

In that blest place of endless Peace and Love.
Then hail auspicious, happy day ;
May each true-born Briton say.

Ye Sons of Honor, Albion's hardy Race ;
Let WOLFE's great name,
His mighty fame
Possess your manly breasts, and sparkle in each face.
When thundering Cannons roar,
And hosts of foes engage ;
When with impetuous rage
Death grimly stalks, and rolls in human gore,
Let WOLFE, new life inspire, new vigour give,
And WOLFE, tho' dead, yet conquering shall live.
Then hail auspicious happy day,
May each true-born Briton say.

G. B.

*To the Author of the Lines on General Wolfe, in the
"Newport Mercury" of last Tuesday.*

(From "The Boston Gazette," November 5th, 1759.)

Too pregnant nonsense, mounting to a flame,
Taught thee to stretch, thy gross unmeaning brain ;
Shou'd cowards live when destitute of breath,
And heroes perish by the stroke of Death.

N. B.—*To enlighten the Poet, it is tho't that Cowards have
no other way to live but by breathing.*

Red rags, black rags, blue rags, and brown,
The dirtiest currency ever was known—
Sent out by the people's masters,
Who think all their wrongs can be cured with 1837

SHIN PLASTERS