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WARLIKE ODE

TO

‘FAITHFUL

CORNWALL.’



TRURO:
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE idea of the following lyric piece, was no sooner conceived, than the author seized his pen, composed it with all the rapidity of an imagination warm in the cause of loyalty and liberty, and directed the immediate circulation of it through his native county. Its evidently-useful tendency will be accepted as an apology for the thing itself; and the pressure of the moment, for any negligence of expression.

R. P.

*Manaccan-Vicarage,
25th August, 1803.*

[*Richard Polak*]



WARLIKE ODE.

1

SAW ye not, as erst the gale

Unbosom'd to the moon the misty surge,

Saw ye not a glimmering sail ?

His daring vessels doth the Invader urge

Where far the foamy billows Eurus lifts,

Menacing old Albion's clifts ?

Cloath'd in malignant light,(1)

Now nearer, nearer yet, they crowd upon my sight.

(1) *Lunæ sub luce maligna,*

2

Sound the clarion! Haste away—
Blow into rage Cornubia's slumbering fires!
Shouting bid "the battle bray:"
'Tis liberty—'tis life, the flame inspires.
Yes! as ye mingle in the hostile strife,
Britons, fight for more than life!
O fly, your swords embrace
For children yet unborn, for many a future race.

3

Waving wide your golden store,
Ah, fruitful hills, ah vales below'd in vain;
Haply if the patriot's gore (2)
Shall unaveng'd your sacred haunts distain!
Ah, hamlets clustering in the quiet shade,
Where Content and Virtue braid
The ripen'd sheaf with flowers,
Adieu!—The War Fiend comes, to blast your smiling
bowers!

(2) *Patriot's*—according to the old meaning of the word; not as *democratic Dukes* have lately used it.—I repeat *demo-cratic*; since to inexperience, such an anomaly in political life would be deemed impossible.

4

Say, shall lawn or cottag'd grove,
That witness'd oft the virgin's secret sighs,
Aid no more the vows of love—
Knit never more the dear domestic ties?(3)
Shall Lust pursue the poor distracted maid;
Rapine—Murder, fire the glade,
And grey old age arrest,
And stab the unconscious babe, yet clinging to the breast?

5

Perish they, who dread the clang
Of arms, that echo to the trumpet's throat!
Dastard spirits! Ravens sang,
The passing ravens sang your own death-note!
Avant!—I hasten, where to valourous worth
Falchions leap in lightnings forth;
While snort the prancing steeds,
Down the hills smoke, and laugh, where fierce the battle
bleeds!(4)

(3) Whether, on the reduction of this country, the importation of French women would prove advantageous to our morals, or contribute to our domestic happiness, is a point which we need not long hesitate in determining. A gentleman, lately returned from France, was himself a spectator of the execution of no less than six women at one place, and in the same hour, for the murder of their husbands!

(4) "He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha!"

6

Is not ancient HONOUR ours ;

And FAITH, and LOVE of long-transmitted

LAWS ?(5)

But what high protecting powers

Shall bless, though Prelates fawn, the Invader's
cause ?

Usurper ! mad *ambition* speeds thy way ;

Plunder, panting for his prey ;

And *massacre*, combin'd

With *treachery's* ambush'd imps, and *infamy* behind.

7

Trace, ere yet the Traitor seiz'd

The Gallic sceptre, trace his giant stride

Where Italia view'd, amaz'd,

Her slaughter'd offspring swell each classic tide !

But happy they, who scap'd the rankling chain,(6)

With their fathers battle-slain !

Lo, throngs, at his behest,(7)

Hurried to living tombs, where wretches have no rest !

(5) *Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas.*

(6) *O terque quaterque beati, &c. &c.*

(7) A person of the name of Anthony Lutz, (who is proved to have captured the Invincible Standard,) not long since informed a friend to the

Palmy Egypt's peaceful shore

Allures the muse. Hah ! whence that sudden
glare ;

Streams where sanguine torches pour

Kindling, from many a mosque, the lurid air ?

In vain to Alla fly the turban'd race,

But, at every pillar's base,

In vital torrents steep

The hallow'd floor, alas ! an undistinguish'd heap.(8)

author, that having entered into the Austrian service, he was taken prisoner by the French in Italy ; and was one of THOSE WHOM BONAPARTE KIDNAPPED AND SOLD TO THE SPANIARDS TO WORK IN THE MINES OF PERU. Fortunately, these brave men were intercepted, in their passage to Barcelona by an English frigate, and were carried into Minorca, where Lutz, with some others enlisted in Stuart's regiment, and went to Egypt. There, he was presented with a noble opportunity of revenging himself on Bonaparte for his baseness, by the capture of the favorite Standard.

(8) It is well known, that, on the invasion of Egypt, Bonaparte to disguise his purposes more effectually, issued a proclamation declaring himself and his army to be true Mahometans, and boasting of having made war upon the Christians, and destroyed their religion. One of his first deeds, after this act of apostacy, was to massacre almost all the inhabitants of the populous city of Alexandria. " The people (says one of his generals) betake themselves to their prophet, and fill their mosques ; but men and women, old and young, and even babes at the breast, all are massacred ! " " The boasted assault of Alexandria, (Sir R. Wilson observes) was a contemptible as well as cruel action, unworthy altogether of Bonaparte's fame. Policy may excuse the gasconade of his dispatches, but not the wanton storm of a city, for the sake of striking terror, and fixing an impression of the French name throughout Egypt. The murder of the garrison was a barbarous violence ; and the indif-

High on Jaffa's towered wall

The fell blasphemer meets again my sight !

Lo ! as captive thousands fall,

He drinks the mortal roar with wild delight !

Ah ! what a chilling pause ! Now, wafted near,

Shrieks attract his eager ear !

Now moans on moans arise—

Raptur'd, he treasures up, the dying agonies ! (9)

gence granted to the French troops, of a three hours sacking of the place, an act of unjustifiable inhumanity." See *Wilson's Hist. of the British Expedition to Egypt.*

(9) The massacre of the 3800 prisoners near Jaffa has been frequently related. Sir R. Wilson's is the most authentic account of this horrid transaction. "When the prisoners were placed on a rising ground near Jaffa, a division of French infantry formed against them. The signal gun fired. Volleys of musquetry and grape instantly played against them ; and Bonaparte, who had been viewing the scene through a telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, could not restrain his joy, but broke out into sentiments of approbation. Some time elapsed before the bayonet could finish, what the fire had not destroyed.—Their bones still lie in heaps, and are shown to every traveller who arrives."—"Bonaparte had in person inspected previously the whole body, amounting to near 5000 men, with the object of saving those who belonged to the towns he was preparing to attack. The age and noble physiognomy of a veteran Janissary attracted his observation : and he asked him sharply, *'old man, what did you do here ?'* The Janissary, undaunted, replied, "I must answer that question by asking you the same ; your answer will be, that you came to serve your Sultan ; so did I, *mine.*" The intrepid frankness of the reply, excited universal interest in his favour. Bonaparte even smiled. 'He is saved,' whispered some of the Aids-de-Camp. 'You know not Bonaparte,' observed one who had served with him in Italy. 'That smile (I speak from experience) does not proceed from the sentiment

10

Thus, as faint the pilgrim-train
 Cross the long fiery sands to Mecca's tomb,
 Thus athwart the breathless plain
 The *Samiel* shakes his pestilential plume.
 Downward he bends!—before his ghastly gaze
 Spreads thro' air a purple haze!—
 They fall!—with ruthless grasp
 Shrivelling each poison'd corse, he sucks in every gasp!

11

Is there yet a deed of death
 To which a keener thrill hath horror giv'n?
 Yes! not e'en Erictho's breath
 So pour'd dismay, to quench the stars of heaven!
 Miscreant! thy conscience, to consume thee, lives;
 The heart-worm, that no respite gives!
 Are there no viands found
 Fraught with an opiate balm, to heal the festering
 wound? (10)

of benevolence: remember what I say.'—The opinion was too true. The Janissary was left in the ranks, doomed to death, and suffered." *Wilson's History*.

(10) "Bonaparte, finding that his hospitals at Jaffa, were crowded with sick, sent for a Physician, whose name should be inscribed in letters of gold;

Skulking slave ! what time the Nile

E'en to its source, the British thunder shook,

Where was then, the insulting smile

Of triumph ? where, thine irretorted look ?

Or, (sudden when thy troops were left forlorn)

O'er the waste of waters borne,

Did thy commanding form

Rise, like a Cæsar's mien, collected thro' the storm ? (11)

and on his arrival, entered into a long conversation with him respecting the danger of contagion—concluding with the remark, that something must be done to remedy the evil, and that the destruction of the sick at present in the hospitals, was the only measure which could be adopted. The Physician remonstrated vehemently, representing the cruelty as well as the atrocity of such a murder; but finding that Bonaparte persevered and menaced, he indignantly left the tent with this memorable observation: “neither my principles, nor the character of my profession, will allow me to become a human butcher; and, General, if such qualities as you insinuate, be necessary to form a great man, I thank my God, that I do not possess them.”—Bonaparte was not to be diverted from his object by moral considerations. He persevered; and found an Apothecary who consented to become his agent, and to administer poison to the sick. *Opium* at night, was distributed in gratifying food; the wretched unsuspecting victims banqueted, and in a few hours, 580-soldiers who had suffered so much for their country, perished thus miserably by the order of its idol.—*Wilson's History*.

(11) An allusion to “*Cæsarem vehis*.”—The unprincipled favourers of the Corsican knight errant (or rather vagabond) have compared him to Cæsar, in what they are pleased to call a similar situation!—How vast was the disparity!

13

Thrones, nor diamond's powerful blaze,
Nor e'en thy laurels, despot ! shall avail
To extinguish the wild gaze
Of spectres that beside thy pillow sail ;
To save thy shuddering soul from nightly fears—
Gallia's curse, and Gallia's tears !
No—shun the noiseless night—
Mount the war-horse, and rouse the demons of the
fight !

14

Havock—can he chase thy fear ?
Havock shall o'er thee wave his vulture-wings !
See his ravening brood appear,
Red with the guiltless blood of murder'd kings !
“ To fate, to fate we give the haughty Isle ;
Palsy the strong peasant's toil ;
O'erwhelm the radiant loom ;
And plunge the populous streets in desolation's gloom.”

15

Yet shall British bosoms own

At such an hour, a transitory fear ?

Shall the adventurous souls, that won

Barbaric spoils, in victory's high career—

That wench'd the vaunted standard from the foe,

Tremble at the threatened blow ?

On their own native land

Shrink from a host of slaves, nor brave the assassin band ?

16

Heavens forbid ! “ And ye, my sons,

(From hoar Dúnheved's towers exclaims the bard)

“ Its bright course where valour runs,

“ Ye, who each age, have gain'd the fair award,

“ Think on the inspiring deeds of old renown ;

“ On palestral honour's crown ;

“ On scythes far-spreading doom—

“ Your wreaths, to rival Greece ; your cars, the dread of

Rome.(12)

(12) It is certainly a just compliment to the ancient Cornish, that they rivalled Greece in wrestling, and Rome in fighting.—That they have more Roman blood in their veins than the people of any other county in England, is an opinion which a gentleman of high military station in the West, was once disposed to adopt, when the author had the honour of frequent conversations with him, at his seat in Devonshire.

17

“ Chosen race ! revolve the hour
“ When to the foremost ranks your fathers ran,
“ And, amidst the arrowy shower,
“ Flush’d with indignant ardour, claim’d the van.
“ Struck by the mailed gleams from glory’s track,
“ All the Saxon tribes flew back ;
“ And, where the chieftain strode,
“ Hail’d other kaliburns, that down a million mow’d ! (13)

18

“ Yes, the warrior’s generous blood
“ Hath mantled in your veins thro’ ev’ry age ;
“ Witness they, whose might withstood
“ In Cromwell’s ominous days the rebel rage !
“ Witness the trophied field where GRANVILLE bled,
“ Where, as knightly spirits fled,
“ I mourn’d your falling sires ;
“ But saw, yet undecay’d, Cornubia’s ancient fires. (14)

(13) In the time of King Egbert, the Cornish are said to have challenged the honour of leading the van in the day of battle ; an honour, which (according to *Michael of Cornwall*) they had enjoyed in the days of Arthur. In Canute’s reign, we find the Cornish bringing up the rear ; which *John of Salisbury* attributes to their distinguished valour. It is probable, that the danger in the rear was then greater, upon some remarkable retreat of Canute’s

“ Shall those fires ignobly fade?—

“ Still, heaven-inspir'd heroic fervours rise

“ From the ashes of the dead!

“ Still, still I mark the soul of great emprize!

“ Old *Tamar* bends his woods with conscious
pride; (15)

“ *Fala* winds the exulting tide; (16)

“ The *white horse* neighs again, (17)

“ And *Carnbre* nods his rocks, relumining the plain. (18)

army. *H. Lhuyd* (in his *Breviary*, p. 3.) calls the Cornish “ the stoutest of the British nations,” and says, they were deemed “ the most valiant in warlike affairs.”

(14) In the great rebellion, this county distinguished itself, above all other counties of England, by its attachment to the royal cause: and its persevering spirit and intrepidity are almost beyond example in the annals of war. The Earl of Charendon has spoken in the highest terms of “ FAITHFUL CORNWALL.” In his history, the whole progress of the Cornish, in the King's service, may be distinctly seen. But of all their military actions, the battle of Lansdown near Bath, was the most illustrious.—For a circumstantial account of their achievements, on this and other great emergencies, see the “ HISTORY OF CORNWALL,” of which *Two Quarto Volumes* were published a few days ago, and a third Quarto is now in the press.

(15) In the vicinity of the Tamar, Mount Edgcumbe, the seat of the Lord Lieutenant of this county, well merits our notice on the present occasion.

(16) On the Fal, Tregothnan is no less worthy our regard.

(17) The ancient family of Vyvyan, than which, perhaps, not one in the county has a juster claim to love and veneration, is, with all its honours, by no means disgraced by the Gentleman now residing at Trelowarren.

(18) It is obvious, that Tehidy-Park is here in view; and the present high representative of the Basset-family. In “ the Ode to Lord De Dun-

20

“ Hark ! the pealing thunders roll—

“ They come, they come, yet scatter'd in dismay !

“ Shall not Albion still controul

“ The seas ; or vainly shall PELLEW display,

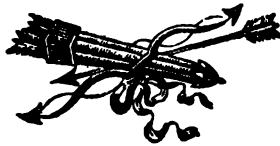
“ More awful than our clifts, the guardian sail ?

“ Hail again, my Britons ! hail !

“ O be your vengeance hurl'd

“ With mighty arm, to crush the tyrants of the world !”

stanville” published among the Author’s “ *Sketches in verse,*” may be found the feeble outline of a Portrait which it would require far abler hands to finish with success. But there are many other gentlemen, to whom, at this awful moment of preparation, we may look with full confidence in their virtues, talents, and activity. Nor are the lower orders of the people at all deficient in those good qualities for which their progenitors were so deservedly celebrated. Viewing them collectively, we may still recognize that *fraternal union* which was, from the earliest times, their leading feature, and which will prove our best security against the common enemy,



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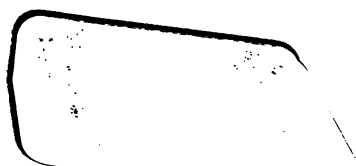
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