Creeps feebly to the elm's embrace;
And in his arms finds fweet folace;
United thus they florms defy,
And mutual grace and aid fupply.

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PROLOGUE

TO THE

ENGLISHMAN AT BOURDEAUX.

Performed fince the conclusion of the peace, with universal applause, at PARIS.

From pride resulting, or from solly bred:

Each clime to all the virtues lays a claim,

And soars, self-statter'd, to the top of same;

Consines each merit to itself alone,

Or thinks no other equal to its own:

E'en the pale Russian shiv'ring as he lies,

Beneath the horror of his bitterest skies,

While the loud tempest rattles o'er his head,

Or bursts all dreadful on his tott'ring shed,

Hugs a soft something closely to his soul,

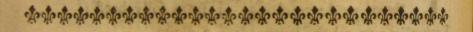
That soothes the cutting sharpness of the pole,

Elates his bosom with a conscious pride,

And smiles contempt on all the world beside.

'Tis

'Tis your's, O France, the earliest to unbind This more than Gordian manacle of mind! To-night we bid your justice may be shewn To foreign virtues equal with your own; Think, nobly think, when nature first was born, And fair creation kindled into morn, The world was but one family, one band, Which glow'd all grateful to the heavenly hand : Thro' ev'ry breast a social impulse ran, Link'd beaft to beaft, and fasten'd man to man. And the fole diffrence which he heard, or had, Dwelt in the simple phrases, " good or bad," Then fcorn to give such partial feelings birth, As claim but one poor competence of earth; Be more than French; on ev'ry country call, And rife, exalted, citizens of all.



E P I L O G U E.

HE anxious struggle happily o'erpast,
And ev'ry party satisfy'd at last;
It now remains to make one short essay,
And urge the moral lesson in the play.

In arts long fince has Britain been renown'd, In arms high honour'd, and in letters crown'd: The fame great goddess who so nobly sung. In Shakespear's strains, and honey'd o'er his tongue,

Their