Edinburgh, November 24. 1780.

On the Death of ANDRÉ.

Nature ſhrinks back, in agony of grief
Deep felt.
Waſhington, that deed of thine,
I write it deſperate.
Unpaſſioned ſouls, in ages yet unborn,
Will read it different *.
Cruel,
Unnatural war, by Heaven ſent,
To rouſe the nobler powers,
Abſorb'd in luxury,
Or vice
Licentious.

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* Yes! while the Weſtern Hemiſphere forms part of this globe, or an American breaths the air of freedom.

Proud

Proud nations. Love of liberty carried too far.
One of your nobleſt—braveſt—deareſt ſons
Dies!
To reunite you.
Relent.
Oh my heart bleeds—burſts with grief.
Regret.
Calm to the laſt—what energy
Of worth!
Thouſands are animate
Beheld thy glorious death
Silent!
Or with averted eye—ſcarce look
On ——————————— Waſhington.
Death,
'Tis immortality *.

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* This Epitaph was ſent to M—— D. under a feigned correſpondence.