

MISCELLANY OF VERSE AND PROSE

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Miscellany of Verse and Prose by George H. Calvert

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GEORGE H. CALVERT

**MISCELLANY OF
VERSE AND PROSE**

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on B. 27th.

MISCELLANY

OF

VERSE AND PROSE:

BY

Henry
GEORGE H. CALVERT,

AUTHOR OF 'COUNT JULIAN,' 'CABIRO,' &c.

BALTIMORE:

N. HICKMAN, 85 BALTIMORE-ST.

1840.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

New York, towards the end of the summer of 1780.

SIR HENRY CLINTON. COLONEL ROBINSON. AN OLD
BRITISH OFFICER.

SIR H. CLINTON. Rebellion's tatter'd banner droops
at last,

Wanting the breath of stirring confidence.
Discord, twin-brother to defeat, now lifts
Within the Congress walls her grating voice
(Fit sound for rebel ears,) and in their camp,
Lean want breeds discontent and mutiny :
The while o'er our embattled squadrons waves
High-crested victory, and flaps her wings,
Fanning the fire of native valiantness.
Quickly shall peace revisit this vex'd land,
So long bestrid by war, whose iron heel
With her own life-blood madly stains her sides.

ROBINSON. Our arms' success upon the southern shore,

Whose thirsty sands are saturate with streams
From rebel wounds,—and the discomfiture
Of new-born hopes of aid from fickle France,
Brought on by Rodney's timely coming, have
Ev'n to the stoutest hearts struck black dismay.

OLD OFFICER. Cast down they may be, but despair's
unknown

To their determined spirits. Washington's
The same as when in seventy-six he pass'd
The Delaware, and in a darker hour
Than this is, rallied his dishearten'd troops,
And by a stroke of generalship, as shrewd
As bold, back turn'd the tide of victory.

ROBINSON. But years of fruitless warfare, sucking up
Alike the people's blood and substance, weigh
Upon th' exhausted land, like heaped debts
Of failed enterprise, that clog the step
Of action.

OLD OFFICER. Deem ye not the spirit dull'd
Which first impell'd this people to take arms
And brave our mighty power; nor yet the hope
Extinct which has their roused energies
Upheld against such fearful odds. The blood
They've shed, is blood of martyrs—precious oil—
Rich fuel to the flame that's boldly lit
On Freedom's altar, and whose dear perfume,
Upward ascending, is by heroes snuff'd,
Strength'ning the soul of patriotic love
With ireful vengeance.

SIR H. CLINTON. Whence, my veteran Colonel,
Comes it, that you, whose scarred body bears
The outward proofs of inward loyalty,
Do entertain for rebels such regard?

OLD OFFICER. Custom of war has not so steel'd my
heart,

But that its pulse will beat in admiration
Of noble deeds, ev'n though by foeman done.
Nor does my sworn allegiance to my king
Forbid all sympathy with men, who fight—
And fight too with a bravery which naught
But conscious justice could inspire—for rights
Inherited from British ancestors.

SIR H. CLINTON. Their yet unconquer'd souls, and
the stern front

They have so long oppos'd in equal strife
To our war-practis'd soldiery, attest
Their valour: and for us to stint the meed
Of praise for gallant bearing in the field,
Were self-disparagement, seeing that still
They hold at bay our far out-numb'ring host.
But for the justice of their cause,—the wrong,
Skill'd to bedeck itself in garb of right,
Oft cheats the conscience broad credulity,
And thus will vice, with virtue's armature
Engirt, fight often unabash'd. Unloose
The spurs, wherewith desire of change, the pride
Of will, hot blood of restless uncurb'd youth
Wanting a distant parent's discipline,
And bold ambition of aspiring chiefs,
Do prick them on to this unnatural war;
And then, how tam'd would be their fiery mettle,
Heated alone by patriotic warmth.