

THE PROPHECY!

OR,

BONAPARTE KILLED AT LAST

BY HIS OWN TROOPS!

A True Story, just brought from *Paris* by a Gentleman, who arrived in *England* only two Days ago. This Story is founded on a Dream of *Bonaparte*, which happened a Week since, and has greatly agitated his Mind, arising no doubt, from the inward workings of Conscience. This Dream he communicated to his faithful MAMELUKE, and some how or other it has transpired—perhaps by the secret intentions of Providence, whose Ways are inscrutable. The Dream is here given in Verse.

YE BRITONS, to your Country true,
In her just cause so hearty,
The French shall make *Invasion rue*,
And give proud Bonaparte
Such signs of Britons' glorious zeal,
When by French slaves invaded,
As soon shall make that Tyrant feel,
His laurels are all faded.

Blasted like his brilliant fame,
Which once shone with such lustre,
Patriots almost ador'd his name,
Who now against him muster.
His warmest friends, since he has chang'd,
The Monster detesting so;
They in the foremost ranks are rang'd,
To give to him his death-blow.

Shall Britons court a Tyrant's smiles?
Shall Britons, transform'd to Slaves!
Be caught by Bonaparte's wiles?
His hypocritical knaves,
Who sily say, "we only mean,
A hundred rich men to kill,
Frenchmen from long experience seen,
Too mild, much blood to spill!"

"So meek, so gentle, they ne'er could,
Like the base English nation,
Embrue their hands in guiltless blood;
Britons in ev'ry station,
Characteris'd as loving pain
For savage, barbarous acts;
Whence they reject with high disdain,
Those mild laws New France enacts."

Freedom sure reigns in FRANCE alone,
For only the Consul's free;
But mark that Tyrant on his throne,
And him on his pillow see,
Where rack'd with agonizing thought,
At which his blood runs chill,
Murders he plots, who sleep has sought
In vain, the night to kill.

His Death see Widows, Orphans pray,
Carrying a poison'd bowl,
Whilst this, which some in whispers say,
Seems thunder to his soul:
"Thou traitor to thy soldiers, speak,
Nor feel refreshing sleep,
We now our Husbands, Fathers seek,
Thus doom'd by thee to weep.

"Where are thy Fellow Soldiers, say!
Whom thou, so treach'rous, slew?
Thou know'st at Jaffa long they lay
Expos'd to public view;

Till BRITONS, to their foes humane,
Gave them sepulchral rite;
For they with sorrow, heartfelt pain,
Beheld that horrid sight.

"But, Monster, know, 'tis doom'd by Fate,
Much longer thou shalt not live,
From thy own troops just death await,
They shall thy death-blow give:
Nor will those guards that round thy throne,
Have screen'd thee so long from death,
Their Consul's too just fate bemoan,
Or weep at his parting Breath,

"But Terror fled, shew vast surprise
Thou, Monster, liv'd so long;
That France did not against thee rise
In one promiscuous throng;
Thy stanch Mam'lukes too, shall cry out,
Thank God, the Tyrant's dead!!!
For no more Consuls Frenchmen shout,
But King Louis make your Head.

"With Moreau, Minister of State,
Not mad Ambition's Fool,
But choosing a much safer Fate,
Than over France to rule;
Frenchmen shall then this blessing see,
They've not these twelve years past,
Equality doth best agree
With Governments which last."

"For though Republics, at first sight,
May delusive Fancy please,
They, closer seen, mankind affright,
And with so much friction tease,
Faction against faction struggling,
Causing such constant ferment,
That with their arts of patriot-juggling,
A state's vital strength is spent."

WE BRITONS now, to our good King
Will grateful homage pay;
Nor murmur, tho' the war should bring
Fresh taxes ev'ry day!
Because they're rais'd but for the war,
When that's brought to an end,
Those taxes cease we most abhor,
And our bad times will mend.

Where we're tax'd too, true Freedom reigns,
And such just laws are found;
They can defy Old or Young PAINES,
And fight them on their own ground,
Their Reason would before our laws,
(Afraid with Truth to fight.)
Vanish in smoke, as the sun draws
The vapours of the night.

