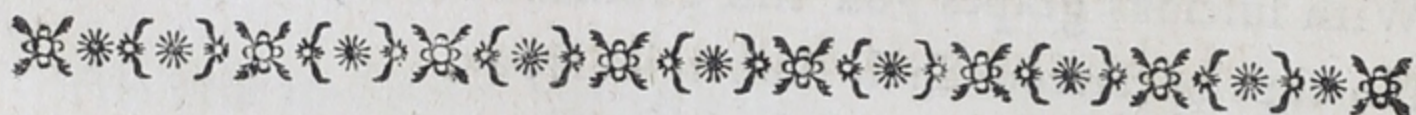


By all the chiefs in Freedom's battles lost ;  
 By wise and virtuous ALFRED's awful ghost ;  
 By old GALGACUS' scythed, iron car,  
 That swiftly whirling thro' the walks of war,  
 Dash'd Roman blood, and crush'd the foreign throngs :  
 By holy Druids' courage-breathing songs ;  
 By fierce BONDUCA's shield, and foaming steeds ;  
 By the bold peers that met on Thames's meads ;  
 By the fifth HENRY's helm, and lightning spear,  
 O LIBERTY, my warm petition hear ;  
 Be ALBION still thy joy ! with her remain,  
 Long as the furge shall lash her oak-crown'd plain !



## The Revenge of AMERICA.

By the Same.

**W**HEN fierce PISARRO's legions flew  
 O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,  
 Struck with his bleeding people's woes,  
 Old India's awful Genius rose.  
 He sat on Andes' topmost stone,  
 And heard a thousand nations groan ;  
 For grief his feathery crown he tore,  
 To see huge PLATA foam with gore ;

He



He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,  
To view his cities smoaking round.

What woes, he cry'd, hath lust of gold  
O'er my poor country widely roll'd;  
Plunderers proceed! my bowels tear,  
But ye shall meet destruction there;  
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise  
Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice!  
Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,  
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!  
I see all Europe's children curst  
With lucre's universal thirst:  
The rage that sweeps my sons away,  
My baneful gold shall well repay.



## The Dying INDIAN.

By the Same.

**T**HE dart of Izdabel prevails! 'twas dipt  
In double poison—I shall soon arrive  
At the blest island, where no tigers spring  
On heedless hunters; where anana's bloom  
Thrice in each moon; where rivers smoothly glide,  
Nor thundering torrents whirl the light canoe

Down