

Their King and country Sell, with endless shame
Th' avenging Muse shall mark each trait'rous name;
But if, to Honour true, they scorn to bend,
And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
Their grateful Country shall their fame record,
And I Myself descend to praise a Lord.

Enough of *Wilkes* ---- with good and honest men
His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
And future ages shall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
ENGLAND may prove ungrateful, and unjust,
But fost'ring FRANCE shall ne'er betray her trust;
'Tis a brave debt which Gods on men impose,
To pay with praise the merit e'en of foes.
When the great Warriour of Amilcar's race
Made ROME's wide Empire tremble to her base,
To prove her Virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride,
ROME gave that fame which CARTHAGE had denied.

Enough of *Self* --- that darling, luscious theme,
O'er which Philosophers in raptures dream;
On which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight;