

23 Nevertheless the strong ships of war of Britain moved upon the waters of the ocean around the place in numbers, but they were afraid to approach the city; for when they came nigh, the men of Columbia let the destroying engines loose upon them, even those that

Mayor of the city, proceeded to Brooklyn, and assisted very spiritedly in its defence. On this occasion an elderly gentleman, one of the order, who had two sons (his only children) in the service of his country, one of them highly distinguished during the war for his wounds and his bravery, sung the following stanzas, in his own character of Mason and Father, whilst the Lodges were at refreshment:

I.

Hail, Children of light! whom the Charities send,
Where the bloodhounds of Britain are shortly expected;
Who, your country, your wives, your firesides to defend,
On the summit of Brooklyn have ramparts erected:
Firm and true to the trade,
Continue your aid,

Till the top-stone with shouting triumphant is laid:
The free and accepted will never despair,
Led on by their worthy Grand Master and Mayor.

II.

For me, whose dismissal must shortly arrive,
To Heav'n I prefer this my fervent petition:
"May I never America's freedom survive,
"Nor behold her disgrac'd by a shameful submission:
"And, though righteously steel'd,
"If at last she must yield,

"May my sons do their duty, and die in the field."
But the free and accepted will never despair,
Led on by their worthy Grand Master and Mayor.