

I was ready to ask those children
What made them groan with so much pain!
They had, they'd say, so many lessons
From chapter such to such another,
Without omitting the dates and names
Of famous men, women or captains
That had overrun so many countries
And laid waste immense tracks of land,
To exhibit or show the valour
Of one nation over another.

A TRIBUTE TO FRANCE

*Respectfully inscribed to M. EMILE LOUBET, the worthy
President of the French Republic.*

When the Colonies of Great Britain
Formerly rose in anger to obtain
The liberties for which her children
Had left her *land* and her *main*,
It was thought that the sad memory
Of their struggles with the mother country
Would lie deeply and firmly set
In the hearts of those who had met
With *Washington* and *Lafayette*.

The sister *Republic* fast to the shore
Of fettered Europe against which she bore,
Single-handed, *her free and bravest sons*,
Contends *yet* with in and out passions
That would trample down her free institutions.