

meet the same Fate which attends those Borrowers, who, if they can procure the Money they Want, never consider the Interest they must pay: The ancient Patrimony and Estate is soon consumed by such idle Prodigals, and their short-lived Abundance flings them headlong into a tedious Poverty. I fear, you will, some Time or other, pay the like desultive Reckoning for those soft and easy Moments you now enjoy, thro' the fatal Remissness of your present Disposition.

This Prince has a Character of Haughtiness, which I am apt to believe he deserves. How can People, who have known the Happiness of Independence, lose it, without Regret, under the Discipline of so severe a Master? His prosperous Successes persuade him he need keep no Measures with Mankind, and a happy Temerity encourages that enterprising Humour, which is not always attended with Prudence. Those, who best know how to acquire, do not always take the Measures most proper to secure their Acquisitions.

This, *Athenians*, lay down for a Maxim: When ever this Prince meets with a great Disappointment, That Juncture is your lucky Hour, which you should improve to the utmost. Send then your Ambassadors wherever your Interest requires them; serve in Person with your Troops; encourage the People by your Example; and set up the Standard of Liberty.

Take it for granted, in the like Circumstances, *Philip* would never spare you; if he had the lucky Opportunity of a War upon your Frontiers, with what Fury would he fall upon the *Athenians*! and will you not, when you have it in your Power, venture to do that against him, which he would never Want the Heart to attempt against you, were there a fair Occasion: Remember, *Athenians*, you have now in your Choice, which of the two shall be upon the Defensive, whether you will, To-day, carry the War into *Macedonia*; or expect it, To-morrow, in *Attica*. You have it in your Power to ravage the Enemies Country, and secure the peaceable Possession of your own. If *Philip* be once Master of *Olynthus*, his next Visit is to you; and who shall hinder him? Shall the *Thebans* stop his Progress? Who knows, but, in their Resentments against you, they may even prevent his Solicitations? Shall the *Phœaciens*, they, who dare not think of defending themselves without your Support? And whence have you any other Hope of an Opposition to him? Perhaps at that Time, *Philip* may not think of the *Athenians*: But from whence this Thought! Is it because the *Athenians* do not now think of themselves? What idle Expectations, when the fair Occasion, and the inviting Facility, wou'd encourage the most moderate and unattempting Person! Will those great Desires be laid aside, which he is ever meditating, and which, with an indiscreet Confidence, he cannot forbear to publish in all Places? Surely, you are not now to learn the Difference between attacking *Philip*, and expecting his Invasion. Deceive not yourselves; were your own Troops, without any Prejudice from the Enemy, to encamp some Time in *Attica*, and to be maintained from thence, the Damages, the Country would sustain by them alone, you would willingly repair at the Price of the late War: But whenever the dismal Scene is to be played at your own Gates, and your Country proves the bloody Theatre of War, what Devastations, what Affronts must you expect, attended with the highest Infamy! Such Infamy as great Men would Account the heaviest Aggravation of their Ruin.

Are not these Motives strong enough to incite you without Delay, to send Succours to the *Olynthians*, and keep the War at a Distance? Should not the Rich concur in these Measures, which, for a small Contribution, may preserve to them a quiet Possession of their Wealth? Should not the Young applaud them, and desire to learn that Art of War, at *Philip's* Cost, in an Enemy's Country, by which they may be able to defend their own? Should not those, who give Advice, encourage such Measures as may render them safe in the Success of their Counsels? Fools indeed, if they do not expect, in all Events, the same Usage from you, which you receive from Fortune. May we all, by doing in our several Stations what we ought, conspire with her to the Public Good!

To the Printer of the MARYLAND GAZETTE.
S I R,

NO one, in the least susceptible of generous Principles, who has heard of his Majesty's most gracious Disposition to assist his American Colonies threatened with a dangerous French Invasion, but must entertain the most grateful Sentiments of his paternal Care; and the Regard he has for his most distant Subjects.

His Goodness and Generosity has been mentioned in the News-Papers, and by these handed down to the Public as an Article of common News, which, being once known, becomes the Conversation of a Day, and then, like other Articles in the same Paper, is no longer remembered.

Perhaps this may be the Fate of the following Poem; however, the Author will have the Satisfaction of having done his Duty, and of giving this public Testimonial of his Gratitude; and possibly he may also have the good Fortune to excite some able Pen in the same good Design, which may easily be improved, so contribute to a Coalition of the British Colonies, and to that Union, which is, at this Time, so desirable. I am

Your humble Servant, &c.

A P O E M,

Occasioned by his Majesty's most gracious Benevolence to his British Colonies in America, lately invaded by the French.

THE Muse that us'd in Silvan Strains to sing,
To sport in Fields, and chaunt the blooming Spring,

Or erst (a more ungrateful Task) to storm,
At Party Wiles, and Faction's hideous Form;
In lofty Trees, in verdant Fields, in Streams,
That gently murmur creep along her Themes,
No more delights, no more a wicked Age,
Provokes her Anger, and exalts her Rage.

With GEORGE'S Name, her rising Verse shall swell,

Her Monarch's Praise, the grateful Muse shall tell.
Sav'd by his Care, defended by his Arms,
Perfidious France she spurns, and Wars alarms,
And Savage Men, impatient of the Light,
That strolling howl, and prowl like Wolves in Night,
No more she fears, no more their Fury dreads;
Sure Vengeance lights on their devoted Heads;
Great GEORGE shall soon, their brutal Fury tame,
Ohio's Banks, shall ring his glorious Name,
His Care paternal, to no Bounds confin'd;
His distant Subjects, ever in his Mind,
Subjects, all happy in a free Estate,
Peace, Ease and Plenty, shar'd their former Fate;
Till low'ring Clouds and gath'ring Storms portend,
Liberty's no more, and Freedom's at an End.

Gallic Perfidy stands at once reveal'd,
And hostile Numbers, croud the neighb'ring Field.
Virginia's Sons, with native Ardour fir'd,
Provok'd with Rage, by Liberty inspir'd,
A Tyrant's slavish Yoke, disdain'd to wear,
Nor longer their insulting Taunts to bear;
Warm'd in their Country's Cause, engage her Foes,
And deal about their unsuccessful Blows.

But here, my weeping Muse, restrains her Flight;
And mourns the Carnage of unequal Fight:
She sees, by Numbers, Freedom's Sons oppress'd,
And hears the Groans of Heroes in Distress.
Lamented Shades! with sad funeral Verse,
Some future Poet shall adorn your Hearse.

With winged Speed, th' unwelcome Tidings fly,
And at *Saint James's*, rings the mournful Cry.
The Monarch heard, soft Pity touch'd his Breast,
Deep Sighs, and trickling Tears, his Griets confess'd;
Such Tears, as stream'd from ancient Heroes Eyes,
When their lost Friends, became the Victors Prize,
Such, as old *Rome*, for God-like *Cato* shed,
Such *Troy* wept, for her great *Hector* dead.

But Grief nor Tears, fill his Royal Mind depress'd,
Revenge and Slaughter, his his Noble Breast;
Achilles thus, his lov'd *Patroclus* slain,
Provok'd to Vengeance, flames in Arms again.
Breathe, breathe, ye Winds, rise, rise, ye gentle Gales,

Swell the Ship's Canvass, and expand her Sails;
Ye Sea green Nymphs, the Royal Vessel deign,
To guide propitious, o'er the liquid Main;
Freighted with Wealth, for noble Buds design'd,
(So will'd great GEORGE, and so the Fates inclin'd).
The pond'rous Cannon o'er the Surges sleep,
The murd'rous Muskets, swim the raging Deep,
The flaming Swords, conceal'd in Scabbards sail,
And pointed Bayonets, partake the Gale.
Ah! quickly waft her, to the longing Shore,
In Safety land her, and we ask no more.

Behold she comes, the Royal GEORGE resounds,
With echoing Joys the grateful Land rebounds;
His eager Subjects, catch the God-like Fire,
Exalt his Justice, and his Love admire.
But when the shining Gold blaz'd in their Eyes,
Loud Shouts, yet read the vanit Skies,
The Monarch's Gifts, admiring Worlds proclaim,
Confess his Bounty, and resound his Name.

Far greater Tidings, yet shall bless your Ears,
The bounteous Monarch, quiets all your Cares;
Appoints a Leader, known in martial Strife,
To range the Battle, and command the Fight,

Prudent, to check the raging Thirst of War,
To stem the Torrent, with opposing Care,
To shun the Ambush, and avoid the Snare.

The active SHARPS with noble Ardour burn,
Impervious Ways, and craggy Mountains, span
Nor Hills, nor Woods, his rapid Conquests flay,
Freedom and Victory direct his Way:

For, trust the Muse, prophetic now she sings,
 Apollo dislates, and has plum'd her Wings:
The social Crew, that erst his Converse shar'd,
Enjoy'd the Friend, and Governor rever'd,
Their Prayers now heard, conduct the Gen'ral host
With Joys unal, fill the vaulted Dome;
The grateful Vulgar, catch the pleasing Sound,
The joyful Acclamations, ring around,
The shrill Trumpets play, the hoarse Cannon roar
And echoing Thunders roll from Shore to Shore.

The Hero from his vanquish'd Foes return'd,
With Victory and immortal Laurels crown'd,
Bids the rough Clangors of the War to cease,
Restores us Plenty, and restores us Peace.

L O N D O N, September 23.

GREAT-BRITAIN being, as yet, superior to France in naval Power, there seems to be necessity for pocketing Insults, and tamely bearing Encroachments, or staving off a War by tedious Negotiations, which can answer no better End than giving that tricking, enterprising Nation, Leisure to put her Marine upon a Level with ours. Notwithstanding all our Incumbrances, we can still find Money enough to carry on a Sea War, without increasing the public Debt: And such a War we may wage with the French, till they have not one Ship of War or Merchantman left, provided we begin in Time; for as the Odds are on our Side, supposing we lose Ship for Ship with them, they must in a few Years be quite undone at Sea. But it may be asked, what would become of our Allies in the mean Time? Give them just as much Money as we could spare, and not one Shilling more, and bid them mind their own Business better than they have formerly done, whilst we did the same. When Queen Elizabeth resolv'd to protect the poor distressed States of the Low Countries, and to break the overgrown Power of Spain, which threatened Europe with Chains; had she acted supinely at Sea, and employed the Strength of England chiefly on the Continent, the Netherlands had never been able to fling off the Spanish Yoke. Without the most vigorous Efforts on our proper Element, the Sinews of War had never failed the Spanish Tyrant: He would have held us and our Allies in play eternally on the Continent; and Elizabeth instead of a Debt of 400,000*l.* might have left the Nation Twenty or Thirty Millions in Debt, and have been forced at last to abandon her Allies, and make an inglorious Peace with the Spaniards, if nothing worse had happened.

Our own Experience, as well as that of past Generations, shews that France is not to be trusted. Not many Months after the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, that Court surprized us with a Claim to Tobago, St. Vincent, Dominico, and St. Lucia; Islands which both Parties had long before agreed to leave neutral: Since which they have manifested a Design to drive us out of the East-India Trade; which would be no Damage, as that Trade has hitherto been managed, but which we must not suffer, as it may be put on a better Footing; and now they have begun to put in Execution a Scheme for destroying all our Colonies in North-America, which if it should succeed, would be likewise attended with the Loss of our Southern Colonies: And not satisfied with all these Encroachments and Depredations, they have also copied after the Spaniards, in seizing English Ships on the High Seas in the West Indies, under the Pretext that they were found sailing too near their Coasts.

After such flagrant Proofs of French Ambition and Perfidy, what else have we now to do, but speedily to repel Force with Force, and not wait till their Marine be raised to a Pitch sufficient to dispute with us the Dominion of the Sea. Procrastination on our Part can answer no good End, but will be very beneficial to our inveterate Foot. Let us therefore strike whilst we are able, without regarding the Conveniency of the Dutch; the Views of the Austrians, or the Safety of Hanover; let the Time come when we shall not be able to help them or ourselves. If we destroy the Marine and Commerce of France, there will be no Danger of universal Monarchy; but if we let her grow strong enough to master our Colonies, and ruin our Trade, Adieu then to the Balance of Europe, and the Liberties of Britons.

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