

The JOURNAL

OF THE RUTGERS UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Volume VI

DECEMBER 1942

Number 1

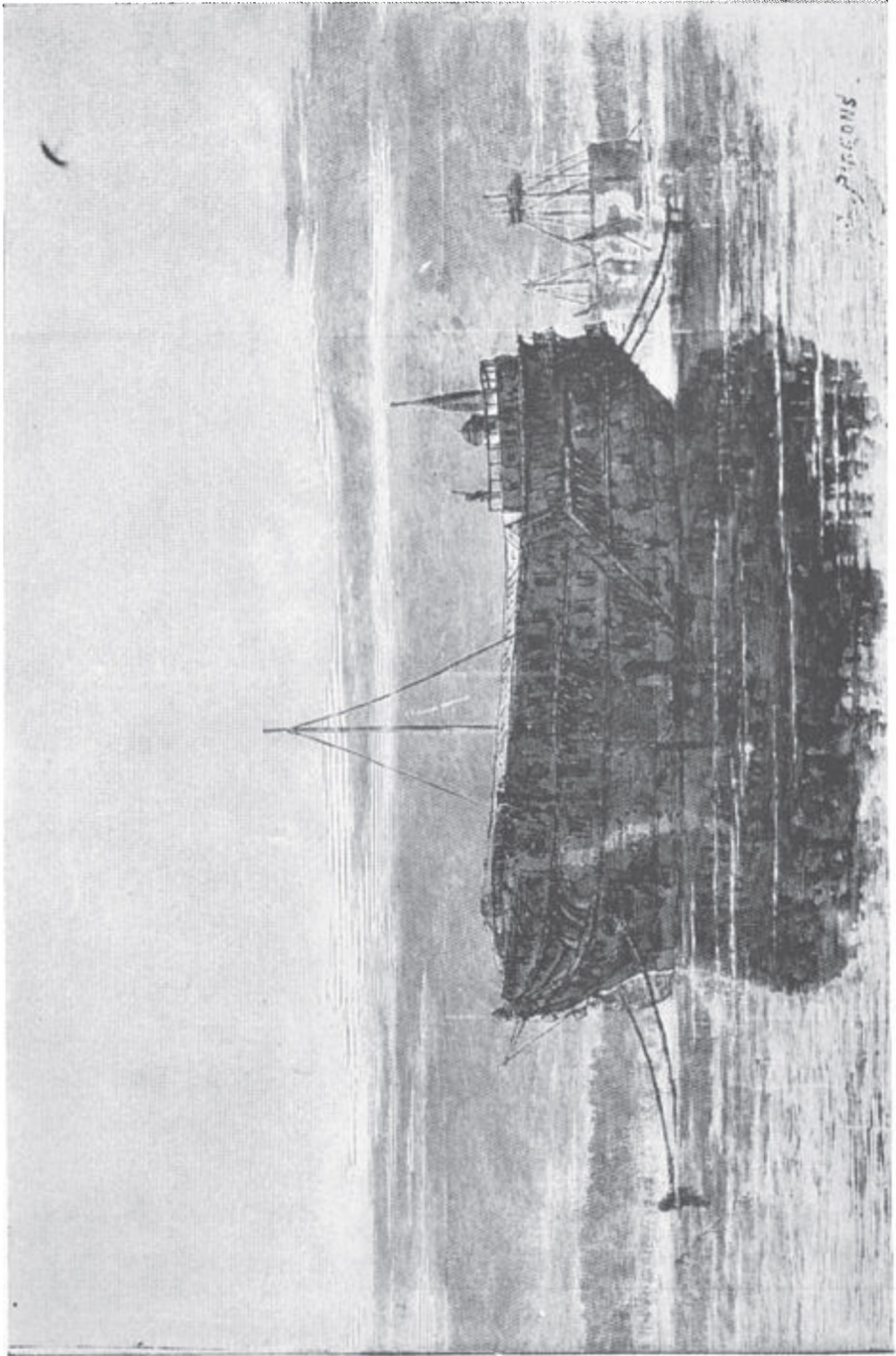
THE MANUSCRIPT OF PHILIP FRENEAU'S

THE BRITISH PRISON-SHIP

By LEWIS LEARY

Once more Dr. Leary has made available for students of American literature one of the hidden treasures of the Library. This first version of "The British Prison-Ship" is written in Philip Freneau's handwriting in an old notebook, which also contains "The Log of the Brig Rebecca," published in the JOURNAL last spring.

FOR six weeks, from June 1 to July 12, 1780, Philip Freneau was a prisoner in the hands of British forces in New York, first on board the prison ship *Scorpion*, then on the hospital ship *Hunter*. Exposed to hot summer suns, stifled with three hundred other captives between decks, witnessing brutalities such as his sensitive poet's mind had not before contemplated, he brought from this experience impressions which he never could, if, indeed, he ever wanted to forget. He had embarked late in May on the ship *Aurora*, for the Caribbean, "to enjoy," he said, "the fruits and flowers of that happy clime." Instead, he and the vessel on which he sailed had been captured by the British warship *Iris* off the capes of Delaware. Freneau suffered intensely, perhaps more than the situation warranted. He was almost "suffocated with heat and stench." The "melancholy sights" and the "dismal countenances" of his fellow captives made the prison ships seem to him "a pretty just representation of the infernal region." His guards were "the most brutal of mankind,"



This picture of the *Jersey*, reproduced from a contemporary drawing, shows the most notorious of the British prison ships. Freneau spent several weeks on a similar ship, the *Scorpion*.

“the most vile and detestable of mortals.” When finally released at Elizabeth-town Point on July 13, he made his way, by wagon from Elizabeth-town, on foot from Crow’s Ferry, toward his home in Monmouth County. “I was afflicted,” he said, “with such pains in my joints, I could scarcely walk, and besides, was weakened with a raging fever.”¹

Convalescent, apparently, through all the rest of the summer, Freneau began at once to record his experiences. In verse and in prose he told in detail of his capture, of his sufferings, and of the bitter hatred for all British domination which they had bred within him. In March, 1781, the poem was published by Francis Bailey in Philadelphia as *The British Prison-Ship*,² as fervid a hymn of hatred as has ever been produced in America. Soon it was reprinted in part as a broadside *Description of the Sufferings of Those Who Were on Board the Jersey and Other Prison Ships in the Harbour of New-York, During the Struggle for Our Glorious Independence. By an American Who Was a Prisoner on Board of One of Them*.³ Later Freneau revised and expanded the poem for the first collected edition of his works,⁴ improving phraseology and versification, tempering invective, even adding lines from a shorter poem which he had published before his capture.⁵ Lines from the manuscript which had been rejected for the 1781 version were inserted again, but reworked and strength-

¹ Philip Freneau, *Some Account of the Capture of the Ship “Aurora,”* ed. Jay Milles (New York, 1899), *passim*. Freneau’s MS of this account is in the Rutgers University Library.

² Only three copies of this pamphlet of 24 pages are, so far as I have been able to discover, in existence—in the Brown University Library, in the Library Company of Philadelphia, and in the New York Historical Society collections.

³ A unique copy of this broadside is found in the Henry E. Huntington Library; see Philip Marsh and Milton Ellis, “A Broadside of Freneau’s *The British Prison-Ship*,” *American Literature*, xi, 476-80 (January, 1939).

⁴ *The Poems of Philip Freneau. Written Chiefly During the Late War* (Philadelphia, 1786), pp. 186-205. The poem as published in 1781 contains 556 lines, as published in 1786 it contains 642 lines. Fred Lewis Pattee, in *The Poems of Philip Freneau* (Princeton, 1903), II, 18-39, reprints from the 1786 version, but without careful reproduction of Freneau’s emphasis in capitalization, italicizing, and punctuation. The student interested in knowing exactly what Freneau printed at this time may go to Harry Hayden Clark, *Poems of Freneau* (New York, 1929), pp. 40-57.

⁵ The first nine lines of “The Loyalists,” *The United States Magazine*, I, 315 (July, 1779), are reproduced by Freneau in 1786, canto II, lines 11-19—not in the 1781 printing as stated in Lewis Leary, *That Rascal Freneau* (Rutgers, 1941), p. 423.

ened.⁶ For later editions of his writings⁷ he edited the poem even further, dividing it in 1795, in the volume which he issued from his own press at Mount Pleasant, to eighteen "Canto's from a Prison Ship."

But as he wrote the poem during the summer of 1780 Freneau had little time for revision. He composed at white-heat, scratching his pen across the pages of his notebook with resolution. "Weak as I am," he wrote, "I'll try my strength to day/And my best arrows at these hell-hounds play." But other literary projects soon demanded his attention. The prose account of the capture and imprisonment was written in almost exhaustive detail. Then, when late in September American countrymen learned of Benedict Arnold's apostasy, Freneau found a new subject for his belligerent muse, as he composed a drama in five acts, which he called "The Spy."⁸ By the middle of December the poet was in Philadelphia. A few months later he was associated with Francis Bailey in that city as editor of *The Freeman's Journal*. From this time to the end of the war Freneau's pen was actively engaged in journalism and patriotic politics. There was no time now for such literary niceties as the revision of poems already completed.

We are the more surprised, then, when we turn to Freneau's manuscript of *The British Prison-Ship*,⁹ to find in it so many details different from any published version. It is of course, most like the edition of 1781, of which it is the prototype; but Freneau revised this first draft carefully before he committed it to print. More than fifty lines

⁶ Especially MS lines 1-38, omitted in 1781, but rewritten for the 1786 version as lines 1-32.

⁷ *Poems Written Between the Years 1768 & 1794* (Mount Pleasant, 1795), pp. 162-75, and *Poems Written and Published During the American Revolutionary War* (Philadelphia, 1809), II, 36-52.

⁸ The MS of Act I—Act III, Sc. 2 and the first lines of Sc. 3, is in the Rutgers University Library; one sheet of the MS, containing parts of Sc. 3 and Sc. 4 of Act III, is in the Princeton University Library. Victor Hugo Paltsits, *A Bibliography of the Works of Philip Freneau* (New York, 1903), p. 39, mentions a fragment containing lines from Act IV and Sc. 1 of Act V, a fragment which is now apparently lost (see Leary, *op. cit.*, p. 378). Pattee, *op. cit.*, II, 39-72, reproduces the MS through the extant portion of Sc. 4, Act III.

⁹ The MS, "The Prison Ship—A Poem," is in the same notebook with the "Log of the brig Rebecca," "The Spy" fragment, and "Some Account of the Capture of the Ship Aurora" in the Rutgers University Library. Portraying Freneau as a sailor, a dramatist, a writer of prose, and a poet, this notebook is quite the most important single Freneau MS in existence.

were discarded, and many lines more were added. He made the early portions, those which had to do with him alone and with the ship on which he sailed from Philadelphia, less personal and particularized. He expanded and developed in more detail those parts which exposed the brutality and the ineptitude of his captors. He polished carefully, tinkering with versification, strengthening adjectives—*vile*, for example, becomes *damn'd*; an ironic *glorious* becomes a straightforward *loathesome*.

In many respects this manuscript version of 1780 is crude and unpolished. Often after a page of couplets composed with apparent ease as Freneau adapted conventional eighteenth-century poetic diction to objective description or the exposition of tyranny, we come upon a verse or a series of verses which have given the young writer trouble because they demand fresh phraseology for the description of some experience or emotion which is distinctly personal and drawn from the particular hardships through which he had so recently lived. Then his pen sputters, is drawn with apparent impatience through a word, a line. Again, the notebook is turned so that another line may be added in the margin, sometimes several lines which cut at right angles over what he had written before. In his attempts at exactness in description or in metrics Freneau often rejected a word, tried another, rejected that, and more than once determined finally on the word first used. As we study the manuscript, we find ourselves in the position of looking, more than a century and a half later, over a young poet's shoulder as he works. He confirms what we have already known of him through his revisions of many other poems as they appear in successive printed editions—that he was a painstaking workman, fond of puttering over individual words and lines. But never before have we had the opportunity of seeing just what he did do, the steps he followed, the phrases he rejected, in writing one of his major poems.

The British Prison-Ship was written in 1780, as it was printed in 1781, in four cantos. But Freneau began composition with what we now know as Canto II. Only after the three final cantos had been finished did he go back, change the numbering, and begin on Canto I. His first purpose was "The Various horrors of those Hullks to tell/Those Prison Ships where Pain and sorrow dwell." Thus he began "The Prison Ship—a Poem," and he prefixed to it lines from Vergil:

The Prison Ship a Poem — Canto II.

Quis erat O Tyrus, stupens et Genus omnia putarum
Fractis edixi: —

Nullus amia Populi, nec fœdera curato
Fune, diu, quocunque dabunt in tempore reges,
Littora Littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Impulser, arma, domus, jugumque, omnia, Reges.

Lucid. lib. 10. 622.

#

The ^{British} ^{Prison} ^{Ship} ^{is} ^{the} ^{only} ^{place} ^{where} ^{Prison} ^{and} ^{for} ^{as} ^{well}
This be my task — Supplicious Britons you
Conspire to murder those you can't subdue —
Why spare us out of cruelty untold
Such heavy vengeance with such selfish pride
Death has no charms — His Empire hangs by ^{the} ^{hair}
A desert Country ^{is} ^a ^{cloudy} ^{sky}
Death has no charms — except in British Eyes —
See how they count the ^{expensive} ^{human} ^{sacrifice},
See how they want to stain the world with Gore
And Millions murdered still would murder more.
This ^{selfish} ^{man} ^{is} ^{for} ^{name} ^{and} ^{Empire} ^{shrive}
To ruin, waste and slaughter all alive
As if the Power that found them did condemn
All other Nations to be slaves to them — a generous
Compassion fits them, an unmerciful Great
And pity never warm'd a Britons breast

These words in the original are in a different hand
and are written in the margin of the original manuscript

A page from the original manuscript of Freneau's poem, *The British Prison-Ship*.

Tum vos O Tyrii stirpem et Genus omne futurum
Exercete odiis:—

—Nullus amor Populis nec foedero sunt
Nunc, olim, quocumque, dabunt se tempore vires,
Littora, Littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor, Arma Armis: Pugnent ipsique Nepotes
Eneid. Lib. IV. 622—¹⁰

Later, when perhaps some of the fire of hatred had burned out of him, he wrote the first canto, telling of the capture of the *Aurora*; and he supplied his poem then with a conventional invocation to the Muse of history, he added supplications to the God of war and to the God of commerce, and he reinforced the opening with patriotic allusions. But this, only after he had first written at white-heat of his sufferings as a prisoner.

Printed below is the version of *The British Prison-Ship* as far as Philip Freneau perfected it in this first manuscript. Rejected words, phrases, and lines are indicated in footnotes, as are the revisions and additions which he subsequently made for the 1781 version. Lines which are written in the margins of the manuscript are enclosed in brackets []. Lines which do not appear in 1781 are printed in italics. When portions of the manuscript have been illegible or when it is not clear which of two readings Freneau meant as final, I have supplied the omission, within square brackets, from the 1781 version. In numbering and naming the cantos I have followed the 1781 printing.¹¹ The spelling, capitalization, and punctuation (or lack of it) are throughout Freneau's. I wish to express my gratitude to Professor Paull F. Baum of Duke University, who has made several helpful suggestions concerning the text.

[CANTO I. THE CAPTURE]

*Assist me Clio while in Verse I tell
The dire Misfortunes that a Ship befell*

¹⁰ Portions of Dido's curse upon the departing Æneas: "Then do ye, O Tyrians, pursue his whole people and his descendants with hatred. . . . Let there be no love nor confederation between the nations. . . . Now or hereafter, whenever strength shall be given, may shore clash with shore, water with waters, I pray, arms with arms; may they have war, they and their children's children."

¹¹ The MS—except in the case of the heading for Canto I, which is identical with 1781—gives confused readings: for Canto II, "The Prison Ship—a Poem—Canto I

*Which outward bound to St Eustatia's Shore
Freight of Tobacco thro the Billows bore*

- From Philadelphia's crowded Port she came
Where first the Builder plannd her lofty frame
With wondrous skill and excellence of art
He formd, disposd and orderd every part,
With joy beheld the stately fabric rise*
- 10 *And thus address their Godships in the Skies
Ye Powers that reign beyond the twinkling Stars
But chiefly those O Mercury and Mars
Grant that this Pile so stately and so Grand
That rose beneath my long experienced hand
That soon must meet the distant ocean's roar
May travel safely still from Shore to Shore
[May still Beneath thy flag Columbia sail]
[Till every bolt and every timber fail]
To British Ruffians never fall a prey*
- 20 *But sieze these Pirates on the watry way
Their richest ships of Commerce take by force
And alter from our Port their destind course
Grant that brave Lads may man her on the Sea
And still no Coward let her Captain be
But one whose breast with Sense of Honour Glows
Who dares to meet the battle of his foes
And crush their Ships as I this Bottle now"—
He said and dash'd the Bottle on the Prow.*

- The listning Gods to Jove these wishes hear*
- 30 *Who scatterd to the wind the fruitless Prayer,
She must be lost, the God was heard to say,
But richer Prizes shall her loss repay
Fierce Britain claims her captur'd on the Sea
I Jove declare it and the fates decree*

6. Where *altered* from New to; lofty *alt.* from giant.
11. Powers *alt.* from Gods; reign *alt.* from rule.
20. seize *alt.* from capture.
22. destind *alt.* from former.
26. Who *alt.* from And.
27. And *alt.* from But.
33. Prizes *alt.* from captures.

[*alt. to II*]"; for Canto III, "Canto II [*cancelled*] Canto 3^d The Capture [*cancelled*] Canto 2^d"; for Canto IV, "Canto 3^d [*cancelled*] Canto 4th The Hospital Ship."

*But for her loss Columbia shall defeat
Full Nineteen Transports of the Quebec fleet
With richest Cargo floating o'er the main
Doomd not Quebec but Boston's Port to Gain."*

- Aurora now in all her Pomp and Pride
40 With sails expanded flew along the Tide
Twas thy deep Stream O Delaware that bore
This Pile intended for a Southern Shore
Bound to those isles where endless Summer reigns
Fair fruits gay Blossoms and enameled Plains,
Where sloping Lawns the roving swain delight
And the cool Morn succeeds the balmy Night—
Where each glad Day a Heaven unclouded brings
And fragrant Mountains teem with Golden Springs
From Cape Henlopen with a Southern Gale
50 When morn emergd we spread each snow white sail
Then East South East she ploughd the watry way
Close to the Wind, departing from the Bay,
Hermes and Mars stood pensive on the Strand
And Jove with Pity saw her leave the Land,
To think what ills we wretched Mortals bear
How vain our Labours and how vain our care.
The Gale increases as we plough the Deep
Now scarce we see the distant Mountains peep
At last they sink beneath the rolling wave
60 That seems their Summits, as they sink to lave—
Gay Phoebus now the sacred source of Light
Had passd the Line of his Meridian height

39. 1781 *begins*: OUR vessel now in all her pomp and pride,
AURORA nam'd, departing cut the tide;
42. In 1781 for a Southern Shore *becomes* for Eustatia's shore.
45. sloping Lawns *alt. from* fragrant woods. *Transposition of lines 45-46 and 47-48*
(as in 1781, 7-10) indicated by notation Where fragrant Woods &c below line 44.
47. glad *alt. from* bright.
48. fragrant *alt. from* sloping; teem with Golden *alt. from* issue forth their.
50. spread each *alt. from* easd each [each *alt. to* the progress *cancelled*]; snow white
alt. from milk white; in 1781 snow white *becomes* flowing.
51. she *alt. from* we; in 1781 watry *becomes* briny.
54. In 1781 her *becomes* us.
59. At last they sink *alt. from* Demergd at last.
61. Gay *alt. from* When Gay.
After 62. When from the tops a lookout Sailor cries *cancelled*.

- And Westward hung—impervious to the View
 The Shores were fled and every hill withdrew
 When ever cautious of some neighbouring foe
 Aloft the Captain bade a Sailor go
 To mark if from the Masts aspiring height
 Through all the round a Vessel came in Sight—
 Soon did the Seaman's quick discerning Eye
 70 Far distant to the East a sail espy
 Her lofty masts stood bending to the Gale
 Close to the wind was bracd each shivering Sail
 Next from the Deck we saw th' approaching foe
 Her spangled Bottom seemd in flames to glow—
 [When to the Winds she bowd in dreadful haste]
 [And her Lee guns were delugd in the waste]
 From her top-Gallant streamd an English Jack
 With all her might she strove to gain our track
 Nor strove in vain—The Captain gave command
 80 We tacked about and tried to reach the Land
 As from the South the rapid breezes rise
 Swift from her foe alarmd Aurora flies
 With every Sail expanded to the wind
 She fled the unequal force that lurkd behind,
 Along her Decks disposd in close array
 Each at its Port the grim Artillery lay
63. Westward hung—impervious to the *alt. from* all was sea, and vanishd from the:
in 1781 impervious to the *becomes* absconded from our.
64. every hill *alt. from* hill *uncancelled* and.
69. quick *alt. from* far.
73. Next *alt. from* Seen.
77. From *alt. from* On; main *cancelled before* top-Gallant; *lines 77-78 are expanded in*
1781 (39-46) to
- At her top gallant that proud flag we saw,
 Which once aspir'd to give the nations law;
 But humbled now—with grief, regret and pain,—
 No longer holds the empire of the main.
 The frigate now had every sail unfurl'd,
 And rush'd tremendous o'er the wat'ry world;
 Fixt and resolv'd our ship to overtake,
 With toil immense she strove to gain our wake;
80. tried *alt. from* strove.
81. *In 1781* rapid *becomes* fresh'ning.
82. Aurora *alt. from* Pomona.
84. force *alt. from* match; lurkd *alt. from* chargd: *in 1781* lurkd *becomes* chac'd.

- Soon on the foe with brazen throat to roar
 But small their Size and narrow was their bore
 Yet faithful they, their destined stations keep
 90 To guard the Barque that bears them o'er the Deep
 Who now must bend to steer a wary course
 And trust her swiftness rather than her force
 Still o'er the wave with foaming Prow she flies
 And steady Breezes from the Southern Skies
 High in the Air the Starry streamer plays
 And every sail its various tribute pays
 To gain the Land she bore the mighty blast
 And now the wish'd for Cape appear'd at last—
 But the vex'd foe pursued us on our way
 100 Like a starv'd [Lion] eager for his prey
 A Frigate she and not unknown to fame
 For soon we learnt her errand and her name
 Iris it was, (but Hancock once she bore)
 Fram'd and completed on New Albion's shore
 (By Manly lost)—the swiftest of the train
 That fly with wings of Canvas o'er the Main,—
 Toward the Land by favouring breezes led
 As Iris follow'd still Aurora fled
 [So fierce Pelides eager to destroy]
 110 [Pursued proud Hector to the Walls of Troy]
 Swift o'er the waves indignant they pursue
 As Swiftly from her fangs Aurora flew
 At length the Cape Aurora gain'd once more
 And here we strove to run the Ship on Shore
 [Stern fate deny'd the barren shore to gain]
 [Denial sad, and source of future pain]

87. on the foe *alt. from* the Decks.
 94. And steady *alt. from* The [increasing *cancelled after* Breezes]: *in* 1781 Breezes-
 from the Southern *becomes* winds from equinoctial.
 99. still *cancelled after* But; vex'd *inserted after* the.
 100. starv'd [Lion] eager for *alt. from* starv'd wolf to sieze his humbling, *alt. from*
 grim Lion to devour.
 102. *In* 1781 errand *becomes* nation.
 103. once *cancelled before* Hancock.
 110. *In* 1781 Pursued proud Hector to *becomes* Chac'd the proud trojan round.
 113. *In* 1781 At length the Cape Aurora *becomes* At last the cape with joy.
 114. And here *alt. from* in vain; *alt. from* And then; on S *cancelled after* run.
 115. shore *alt. from* beach *uncancelled*.

- For then the inspiring breezes ceas'd to blow
 Calm were the heavens above the Seas below
 (The Cape expell'd the breezes from our Sails
 120 Tho' farther off a lively breeze prevails)
 The Ship unable to pursue her way
 Tumbling about at her own Guidance lay
 But Iris kept still farther off to Sea
 And lay with dreadful aspect on our Lee
 Then up she luff'd and fir'd the deadly shot
 Bearing destruction, terror and what not—
 Vex'd at our fate, we prim'd a Piece and then
 Return'd the Shot to show her we were Men
 At length dull Night her dusky Pinions spread
 130 And every hope to shun the foe was fled
 All dead becalmed and helpless as we lay
 The Ebbing current forc'd us off to Sea
 While vengeful Iris thirsting for our blood
 Flash'd her red lightnings o'er the trembling flood
 At every flash a storm of ruin came

117. For *alt. from* Twas.

118. In 1781 *becomes* Lost were they all and calm the seas below.

119. expell'd *alt. from* had shov'd, *alt. from* had reft: in 1781 expell'd *becomes* dispell'd.

120. a lively [*alt. from* former] *alt. from* the self same.

121. In 1781 The *becomes* Our.

125. Then up she luff'd *alt. from* Close up she came: in 1781 fir'd the deadly shot *becomes* blaz'd her entrails dire.

126. In 1781 and what not *becomes* terror, death, and fire.

127. prim'd *alt. from* charg'd: in 1781 fate *becomes* doom.

128. her *alt. from* them.

129. At length dull *alt. from* Now sable: in 1781 At length dull Night *becomes* Dull night had now.

130. In 1781 shun *becomes* 'scape.

After 130. 1781 (99-106) adds

Close to thy cape, Henlopen, though we press'd,
 We could not gain thy desert dreary breast;
 Tho' ruin'd pines beshrou'd thy barren shore,
 With mounds of sand half hid or cover'd o'er;
 Tho' howling winds disturb thy summit bare,
 Yet every hope and ev'ry wish was there.—
 In vain we sought to gain the joyless strand,
 Fate stood between and barr'd us from the land.

131. *Written and cancelled as line 132; the notation All dead &c below line 130 indicates transposition, as in 1781 (107-08).*

133. While *alt. from* But; thirsting *alt. from* eager.

135. a storm of *alt. from* the crashing.

- And shook our Ship thro' all her labouring frame—
 Mad for Revenge our breasts with fury glow
 To wreak return of Vengeance on the foe
 Full at his hull our lifted Tubes we bore—
 140 His Hull resounding to the dreadful roar
 [Alternate fires] dispell'd the Shades of Night
 But ah, not equal was the daring fight
 Our largest Guns but wings a four pound Ball
 Twelve Poundres from the foe our sides did maul,
 And while no Power to save him intervenes
 A Bullet struck our Captain of Marines
 Fierce as He was to dare the british foe
 He felt his Death and ruin in the blow
 Headlong he fell, insensate with the wound
 150 With Gore distaind and heart blood streaming round
 Now frequent cries throughout our decks resound
 And every Bullet brought some different wound—
 [His louder thunders forcd our Pride to bend]
 [In such a case could we with hell contend?]
 Twixt Wind and Water one assailed the side
 Thro' this aperture rushd the briny tide
 What could we do—to fight the foe was vain
 Twas better sure to yield than all be slain
 [Twas then Aurora trembled for her crew]
 160 [And bade thy shores, O Delaware adieu]
 [And must she yield to yon destructive ball]
 [And must thy colours dear Columbia fall]

136. In 1781 becomes 'Till now Aurora shook thro' all her frame.

138. return *alt.* from a storm.

139. our *alt.* from the: in 1781 lifted Tubes we bore becomes pointed guns we raise.

140. In 1781 resounding to the dreadful roar becomes resounded as the cannon blazed.

After 140. 1781 (117-18) adds

Through his forttop-sail one a passage tore,

His sides re-echo'd to the dreadful roar;

141. Alternate [*alt.* to One lasting; followed by eager hungry *uncancelled*] flames [*alt.* to Blazes]; alternate fires *written beneath and cancelled*.

142. In 1781 ah, not equal becomes how unequal.

143. In 1781 becomes Our stoutest guns threw but a six-pound ball.

147. In 1781 as He was to dare the british becomes though he bid defiance to the.

149. In 1781 insensate becomes distracted.

150. In 1781 With Gore distaind and becomes The deck bestain'd with.

151. In 1781 our decks becomes the ship.

152. In 1781 some becomes a.

162. In 1781 becomes And must our colours to these ruffians fall?

Conquerd, not waiting for another blow
We struck at once and yielded to the foe
 Convoy'd to York, Dame Iris lodgd us there
 Safe in the Dens of Hunger and despair
 There Ships are Prisons void of Masts or Sails
 In which describing even description fails
But what on Captives British rage can do
 170 *Another canto, friends, shall let you know*

[CANTO II. THE PRISON-SHIP]

The Various horrors of these Hullks to tell
 Those Prison Ships where Pain and sorrow dwell
 [Where Death in tenfold horror holds his reign]
 [And injurd Ghosts in Reasons Ear complain]
 This be my task—Ungenerous Britons you
 Conspire to murder those you cant subdue—
 Why else no art of cruelty untryd
 Such heavy Vengeance with such hellish Pride?—
 Death has no charms (His kingdoms barren ly,
 180 A desart Country with a cloudy Sky)—
 Death has no charms—except in british Eyes—
 See how they court the bleeding Sacrifice,
 See how they pant to stain the world with Gore
 And Millions Murdered still would murder more—
 This selfish race, for fame and Empire strive
 To ruin, waste and slaughter all alive
 As if the Power that formd us did condemn

163. Conquerd, not waiting *alt. from* So not delaying.
 167. void of *alt. from* without.
 172. Prison Ships *alt. from* dark retreats.
 173. *In 1781* horror *becomes* vengeance.
 179. Empires *alt. from* kingdoms, *alt. from* Empires.
 180. with *alt. from* and: *in 1781* with *becomes* and.
 182. bleeding *alt. from* dismal.
 185. selfish race *alt. from* race accurst: *in 1781* for fame and Empire strive *becomes from*
 all the world disjoined.
 186. *In 1781 becomes* Eternal discord sow among mankind.
 After 186. 1781 (161-62) *adds*
 Aim to extend their empire o'er the ball,
 Subject, destroy, absorb and conquer all;
 187. us *alt. from* them.

All other Nations to be slaves to them
 A generous Nation is their hourly cry
 190 But truth revolts against the daring lie
 Compassion flees them, an unwelcome guest
 And Pity never warmd a British breast
 No Pity can a Britons Bosom Share
 For he that made them never placed it there
 A brutish Courage is there only Pride
 For one small hour of fame have thousands dyd—
 All Nations they abhor, detest, decry
 But their [dear race] they blazon to the Sky
 As if the Sun for Britons [only] shown
 200 Or all Mankind was made for them alone—
 Weak as I am I'll try my strength to day
 And my best arrows at these hell-hounds play
 [*To laugh at Death is glorious in their Eyes*]
 [*And life that wise men value they despise*]
 [To future years their murdrous deeds prolong]
 [And hang them up to infamy in Song.]
Clio assist my keenest arms I yield
Clio assist to stretch them on the field
 So much I've suffer'd from the race I hate

189. *In 1781 hourly becomes endless. Lines 189-90 were composed (and the first line cancelled) following line 298; their present position, as in 1781 (165-66), is indicated by the notation A generous nation &c below line 188.*
 191. *In 1781 flees becomes shuns.*
 192. *In 1781 becomes They to humanity are foes protest.*
 193. *can alt. from does; Bosom alt. from feelings: in 1781 becomes In their bosoms pity claims no share.*
 194. *he that made them alt. from God in anger: in 1781 he that made them becomes God in anger.*
 195. *Pride alt. from boast: in 1781 brutish becomes brutal, only becomes ruling.*
 197. *abhor alt. from despise.*
 198. *own vile [alt. to modern] race underscored; alt. to own cancelled Nation: in 1781 they blazon becomes emblazon.*
 199. *only cancelled before shown: in 1781 Britons becomes Britain.*
 200. *Or alt. from And: in 1781 them becomes her.*
 201. *I'll try my strength to day alt. from I gird my armour on.*
 203. *To laugh at alt. from The thought of.*
 204. *And life that alt. from And what all.*
 205. *In 1781 murdrous becomes bloody.*
 208. *Alt. from To stretch these monsters on their gory field.*
 209. *First written and cancelled above line 207; rewritten in present position. In 1781 I've becomes I.*

- 210 So near they shovd me to the brink of Fate
 When six long weeks in their vile hullks I lay
 Barr'd down at night—and fainting all the day
 With the fierce fervours of the Solar beam
 Cool'd by no breeze on Hudson's mountain stream
 That not unsung these horrid Deeds shall fall
 To dark Oblivion that would cover all
 Not unrevenged shall all the woes that passd
 Be swallowd up inglorious as the last—
 The dreadful secrets of these Prison Caves
- 220 Half sunk half floating on fair Hudsons waves
 The Muse shall tell: nor shall her Voice be vain
 Mankind must shrink with Horror at the strain
 Astonishd Nature yield a pensive sigh
 And blame the tardy Vengeance of the Sky—
 [See with what Pain your murderd Victim dies]
 [With not a friend to close his dying eyes]
 [He once perhaps with aspect bold & gay]
 [Drove the Vile Briton o'er the watry way]
 [Or close arrangd unconscious of a fear]
- 230 [Hurl'd the loud thunder from his Privateer]
 [Thus do our Warriors, thus our heroes fall]
 [Imprisond here, quick ruin meets them all]

210. shovd me to the brink of Fate *alt. from* plungd me to Deaths brazen Gate.

211. their *alt. from* there: in 1781 six becomes seven, vile becomes damn'd.

212. In 1781 all becomes through.

213. In 1781 With becomes In.

215. Deeds *alt. from* Scenes; fall *alt. from* pass.

216. dark *alt. from* black: in 1781 dark becomes black.

217. In 1781 that passd becomes we bore.

218. In 1781 the last becomes before.

219. In 1781 fair becomes my.

223. In 1781 becomes To such a race the rights of men deny.

225. In 1781 Pain your murderd becomes pangs yon' wasted.

226. In 1781 dying becomes languid.

227. In 1781 becomes He late, perhaps too eager for the fray.

228. In 1781 Drove becomes Chas'd.

229. Or *alt. from* And; unconscious of a *alt. from* with heart devoid of: in 1781 unconscious of a fear becomes a stranger to all fear.

230. Hurl'd *alt. from* fird.

After 232. 1781 (205-17) adds

Or sent afar to Britain's barbarous shore,
 There die neglected and return no more.—
 Ah, when shall quiet to my soul return,

In slumbers deep I hear the farewell Sigh
 Their Plaintive Ghosts with feeble accents cry,
 At distance far with sickly aspect move
 And beg for Vengeance at the throne of Jove

[CANTO III. THE PRISON SHIP

Continued]

No Masts nor Sails these sickly hulks adorn
 Dismal [to view], neglected and forlorn—
 [Here nightly ills oppress the crowded throng]
 240 [Dull were our slumbers & our nights were long]
 [From morn to night along the decks we lay]
 [Scorch'd into Fevers by the solar ray]
 No friendly awning cast a welcome shade
 Oft was it promis'd but [was never made]
 [[No] favour could these Sons of Death bestow]
 [But endless curses and unceasing woe]

And anguish in this bosom cease to burn;—
 What frequent deaths in midnight vision rise!
 (Once real) now all ghastly to my eyes,
 Youths there expiring for their country lay,
 And burnt by fevers breath'd their souls away;
 Where, now so cruel to deny a grave,
 They plung'd them downward in the parting wave;
 The parting wave received them to its breast;
 And Hudson's sandy bed is now their place of rest:

233. farewell *alt.* from parting.
 234. In 1781 Their *becomes* Pale.
 235. before *cancelled before* At.
 236. beg *alt.* from call.
 237. sickly *alt.* from ragged.
 238. their view *underscored, alt.* to to see; neglected *alt.* from dejected.
 239. In 1781 crowded *becomes* imprison'd.
 241. In 1781 along *becomes* throughout.
 After 241. 1781 (227-30) *adds*

Wretched and poor, insulted and distress,
 The eye dejected, and the heart depress'd;
 Stript of our all—affronted and derided,
 For cruel *Iris* had our cloaths divided—.

244. was never made *underscored, alt.* to it ne'er was made *uncancelled: in 1781* Oft *becomes* Once.
 246. In 1781 curses and unceasing *becomes* cursing—ever-during.

[Immortal hatred doth their breasts engage]
 [And their Lost Empire fires their Souls with rage!]
 Two Hullks on Hudsons placid Bosom ly
 250 Two farther South [affright the gazing eye]
 There the black Scorpion at her Mooring rides
 There Strombolo swings yielding to the tides
 Here hullking Jersey fills a larger Space
 And Hunter to all Hospitals disgrace
 Thou Scorpion fatal to the imprison'd throng
 Dire theme of Horror and Plutonian Song
 Requirest my lay—thy sultry decks I know
 And all the Evils that are found below—
 Must Nature shudder at this Scene of fears
 260 And must I tell what must provoke thy tears.
 American! inactive rest no more
 But drive these murdering Britons from your Shore
 And you that o'er the troubled Ocean go
 Strike not your colours to this hellish foe
 Better the greedy wave should swallow all
 Better to meet the Death conducting Ball,
 Better to sleep on Oceans oozy bed

247. doth *alt. from* must.

248. fires *alt. from* fills: in 1781 fires *becomes* arms.

After 248. Four lines cancelled:

High on the stern Britannia's colours flew

A tatterd [*alt. from* ragged] Ensign and [*alt. from* for] a tatterd [*alt. from* ragged] crew

Two hullks in Hudson terrify the stream

Two farther eastward more than equall'd them

249. ly *alt. from* lay: in 1781 placid *becomes* rugged.

250. down *cancelled after* farther; South *alt. from* Southward; toward the oozy Bay
alt. to the blue waves terrify *uncancelled*; affright the gazing Eye *uncancelled and*
written beneath.

252. swings yielding *alt. from* subservient: in 1781 Strombolo swings *becomes* swings
 Strombolo.

255. In 1781 imprison'd *becomes* crouded.

257. —there pining *cancelled after* lay.

258. In 1781 that are found *becomes* of thy holds.

260. thy *alt. from* your.

262. murdering Britons *alt. from* worse than monsters: in 1781 these murdering *becomes*
 those murderous.

264. In 1781 colours *becomes* standards.

266. Death conducting *alt. from* dire destructive.

267. oozy *alt. from* oozy.

- At once destroyd and numberd with the dead
 Than thus to perish in this dismal Den
 270 Starvd and insulted by the worst of Men—
 Some cruel Ruffian o'er these Hullks presides
 Tryon to such the imprisond host confides
 Some wretch who banish'd from the navy crew
 In blood grown old, would here his trade renew
Some vile ill natur'd, growling, snarling Dog
Renowned for swearing and for Drinking Grog
 Whose forked tongue when on his charge let loose
 Utters Reproaches scandal and abuse
 Gives all to Hell who dare his King disown
 280 And swears the world was made for George alone—
 Such are the men who rule the captives there
 A menial Tribe their brutal feelings share
 Stewards and Mates whom famd Britannia bore
 Cut from the Gallows on their native shore
 O may I never feel the poignant pain
 To live subjected to such Brutes again
 Their Ghastly Looks, and Vengeance-beaming eyes
 Still to my View [in] all their fury rise
 O may I ne'er review their dire abodes
 290 These [piles for Slaughter] floating on the floods
 Nature recoils and Trembles (all in pain [])
 To live subjected to such Brutes again—
 [American on thy own fields expire]
 [Or fall a victim to the hostile fire]

272. Tryon *alt. from Brita[in?]*; such *alt. from them: in 1781 Tryon becomes Clinton.*
 274. blood *alt. from Death*; would *alt. from doth: in 1781 In blood grown old becomes Grown old in blood.*
 275. frown[ning?] *cancelled before growling.*
 277. *In 1781 forked becomes venom'd.*
 285. *In 1781 O becomes Heavens!*
 286. Brutes *alt. fromimps.*
 287. Their Ghastly *alt. from Their Horrid: in 1781 beaming becomes bearing.*
 288. Fierce to my View in dreadful colours r[ise?] *cancelled*; Fiercer *cancelled after still*; in *alt. to with cancelled: in 1781 fury becomes horrors.*
 290. piles for Slaughter *written above Murdrous Prisons uncancelled.*
 291. *In 1781 and Trembles (all in pain) becomes in agonies of woe.*
 292. *In 1781 becomes To live subjected to such Brutes again.*
 293. expire *alt. from slain.*
 294. *Alt. from Or chace these monsters from the embattled Plain uncancelled: in 1781 Or fall a becomes A glorious.*

- [From thy black ship the winged Vengeance throw]
 [But be no captive to this tyrant foe]
 [Yield not alive to stain their greedy Jaws]
 [First faint first perish in thy countrys cause]
 First may I meet the winged wastefull Ball
 300 And split to atoms for fair freedom fall
 Such scenes are acted in these gloomy cells
 Such horror in the doleful mansions dwells
 [So many ills these loathsome hullks defame]
 [That to be here and suffer is the same]
 Death has its woes and sickness claims its share
 But both are trifles if you die not there
 When to the Ocean dives the Evening Sun
 And the Tories fire their Evening gun
 A Scene of Terror rises to the View
 310 Such as the boldest painter never drew
 Three hundred Captives banishd from the Light
 Below the Decks in Torment spend the Night
 [Some for a bed their humble cloathing Join]
 [And some on chests & some on floors recline]
 Shut from the blessings of the cooling air
 Pensive they ly, all anguish and Despair
 Meagre and sad and scorchd with heat below
 They look like Ghosts ere Death has made them so

295. *In 1781 becomes* In thy own ship expect the deadly blow.

297. *alive alt. from* thy corpse.

298. *faint alt. from* fail.

299. *Would I prefer alt. from* First may I; *whole line cancelled: in 1781* First may I *becomes* Prefer to.

300. *Whole line cancelled: in 1781* split *becomes* cut, fair *becomes* lov'd. *Freneau apparently experienced difficulty with lines 297-300; he cancelled the following attempts:*

And [*alt. to* but] now deliverd [*alt. to* Exchangd, *alt. to* free, *alt. to* freed]
 from their bloody Jaws [*alt. to* from their fangs]

I'd freely perish in my countrys cause

I meet with joy the winged wasteful Ball

Ere I [*alt. to* If I] again [*alt. to* once more] would feel their bloody Jaws.

301. Scenes are acted in these gloomy *alt. from* Horror in these dismal dreary.

302. *Alt. from* In the dark Mansion of this Scorpion dwells *uncancelled*.

306. trifles *alt. from* nothing.

308. Then from the port *cancelled after* And.

309. *In 1781* Terror *becomes* horror.

311. *In 1781* Captives *becomes* prisoners.

313. humble *alt. from* tatterd: *in 1781* humble *becomes* tatter'd.

- How should they thrive where Heat and hunger join
 320 Thus to debase the human form Divine?
 [Where cruel thirst the parching throat invades]
 [Dries up the man & fits him for the shades]
 No Waters laded from the bubbling Spring
 To these dire Ships these generous Britons bring
 Of thro the Night in vain their captives ask
 One drop of water from the stinking cask
 [No drop is grantd to the earnest prayer]
 [To Dives in these regions of despair]
 The loathsome cask a fatal Dose contains
 330 Its Poison bearing thro the altered Veins
 [Hence Fevers rage where health was seen before]
 [And the lank veins abound with blood no more]
 O how they long to taste the woodland Stream
 For there they Pine in frantic feverish Dream
 [To springs and brooks with dreary steps they go]
 [And seem to hear the gushing waters flow]
 [Along the] purling wave they think they ly
 Quaff the sweet stream and then contented die
 Then start from Dreams that fright the restless Mind
 340 And still new Horrors in their Prison find—
 Dull flow the hours till from the sky display'd
 Sweet Morn dispells the horrors of the shade—
 But what to them is mornings chearful Ray,
 Dull and distressful as the close of Day?
 At distance far appears the Dewy Green
 And leafy Trees on distant hills are seen

319. *In 1781 thrive becomes bloom.*

After 322. A Gloomy Guard [*alt. to where*] at every Portal waits *uncancelled*.

323-24. *Cancelled: retained in 1781 (299-300).*

328. *In 1781 these becomes the.*

329. cask a fatal Dose contains *alt. from draught that now corrupt & dead grown.*

331. Hence *alt. from pale.*

333. *In 1781 Stream becomes streams.*

334. *In 1781 Dream becomes dreams.*

335. springs *alt. from founts: in 1781 dreary becomes weary.*

337. Among the *cancelled: retained in 1781 (303).*

338. *In 1781 then becomes all.*

340. *In 1781 Horrors becomes torments.*

341. from the sky display'd *alt. from morning gilds the sky.*

343. *In 1781 mornings chearful becomes morn's delightful.*

344. *In 1781 Dull becomes Sad.*

346. leafy *alt. from Green: in 1781 distant hills becomes mountain tops.*

- But they no Groves nor grassy Grottoes tread
 Marked for a longer Journey to the dead
 At Every Hatch a Group of Sentries stands
 350 Cull'd from the Scottish or the Hessian bands
 As Tigers fierce for human blood they thirst
 Rejoice in slaughter as in slaughter nurst
 [Of restless, cruel, angry, Iron soul]
 [Take these my friends as Samples of the whole]
 Black as the Clouds that shade St. Kilda's shore
 Wild as the winds that round her mountains roar
 Their hearts with malice to our country swell
 Because in former days we used them well—
 Ingratitude! No curse like thee is found
 360 Throughout this jarring world's expanded round
Some other Vice may bid your feelings bleed
But this will burst and break the heart indeed.
 But such a host of various ills are found
 So many evils in these hullks abound
 That on them all a Poem to prolong
 Would endless make the horrors of my Song
 To what shall I their ruin'd bread compare
 Baked for old Cesars Armies you would swear
 So great its age that hard & flinty grown
 370 You ask for Bread and they present a Stone,
 Why should I tell what putrid oil they deal
 Why the dread horrors of a scanty meal
 The Rotten pork, the lumpy damagd flour
 Soaked in Salt Water and with age grown sour

347. *In 1781 Grottoes becomes mountains.*

348. longer *alt. from* tedious.

349. Group of Sentries *alt. from* sullen Sentry.

350. *In 1781 Hessian becomes English.*

352. *Alt. from* Blood is their joy & Murder but their play.

353. cruel, angry *alt. from* fierce, destructive.

355. Clouds *alt. from* Storms.

356. Wild *alt. from* Fier[ce]; round *alt. from* on.

364. abound *alt. from* are found.

After 366. If the black regions of the ruind Dead [*alt. to* fiends] below *cancelled.*

367. ruin'd *alt. from* rotten.

368. old Cesars *alt. from* some Roman.

372. Why *alt. from* With all; dread *added before* horrors.

373. The Rotten pork *alt. from* In one sad meal.

Say must I tell how the famish'd Messes join
 And on these fat delicious Dainties dine
 For once a day we taste the Royal Meat
 Once and but once at the Kings charges eat
 [Such hosts he feeds upon Columbia's shore]
 380 [How can the stingy heartless wretch do more?]
 If from your Purse the Gold has run to waste
 No breakfast nor no supper would you taste—
 [Then ere you sail your Purse wt Gold supply]
 [For on the royal Bounty you would die]
 The vigorous Spirit that the Islands yield
 Was by these petty Tyrants here withheld
 While yet they deignd the healthy Juice to lade
 The putrid water felt its powerful aid
 But when denyd (for Tryon's private Gain)
 390 Then Fevers rag'd and revel'd thro' our Vein
 Throughout my frame I felt its deadly heat
 I felt my pulse with quicker motion beat
 A Ghastly paleness oer my face was spread
 Unusual Pain attackd my fainting head
 No Physic here, no Doctor to assist
 My name was enterd on the Sickman's list
 12 wretches more the self same symptoms took

375. Say must [*alt. from shall*] *alt. from* Why should; how the famish'd [*alt. from hungry*] Messes *alt. from* that some the day they.
 376. And *alt. from* Once a day; dine *alt. from* join: *in 1781* fat delicious Dainties *becomes* offals of creation.
 377. For *alt. from* But: *in 1781* taste *becomes* touch'd.
 378. but once *alt. from* no more.
 379. Columbia's *alt. from* our injurd: *in 1781* Columbia *becomes* our ravag'd.
 380. *In 1781* stingy heartless *becomes* heartless, mean-soul'd.
 382. *In 1781* *becomes* At morn nor evening look for no repast.
 385. vigorous *added before* Spirit; sugar [*alt. to juicy*] cane affords *cancelled before* Islands.
 386. To here with[held?] *cancelled after* Was.
 387. healthy *alt. from* powerful.
 389. the cause of *cancelled after* denyd: *in 1781* for Tryon's private gain *becomes to* aggravate our pains.
 390. *In 1781* Vein *becomes* veins.
 391. all *cancelled before* may; frame *alt. from* blo[od?].
 393. My gr head grew *cancelled before* A; Ghastly *alt. from* Deadly.
 394. attackd *alt. from* assaild.
 397. 12 *alt. from* Ten.

And soon were enterd on the Doctors book
 The glorious Hunter was our destined place
 400 The Hunter to all hospitals disgrace
 With Soldiers sent to guard us on our road
 Joyful we left the Scorpions dire abode
 Some Tears we shed for the remaining crew
 Then cursed the Hullk and from her sides we drew

[CANTO IV. THE HOSPITAL SHIP]

[And toward the Hunters black abode we came]
 [A slaughter house, yet Hospital in Name]
 [But when too near with labouring oars we plied]
 [The mate with curses drove us from the side]
 Ten thousand times he gave us to old Nick
 410 And swore as often that we were not sick
 But calm'd at length (for who can always rage
 Or always war like Bloody Britain wage)
 He pointed to the stairs that led below

398. Doctors *alt.* from sickmans: in 1781 soon becomes these.

399. In 1781 glorious becomes loathsome.

401. road *alt.* from way.

402. Joyful *alt.* from With Joy.

403. we added before shed.

404. In 1781 we drew becomes withdrew.

405. toward *alt.* from to; written and cancelled as Now to the Hunters dark abode [*alt.* to scorching decks] we came: in 1781 And becomes now.

406. yet *alt.* from but; written and cancelled as The Mate with Curses took us to the same.

After 406. 1781 (391-92) adds

For none came there (to pass thro' all degrees)

Till half consum'd and dying with disease;—

407. too near *alt.* from to the ship.

409. give *alt.* from wishd: in 1781 he gave us to old Nick becomes to irritate our woe.

After 409. 1781 (396-97) adds

He wish'd us founder'd in the gulph below;

Ten thousand times he brandish'd high his stick,

After 410. 1781 (399-400) adds

—And yet so pale—that we were thought by some,

A freight of ghosts from death's dominions come;—

412. In 1781 becomes Or the fierce war of endless passion wage.

413. to *alt.* from out; written and cancelled as He deign'd the Passage to our births to show: in 1781 dire becomes damps.

To dire disease and varied shapes of woe.
 Down to the Gloom we took our pensive way
 Along the Deck the dying Captives lay
 Some struck with madness, some with scurvy pain'd
 But still of putrid Fevers most complaind
 On the hard planks these dying objects laid
 420 Here tossd and tumbled in the dismal shade
 [Of leaky decks I heard them now complain]
 [Drownd as they were in Deluges of pain]
 Denyd the comforts of a dying Bed
 And not a pillow to support the head
 How could they else but pine and grieve & sigh
 Detest a wretched Life and wish to die—
 A Hessian Doctor, from Long Island came

419. In 1781 planks becomes floors.

421. In 1781 now becomes much.

424. support *alt.* from refresh.

After 426. 1781 (417-34) adds

Soon as I came to this detested place
 A wasted *phantom* star'd me in the face;
 "And art thou come (death heavy in his eyes)
 And art thou come to these abodes, he cries;
 Why didst thou leave the *Scorpion's* dark retreat,
 And hither come, a surer death to meet;
 Why didst thou leave thy damp infected cell,
 If *that* was purgatory, *this* is hell;
 Here wastes away *Autolycus* the brave,
 Here young *Orestes* finds an early grave;
 Here gay *Alcander*, gay, alas, no more,
 Dies, far sequester'd from his native shore;
 Ah, rest in peace, poor injur'd parted shade,
 By cruel hands too soon in death array'd;
 But happier climes where orbs unclouded shine,
 Light undisturb'd and endless peace are thine;"—
 He said and struggling in the pangs of death,
 Gave his last groan and yielded his last breath.

427. Notation A Hessian below line 126 indicates position of lines 427-40, which are written in the manuscript after line 474. Hessian *alt.* from German; for our cancelled before from.

After 428. Notation Fair Science &c, referring to lines for which no original is found in the manuscript, but which appear in 1781 (437-46) as

Fair science never call'd the wretch her son,
 And art disdain'd the stupid man to own:—
 Can you admire why science was so coy,
 Or art refus'd his genius to employ?—
 On rocky hills can Eden's blossoms grow,

Not great his skill, nor greater much his fame
 He on his charge the curing work begun
 430 With Antimonial Mixtures by the Tun
 Ten Minutes was the time he deign'd to stay
 The time of grace allotted once a day
 He drench'd us well with bitter draughts I know
 Peruvian Barks and Tartar Cremor, too
 On those refusing he bestowed a Kick
 Or laid them sprawling with his walking stick
 Hence came our Deaths, by his untoward skill
 And by Vending one anothers purge or Pill
 By frequent Blows we from his staff endur'd
 440 He kill'd at least as many as he cur'd—

Do *Trees of God* in barren desarts grow,
 Are loaded vines to *Ætna's* summit known;
 Or swells the *peach* beneath the frozen Zone?—
 Yet still he puts his genius to the rack,
 And as you may suppose, became a *quack*.

429. curing *alt. from* healing.

432. The time of grace *alt. from* This was the time, *alt. from* Ten Minutes.

434. In 1781 Tartar Cremor *becomes* Cremor-Tartar.

435. On those refusing *alt. from* To those that could.

436. In 1781 laid them sprawling *becomes* meanac'd vengeance.

437. by *added before* his; untoward *alt. from* unexperienced: in 1781 untoward *becomes* defective.

438. In 1781 Vending *becomes* sending.

439. By *alt. from* The: in 1781 staff *becomes* cane.

440. At least *cancelled before and added after* he kill'd.

After 440. 1781 (459-80) *adds*

Some did not seem obedient to his will,
 And swore he mingled poison with his pill;—
 But I acquit him by a fair confession,
 He was no Englishman, he was a Hessian;—
 Although a dunce he had some sense of sin,
 Or else the Lord knows here we now had been;
 Doubtless in that far country went to range,
 Where never prisoner meets with an exchange;—
 Then had we all been banish'd out of time,
 Nor I return'd to plague the world with rhyme!

Our doctor had a master, chief physician,
 To all the hospitals in their possession;
 Once and but once by some strange fortune led,
 He came to see the dying and the dead;
 He came—but anger so deform'd his eye,
 And such a faulchion glitter'd on his thigh;
 And such a gloom his visage darkened o'er,

O'er this poor Vessel and her sickly band
 A dismal Ruffian held the chief command
 Tho unprovoked an angry face he wore
 We stood astonishd at the Oaths he swore
 He wishd us banishd from the public Light
 Stark dead and buryd in eternal Night
 That were he King no mercy would he show
 But drive all Rebels to the world below,
 That if we scoundrels did not scrub the Decks
 450 His staff would break our damned rebel Necks
 He swore besides, (not waiting for his turn)
 That if the ship was burnt we too would burn
 [*For then by chance the chimney Pipe took fire*]
 [*And that she was not burnt I much admire*]
 If, where he stood a loathsome carcass lay
 Not alter'd was the language of the Day,
 He thought us Dogs and would have us'd us so

And two such pistols in his hands he bore;—
 That *by the Gods*—with such a load of steel,
 He came, we thought to murder, not to heal;
 Had he so dar'd—but fate with-held his hand,—
 He came—blasphem'd—and turn'd again to land.

441. In 1781 O'er becomes From, band becomes crew.

442. held *alt. from* had: in 1781 (483-86) adds

After 442. 1781 (483-86) adds

Captain, esquire, commander too in chief,
 And hence he gain'd his *bread* and hence his *beef*,—
 But, sir, you might have searcht creation round,
 'Ere such another devil could be found;

444. We stood astonishd *alt. from* And Devils trembled.

After 444. 1781 (489-90) adds

He swore—till every mortal stood aghast,
 And thought him Satan in a brimstone blast;

446. Stark dead and *alt. from* He wishd us: in 1781 Stark dead and becomes he wished us.

450. In 1781 rebel becomes rebellious.

453. In 1781 becomes And meant it so—this monster I engage.

454. *Alternate line, written below and uncanceled*, And if she was not burnt, it was not our Desire: in 1781 becomes Had lost his post to gratify his rage.

After 454. *Two lines cancelled*:

That not a scoundrel would remain alive
 No, not one Rebel of us all survive

457. In 1781 thought becomes call'd.

- But Vengeance check'd the meditated blow
 The vengeance from our injur'd country due
 460 To him and all the base ungenerous crew
 [Each day at least three Carcasses we bore]
 [And scratchd some Graves along the sandy shore]
 By feeble hands the shallow Graves were made
 No stone memorial oer the Corpses laid,
 In barren Sands, and far from home they ly
 No friend to shed a Tear when passing by
 Oer the slight Graves insulting Britons tread
 Spurn at the sand and curse the Rebel dead—
 When to your Arms these fatal Islands fall
 470 For soon or late they must be conquerd all
 Americans!—To Rites sepulchral just
 Tread lightly on your hapless offsprings dust
 And oer their Graves, if Graves can there be found
 Place the Green Turf and plant the myrtle round
 Americans, a just Resentment show
 How long shall Britain dare to use us so
 [While the warm blood shall swell the glowing vein]
 [Resentment still must in my bosom reign]
 [Can I forget [the] Vengeful Britons ire]
 480 [Our fields in Ruin and our Domes on fire]
 [No Age no Sex from Lust and Murder free]

458. future *cancelled before* Vengeance; check'd *alt. from* bade him; blow *cancelled before* meditated.
 460. In 1781 ungenerous *becomes* unmanly.
 461. Each day at break these Corpses sent on shore *alt. to* Here corpses from the Hullk we bore *uncancelled*.
 462. some *alt. from a: in* 1781 some *becomes* them.
 463. In 1781 Graves *becomes* tombs.
 466. when passing by *alt. from* when walking by *uncancelled*, *alt. from* that travels by.
 469. When *alt. from* If; Arms *alt. from* Power.
 470. For soon or late *alt. from* As first as last; they must be conquerd *alt. from* Fate has decreed them: in 1781 soon or late *becomes* first or last.
 472. hapless *alt. from* decaasd: in 1781 *becomes* With gentle footstep press this kindred dust.
 473. In 1781 Graves *twice becomes* tombs.
 474. Place *alt. from* Lay; plant the myrtle round *alt. from* sacred hold the ground.
 476. In 1781 *becomes* And let your mind with indignation glow.
 477. warm *alt. from* red; warm *cancelled after* glowing.
 478. In 1781 *becomes* Let fierce resentment in your bosonis reign.
 479. the *cancelled before* Vengeful: in 1781 I *becomes* you.
 480. In 1781 our *twice becomes* your.

- [And black as Night the Hell born Refugee]
 [[Must York] forever see your Lives expire]
 [In Ships, in Prisons and in dungeons dire]
 How long shall foes that trading city keep
 Plac'd like old Tyre for Commerce on the deep
 Rouse from your Sleep and crush the thievish Band
 Defeat destroy and sweep them from the Land
 Ally'd like you, what madness to despair
- 490 Destroy the Traitors while they linger there—
Weak and Divided, to your arms they yield
They dare not venture to the open field,—
See to your Ports the British navy flee
And France remains the Mistress of the Sea
See all the Nations of the world combine
And full resolv'd to humble Britain join
See Washington bright Freedom's flag display
Your Guardian God conducts you on your way
Immortal Honor to past deeds is due
- 500 Recall those actions and aspire to new—
 See Britain falls—the fates to ruin Bring
 Her Lords, her chiefs, her monster of a King.

482. And black as Night *alt. from* The Britons [rage?].

483. First two words *illegible*.

485. foes *alt. from* they.

486. on *alt. from* near.

490. In 1781 Traitors *becomes* ruffians.

After 490. 1781 (545-54) *adds*

There Tryon sits, a monster all complete,
 See Clinton there with vile Knyphausen meet;
 And every wretch whom *virtue* should detest,
 There finds a home—and Arnold with the rest;—
 Ah! monsters, lost to every sense of shame,
 Unjust supporters of a tyrant's claim;
 Foes to the rights of freedom and of men,
 Stain'd with the blood of thousands you have slain;
 To the just doom the righteous skies decree,
 We leave you toiling still in cruelty;

494. remain *alt. from* remains.

497. No more *cancelled before* See.

499. past *alt. from* your; is *alt. from* are.

500. those *alt. from* brave.

501. In 1781 *becomes* The years approach that shall to ruin bring.

502. In 1781 her *three times becomes* your.