

**A CONGRATULATORY POEM ON  
THE LATE SUCCESSES OF THE  
BRITISH ARMS, PARTICULARLY  
THE TRIUMPHANT EVACUATION  
OF BOSTON, PP. 5-27**

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A Congratulatory Poem on the Late Successes of the British Arms, Particularly the Triumphant Evacuation of Boston, pp. 5-27 by Various

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**VARIOUS**

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CONGRATULATORY POEM  
ON THE  
LATE SUCCESSES  
OF THE  
BRITISH ARMS, &c.



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LATE SUCCESSES  
OF THE  
BRITISH ARMS,  
PARTICULARLY  
THE TRIUMPHANT EVACUATION  
OF  
B O S T O N.

Fallere et effugere est Triumphus. Hor.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
AN ODE TO MR. PINCHBECK,  
UPON HIS NEWLY-INVENTED  
PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS.

D U B L I N :

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A  
CONGRATULATORY POEM

ON THE  
LATE SUCCESES  
OF THE  
BRITISH ARMS.

WHILE temper'd wisdom at the helm presides,  
And equal justice Royal mercy guides;  
On western plains the *British* lion frowns,  
And conquers nations by deserting towns.  
Oh, great refinement on the *Parthian's* strain!  
Who fled indeed—but to return again.

A hardy race invert the sacred words,  
And forge the spade and pruning hook to swords;  
The teeming soil a *Colchian* harvest rears,  
It's little phalanx ev'ry furrow bears;      10  
Wide and more wide the dragon's teeth are cast,  
And new-born hofts amaze the pathless waste.

Surrounded, famish'd, by a desp'rate pack,  
 Fear in their van, and slaughter at their back.  
 Their vauntive foes the *British* chiefs defy,  
 They spread their canvas, and victorious fly.  
 Yes—witness Gods!—they leave the fatal strand,  
 Untar'd, unfeather'd, by a rebel band.  
 Let Gazetteers the pompous story shape,  
 And spread the glories of a proud escape;     20  
 Let pension'd senators pursue the boast,  
 And trim the laurels of a vagrant host;  
 Let true-born *Scots* their Io-pœans sing,  
 And praise the heroes as they love their king;  
 And let that king his glorious meed bestow,  
 And toast the chieftains when the goblets flow:  
 Then shall the muse attend the festive throng,  
 And swell the plaudits with her first-born song.  
 A bard, un plac'd, unpension'd, and unpaid,  
 His free-will offering brings, th' *Aonian* maid.     30  
 He seeks nor bishopric, nor gen'ral's staff;  
 Enough for him—to make his readers laugh;  
 Enough for him, shou'd *Clio's* sacred smile  
 The toils of *N—*, and *M—*'s fears beguile;

L. 26. A great personage gave General *Carleton* and his brave troops the very first toast the day the news of the relief of *Quebec* was received.

Enough if ONE a moment's audience spare  
From buttons, snuffers, nut-crackers, and prayer.

Exalted heroes! that the deep explore  
To find *new Scotlands* on the western shore.  
Not sent, as fools might idly dream—to fight—  
But, nobler task!—to prove your passive might; 40  
That *British* sufferings might the rebel scare  
(A gracious prince the subject's blood will spare)  
With patience firm, as anchoret of old,  
You rose triumphant over want and cold.  
But nought avails to fly the desp'rate band,  
Misguided zealots other arts demand.  
Farewel the theatre! whose nightly state  
Recall'd the glories of the day's debate.  
Where puny ensign boy'd some am'rous queen,  
And real captains were in buskins seen: 50  
Where scenic pomp aton'd for want of food,  
And infant gen'ral learn'd the trade of blood,  
Beheld the mimic with the true contend,  
And falling there prepar'd them for their end.

Behold, a *Scotia* spreads her friendly plains,  
Where cold and hunger purify the brains

L. 49. Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatness.

SHAKESPEARE.