

His countless legions, never known to yield,  
 Against the chivalry of Bactria steeled  
 For death's dread shock in martial panoply ;  
 But thou, in thy young vigor hath revealed  
 The bloody counterpart of ancient times in thee.

## VIII.

Once "glorious mirror," where fair Freedom's "form"  
 With thy chaste stars and stripes herself bedecked,  
 Which robed her as in steel 'gainst every storm  
 From foreign shores, thou now but dost reflect  
 In broken fragments what thy sons have wrecked  
 Of that vast Fabric, which their sires had given  
 Unto their charge to nurture and protect ;  
 Yet even now, though it is rent and riven,  
 It is the greatest, mightiest under heaven.

## XXVIII.

But canter gently down, my young Pegasus ;  
 You know Icarus' fate who soared too high,  
 It was his first attempt, and yet he has us  
 A sad example set, which you and I  
 Will heed, and, as the Irish say, "be Jasus"  
 I think it well becometh us little fry.  
 Some Poets in rhyme can soar to Heaven or Hell,  
 But where they soar when dead I cannot tell.

## XXIX.

Saint Peter has a busy time-I ween  
 In sifting souls before high Heavens gate,  
 One famous Bard professes to have seen  
 A King in trouble there about his fate,  
 Although a Poet Laureate tried to screen  
 The said King's sins and let him in in state.  
 But if his rhymes up there, had no more force,  
 Than here below, the King was lost of course.

## XXX.

All hail Digression ! what a glorious thing  
 It is to write and say just what you please,  
 If you feel Attic, then all Attic sing,  
 Nor dose it out as Doctors by degrees,  
 Yet, some poor panderers are content to bring  
 Their vaunted Muse upon her humble knees,  
 But I unto the Heavenly Nine do yeild  
 The broadest acres of fair Freedom's field.