy—  
 Swift o'er the waves while, hostile, they pursue,  
 As swiftly from their fangs *AURORA* flew,  
 At length *HENLOPEN*'s cape we gain'd once more,  
 And vainly strove to force the ship ashore ;  
 Stern fate forbade the barren shore to gain ;  
 Denial sad, and source of future pain !  
 For then the inspiring breezes ceas'd to blow,  
 Loft were they all, and smooth'd the seas below ;  
 By the broad cape becalm'd, our lifeless sails  
 No longer swell'd their bosoms to the gales ;  
 The ship, unable to pursue her way,  
 Tumbling about, at her own guidance lay,  
 No more the helm its wonted influence lends,  
 No oars assist us, and no breeze befriends ;  
 Mean time the foe, advancing from the sea,  
 Rang'd her black cannon, pointed on our *lee*,  
 Then up she *luff'd*, and blaz'd her entrails dire,  
 Bearing destruction, terror, death, and fire.

Vext at our fate, we prim'd a piece, and then  
Return'd the shot, to shew them we were men.

Dull night at length her dusky pinions spread,  
And every hope to 'scape the foe was fled,  
Close to thy cape, Henlopen, though we prefs'd,  
We could not gain thy desert, dreary breast ;  
Though ruin'd trees beshroud thy barren shore  
With mounds of sand half hid, or cover'd o'er,  
Though ruffian winds disturb thy summit bare,  
• Yet every hope and every wish was there :  
In vain we fought to reach the joyless strand,  
Fate stood between, and barr'd us from the land.

All dead becalm'd, and helpless as we lay,  
The ebbing current forc'd us back to sea,  
While vengeful IRIS, thirsting for our blood,  
Flash'd her red lightnings o'er the trembling flood ;  
At every flash a storm of ruin came  
'Till our shock'd vessel shook through all her frame—  
Mad for revenge, our breasts with fury glow  
To wreak returns of vengeance on the foe ;  
Full at his hull our pointed guns we rais'd,  
His hull resounded as the cannon blaz'd ;  
Through his broad sails while some a passage tore,  
His sides re-echo'd to the dreadful roar,  
Alternate fires dispell'd the shades of night—  
But how unequal was this daring fight !  
Our stoutest guns threw but a six-pound ball,  
Twelve pounders from the foe our sides did maul ;  
And, while no power to save him intervenes,

A bullet struck our captain of marines ;  
 Fierce, though he bid defiance to the foe  
 He felt his death and ruin in the blow,  
 Headlong he fell, distracted with the wound,  
 The deck distain'd, and heart blood streaming round.

Another blast, as fatal in its aim  
 Wing'd by destruction, through our rigging came,  
 And aim'd aloft, to cripple in the fray,  
 Shrouds, stays, and braces tore at once away,  
 Sails, blocks, and oars in scatter'd fragments fly—  
 Their softest language was—SUBMIT, OR DIE.

Repeated cries throughout the ship resound ;  
 Now every bullet brought a different wound ;  
 Twixt *wind and water*, one assail'd the side :  
 Through this aperture rush'd the briny tide—  
 'Twas then the Master trembled for his crew,  
 And bade thy shores, O Delaware, adieu !—  
 And must we yield to yon' destructive ball,  
 And must our colours to these ruffians fall !—  
 They fall !—his thunders forc'd our strength to bend,  
 The lofty topmasts, with their yards, descend,  
 And the proud foe, such leagues of ocean pass'd,  
 His wish completed in our woe at last.

Convey'd to YORK, we found, at length, too late,  
 That Death was better than the prisoner's fate,  
 There doom'd to famine, shackles, and despair,  
 Condemn'd to breathe a foul, infected air  
 In sickly hulks, devoted while we lay,  
 Successive funerals gloom'd each dismal day—

But what on captives British rage can do,  
Another Canto, friends, shall let you know.

CANTO II.—*The Prison-Ships.\**

THE various horrors of these hulks to tell,  
These Prison Ships where pain and penance dwell,  
Where death in tenfold vengeance holds his reign,  
And injur'd ghosts, yet unaveng'd, complain ;  
This be my task—ungenerous Britons, you  
Conspire to murder whom you can't subdue.—

That Britain's rage should dye our plains with gore,  
And desolation spread through every shore,  
None e'er could doubt, that her ambition knew,——  
This was to rage and disappointment due ;  
But that those legions whom our soil maintain'd,  
Who first drew breath in this devoted land,  
Like famish'd wolves, should on their country prey,

\* These prison-ships were mostly old transport vessels, in which the British troops had been brought to the city. They were moored, at first, off the Battery, and afterwards in the Wallabout Bay, on the Long Island shore. One of these ships, the *Jersey*, was an old, condemned 64-gun ship, which had been employed as a store-ship. "In 1780," as we learn from Miss Booth's 'History of the City of New York,' "when the prisoners on board the *Good Hope* [another of these ships] burnt the vessel, in the desperate hope of regaining their liberty, the chief incendiaries were removed to the Provost, and the remainder transferred to the *Jersey*, which was thenceforth used as a prison-ship until the close of the war, when her inmates were liberated, and she was henceforth shunned by all as a nest of pestilence. The worms soon after destroyed her bottom, and she sank, bearing with her, on her planks, the names of thousands of American prisoners. For more than twenty years, her ribs lay exposed at low water ; she now lies buried beneath the United States Navy Yard."

Afflict its foes, and wrest our lives away,  
 This shocks belief—and bids our foil disown  
 Such knaves, subservient to a bankrupt throne.  
 By them the widow mourns her partner dead,  
 Her mangled sons to darksome prisons led,  
 By them—and hence my keenest sorrows rise,  
 My friend—companion—my *Orestes* dies——  
 Still for that loss must wretched I complain,  
 And sad *Ophelia* mourn her loss—in vain !

Ah ! come the day when from this bleeding shore  
 Fate shall remove them, to return no more—  
 To scorch'd Bahama shall the traitors go  
 With grief, and rage, and unremitting woe,  
 On burning sands to walk their painful round,  
 And sigh through all the solitary ground,  
 Where no gay flower their haggard eyes shall see,  
 And find no shade—but from the cypress tree.

So much we suffer'd from the tribe I hate,  
 So near they shov'd us to the brink of fate,  
 When two long months in these dark hulks we lay  
 Barr'd down by night, and fainting all the day  
 In the fierce fervours of the solar beam,  
 Cool'd by no breeze on Hudson's mountain-stream ;  
 That not unspent these threescore days shall fall  
 To black oblivion that would cover all !——

No masts or sails these crowded ships adorn,  
 Dismal to view, neglected and forlorn ;  
 Here, mighty ills oppress'd the imprison'd throng,  
 Dull were our slumbers, and our nights were long——

From morn to eve along the decks we lay  
 Scorch'd into fevers by the solar ray ;  
 No friendly *awning* cast a welcome shade,  
 Once was it promis'd, and was never made ;  
 No favours could these sons of death bestow,  
 'Twas endless vengeance, and unceasing woe :  
 Immortal hatred does their breasts engage,  
 And this lost empire swells their souls with rage.

Two hulks on Hudson's stormy bosom lie,  
 Two, on the east, alarm the pitying eye—  
 There, the black SCORPION at her mooring rides,  
 There, STROMBOLO fwings, yielding to the tides ;  
 Here, bulky JERSEY fills a larger space,  
 And HUNTER, to all hospitals disgrace—

Thou, SCORPION, fatal to thy crowded throng,  
 Dire theme of horror and Plutonian song,  
 Requir'ft my lay—thy fultry decks I know,  
 And all the torments that exist below !  
 The briny wave that Hudson's bosom fills  
 Drain'd through her bottom in a thousand rills :  
 Rotten and old, replete with sighs and groans,  
 Scarce on the waters she sustain'd her bones ;  
 Here, doom'd to toil, or founder in the tide,  
 At the moist pumps incessantly we ply'd,  
 Here, doom'd to starve, like famish'd dogs, we tore  
 The scant allowance, that our tyrants bore.

Remembrance shudders at this scene of fears—  
 Still in my view some tyrant chief appears,  
 Some base-born Hessian slave walks threatening by,

Some servile Scot, with murder in his eye,  
 Still haunts my fight, as vainly they bemoan  
*Rebellions* manag'd so unlike their *own* !  
 O may we never feel the poignant pain  
 To live subjected to such fiends again,  
*Stewards* and *Mates*, that hostile Britain bore,  
 Cut from the gallows on their native shore ;  
 Their ghastly looks and vengeance-beaming eyes  
 Still to my view in dismal visions rise——  
 O may I ne'er review these dire abodes,  
 These piles for slaughter, floating on the floods,——  
 And you, that o'er the troubled ocean go,  
 Strike not your standards to this venom'd foe,  
 Better the greedy wave should swallow all,  
 Better to meet the death-conducting ball,  
 Better to sleep on ocean's oozy bed,  
 At once destroy'd and number'd with the dead,  
 Than thus to perish in the face of day  
 Where twice ten thousand deaths one death delay.

When to the ocean sinks the western sun,  
 And the scorch'd Tories fire their evening gun,  
 "Down, rebels, down !" the angry Scotchmen cry,  
 "Base dogs, descend, or by our broad swords die !"

Hail dark abode ! what can with thee compare——  
 Heat, sickness, famine, death, and stagnant air——  
 Pandora's box, from whence all mischiefs flew,  
 Here real found, torments mankind anew !——  
 Swift from the guarded decks we rush'd along,  
 And vainly sought repose, so vast our throng ;

Four hundred wretches here, denied all light,  
 In crowded mansions pass the infernal night,  
 Some for a bed their tatter'd vestments join,  
 And some on chests, and some on floors recline ;  
 Shut from the blessings of the evening air  
 Pensive we lay with mingled corpses there,  
 Meagre and wan, and scorch'd with heat, below,  
 We look'd like ghosts, ere death had made us so—  
 How could we else, where heat and hunger join'd,  
 Thus to debase the body and the mind,—  
 Where cruel thirst the parching throat invades,  
 Dries up the man, and fits him for the shades.

No waters laded from the bubbling spring  
 To these dire ships these little tyrants bring—  
 By plank and ponderous beams completely wall'd  
 In vain for water and in vain we call'd—  
 No drop was granted to the midnight prayer,  
 To *rebels* in these regions of despair !—  
 The loathsome cask a deadly dose contains,  
 Its poison circling through the languid veins ;  
 “ Here, *generous* Briton, generous, as you say,  
 “ To my parch'd tongue one cooling drop convey,  
 “ Hell has no mischief like a thirsty throat,  
 “ Nor one tormentor like your *David Sproat*.” \*

Dull pass'd the hours, till, from the East displayed,  
 Sweet morn dispell'd the horrors of the shade ;  
 On every side dire objects met the sight,  
 And pallid forms, and murders of the night,—

\* A British superintendent of the prison-ships.



The dead were past their pain, the living groan,  
 Nor dare to hope another morn their own ;  
 But what to them is morn's delightful ray ?  
 Sad and distressful as the close of day ;  
 O'er distant streams appears the dewy green,  
 And leafy trees on mountain tops are seen,  
 But they no groves nor grassy mountains tread,  
 Mark'd for a longer journey to the dead.

Black as the clouds, that shade St. Kilda's shore,  
 Wild as the winds, that round her mountains roar,  
 At every post some surly vagrant stands,  
 Cull'd from the English or the Hessian\* bands,—  
 Dispensing death triumphantly they stand,  
 Their musquets ready to obey command ;  
 Wounds are their sport, as ruin is their aim ;  
 On their dark souls compassion has no claim,  
 And discord only can their spirits please :  
 Such were our tyrants here, and such were these.

Ingratitude ! no curse like thee is found  
 Throughout this jarring world's tumultuous round,  
 Their hearts with malice to our country swell  
 Because, in former days, we us'd them well !—  
 This pierces deep, too deeply wounds the breast ;  
 We help'd them naked, friendless, and distress'd,  
 Receiv'd them, vagrants, with an open hand ;  
 Bestow'd them buildings, privilege, and land—  
 Behold the change !—when angry Britain rose,  
 These thankless tribes became our fiercest foes,

\* Scottish, in the edition of 1795.

By them devoted, plunder'd, and accurst,  
Stung by the serpents, whom ourselves had nurs'd.

But such a train of endless woes abound,  
So many mischiefs in these hulks are found,  
That on them all a poem to prolong  
Would swell too far the horrors of our song—  
Hunger and thirst, to work our woe, combine,  
And mouldy bread, and flesh of rotten swine :  
The mangled carcase, and the batter'd brain,  
The doctor's poison, and the captain's cane,  
The soldier's musquet, and the steward's debt,  
The evening shackle, and the noon-day threat.

That balm, destructive to the pangs of care,  
Which Rome of old, nor Athens could prepare,  
Which gains the day for many a modern chief  
When cool reflection yields a faint relief,  
That *charm*, whose virtue warms the world beside,  
Was by these tyrants to our use denied ;  
While yet they deign'd that healthsome balm to lade  
The putrid water felt its powerful aid,  
But when refus'd—to aggravate our pains—  
Then fevers rag'd and revel'd through our veins ;  
Throughout my frame I felt its deadly heat,  
I felt my pulse with quicker motions beat :  
A pallid hue o'er every face was spread,  
Unusual pains attacked the fainting head ;  
No physic here, no doctor to assist,  
With oaths, they plac'd me on the sick man's list ;  
Twelve wretches more the same dark symptoms took,

And these were enter'd on the doctor's book ;  
 The loathsome HUNTER was our destin'd place,  
 The HUNTER to all hospitals disgrace ;  
 With soldiers, sent to guard us on our road,  
 Joyful we left the SCORPION'S dire abode ;  
 Some tears we shed for the remaining crew,  
 Then curs'd the hulk, and from her sides withdrew.

CANTO III.—*The Hospital Prison-Ship.*

Now tow'rd the HUNTER'S gloomy decks we came,  
 A slaughter-house, yet *hospital* in name ;  
 For none came there, 'till ruin'd with *their* fees,  
 And half consum'd, and dying of disease ;—  
 But when too near, with labouring oars we ply'd,  
 The *Mate*, with curses, drove us from the side ;  
 That wretch who, banish'd from the navy crew,  
 Grown old in blood, did here his trade renew,  
 His rancorous tongue, when on his *charge* let loose,  
 Utter'd reproaches, scandal, and abuse,  
 Gave all to hell, who dar'd his *king* disown,  
 And swore mankind were made for *George* alone.  
 A thousand times, to irritate our woe,  
 He wish'd us founder'd in the gulph below ;  
 A thousand times, he brandish'd high his stick,  
 And swore as often that we were not sick—  
 And yet so pale !—that we were thought by some  
 A freight of ghosts, from death's dominions come—  
 But calm'd at length—for who can always rage,

Or the fierce war of boundless passion wage,  
 He pointed to the stairs that led below  
 To damps, disease, and varied shapes of woe—  
 Down to the gloom we took our pensive way,  
 Along the decks the dying captives lay ;  
 Some struck with madness, some with scurvy pain'd,  
 But still of putrid fevers most complain'd !  
 On the hard floors these wasted objects laid,  
 There toss'd and tumbled in the dismal shade,  
 There no soft voice their bitter fate bemoan'd,  
 And death trode stately, while the victims groan'd ;  
 Of leaky decks I heard them long complain,  
 Drown'd as they were in deluges of rain,  
 Deny'd the comforts of a dying bed,  
 And not a pillow to support the head——  
 How could they else but pine, and grieve, and sigh,  
 Detest a wretched life—and wish to die.

Scarce had I mingled with this dismal band  
 When a thin victim seiz'd me by the hand——  
 “ And art thou come,” (death heavy on his eyes)  
 “ And art thou come to these abodes,”—(he cries ;)   
 “ Why didst thou leave the *Scorpion's* dark retreat,  
 “ And hither haste, a surer death to meet ?  
 “ Why didst thou leave thy damp infected cell ?—  
 “ If *that* was purgatory, this is hell——  
 “ We, too, grown weary of that horrid shade  
 “ Petition'd early for the doctor's aid ;  
 “ His aid denied, more deadly symptoms came,  
 “ Weak, and yet weaker, glow'd the vital flame ;

“ And when difeafe had worn us down fo low  
 “ That few could tell if we were ghofts, or no,  
 “ And all afferted death would be our fate——  
 “ Then to the doctör we were fent—too late.  
 “ Here wafes away *Eurymedon* the brave,  
 “ Here young *Palemon* finds a watery grave,  
 “ Here lov’d *Alcander*, now alas ! no more,  
 “ Dies, far fequefter’d from his native fhore ;  
 “ He late, perhaps, too eager for the fray,  
 “ Chac’d the proud Briton o’er the watery way,  
 “ ’Till fortune, jealous, bade her clouds appear,  
 “ Turn’d hostile to his fame, and brought him *here*.

“ Thus do our warriors, thus our heroes fall,  
 “ Imprifon’d here, fure ruin meets them all,  
 “ Or, fent afar to Britain’s barbarous fhore,  
 “ There pine neglected, and return no more :—  
 “ Ah reft in peace, each injur’d, parted fhade,  
 “ By cruel hands in death’s dark weeds array’d.  
 “ The days to come fhall to your memory raife  
 “ Piles on thefe fhores, to fpread thro’ earth your praife.”

From *Brooklyn* heights a Heflian doctör came,  
 Not great his fkill, nor greater much his fame ;  
 Fair Science never call’d the wretch her fon,  
 And Art difdain’d the ftupid man to own ;——  
 Can you admire that Science was fo coy,  
 Or Art refus’d his genius to employ ?——  
 Do men with brutes an equal dullnefs fhare,  
 Or cuts yon’ grovelling mole the midway air——  
 In polar worlds can Eden’s bloffoms blow,

Do trees of God in barren deserts grow.  
 Are loaded vines to Etna's summit known,  
 Or swells the peach beneath the frozen zone—  
 Yet still he put his genius to the rack  
 And, as you may suppose, was own'd a *quack*.

He on his charge the healing work begun  
 With antimonial mixtures, by the tun,  
*Ten minutes* was the time he deign'd to stay,  
 The time of grace allotted once a day.—  
 He drench'd us well with bitter draughts, 'tis true,  
*Nostrums* from hell, and *cortex* from Peru—  
 Some with his pills he sent to Pluto's reign,  
 And some he blister'd with his flies of Spain ;  
 His Tartar doses walk'd their deadly round,  
 Till the lean patient at the potion frown'd  
 And swore that hemlock, death, or what you will,  
 Were nonsense to the drugs that stuff'd his bill.—  
 On those refusing, he bestow'd a kick,  
 Or menac'd vengeance with his walking stick ;—  
 Here, uncontroul'd, he exercis'd his trade,  
 And grew experienc'd by the deaths he made.  
 By frequent blows we from his cane endur'd  
 He kill'd at least as many as he cur'd,  
 On our lost comrades built his future fame,  
 And scatter'd fate where'er his footsteps came.

Some did not bend, submissive to his skill,  
 And swore he mingled poison with his pill,  
 But I acquit him by a fair confession,  
 He was no *Myrmidon*—he was a Hessian—

Although a dunce, he had some sense of sin  
 Or else the lord knows where we now had been ;  
 No doubt, in that far country sent to range  
 Where never prisoner meets with an exchange—  
 No centries stand, to guard the midnight posts,  
 Nor seal down hatch-ways on a crowd of ghosts.

Knave though he was, yet candour must confess  
 Not chief Physician was this man of Hesse—  
 One master o'er the murdering tribe was plac'd,  
 By him the rest were honour'd or disgrac'd ;  
 Once, and but once, by some strange fortune led  
 He came to see the dying and the dead—  
 He came—but anger so deform'd his eye,  
 And such a faulchion glitter'd on his thigh,  
 And such a gloom his visage darken'd o'er,  
 And two such pistols in his hands he bore !  
 That, by the gods !—with such a load of steel,  
 He came, we thought, to murder, not to heal—  
 Rage in his heart and mischief in his head,  
 He gloom'd destruction, and had smote us dead,  
 Had he so dar'd—but fear with-held his hand—  
 He came—blasphem'd—and turn'd again to land.

From this poor vessel, and her sickly crew  
 A British seaman all his titles drew,  
 Captain, esquire, commander, too, in chief,  
 And hence he gain'd his bread, and hence his beef,  
 But, sir, you might have search'd creation round  
 And such another ruffian not have found—  
 Though unprovok'd, an angry face he bore,

All were astonish'd at the oaths he swore ;  
 He swore, till every prisoner stood aghast,  
 And thought him Satan in a brimstone blast ;  
 He wish'd us banish'd from the public light,  
 He wish'd us shrouded in perpetual night !  
 That were he king, no mercy would he show,  
 But drive all *rebels* to the world below ;  
 That if we *scoundrels* did not scrub the decks  
 His staff should break our base *rebellious* necks ;—  
 He swore, besides, that should the ship take fire  
 We too must in the pitchy flames expire ;  
 And meant it so—this tyrant, I engage,  
 Had lost his life, to gratify his rage.—

If where he walk'd a murdered carcase lay,  
 Still dreadful was the language of the day—  
 He call'd us dogs, and would have held us so,  
 But terror check'd the meditated blow,  
 Of vengeance, from our injur'd nation due  
 To him, and all the base unmanly crew.

Such food they sent, to make complete our woes,  
 It look'd like carrion torn from hungry crows :  
 Such vermin vile on every joint were seen,  
 So black, corrupted, mortified, and lean,  
 That once we try'd to move our flinty chief,  
 And thus address'd him, holding up the beef :

“ See, captain, see ! what rotten bones we pick,  
 “ What kills the healthy cannot cure the sick :  
 “ Not dogs on such by *Christian* men are fed,  
 “ And see, good master, see, what lousy bread !”



"Your meat or bread" (this man of death replied)  
 "'Tis not my care to manage or provide—  
 "But this, base rebel dogs, I'd have you know,  
 "That better than you merit we bestow :  
 "Out of my fight!"—nor more he deign'd to say  
 But whisk'd about, and frowning, strode away.

Each day, at least six carcases we bore  
 And scratch'd them graves along the sandy shore.  
 By feeble hands the shallow graves were made,  
 No stone, memorial, o'er the corpses laid ;  
 In barren sands, and far from home, they lie,  
 No friend to shed a tear, when passing by ;  
 O'er the mean tombs the insulting Britons tread,  
 Spurn at the sand, and curse the rebel dead.

When to your arms these fatal islands fall,  
 (For first, or last, they must be conquer'd all)  
 Americans ! to rites sepulchral just,  
 With gentlest footstep press this kindred dust,  
 And o'er the tombs, if tombs can then be found,  
 Place the green turf, and plant the myrtle round.

These all in Freedom's sacred cause allied,  
 For Freedom ventur'd and for Freedom died.  
 To base subjection they were never broke,  
 They could not bend beneath a foreign yoke :  
 Had these survived, perhaps in thraldom held,  
 To serve the Britons they had been compelled—  
 Ungenerous deed !—can they the charge deny ?  
 This to avoid how many chose to die.

Americans ! a just resentment shew,

And glut revenge on this detested foe ;  
 While the warm blood distends the glowing vein  
 Still shall resentment in your bosoms reign :  
 Can you forget the greedy Briton's ire,  
 Your fields in ruin, and your domes on fire,  
 No age, no sex, from lust and murder free,  
 And, black as night, the hell-born refugee !  
 Must *York* forever your best blood entomb,  
 And these gorg'd monsters triumph in our doom,  
 Who leave no art of cruelty untry'd ;——  
 Such heavy vengeance, and such hellish pride !  
 Death has no charms—his realms dejected lie  
 In the dull climate of a clouded sky,  
 Death has no charms, except in British eyes,  
 See, arm'd for blood, the ambitious vultures rise,  
 See how they pant to stain the world with gore,  
 And millions murder'd, still would murder more ;  
 That selfish race, from all the world disjoin'd,  
 Perpetual discord spread among mankind,  
 Aim to extend their empire o'er the ball,  
 Subject, destroy, absorb, and conquer all ;  
 As if the power, that form'd us, did condemn  
 All other nations to be slaves to them——  
 Rouse from your sleep, and crush the invading band,  
 Defeat, destroy, and sweep them from the land,  
 Ally'd like you, what madness to despair,——  
 Attack the ruffians while they linger there ;  
 There *Tryon* sits, a tyrant all complete,  
 See *Vaughan*, there, with rude *Knyphausen* meet,

AN ANCIENT PROPHECY.

WHEN a certain great King, whose initial is G,  
Forces STAMPS upon paper, and folks to drink TEA ;  
When these folks burn his tea and stamp paper, like stubble,—  
You may guess that this king is then coming to trouble.

But when a PETITION he treads under feet,  
And sends over the ocean an army and fleet,  
When that army, half famish'd, and frantic with rage  
Is coop'd up with a leader, whose name rhymes to *cage* ;  
When that leader goes home, dejected and sad ;  
You may then be assur'd the king's prospects are bad.

But when B. and C. with their armies are taken  
This king will do well, if he saves his own bacon :  
In the year Seventeen hundred and eighty and two  
A stroke he shall get, that will make him look blue :  
And soon, very soon, shall the season arrive,  
When *Nebuchadnezzar* to pasture shall drive.

In the year eighty-three, the affair will be over  
And he shall eat turnips that grow in *Hanover* :

The face of the Lion will then become pale,  
He shall yield fifteen teeth, and be sheer'd of his tail——  
O king, my dear king, you shall be very fore,  
From the *Stars* and the *Stripes* you will mercy implore,  
And your Lion shall growl, but hardly bite more.——

A N A D D R E S S

TO THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF, OFFICERS, AND SOLDIERS  
OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

**A** CCEPT, great men, that share of honest praise  
A grateful nation to your merit pays :  
Verse is too mean that merit to display,  
And words too weak our praises to convey.

When first proud Britain rais'd her hostile\* hand  
With claims unjust to bind our native land,  
Transported armies, and her millions spent  
To enforce the mandates that a tyrant sent ;  
“ Resist ! resist ! ” was heard through every state,  
You heard the call, and fear'd your country's fate :  
Then rising fierce in arms, for war array'd,  
You taught to vanquish those who dar'd invade.

Those *British chiefs* whom former wars had crown'd  
With conquest—and in every clime renown'd ;  
*Who* forc'd new realms to own their monarch's law,  
And *whom* even George beheld with secret awe—  
Those mighty chiefs, compell'd to fly or yield,  
Scarce dar'd to meet you on the embattled field ;

\* “ Heavy.”—Ed. 1795.

To Boston's port you chas'd the trembling crew,  
 Quick, even from thence the British veterans flew—  
 Through wintry waves they fled, and thought each wave  
 Their last, best safety from a foe so brave.

What men, like you, our warfare could command,  
 And bring us safely to the promis'd land?  
 Not swoln with pride, with victory elate—  
 'Tis in misfortune you are doubly great:  
 When *Howe* victorious our weak armies chas'd,  
 And, sure of conquest, laid *Cesarea* waste,  
 When prostrate, bleeding, at his feet she lay,  
 And the proud victor tore her wreathes away,  
 Each gallant chief put forth his warlike hand,  
 And rais'd the drooping genius of the land,  
 Repell'd the foe, their choicest warriors slain,  
 And drove them howling to their ships again.

While *others* kindle into martial rage  
*Whom* fierce ambition urges to engage,  
 An iron race, by angry heav'n design'd  
 To conquer first, and then enslave mankind;  
 Here, chiefs and heroes more humane we see,  
 They venture life, that others may be free.

O! MAY you live to hail that glorious day  
 When Britain homeward shall pursue her way—  
 That race subdu'd, who fill'd the world with slain  
 And rode tyrannic o'er the subject main!—  
 What few presum'd, you boldly have atchiev'd,  
 A tyrant humbled, and a world reliev'd.

O WASHINGTON, who leadst this glorious train,

Still may the fates thy valued life maintain—  
 Rome's boasted chiefs, who, to their own disgrace,  
 Prov'd the worst scourges of the human race,  
 Pierc'd by whose darts a thousand nations bled,  
 Who captive princes at their chariots led ;  
 Born to enslave, to ravage, and subdue—  
 Return to *nothing*, when compar'd to you ;  
 Throughout the world your growing fame has spread,  
 In every country are your virtues read ;  
 Remotest *India* hears your deeds of fame,  
 The hardy Scythian stammers at your name ;  
 The haughty Turk, now longing to be free,  
 Neglects his *Sultan* to enquire of thee ;  
 The barbarous Briton hails you to his shores,  
 And calls him *Rebel*—whom his heart adores.

Still may the heavens prolong your vital date,  
 And still may conquest on your banners wait :  
 Whether afar to ravag'd lands you go,  
 Where wild *Potowmac's* rapid waters flow,  
 Or where *Saluda* laves the fertile plain  
 And, swoln by torrents, rushes to the main ;  
 Or if again to *Hudson* you repair  
 To smite the cruel foe that lingers there—  
 Revenge *their* cause, whose virtue was their crime,  
 The exil'd hosts from Carolina's clime.

Late from the world, in quiet may'st thou rise  
 And, mourn'd by millions, reach your native skies—  
 With patriot kings and generous chiefs to shine,  
 Whose virtues rais'd them to be deem'd divine :

May VASA\* only equal honours claim,  
Alike in merits, and alike in fame !

[*Anno*, 1781.]

\* GUSTAVUS VASA, of Sweden, the deliverer of his country.



A NEW YORK TORY,  
TO HIS FRIEND IN PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR Sir, I'm so anxious to hear of your health,  
I beg you would send me a letter by stealth :  
I hope a few months will quite alter the case,  
When the wars are concluded, we'll meet and embrace.

For I'm led to believe from our brilliant success,  
And, what is as clear, your amazing distress,  
That the cause of rebellion has met with a check  
That will bring all its patrons to hang by the neck.

Cornwallis has managed so well in the South,  
Those rebels want victuals to put in their mouth ;  
And Arnold has stripped them, we hear, to the buff—  
Has burnt their tobacco, and left them—the snuff.

Dear Thomas, I wish you would move from that town  
Where meet all the rebels of fame and renown ;  
When our armies, victorious, shall clear that vile nest  
You may chance, though a Tory, to swing with the rest.

But again—on reflection—I beg you would stay—  
 You may serve us yet better than if mov'd away—  
 Give advice to Sir HARRY of all that is passing,  
 What vessels are building, what cargoes amassing ;

Inform, to a day, when those vessels will fail,  
 That our cruisers may capture them all, without fail—  
 By proceedings, like these, your peace shall be made,  
 The rebellious shall swing, but be you ne'er afraid.

I cannot conceive how you do to subsist—  
 The rebels are starving, except those who 'list ;  
 And as you reside in the land of Gomorrah,  
 You must fare as the rest do, I think, to your sorrow.

Poor souls ! if ye knew what a doom is decreed,  
 (I mean not for you, but for rebels indeed)  
 You would tremble to think of the vengeance in store,  
 The halters and gibbets—I mention no more.

The rebels must surely conclude they're undone,  
 Their navy is ruin'd, their armies have run ;  
 It is time they should now from delusion awaken—  
*The rebellion is done*—for the TRUMBULL\* is taken !

\* The American frigate Trumbull, 20, Captain James Nicholson, was chased off the capes of the Delaware, August 8th, 1781, by three British cruisers. As it was blowing heavily towards night, the fore-topmast of the Trumbull was carried away by a squall, bringing down with it, on deck, the main-topgallant mast. About ten o'clock at night, one of the British vessels, the Iris, 32, came up and closed with her while still encumbered with the wreck. "In the midst of rain

and squalls, in a tempestuous night, with most of the forward hamper of the ship over her bows, or lying on the fore-castle, with one of the arms of the fore-top-sail yard run through her fore-sail, and the other jammed on deck, and with a disorganized crew, Captain Nicholson found himself compelled to go to quarters, or to strike without resistance. He preferred the first; but the English volunteers, instead of obeying orders, went below, extinguished the lights, and secreted themselves. Near half of the remainder of the people imitated this example, and Captain Nicholson could not muster fifty of even the diminished crew he had, at the guns. The battle that followed might almost be said to have been fought by the officers. These brave men, sustained by a party of the petty officers and seamen, managed a few of the guns for more than an hour, when the General Monk, 18, coming up and joining in the fire of the Iris, the Trumbull submitted."—COOPER'S *Naval History*.

TO LORD CORNWALLIS,

AT YORK, VIRGINIA.\*

**H**AIL, great destroyer (equall'd yet by none)  
Of countries not your master's, nor your own ;  
Hatch'd by some demon on a stormy day,  
Satan's best substitute to burn and slay ;  
Confin'd at last ; hem'd in by land and sea,  
Burgoyne himself was but a type of thee !

Like his, to freedom was your deadly hate,  
Like his your benefacts, and be his your fate :  
To you, like him, no prospect Nature yields  
But ruin'd wastes and desolated fields—  
In vain you raise the interposing wall,  
And hoist those standards that, like you, must fall,

\* Charles, Marquis of Cornwallis, came to New York with his regiment in 1776. After serving for a while as Major-General in the campaigns in the Jerseys, he was engaged in the expedition to the Chesapeake, and subsequently, in 1780, in the siege of Charleston, S. C., which ended in its surrender. Left in command in the State, he fought the battles of Camden and Guilford, making his way northerly, with his army, through the Carolinas to Virginia, where he maintained himself in a fortified position, at Yorktown, till he was compelled to surrender to Washington, in October, 1781. Cornwallis was at this time at the age of forty-three. His subsequent career, in India, was distinguished. He was in 1798 Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1805 he was sent to India, as Governor-General, and died shortly after his arrival at Calcutta.

In you conclude the glories of your race,  
Complete your monarch's, and your own disgrace.

What has your lordship's pilfering arms attain'd?—  
Vast stores of *plunder*, but no STATE regain'd—  
That may return, though you perhaps may groan.  
Restore it, CHARLEY, for 'tis not your own—  
Then, lord and foldier, headlong to the brine  
Rush down at once—the devil and the swine.

Would'st thou at last with *Washington* engage,  
Sad object of his pity, not his rage?  
See, round thy posts how terribly advance  
The chiefs, the armies, and the fleets of France;  
Fight while you can, for warlike *Rochambeau*  
Aims at your head his last decisive blow;  
Unnumber'd ghosts from earth untimely sped,  
Can take no rest till you, like them, are dead—  
Then die, my Lord; that only chance remains  
To wipe away dishonourable stains,  
For small advantage would your capture bring,  
The *plundering servant of a bankrupt king*.

[October 8. 1781.]

A L O N D O N D I A L O G U E,

BETWEEN MY LORDS, DUNMORE AND GERMAINE.

*Dunmore.*

**E**VER since I return'd to my dear native shore,  
No poet in *Grubstreet* was ever dunn'd more—  
I'm dunn'd by my barber, my taylor, my groom ;  
How can I do else than to fret and to fume ?  
They join to attack me with one good accord,  
From morning 'till night 'tis “ my lord, and my lord.”  
And there comes the cobler, so often deny'd—  
If I had him in private, I'd thresh his tough hide.

*Germaine.*

Would you worry the man that has found you in shoes ?  
Come, courage, my lord, I can tell you good news—  
Virginia is conquered, the rebels are bang'd,  
You are now to go over and see them safe hang'd :  
I hope it is not to your nature abhorrent  
To sign for these wretches a handsome death warrant—  
Were I but in your place, I'm sure it would suit  
To sign their death warrants, and hang them to boot.

*Dunmore.*

My lord !—I'm amaz'd—have we routed the foe ?—  
I shall govern again then, if matters be so—  
And as to the hanging, in short, to be plain,  
I'll hang them so well, they'll ne'er want it again.  
With regard to the wretches who thump at my gates,  
I'll discharge all their dues with the rebel estates ;  
In less than three months I shall send a polacca  
As deep as she'll swim, fir, with corn and tobacco.

*Germaine.*

And send us some rebels—a dozen or so—  
They'll serve here in *London* by way of a show ;  
And as to the Tories, believe me dear cousin,  
We can spare you some hundreds to pay for the dozen.

LORD CORNWALLIS TO SIR HENRY CLINTON.

FROM YORK, VIRGINIA.

FROM clouds of smoke, and flames that round me glow,  
To you, dear Clinton, I disclose my woe.  
Here cannons flash, bombs glance, and bullets fly ;  
Not ARNOLD'S self endures such misery.  
Was I foredoom'd in tortures to expire,  
Hurl'd to perdition in a blaze of fire ?  
With these blue flames can mortal man contend—  
What arms can aid me, or what walls defend ?  
Even to these gates last night a phantom strode,  
And hail'd me trembling to his dark abode :  
Aghast I stood, struck motionless and dumb,  
Seiz'd with the horrors of the world to come.

Were but my power as mighty as my rage,  
Far different battles would Cornwallis wage,  
Beneath his sword yon' threat'ning hosts should groan,  
The earth should quake with thunders all his own.  
O crocodile ! had I thy flinty hide,  
Swords to defy, and glance the balls aside,  
By my own prowess would I rout the foe,  
With my own javelin would I work their woe—



But fates averſe, by heaven's ſupreme decree,  
Nile's ſerpent form'd more excellent than me.

Has heaven, in ſecret, for ſome crime decreed  
That I ſhould ſuffer, and my ſoldiers bleed ?  
Or is it by the jealous ſkies conceal'd,  
That I muſt bend, and they ignobly yield ?  
Ah ! no—the thought o'erwhelms my ſoul with grief,  
Come, bold ſir Harry, come to my relief ;  
Come, thou brave man, whom rebels *Tombſtone* call,  
But Britons, *Graves*—come Digby, devil, and all ;  
Come, princely WILLIAM, with thy potent aid,  
Can George's blood by Frenchmen be diſmay'd ?  
From a king's *uncle* once Scotch rebels run,  
And ſhall not theſe be routed by a *ſon* ?  
Come with your ſhips to this diſaſt'rous ſhore,  
Come—or I ſink—and ſink to riſe no more.  
By every motive that can ſway the brave  
Haſte, and my feeble, fainting army ſave ;  
Come, and loſt empire o'er the deep regain,  
Chaiſe theſe upſtarts that uſurp the main :  
I ſee their firſt rates to the charge advance,  
I ſee loſt *Iris* wear the flags of France ;\*  
There a ſtriſt rule the wakeful Frenchman keeps,  
There, on no bed of down, lord *Rawdon* ſleeps !

Tir'd with long acting on this bloody ſtage,  
Sick of the follies of a wrangling age,  
Come with your fleet, and help me to retire

\* Note ante, page 82.

To Britain's coast, the land of my desire—  
For, me the foe their certain captive deem,  
And every trifler takes me for his theme—  
Long, much too long, in this hard service try'd,  
Bespatter'd still, bedevil'd, and bely'd ;  
With the first chance that favouring fortune sends  
I'll fly, converted, from this land of fiends,  
Convinc'd, for me, she has no gems in store,  
Nor leaves one triumph, even to hope for, more.

[1781.]

## ON THE FALL OF GENERAL EARL CORNWALLIS,

Who, with about seven thousand Men, surrendered themselves prisoners of war, to the Allied Armies of AMERICA and FRANCE, on the memorable 19th of October, 1781.

“ One brilliant game our arms have won to-day,  
Another, *Princes*, yet remains to play ;  
Another mark our arrows must attain—  
*Gallia*\* assist !—nor be our efforts vain.”

*Hom. Odyſſey*, Book xxii.

**A** CHIEFTAIN, form'd on *Howe*, *Burgoyne*, and *Gage*,  
Once more, nor this the laſt, provokes my rage—  
Who ſaw theſe *Nimrods* firſt for conqueſt burn !  
Who has not ſeen them to the duſt return ?  
This *conqueror* next, who ravag'd all our fields,  
Foe to the Rights of Man, Cornwallis yields !—  
None e'er before eſſay'd ſuch deſperate crimes,  
Alone he ſtood, arch-butcher of the times,  
Rov'd, uncontroul'd, this waſted country o'er,  
Strew'd plains with dead, and bath'd his jaws with gore.  
'Twas thus the wolf, who fought by night his prey,  
And plunder'd all he met with on his way,  
Stole what he could, and murder'd as he paſs'd,  
Chanc'd on a trap, and loſt his head at laſt.

\* In the original,—“ *Phæbus* aſſiſt !—nor be the labour vain.”—*Author's Note*.

What pen can write, what human tongue declare  
 The endless murders of this LORD OF WAR !  
 Nature in him disgrac'd the form divine ;  
 Nature mistook, she meant him for a—swine :  
 That eye his forehead, to her shame, adorns ;  
 Blush ! Nature, blush—bestow him tail and horns !—  
 By him the orphan mourns—the widow'd dame  
 Saw ruin spreading in the wasteful flame ;  
 Gash'd o'er with wounds, beheld with streaming eye  
 A son, a brother, or a consort, die !——  
 Through ruin'd realms bones lie without a tomb,  
 And souls he sped to their eternal doom,  
 Who else had liv'd, and seen their toils again  
 Bless'd by the genius of the rural reign.

Convinc'd we are, no foreign spot of earth  
 But Britain only, gave this warrior birth :  
 That white-cliff'd isle, the vengeful tyrants' den,  
 Has sent us monsters, where we look'd for men.  
 When memory paints their horrid deeds anew,  
 And brings these murdering miscreants to our view,  
 We ask the leaders of these bloody bands,  
 Can they expect compassion at our hands ?—

But may this year, the glorious EIGHTY-ONE,  
 Conclude successful, and all wars be done ;  
 This brilliant year their total downfall see,  
 And what Cornwallis *is*, Sir HENRY\* *be*.

O come the time, nor distant be the day,

\* Sir Henry Clinton.

When our swift navy shall its wings display ;  
 Mann'd by brave souls, to seek the British shore,  
 The wrongs revenging that their fathers bore :  
 As earthquakes shook the huge COLLOSSUS down,  
 So shake the wearer of the British crown ;  
 Unpitying next his hated offspring slay,  
 Or into foreign lands by force convey :  
 Give them their turn to pine and die in chains,  
 'Till not one tyrant of the race remains.

Thou, who residest on those thrice happy shores,  
 Where white-rob'd peace her envied blessings pours,  
 Stay, and enjoy the pleasures that she yields ;  
 But come not, stranger, to our wasted fields,  
 For warlike hosts on every plain appear,  
 War damps the beauties of the rising year :  
 In vain the groves their bloomy sweets display ;  
 War's clouded winter chills the charms of May :  
 Here human blood the trampled harvest stains ;  
 Here bones of men yet whiten all the plains ;  
 Seas teem with dead ; and our unhappy shore  
 Forever blushes with its children's gore.

But turn your eyes—behold the tyrant fall,  
 Nor say—Cornwallis has achiev'd it all.—

All mean revenge AMERICANS disdain,  
 Oft have they prov'd it, and now prove again ;  
 With nobler fires their generous bosoms glow ;  
 Still in the captive they forget the foe :—  
 But when a *nation* takes a wrongful cause,  
 And hostile turns to heaven's and nature's laws ;

When, sacrificing at ambition's shrine,  
 Kings flight the mandates of the power divine,  
 And devastation spread on every side,  
 To gratify their malice or their pride,  
 And send their slaves their projects to fulfil,  
 To wrest our freedom, or our blood to spill :—  
 Such to forgive, is virtue too sublime ;  
 For, even compassion has been found a crime.

A prophet once, for miracles renown'd,  
 Bade *Joash* smite the arrows on the ground—  
 Taking the mystic shafts, the prince obey'd,  
 Thrice smote them on the earth—and then he stay'd—  
 Griev'd when he saw full victory deny'd,  
 "Six times you should have smote," the prophet cry'd,  
 "Then had proud *Syria* sunk beneath your power ;—  
 "Now thrice you smite her—but shall smite no more."

Cornwallis ! thou art rank'd among the great ;  
 Such was the will of all-controuling fate.  
 As mighty men, who liv'd in days of yore,  
 Were figur'd out some centuries before ;  
 So you with them in equal honour join,  
 Your great precursor's name was *Jack Burgoyne* !  
 Like you was he, a man in arms renown'd,  
 Who, hot for conquest, sail'd the ocean round ;  
 This, this was he, who scour'd the woods for praise,  
 And burnt down cities to describe the blaze !

So, while on fire, his harp Rome's tyrant strung,  
 And as the buildings flam'd, old Nero sung.

Who could have guess'd the purpose of the fates,

When that *vain boaster* bow'd to conquering GATES!  
 Then sung the sisters as the wheel went round,  
 (Could we have heard the invigorating sound)  
 Thus surely did the fatal sisters sing—  
 “When just four years do this same season bring,  
 “And in his annual journey, when the sun  
 “Four times completely shall his circuit run,  
 “An *Angel* then shall rid you of your fears,  
 “By binding Satan\* for a thousand years,  
 “Shall lash his godship to the infernal shore,  
 “To waste the nations, and deceive no more;  
 “Make wars, and blood, and tyranny to cease,  
 “And hush the rage of Europe into peace.”

Joy to your lordship, and your high descent,  
 You are the Satan that the *sisters* meant.  
 Too soon you found your race of ruin run,  
 Your conquests ended, and your battles done!  
 But that to live is better than to die,  
 And life you chose, though life with infamy,  
 You should have climb'd your loftiest vessel's mast,  
 Took one sad survey of your wanton waste,  
 Then plung'd forever to the wat'ry bed,  
 Lost all your honours—even your memory dead.

Asham'd to live, and yet afraid to die,  
 Your courage slacken'd as your foe drew nigh—  
 Ungrateful chief, to yield your *favorite band*  
 To chains and prisons, in a hostile land:

\* “Pluto.”—ED. 1795.

To the wide world your *Negro friends* to cast,  
 And leave your *Tories* to be hang'd at last!—  
 You should have fought with horror and amaze,  
 'Till scorch'd to cinders in the cannon blaze,  
 'Till all your host of Gog-magogs was slain,  
 Doom'd to disgrace no human shape again—  
 From depths of woods this hornet host he drew—  
 Swift from the south the envenom'd ruffians flew;—  
 Destruction follow'd at their *cloven* feet,  
 'Till you, *Fayette*, constrain'd them to retreat,  
 And held them close, 'till thy fam'd squadron came,  
 DE GRASSE, completing their eternal shame.

When the loud cannon's unremitting glare,  
 And red hot balls compell'd *you* to despair,  
 How could you stand to meet your generous foe?  
 Did not the fight confound with rage and woe?—  
 In thy great soul what god-like virtues shine,  
 What inborn greatness, WASHINGTON, is thine!—  
 Else had no prisoner trod these lands to-day,  
 All, with his lordship, had been swept away,  
 All doom'd alike death's vermin to regale,  
 Nor one been left to tell the dreadful tale!  
 But his own terms the mean invader nam'd—  
 He nobly gave the *prisoner* all he claim'd,  
 And bade Cornwallis, conquer'd and distress'd,  
 Bear all his torments in one tortur'd breast.

Now curst with life, a *foe* to man and God,  
 Like *Cain*, we drive you to the land of *Nod*:  
 He with a brother's blood his hands did stain,



One brother he—you have a thousand slain.  
On eagles' wings explore your homeward flight,  
Plan future conquests, and new battles fight :  
Such horrid deeds your murdering host defame  
We grieve to think their form, and ours, the same :  
Remorse be theirs !—even you, though much too late,  
Shall curse the day you languish'd to be great :  
And, may destruction rush, with speedy wing,  
Low as yourself, to drag each tyrant king ;  
Swept from this stage, the race that vex our ball,  
Deep in the dust may every monarch fall,  
To wasted nations bid a long adieu,  
Shrink from an injur'd world—and fare like YOU.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS,

Under General GREENE, in South Carolina, who fell in the action of September  
8, 1781.\*

AT EUTAW Springs the valiant died :  
Their limbs with dust are cover'd o'er—  
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide ;  
How many heroes are no more !

If in this wreck of ruin, they  
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,  
O smite thy gentle breast, and say  
The friends of freedom slumber here !

\* The battle of Eutaw Springs was one of the best contested fields of the Revolution. Both sides fought with extraordinary heroism. General Greene was in command of the Americans, and Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart of the British, in this engagement. Greene had about two thousand men in the field, and the strength of the enemy was about the same. The battle lasted nearly four hours; the bayonet was freely used. The loss on both sides was extraordinary for the numbers engaged. "Never," wrote General Greene of his army, in a letter to Congress, "did men and officers offer their blood more willingly in the service of their country." The advantage was, at first, with the Americans, and afterwards with the British. Both sides claimed the victory. "The truth seems to be," says Chief-Justice Marshall, in his "Life of Washington," "that, unconnected with its consequences, the fortune of the day was nearly balanced. But, if the consequences be taken into the account, the victory unquestionably belonged to Greene. The result was the expulsion of the hostile army from the territory, which was the immediate object of contest."

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,  
 If goodness rules thy generous breast,  
 Sigh for the wasted rural reign ;  
 Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest !

Stranger, their humble graves adorn ;  
 You too may fall, and ask a tear ;  
 'Tis not the beauty of the morn  
 That proves the evening shall be clear—

They saw their injur'd country's woe ;  
 The flaming town, the wasted field ;  
 Then rush'd to meet the insulting foe ;  
 They took the spear—but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, GREENE,  
 The Britons they compell'd to fly :  
 None distant view'd the fatal plain,  
 None griev'd, in such a cause, to die—

But, like the Parthian, fam'd of old,  
 Who, flying, still their arrows threw ;  
 These routed Britons, full as bold  
 Retreated, and retreating flew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band ;  
 Though far from Nature's limits thrown,  
 We trust, they find a happier land,  
 A brighter sun-shine of their own.

THE ROYAL ADVENTURER.\*

PRINCE WILLIAM, of the Brunfwick race,  
To witness George's sad disgrace  
The royal lad came over,  
*Rebels to kill, by Right Divine—*  
Deriv'd from that illustrious line,  
The beggars of Hanover.

\* Prince William Henry, the third son of George III., afterwards William IV., entered the navy as midshipman at the age of fourteen, in 1779. He failed in the Prince George, of 98 guns, to Gibraltar, in the course of which cruise he saw some service, under Rodney, in conflict with the Spanish fleet; and it was in this ship, accompanied by Admiral Digby, that he arrived at New York, in September, 1781. He had just completed his sixteenth year. He was ceremoniously welcomed by the Commander-in-chief, Sir Henry Clinton, by Governor Robertson, and "other great officers of the crown, conducted to Commodore Affleck's, where his royal Highness dined, and, in the evening, retired to apartments provided for his accommodation in Wall street." Soon after his arrival, the Governor, in the name of himself, his Majesty's council, and the inhabitants, presented him with an address overflowing with fulsome expressions of loyalty. "On the report of your coming," was its language, "we felt our obligation to our gracious king for this new and signal proof of his regard. Your royal Highness' appearance augments our gratitude, by improving our idea of the extent of his goodness. Your presence animates every loyal breast. The glow in our own persuades us you are formed to win every heart. A rebellion that grew upon prejudice, should sink at the approach of so fair a representation of the royal virtues. But if a misled faction, not to be vanquished by goodness, persists in the war, every man of spirit will be proud to fight in a cause for which you expose your life." The Prince remained in the city during the winter and the ensuing summer, partaking of the hospitalities of the officers and others, and, during the

So many chiefs got broken pates  
 In vanquishing the rebel States,  
     So many nobles fell,  
 That George the third in passion cry'd,  
 "Our royal blood must now be try'd ;  
     "'Tis that must break the spell :

"To you (the fat pot-valiant SWINE  
 "To DIGBY said) dear friend of mine,  
     "To you I trust my boy ;  
 "The rebel tribes shall quake with fears,  
 "Rebellion die when he appears,  
     " My Tories leap with joy."

So said, so done—the lad was sent,  
 But never reach'd the continent,  
     An island held him fast—  
 Yet there his friends danc'd rigadoons,  
 The Hessians sung, in High Dutch tunes,  
     "Prince William's come at last."

skating season, enjoying that pastime on the ponds in the vicinity. In March, 1782, there was a plan on foot, originated by Colonel Matthias Ogden, of New Jersey, to "surprise in their quarters and bring off" the Prince and Admiral Digby; but though the scheme had the approval of Washington, who counselled that, if captured, the prisoners should be treated "with all possible respect," nothing appears to have been attempted in the matter. On the 4th of June, the Prince received, as is duly recorded in the *Royal Gazette*, the congratulations of the Commander-in-chief, with a procession of officers, on occasion of his father's birth-day; and on the 21st of August, his own was celebrated with "the usual felicitations." The Prince was afterwards transferred to the *Barfleur*, commanded by Sir Samuel Hood, and left the station for the West Indies prior to his return to England, in the summer of 1783.

" Prince William comes !"—The Briton cry'd—  
 " Our labours now will be repaid—\*  
     " Dominion be restored—  
 " Our monarch is in William seen,  
 " He is the image of our queen,  
     " Let William be ador'd !"

The Tories came with long address,  
 With poems groan'd the *Royal Press*;  
     And all in William's praise—  
 The youth astonish'd look'd about  
 To find their *vast dominions* out,  
     Then answer'd, in amaze :

" Where all your *vast domain* can be,  
 " Friends, for my soul I cannot see :  
     " 'Tis but an empty name :  
 " Three wasted islands, and a town  
 " In rubbish buried—half burnt down,  
     " Is all that we can claim :

" I am of royal birth, 'tis true,  
 " But what, my sons, can princes do,  
     " No armies to command ?  
 " Cornwallis conquer'd and distrest—  
 " Sir Henry Clinton grown a jest—  
     " I curse—and quit the land."

[1782.]

\* "The glory of our empire wide  
     " Shall now be soon restor'd."—Ed. 1795.

LORD DUNMORE'S PETITION

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA :

*Humbly Sheweth,*

THAT a filly old fellow, much noted of yore,  
And known by the name of John, earl of Dunmore,  
Has again ventur'd over to visit your shore.

The reason of this he begs leave to explain—  
In England they said you were conquer'd and slain,  
(But the devil take him that believes them again)—

So, hearing that most of you Rebels were dead,  
That some had submitted, and others had fled,  
I muster'd my Tories, myself at their head,

And over we scudded, our hearts full of glee,  
As merry as ever poor devils could be,  
Our *ancient dominion*, Virginia, to see ;

Our shoe-boys, and tars, and the very cook's mate  
Already conceiv'd he possess'd an estate,  
And the Tories no longer were cursing their fate.

Myself, (the don Quixote) and each of the crew,  
 Like Sancho, had islands and empires in view—  
 They were captains, and kings, and the devil knows who :

But now, to our sorrow, disgrace, and surprize,  
 No longer deceiv'd by the *Father of Lies*,\*  
 We hear with our ears, and we see with our eyes :—

I have therefore to make you a modest request,  
 (And I'm sure, in my mind, it will be for the best)  
 Admit me again to your mansions of rest.

There are Eden, and Martin, and Franklin, and Tryon,†  
 All waiting to see you submit to the Lion,  
 And may wait 'till the devil is king of Mount Sion :—

Though a brute and a dunce, like the rest of the clan,  
 I can govern as well as most Englishmen can ;  
 And if I'm a drunkard, I still am a man :

I miss'd it some how in comparing my notes,  
 Or six years ago I had join'd with your votes ;  
 Not aided the negroes in cutting your throats.

Altho' with so many hard names I was branded,  
 I hope you'll believe, (as you will, if you're candid)  
 That I only perform'd what my master commanded.

\* Rivington, the printer of the *Royal Gazette* at New York.

† The last royal governors : Robert Eden, of Maryland ; Joseph Martin, of North Carolina ; William Franklin, of New Jersey ; William Tryon, of New York.



Give me lands, whores and dice, and you still may be free ;  
Let who will be master, we sha'nt disagree ;  
If king or if Congress—no matter to me ;—

I hope you will fend me an answer straightway,  
For 'tis plain that at Charleston we cannot long stay—  
And your humble petitioner ever shall pray.

[*Charleston, Jan. 6, 1782.*]

## EPIGRAM

Occasioned by the *Title* of Mr. Rivington's New York ROYAL GAZETTE being scarcely legible.\*

SAYS Satan to Jemmy, "I hold you a bet  
" That you mean to abandon our Royal Gazette,  
" Or, between you and me, you wou'd manage things better  
" Than the Title to print on so sneaking a letter.

\* "James Rivington, the king's printer in New York, in this era of the Revolution, an Englishman by birth, having failed as a bookseller in London, came to America in 1760. He conducted a bookstore in Philadelphia previous to his establishment in New York; at first in that business, and afterwards as a printer. In 1773, he began the publication of the *New York Gazetteer*, and, as the crisis of the Revolution approached, excited the hostility of the popular party by his devotion to the royal cause. In November, 1775, his press was broken up by an incursion of the whig leader, Captain Isaac Sears, from Connecticut. Rivington then left for England, and returning, with a new press, was appointed king's printer. The *Royal Gazette*, which he now published, soon attained a reputation for its unscrupulous partisanship.—It was popularly called, by the patriots who suffered from its misrepresentations, 'The Lying Gazette.' Freneau, who knew the man, took a humorous delight in replying to the squibs and attacks with which the *Gazette* abounded; and as the war closed, and Rivington, who, it was found, had assisted Washington as a spy, made overtures for reconciliation, the wits, including, with Freneau, Francis Hopkinson, Dr. Witherpoon, and Trumbull, mingling severity with ridicule, opened all their batteries upon him. Rivington, a supple courtier, stood the fire as best he might, took down the royal arms of which Freneau had made sport, and continued his paper with the title, *Rivington's New York Gazette and Universal Advertiser*. But the people were

" Now being connected so long in the art,  
 " It would not be prudent at present to part ;  
 " And people, perhaps, would be frighten'd, and fret  
 " If the devil alone carry'd on the Gazette."

Says Jemmy to Satan (by way of a wibe)  
 " Who gives me the matter should furnish the type ;  
 " And why you find fault, I can scarcely divine,  
 " For the types, like the printer, are certainly thine.

"'Tis yours to deceive with the semblance of truth,  
 " Thou friend of my age, and thou guide of my youth !  
 " But, to prosper, pray send me some further supplies,  
 " A sett of new types, and a sett of new lies."

[Feb. 13, 1782.]

not disposed to forget his misdeeds, and the *Gazette* languished and came to an early termination. Rivington continued to reside in New York till his death, in 1802, at the age of seventy-eight."—*Cyclopædia of American Literature*, I., 278-83.

L I N E S

Occasioned by MR. RIVINGTON'S new Titular types to his ROYAL GAZETTE, of  
February 17, 1782.

WELL—now (said the devil) it looks something better!  
Your title is struck on a *charming* new *Letter*:  
Last night in the dark, as I gave it a squint,  
I saw my dear partner had taken the hint.  
I ever surmis'd (though 'twas doubted by some)  
That the old types were shadows of substance to come:  
But if the NEW LETTER is pregnant with charms  
It grieves me to think of those cursed King's Arms.  
The *Dieu et mon droit* (his God and his right)  
Is so dim, that I hardly know what is meant by't  
The paws of the Lion can scarcely be seen,  
And the Unicorn's guts are most shamefully lean!  
The *Crown* is so worn of your master the despot,  
That I hardly know which 'tis (a crown or a pisspot)—  
When I rub up my day-lights, and look very sharp  
I just can distinguish the Irishman's harp;  
Another device appears rather filly,  
Alas! it is only the shade of the LILLY!  
For the honour of George, and the fame of our nation  
Pray, give his escutcheons a rectification—

Or I know what I know (and I'm a queer shaver)  
Of HIM and his Arms I'll be the engraver.\*

[1782.]

\* The pun in the last word is distinctly marked in the earlier edition of 1786,  
--"the *In-grave-r.*"

ON MR. RIVINGTON'S NEW ENGRAVED KING'S  
ARMS TO HIS ROYAL GAZETTE.

FROM the regions of night, with his head in a sack,  
Ascended a person accoutred in black,  
And upward directing his circular eye whites ;  
(Like the Jure-divino political Levites)  
And leaning his elbow on Rivington's shelf,  
While the printer was busy, thus mus'd with himself :  
" My mandates are fully complied with at last,  
" New ARMS are engrav'd, and new letters are cast ;  
" I therefore determine and freely accord,  
" This servant of mine shall receive his reward."  
Then turning about, to the printer he said,  
" Who late was my *servant* shall now be my *Aid* ;  
" Since under my banners so bravely you fight,  
" Kneel down !—for your merits I dubb you a KNIGHT,  
" From a passive *subaltern* I bid you to rise  
" The INVENTOR, as well as the PRINTER OF LIES."

[1782.]

## A S P E E C H

That should have been spoken by the KING of the island of BRITAIN to his  
PARLIAMENT.

**M**Y lords, I can hardly from weeping refrain,  
When I think of this year, and its curf'd campaign;  
But still it is folly to whine and to grieve,  
For things will yet alter, I hope and believe.

Of the four fouthern States we again are bereav'd,  
They were just in our grasp (or I'm sadly deceiv'd):  
There are wizzards and witches that dwell in those lands  
For the moment we gain them, they slip from our hands.

Our prospects, at present, most gloomy appear;  
Cornwallis returns, with a flea in his ear,  
Sir Henry is sick of his station, we know—  
And Amherst, though press'd, is unwilling to go.

The HERO\* that steer'd for the cape of Good Hope  
With Monsieur Suffrein was unable to cope—  
Many months are elaps'd, yet his task is to do—  
To conquer the Cape, and to conquer Peru:

\* Commodore George Johnstone, commanding the British East India fleet, was attacked by the French fleet under M. de Suffrein at St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, in 1781. Johnstone's flag-ship was the Rodney, 50.

When his squadron at Portsmouth he went to equip,  
 He promis'd great things from his FIFTY-GUN SHIP ;  
 But, let him alone—while he knows which is which,  
 He'll not be so ready to "*die in a ditch.*"

This session, I thought to have told you thus much,  
 "A treaty concluded, and peace with the Dutch"—  
 But, as stubborn as ever, they vapour and brag,  
 And sail by my nose with the Prussian flag.

The empress refuses to join on our side,  
 As yet with the Indians we're only ally'd :  
 (Though such an alliance is rather improper,  
 We English are white, but their colour is copper.)

The Irish, I fear, have some mischief in view ;  
 They ever have been a most troublesome crew—  
 If a truce or a treaty hereafter be made,  
 They shall pay very dear for their present free trade.

Dame Fortune, I think, has our standard forsaken,  
 For Tobago, they say, by Frenchmen is taken :  
 Minorca's besieg'd—and as for Gibraltar,  
 By Jove, if it's taken I'll take to the halter.

It makes me so wroth, I could scold like Xantippe  
 When I think of our losses along Mississippi—  
 And see in the Indies that horrible Hyder  
 His conquests extending still wider, and wider.



'Twiſt Washington, Hyder, Don Galvez, De Graſſe,  
By my foul, we are brought to a very fine paſs—  
When we've reaſon to hope new battles are won,  
A packet arrives—and an army's undone !—

In the miſt of this ſcene of diſmay and diſtreſs,  
What is beſt to be done, is not eaſy to gueſs,  
For things may go wrong though we plan them aright,  
And blows they muſt look for, whoſe trade is to fight.

In regard to the Rebels, it is my decree  
That dependent on Britain they ever ſhall be ;  
Or I've captains and hoſts, that will fly at my nod  
And ſlaughter them all—by the bleſſing of God.

But if they ſucceed, as they're likely to do,  
Our neighbour's muſt part with their colonies too ;  
Let them laugh and be merry, and make us their jeſt,  
When La Plata revolts, we will laugh with the reſt—

'Tis true that the journey to caſtle St. Juan  
Was a project that brought the projectors to ruin ;  
But ſtill, my dear lords, I would have you reflect,  
Who nothing do venture can nothing expect.

If the Commons agree to afford me new treaſures,  
My ſentence once more is for vigorous meaſures :  
Accuſtom'd ſo long to head winds and bad weather,  
Let us conquer—or go to the devil together.

[1782.]

RIVINGTON'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

SINCE life is uncertain, and no one can say,  
How soon we may go, or how long we shall stay,  
Methinks he is wisest who soonest prepares,  
And settles, in season, his worldly affairs :

Some folks are so weak they can scarce avoid crying,  
And think when they're making their wills they are dying ;  
'Tis surely a serious employment—but still,  
Who e'er died the sooner for making his will ?

Let others be sad, when their lives they review,  
But I know *whom* I've serv'd—and *him* faithfully too ;  
And though it may seem a fanatical story  
He often has show'd me a glimpse of his glory.

IMPRIMIS, my carcase I give and devise  
To be made into cakes of a moderate size,  
To nourish those Tories whose spirits may droop,  
And serve the king's army with portable soup.

Unless I mistake, in the scriptures we read  
That “ worms on the dead shall deliciously feed,”  
The scripture stands true—and that I am firm in,  
For what are our Tories and soldiers but vermin ?—

This soup of all soups can't be call'd that of beef,  
 (And this may to some be a matter of grief :)  
 But I am certain the BULL would occasion a laugh,  
 That beef-portable-soup should be made of a CALF.

To the king, my dear master, I give a full sett  
 (In volumes bound up) of the ROYAL GAZETTE,  
 In which he will find the vast records contain'd  
 Of provinces conquer'd, and victories gain'd.

As to ARNOLD, the traitor, and Satan, his brother,  
 I beg they will also accept of another ;  
 And this shall be bound in Morocco red leather,  
 Provided they'll read it, like brothers, together.

But if Arnold should die, 'tis another affair,  
 Then Satan, surviving, shall be the sole heir ;  
 He often has told me he thought it quite clever,  
 So to him and his heirs I bequeath it forever.

I know there are some (that would fain be thought wife)  
 Who say my Gazette is a record of lies ;  
 In answer to this, I shall only reply—  
 All the choice that I had was, to starve or to lie.

My fiddles, my flutes, French horns and guitars\*  
 I leave to our HEROES, now weary of wars—

\* Rivington's advertisements of liqueurs, musical instruments, fishing-tackle, and various articles of use and luxury, which he kept in his store for the wants of the officers, are mingled with recommendations of the popular literature of the

To the wars of the stage they more boldly advance,  
The captains shall play, and the soldiers shall dance.\*

To Sir *Henry Clinton*, his use and behoof,  
I leave my French brandy, of very good proof ;  
It will give him fresh spirits for battle and slaughter  
And make him *feel bolder* by land and by water :

Yet I caution the knight, for fear he do wrong  
'Tis *avant la viande, et après le poisson*†—  
It will strengthen his stomach, prevent it from turning,  
And digest the affront of his effigy—burning.

To Baron KNYPHAUSEN, his heirs and assigns,‡  
I bequeath my *old Hock*, and my Burgundy wines,  
To a true Hessian drunkard, no liquors are sweeter,  
And I know the old man is no foe to the *creature*.

To a GENERAL, my namesake,§ I give and dispose  
Of a purse full of clipp'd, *light, sweated* half joes ;

day, in a farcical style. He seems to have prided himself in particular on his supply of "good fiddles." The advertisements, in fact, of the *Royal Gazette*,—a quaint presentment of the times,—afford no small part of the amusement of the journal to readers of the present day.

\* It became fashionable at this period with the British officers, to assume the business of the Drama, to the no small mortification of those who had been holding them up as the undoubted conquerors of North America.—*Author's note*, Ed. 1809.

† Before flesh and after fish.—*See Royal Gazette*.

‡ Baron William Von Knyphausen, Lieutenant-General in the British service, in command of the Hessian mercenaries, celebrated during the war about New York and the Jerseys, where he was much engaged.

§ General James Robertson, a Scotchman, a native of Fifeshire, an old officer

I hereby desire him to take back his trash,  
And return me my HANNAY'S infallible WASH.

My chessmen and tables, and other such chattels  
I give to CORNWALLIS, renowned in battles :  
By moving of these (not tracing the map)  
He'll explain to the king how he got in a TRAP.

To good DAVID MATTHEWS\* (among other flops)  
I give my whole cargo of Maredants drops,  
If they cannot do all, they may cure him in part,  
And scatter the poison that cankers his heart :

Provided, however, and nevertheless,  
That what other estate I enjoy and possess  
At the time of my death (if it be not then sold)  
Shall remain to the Tories, TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

As I thus have bequeath'd them both carcase and fleece,  
The least they can do is to wait my decease ;  
But to give them what substance I have, ere I die,  
And be eat up with vermin, while living—not I—

of the army in America who had resided in New York previous to the Revolution, and was governor of the city during its occupation by the British. In 1780, Lieutenant-General James Robertson was a member of the commission sent by Sir Henry Clinton from New York up the Hudson, to intercede with Washington for the life of André. Robertson was met at Dobb's Ferry by Greene, when the conference proceeded between the two, the former urging a reconsideration of the case with great earnestness.

\* David Matthews was mayor of New York during the time the city was held by the British, in the Revolution.

In WITNESS whereof (though no ailment I feel)  
Hereunto I fet both my hand and my seal;  
(As the law says) in presence of witneffes twain,  
'Squire *John Coghill Knap*,\* and brother *Hugh Gaine*.

[1782.]

\* "Knapp," says Dawson, in a note to "New York City during the Revolution," was "a notorious pettifogger, a convict who had fled from England for his own benefit."

THE POLITICAL BALANCE ; OR, THE FATES OF  
BRITAIN AND AMERICA COMPARED.

A T A L E .

Deciding Fates, in Homer's file, I shew,  
And bring contending Gods once more to view.

**A**S Jove the Olympian (who both I and you know,  
Was brother to Neptune, and husband to Juno)  
Was lately reviewing his papers of state,  
He happen'd to light on the records of Fate

In Alphabet order this volume was written—  
So he open'd at B, for the article Britain—  
She struggles so well, said the god, I will see  
What the sisters in Pluto's dominions decree.

And, first, on the top of a column, he read  
“Of a king, with a mighty soft place in his head,  
“Who should join in his temper the ass and the mule,  
“The third of his name, and by far the worst fool :

“His reign shall be famous for multiplication,  
“The fire and the king of a *whelp* generation :

“ But such is the will and the purpose of fate,  
 “ For each child he begets, he shall forfeit a *State* :

“ In the course of events, he shall find to his cost  
 “ That he cannot regain what he foolishly lost ;  
 “ Of the nations around he shall be the derision,  
 “ And know, by experience, the Rule of Division.”

So Jupiter read—a god of first rank—  
 And still had read on—but he came to a blank :  
 For the Fates had neglected the rest to reveal—  
 They either forgot it, or chose to conceal :

When a leaf is torn out, or a blot on a page  
 That pleases our fancy, we fly in a rage—  
 So, curious to know what the Fates would say next,  
 No wonder if Jove, disappointed, was vexed.

But still, as true genius not frequently fails,  
 He glanc'd at the *Virgin*, and thought of the *Scales* ;  
 And said, “ To determine the will of the Fates,  
 “ One scale shall weigh *Britain*, the other the *States*.”

Then turning to Vulcan, his maker of thunder,  
 Said he, “ My dear Vulcan, I pray you look yonder,  
 “ Those *creatures* are tearing each other to pieces,  
 “ And instead of abating, the carnage increases.

“ Now, as you are a blacksmith, and lusty stout ham-eater,  
 “ You must make me a globe of a shorter diameter ;



"The world in abridgment, and just as it stands  
 "With all its proportions of waters and lands ;  
 "But its various divisions must so be design'd,  
 "That I can unhinge it whene'er I've a mind—  
 "How else should I know what the portions will weigh,  
 "Or which of the combatants carry the day?"

Old Vulcan comply'd, (we've no reason to doubt it)  
 So he put on his apron and straight went about it—  
 Made center, and circles as round as a pancake,  
 And here the Pacific, and there the Atlantic.

An axis he hammer'd, whose ends were the poles,  
 (On which the whole body perpetually rolls)  
 A brazen meridian he added to these,  
 Where four times repeated were ninety degrees.

I am sure you had laugh'd to have seen his droll attitude,  
 When he bent round the surface the circles of latitude,  
 The zones, and the tropics, meridians, equator,  
 And other fine things that are drawn on salt water.

Away to the southward (instructed by Pallas)  
 He plac'd in the ocean the Terra Australis,  
 New Holland, New Guinea, and so of the rest—  
 AMERICA lay by herself in the west :

From the regions where winter eternally reigns,  
 To the climes of Peru he extended her plains ;

Dark groves, and the zones did her bosom adorn,  
And the *Crofters*,\* new burnish'd, he hung at Cape Horn.

The weight of two oceans she bore on her sides,  
With all their convulsions of tempests and tides ;  
Vast lakes on her surface did fearfully roll,  
And the ice from her rivers surrounded the pole.

Then Europe and Asia he northward extended,  
Where under the Arctic with Zembla they ended ;  
(The length of these regions he took with his garters,  
Including Siberia, the land of the Tartars).

In the African clime (where the cocoa-nut tree grows)  
He laid down the desarts, and even the Negroes,  
The shores by the waves of four oceans embrac'd,  
And elephants strolling about in the waste.

In forming East India, he had a wide scope,  
Beginning his work at the cape of Good Hope ;  
Then eastward of that he continued his plan,  
'Till he came to the empire and isles of Japan.

Adjacent to Europe he struck up an island,  
(One part of it low, but the other was high land)  
With many a comical creature upon it,  
And one wore a hat, and another a bonnet.

\* Stars, in the form of a cross, which mark the South Pole in southern latitudes.

Like emmits or ants in a fine summer's day,  
They ever were marching in battle array,  
Or skipping about on the face of the brine,  
Like witches in egg-shells (their ships of the line).

These poor little creatures were all in a flame,  
To the lands of America urging their claim,  
Still biting, or stinging, or spreading their sails :  
(For Vulcan had form'd them with stings in their tails).

So poor and so lean, you might count all their ribs,\*  
Yet were so enraptur'd with crackers and squibs,  
That Vulcan with laughter almost split asunder,  
"Because they imagin'd their crackers were thunder."

Due westward from these, with a channel between,  
A servant to slaves, HIBERNIA was seen,  
Once crowded with monarchs, and high in renown,  
But all she retain'd was the Harp and the Crown !

Insulted forever by nobles and priests,  
And manag'd by bullies, and govern'd by beasts,  
She look'd !—to describe her I hardly know how,  
Such an image of death in the scowl on her brow :

For scaffolds and halters were full in her view,  
And the fiends of perdition their cutlasses drew :

\* Their national debt being now above £200,000,000 sterling.—*Author's note.*

And axes and gibbets around her were plac'd,  
 And the demons of murder her honours defac'd—  
 With the blood of the WORTHY her mantle was stain'd :  
 And hardly a trace of her beauty remain'd.\*

Her genius, a female, reclin'd in the shade,  
 And, merely for music, so mournfully play'd,  
 That Jove was uneasy to hear her complain,  
 And order'd his blacksmith to loosen her chain :

Then tipt her a wink, saying, “ Now is your time,  
 “ (To *rebel* is the sin, to *revolt* is no crime)  
 “ When your fetters are off, if you dare not be free  
 “ Be a slave if you will, but complain not to me.”

But finding her timid, he cry'd in a rage—  
 “ Tho' the doors are flung open, she stays in the cage !  
 “ Subservient to Britain then let her remain,  
 “ And her freedom shall be, *but the choice† of her chain.*”

At length, to discourage all stupid pretensions,  
 Jove look'd at the globe, and approv'd its dimensions,  
 And cry'd in a transport—“ Why ! what have we here !  
 “ Friend Vulcan, it is a most beautiful sphere !

“ Now while I am busy in taking apart  
 “ This globe that is form'd with such exquisite art,

\* This stanza and the preceding are additions, from the edition of 1809.

† “Length.”—ED. 1795.

“Go, Hermes, to Libra, (you’re one of her gallants)  
 “And ask, in my name, for the loan of her balance.”

Away posted Hermes, as swift as the gales,  
 And as swiftly return’d with the ponderous Scales,  
 And hung them aloft to a beam in the air,  
 So equally pois’d, they had turn’d with a hair.

Now Jove to COLUMBIA his shoulders apply’d,  
 But aiming to lift her, his strength she defy’d—  
 Then, turning about to their godships, he says—  
 “A BODY SO VAST is not easy to raise ;

“But if you assist me, I still have a *notion*  
 “Our *forces, united*, can put her in motion,  
 “And swing her aloft, (tho’ alone I might fail)  
 “And place her, in spite of her bulk, in our scale ;

“If six years together the Congress have strove,  
 “And more than *divided the empire with Jove* ;  
 “With a JOVE like myself, who am *nine* times as great,  
 “You can join, like their soldiers, to heave up this weight.”

So to it they went, with handspikes and levers,  
 And upward she sprung, with her mountains and rivers !  
 Rocks, cities, and islands, deep waters and shallows,  
 Ships, armies, and forests, high heads, and fine fellows :

“Stick to it !” cries Jove—“Now heave one and all !  
 “At least we are lifting ‘*one eighth of the ball* !”

“ If backward she tumbles—then trouble begins,  
 “ And then have a care, my dear boys, of your skins !”

When gods are determin'd, what project can fail ?  
 So they gave a hard shove, and she mounted the scale ;  
 Suspended aloft, Jove view'd her with awe—  
 And the *gods*\* for their *pay*, had a hearty—huzza !

But Neptune bawl'd out—“ Why Jove you're a noddy,  
 “ Is Britain sufficient to poise that vast body ?  
 “ 'Tis nonsense such castles to build in the air—  
 “ As well might an oyster with Britain compare.”

“ Away to your waters, you blustering bully,”  
 Said Jove, “ or I'll make you repent of your folly,  
 “ Is Jupiter, sir, to be tutor'd by you ?—  
 “ Get out of my sight, for I know what to do !”

Then searching about with his fingers for Britain,  
 Thought he, “ this same island I cannot well hit on :  
 “ The devil take him that first call'd her the GREAT :  
 “ If she was—she is *vastly* diminish'd of late !”

Like a man that is searching his thigh for a flea,  
 He peep'd and he fumbled, but nothing could see ;  
 At last he exclaim'd—“ I am surely upon it—  
 “ I think I have hold of a highlander's bonnet.”

\* American Soldiers.

But finding his error, he said with a sigh,  
 "This bonnet is only the island of Skie!"\*  
 So away to his *namesake* the PLANET he goes,  
 And borrow'd *two moons* to hang on his nose.

Thro' these, as through glasses, he saw her quite clear,  
 And in raptures cry'd out—"I have found her—she's here!  
 "If this be not Britain, then call me an ass,  
 "She looks *like a gem in an ocean of glass*.

"But, faith, she's so small I must mind how I shake her:  
 "In a box I'll inclose her, for fear I should break her:  
 "Though a god, I might suffer for being aggressor,  
 "Since scorpions, and vipers, and hornets possess her;  
 "The white cliffs of Albion I think I descry,  
 "And the hills of Plinlimmon appear rather nigh—  
 "But, Vulcan, inform me what creatures are these,  
 "That smell so of onions, and garlick, and cheese?"

Old Vulcan reply'd—"Odds splutter a nails!  
 "Why, these are the Welch, and the country is Wales!  
 "When Taffy is vext, no devil is ruder—  
 "Take care how you trouble the offspring of TUDOR!  
 "On the crags of the mountains *hur* living *hur* seeks,  
 "Hur country is planted with garlick and leeks;

\* An island on the north-west of Scotland.

“ So great is *hur* choler, beware how you teize *hur*,  
 “ For these are the Britons—unconquer’d by Cæsar.”

“ But now, my dear Juno, pray give me my mittens,  
 “ (These infects I am going to handle are Britons)  
 “ I’ll draw up their isle with a finger and thumb,  
 “ As the doctor extracts an old tooth from the gum.”

Then he rais’d her aloft—but to shorten our tale,  
 She look’d like a CLOD in the opposite scale—  
 Britannia so small, and COLUMBIA so large—  
 A ship of first rate, and a ferryman’s barge !

Cry’d Pallas to Vulcan, “ Why, Jove’s in a dream—  
 “ Observe how he watches the turn of the beam !  
 “ Was ever a mountain outweigh’d by a grain ?  
 “ Or what is a drop when compar’d to the main ?”

But Momus alledg’d—“ In my humble opinion,  
 “ You should add to Great Britain her foreign dominion,  
 “ When this is appended, perhaps she will rise,  
 “ And equal her rival in weight and in size.”

“ Alas ! (said the monarch) your project is vain,  
 “ But little is left of her foreign domain ;  
 “ And, scatter’d about in the liquid expanse,  
 “ That little is left to the mercy of France ;

“ However, we’ll lift them, and give her fair play—”  
 And soon in the scale with their mistress they lay ;



But the gods were confounded and struck with surprize  
And Vulcan could hardly believe his own eyes !

For (such was the purpose and guidance of fate)  
Her foreign dominions diminish'd her weight—  
By which it appear'd, to Britain's disaster,  
Her foreign possessions were changing their master.

Then, as he replac'd them, said Jove with a smile—  
“ COLUMBIA shall never be rul'd by an isle—  
“ But vapours and darkness around her shall rise,  
“ And tempests conceal her a-while from our eyes ;

“ So locusts in Egypt their squadrons display,  
“ And rising, disfigure the face of the day :  
“ So the moon, at her full, has a frequent eclipse,  
“ And the sun in the ocean diurnally dips.

“ Then cease your endeavours, ye vermin of Britain—  
(And here, in derision, their island he spit on)  
“ 'Tis madness to seek what you never can find,  
“ Or to think of uniting what Nature disjoin'd :

“ But still you may flutter awhile with your wings,  
“ And spit out your venom and brandish your stings .  
“ Your hearts are as black, and as bitter as gall,  
“ A curse to mankind—and a blot on the BALL.”

[April, 1782.]

SIR HARRY'S INVITATION.\*

COME, gentlemen Tories, firm, loyal, and true,  
Here are axes and shovels, and something to do !  
For the sake of our king,  
Come, labour and sing ;  
You left all you had for his honour and glory,  
And he will remember the suffering Tory :  
We have, it is true,  
Some small work to do ;  
But here's for your pay  
Twelve coppers a day,  
And never regard what the rebels may say,  
But throw off your jerkins and labour away.  
To raise up the rampart, and pile up the wall,  
To pull down old houses and dig the canal,  
To build and destroy—  
Be this your employ,  
In the day time to work at our fortifications,  
And steal in the night from the rebels your rations ;  
The king wants your aid  
Not empty parade ;

\* Sir Henry Clinton, at New York, to the Refugees.

Advance to your places  
 Ye men of *long faces*,  
 Nor ponder too much on your former disgraces,  
 This year, I presume, will quite alter your cases.

Attend at the call of the fifer and drummer,  
 The French and the Rebels are coming next summer,  
 And forts we must build  
 Though Tories are kill'd—

Then courage, my jockies, and work for your king,  
 For if you are taken no doubt you will swing—  
 If *York* we can hold  
 I'll have you enroll'd ;  
 And after you're dead  
 Your names shall be read  
 As who for their monarch both labour'd and bled,  
 And ventur'd their necks for their *beef* and their *bread*.

'Tis an honour to serve the bravest of nations,  
 And be left to be hang'd in their capitulations—  
 Then scour up your mortars  
 And stand to your quarters,

'Tis nonsense for Tories in battle to run,  
 They never need fear sword, halberd, or gun ;  
 Their hearts should not fail 'em,  
 No balls will affail 'em,  
 Forget your disgraces  
 And *shorten* your *faces*,  
 For 'tis true as the gospel, believe it or not,  
*Who are born to be hang'd, will never be shot.*

DIALOGUE,

AT HYDE-PARK CORNER, (LONDON.)

*Burgoyne.*

LET those, who will, be proud and sneer,  
And call you an unwelcome peer,  
But I am glad to see you here :  
The prince that fills the British throne,  
Unless successful, honours none ;  
Poor Jack Burgoyne !—you're not alone.

*Cornwallis.*

Thy ships, De Grasse, have caus'd my grief—  
To rebel shores and their relief  
There never came a luckier chief :  
In fame's *black* page it shall be read,  
By Gallic arms my soldiers bled—  
The rebels *thine* in triumph led.

*Burgoyne.*

Our fortunes different forms assume :—  
I call'd and call'd for *elbow-room*,  
'Till GATES *discharg'd* me to my doom ;

But you, that conquer'd far and wide,  
In little York thought fit to hide,  
The *subject ocean* at your side.

*Cornwallis.*

And yet no force had gain'd that post—  
Not Washington, his country's boast,  
Nor Rochambeau, with all his host,  
Nor all the Gallic fleet's parade—  
Had Clinton hurried to my aid,  
And Sammy Graves been not afraid.

*Burgoyne.*

For head knock'd off, or broken bones,  
Or mangled corpse, no price atones ;  
Nor all that prattling rumour says,  
Nor all the piles that art can raise,  
The poet's or the parson's praise.

*Cornwallis.*

Though I am brave, as well as you,  
Yet still I think your notion true ;  
Dear brother Jack, our toils are o'er—  
With foreign conquests plagu'd no more,  
We'll stay and guard our native shore.

ON THE LATE  
ROYAL SLOOP OF WAR, GENERAL MONK,

[FORMERLY THE WASHINGTON]

*Mounting Six quarter deck Wooden Guns.*

WHEN the Washington ship by the English was beat,  
They sent her to England to shew their great feat,  
And Sandwich straightway, as a proof of his spunk,  
Dash'd out her old name, and call'd her the Monk.\*

“ This MONK hated Rebels (said *Sandy*)—’od rot ’em,  
“ So heave her down quickly, and copper her bottom ;  
“ With the floops of our navy we’ll have her enroll’d,  
“ And mann’d with pick’d sailors, to make her *feel bold*.

“ To shew that our king is both *valiant* and *good*,  
“ Some guns shall be *iron*, and others be *wood* ;  
“ And, in truth, (tho’ I wish not the secret to spread)  
“ All her guns should be wooden—to suit with his head.”

\* General Monk, who was the most active agent in restoring Charles II.—  
*Author's note.*

BARNEY'S INVITATION.

COME, all ye lads that know no fear,  
To wealth and honour we will steer  
In the Hyder Ali privateer,  
Commanded by brave Barney.\*

She's new and true, and tight and found,  
Well rigg'd aloft, and all well found—  
Come and be with laurel crown'd,  
Away—and leave your lasses.

Accept our terms without delay,  
And make your fortunes while you may,  
Such offers are not every day  
In the power of the jolly failor.

\* The "Hyder Ali," or Ally, as she was popularly called, was a small merchantman, purchased in the spring of 1782 by the State of Pennsylvania, and fitted out, with the assistance of funds furnished by the merchants of Philadelphia, to free the Delaware of the marauding cruizers of the enemy. Lieutenant Joshua Barney was selected as her commander. He entered upon the service with spirit. His action in the Delaware Bay with the British sloop-of-war General Monk, the brilliant first-fruits of his appointment, on the 8th of April, is the subject of the following poem. The General Monk had formerly been the American privateer General Washington; she had been captured and her name changed by the British. Her old name was now restored. She was subsequently employed by the General Government as a packet.

Success and fame attend the brave,  
 But death the coward and the slave,  
 Who fears to plough the Atlantic wave,  
 To seek the bold invaders.

Come, then, and take a cruising bout,  
 Our ship sails well, there is no doubt,  
 She has been try'd both in and out,  
 And answers expectation.

Let no proud foes whom Europe\* bore  
 Distress our trade, insult our shore—  
 Teach them to know their reign is o'er,  
 Bold Philadelphia sailors!

We'll teach them how to sail so near,  
 Or to venture on the Delaware,  
 When we in warlike trim appear,  
 And cruise without Henlopen.

Who cannot wounds and battles dare  
 Shall never clasp the blooming fair;  
 The brave alone their charms shall share,  
 The brave are their protectors.

With hand and heart united all,  
 Prepar'd to conquer or to fall,  
 Attend, my lads, to honour's call,  
 Embark in our Hyder Ali.

\* "That Britain."—ED. 1786.



From an eastern prince she takes her name,  
Who, smit with freedom's sacred flame,  
Ufurping Britons brought to shame,  
His country's wrongs avenging ;

See, on her stern the waving stars—  
Inur'd to blood, inur'd to wars,  
Come, enter quick, my jolly tars,  
To scourge these haughty Britons.

Here's grog enough—then drink about,  
I know your hearts are firm and stout ;  
American blood will ne'er give out,  
And often we have prov'd it.

Though stormy oceans round us roll,  
We'll keep a firm undaunted soul,  
Befriended by the cheering bowl,  
Sworn foes to melancholy :

While timorous landsmen lurk on shore,  
'Tis ours to go where cannons roar—  
On a coasting cruise we'll go once more,  
Despisers of all danger ;

And Fortune still that crowns the brave  
Shall guard us o'er the gloomy wave—  
A fearful heart betrays a knave ,  
Success to the Hyder Ali.

SONG, ON CAPTAIN BARNEY'S VICTORY OVER THE  
SHIP GENERAL MONK.

O'ER the waste of waters cruising,  
    Long the General Monk had reign'd ;  
All subduing, all reducing,  
    None her lawless rage restrain'd :  
Many a brave and hearty fellow  
    Yielding to this warlike foe,  
When her guns began to bellow  
    Struck his humbled colours low.

But grown bold with long successes,  
    Leaving the wide wat'ry way,  
She, a stranger to distresses,  
    Came to cruise within Cape May :  
" Now we soon (said Captain Rogers)  
    " Shall their men of commerce meet ;  
" In our hold we'll have them lodgers,  
    " We shall capture half their fleet.

" Lo ! I see their van appearing—  
    " Back our topsails to the mast—  
" They toward us full are steering  
    " With a gentle western blast :

“Ive a list of all their cargoes,  
 “All their guns, and all their men :  
 “I am fure these modern Argo's  
 “Can't escape us one in ten :

“Yonder comes the Charming Sally  
 “Sailing with the General Greene—  
 “First we'll fight the HYDER ALI,  
 “Taking her is taking them :  
 “She intends to give us battle,  
 “Bearing down with all her fail—  
 “Now, boys, let our cannon rattle !  
 “To take her we cannot fail.

“Our eighteen guns, each a nine pounder,  
 “Soon shall terrify this foe ;  
 “We shall maul her, we shall wound her,  
 “Bringing rebel colours low.”—  
 While he thus anticipated  
 Conquests that he could not gain,  
 He in the Cape May channel waited  
 For the ship that caus'd his pain.

Captain Barney then preparing,  
 Thus address'd his gallant crew—  
 “Now, brave lads, be bold and daring,  
 “Let your hearts be firm and true ;  
 “This is a proud English cruiser,  
 “Roving up and down the main,

“ We must fight her—must reduce her,  
 “ Tho’ our decks be strew’d with slain.

“ Let who will be the survivor,  
 “ We must conquer or must die,  
 “ We must take her up the river,  
 “ Whate’er comes of you or I :  
 “ Tho’ she shows most formidable  
 “ With her eighteen pointed nines,  
 “ And her quarters clad in sables,  
 “ Let us baulk her proud designs.

“ With four nine pounders, and twelve sixes  
 “ We will face that daring band ;  
 “ Let no dangers damp your courage,  
 “ Nothing can the brave withstand.  
 “ Fighting for your country’s honour,  
 “ Now to gallant deeds aspire ;  
 “ Helmsman, bear us down upon her,  
 “ Gunner, give the word to fire !”

Then yard-arm and yard-arm meeting,  
 Strait began the dismal fray,  
 Cannon mouths, each other greeting,  
 Belch’d their smoky flames away :  
 Soon the langrage, grape, and chain-shot,  
 That from Barney’s cannons flew,  
 Swept the Monk, and clear’d each round top,  
 Kill’d and wounded half her crew.

Captain Rogers strove to rally :

But they from their quarters fled,  
While the roaring Hyder Ali  
Cover'd o'er his decks with dead.  
When from their tops their dead men tumbled,  
And the streams of blood did flow,  
Then their proudest hopes were humbled  
By their brave inferior foe.

All aghast, and all confounded,  
They beheld their champions fall,  
And their captain, sorely wounded,  
Bade them quick for quarters call.  
Then the Monk's proud flag descended,  
And her cannon ceas'd to roar ;  
By her crew no more defended,  
She confess'd the contest o'er.

Come, brave boys, and fill your glasses,  
You have humbled one proud foe,  
No brave action this surpasses,  
Fame shall tell the nations so—  
Thus be Britain's woes completed,  
Thus abridg'd her cruel reign,  
'Till she ever, thus defeated,  
Yields the sceptre of the main.

THE HESSIAN DEBARKATION.

**R**EJOICE, O Death ! Britannia's tyrant sends  
From German plains his myriads to our shore ;  
The fierce Hibernian with the Hessian join'd—  
Bring them, ye winds, but waft them back no more !

To these far climes with stately step they come,  
Resolv'd all prayers, all prowess to defy :  
Smit with the love of countries not their own  
They come—alas ! to conquer, not to die.

In the flow breeze I hear their funeral song  
The dance of ghosts the infernal tribes prepare ;  
To hell's dark mansions haste the abandon'd throng,  
Tasting from German skulls great ODIN's beer.

From dire Cefarea—forc'd these slaves of kings—  
Quick let them take their way on eagles' wings ;  
To thy strong posts, MANHATTAN's isle, repair,  
To meet the vengeance that awaits them there.

THE NORTHERN SOLDIER.

IN vain you talk of fruits and flowers,  
When rude December chills the plain,  
And nights are cold, and long the hours,  
To damp the ardour of the swain ;  
Who, parting from his social fire,  
All comfort must forego,  
And here, and there,  
And every where  
Pursue the invading foe.

But we must sleep in frosts and snows ;  
No season breaks up our campaign :  
Hard as the oaks, we dare oppose  
The autumnal, or the wintry reign.  
Alike to us, the winds that blow  
In Summer's season gay,  
Or those that rave  
On Hudson's wave,  
And drift his ice away.

Traitors and death may cloud our scene,  
The ball may pierce, the cold may kill,

And dire misfortunes intervene :  
But Freedom shall be potent, still,  
To drive these Britons from our shore,  
Who, cruel and unkind,  
With slavish chain  
Attempt, in vain,  
Our free-born limbs to bind.



TRUTH ANTICIPATED.

WHAT brilliant events have of late come to pass,  
No less than the capture of Monsieur DE GRASSE !\*  
His Majesty's Printer has told it for true,  
As we had it from him, so we give it to you.

Many folks of discernment the story believ'd,  
And the devil himself it at first had deceiv'd,

\* Admiral Rodney's decisive engagement with the French fleet, under the Count de Grasse, was fought off the island of Martinique, April 12, 1782. The battle lasted from seven in the morning till evening, when the action ended in the utter defeat of the French. Rodney, in the *Formidable*, engaged the *Ville de Paris*, the flag-ship of De Grasse, and forced her surrender. De Grasse was taken to England a prisoner of war. For this distinguished service, Rodney was raised to the peerage.

Sir George Rodney's "Letter on his late glorious victory over the French fleet in the West Indies," appeared in Rivington's *Gazette* of May 15, 1782. It was addressed to Mr. Charles Kerr, at Antigua, on the 18th of April, and read: "The French fleet, after an action that lasted from seven in the morning till sunset, on the 12th of April, 1782, met with a total defeat. The *Ville de Paris*, with four other ships taken and the *Diadem* sunk, graced the victory, and their whole fleet so extremely shattered, that had there been but two hours more daylight, more than half would have been taken. Two hundred and thirty British killed, seven hundred and fifty-nine wounded. I would have compounded for three thousand at least; the French must have lost many more than five thousand. Their whole army was on board." The following French ships were taken: *La Ville de Paris*, 110; *Le Glorieux*, 74; *Le Cæsar*, 74; *Le Hector*, 74; *L'Ardent*, 64; *Le Diadem*, 74, sunk.

Had it not been that Satan imported the stuff,  
And sign'd it *George Rodney*, by way of high proof.

Said *Satan* to *Jemmy*, "Let's give them the *whappers*—  
"Some news I have got that will bring in the coppers,  
"And *truth* it shall be, though I pass it for *lies*,  
"And making a page of your Newspaper size.

"A wide field is open to favour my plan,  
"And the rebels may prove that I lie—if they can;  
"Since they jested and laugh'd at our lying before,  
"Let it pass for a lie, to torment them the more.—

"My wings are yet wet with the *West-India* dew,  
"And *Rodney* I left, to come hither to you,  
"I left *him* bedevil'd with brimstone and smoke,  
"The *French* in distress, and their armament broke.

"For news so delightful, with heart and with voice  
"The Tories of every degree shall rejoice;  
"With charcoal and sulphur shall utter their joy  
"Till they all get as black as they paint the *old Boy*."

Thus, pleas'd with the motion, each cutting a caper,  
Down they sat at the table, with pen, ink, and paper;  
In less than five minutes the matter was stated,  
And *Jemmy* turn'd scribe, while *Satan* dictated.

"Begin (said the devil) in the form of a *Letter*,  
"(If you call it *true copy*, 'tis so much the better)

“ Make Rodney assert that he met the French fleet,  
 “ Engag’d it, and gave ’em a *total defeat*.

“ But the better to vamp up a show of reality,  
 “ The tale must be told with circumstantiality,  
 “ What vessels were conquer’d by Britain’s bold sons,  
 “ Their quotas of men, and their numbers of guns.

“ There’s the *Ville de Paris*—one hundred and ten—  
 “ Write down, that George Rodney has kill’d half her men ;  
 “ That her hull and her rigging are shatter’d and shaken,  
 “ Her flag humbled down, and her admiral taken :

“ *Le Cesar*, ’tis true, is a seventy-four,  
 “ But the *Ville de Paris* was thirty-six more ;  
 “ With a grey goose’s quill if that ship we did seize on,  
 “ *Le Cesar* must fall, or I’ll know what’s the reason.

“ The next that I fix on to take, is the *Hector*,  
 “ (Her name may be Trojan, but shall not protect her)  
 “ Don’t falter, dear comrade, and look like a goose,  
 “ If we’ve taken these three, we can take *Glorieuse*.

“ The last mention’d ship runs their loss up to four,  
 “ *Le Diadem* sunk, shall make it one more ;  
 “ And now, for the sake of round numbers, dear cousin,  
 “ Write *Ardent*, and then we have just half-a-dozen !”

Jemmy smil’d at the notion, and whisper’d, “ O fy !  
 “ Indeed ’tis a shame to persuade one to lie”—

But Satan replied—"Confider, my fon,  
 "I am prince of the winds, and have feen what is done :

"With a conqueft like this, how bright we fhall fhine !

"That Rodney has taken *fix fhips of the Line*,

"Will be in your paper a brilliant affair ;

"How the *tories* will laugh, and the *rebels* will fwear !

"But farther, dear Jemmy, make Rodney to fay,

"*If the fun two hours longer had held out the day,*

"*The reft were fo beaten, fo baiſted, fo tore,*

"*He had taken them ALL, and he knew not but MORE.*"

So the *partners* broke up as good friends as they met,

And foon it was all in the *Royal Gazette* ;

The *Tories* rejoic'd at the very good news,

And ſaid, *There's no fear we ſhall die in our ſhoes.*

Now let us give credit to Jemmy, forſooth,

Since once in a way he has hit on the truth :

If again he returns to his practice of lies,

He hardly reflects where he'll go when he dies.

But ftill, when he dies, let it never be ſaid

That he refts in his grave with no verſe at his head ;

But furniſh, ye poets, ſome ſhort epitaph,

And ſomething like this, that readers may laugh :

Here *lies* a King's Printer, we needn't ſay who :

There is reaſon to think that he tells what is true :

But if he *lies* here, 'tis not over-ſtrange,  
His preſent poſition is but a ſmall change,  
So, reader, paſs on—'tis a folly to ſigh,  
For all his life long he did little but LIE.

[1782.]

ON SIR HENRY CLINTON'S RECALL.

**T**HE *dog that is beat has a right to complain—*  
Sir Harry returns a disconsolate *man*,  
To the face of his master, the Lord's oil-anointed,  
To the country provided for thieves disappointed.

Our FREEDOM, he thought, to a tyrant must fall,  
He concluded the weakest must go to the wall ;  
The more he was flatter'd, the bolder he grew—  
He quitted the old world to conquer the new.

But in spite of the deeds he has done in his garrison,  
(And they have been curious beyond all comparifon)  
He now must go home, at the call of his king,  
To answer the charges that Arnold may bring.

But what are the acts that this chief has atchiev'd ?—  
If good, it is hard he should now be aggriev'd,  
And the more, as he fought for his national glory,  
Nor valued, a farthing, the RIGHT of the story.

This famous great man, and two birds\* of his feather,  
In the Cerberus frigate came over together ;

\* Generals Howe and Burgoyne.

But of all the bold chiefs that re-measure the trip,  
Nor two have been known to return in one ship.

Like children that wrestle and scuffle in sport,  
They are very well pleas'd as long as unhurt,  
But a thump on the nose, or a blow in the eye,  
Ends the fray—and they go to their *daddy* and cry.

Sir Clinton, thy deeds have been mighty and many,  
You said all our *paper* was not worth a penny,  
(’Tis nothing but rags,\* quoth honest Will Tryon,  
Are *rags* to discourage the *Sons of the Lion*?)

But Clinton thought thus—“It is folly to fight,  
“When things may by easier methods come right,  
“There is such an art as counterfeit-ation—  
“And I’ll do my utmost to honour our nation ;

“I’ll shew this damn’d country that I can enslave her,  
“And that by the help of a skilful engraver,  
“And then let the rebels take care of their bacon,——  
“We’ll play them a trick, or I’m vastly mistaken.”

But the project succeeded not quite to your liking,  
So you paid off your *artist*, and gave up BILL STRIKING ;  
But ’tis an affair I am glad you are quit on,  
Yet had surely been hang’d had you try’d it in Britain.

\* See his Letter to General Parsons.

At the taking of Charleſton you cut a great figure,  
 The terms you propounded were terms full of rigour,  
 Yet could not foreſee poor CHARLEY'S\* diſgrace,  
 Nor how ſoon your own COLOURS would go to the CASE.

When the town had ſurrender'd, the more to diſgrace ye,  
 (Like another *true Briton* that did it at 'Statia)  
 You broke all the terms yourſelf had extended,  
 Becauſe you ſuppos'd the rebellion was ended ;

Whoever the tories mark'd out as a whig,  
 If gentle, or ſimple, or little, or big,  
 No matter to you—to kill 'em and ſpite 'em,  
 You ſoon had 'em up where the dogs couldn't bite 'em.

Then thinking theſe rebels were ſnug and ſecure,  
 You left them to Rawdon and Neſbit Balfour ;  
 (The face of the latter no maſk need be draw'd on,  
 And to fiſh for the Devil my bait ſhould be *Rawdon*.)

Returning to York with your ſhips and your plunder,  
 And boaſting that rebels muſt ſhortly knock under,  
 The firſt thing that ſtruck you as ſoon as you landed  
 Was the fortrefs at Weſt-Point, where Arnold commanded.

Thought you, “ If friend Arnold this fort will deliver,  
 “ We then ſhall be maſters of all Hudſon's river,

\* Cornwallis.



“The *east* and the *south* losing communication,  
“The Yankees will die by the Act of *Starvation*.”

So off you sent André (not guided by Pallas)  
Who soon purchas'd Arnold, and with him the gallows ;  
Your *loss* I conceive than your *gain* was far greater,  
You lost a good fellow, and got a vile traitor.

Now Carleton comes over to give you relief,  
A knight like yourself, and commander in *chief*.  
But the *chief* he will get, you may tell the *dear honey*,  
Will be a black eye, hard knocks, and *no* money.

Now with—“Britons, strike home !” your sorrows dispel,  
Away to your master, and honestly tell  
That his *arms* and his *artists* can nothing avail,  
His men are too few, and his tricks are too stale.

Advise him at length to be just and sincere ;  
Of which not a symptom as yet doth appear,  
As we plainly perceive from his sending Sir Guy  
The TREATY to break with our gallic ally.

SIR GUY CARLETON'S ADDRESS TO THE  
AMERICANS.\*

FROM Britain's fam'd island once more I come over,  
(No island on earth is in prowess above her)  
With powers and commissions your hearts to recover!

Our king, I must tell you, is plagu'd with a phantom  
(Independence they call it) that hourly doth haunt him,  
And relief, my dear rebels, you only can grant him.

Tom Gage and Sir Harry, Sir William, (our boast)  
Lord Howe, and the rest that have scouted the coast,  
All fail'd in their projects of laying this ghost:

So unless the damn'd spectre myself can expel  
It will yet kill our monarch, I know very well,  
And gallop him off on his lion to hell.

\* Sir Guy Carleton, "Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces, and Commissioner for making peace or war in North America," to follow the announcement of *Rivington's Gazette*, arrived at New York, as the successor of Sir Henry Clinton, in the *Ceres* man-of-war, Captain Hawkins, on Sunday, May 5, 1782. He remained in the city till the conclusion of peace, leaving, with his troops, on the 25th of November of the following year. He was born in Ireland, in 1724. Previously to the American Revolution he had seen much service, having distinguished himself at the sieges of Louisburg and Quebec. He was wounded in 1762, at the siege of Havannah. In 1772 he was Governor of Quebec. He died in 1808.

But I heartily wish, that, instead of Sir Guy,  
 They had sent out a feer from the island of Skie,  
 Who rebels, and devils, and ghosts could defy :

So great is our prospect of failing at last,  
 When I look at the present, and think of the past,  
 I wish with our heroes I had not been classed ;

For though, to a man, we are bullies and bruisers,  
 And cover'd with laurels, we still are the losers,  
 'Till each is recall'd with his tory accusers :

But the war now is alter'd, and on a new plan ;  
 By negociation we'll do what we can—  
 And I am an honest, well-meaning old man ;

Too proud to retreat, and too weak to advance,  
 We must stay where we are, at the mercy of chance,  
 'Till Fortune shall help us to lead you a dance.

Then lay down your arms, dear rebels—O hone !  
 Our king is the best man that ever was known,  
 And the greatest that ever was stuck on a throne ;

His love and affection by all ranks are sought ;  
 Here take him, my honies, and each pay a groat—  
 Was ever a monarch more easily bought ?

In pretty good case, and very well found,  
 By night and by day we carry him round ;  
 He must go for a groat, if we can't get a pound.

Break the treaties you made with LOUIS BOURBON !  
 Abandon the Congress, no matter how soon,  
 And then, all together, we'll play a new tune.

'Tis strange that they always would manage the roast,  
 And force you their healths and the Dauphin's to toast ;  
 Repent, my dear fellows, and each get a *post* :

Or, if you object that *one post* is too few,  
 We generous Britons will help you to *two*  
 With a beam laid across—that will certainly do.

The folks that rebell'd in the year forty-five,  
 We us'd them so well, that we left few alive,  
 But sent them to heaven in swarms from their hive.

Your noble resistance we cannot forget,  
 'Tis nothing but right we should honour you yet ;  
 If you are not rewarded, we die in your debt.

So, quickly submit, and our mercy implore,  
 Be as loyal to George as you once were before,  
 Or I'll slaughter you all—and probably more.

What puzzled Sir Harry, Sir Will, and his brother,  
 Perhaps may be done by the son of my mother,  
 With the *Sword* in one hand and a *Branch* in the other.

My bold predecessors (as fitting their station)  
 At their first coming out, all spoke PROCLAMATION ;  
 'Tis the custom with us, and the way of our nation.

Then Kil-al-la-loo !—Shelaly, I fay ;—  
If we cannot all fight, we can all run away—  
And further at present I choofe not to fay.

[1782.]

MODERN IDOLATRY, OR ENGLISH QUIXOTISM.

MY native shades delight no more,  
I haste to meet the ocean's roar,  
I seek a wild rebellious shore  
Beyond the Atlantic main :

'Tis honour calls !—I must away !—  
Nor ease nor pleasure tempts my stay,  
Nor all that Love himself can say,  
A moment shall detain.

To meet those hosts that dare disown  
Allegiance to Britannia's throne  
I draw the sword that pities none,  
I draw their rebel blood ;

Amazement shall their troops confound  
When gasping, prostrate on the ground,  
My sword shall drink from every wound  
A life destroying flood !

The swarthy Indian, yet unbroke,  
Shall bend his neck to Britain's yoke,

Or flee from her avenging stroke  
 To defarts yet unknown ;

The Atlantic ifles fhall own her fway,  
 Peru and Mexico obey,  
 And thofe who yet to Satan pray  
 Beyond the fouthern zone.

For George the third I dare to go  
 Through Etna's fire and Greenland's fnow,  
 Where'er our kindred waters flow,  
 The vaft unbounded main.

In him true glory fhines complete,  
 In him a thoufand virtues meet—  
 'Twere heaven to die at George's feet.  
 Could I that bleffing gain !

For George the third I dare to fall,  
 Since he to me is all in all—  
 May he fubdue this earthly ball,  
 And nations tribute bring ;—

Yon' rebel States fhall wear his chain  
 Where traitors now with tyrants reign—  
 And fubjeft fhall be all the main  
 To George our potent king.

When honour calls to guard his throne,  
 My life I dare not call my own—

My life I yield, without a groan,  
For him whom I adore :

In endless glory he shall reign—  
'Tis he shall conquer France and Spain—  
Though I perhaps may ne'er again  
Behold my native shore !

EPILOGUE

'TIS so well known 'tis hardly worth relating  
That men have worshipp'd gods, though of their own crea-  
ting ;

Art's handy work they thought they might adore,  
And bow'd to gods that were but logs before.

Idols, of old, were made of clay or wood,  
And, in themselves, did neither harm nor good,  
Acted as though they knew the good old rule,  
" Friend, hold thy peace, and you'll be thought no fool."

Britons ! their case is yours—and link'd in fate  
You, like your Indian allies—good and great—  
Bow to some frowning block yourselves did rear,  
And worship *wooden monarchs*—out of fear—



ON GENERAL ROBERTSON'S PROCLAMATION.\*

OLD Judas the traitor (nor need we much wonder)  
Falling down from the gallows, his paunch split afunder,  
Affording, 'tis likely, a horrible scent  
Rather worse than the sulphur of hell, where he went.

\* The following proclamation, dated New York, June 22, 1782, appeared in Rivington's *Royal Gazette* of the 26th of that month, surmounted by the Royal Arms:—"By His Excellency Lieutenant-General JAMES ROBERTSON, *Governor of New York, &c., &c.* The Commander-in-Chief having shown the great confidence he reposes in the Citizens of New York by trusting his Majesty's interest there, to their Zeal, Loyalty, and Gallantry, I persuade myself that every citizen will with alacrity claim his title to a share of the Militia duty; that none may be deprived of this, and that those whose zeal would lead them to appear whenever called for, may not be called for too often, I think proper to declare:

"That all persons are to perform the Militia duty, excepting the Ministers of God's Word, his Majesty's Counsellors and principal servants whose avocations to religious and civil, necessarily prevents their attendance on Military duties.

"All persons who from age or infirmity are unable to act, may do duty by substitutes, providing those they offer are judged sufficient by the Colonel of the regiment, or commanding officer of the corps to which they belong.

"If any of the Gentlemen of the learned professions find themselves so usefully employed as to be induced to avoid the honour of appearing in person, they are supposed to be judges of the importance of their own time, and may act by proper substitutes.

"As no person deserves protection in a place of which he refuses to contribute to the defence; every person who refuses to appear when summoned to his Militia duty is to be confined in the Main-Guard by the Colonel or commanding Officer of the corps to which he belongs, where he is to be kept till further orders."

So now this bra' chieftain, who long has suspended  
 And kept out of view, what his master intended,  
 Bursts out all at once, and an inside discloses,  
 Disgusting the tories, who stop up their noses.

The short of the matter is this, as I take it—  
 New York of true Britons is plainly left naked,  
 And their conduct amounts to an honest confession,  
 They cannot depend on the run-a-way Hessian.

In such a dilemma, pray what should they do?  
 Hearts loyal, to whom should they look but to You?—  
 You know pretty well how to handle the spade,  
 To dig their canals, and to make a parade;

The city is left to your valiant defence,  
 And, of course, it will be but of little expence,  
 Since there is an old fellow that looks somewhat sooty  
 Who, *gratis*, will help you in doing your duty—

“ In doing our duty !—’tis duty indeed  
 “ (Says a Tory) if this be the way that we speed ;  
 “ We never lov’d fighting, the matter is clear—  
 “ If we had, I am sure, we had never come here.

“ George we own’d for our king, as his true loyal sons,  
 “ But why will he force us to manage his guns?—  
 “ Who ’list in the army or cruise on the wave,  
 “ Let them do as they will—’tis their trade to be brave.

“Guns, mortars, and bullets, we easily face,  
 “But when they're in motion—it alters the case;  
 “To skirmish with HUDDIES\* is all our desire—  
 “*For though we can murder, we cannot stand fire.*

“To the standards of Britain we fled for protection,  
 “And here we are gather'd, a goodly collection;  
 “And most of us think it is rather too hard  
 “For refusing to arm, to be put under guard;

“Who knows *under guard* what ills we may feel!—  
 “It is an expression that means a great deal—  
 “'Mongst the rebels they *fine* 'em who will not turn out,  
 “But here we are left in a sorrowful doubt—

“These Britons were always so sharp and so snifty—  
 “The rebels excuse you from serving, when fifty,  
 “But here we are counted such wonderful men  
 “We are kept in the ranks, 'till we're four score and ten.

“Kick'd, cuff'd, and ill-treated from morning 'till night—  
 “We have room to conjecture, *that all is not right*:  
 “For FREEDOM, we fled from our country's defence,  
 “And freedom we'll get—when death sends us hence.

“If matters go thus, it is easy to see  
 “That as idiots we've been, so slaves we shall be;

\* Captain Huddy, an American captain, who, after capitulating in a block-house, was hanged by refugees, called new levies.—*Author's note.*

“And what will become of that peaceable train  
“Whose tenets enjoin them from war to abstain?”

“Our city commandant must be an odd shaver,  
“Not a fingle exception to make in their favour!—  
“Come, let us turn round and *rebelliously* sing,  
“Huzza for the CONGRESS!—the de'il take the king.”

[1782.]

ARNOLD'S DEPARTURE.\*

Mala soluta navis exit alite  
Ferens olentem Mævium, &c.  
*Imitated from Horace.*

WITH evil omens from the harbour fails  
The ill-fated ship that worthless ARNOLD bears,  
God of the southern winds, call up thy gales,  
And whistle in rude fury round his ears.

With horrid waves insult his vessel's sides,  
And may the east wind on a leeward shore  
Her cables snap, while she in tumult rides,  
And shatter into shivers every oar.

And let the north wind to her ruin haste,  
With such a rage, as when from mountains high  
He rends the tall oak with his weighty blast,  
And ruin spreads, where'er his forces fly.

May not one friendly star that night be seen ;  
No Moon, attendant, dart one glimmering ray,

\* General Arnold sailed from New York, with his family, in December, 1781. He survived in England for nearly twenty years, dying in London in 1801, at the age of sixty-one.

Nor may she ride on oceans more serene  
Than Greece, triumphant, found that stormy day,

When angry Pallas spent her rage no more  
On vanquish'd Ilium, then in ashes laid,  
But turn'd it on the barque that Ajax bore,\*  
Avenging thus her temple, and the maid.

When toss'd upon the vast Atlantic main  
Your groaning ship the southern gales shall tear,  
How will your sailors sweat, and you complain  
And meanly howl to Jove, that will not hear!

But if, at last, upon some winding shore  
A prey to hungry cormorants you lie,  
A wanton goat to every stormy power,†  
And a fat lamb, in sacrifice, shall die.‡

[Dec., 1782.]

\* Ajax the younger, son of Oileus, king of the Locrians. He debauched Cassandra in the temple of Pallas, which was the cause of his misfortune, on his return from the siege of Troy.—*Author's note.*

† The *Tempests* were Goddesses amongst the Romans.—*Author's note*

‡ This is a clever imitation of Horace's Tenth Epode, "In Mævium poetam," the foul satirist whom Virgil has commemorated with Bavius. Freneau's rendering is quite skilful, and shows his scholar's appreciation of the original. The reader may be pleased to compare it with Theodore Martin's recent direct version of the ode :—

Foul fall the day, when from the bay  
The vessel puts to sea,  
That carries Mævius away,  
That wretch unfavoury!

Mind, Auster, with appalling roar  
That you her timbers scourge;  
Black Eurus, snap each rope and oar  
With the o'ertopping surge!

Rife, Aquilo, as when the far  
High mountain-oaks ye rend ;  
When stern Orion sets, no star  
Its friendly lustre lend !

Seethe, ocean, as when Pallas turn'd  
Her wrath from blazing Troy  
On impious Ajax' bark, and spurn'd  
The victors in their joy !

I see them now, your wretched crew,  
All toiling night and main,  
And you, with blue and death-like hue,  
Imploring Jove in vain !

"Mercy, O Mercy ! spare me, pray !"  
With craven moan ye call,  
When founders in the Ionian bay  
Your bark before the squall :

But if your corpse a banquet forms  
For sea-birds, I'll devote  
Unto the powers that rule the storms  
A lamb and liquorish goat.

A PICTURE OF THE TIMES; WITH OCCASIONAL  
REFLECTIONS.

**S**TILL round the world triumphant Discord flies,  
Still angry kings to bloody contest rise ;  
Hosts bright with steel, in dreadful order plac'd,  
And ships contending on the watery waste ;  
Distracting demons every breast engage,  
Unwearied nations glow with mutual rage ;  
Still to the charge the routed Briton turns,  
The war still rages and the battle burns ;  
See, man with man in deadly combat join,  
See, the black navy form the flaming line ;  
Death smiles alike at battles lost or won—  
Art does for him what Nature would have done.

Can scenes like these delight the human breast?—  
Who sees with joy humanity distressed ;  
Such tragic scenes fierce passion might prolong,  
But slighted Reason says, they must be wrong.

Curs'd be the day, how bright foe'er it shin'd,  
That first made kings the masters of mankind ;  
And curs'd the wretch who first with regal pride  
Their equal rights to equal men deny'd ;  
But curs'd, o'er all, who first to slavery broke,



Submissive bow'd, and own'd a monarch's yoke :  
 Their servile souls his arrogance ador'd  
 And basely own'd a brother for a lord ;  
 Hence wrath, and blood, and feuds, and wars began,  
 And man turn'd monster to his fellow-man.

Not so that age of innocence and ease  
 When men, yet social, knew no ills like these ;  
 Then dormant yet, Ambition (half unknown)  
 No rival murder'd to possess a throne ;  
 No seas to guard, no empires to defend—  
 Of some small tribe the father and the friend,  
 The hoary sage beneath his sylvan shade  
 Impos'd no laws but those which reason made ;  
 On peace, not war ; on good, not ill, intent,  
 He judg'd his brethren by their own consent ;  
 Untaught to spurn those brethren to the dust ;  
 In virtue firm, and obstinately just,  
 For him no navies rov'd from shore to shore,  
 No slaves were doom'd to dig the glitt'ring ore ;  
 Remote from all the vain parade of state,  
 No slaves in scarlet faunter'd at his gate,  
 Nor did his breast the angry passions tear,  
 He knew no murder, and he felt no fear.

Was this the patriarch sage ?—Then turn thine eyes  
 And view the contrast that our age supplies ;  
 Touch'd from the life, we trace no ages fled,  
 We draw no curtain that conceals the dead ;  
 To distant Britain let thy view be cast,  
 And say, the present far exceeds the past ;

Of all the plagues that e'er the world have curs'd,  
Name George, the tyrant, and you name the worst!

What demon, hostile to the human kind,  
Planted these fierce disorders in the mind?  
All, urg'd alike, one phantom we pursue,  
But what has war with human kind to do?  
In death's black shroud our bliss can ne'er be found;  
'Tis madness aims the life-destroying wound,  
Sends fleets and armies to these ravag'd shores,  
Plots constant ruin, and no peace restores.

O dire Ambition!—thee these horrors suit:  
Loft to the human, she assumes the brute;  
She, proudly vain, or insolently bold,  
Her heart revenge, her eye intent on gold,  
Sway'd by the madness of the present hour  
Lays worlds in ruin for *extent of power*;  
That shining bait, which dropt in folly's way  
Tempt the weak mind, and leads the heart astray.

Thou Happiness! still sought but never found,  
We, in a circle, chace thy shadow round;  
Meant all mankind in different forms to bless,  
Which, yet possessing, we no more possess:  
Thus far remov'd and painted on the eye  
Smooth verdant fields seem blended with the sky,  
But where they both in fancied contact join  
In vain we trace the visionary line;  
Still, as we chace, the empty circle flies,  
Emerge new mountains, or new oceans rise.

[1782.]

## PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY'S SOLILOQUY.

[Occasioned by the Public Rejoicings in Philadelphia for the birth of the Dauphin of France, son to Louis XVI.]

PEOPLE are mad, thus to adore the Dauphin—  
Heaven grant the brat may soon be in his coffin—  
The honours here to this young Frenchman shown,  
Of right, should be Prince George's or my own ;  
And all those wreathes, that bloom on Louis now,  
Should hang, unfading, on my father's brow.

To these far shores with longing hopes I came,  
(By birth a Briton, not unknown to fame)  
Pleasures to share that loyalty imparts,  
Subdue the *rebels*, and regain their hearts.

Weak, stupid expectation—all is done !  
Few are the prayers that rise for George's son !  
Nought through the waste of these wide realms I trace,  
But rage, contempt, and curses on our race,  
Hosts, with their chiefs, by bold usurpers won,  
And not a blessing left for George's son !

Here on these isles\* (my terrors not a few)  
I walk attended by an exil'd crew :

\* New York and the neighbouring islands.

These from the first have done their best to please,  
 But who would herd with sycophants like these?  
 This vagrant race, who their lost shores bemoan,  
 Would bow to Satan, if he held our throne—  
 Rul'd by their fears—and what is meaner far,  
 Have worshipp'd William only for his STAR!  
 To touch my hand their thronging thousands strove,  
 And tir'd my patience with unceasing love—  
 In fame's fair annals told me I should live,  
 And, a FOURTH WILLIAM, to late times arrive;  
 Must Digby's royal pupil walk the streets,  
 And smile on every ruffian that he meets;  
 Or teach them, as he has done—he knows when—  
 That kings and princes are no more than men!

Must I, alas! disclose, to our disgrace,  
 That Britain is too small for George's race?  
 Here in the west, where all did once obey,  
*Three islands* only, now, confess our sway;  
 And in the *east* we have not much to boast,  
 For HYDER ALI drives us from that coast:—  
 Yield, rebels, yield—or I must go once more  
 Back to the white cliffs of my native shore;  
 (Where, in process of time, shall go Sir GUY,\*  
 And where Sir HARRY has return'd to fight,  
 Whose hands grew weak when things began to cross,  
 Nor made one effort to retrieve our loss)  
 Oatmeal and Scottish kale-pots round me rise,

\* Sir Guy Carleton, who had succeeded Sir Henry Clinton at New York.

And Hanoverian turnips greet mine eyes ;—  
Welch goats and naked rocks my bosom swell,  
And Teague ! dear Teague !—to thee I bid farewell—  
Curse on the Dauphin and his friends, I say,  
He steals our honours and our rights away.  
DIGBY !—our anchors !—weigh them to the bow,  
And eastward through the wild waves let us plough :  
Such dire resentments in my bosom burn,  
That to these shores I never will return,  
'Till fruits and flowers on Zembla's coasts are known,  
And seas congeal beneath the torrid zone !

[1782.]

B E E L Z E B U B ' S   R E M O N S T R A N C E .

(On a late Rivingtonian *Apology* for LYING)

Y O U R golden dreams, your flattering schemes,  
Alas! where are they fled, Sir?  
Your plans derang'd, your prospects chang'd,  
You now may go to bed, Sir.—

How could you thus, impell'd by fear,  
Give up the hopes of many a year?—  
Your fame retriev'd, and soaring high  
In TRUTH'S resemblance seem'd to fly:  
But now you grow so wondrous wise,  
You turn, and own that all is—lies.

A fabric that from hell was rais'd,  
On which astonish'd rebels gaz'd,  
And which the world shall ne'er forget,  
No less than RIVINGTON'S GAZETTE,  
Demolish'd at a single stroke—  
The angel Gabriel might provoke.

“That all was lies,” might well be true,  
But why must this be told by you?

Great master of the scheming head,  
Where is thy wonted cunning fled?  
It was a folly to engage  
*That truth henceforth should fill your page;*  
When you must know, as well as I,  
Your first great object is—to LIE.

Your fortune was as good as made,  
Great artist in the fibbing trade!  
But now I see, with grief and pain,  
Your credit cannot rise again:  
No more the favorite of my heart,  
No more will I my gifts impart.

Yet something shall you gain at last  
For lies contriv'd in seasons past—  
When pressing to the *narrow gate*  
I'll show the portal mark'd by fate,  
Where all mankind, as preachers say,  
Are apt to take the wider way,  
And though the ROYAL Printer swear,  
Will bolt him in, and keep him there!

BEELZEBUB.

[1782.]

THE REFUGEES' PETITION TO SIR GUY  
CARLETON.

*Humbly Sheweth,*

THAT your Honour's petitioners, Tories by trade,  
From the first of the war have lent Britain their aid,  
And done all they could, both in country and town,  
In support of the king and the rights of his crown ;  
But, now to their grief and confusion, they find  
"The de'il may take them who are farthest behind."

In the rear of all rascals they still have been plac'd  
And Rebels and Frenchmen full often have fac'd,  
Have been in the midst of distresses and doubt  
Whene'er they came in or whene'er they went out ;  
Have supported the king and defended *his church*,  
And now, in the end, must be left in the lurch.

Though often, too often, his arms were disgrac'd,  
We still were in hopes he would conquer at last,  
And restore us again to our sweethearts and wives,  
The pride of our hearts and the joy of our lives—  
But he promis'd *too far*, and we trusted *too much*,  
And who could have look'd for a war with the Dutch ?



Our *board* broken up, and discharg'd from our stations,  
 Sir Guy! it is cruel to cut off our *rations*;  
 Of a project, like that, whoe'er was the mover,  
 It is, we must tell you, a sneaking manœuvre;  
 A plan to destroy us—the basest of tricks  
 By means of starvation, a stigma to fix.

If a peace be intended, as people surmise,  
 (Though we hope from our souls these are nothing but lies)  
 Inform us at once what we have to expect,  
 Nor treat us, as usual, with surly neglect;  
 Or, else, while you Britons are shipping your freights,  
*We'll go to the Rebels, and get our estates.—*

## SIR GUY'S ANSWER.

**W**E have reason to think there will soon be a peace,  
 And that war with the Rebels will certainly cease;  
 But, be that as it will, I would have you to know  
 That as matters are changing, we soon may change too;  
 In short, I would say, (since I have it at heart)  
 Though the war should continue, yet *we* may depart.

Four offers in season I therefore propose,  
 (As much as I can do in reason, God knows)  
 In which, though there be not too plentiful carving,  
 There still is sufficient to keep you from starving.

And, first, of the first, it would mightily charm me  
 To see you, my children, *enlist in the army,*

Or *enter the navy*, and get for your pay  
A *farthing* an hour, which is *sixpence* per day—  
There's Hector Clackmannan, and Arthur O'Gregor  
And Donald M'Donald shall rule you with vigour :

If these do not suit you, then take your new plan,  
*Make your peace with the rebels* (march off, to a man :)  
There rank and distinction perhaps you may find  
And rise into offices fit to your mind——  
But if still you object—I advise you to take a  
Farewell of New-York—and away to *Jamaica*.

RIVINGTON'S REFLECTIONS.\*

I.

THE more I reflect, the more plain it appears,  
If I stay, I must stay at the risque of my ears,  
I have so be-pepper'd the foes of *our* throne,  
Be-rebel'd, be-devil'd, and told them their own,  
That if we give up to these rebels at last,  
'Tis a chance if my ears will atone for the past.

'Tis always the best to provide for the worst—  
So evacuation I'll mention the first :  
If Carleton should fail for our dear native shore  
(As Clinton, Cornwallis, and Howe did before)  
And take off the soldiers that serve for our guard,  
(A step that the Tories would think rather hard)  
Yet still I surmise, for aught I can see,  
No Congress or *Senates* would meddle with me.

\* The first part of this poem was republished in the *Royal Gazette*, at New York, of December 14, 1782, with the following introduction:—"Mr. Rivington, having been applied to by many Gentlemen for a pleasant publication respecting himself, exhibited in the Philadelphia *Freeman's Journal*, of December 4th, takes leave to copy it into this Day's Gazette, and assures the Author that a Column shall at any time be most cheerfully reserved to convey that Gentleman's lively Lucubrations to the Public." The original publication of the "Reflections" had the motto from Virgil: *Inclusus pœnam expectat.*

For, what have I done, when we come to consider,  
 But sold my commodities to the best bidder?  
 If I offer'd to lie for the sake of a post,  
 Was I to be blam'd if the king offer'd most?  
 The King's Royal Printer!—Five hundred a year!—  
 Between you and me, 'twas a handsome affair:  
 Who would not for that give matters a stretch  
 And lie back and forward, and carry and fetch.  
 May have some pretensions to *honour* and *fame*:—  
 But what are they both but the found of a name,  
 Mere words to deceive us, as I have found long since,  
 Live on them a week, and you'll find them but nonsense.

The late news from Charleston my mind has perplext,  
 If that is abandon'd,—I know what goes next:  
 This city of YORK is a place of great note,  
 And that we should hold it I now give my vote;  
 But what are our votes against Shelburne's decrees?  
 These people at helm steer us just where they please,  
 So often they've had us all hands on the brink,  
 They'll steer us at last to the devil, I think.  
 And though in the danger themselves have a share,  
 It will do us small good that they also go there.

It is true that the Tories, their children, and wives  
 Have offer'd to stay, at the risque of their lives,  
 And gain to themselves an immortal renown  
 By ALL turning soldiers, and keeping the town:  
 Whoe'er was the Tory that struck out the plan,  
 In my humble conceit, was a very good man:  
 But our words on this subject need be very few—

Already I see that it never will do :

For, suppose a few ships should be left us by Britain  
 With Tories to man them, and other things fitting,  
 In truth we should be in a very fine box,  
 As well they might guard us with ships on the stocks,  
 And when I beheld them aboard and afloat,  
 I am sure I should think of *the bear in the boat*.

On the faith of a Printer, things look very black—  
 And what shall we do, alas ! and alack !  
 Shall we quit our young princes and full blooded peers,  
 And bow down to viscounts and French chevaliers ?  
 Perhaps you may say, “ As the very last shift  
 “ We'll go to New Scotland, and take the king's gift :”

Good folks, do your will—but I vow and I swear,  
 I'll be boil'd into soup before I'll live there :  
 Is it thus that our monarch his subjects degrades ?—  
 Let him go and be damn'd with his axes and spades :—  
 Of all the vile countries that ever were known  
 In the frigid, or torrid, or temperate zone,  
 (From accounts that I've had) there is not such another ;  
 It neither belongs to this world or the other :  
 A favour they think it to send us there *gratis*,  
 To sing like the Jews at the river Euphrates,  
 And, after surmounting the rage of the billows,  
 Hang ourselves up at last with our harps on the willows :  
 Ere I fail for that shore, may I take my last nap—  
 Why, it gives me the palsy to look on its map !  
 And he that goes there (though I mean to be civil)  
 May fairly be said to have gone to the Devil.

Shall I puff for Old England, and whine at the throne?  
 Alas! they have JEMMIES enough of their own!  
 Besides, such a name I have got from my trade,  
 They would think I was lying, whatever I said;  
 Thus scheme as I will, or contrive as I may,  
 Continual difficulties rise in the way:  
 In short, if they let me remain in this realm,  
 What is it to Jemmy who stands at the helm?  
 I'll petition the rebels (if York is forsaken)  
 For a place in their Zion which ne'er shall be shaken;  
 I am sure they'll be clever: it seems their whole study:  
 They hung not young ASGILL for old captain HUDDY,\*

\* Irving thus tells the story of "Old Huddy:"—"A marauding New York refugee, in 1782, had been captured by the Jersey people, and killed in attempting to escape from those who were conducting him to Monmouth jail. His partisans in New York determined on a signal revenge. Captain Joseph Huddy, an ardent whig, who had been captured when bravely defending a block-house in Monmouth County, and carried captive to New York, was now drawn forth from prison, conducted into the Jerseys by a party of refugees, headed by a Captain Lippencott, and hanged on the heights of Middletown, with a label affixed to his breast, bearing the inscription, 'Up goes Huddy for Philip White.' A popular outcry for retaliation ensued. Washington felt the necessity for action, submitted the matter to a board of officers, and, in accordance with their determination, demanded of Sir Henry Clinton, that Captain Lippencott or the officer who had ordered the execution should be given up. If this were not complied with, wrote Washington, 'I shall hold myself justifiable in the eyes of God and man for the measure to which I will resort.' Clinton declined to surrender Lippencott, but stated that he had ordered an investigation into the circumstances, and would bring the perpetrator of the deed to trial. Washington, strengthened in his purpose by a resolution of Congress, then ordered one of the British officers, prisoners at Lancaster, Pa., to be chosen by lot for retaliation. The lot fell upon Captain Charles Asgill of the Guards, an amiable youth of nineteen, and the son of a wealthy baronet. His situation excited the sympathy of his brother British officers, and their indignation at Clinton in subjecting him to the penalty by not giving up the offender. One of their number, Captain Ludlow, was allowed to

And it must be a truth that admits no denying,  
If they spare us for MURDER they'll spare us for LYING.

## II.

FOLKS may think as they please, but to me it would seem,  
That our great men at home have done nothing but dream :  
Such trimming and twisting and shifting about,  
And some getting in, and others turn'd out ;  
And yet, with their bragging and looking so big,  
All they did was to dance a theatrical jig.

Seven years now, and more, we have try'd every plan,  
And are just as near conquering as when we began,  
Great things were expected from Clinton and Howe,  
But what have they done, or where are they now ?  
Sir Guy was sent over to kick up a dust,  
Who already prepares to return in *disgust*—  
The object delusive we wish to attain

go to New York to represent the matter to Sir Guy Carleton, the new Commander-in-chief. Afgill, meanwhile, was courteously treated, but firmly detained to await the result. Lippencott was finally tried by a court-martial, and acquitted, on the ground of having received verbal orders from Governor Franklin, president of the board of associated loyalists. The British commander reprobated the death of Captain Huddy, and broke up the board. Under these circumstances, Washington, reluctant to press the penalty involved, admitted Captain Afgill on parole, and requested the action of Congress to set him at liberty. Lady Afgill, the mother of the youth, anxious for her son's safety, had, in the mean time, gained the ear of the French minister, the Count de Vergennes, with a supplication for his intercession, which, under the direction of the king and queen, was made. Washington laid the Count's application before Congress, which now took a favourable view of the matter, and Captain Afgill, greatly to the relief of Washington, was released."—IRVING'S *Life of Washington*, iv. 394-7. SPARKS'S *Life and Writings of Washington*, viii. 301, and sequel.

Has been in our reach, and may be so again—  
 But so oddly does heaven its bounties dispense,  
 And has granted our king such a small share of sense  
 That, let Fortune favour or smile as she will,  
 We are doom'd to drive on, like a horse in a mill,  
 And though we may seem to advance on our rout,  
 'Tis but to return to where we sat out.

From hence I infer (by way of improvement)  
 That nothing is got by this circular movement ;  
 And I plainly perceive, from this fatal delay,  
 We are going to ruin the round-about way !  
 Some nations, like ships, give up to the gale,  
 And are hurry'd ashore with a full flowing sail ;  
 So Sweden submitted to absolute power,  
 And freemen were chang'd to be slaves in an hour ;  
 Thus THEODORE soon from his grandeur came down,  
 Forfaking his subjects and Corsican crown ;\*

\* Theodore Baron Newhoff, an enthusiastic German military adventurer, who was proclaimed king of Corsica in 1736. After passing eight months on the island, assuming various marks of royalty, he left his "kingdom" to solicit aid on the Continent; but failed to carry his further schemes of sovereignty into effect. He ended his days in great poverty in London, where he was confined, not long before his death, which happened in 1756, as a prisoner for debt. Horace Walpole took an imaginative interest in his fortunes, and wrote a very pleasant paper in the *World* (No. viii., Feb. 22, 1753) in his behalf, suggesting a subscription for his relief. A considerable sum was, in consequence, collected for the fallen monarch. "How must I blush for my countrymen," writes Walpole, "when I mention a monarch! an unhappy monarch, now actually suffered to languish for debt in one of the common prisons of this city! A monarch whose courage raised him to a throne, not by a succession of ambitious, bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free! This prince is Theodore, king of Corsica! a man whose claim to royalty is as indispu-



But we—'tis our fate, without ally or friend,  
To go to perdition, *close haul'd* to the wind.

The case is too plain, that if I stay here  
I have something to hope and somewhat to fear :  
In regard to my carcase, I should n't mind that—  
I can say "I have liv'd," and have grown very fat ;  
Have been in my day remarkably shifty,  
And soon, very soon, will be verging on fifty.  
'Tis time for the state of the dead to prepare,  
'Tis time to consider how things will go there ;  
Some few are admitted to Jupiter's hall,  
But the dungeons\* of Pluto are open to all—  
The day is approaching as fast as it can  
When Jemmy shall be a mere moderate man,  
Shall sleep under ground both summer and winter,  
The husk of a man, and the shell of a printer,  
And care not a farthing for George or his line,  
What empires start up, or what kingdoms decline.

Our parson last Sunday brought tears from my eyes,  
When he told us of heaven, I thought of my lies—  
To his flock he describ'd it, and laid it before 'em,  
(As if he had been in its *Sanctum Sanctorum*)  
Recounted its beauties that never shall fade,  
And quoted John Bunyan to prove what he said ;

table as the most ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be ; that is, the choice of his subjects ; the only kind of title allowed in the excellent Gothic constitutions, from whence we derive our own ; the same kind of title which endears the present royal family to Englishmen ; and the only kind of title against which, perhaps, no objection can lie."

\* "But the kitchen of Pluto is open to all."—ED. 1795.

Debarr'd from the gate who the Truth should deny,  
Or "whofoe'er loveth or maketh a lie."

Thro' the courfe of my life it has ftill been my lot  
In fpite of myfelf, to fay "things that are not,"  
And therefore fufpect that upon my deceafe  
Not a poet will leave me to flumber in peace,  
But at leaft once a week be-feribble the ftone  
Where Jemmy, poor Jemmy, lies fleeping alone!

Howe'er in the long run thefe matters may be,  
If the fcripture is true, it has bad news for me—  
And yet, when I come to examine the text,  
And the learn'd annotations that POOLE has annex'd,  
Throughout the black lift of the people that fin  
I cannot once find that I'm mention'd therein;  
Whoremongers, idolaters, all are left out,  
And wizzards, and dogs (which is proper, no doubt)  
But he who fays I'm there, mistakes or forgets—  
It mentions no PRINTERS of ROYAL GAZETTES!

In truth, I have need of a manfion of reft,  
And *here* to remain might fuit me the beft—  
PHILADELPHIA in fome things would answer as well,  
(Some Tories are there, and my papers might fell)  
But then I fould live amongft wrangling and ftife,  
And be forc'd to fay *credo* the reft of my life:  
For their fudden converfion I'm much at a lofs—  
I am told that they bow to the wood of the crofs,  
And worship the reliques transported from Rome,  
St. Peter's toe-nails and St. Anthony's comb.—  
If thus the true faith they no longer defend

I scarcely can think where the madnefs will end—  
If the greateft among them submit to the Pope,  
What reafon have I for indulgence to hope ?  
If the Congrefs themfelves to the CHAPEL did pafs,\*  
Ye may fwear that poor JEMMY would have to fing mafs.

[Dec. 1782.]

\* “On the 4th of November laft, the clergy and felectmen of Bofton paraded  
“through the ftreets after a crucifix, and joined in a proceffion in praying for a  
“departed foul out of Purgatory; and for this they gave the example of Con-  
“grefs, and other American leaders, on a former occafion at Philadelphia, fome  
“of whom, in the height of their zeal, even went fo far as to fprinkle themfelves  
“with what they call *Holy water*.”—*Royal Gazette*, of December 11. inf.

## POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY.

### G A I N E ' S   L I F E .

CITY OF NEW-YORK, *Jan. 1, 1783.*\*

TO the *Senate*† of York, with all due submission,  
Of honest HUGH GAINE‡ the humble *Petition* ;  
An *Account of his Life* he will also prefix,  
And some trifles that happened in *seventy-six* ;  
He hopes that your honours will take no offence,  
If he sends you some groans of contrition from hence,  
And, further, to prove that he's truly sincere,  
He wishes you all a *happy New Year*.

#### I.

AND, first, he informs, in his representation,  
That he once was a printer of good reputation,  
And dwelt in the street call'd Hanover Square,  
(You'll know where it is, if you ever was there)

\* The British army evacuated New York the November following.

† The Legislature of the State were at this time in session at FISHKILL.

‡ Hugh Gaine, a native of Ireland, commenced the printing business in New York in 1750. In 1752, he began the publication of the *New York Mercury*, a weekly newspaper, which appeared every Monday. It was subsequently entitled *The New York Gazette and the Weekly Mercury*. In 1777, Gaine set up the King's Arms in the title, in place of a figure of Mercury. "During the political contest with Great Britain," says Thomas, in his "History of Printing," "the *Mercury* appeared rather as a neutral paper. Gaine seemed desirous to side with the successful party; but, not knowing which would eventually prevail, he seems to have been unstable in his politics. After the war commenced, he leaned to-

Next door to the dwelling of doctor Brownjohn,  
 (Who now to the drug-shop of Pluto is gone)  
 But what do I say—who e'er came to town,  
 And knew not HUGH GAINÉ at the *Bible* and *Crown*.

Now, if I was ever so given to lie,  
 My dear native country I wouldn't deny ;  
 (I know you love Teagues) and I shall not conceal  
 That I came from the kingdom where Phelim O'Neale  
 And other brave worthies ate butter and cheefe,  
 And walk'd in the clover-fields up to their knees :  
 Full early in youth, without basket or burden,  
 With a staff in my hand, I pass'd over Jordan,  
 (I remember my comrade was doctor Magraw,\*  
 And many strange things on the waters we saw,  
 Sharks, dolphins, and sea-dogs, bonettas, and whales,  
 And birds at the tropic, with quills in their tails)  
 And came to your city and government seat,  
 And found it was true you had something to eat ;  
 When thus I wrote home—"The country is good,

ward the country. When the British army approached New York, in 1776, Gainé removed to Newark in New Jersey, and there, during a few weeks, published the *Mercury*. Soon after the British gained possession of the city of New York, he returned and printed, under the protection of the King's army; and, like Rivington, devoted his paper to the royal cause. Gainé published the *Mercury* until peace was established, and it was then discontinued, after an existence of about thirty-one years."

In compliance with a petition to the State Legislature, which is the subject of Freneau's humorous poem, Hugh Gainé was permitted, at the close of the war, to remain in the city in peace. There he continued engaged in his business as a bookseller, in which he enjoyed the reputation of great probity, till his death, in 1807, at the age of eighty-one.

\* A cynical and very eccentric physician.—*Author's note.*

" They have plenty of victuals and plenty of wood :  
 " The people are kind, and, whate'er they may think,  
 " I shall make it appear I can swim where they'll sink ;  
 " And yet they're so brisk, and so full of good cheer,  
 " By my soul, I suspect they have always new year,  
 " And therefore conceive *it is good to be here.*"

So said, and so acted—I put up a press,  
 And printed away with amazing success ;  
 Neglected my person, and look'd like a fright,  
 Was bother'd all day, and was busy all night,  
 Saw money come in, as the papers went out,  
 While Parker and Weyman\* were driving about,  
 And cursing, and swearing, and chewing their cuds,  
 And wishing Hugh Gaine and his press in the suds :  
 Ned Weyman was printer, you know, to the king,  
 And thought he had got all the world in a string,  
 (Though riches not always attend on a throne)  
 So he swore I had found the philosopher's stone,  
 And call'd me a rogue, and a son of a bitch,  
 Because I knew better than him to get rich.

To malice like that 'twas in vain to reply—  
 You had known by his looks he was telling a lie.

Thus life ran away, so smooth and serene—  
 Ah ! these were the happiest days I had seen !  
 But the saying of Jacob I've found to be true,  
 " The days of thy servant are evil and few !"  
 The days that to me were joyous and glad,  
 Are nothing to those which are dreary and sad !

\* New-York Printers, before the Revolution.

The feuds of the *Stamp-Act* foreboded foul weather,  
 And war and vexation all coming together :  
 Those days were the days of riots and mobs,  
 Tar, feathers, and tories, and troublesome jobs—  
 Priests preaching up war for the *good of our souls*,  
 And libels, and lying, and Liberty-Poles,  
 From which, when some whimsical *colours* you wav'd,  
 We had nothing to do, but look up and be fav'd—  
 (You thought, by *resolving*, to terrify Britain—  
 Indeed, if you did, you were damnably *bitten*)  
 I knew it would bring an eternal reproach,  
 When I saw you a-burning Cadwallader's\* coach ;  
 I knew you would suffer for what you had done,  
 When I saw you lampooning poor *Sawney* his son,  
 And bringing him down to so wretched a level,  
 As to ride him about in a cart with the devil.—

## II.

WELL, as I predicted that matters would be—  
 To the stamp-act succeeded a tax upon *Tea* :  
 What chest-fulls were scatter'd, and trampled, and drown'd,  
 And yet the whole tax was but three pence *per* pound !  
 May the hammer of Death on my noddle descend,  
 And Satan torment me to time without end,  
 If this was a reason to fly into quarrels,  
 And feuds that have ruin'd *our* manners and morals ;  
 A parson himself might have sworn round the compass,

\* Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden.

That folks for a trifle should make such a *rumpus*,  
 Such a rout as to set half the world in a rage,  
 Make France, Spain, and Holland with Britain engage,  
 While the Emperor, the Swede, the Rufs, and the Dane  
 All pity JOHN BULL—and run off with his gain.

But this was the season that I must lament—  
 I first was a whig with an honest intent ;  
 Not a Rebel among them talk'd louder or bolder,  
 With his sword by his side, or his gun on his shoulder ;  
 Yes, I was a whig, and a whig from my heart,  
 But still was unwilling with Britain to part—  
 I thought to oppose her was foolish and vain,  
 I thought she would turn and embrace us again,  
 And make us happy as happy could be,  
 By renewing the æra of mild SIXTY-THREE :  
 And yet, like a cruel undutiful son,  
 Who evil returns for the good *to be done*,  
 Unmerited odium on Britain to throw,  
 I printed some treason for PHILIP FRENEAU,  
 Some damnable poems reflecting on GAGE,  
 The KING and his COUNCIL, and writ with such rage,  
 So full of invective, and loaded with spleen,  
 So sneeringly smart, and so hellishly keen,  
 That, at least in the judgment of half our wise men,  
 ALECTO herself put the nib to his pen.



## III.

AT this time arose a certain king SEARS,\*  
 Who made it his study to banish our fears :  
 He was, without doubt, a person of merit,  
 Great knowledge, some wit, and abundance of spirit ;  
 Could talk like a lawyer, and that without fee,  
 And threaten'd perdition to all that drank TEA.  
 Long sermons did he against Scotchmen prepare,  
 And drank like a German, and drove away care.  
 Ah ! don't you remember what a vigorous hand he put  
 To drag off the great guns, and plague captain *Vandeput* ?  
 That *night* when the HERO (his patience worn out)  
 Put fire to his cannons and folks to the rout,  
 And drew up his ship with a *spring on her cable*,

\* Isaac Sears, a popular leader of the "Sons of Liberty," in New York, at the outbreak of the Revolution, and hence called "King Sears," from his authority and influence, was born in Connecticut, in 1729. He was a sailor in early life, and, when he appeared as an actor in public affairs in New York, in 1765, as Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of the patriots of that period, was a merchant and sea-captain of that city. In August, 1775, he was engaged with a number of citizens, among whom was Alexander Hamilton, then a student of Columbia College, in removing the cannon from the Battery at the foot of Broadway, while Captain Vandeput, in command of the *Asia* in the harbour, fired upon the party and the city. The tavern of Samuel Fraunces, in Broad street, the building in which Washington took leave of his officers at the end of the war, was, according to Freneau, struck by a shot. In the edition of 1786, the lines referring to this incident read :—

"At first we suppos'd it was only a sham,  
 Till he drove a round ball through the roof of black Sam ;"—

Fraunces being of a dark complexion. Sears, making a voyage to China as supercargo, after the war was ended, was, on his arrival at Canton, struck with a fever, which there terminated his life in October, 1785.

And gave us a second confusion of *Babel*,  
 And (what was more *solid* than *scurrilous language*)  
 Pour'd on us a tempest of *round shot* and *langrage* ;  
 Scarce a broadside was ended 'till another began again--  
 By Jove ! it was nothing but *Fire away Flannagan !*\*  
 Some thought him SALUTING his *Sally's* and *Nancy's*  
 'Till he drove a *round shot* thro' the roof of *Sam Francis*.  
 The town by his flashes was fairly enlighten'd,  
 The women miscarry'd, the beaus were all frighten'd ;  
 For my part, I hid in a cellar (as fages  
 And Christians were wont in the *primitive ages* :  
 Thus the *Prophet of old that was rapt to the sky*,  
 Lay snug in a cave 'till the tempest went by,  
 But, as soon as the comforting spirit had spoke,  
 He rose and came out with his mystical cloak) :  
 Yet I hardly could boast of a moment of *rest*,  
 The dogs were a-howling, the town was distress'd !—  
 But our terrors soon vanish'd, for suddenly SEARS  
 Renew'd our lost courage and dry'd up our tears.

Our memories, indeed, must have strangely decay'd  
 If we cannot remember what SPEECHES he made,  
 What handsome *harangues* upon every occasion,  
 How he laugh'd at the whim of a *British Invasion* !

“ P—x take 'em, (said he) do ye think they will come ?  
 “ If they shou'd—we have only to beat on *our drum*,  
 “ And *run up the flag of American freedom*,  
 “ And people will *muster* by millions to *bleed 'em* !  
 “ What *freeman* need value such blackguards as these !

\* A cant phrase among privateersmen.—*Author's note.*

“ Let us sink in our channel some *Chevaux de frise*—  
 “ And then let ’em come—and we’ll show ’em fair play—  
 “ But they are not madmen—I tell you—not they !”

## IV.

FROM this very day ’till the *British* came in,  
 We liv’d, I may say, in the *Desert of Sin*;—  
 Such beating, and bruising, and *scratching, and tearing*;  
 Such kicking, and cuffing, and *curfing, and swearing* !——  
 But when *they* advanc’d with *their numerous fleet*,  
 And WASHINGTON made his *nocturnal retreat*,\*  
 (And which *they permitted*, I say, to *their shame*,  
 Or else *your NEW EMPIRE* had been but a name)  
*We* townsmen, like women, of *Britons* in *dread*,  
 Mistrusted *their* meaning, and foolishly fled ;  
 Like the *rest* of the dunces I mounted my steed,  
 And gallop’d away with *incredible speed*,  
 To NEWARK I hastened—but *trouble and care*  
*Got up on the crupper and follow’d me there* !  
*There* I scarcely got fuel to keep myself warm,  
 And scarcely found spirits to *weather the storm* ;  
 And was quickly convinc’d I had little to do,  
 (The *Whigs* were in arms, and my *readers* were few)  
 So, after remaining one cold winter season,  
 And stuffing my *papers* with *something like treason*,  
 And meeting misfortunes and endless disasters,  
 And forc’d to submit to a hundred *new masters*,  
 I thought it more prudent to hold to the *one*—

\* From Long Island.

And (after repenting of what I had done,  
 And cursing my folly and idle pursuits)  
 Return'd to the city, and hung up my boots.

## V.

AS matters have gone, it was plainly a blunder,  
 But *then* I expected the Whigs must knock under,  
 And I always adhere to the sword that is longest,  
 And stick to the party that's like to be strongest :  
 That you have succeeded is merely a chance,  
 I never once dreamt of the conduct of France !—  
 If alliance with her you were promis'd—at least  
 You ought to have show'd me your *STAR in the east*,  
 Not let me go off uninform'd as a beast. }  
 When your army I saw without stockings or shoes,  
 Or victuals—or *money*, to pay them their dues,  
 (Excepting your wretched Congressional *paper*,  
 That stunk in my nose like the snuff of a taper,  
 A cart load of which for a dram might be spent all,  
 That damnable bubble, the *old Continental*  
 That *took* people *in* at this wonderful crisis,  
 With its *mottoes* and *emblems*, and cunning *devices* ;  
 Which, bad as it was, you were forc'd to admire,  
 And which was, in fact, the *pillar of fire*,  
 To which you directed your wandering noses,  
 Like the Jews in the desert conducted by *MOSES*)  
 When I saw them attended with *famine* and *fear*,  
 Distress in their front, and *Howe* in their rear ;  
 When I saw them for debt incessantly dunn'd,

Nor a shilling to pay them laid up in your fund ;  
 Your ploughs at a stand, and your ships run ashore—  
 When this was apparent (and need I say more ?)  
 I *handed* my cane, and I *look'd* at my hat,  
 And cry'd—" God have mercy on armies like that !"  
 I took up my bottle, disdaining to stay,  
 And said—" Here's a health to the *Vicar of Bray*,"  
 And cock'd up my beaver, and—strutted away. }

## VI.

ASHAM'D of my conduct, I sneak'd into town,  
 (Six hours and a quarter the fun had been down)  
 It was, I remember, a cold frosty night,  
 And the stars in the firmament glitter'd as bright  
 As if (to assume a poetical stile)  
 Old Vulcan had give them a rub with his file.  
 'Till this cursed night, I can honestly say,  
 I ne'er before dreaded the dawn of the day ;  
 Not a wolf or a fox that is caught in a trap  
 E'er was so ashamed of his nightly mishap—  
 I couldn't help thinking what ills might befall me,  
 What rebels and rascals the British would call me,  
 And how I might suffer in credit and purse,  
 If not in my person, which still had been worse :  
 At length I resolv'd (as was surely my duty)  
 To go for advice to parson AUCHMUTY :\*

\* The Rev. Samuel Auchmuty, a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1742, succeeded the Rev. Dr. Barclay as Rector of Trinity Church, New York, in 1764. His sympathies with the old monarchy were decided. Sabine, in his

(The parson, who now I hope is in glory,  
 Was then upon earth, and a terrible tory,  
 Not COOPER himself, of ideas perplex,  
 So nicely could handle and torture a text,  
 When bloated with lies, thro' his trumpet he founded  
 'The damnable fin of opposing a crown'd head)  
 Like a penitent finner, and dreading my fate,  
 In the grey of the morning I knock'd at his gate ;  
 (No doubt he was vex'd that I rous'd him so soon,  
 For his worship was mostly in blankets till noon.)

At length he approach'd in his *vestments of black*—  
 (Alas, my poor heart ! it was then on the rack,  
 Like a man in an ague or one to be *try'd* ;  
 I fhook—and recanted, and flobber'd, and figh'd)  
 His gown, of it self, was amazingly big,  
 Besides, he had on his canonical wig,

“Loyalists of the Revolution,” cites a portion of a letter by him to Captain Montrefor, chief engineer of Gage’s army at Boston, dated New York, April, 1775, in which he says: “We have lately been plagued with a rascally Whig mob here, but they have effected nothing, only Sears, the king, was rescued at the jail-door.” Auchmuty died in New York, in 1777.

Myles Cooper, alluded to in the same paragraph, was the loyalist President of King’s College, New York, who, rendering himself obnoxious to the citizens by his advocacy of the royal cause, was driven from the city in a popular commotion on the night of the 10th of May, 1775. He took refuge on board of a ship-of-war in the harbor, in which he returned to England. The poet Trumbull, in his “M’Fingal,” includes both these worthies in his enumeration of the “High Church Clergy” who were on the side of the king :—

“What warnings had ye of your duty  
 From our old Rev’rend Sam. Auchmuty ?  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Have not our Cooper and our Seabury  
 Sung hymns, like Barak and old Deborah !”

And frown'd at a distance ; but when he came near  
Look'd pleafant and faid—" *What, Hugh, are you here !*

" *Your heart, I am certain, is horribly harden'd,*

" *But if you confefs—your fin will be pardon'd ;*

" *In fpite of my preachments, and all I could fay,*

" *Like the prodigal fon, you wander'd away,*

" *Now tell me, dear penitent, which is the beft,*

" *To be with the rebels, purfu'd and diftreft,*

" *Devoid of all comfort, all hopes of relief,*

" *Or elfe to be here, and partake the king's beef ?*

" *More people refemble the fnake than the dove,*

" *And more are converted by terror than love :*

" *Like a fheep on the mountains, or rather a fwine,*

" *You wander'd away from the ninety and nine ;*

" *Awhile at the offers of mercy you fpu'n'd,*

" *But your error you faw, and at length have return'd ;*

" *Our mafter will therefore confider your cafe,*

" *And reftore you again to favour and grace,*

" *Great light fhall arife from utter confufion,*

" *And rebels fhall live to lament their delufion."*

" Ah, rebels ! (faid I) they are rebels indeed—

" Chafifement, I hope, by the king is decreed :

" They have hung up *his fubjects* with bed-cords and halters,

" And banifh'd his *Prophets*, and thrown down his *altars*.

" And I—even I—while I ventur'd to ftay,

" They fought for my life—to take it away !

" I therefore propofe to come under your wing,

" A foe to REBELLION—a flave to the KING."

## VII.

SUCH solemn confession, in scriptural style,  
 Work'd out my salvation, at least for a while ;  
 The parson pronounc'd me deserving of grace,  
 And so *they* restor'd me to *Printing* and *Place*.

## VIII.

BUT days, such as these, were too happy to last ;  
 The sand of felicity settled too fast !  
 When I swore and protested I honour'd the throne  
 The least they could do was to let me alone :  
 Though *George* I compar'd to an angel above,  
 They wanted some solid proofs of my love ;  
 And so they oblig'd me each morning to come  
 And turn in the ranks at the beat of the drum,  
 While often, too often (I tell it with pain)  
 They menac'd my head with a hickory cane,  
 While others, my betters, as much were oppress'd—  
 But shame and confusion shall cover the rest.

You, doubtless, will think I am dealing in fable  
 When I tell you I *guard an officer's stable*—  
 With usage like this my feelings are stung ;  
 The next thing will be, I must heave out the dung !  
*Six hours* in the day is duty too hard,  
 And RIVINGTON sneers whene'er I mount guard,  
 And laughs till his sides are ready to split  
 With his jests, and his satires, and sayings of wit :  
 Because he's excus'd, on account of his post,



He cannot go by without making his boast,  
 As if I was all that is servile and mean—  
 But fortune, perhaps, may alter the scene,  
 And give him his turn to stand in the street,  
*Burnt Brandy* supporting his *radical* heat—  
 But what for the king or the cause has he done  
 That we must be toiling while he can look on?  
 Great conquests he gave them *on paper*—'tis true,  
 When HOWE was *retreating*, he made him *pursue* :  
 Alack ! its too plain that Britons must fall—  
 When, *loaded with laurels*—they go to the wall.

From hence you may guess I do nothing but grieve,  
 And where we are going I cannot conceive—  
 The wisest among us a CHANGE are expecting,  
 It is not for nothing, these ships are collecting ;  
 It is not for nothing, that MATHEWS, the mayor,  
 And legions of Tories, for sailing prepare ;  
 It is not for nothing, that JOHN COGHILL KNAP  
 Is filing his papers, and plugging his tap ;  
 See SKINNER\* himself, the fighting attorney,  
 Is boiling potatoes to serve a long journey ;  
 But where they are going, or meaning to travel  
 Would puzzle John Faustus, himself, to unravel ;—  
 Perhaps to Penobscot, to starve in the barrens,

\* Cortlandt Skinner, the last royal Attorney-General of New Jersey, was authorized, early in the war, to raise a corps of Loyalists. Three battalions were organized and officered, and called the New Jersey volunteers ; but the enlistments were little over a thousand men. He continued in command of the corps, with the rank of Brigadier-General. After the war he returned to England.—SABINE'S *Loyalists*, ii. 306.

Perhaps to St. John's, in the gulph of St. Lawrence ;  
 Perhaps to New Scotland, to perish with cold,  
 Perhaps to Jamaica, like slaves to be sold ;  
 Where, scorch'd by the summer, all nature repines,  
 Where Phœbus, great Phœbus, too glaringly shines,  
 And fierce from the zenith diverging his ray  
 Distresses the isle with a torrent of day.

Since matters are thus, with proper submission  
 Permit me to offer my humble PETITION ;  
 (Though the *form* is uncommon, and lawyers may sneer,  
 With truth I can tell you, the scribe is sincere) :

## IX.

That, since it is plain we are going away,  
 You will suffer *Hugh Gaine* unmolested to stay,  
 His sand is near run (life itself is a span)  
 So leave him to manage the best that he can :  
 Whoe'er are his masters, or monarchs, or regents,  
 For the future he's ready to swear them allegiance ;  
 The CROWN he will promise to hold in disgrace :  
 The BIBLE—allow him to stick in its place,  
 'Till THAT, in due season, you wish to put down,  
 And bid him keep shop at the sign of the CROWN.  
 If the Turk with his turban should set up at last here  
 While he gives him protection, he'll own him his master,  
 And yield due obedience (when Britain is gone)  
 Though rul'd by the sceptre of PRESBYTER JOHN.

My pres, that has call'd you (as tyranny drove her)  
 Rogues, rebels, and rascals, a thousand times over,

Shall be at your service by day and by night,  
 To publish whate'er you think proper to write ;  
 Those *types* which have rais'd George the third to a level  
 With angels—shall prove him as black as the devil,  
 To HIM that contriv'd him, a shame and disgrace,  
 Nor blest with one virtue to honour his race !

Who knows but, in time, I may rise to be great,  
 And have the good fortune to *manage* a STATE ?  
 Great noise among people great changes denotes,  
 And I shall have money to purchase their votes—  
 The time is approaching, I'll venture to say,  
 When folks worse than me will come into play,  
 When your double fac'd people shall give themselves airs,  
 And AIM to take hold of the helm of affairs,  
 While the honest bold SOLDIER, that fought your renown,  
 Like a dog in the dirt, shall be crush'd and held down.

Of honours and profits allow me a share !  
 I frequently dream of a president's chair !  
 And visions full often intrude on my brain,  
 That for me to interpret, would rather be vain.

Blest seasons advance, when Britons shall find  
 That they can be happy, and you can be kind,  
 When *Rebels* no longer at Traitors shall spurn,  
 When ARNOLD himself shall in triumph return !

## X.

But my *paper* informs me it's time to conclude ;  
 I fear my Address has been rather too rude—

If it has—for my boldness your pardon I pray,  
And further, at present, presume not to say,  
Except that (for form's sake) in *haste* I remain  
Your humble Petitioner—honest—HUGH GAINÉ.

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL LAURENS.\*

SINCE on her plains this generous chief expir'd,  
Whom ages honour'd, and whom France admir'd ;  
Does Fame no statues to his memory raise,  
Nor swells one column to record his praise  
Where her palmetto shades the adjacent deeps,  
Affection sighs, and Carolina weeps !  
Thou, who shalt stray where death this chief confines,  
Revere the patriot, subject of these lines :  
Not from the dust the muse transcribes his name,  
And more than marble shall declare his fame  
Where scenes more glorious his great soul engage,  
Confest thrice worthy in that closing page

\* Lieutenant-Colonel John Laurens was the son of the eminent minister, Henry Laurens, of South Carolina. He was educated in England ; had served as aide to Washington, and distinguished himself in the Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island campaigns. He subsequently served with General Moultrie in South Carolina. In 1780, he was employed on a mission to the French Court for a loan and supplies, in which he was successful. On his return, he gained fresh laurels at the siege of Yorktown. Returning to his native South Carolina, he fell gallantly, at the early age of twenty-seven, in an engagement with a detachment of the British garrison from Charleston, at the River Combahee, in August, 1782. Alexander Hamilton was his intimate friend, and Washington greatly admired him.

When conquering Time to dark oblivion calls,  
The marble totters, and the column falls.

LAURENS! thy tomb while kindred hands adorn,  
Let northern muses, too, inscribe your urn.—  
Of all, whose names on death's black list appear,  
No chief, that perish'd, claim'd more grief sincere,  
Not one, Columbia, that thy bosom bore,  
More tears commanded, or deserv'd them more!—  
Grief at his tomb shall heave the unwearied sigh,  
And honour lift the mantle to her eye :  
Fame thro' the world his patriot name shall spread,  
By heroes envied and by monarchs read :  
Just, generous, brave—to each true heart allied :  
The Briton's terror, and his country's pride ;  
For him the tears of war-worn soldiers ran,  
The friend of freedom, and the friend of man.

Then what is death, compar'd with such a tomb,  
Where honour fades not, and fair virtues bloom,  
When silent grief on every face appears,  
The tender tribute of a nation's tears ;  
Ah! what is death, when deeds like his thus claim  
The brave man's homage, and immortal fame !

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRITISH FROM  
CHARLESTON.

(December 14, 1782.)

**H**IS triumphs of a moment done ;  
His race of desolation run,  
The Briton, yielding to his fears,  
To other shores with sorrow steers :

To other shores—and colder climes  
He goes, reflecting on his crimes,  
His broken oaths, a murder'd HAYNE,  
And blood of thousands, spilt in vain.

To *Cooper's* stream, advancing flow,  
*Ashley* no longer tells his woe,  
No longer mourns his limpid flood  
Discolour'd deep with human blood.

Lo ! where those social streams combine  
Again the friends of Freedom join ;  
And, while they stray where once they bled,  
Rejoice to find their tyrants fled.

Since memory paints that dismal day  
 When British squadrons held the sway,  
 And circling close on every side,  
 By sea and land retreat deny'd—

Shall she recall that mournful scene,  
 And not the virtues of a GREENE,  
 Who great in war—in danger try'd,  
 Has won the day, and crush'd their pride.

Through barren wastes and ravag'd lands  
 He led his bold undaunted bands,  
 Through sickly climes his standard bore  
 Where never army march'd before :

By fortitude, with patience join'd,  
 (The virtues of a noble mind)  
 He spread, where'er our wars are known,  
 His country's honour and his own.

Like Hercules, his generous plan  
 Was to redress the wrongs of men ;  
 Like him, accusom'd to subdue,  
 He freed a world from *monsters* too.

Through every want and every ill  
 We saw him persevering still,  
 Through Autumn's damps and Summer's heat,  
 'Till his great purpose was complete.



Like the bold eagle, from the skies  
That stoops, to seize his trembling prize,  
He darted on the slaves of kings  
At Camden heights and Eutaw Springs.

Ah! had our friends that led the fray  
Surviv'd the ruins of that day,  
We should not damp our joy with pain,  
Nor, sympathizing, now complain.

Strange! that of those who nobly dare  
Death always claims so large a share,  
That those of virtue most refin'd  
Are soonest to the grave consign'd!—

But fame is theirs—and future days  
On pillar'd brags shall tell their praise;  
Shall tell—when cold neglect is dead—  
“*These* for their country fought and bled.”

ON THE BRITISH KING'S SPEECH,  
RECOMMENDING PEACE WITH THE AMERICAN STATES.

GROWN sick of war, and war's alarms,  
Good GEORGE has chang'd his note at last—  
Conquest and Death have lost their charms ;  
He and his nation stand aghast  
To see what horrid lengths they've gone,  
And what a brink they stand upon.

Old BUTE and NORTH ! twin fons of hell,  
If you advis'd him to retreat  
Before our vanquish'd thousands fell  
Prostrate, submissive at his feet ;  
Awake once more his latent flame  
And bid us yield you all you CLAIM.

The Macedonian wept and sigh'd  
Because no other world was found  
Where he might glut his rage and pride,  
And by its ruin be renown'd ;  
The *world* that *Sawny* wish'd to view  
George fairly had—and lost it too !

Let jarring powers make war or peace,  
 Monster!—no peace shall greet thy breast:  
 Our murder'd friends shall never cease  
 To hover round and break your rest!  
 The Furies shall your bosom tear,  
 Remorse, distraction, and despair  
 And hell, with all its fiends, be there!

Curs'd be the ship that e'er sets sail  
*Hence*, freighted for thy odious shore;  
 May tempests o'er her strength prevail,  
 Destruction round her roar!  
 May Nature all her *aids* deny,  
 The sun refuse his light,  
 The needle from its object fly,  
 No star appear by night;  
 'Till the base pilot, conscious of his crime,  
 Directs the prow to some more CHRISTIAN clime.

Genius! that first our race design'd,  
 To other kings impart  
 The finer feelings of the mind,  
 The virtues of the heart;  
 Whene'er the honours of a throne  
 Fall to the bloody and the base,  
 Like Britain's monster, pull them down,  
 Like his, be their disgrace!

Hibernia, seize each native right!  
 Neptune, exclude him from the main;

Like *her* that sunk with all her freight,  
The *Royal George*, take all his fleet,  
And never let them rise again :  
Confine him to his gloomy isle,  
Let Scotland rule her half,  
Spare him to curse his fate awhile,  
And WHITEHEAD,\* thou, to write his Epitaph.—  
[1783.]

\* At that time Poet-Laureat to the king of Great Britain—author of the execrable Birth-day Odes.—*Author's note.*

MANHATTAN CITY.

A PICTURE.

**F**AIR mistress of a warlike STATE,  
What crime of thine deserves this fate?  
While other ports to FREEDOM rise,  
In thee that flame of honour dies.

With wars and horrors overspread,  
Seven years, and more, we fought and bled:  
Seiz'd British hosts and Hessian bands,  
And all—to leave thee in their hands.

While British tribes forsake our plains,  
In you, a ghastly herd remains:  
Must vipers to your halls repair;  
Must poison taint that purest air?

Ah! what a scene torments the eye;  
In thee what putrid monsters lie!  
What dirt, and mud, and mouldering walls,  
Burnt domes, dead dogs, and funerals!

Those grassy banks, where oft I stood,  
And fondly view'd the passing flood;

There owls obscene, that day-light shun,  
Pollute the waters, as they run.

Thus in the east—once Asia's queen—  
PALMYRA's tottering towers are seen ;  
While through her streets the serpent feeds,  
Thus she puts on her mourning weeds !

Lo ! SKINNER there for *Scotia* hails  
The sweepings of Cefarean jails :  
While, to receive the odious freight,  
A thousand sable *transports* wait.

Had he been born in days of old  
When men with gods their 'squires enroll'd,  
*Hermes* had claim'd his aid above,  
Arch-quibbler in the courts of Jove.

O chief, that wrangled at the bar—  
Grown old in *lefs successful war* ;  
What crowds of miscreants round you stand,  
What vagrants bow to thy command !

Long, much too long in YORK reside  
A race, that mortifies our pride—  
A race, that all mankind defames,  
And NOVA-SCOTIA only claims.

[1783.]

A NEW-YORK TORY'S EPISTLE TO ONE OF HIS  
FRIENDS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPARTURE FOR NOVA SCOTIA.

**D**ARK glooms the day that sees me leave this shore,  
To which fate whispers I must come no more :  
From civil broils what dire disasters flow—  
Those broils condemn me to a land of woe  
Where barren pine trees shade the dreary steep,  
Frown o'er the soil or murmur to the deep,  
Where fullen fogs their heavy wings expand,  
And nine months winter chills the dismal land !  
Could no kind stars have mark'd a different way,  
Stars, that presided on my natal day ?—  
Why is not man endued with power to know  
The ends and meanings of events below !  
Why did not heaven (all other sense deny'd)  
Teach me to take the true-born BUCKSKIN side,  
Show me the balance of the wavering fates  
And fortune smiling on these new-born STATES !  
Friend of my heart !—my refuge and relief,  
Who help'd me on through seven long years of grief,  
Whose better genius taught you to remain

In the soft quiet of your rural reign,  
 Who still despis'd the *Rebels* and their cause,  
 And, while you paid the taxes, damn'd their laws,  
 And wisely stood spectator of the fray  
 Nor trusted GEORGE, whate'er he chose to say ;  
 Thrice happy thou, who wore a double face,  
 And as the balance turn'd, could *each* embrace ;  
 Too happy JANUS ! had I shar'd thy art,  
 To speak a language foreign to my heart,  
 And stoop'd from pomp and dreams of regal state  
 To court the friendship of the *men* I hate,  
 These strains of woe had not been penn'd to-day,  
 Nor I to foreign climes been forc'd away :

Ah ! GEORGE—that name provokes my keenest rage :  
 Did he not swear, and promise, and engage  
 His loyal sons to nurture and defend,  
 To be their god, their father, and their friend—  
 Yet basely quits us on a hostile coast  
 And leaves us wretched, where we need him most.  
 His was the part to promise and deceive,  
 By him we wander and by him we grieve ;  
 Since the first day, that these dissentions grew  
 When Gage to Boston brought his blackguard crew,  
 Amus'd with conquests, honours, riches, fame,  
 Posts, titles, earldoms—and a deathless name,  
 From place to place we urge our vagrant flight  
 To follow still these vapours of the night,  
 From town to town have run our various race,  
 And acted all that's mean, and all that's base—



Yes—from that day until this hour we roam,  
Vagrants forever from our native home!

And yet, perhaps, fate sees the golden hour  
When happier hands shall crush rebellious power,  
When hostile tribes their plighted faith shall own  
And swear subjection to the British throne,  
When *George the fourth* shall their petitions spurn,  
And banish'd thousands to their fields return.

From dreams of conquest, worlds, and empires won,  
Britain awaking, mourns her setting sun,  
No rays of joy her evening hour illumine,  
'Tis one sad chaos, one unmingled gloom!  
Too soon she sinks unheeded to the grave,  
No eye to pity, and no hand to save:  
What are her crimes that she alone must bend?  
Where are her hosts to conquer and defend—  
Must she alone with these new regions part,  
These realms that lay the nearest to her heart,  
But soar'd at once to independent power,  
Not sunk, like Scotland, in the trying hour?—  
See, slothful Spaniards golden empires keep,  
And rule vast realms beyond the Atlantic deep;  
Must *we* alone surrender half *our* reign,  
And they their empires and their worlds retain?—  
Britannia rise—send JOHNSTONE to PERU,  
Seize thy bold thunders and the war renew,  
*Conquest* or *ruin*—one must be thy doom,  
Strike—and secure a triumph or a tomb!

But we, sad outcasts from our native reign,

Driven from these shores, a poor deluded train,  
 In distant wilds, conducted by despair,  
 Seek, vainly seek, a hiding place from care!  
 Even now yon' tribes, the foremost of the band,  
 Crowd to the ships and cover all the strand;  
 Forc'd from their friends, their country, and their god,  
 I see the unhappy miscreants leave the sod!  
 Matrons and men walk sorrowing side by side,  
 And virgin grief, and poverty, and pride;  
 All, all with aching hearts prepare to fail,  
 And late repentance, that has no avail!  
 While yet I stand on this forbidden ground  
 I hear the death-bell of destruction sound,  
 And threatening hosts, with vengeance on their brow  
 Cry "where are Britain's base adherents now?"  
 These, hot for vengeance, by resentment led,  
 Blame on our hearts the failings of the head;  
 To us no peace, no favours they extend,  
 Their rage no bounds, their hatred knows no end;  
 In one firm league I see them all combin'd,  
 We, like the damn'd, can no forgiveness find—  
 As soon might Satan from perdition rise,  
 And the lost angels gain their vanish'd skies,  
 As malice cease in their dark souls to burn,  
 Or we, once fled, be suffer'd to return.

Curs'd be the UNION that was form'd with France,  
 I see their *lillies*, and the *stars*, advance!  
 Did they not turn our triumphs to retreats,  
 And prove our CONQUESTS nothing but DEFEATS?—

My heart misgives me, as their chiefs draw near,  
 I feel the influence of all-potent fear :  
 Henceforth must I, abandon'd and distress'd,  
 Knock at the door of pride, a beggar guest,  
 And learn from years of misery and pain  
 Not to oppose fair Freedom's cause again !—

One truth is clear from Nature, constant still,  
 Kings hold not worlds, or empires, at their will :—  
 Nor *rebels* they, who native *freedom* claim,  
*Conquest alone can ratify the name—*  
 But great the task, resistance to controul  
 When genuine VIRTUE fires the stubborn soul ;  
 The warlike beast, in Lybian deserts plac'd  
 To reign the master of the sun-burnt waste,  
 Not tamely yields to wear a servile chain :  
 Force may attempt it, and attempt in vain——  
*Nervous and bold, by native valour led :*  
*His prowess strikes the proud invader dead,*  
*By force nor fraud from Freedom's charms beguil'd,*  
*He reigns secure the monarch of the wild.*

TANTALUS.

[May, 1783.]

RIVINGTON'S CONFESSIONS.

ADDRESSED TO THE WHIGS OF NEW-YORK.

I.

**L**ONG life and low spirits were never my choice,  
As long as I live I intend to rejoice ;  
When life is worn out, and no wine's to be had,  
'Tis time enough then to be serious and sad.

'Tis time enough then to reflect and repent  
When our liquor is gone, and our money is spent,  
But I cannot endure what is practis'd by some  
This anticipating of mischiefs to come ;

A debt must be paid, I am sorry to say,  
Alike, in their turns, by the grave and the gay.  
And due to a despot that none can deceive  
Who grants us no respite and signs no reprieve.

Thrice happy is he that from care can retreat,  
And its plagues and vexations put under his feet ;  
Blow the storm as it may, he is always in trim,  
And the sun's in the zenith forever to him.

Since the world then, in earnest, is nothing but care,  
 (And the world will allow I have also my share)  
 Yet, tofs'd as I am in the stormy expanse,  
 The best way, I find, is to leave it to chance.

Look round, if you please, and survey the wide ball  
 And CHANCE, you will find, has direction of all :  
 'Twas owing to *chance* that I first saw the light,  
 And chance may destroy me before it is night !

'Twas a chance, a mere chance, that your arms gain'd the day,  
 'Twas a chance that the Britons so soon went away,  
 To chance by their leaders the nation is cast  
 And chance to perdition will send them at last.

Now because I remain when the puppies are gone  
 You would willingly see me hang'd, quarter'd, and drawn,  
 Though I think I have logic sufficient to prove  
 That the *chance* of my stay—is a proof of my love.

For deeds of destruction some hundreds are ripe,  
 But the worst of my foes are your lads of the type :  
 Because they have nothing to put on their shelves  
 They are striving to make me as poor as themselves.

There's LOUDON, and KOLLOCK, those strong bulls of Basnan,  
 Are striving to *hook* me away from my station,  
 And HOLT, all at once, is as wonderful great  
 As if none but himself was to print for the STATE.

Ye all are convinc'd I'd a right to expect  
 That a finner returning you would not reject—  
 Quite sick of the scarlet and slaves of the throne,  
 'Tis now at your option to make me your own.

Suppose I had gone with the Tories and rabble,  
 To starve or be drown'd on the shoals of cape *Sable*,  
 I had suffer'd, 'tis true—but I'll have you to know,  
 You nothing had gain'd by my trouble and woe.

You say that with grief and dejection of heart  
 I pack'd up my awls, with a view to depart,  
 That my shelves were dismantled, my cellars unstor'd,  
 My boxes afloat, and my hampers on board :

And hence you infer (I am sure without reason)  
 That a right you possess to entangle my weazon—  
 Yet your barns I ne'er burnt, nor your blood have I spilt,  
 And my *terror* alone was no proof of my guilt.

The charge may be true—for I found it in vain  
 To lean on a staff that was broken in twain,  
 And ere I had gone at Port Roseway to fix,  
 I had chose to sell drams on the south side of Styx

I confess, that, with shame and contrition oppress'd,  
 I sign'd an agreement to go with the rest,  
 But ere they weigh'd anchor to sail their last trip,  
 I saw they were vermin, and gave them the flip :

Now, why you should call me the worst man alive,  
On the word of a convert, I cannot contrive,  
Though turn'd a plain honest republican, still  
You own me no profelyte, do what I will.

My paper is alter'd—good people, don't fret ;  
I call it no longer the ROYAL GAZETTE ;  
To me a great monarch has lost all his charms,  
I have pull'd down his LION, and trampled his ARMS.

While fate was propitious, I thought they might stand,  
(You know I was zealous for George's command)  
But since he disgrac'd it, and left us behind,  
If I thought him an angel—I've alter'd my mind.

On the very same day that his army went hence  
I ceas'd to tell lies for the sake of his pence ;  
And what was the reason?—the true one is best—  
I worship no suns when they hang to the west :

In this I resemble a Turk or a Moor,  
Bright Phœbus ascending, I prostrate adore ;  
And, therefore, excuse me for printing some lays,  
An ode or a sonnet in Washington's praise.

His prudence, and caution has sav'd your dominions,  
This chief of all chiefs, and the pride of Virginians !  
And when he is gone—I pronounce it with pain—  
We scarcely shall meet with his equal again.

The gods for that hero did trouble prepare,  
 But gave him a mind that could feed upon care,  
 They gave him a spirit, serene but severe,  
 Above all disorder, confusion, and fear ;  
 In him it was fortune where others would fail :  
 He was born for the tempest, and weather'd the gale.\*

Old Plato asserted that life is a dream  
 And man but a shadow, a cloud, or a stream ;  
 By which it is plain he intended to say  
 That man, like a shadow, must vanish away :

If this be the fact, in relation to man,  
 And if each one is striving to get what he can,  
 I hope, while I live, you will all think it best,  
 To allow me to baffle along with the rest.

A view of my life, though some parts might be solemn,  
 Would make, on the whole, a ridiculous volume ;  
 In the life that's hereafter (to speak with submission)  
 I hope I shall publish a better edition :

Even swine you permit to subsist in the street ;—  
 You pity a dog that lies down to be beat—  
 Then forget what is past, for the year's at a close—  
 And men of my age have some need of repose.

\* This stanza is added in the edition of 1809.



## II.

BUT as to the Tories that yet may remain,  
 They scarcely need give you a moment of pain :  
 What dare they attempt when their masters are fled ;—  
 When the soul is departed, who wars with the dead ?

On the waves of the Styx had they rode quarantine,  
 They could not have look'd more infernally lean  
 Than the day, when repenting, dismay'd and distrest,  
 Like the doves to their windows, they stuck to their nest.

Poor souls ! for the love of the king and his nation  
 They have had their full quota of mortification ;  
 Wherever they fought, or whatever they won  
 The dream's at an end—the delusion is done.

The TEMPLE you rais'd was so wonderful large  
 Not one of them thought you could answer the charge,  
 It seem'd a mere castle constructed of vapour,  
 Surrounded with gibbets, and founded on PAPER.

On the basis of freedom you built it too strong !  
 And CARLETON confess'd, when you held it so long,  
 That if any thing human the fabric could shatter,  
 The ROYAL GAZETTE must accomplish the matter.

An engine like that, in such hands as my own  
 Had shaken king CUDJOE\* himself from his throne,

\* The negro king in Jamaica ; whom the English declared Independent in

In another rebellion had ruin'd the Scot,  
While the Pope and Pretender had both gone to pot.

If you stood my attacks, I have nothing to say—  
I fought, like the Swifs, for the sake of my pay ;  
But while I was proving your fabric unfound  
Our vessel *mifs'd stay*, and we all went aground.

Thus ended in ruin what madnes begun,  
And thus was our nation disgrac'd and undone,  
Renown'd as we were, and the lords of the deep,  
If our outfet was folly, our exit was sleep.

A dominion like THIS, that some millions had cost !—  
The king might have wept when he saw it was lost ;—  
This jewel—whose value I cannot describe ;  
This pearl—that *was richer than all his Dutch tribe*.

When the war came upon us, you very well knew  
My income was small and my riches were few—  
If your money was scarce, and your prospects were bad,  
Why hinder me printing for people that had ?

'T'wou'd have pleas'd you, no doubt, had I gone with a few  
fetts

Of books, to exist in your cold Maffachusetts ;  
Or to wander at *Newark*, like ill fated HUGH,  
Not a shirt to my back, or a foal to my shoe :

Now, if we mistook (as we did, it is plain)  
Our error was owing to wicked HUGH GAINE,

For he gave such accounts of your starving and strife  
As prov'd that his pictures were drawn from the life.

The part that I acted, by some men of sense  
Was wrongfully held to be malice propense,  
When to all the world else it was perfectly plain,  
One principle rul'd me—a passion for gain.

You pretend I have suffer'd no loss in the cause,  
And have, therefore, no right to partake of your laws:—  
Some people love talking—I find to my cost,  
I too am a loser—my PENSION is lost!

Nay, did not your printers repeatedly stoop  
To descant and reflect on my PORTABLE SOUP?  
At me have your porcupines darted the quill,  
You have plunder'd my Office and publish'd my *Will*.

Resolv'd upon mischief, you held it no crime  
To steal my *Reflections*, and print them in rhyme,  
When all the town knew (and a number confes'd)  
That papers, like these, were no cause of arrest.

You never consider'd my struggles and strife;  
That my lot is to toil and to worry through life;  
My windows you broke—not a pane did you spare—  
And my house you have made a mere old *man of war*.

And still you insist I've no right to complain!—  
Indeed if I do, I'm afraid it's in vain—

Yet am willing to hope you're too learnedly read  
To hang up a printer for being misled.

If this be your aim, I must think of a flight—  
In less than a month I must bid you good night,  
And hurry away to that *whelp*-ridden shore  
Where CLINTON and CARLETON retreated before.

From signs in the sky, and from tokens on land  
I'm inclin'd to suspect my departure's at hand :  
Old Argo\* the ship,—in a peep at her star,  
I found they were scraping her bottom for TAR :

For many nights past, as the house can attest,  
A boy with a feather-bed troubled my rest :  
My shop, the last evening, seem'd all in a blaze,  
And a HEN crow'd at midnight, my waiting man says ;

Even then, as I lay with strange whims in my head,  
A ghost hove in sight, not a yard from my bed,  
It seem'd General ROBERTSON, *brawly* array'd,  
But I grasp'd at the substance, and found him a shade !

He appear'd as of old, when head of the throng,  
And loaded with laurels, he waddled along—  
He seem'd at the foot of my bedstead to stand.  
And cry'd—“ Jamie Rivington, reach me your hand ,

\* A southern Constellation consisting of 24 stars.

" And Jamie, (said he) I am sorry to find  
 " Some demon advis'd you to loiter behind ;  
 " The country is hostile—you had better get off it,  
 " Here's nothing but squabbles, all plague, and no profit !  
 " Since the day that Sir William came here with his throng  
 " He manag'd things so, that they always went wrong ;  
 " And tho' for his knighthood, he kept MESCHIANZA,  
 " I think he was nothing but mere Sancho Panza :  
 " That famous conductor of *moon-light* retreats,  
 " Sir HARRY, came next with his armies and fleets,  
 " But, finding '*the Rebels were dying and dead,*'  
 " He grounded his arms and retreated—to bed.  
 " Other luck we had once at the battle of *Boyne* !  
 " But *here* they have ruin'd Earl *Charles* and *Burgoyne*,  
 " Here brave Colonel *Monckton* was thrown on his back,  
 " And here lies poor *Andre* ! the best of the pack."

So saying, he flitted away in a trice,  
 Just adding, " he hop'd I would take his advice"—  
 Which I surely shall do, if you push me too hard—  
 And so I remain, with eternal regard,

JAMES RIVINGTON, Printer, of late to the king,  
 But now a republican, under your wing—  
 Let him stand where he is—don't push him down hill,  
 And he'll turn a true *Blue-Skin*, or just what you will.—

[December 31, 1783.]

OCCASIONED BY GENERAL WASHINGTON'S  
ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA, ON HIS WAY TO HIS RESI-  
DENCE IN VIRGINIA.

(December, 1783.)

THE great, unequal conflict past,  
The Briton banish'd from our shore,  
Peace, heaven-descended, comes at last,  
And hostile nations rage no more ;  
From fields of death the weary swain  
Returning, seeks his native plain.

In every vale she smiles serene,  
Freedom's bright stars more radiant rise,  
New charms she adds to every scene,  
Her brighter sun illumines our skies :  
Remotest realms admiring stand,  
And hail the *Hero* of our land :

He comes !—the Genius of these lands—  
Fame's thousand tongues his worth confess,  
Who conquer'd with his suffering bands,  
And grew immortal by distress :

Thus calms succeed the stormy blast,  
And valour is repaid at last.

O WASHINGTON!—thrice glorious name,  
What due rewards can man decree—  
Empires are far below thy aim,  
And sceptres have no charms for thee ;  
*Virtue* alone has your regard,  
And she must be your great reward.

Encircled by extorted power,  
*Monarchs* must envy your *Retreat*  
*Who* cast, in some ill fated hour,  
Their country's freedom at their feet ;  
'Twas yours to act a nobler part,  
For injur'd Freedom had your heart.

For ravag'd realms and conquer'd seas  
Rome gave the great imperial prize,  
And, swell'd with pride, for feats like these,  
Transferr'd her heroes to the skies :—  
A brighter scene your deeds display,  
You gain those heights a different way.

When *Faction* rear'd her bristly head,  
And join'd with tyrants to destroy,  
Where'er you march'd the monster fled,  
Timorous her arrows to employ :  
Hosts catch'd from you a bolder flame,  
And despots trembled at your name.

Ere war's dread horrors ceas'd to reign,  
 What leader could your place supply?—  
 Chiefs crowded to the embattled plain,  
 Prepar'd to conquer or to die—  
     Heroes arose—but none, like you,  
     Could save our lives and freedom too.

In swelling verse let kings be read,  
 And princes shine in polish'd prose;  
 Without such aid your triumphs spread  
     Where'er the convex ocean flows,  
     To Indian worlds by seas embrac'd,  
     And Tartar, tyrant of the waste.

Throughout the east you gain applause,  
 And soon the *Old World*, taught by you,  
 Shall blush to own her barbarous laws,  
 Shall learn instruction from the *New*:  
     Monarchs shall hear the humble plea,  
     Nor urge too far the proud decree.

Despising pomp and vain parade,  
 At home you stay, while France and Spain  
 The secret, ardent wish convey'd,  
 And hail'd you to their shores in vain:  
     In *Vernon's* groves you shun the throne,  
     Admir'd by kings, but seen by none.

Your fame, thus spread to distant lands,  
 May envy's fiercest blasts endure,



Like Egypt's pyramids it stands,  
 Built on a basis more secure ;  
 Time's latest age shall own in you  
 The patriot and the statesman too.

Now hurrying from the busy scene,  
 Where thy *Potowmack's* waters flow,  
 May'st thou enjoy thy rural reign,  
 And every earthly blessing know ;  
 Thus HE,\* who Rome's proud legions sway'd,  
 Return'd, and fought his sylvan shade.

Not less in wisdom than in war  
*Freedom* shall still employ your mind,  
*Slavery* must vanish, wide and far,  
 'Till not a trace is left behind ;  
 Your counsels not bestow'd in vain,  
 Shall still protect this infant reign.

So, when the bright, all-cheering sun  
 From our contracted view retires,  
 Though folly deems his race is run,  
 On other worlds he lights his fires :  
 Cold climes beneath his influence glow,  
 And frozen rivers learn to flow.

O say, thou great, exalted name !  
 What Muse can boast of equal lays,

\* Cincinnatus.

Thy worth difdains all vulgar fame,  
Tranfends the nobleft poet's praife :  
Art foars, unequal to the flight,  
And genius fickers at the height.

For States redeem'd—our western reign  
Reftor'd by thee to milder fway,  
Thy confcious glory fhall remain  
When this great globe is swept away,  
And *all* is loft that pride admires,  
And all the pageant fcene expires.

## THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

Occasioned by rejoicings in Philadelphia on the acknowledgment of the National Independence.

**T**OWARD the skies  
What columns rise  
In Roman style, profusely great!  
What lamps ascend,  
What arches bend,  
And swell with more than Roman state!  
High o'er the central arch display'd,  
Old Janus shuts his temple door,  
And shackles war in darkest shade—  
Saturnian times in view once more.

Pride of the human race, behold  
In Gallia's prince the virtues glow,  
Whose conduct prov'd, whose goodness told  
That kings can feel for human woe.  
Thrice happy France, in Louis blest,  
Thy genius droops her head no more;  
In the calm virtues of the mind  
Equal to him no Titus shin'd—  
No Trajan—whom mankind adore.

Another scene too soon displays !  
 Griefs have their share, and claim their part,  
 They monuments to ruin raife,  
 And fhed keen anguish o'er the heart :  
 Thofe heroes that in battle fell  
 Demand a fymphathetic tear,  
 Who fought, our tyrants to repell—  
 Memory preferves their laurels here.  
 In vernal skies  
 Thus tempefts rife,  
 And clouds obfcure the brighteft fun—  
 Few wreathes are gain'd  
 With blood unfain'd—  
 No honours without ruin won.

The arms of France three lillies mark—  
 In honour's dome with thefe enroll'd  
 The plough, the fheaf, the gliding barque  
 The riches of our State unfold.

Ally'd in heaven, a fun and ftars  
 Friendship and peace with France declare—  
 The *branch* fucceeds the fpear of Mars,  
 Commerce repairs the waftes of war ;  
 In ties of *concord* ancient foes engage,  
 Proving the day-fpring of a brighter age.  
 Thefe STATES defended by the brave,  
 Their military trophies, fee !  
 The virtue that of old did fave  
 Shall ftill maintain them, *great* and *free* ;

Arts shall pervade the western wild,  
And savage hearts become more mild.

Of science proud, the source of sway,  
Lo! emblematic figures shine;  
The arts their kindred forms display,  
Manners to soften and refine:  
A stately Tree to heav'n its summit sends,  
And cluster'd fruit from thirteen boughs depends.

With laurel crown'd  
A chief renown'd  
(His country fav'd) his falchion sheathes;  
Neglects his spoils  
For rural toils,  
And crowns his plough with laurel wreaths:—  
While we this Roman chief survey,  
What apt resemblance strikes the eye!  
Those features to the soul convey  
A WASHINGTON, in fame as high,  
Whose prudent, persevering mind  
Patience with manly courage join'd,  
And when disgrace and death were near,  
Look'd through the dark distressing shade,  
Struck hostile Britons with unwonted fear,  
And blasted their best hopes, and pride in ruin laid!

Victorious Virtue! aid me to pursue  
The tributary verse, to triumphs due—

Behold the peasant leave his lowly shed,  
 Where tufted forests round him grow ;—  
 Though clouds the dark sky overspread,  
 War's dreadful art his arm essays,  
 He meets the hostile cannon's blaze,  
 And pours redoubled vengeance on the foe.

Born to protect and guard our native land,  
 Victorious Virtue ! still preserve us free ;  
 PLENTY—gay child of peace, thy horn expand,  
 And, CONCORD, teach us to agree !  
 May every virtue that adorns the soul  
 Be here advanc'd to heights unknown before ;  
 Pacific ages in succession roll  
 'Till Nature blots the scene,  
 Chaos resumes her reign  
 And heaven with pleasure views its works no more.  
 [*Philadelphia, May 10. 1784.*]

ON THE DEATH OF A REPUBLICAN PATRIOT AND  
STATESMAN.\*

SOON to the grave descends each honour'd name  
That rais'd their country to this blaze of fame :  
Sages, that plann'd, and chiefs that led the way  
To Freedom's temple, all too soon decay,  
Alike submit to one impartial doom,  
Their glories closing in perpetual gloom,  
Like the bright splendours of the evening, fade,  
While night advances, to complete the shade.

REED, 'tis for thee we shed the unpurchas'd tear,  
Bend o'er thy tomb, and plant our laurels there :  
Your acts, your life, the noblest pile transcend,  
And Virtue, patriot Virtue, mourns her friend,  
Gone to those realms, where worth may claim regard,  
And gone where virtue meets her best reward.

\* General Joseph Reed died in Philadelphia, March 5, 1785. Educated at the College of New Jersey, he was bred to the law, passed much of his youth and early manhood in England, returned home previous to the breaking out of the war for independence, and took part in the preliminary civil proceedings as a delegate to the old Continental Congress, and in other capacities. He was aide and secretary to Washington, and subsequently adjutant-general. Resigning this office, he continued to serve in the army as a volunteer. He was a member of Congress in 1778.

No single art engag'd his vigorous mind,  
In every scene his active genius shin'd :  
Nature in him, in honour to our age,  
At once compos'd the soldier and the sage—  
Firm to his purpose, vigilant and bold,  
Detesting traitors, and despising gold,  
He scorn'd all bribes from Britain's hostile throne,  
For all his country's wrongs he held his own.

REED, rest in peace : for time's impartial page  
Shall raise the blush on this ungrateful age :  
Long in these climes thy name shall flourish fair,  
The statesman's pattern and the poet's care ;  
Long in these climes thy memory shall remain,  
And still new tributes from new ages gain,  
Fair to the eye that injur'd honour rise—  
Nor traitors triumph while the patriot dies.



A RENEGADO EPISTLE TO THE INDEPENDENT  
AMERICANS.

WE Tories, who lately were frighten'd away,  
When you march'd into York all in battle array,  
Dear whigs, in our exile have somewhat to say.

From the clime of New Scotland we wish you to know  
We still are in being—mere spectres of woe,  
Our dignity high, but our spirits are low.

Great people we are, and are call'd the king's friends—  
But on friendships like these what advantage attends?  
We may stay and be starv'd when we've answer'd his ends!

The Indians themselves, whom no treaties can bind,  
We have reason to think are perversely inclin'd—  
And where we have friends is not easy to find.

From the day we arriv'd on this desolate shore  
We still have been wishing to see you once more,  
And your freedom enjoy, now the danger is o'er.

Although we be-rebel'd you up hill and down,  
It was all for your good—and to honour a crown  
Whose splendors have spoil'd better eyes than our own.

That villains we are, is no more than our due,  
 And so may remain for a century through,  
 Unless we return, and be tutor'd by you.

Although with the dregs of the world we are class'd,  
 We hope your repentment will soften at last,  
 Now your toils are repaid, and our triumphs are past.

When a matter is done, 'tis a folly to fret—  
 But your market-day mornings we cannot forget,  
 With your coaches to lend, and your horses to let,

Your dinners of beef, and your breakfasts of *toast* !  
 But we have no longer such blessings to boast,  
 No cattle to steal, and no turkies to roast.

Such enjoyments as these, we must tell you with pain,  
 'Tis odds we shall only be wishing in vain  
 Unless we return and be brothers again.

We burnt up your mills and your meetings, 'tis true,  
 And many bold fellows we crippled and slew—  
 (Aye! we were the boys that had something to do!)

Old HUDDY we hung on the Neverfink shore—  
 But, Sirs, had we hung up a thousand men more,  
 They had all been aveng'd in the torments we bore,

When ASGILL to Jerfey you foolishly fetch'd,  
 And each of us fear'd that his neck would be stretch'd,  
 When you were be-rebel'd, and we were be-wretch'd.

In the book of destruction it seems to be written  
The Tories must still be dependent on Britain—  
The worst of dependence that ever was hit on.

Now their work is concluded—that pitiful job—  
They send over convicts to strengthen our mob—  
And so we do nothing but snivel and fob

The worst of all countries has fall'n to our share,  
Where winter and famine provoke our despair,  
And fogs are forever obscuring the air.

Although there be nothing but sea dogs to feed on,  
Our friend Jemmy Rivington made it an Eden—  
But, alas! he had nothing but lies to proceed on.

Deceiv'd we were all by his damnable schemes—  
When he colour'd it over with gardens and streams,  
And grottoes and groves, and the rest of his dreams.

Our heads were so turn'd by that conjurer's spell,  
We swallow'd the lies he was order'd to tell—  
But his "happy retreats" were the visions of hell.

We feel so enrag'd we could rip up his weazon,  
When we think of the soil he describ'd with its trees on,  
And the plenty that reign'd, and the charms of each season.

Like a parson that tells of the joys of the blest  
To a man to be hang'd—he himself thought it best  
To remain where he was, in his haven of rest.

Since he help'd us away by the means of his types,  
 His precepts should only have lighted our pipes,  
 His example was rather to honour your stripes.

Now, if we return, as we're bone of your bone,  
 We'll renounce all allegiance to George and his throne  
 And be the best subjects that ever were known.

In a ship, you have seen (where the duty is hard)  
 The cook and the scullion may claim some regard,  
 Tho' it takes a good fellow to brace the main yard.

Howe'er you despise us, because you are free,  
 The world's at a loss for such people as we,  
 Who can pillage on land, and can plunder at sea.

So long for our rations they keep us in waiting—  
 The lords and the commons, perhaps, are debating  
 If Tories can live without drinking or eating.

So we think it is better to see you by far—  
 And have hinted our meaning to governor PARR—\*  
 The worst that can happen is—*feathers and tar*.

[*Nova Scotia, Feb. 1784.*]

\* Then Governor of Nova Scotia.

ON THE LEGISLATURE OF GREAT BRITAIN PRO-  
HIBITING THE SALE OF.

DOCT. DAVID RAMSAY'S "HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION  
OF SOUTH-CAROLINA," IN LONDON.—\*

SOME bold bully *Dawson*, expert in abusing,  
Having pass'd all his life in the practice of bruising,  
At last, when he thinks to reform and repent,  
And wishes his days had been soberly spent,  
Though a course of contrition in earnest begins,  
He scarcely can bear to be told of his sins.

So, the British, worn out with their wars in the west,  
(Where burning and murder their prowess confess,)  
When at last they agreed 'twas in vain to contend,  
(For the days of their thieving were come to an end)  
They got *their historians* to scribble and flatter,  
And foolishly thought they could hush up the matter.

But RAMSAY arose, and with TRUTH on his side,  
Has told to the world what they labour'd to hide,  
With his pen of dissection, and pointed with steel,  
If they ne'er before felt—he has taught them to feel,

\* David Ramsay's "History of the Revolution in South Carolina," was published at Trenton, New Jersey, in 1785.

Themselves and their projects has truly defin'd,  
And drag'd them to blush at the bar of mankind.

As the author, his friends, and the world might expect,  
They find that the work has a damning effect;  
In reply to his facts they abuse him and rail,  
And, prompted by malice, prohibit the sale.

But, we trust, their chastisement is only begun—  
*Thirteen* are the states—and he writes but of *one*;  
Ere the twelve that are silent their story have told,  
THE KING WILL RUN MAD—AND THE BOOK WILL BE SOLD.

THE  
 P Y R A M I D  
 OF THE  
 FIFTEEN AMERICAN STATES.



BARBARA Pyramidum fileat miracula Memphis;\*  
 Heu, male servili marmora structa manu!  
 Libera jam, ruptis, Atlantias ora, catenis,  
 Jactat opus Phario marmore nobilius:  
 Namque Columbiadæ, facti monumenta parantes,  
 Vulgarem spernunt sumere materiam;  
 Magnanimi cælum scandunt, perituraque faxa  
 Quod vincat, celsa de Jovis arce petunt.  
 Audax inde cohors stellis *E Pluribus Unum*  
 Ardua Pyramidos tollit ad astra caput.  
 Ergo, Tempus edax, quamvis durissima sævo  
 Saxa domas morfu, nil ibi juris habes:  
 Dumque polo solitis cognata nitoribus ardent  
 Sidera fulgebit Pyramis illa suis!

[TRANSLATION.]

NO more let barbarous MEMPHIS boast  
 Huge structures rear'd by servile hands—  
 A nation on the Atlantic coast  
 Fetter'd no more in foreign bands,

\* The Latin verses were written by Mr. JOHN CAREY, formerly of Philadelphia

A nobler PYRAMID displays  
Than Egypt's marble e'er could raise.

COLUMBIA's sons, to extend the fame  
Of their bold deeds to future years  
No marble from the quarry claim,  
But, soaring to the starry spheres,  
Materials seek in Jove's blue sky  
To endure when brass and marble die!

Arriv'd among the shining host,  
Fearless, the proud invaders spoil  
From countless gems, in æther lost,  
THESE STARS, to crown their mighty toil:  
To heaven a PYRAMID they rear  
And point the summit with a star.

Old wasteful TIME! though still you gain  
Dominion o'er the brazen tower,  
On THIS your teeth shall gnaw in vain,  
Finding its strength beyond their power:  
While kindred stars in æther glow,  
THIS PYRAMID WILL SHINE BELOW!



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