On Governor Reynolds's Departure for England.

To done at Length the tumult past,
The storm that Threatened its blown o'er;
Yet Power has breathed its last,
Little vile Threats are heard no more.

The Planter now his hopes elevate,
Pursues the rural, healthy plan;
Swept clean our Georgia's propitious Vale.
The great Idea charms the man.

Our Judgment seats no more shall sigh,
Polluted with a murderer there;
Under our present Guardian's Eye,
Will she her due Reward shall share.

Philanthropos with a patriot zeal,
Peace and order set the high command;
Faction and Discord vanquished fall,
Party that Hydra quits her stand.

Thus have I seen a stormy night,
Strike each Beholder with dismay;
Joyful Relief from dire affliction,
Behind a calm unclouded day.

Americanus.
On Governor Ellis's Arrival in Georgia.

Welcome! thrice welcome to our land,
Georgia break forth in rapturous strain;
Great George our sovereign is our friend,
Do thankfull and forget thy Pain!

2.

Now has this infant Province shook;
Under a lawfull Tyrants sway;
But lo! the iron Rod is broke,
Ellis is come to cheer our Day.

3.

Ne'er was the Sun more welcome known,
To bless a weary land's Increase;
Too long in Triumph Vice has shone;
And Piford harrow'd up our Peace.

4.

Laughter no more shall Drop a Tear;
Ellis the Patriot bids rejoice;
A long adieu to every Fear,
Let & funs tune your Voice.

5.

Thanks to our Sovereign great and good,
His royal Hand is swift to save;
Destruction seemed a coming Flood,
Ellis our Guardian stems the Wave.