

AN

HEROIC ADDRESS,

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1813.



Inscribed to the

New-Jersey, Washington Benevolent Society,

In New-Brunswick.

BY A MEMBER.

“They manage these things better, in France.”

Sterne.



From the Press of the Guardian.

AN

HEROIC ADDRESS, &c.

WE, who of late, in Epic lay,
Pour'd forth the strain on New-Year's day—
When fast in icy fetters bound,
Eurus and Boreas, scowling frown'd.
And the fell tyrant's shivering host,
Congeal'd, by Scandinavian frost,
Lay "bleaching in the Northern blast,"
And found that tour—' *Campaign the last!*'
We now, resume our former lay,
To hail this festive, natal day;—
We sing of battles in the North,
Waged by men, of fame and worth :
Heroes, who rivalled Greece and Rome—
From Erin's bogs, and palace dome ;
Wretches, who sudden rush'd to pow'r—
The fungous mushrooms of an hour!
But withering under arctic skies—
Their boasting, and their glory dies!

Such, Granny Bloomfield, was thy fate :
Thou could'st not bear fatigue ;
Thou could'st not harbor deadly hate—
Nor countenance intrigue.

For oft, from ranc'rous hate, arises
 Sore head, or broken shin :
 And oft, the watchful foe surprises,
 The poacher, in his gin !
 Therefore, thou did'st the battle waive—
 And did'st prefer to slumber,
 Peacefully, in a Jersey grave—
 Than 'mong *Wolf-meat*, to number !

Where art thou now, good master Smyth !
 Thou—Who did'st bloom so gay and blithe;—
 And eke, that noisy swagg'ring *Cull*—
 Th' exterminating Gen'ral Hull !

Ah ! snug in chimney corner moor'd—
 Husky of voice, and dry of spittle—
 Your carcasses are safely stor'd ;
 Unstrung the bow—Unhung the kettle ;
 Far from the bass-drum's thund'ring rattle—
 Thus, rest these wordy men of Battle !!

Where is that Baltimorean crew—
 So spruce and debonaire;—
 Who volunteer'd, to crush the foe—
 With spirit, prompt and rare ?
 Alas ! they melted from the field,
 Taught by experience, not to yield
 'T' encounter fresh disasters :

Each, saw a halter in the air—
 Such, as their 'Traitors us'd to wear—
 Compos'd of hemp, of bark, or hair ;
 In hands of British masters !

Nicely contriv'd, to stop their weasands,
 And put a period to their treasons.

But all, did not desert their station,
 And fly the standard of the nation :
 Nor instant, cower to the foe,
 Without a struggle or a blow ;—
 No—safely lodg'd in Arctic land,
 See Granny Dearborn wave his hand,
 In Sackets-Harbor cove :—

See Harrison, at distance stand !
 And Morgan Lewis—sweet and bland,
 In foppery and love !

Ah ! now prepare, for conflict rare—
 Vast deeds must be atchiev'd :

The Greeks and Romans, well might stare,
 The Lion, startle from his lair,
 To view the prospect, bright and fair,
 Of blasted fame, retriev'd.

At Raisin-river, deft to fight,
 Winchester, wields his arm of might—
 And threatens vengeance to his foes,
 Who soon with him, in battle close ;—

The British soldier, plies the blade—
 The Indians, raise the horrid yell !
 The fierce Canadian, seeks the glade—
 And mingles in the battle-swell !
 Fighting for wives, and children dear—
 Nought, can restrain the native's ire :
 He wars with savage fury, drear ;
 Resolv'd to conquer—or expire !
 With broken ranks—our forces fled—
 The war-whoop, clos'd the scene :
 A thousand, number'd with the dead—
 Deep drench'd the bloody green !

Routed in skirmish of the wood—
 See Harrison retire ;
 And Clay—(who for a moment stood)—
 O'erthrown, with carnage dire !
 An host of men, may rue the day,
 That vivified this mass of *clay* !
 Meantime old Wilkinson, lay close,
 And constant, plied his Brandy dose ;—
 Heedless of the warlike thunder,
 He gormandiz'd full throat,
 Hugging close his Spanish plunder ;
 Nor valued fame, a groat !
 Fame—for which, with men of state,
 He stands a constant candidate !

Near Newark's fort, old Dearborn lay,
 Nor tempted he, the battle fray :—
 With cake and apple-pye, content—
 He knew no fear, like *Star of Lent* !

But he, alas ! was scouted—
 Winder and Chandler, met the foe,
 And found a speedy overthrow :
 By which disaster, you must know,
 It prov'd the last, decisive blow—
 And Dearborn, too, was routed !

Now, in the North, for all our pains—
 A skeleton, alone, remains—
 Not half sufficient for defence—
 And a mere mock'ry of offence !
 Debas'd, defeated, and forlorn—
 To friend, and foe, the butt of scorn !

Where, now, has conquest flown ?
 We were to blow a bugle blast,
 And straight, be cheer'd with the repast,
 Of Canada—our own !

Vain, are the hopes of impious men,
 Crush'd in the first advance ;
 Blasted, is mad ambition's reign—
 Extinct—the pow'r of France !

Now, let us turn our wond'ring eyes,
 To where the Southern banners rise—

Not Wilkinson's, I trow :
 For they, long since lay low !
 But to behold the brave Etournoy—
 The pride of *Lew*—his country's joy—
 As Litchfield's scholar best ;
 When rank'd amongst aspiring youth,
 In search of wisdom and of truth—
 He still, was hail'd the best.
 Vested with military sway,
 He led his troops, the trackless way,
 By Madison's command—
 To seize on Indian land ;
 But spurning such a vile pretence,
 He dropp'd the banner of offence—
 And took, (now acting in defence)—
 The *red-man*, by the hand !

Not so, the wretch, Miranda rear'd :
 Whose conscience, by hot iron sear'd,
 Was callous as a stone !
Kemper—who led a cut-throat train,
 To rob and murder, in New Spain :—
 By him, the act was done ;
 But Madison look'd smiling on,
 And well approv'd the deed ;
 First, granted him his sanction—
 And then, bestow'd a meed !