

**THE SIEGE OF BALTIMORE,  
AND THE BATTLE  
OF LA TRANCHE: WITH  
OTHER ORIGINAL POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649494736

The Siege of Baltimore, and the Battle of La Tranche: With Other Original Poems by Angus Umphraville

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Cover @ 2017

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**ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE**

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THE  
**SIEGE OF BALTIMORE,**

AND

THE BATTLE OF  
**LA TRANCHE;**

WITH OTHER

**ORIGINAL POEMS.**

By **ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.**

AGED NINETEEN.

Atque ex per campos—dum Marte geruntur  
ubi sanguina bellum  
Imbuit, et primæ commisit funera pugne;  
En perfecta tibi bello discordia triste. VIRGIL.

**BALTIMORE:**

PRINTED BY SCHARFFER and MAUNE.

.....

1817.

56.

TO  
**MAJOR GENERAL SMITH,**

THE FIRST CANTO OF THIS POEM IS DEDICATED.

*Baltimore, May, 1817.*

**GENERAL,**

THE exemplary conduct you displayed, while placed in a conspicuous situation, when to your acknowledged patriotism and abilities, was confided the arduous duties of a Commander in Chief, entitle you to the gratitude of your country and the muses favours.

Of all calamities which afflict the human species, that produced by the prevalence of War, is without doubt, the most disastrous. But, certainly, in the hour of danger, to defend our country, our liberties and national independence, is not only necessary and just, but an incumbent duty we owe ourselves—our parents—our fellow citizens—our wives and our posterity.

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## DEDICATION.

Probably few persons can conceive the hopes, fears, doubts and anxieties of a person placed at so critical a period in the prominent station you were called on to sustain.

General, the approbation of your own heart, and the applauses of your fellow citizens are the best commentaries on your conduct.

With sentiments of high consideration

I have the honor to remain

Most respectfully, yours &c. &c. &c.

ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

## INTRODUCTION.



RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

*JOHN HOPKINS, Esq.*

OF

PHILADELPHIA.



"Conscious of his weakness, see! the child  
With out-stretch'd arms, and eyes imploring—  
Entreats you from the ground to lift him."

---

### I

IMMORTAL nymphs, Parnassian nine,  
Blooming sisters, maids divine!  
COLUMBIA'S youthful bard inspire,  
With some rich portion of immortal fire!  
And thou whom PÆASIA'S prostrate sons adore  
PRŒSUS on me thy choicest influence pour.

### II

Ah! not to me the pow'rs belong  
Which grac'd old HOMER'S lofty song,  
Else would I, with a Poet's pride  
Pour forth the sweet, the golden tide,



#### INTRODUCTION:

Now softly flowing, smoothly glide,  
Now like some river deep and wide  
O'er high rocks opposing, gushing,  
Thund'ring, foaming, downwards rushing,  
The flood with heart-appalling roar,  
Unconfin'd, disdains a shore:

#### III.

Ah! vainly tries the lark to soar with eagle wi  
Or humble bard with *OSWALD* pow'rs to sing.  
No room in Gothic tow'r with age in wisdom g  
Beheld his lamp expire at dawn of day.  
No *ISIS*, consecrated shore,  
Or flowing *CAM*'s learn'd margin bore  
Or traces of his footstep's way,  
Or where he cou'd the classic lay.

#### IV.

Yet oft, where pride of English song!  
Thames pours his wealthy tides along  
Through fertile fields, and meads, and vales  
Through golden glades, and flow'ry dales,  
To where beneath umbrageous gloom,  
Sleeps Nature's Poet in his tomb!  
With lovely Lydia by my side  
I've sat from morn to eventide,  
For her the infant song I'd raise,  
My proudest triumph—Lydia's praise.

## CANTO I.

"Ah monarchs! did ye know the mirth ye mar,  
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret,  
The hoarse dull drum would sleep,  
And man be happy yet!"

*Lord Byron's Childs Harold.*

### I.

Proud Britain claim'd the wide domain  
Of Ocean's deep and vasty plain,  
And while her crosses she unfurl'd,  
Thunder'd defiance to the world.  
While Europe own'd the mighty war  
COLUMBIA, peaceful 'midst the jar,  
A friend to all, a foe—to none,  
She traded peacefully alone.

### II.

Britain beheld the tranquil dame  
And fear'd, a rival to her fame.  
"And shall her sons contentment know,  
"While Europe I have fill'd with woe?  
"No the lost world will I regain,  
"Her sailors press, her commerce chain,  
"All mine shall be the subject main!"  
She spake, heav'd high her haughty breast,  
Fill'd with ambition, void of rest.

A 2

## III.

She comes! the proud invader comes  
 To waste our country, spoil our homes,  
 To lay our towns and cities low,  
 And bid our mothers' tears to flow,  
 Our wives lament, our orphans weep,  
 To seize the empire of the deep!—

## IV.

Her annual circuit of the sun,  
 Now twice th' ensanguin'd earth had run,  
 Since ruthless War's destructive brand  
 Had scatter'd horrors o'er the land.  
 Whence is this universal grief?  
 Declare, O Muse! in record brief:  
 Their own the British legions call  
 COLUMBIA'S infant CAPITAL!  
 And POTOMAC, thy blushing stream  
 Views the red flames' guilty beam  
 Spread over WASHINGTON its gleam.  
 Suspense flies from her fatal shore  
 And hovers over BALTIMORE,  
 For active war against the foe,  
 Her sons, the sons of freedom show.  
 Wilt thou to proud invaders yield  
 The bloodless, undisputed field?  
 Soon shall thy loud artillery speak:  
 Thou art not fearful, sad, or weak  
 Thou Granary of the Chesapeake!