

A
P O E M
ON
Lord BLAKENEY's
Bravery at the Siege of *MINORCA*

MOST high omniscient great, dread Lord above,
The source of wisdom, God of Peace and Love;
Deign to assist thy Servant's feeble Pen,
Now writing of the worthy, best of Men,
A Subject copious, and extensive too,
His Enemies will own the Facts are true:
That Hero *BLAKENEY*, brave's the Man I mean,
Whose matchless Deeds are manifestly seen:
No Mortal Eloquence can them express,
So Good, so Great, so Many, Numberless!
Mercy's only Son of high immortal Fame,
Nephrone's not worthy now to use thy Name,
He's chang'd his Honour for eternal Shame.
But glorious *Mercy's* that Honour will retrieve,
And, under God, good News we shall receive:
He's oft' been tried, of him the Nation's squire,
A *Hawks* or *Warrrts*, France could ne'er endure.
And tho' Lord *Anson* they so much admire,
His Lordship's Visits they do not require:
Bestawen too, their Darling and Delight,
Lov'd best by them when farthest out of Sight.
If these brave Men had been in t'other's Place,
The Nation had not suffer'd such Disgrace.
Oh! was he in a Trance? What was he doing?
With Force superior see the Nation's Ruin.
Fifty-two Cannons and the Weather Gage,
Enough to put the Devil in a Rage.
Let not *Hibernia's* Glory be forgot,
That *Phanix* bright, who never fear'd a shot:
When he the Flag first hoisted as a Token,
These gallant Words by *Blakency* bold were spoken.
There thou shalt stand, and ever there remain.
Till all the *French* are gone, or I be slain!
I thought that *B—g* was sent to my Assistance
If he ne'er comes we'll make a stout resistance:
Let Balls, like Hailstones, briskly round them fly
Duke *Richlieu* and his *Frenchman* we defy.

Tho' long besieg'd doth unconcern'd appear,
As if no Enemies but Friends were there:
Marlborough said *Eugene's* Presence did inspire,
And *Blakeney's* did his Men with Vigour fire.
Powder and Ball pray give unto them Plenty,
Bellona says, it is a wond'rous Dainty:
B—g, could not part with much 'twas choice orfcenty.
Things that are costly delicate and rare,
Things that are costly, delicate and rare,
Men love to keep, they seldom Will it spare.
Self-Preservation sure behoves us all,
A Misconstruction if he quotes *St. Paul*.
Says *Blakency*, let *B—g* quote *Paul* or *Apollo*
To Sight like *Briton* is the Rule I'll follow;
And what they came on Purpose for to crave,
Tho' Balls are costly, Soldier's let them have
All that unto the Garrison belongeth,
If we should nothing eat for a whole Month.
Be kind and civil to your Gallie Neighbour,
Send them to Heav'n quick, from Toil and Labours,
He oft' in *Scotland* shew'd a manly Part,
Which won the sure Affections of the Heart:
At *Stirling-Castle* did support the fame,
And of the Rebel's Army made his Game,
Had Succours came he'd kept *Minorca* oill.
And made his Foes subservient to his Will.
Eight Years five Months I served in the Place,
But never thought that this would be the Case.
May Crowns of Laurels hence adorn his Seat,
And for his Country all his Joys compleat:
Whilst pin'd with Anguish his detracting Foes,
Distinguish more the Virtues they'd oppose:
May *Hawks* strike Terror to the Gallic Fleet,
And with th' Almighty's Help them fairly beat;
May he and *Blakeney* home come Hand in Hand,
'Twill cause great Joy and Triumph o'er the Land.
Then drink Success to all the *British* Fleet,
May they the *French* o'erthrow whene'er they meet.

Composed by the Bearer, *William Catton*, of *St. Ann's, Westminster*, who serv'd his Majesty fifteen Years and
six Days in General *Folliott's* Regiment of Foot, and was discharged at the Reducement.

Having no Pension, Trade, or Friend,
I'm turn'd poor Poet, in the End.