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N. B. A Gentleman of Trinity-College will superintend the Classical Department.

THE  
CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

AN  
EPIC POEM.  
IN EIGHT BOOKS.

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BY  
HENRY MURPHY.

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DUBLIN:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
BY W. PORTER, SKINNER-ROW.

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M. D C C. X C.



Marquis TOWNSHEND.

SCARCE had the thought of a Dedication entered my mind, when the same thought presented your Lordship as the proper Object of it. To whom, said I to Reason, ought the Conquest of Quebec to be dedicated? To whom, Reason instantly answered, but to him the lustre of whose exploits constitutes some of its most considerable beauties, and without whom the very title it bears had never been in existence. The end which authors in general propose to themselves from dedications differs widely from that proposed by the person who offers this to your Lordship; the majority of them, confident of the merit of their works, in expectation of some pecuniary reward, aim at immortalizing the little-great ones whose insignificance had else consigned them to eternal oblivion. My aim, on the contrary, is to immortalize a production destitute of every



## DEDICATION.

merit, but that of being addressed to your Lordship, by prefixing to it a name already sure of immortality.

Should your Lordship find this Poem animated by the least spark of epic fire, it is owing to the greatness of your own exploits, and of those of your deceased General, which inspired it, should it have none. All I ask is, that the goodness of my intentions may be admitted, as some palliation for its defects. However, let the future fortune of the production be what it may, I shall never regret the undertaking, since it has afforded me an opportunity of subscribing myself

Your Lordship's

most devoted

humble servant,

HENRY MURPHY.

PREFACE.

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## P R E F A C E.

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ERE I expose the following sheets to the censures of a hard judging world, I think myself bound to say something in defence of the rashness which first engaged me in so vast an undertaking; as also to offer something in way of palliation for the faults with which, beyond all doubt, it abounds. An activity of mind, which is ever a foe to a state of indolence first discovered to me the wearisomeness of the situation in which fate has placed me; and this same activity soon prompted me to seek for some avocation, which might serve to banish that gloomy melancholy which Nature seems to have intended for the constant companion of this situation. Such a search, in such circumstances as mine, the reader may well suppose must have been attended with no inconsiderable difficulties: the event was as might have been expected. After having sent all my thoughts  
out

out on the pursuit, and after they had all returned without success, I was at length constrained by necessity to take up with that employment, which is ever the resource of the unqualified for more vigorous avocations, namely, that of rhyming ; an employment which experience soon informed me was the one of all others most levelled to my abilities, as it depends less than any other on external objects.—At first these attempts were only meant to amuse the hours as they passed, but accident, importunity, or some other prevalent motive which I cannot now recollect, shortly after exposed them to the inspection of a few friends. Whatever I may have in future, I had then no cause to regret this step. My little performances, unfinished as they were, met with the approbation of their partial inspectors ; they said they were full of fire, that in point of connection they had but few, if any faults, and that they bore many marks of original genius. Puffed up with the vanity that such flatteries never fail to excite in young minds, it is natural to suppose I was not long in concluding myself a person whom Heaven had designed for something more than the circumstances of my situation

situation seemed at that time to indicate. I will confess my weakness; I thought my friends would not deceive me, and of course I took it for granted that Nature had endowed me with all the qualifications necessary to the making a good writer, since, with very little assistance from books, I was already able to please those whom I considered as consummate judges.— I cast my thoughts about to find a subject worthy the fancied eminence of my abilities, and immediately Epic Poetry became my choice; nor did I, till fatal experience had dissipated the illusion which hurried me into this choice, discover that I had gone beyond my depth. Perhaps the world may here cry out, it is strange the same modesty which then discovered to me the folly of the undertaking, and now induces me to acknowledge it, did not then compel me to abandon a design of which even I myself dreaded the event. Perhaps the world may say, and say with justice, that an epic poem was an undertaking fit only for an approved genius, one whose works had been long crowned with the applause of the public, and from the splendour of whose former successes great things might be expected. To all these

these objections I cannot but assent, and yet I trust I have still something to say in defence of my pursuit of the plan I at first laid down.— During the time I had the choice of a subject in contemplation, it occurred to my memory that Gen. Wolfe was a character, the slightest mention of whose exploits always threw me into a kind of rapture, and the generally received notion that a subject with which the mind is warmly engaged, never fails to make it compose with energy, instantly marked him for the hero of my intended performance. In the first sallies of this enthusiasm, I laid the plan of an epic poem, published proposals, and promised it to the public in the very form in which I now send it forth; nor did the disproportion between my abilities and my intentions manifest itself, until it was too late to recede. Perhaps the world may here cry out, it could never be too late to recede; perhaps it may say, it were better to have receded on the very eve of publication, than to pester the public with a production so puerile and so crude, that even the partiality of the author could not avoid trembling for its success. But should such be the sentiments of the world, its sentiments

ments differ widely from mine ; high as I prize my fame, I praise the sanctity of my word still higher, and rather than incur the imputation of levity, by suppressing the publication of a work which I had solemnly engaged to publish, I would willingly forfeit all the little hopes which I yet have of one day writing with success, by vending the vilest trash that ever flowed from the pen of a ballad-monger. Thus, in a manner, compelled to drudge on in the hopeless course my inexperience had chalked out for me, I now resolved to finish the work with all possible expedition, and to leave the rest to fortune. In the prosecution of this my intention, I was considerably assisted by my brother-in-law, Mr. Abraham Newland, whose generosity on this occasion led him to become both my amanuensis and reviser ; and to him I cannot, even here, avoid making my acknowledgments.—Backed by this powerful aid, I have at length brought the work to the eve of publication ; and, contrary to my most sanguine hopes, the few specimens that, since its committal to press, have been distributed among my friends, have met with their approbation ; an approbation which pleases me the more, as

some friendly censures with which they have accompanied it, have given it the stamp of impartiality, as to its faults, which even self-love cannot but allow : I think, to the reflection of a considerate reader, there must of themselves rise up many excuses in their behalf. The disadvantages of the author's situation, which must inevitably have shut him out from the most material benefits of education ; his total ignorance of the rules of modern criticism, the natural consequence of the former ; but above all, the repeated importunity of subscribers, which have laid him under a necessity of publishing the work before he had time to polish it to his satisfaction, are sure most powerful advocates. Now to you, ye sage censors of literature, you who have erected yourselves into a kind of aristocratic republic, punishing those who dare to offend against the majesty of your laws, by the severity of your censures, while you lavish on their strict observers the rewards of your applause ; to you, I say, before I take a final leave, do I intend to offer up a short address, but not, like most of your subjects, with an intent to scoff at your authority and set your power at defiance, but rather, like a penitent offender,

offender, pleading guilty, and relying on your mercy for forgiveness : let me then taste the sweet influence of this mercy, nor crush by the rigour of your justice the feeble efforts of one who, though he should never have capability to produce any thing to benefit mankind, shall at least never attempt any thing that may tend to their prejudice. But should the impulse of your philanthropy be so strong as to lay you under an indispensable necessity of discovering to me the faults into which I have fallen, Letters directed to me are gentle vehicles which cannot fail of answering all the purposes of this generous intention, and that without furnishing the illiterate part of mankind with weapons with which their own ignorance could never have supplied them, and which they would never use against me with the moderation that you might have intended in an epistolatory conveyance. You may, like kind preceptors, point out all the errors that have escaped my observation, while I, like an attentive pupil, will listen to your instructions, and endeavour to improve. By public prints, what more could you perform? But while I think to escape the imputation of vanity, by thus beseeching the cri-



tic world to look with an eye of compassion on my faults, perhaps these critics may be of opinion that I incur this very imputation, by having the presumption to think a work so imperfect as mine worthy even of their censures.—Should this be a crime, it is a crime that ought rather to be laid at the door of the partial friends, who have flattered me into such a belief, than at mine: they told me it had some merit; and it is not in the nature of self-love to discredit so agreeable an assertion. However, with all its faults, I now finally commit it to the mercy of the public in general, and of you, ye sage censors of literature, in particular, promising that, should my first performance be helped forward by the least spark of your indulgence, I will, in some future period, when I am better qualified for the undertaking, endeavour to produce something more worthy your inspection; and beseeching that, when you are about to pass sentence on this production, you will remember that on that sentence depends the happiness, fame, and future fortune of one whose struggles against the severity of his fate, are at least intitled to some respect.—Should you smile, it is possible I may rise, but by your frown I must inevitably fall.

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## A R G U M E N T.

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### B O O K T H E F I R S T.

AFTER the usual invocation of the Muses, the scene opens in the ethereal regions ;—the Deity, seated on his throne, takes a survey of the state of our nether world ;—he sees many of its empires, particularly Great-Britain and France, involved in a dreadful war ; he enters into a conference with his Son to determine which of the belligerent powers is best intitled to Divine Assistance ;—the election falls on Great-Britain ;—the angel Raphael is dispatched to inspire Pitt, prime minister of England, with the resolution of appointing General Wolfe to the command of the army destined for America ;—Raphael arrives at London ;—he holds a discourse with Freedom, Pitt's guardian goddess, on the virtues and abilities of that statesman ;—he then executes his commission, and returns up to Heaven ;—Pitt hastens into the presence of the King ;—he solicits him to appoint Wolfe to the command of the army destined for Quebec ;—the Monarch

narch consents ;—the statesman, returning home, meets General Wolfe, and acquaints him with his success ;—he imparts to him some advice on the conduct necessary to be pursued in his new office ;—Wolfe hurries from the presence of the minister, and flies to take leave of his aged mother ;—he then bids a last adieu to his intended bride, and sets forward for America.

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## BOOK THE SECOND.

THIS Book opens with some reflections on the singularity of the Author's situation ;—it then proceeds to relate the arrival of the British armament in the river St. Laurence ;—the fortrefs of Quebec and the adjacent country described ;—the English forces disembark on the isle of Orleans ;—a catalogue of them is given, as well as of those of France ;—the British officers meet in council ;—they resolve to attack Point Levy, previous to their investing Quebec ;—Brigadier Moncton is appointed to the command of this expedition ;—he makes himself master of the place by surprise ;—batteries are erected on the heights of Point Levy, in order to bombard Quebec ;—after a long and terrible cannonade, the town is almost entirely laid in ashes ;—the French make an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge Brigadier Moncton ;—Gen. Wolfe, after a long harangue to his army, in which he endeavours to impress

impress them with a strong sense of the importance of the expedition in which they are embarked, conducts them from the isle of Orleans to the continent on the north side of the river St. Laurence ;—a skirmish ensues between a party of British rangers and a body of Indians, auxiliaries to the French army ;—the British commander makes use of a variety of stratagems, in order to decoy the French army from the heights of Mount-morency, where they are encamped, but without effect ;—he calls a council of his principal officers, in which it is determined to attack the enemy in their camp.

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### B O O K   T H E   T H I R D .

GENERAL WOLFE embarks thirteen companies of Grenadiers and a detachment of the Royal Americans on a number of boats, in order to attack the front of the enemy's entrenchments ;—a description of the posture of the French army at the commencement of the battle ;—the boats, under cover of the fire of their fleet, set forward for the place of destination ;—the French from all their lines oppose them by a tremendous discharge of artillery, yet, through the marvellous conduct of their general, they, after surmounting innumerable obstacles, at length make good their landing ;—immediately, without allowing

ing themselves time to draw up in order of battle, they rush on to the assault, but through their headlong impetuosity, meet with a terrible repulse;—just at that moment a general and terrific discharge of artillery commences on all sides;—Wolfe, in front of all the enemy's fire, flies from rank to rank, using every endeavour to rally his shattered squadrons;—he at length once more restores them to order; but just as they are about to renew the attack, the sudden rise of a violent tempest, joined to the approach of night, obliges them to retire;—General Wolfe, stung by the bitterness of disappointment, and overwhelmed by a constant round of fatigue, is thrown into a dangerous fever, from which he is with difficulty recovered;—Montcalm, disconcerted by the unexpectedness of his recovery, resolves on his assassination;—for this purpose he suborns a creature of his own, named Verdonx, and Satagus, an Indian chief, who served as an auxiliary in the French army;—Verdonx attempts to execute his barbarous commission, but is prevented in the moment of the attempt by the generosity of Satagus;—Wolfe, through an ill-timed compassion, not only pardons Verdonx, but dismisses him with marks of kindness;—Satagus, enraged at the folly of such a step, is also about to retire, but at length, with great reluctance, suffers himself to be prevailed on to attend the general to his camp;—here Wolfe endeavours to appease him, by expostulating with him on  
the

the inhumanity of revenge;—Satagus describes the variety of sufferings to which his country had been exposed, through the cruelty of the Europeans;—he gives a detail of some of his misfortunes, particularly of the captivity of his wife and children by the English, during his absence on a hunting party;—he accounts for the rise of the war in 1755, and gives a catalogue of the Indian nations that espoused the interest of France in its commencement.

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#### BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE two friends still continue their discourse;—Satagus, at the request of Wolfe, explains the nature of the Indian religion, and enters into a detail of the virtues and principal military exploits of Sir William Johnson;—Wolfe, in his turn, gives a succinct history of the British empire, since its foundation;—he ascribes the eternal enmity betwixt France and England to three great causes, namely, the Norman Conquest, the Reformation, and the vicinity of the French to the English Settlements in North America;—to gratify the curiosity of Satagus, he next accounts for the origin of arbitrary governments—accounts for the rise of the arts and sciences, and points out the uses to which they may be applied;—he then relates the manner in which America was first discovered by Co-

lumbus; the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, and the barbarities exercised by him in that empire; the conquest of Peru by Pizaro; and the settlement of the Portuguese, French and English in America.

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## BOOK THE FIFTH.

GENERAL WOLFE commissions Lester, one of the officers of his army, to go in quest of Tamina, wife to Satagus;—he calls a general assembly of the principal commanders, as well of the army as the navy;—he declares to them his intention of attempting, by surprise, the heights which command Quebec;—to this proposal all assent;—the council breaks up;—the British army draws off from the north side of the river St. Laurence, passes that river, and encamps near Point Levy;—Lester, proceeding on his intended expedition, arrives at Nova Scotia, and there meets with the object of his search;—he soon discovers her to be the person of whom he is in quest, and prevails on her to attend him to the British camp, without acquainting her with her good fortune;—she meets with Satagus;—their meeting described;—General Wolfe, in the dead of the night, embarks his army from Point Levy, and by surprise makes himself master of the heights of Abram;—he there draws up his troops in order of battle; their order described;—

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he harangues his army on the criticalness of their situation, and the necessity there is for the utmost exertions of their valour;—he has a discourse with Brigadier Moncton, on the conduct he intends to pursue during the continuance of the conflict;—the proceedings of the French, previous to the landing of the English army, are next related;—their generals meet in council;—a violent debate ensues betwixt Montcalm and Vaudreuil, his second in command;—the council breaks up in disorder;—Montcalm retires to rest, but is soon roused by a report, that the English had possessed themselves of the heights that command the town;—at first he treats the report with contempt, but on being convinced of its authenticity, pours from his camp with all his army, mounts up the heights, and draws up his troops in battle array.

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## BOOK THE SIXTH.

THE two armies join battle in a moment;—the Britons, by the superiority of their fire, throw the French into confusion, and oblige them to give ground;—Montcalm, enraged at their cowardice, flies from rank to rank, compels his shattered squadrons to rally, and once more leads them to the charge;—the fight recommences with redoubled fury;—the French right, led by Vaudreuil, by the redundancy of their num-



bers surround the British left, and seem on the point of cutting them to pieces ;—Howe, who had taken post in a grove with his corps-de-reserve, observing the danger of his friends, sallies forth, charges the enemy in the rear, breaks their lines, and drives them off the field with a terrible slaughter ;—thrice do the French make the same attempt, and thrice are they repulsed with like confusion ;—Satagus and Tamina mean time, delivered from the observation of the British army, retire to rest beneath the shelter of a growth of poplars ; Tamina, in her sleep, is afflicted with frightful dreams ; she awakes, and relates them to Satagus ;—while Satagus is endeavouring to allay her terrors, the thunders of the battle are heard to commence, whereupon he instantly breaks from her arms to join the fight ;—Montcalm for a moment withdraws from the combat, to discourse with Verdonx on the prodigies of the English valour ;—Verdonx, by his command, advances with his corps-de-reserve to the support of the French lines ;—both generals harangue their armies ;—both armies charge with bayonets ; and after several tremendous shocks, that of France is entirely broken.

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## BOOK THE SEVENTH.

MONTCALM, almost driven to madness by this unexpected defeat, exerts every desperate means to  
compel

compel the rally of his squadrons;—Wolfe still drives on and encreases the rout;—Montcalm, discovering that all was lost, rushes into the midst of the enemy's army in quest of their general;—they meet, they fight, and Montcalm is slain;—Wolfe rejoins the tumult of the fight; he receives two wounds, which, lest they should damp the ardour of the battle, he endeavours to conceal;—he makes a speech to Satagus, expressive of his contempt of death and his attachment to the interest of his country;—he receives a third wound from the hand of Verdonx, and is carried senseless from the field;—Brigadier Moncton, on being apprized of the fate of his general, rushes forward in pursuit of revenge, but soon sharing the same fate, is rendered incapable of command;—the command devolves on Brigadier Townshend; he inspirits the troops, and once more routs the French army, which had rallied during the confusion consequent to the fall of General Wolfe—the French right wing, in hurrying to their camp, are almost entirely destroyed, part by the sword, and part by being plunged into the river St. Charles;—the left and centre make another ineffectual stand in a wood, but are instantly broken, and driven in great confusion towards the town, with the loss of General Vaudreuil;—Satagus, burning with vengeance for the fall of his chief, pursues and kills Verdonx close by the gates of Quebec, but is himself slain in endeavouring to rejoin his friends;—the victory being

being now entirely complete, Brigadier Moncton goes in quest of his wounded general;—he arrives at the place where he had lain since his conveyance from the field of battle, just as he expired;—the marvellous manner of his death, and the effect it produced on Brigadier Townshend and the army.

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## BOOK THE EIGHTH.

WOLFE's soul, as soon as delivered from its mortal shackles, is conducted by an angel up to the ethereal regions;—he is there received with the acclamations of all the heavenly hosts, and declared worthy to enter into their bliss;—God, to allay his anxious apprehensions for the fate of his native country, gives him an insight into futurity; he shews him the principal events that relate to the future fortune of Great-Britain, the exploits of Admiral Hawke, General Amherst, the Marquis of Granby, and Sir George Bridges Rodney;—he then indulges him with a view of the virtues of the king destined to succeed the then reigning monarch, the blessed state of the shades of just poets in the celestial realms, the state of their critic adversaries; and acquaints him how the situation of all departed souls are in some way congenial to their pursuits on earth. After this long digression the scene once more opens in the vicinity of Quebec.

Tamina,

Tamina, hastening to the field of battle in quest of Satagus, finds him slain, and stabs herself in the first fallies of her despair;—Townshend begins the investment of Quebec, but before the batteries have time to open on the town, struck with the terror of his preparations, it capitulates;—the humanity of General Townshend's conduct in the proceedings consequent to the surrender;—the news of the conquest of Quebec and the death of General Wolfe arrives in England;—the different effects produced by these two pieces of intelligence on the King, and Mr. Pitt in particular, and on the nation in general;—the manner of its reception by General Wolfe's mother and intended bride.



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## CONQUEST of QUEBEC.

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T H E

CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

SING, heav'nly Muse, how Britain's thund'ring arms,  
Wide thro' the earth spread round their dire alarms ;  
How to Québec she sent her conqu'ring train,  
And there for ever crush'd the Gallic reign :  
How Wolfe arose, call'd forth at Heaven's command,  
To pour her fury on the guilty land,  
Still curs'd Ambition's constant foe to prove,  
But foster Virtue with paternal love ;  
Then, if thy voice can reach the mournful theme,  
Sing his last triumph in the fields of fame,  
Sing how keen ardour urg'd his soul to dare  
The flaming terrors of destructive war,  
Hurried by glory onward how he drove,  
While wond'ring angels view'd him from above ;  
Till Death's dim curtain seal'd his closing eyes,  
And snatch'd his bright perfections to the skies.

A

But

But first, oh heavenly Maid, whose boundless eye  
 Sees, at one glance, thro' all eternity,  
 Invok'd, proclaim, what cause, what hand divine  
 In Pitt's great soul, inspir'd the vast design;  
 What time his care had crush'd foul faction's band,  
 And drove internal feuds from off the land;  
 For civil discord, long with wild uproar,  
 Had breath'd loud tumult round the struggling shore;  
 Long had foul faction shook the tottering state,  
 And plung'd her jarring sons in dire debate;  
 Long had wile statesmen, blind to Nature's laws,  
 For selfish ends, betray'd the public cause;  
 Long had their wiles the seeds of discord sown,  
 And plung'd, in endless broils, the guiltless throne.  
 Then was the land hem'd round with dire alarms,  
 Then did disgrace o'ertake the British arms,  
 Thick on all sides her foes with fury spread,  
 Before their wrath her trembling armies fled;  
 Wide thro' the earth their conqu'ring rage they bore,  
 And shook with dire defeats the British shore:  
 But when great Pitt, call'd forth by Heaven, arose,  
 With gen'rous care, to sooth his country's woes,  
 Reviving virtue wak'd at his command,  
 And rank corruption sunk beneath his hand;  
 Around the throne truth shone serenely bright,  
 And call'd the monarch's virtues into light;  
 Fill'd with new strength, then all the realm took fire,  
 Fierce, on the foe, she sprung with kindling ire.

On

On every side she crush'd the sons of Gaul,  
 And in one gen'ral rout involv'd them all;  
 Wide, thro' the globe, her thund'ring arms resound,  
 Dreadful they rage o'er all the world around :  
 Thro' earth's extremes her conquering navies roll,  
 And stretch her tow'ring fame from pole to pole.  
 Hence learn, Britannia, learn, from hence, no more,  
 With savage jars, to rend thy sacred shore ;  
 Think how fierce Gaul o'erwhelm'd your troops in fight,  
 When civil broils unnerv'd your tott'ring might ;  
 Then think how soon you crush'd her dire alarms,  
 When heav'nly union edg'd your conqu'ring arms ;  
 Think with what joy proud Gallia's realm surveys,  
 Around your throne the torch of discord blaze ;  
 Think when thy sons by faction's pow'r o'erthrown,  
 Beneath some tyrant's sway shall helpless groan ;  
 Shall pond'rous fall in dire confusion hurl'd,  
 And, in her fall, involve the tott'ring world ;  
 How Gallic pride uncurb'd by British force,  
 Will spurn all bounds, resistless in her course,  
 Bear down all laws, blot out fair Freedom's name,  
 And quench, for ever, that seraphic flame.  
 Then rise, Britannia, rise e'er haughty Gaul  
 Shall stand exulting o'er thy dreadful fall ;  
 Rise e'er that day bids civil discord cease,  
 And lull thy sacred isle in endless peace :  
 Then perch'd aloft, let all-aspiring France  
 Fierce, on thy shore, with barbarous rage advance ;

Let vain Iberia rear her threat'ning form,  
 And swell with thund'ring threats the gath'ring storm;  
 Let false Batavia plod in friendship's cloak,  
 And murder millions at an impious stroke;  
 Thy dauntless sons, secure in union join'd,  
 Shall bid defiance to the world combin'd.  
 Now thro' the goat the sun his chariot wheels,  
 And gilds, with orient beams, the southern fields,  
 When, high above the rolling, starry height,  
 Heav'n's God, encircled with eternal light,  
 Down from the bright the pure ethereal sky  
 Bends, to creation's works, his awful eye;  
 Thro' Heav'n's expansion wide his glory spread;  
 Vast tides of glory roll around his head:  
 Admiring angels, basking in the blaze,  
 Make Heav'n re-echo with eternal praise,  
 While, on his right, in milder pomp shone forth,  
 The bright effulgence of his offspring's worth;  
 Thro' all his face according virtues shine,  
 And gild with gentler rays the realms divine.  
 Thus high enthron'd above all heav'nly height,  
 Thro' the vast universe he sends his light,  
 Where suns on suns in splendid order rise,  
 And pour refulgence thro' the glitt'ring skies;  
 Far o'er the rest in lustre Phœbus shone,  
 Six vivid planets roll around his throne,  
 Which, from his influence, all their vigour claim,  
 And drink existence from his pregnant beam.

The

The Pow'r Supreme beholds, with hasty glance,  
 Each star that sparkles thro' the vast expanse ;  
 But when our earth salutes his awful eye,  
 In fix'd attention hangs the thoughtful sky ;  
 With tender care he views our ceaseless guilt,  
 And sighs in sorrow for the blood we've spilt.  
 Now thro' the earth his awful sight he sends,  
 And all the ways of men attentive kens ;  
 From clime to clime his searching eye-balls roll,  
 And dart o'er every land from pole to pole.  
 The Prussian fields a dreadful scene disclose,  
 A dreadful landscape ! big with human woes.  
 Wide from all parts beneath the circling skies,  
 In threatening leagues, unnumber'd nations rise :  
 With thundering wrath from all the world around,  
 Millions of troops move o'er the swarming ground,  
 Whilst, o'er the land, they drive their whelming force,  
 What dreadful scenes attend their hideous course !  
 Here with wild rage loud conflagrations roar,  
 There boundless plains are drown'd in tides of gore ;  
 Here tottering towns are lost in seas of fire,  
 There whelm'd in fight unnumber'd crowds expire ;  
 Here murder, rapine, rage, and death appear,  
 There desolation, famine, fright, and fear ;  
 Whole groaning states are wrapt in ruin round,  
 Thick screams arise, wide carnage strews the ground ;  
 While bellowing loud rolls on the hideous throng,  
 And slay whole myriads as they move along !

With grief the Godhead view'd Bellona's ire,  
 Involve frail mortals in the rage of fire,  
 Then cast a glance where Prussia's mighty King,  
 Thro' all their rancour, borne on Virtue's wing,  
 Ascends unconquer'd, as the fearless ship  
 Surmounts the fury of the thund'ring deep ;  
 Determin'd valour lightens in his eye,  
 Unmix'd with ostentation's gaudy die :  
 Around his head the beam of glory plays,  
 And Virtue's self seems brighter in the blaze,  
 Whilst swarming foes roll round the tottering state,  
 And o'er his head appears impending fate ;  
 Calm he prepares to brave their whirling fire,  
 And stands unmov'd collected in his ire ;  
 Then like a tempest rushing on the foe,  
 He claims due vengeance for his country's woe ;  
 Before his fury all their legions yield,  
 And heap'd with carnage leave the smoking field.  
 When thus triumphant he repels their rage,  
 And they, when vanquish'd, cease the war to wage,  
 In acts of peace, his mighty mind shines forth,  
 With all the lustre of a patriot's worth ;  
 Taught by his laws his subjects learn to prove  
 The boundless blessings of a monarch's love,  
 And his great soul partakes the keen delight  
 That springs from conscience when we act aright.  
 The God beheld, with joy, his visage glows,  
 And all around a beamy lustre throws ;

The

The bright'ning angels catch the glitt'ring rays,  
 And heav'n seems darken'd in the dazzling blaze,  
 Awhile he sits in contemplation drown'd,  
 Then darts his eyes acrofs the vast profound,  
 Far to the west, where tow'ring Andes rear  
 Their bulk enormous thro' the heights of air,  
 Their fummits cover'd with eternal snow,  
 While scorching fervours wither all below.  
 Next his great orbs, in fix'd attention, roll  
 Betwixt bright cancer and the northern pole,  
 Where thund'ring Mars flames dreadful from his car,  
 And calls the sons of Britain forth to war;  
 In doubtful conflict here unmov'd they stand,  
 To shield from ruin an ungrateful land:  
 Here treacherous Gaul with savage Indians join,  
 And pour with fury on the British line.  
 These dauntless heroes dare their utmost might,  
 And fearless toil thro' all the rage of fight:  
 But whether wreaths, their savage brows, adorn,  
 Or beaten back they fly the victor's scorn,  
 Alike, destruction marks their dreadful way,  
 And helpless infants fall a tender prey;  
 With loud applause their chief surveys the deed,  
 And pays the villain with the sum decreed.  
 Degen'rate France, now blush to own thy guilt,  
 Start back in horrors at the blood thou'st spilt;  
 Canst thou see tears bedew the widow's eyes,  
 And hear the orphan's unremitting cries?



See all the woes that from thy crimes shoot forth,  
 And fill with horror all the groaning earth ?  
 Yet dare to meet that just, that right'ous God,  
 Who waves in terror his tremendous rod.  
 No—hide thy face, bid mountains tumble down,  
 And veil thy visage from his dreadful frown.  
 The God with grief beheld destructive war  
 Breathe wild confusion thro' the world afar,  
 High in his soul, soft tender pity rose,  
 With care benign his heav'nly bosom glows,  
 Then a bright cloud rolls round his awful head,  
 And thus, to earth's Redeemer, mild he said :  
 “ Oh thou, my Son, didst quit the realms above,  
 Led by the impulse of eternal love,  
 To mix thy essence with degen'rate earth,  
 And, from mere mortals, draw a mortal birth,  
 With meek submission to resign thy breath  
 And fall a prey to all-devouring death.  
 Wide gapes the wound ! all nature lost in night,  
 Starts back in horror at the dreadful sight ;  
 This didst thou do, that thus thou might assuage  
 The growing fervour of thy Father's rage,  
 That heav'nly vengeance, thus appeas'd in thee,  
 Might spare the sons of frail mortality :  
 Then oh, ye saints, ye heav'ns, ye pow'rs divine,  
 Ye stars, ye suns, ye worlds that round them shine,  
 Thro' vast immensity your voices raise,  
 And give to matchless love unbounded praise.

But

But thou, oh man, rejoice o'er all the rest,  
 Let this great truth for ever fill thy breast ;  
 Let this great truth thy voice, thy thoughts employ,  
 Eternal subject of eternal joy,  
 How Heav'n's first offspring quit the realms above,  
 Led by the impulse of eternal love,  
 For thee partook of all the woes of earth,  
 From mortal parents drew a mortal birth ;  
 Laid down his life, bade Justice have her way,  
 And snatch'd thee tott'ring from perdition's sea ;  
 Yet oh, my Son, behold this impious race,  
 Still, to their heav'nly source, a dire disgrace ;  
 Behold them still, in spight of all thy care,  
 Mean slaves to sin, to wrath, and foul despair ;  
 See with what rage they seek each other's life,  
 And, fir'd with frenzy, plunge in endless strife ;  
 See some, on whom thy delegated sway,  
 To guide the vulgar to the realms of day,  
 With lustre shone, disdain the pow'r that's giv'n,  
 Assume that great prerogative of Heaven  
 To pardon sins, dispense with Nature's laws,  
 Obstruct her motions, and o'er-rule her cause.  
 Others, my Son, more impious still behold,  
 Who, in thy name, pursue destructive gold,  
 Their native lands, beneath thy semblance, leave,  
 And distant nations, in thy name, enslave,  
 As if this, pleasure, could to thee afford,  
 And raise thy glory as it rais'd their hord :

Then

Then why not now my gath'ring vengeance fly,  
 In hissing lightnings, thro' the flaming sky,  
 At impious man? who dares destroy his race,  
 And take confusion when I profer'd peace;  
 For hadst thou ne'er descended from above,  
 Led by the impulse of external love,  
 Such was their texture, such their frame of mind,  
 Such parts celestial with terrestrial join'd,  
 As thro' life's maze might have insur'd their way,  
 And square their deeds by virtue's sacred sway.  
 At my dread call first moral instinct rose  
 To shield my precepts from external foes;  
 A watchful guide, who, never lull'd to rest,  
 Secures each passage to the human breast;  
 And when a foe portends approaching harm,  
 In quick sensations sounds the loud alarm.  
 Some ills there are, which human life annoy,  
 Beneath the semblance of immediate joy,  
 These, moral instinct's watchful care, elude,  
 And, cloth'd like virtues, on the mind intrude;  
 But reason here exerts her ample sway,  
 And shows deception in the face of day,  
 Detects the fraud, repels the treach'rous guest,  
 And guards with ceaseless care the human breast.  
 Ungrateful man, thus does my goodness flow,  
 Thus clear each point that thou shouldst wish to know,  
 And yet so dim'd, by passion, is thy view,  
 That even my being stands a doubt to you.

Yes,

Yes, heavenly offspring, vain is all thy care,  
 To banish vapours from their clouded air,  
 Tho' sense, tho' reason, at my hand, were giv'n,  
 To be the sure unerring voice of Heav'n,  
 Yet men there are, O hear, ye heav'nly pow'rs,  
 Start back in horror all ye glitt'ring tow'rs,  
 Who, in despite of reason's earnest call,  
 Of revelation, in despite of all  
 The glaring proofs, that Heaven itself bestow'd,  
 Oh guilt, oh horror, who disclaim a God.  
 Then say, vain man, nor soar on error's wing,  
 Say could thy impious race from nothing spring  
 Declare, couldst thou, with all thy boasted worth,  
 From non-existence call existence forth ?  
 Pride answers no—Then how, thou worse than fool,  
 Thou dupe of error, and thou dross of school,  
 From shapeless voids could all these worlds arise,  
 Which pour refulgence thro' the glitt'ring skies ?  
 If not assisted by that heavenly hand  
 Which crowns with plenty an ungrateful land.  
 Then, O my Son, should man, frail man, but prove  
 The force of justice unappeas'd by love,  
 All would be then in dire confusion hurl'd,  
 And in one boundless ruin plung'd the world ;  
 But since that justice is appeas'd in thee,  
 And thro' thy favour man finds grace with me,  
 Do thou declare of all this hapless race,  
 Whose soul most opens to the seeds of grace,

Who

Who claims best title to the aid of Heav'n;  
 To whom thy wish inclines this aid be given;  
 For what tho' pride usurps the human heart,  
 And simple nature feels the blight of art;  
 Yet some there are in virtue's charms array'd,  
 As roses spring beneath the bramble's shade."  
 He spoke, the skies in fix'd attention hung,  
 His awful voice thro' Heaven's recesses rung,  
 Earth's great Redeemer heaves a pitying sigh,  
 And thus address'd the Sov'reign of the sky.  
 O God, O Father, all thy anger's just,  
 Great are the errors of these sons of dust,  
 Many the crimes by which their guilty hands,  
 Misled by passion, break thy dread commands:  
 But thou, O Lord, whose boundless eye can pierce  
 The utmost limits of the universe,  
 Canst see that man, to err by nature prone,  
 Must fall if left by Heav'n to stand alone.  
 Reason, 'tis true, with moral instinct join'd,  
 From adverse passions might defend the mind,  
 Did these vile cheats, in virtue's semblance dress'd,  
 Ne'er win by foul surprize the human breast;  
 Ere moral instinct gives the loud alarm,  
 Or reason's forces can have time to arm.  
 Then, O my Father, let thy heav'nly hand  
 Withhold thy vengeance from the guilty land,  
 If for their ruin injur'd justice call,  
 Once more on me let all her fury fall;

For

For man, once more, will I resign my breath,  
 And rise superior to the force of death;  
 Nor blame that love which prompts me to forego  
 Rapture above for misery below!  
 Since men there are whose virtues, heavenly bright,  
 Might add new lustre to the realms of light.  
 Britain, behold, around whose sacred isle  
 The brightest deeds, the noblest virtues smile;  
 Here, the bless'd lights I gave the human line,  
 Still with unfulfilled rays, refulgent shine:  
 And she even now, the sword of vengeance draws,  
 From base corruption to defend my laws.  
 High on her cliffs see freedom take her stand,  
 And show'r her blessings o'er the smiling land;  
 Aw'd by her frown see monarchs learn to prove  
 The joys resulting from a nation's love;  
 To own that kings arose at Heaven's dread call,  
 "All was not made for one, but one for all."  
 This is the clime where virtue dares arise,  
 And tempt, with bolder wing, the wond'ring skies;  
 Here op'ning conscience takes her utmost scope,  
 Nor starts at king, at tyranny, or pope.  
 The fruits betray the soil from whence they spring,  
 Behold the virtues of the British king,  
 Free from deceit in him, at once, are join'd,  
 A heart the gentlest with the noblest mind.  
 See God-like Pitt, whose uncorrupted breast,  
 From boist'rous passions, finds eternal rest;

Calm is each movement of his mighty soul,  
 By Reason's influence held in strict controul;  
 In steady circles all his thoughts revolve,  
 Quick execution marks his just resolve;  
 To Britain's glory all his motions tend,  
 Prudence his guide, tranquillity his end.  
 Far o'er the rest behold that youth arise,  
 Whose tow'ring virtues emulate the skies,  
 Whose swelling soul disdains an earthly frame,  
 And pants to flourish in the fields of fame;  
 Behold him now the milder joys partake,  
 That, softer passions, in the soul awake,  
 Behold him now upon the verge to prove  
 The purer raptures that result from love;  
 Yet give the word, bid fair Britannia call,  
 He flies his promis'd bliss, he flies his all,  
 Then dauntless rushes to the dreadful strife,  
 And in his country's cause resigns his life!  
 Merit like this should heav'nly wrath appease,  
 As night must vanish at the solar rays.  
 Then, oh my Father, shield this guiltless line,  
 And grant, to Britain's sons, thy aid divine:  
 Grant but to these to spread their conquests far,  
 And they, with justice, will conclude the war.  
 So earth's Redeemer spoke, while on his face  
 Beam'd mild forgiveness and eternal grace.  
 Touch'd at his words his awful fire rejoin'd,  
 Oh glorious offspring of a glorious kind,

Upheld

Upheld by thee, once more, this hapless race  
 Shall taste the blessings of a lasting peace:  
 Wolfe shall arise, call'd forth by my command,  
 To lift, to glorious heights, his native land;  
 By him shall France in boundless woes be hurl'd,  
 And leave, to Albion's king, the western world.  
 But when his conqu'ring sword shall end the strife,  
 There must this virtuous hero lose his life;  
 There must he fall that discord then may cease,  
 And groaning nations taste the sweets of peace.  
 For, know my son, though this great man possess'd  
 Each shining virtue that adorns the breast,  
 Tho' its my will that virtue still should live,  
 And man be happy in the things I give,  
 Yet, so unsteady, are the wheels that roll  
 The mazy engine of the human soul,  
 That Heav'n's design they oft pervert below,  
 And what is meant a bliss becomes a woe.  
 So should this hero live to see the hour  
 When vanquish'd France must yield to British pow'r,  
 When she, o'erthrown, must quit the western shore,  
 Britain victorious then would thirst for more;  
 Led by great Wolfe she'd crush expiring Gaul,  
 And plunge the groaning world in ruin all.  
 But when her champion views his native skies,  
 No more, to conquest, shall her hopes arise;  
 Content with glory, then, to end the war,  
 At her command, shall peace extend afar.



Let Raphael now forsake the realms of light,  
 And, down to earth, direct his rapid flight ;  
 In Pitt's great mind the pond'rous thought infuse,  
 Swift as the falling of descending dews,  
 That Wolfe alone, of all the men who dare  
 Provoke the fury of destructive war,  
 Can boast such high transcending pow'rs of mind,  
 As are proportion'd to the plan design'd.  
 He ceas'd to speak, when straight a sparkling cloud  
 Roll'd, round the sacred hill, its glitt'ring shroud,  
 Wide, thro' the heav'nly regions' utmost bound,  
 Millions of dazzling angels swarm around,  
 Loud, with exalted shouts, their voice they raise,  
 And sing to Nature's God eternal praise.  
 Then Raphael leaves the flaming realms of day,  
 And, o'er the starry pavement, wings his way.  
 The shining gates, at his approach, withdrew,  
 And all creation bursts upon his view ;  
 Rang'd thro' the vast expanse that flames below,  
 Millions of suns in dazzling order glow ;  
 Round each a circling system takes its flight,  
 And gilds the sparkling heav'ns with milder light.  
 Thro' these the angel wings his downward course,  
 The whirling ether, yielding to his force,  
 Around his head, in circling eddies, flies,  
 And worlds roll backward as he cleaves the skies :  
 At length the welkin meets his rapid flight,  
 Where groans the north beneath a length'ning night,  
Where

Where purer flames, thro' all the region, burn,  
 And life lies buried in a crystal urn.  
 He, swift descending, skims the frozen sea,  
 And pass'd the limits of returning day,  
 O'er fair Britannia soon his pinions wove,  
 Britain, the seat of piety and love ;  
 Where, crown'd with wealth, bright industry appears,  
 Deck'd in the product of a thousand years.  
 Self-pois'd in air, then he his passage wings  
 Where Thames absorbs his tributary springs,  
 Along his banks he darts to where the flood  
 Diffuses life thro' Windsor's sacred woods.  
 Here tow'ring oaks uprear their rev'rend forms,  
 And shade his surface from surrounding storms ;  
 With ample stretch expand on either side,  
 And bloom reflected on the silver tide.  
 When Britain's foes in horrid compacts join,  
 For her, these forests all their force combine,  
 In countless fleets they o'er the ocean roll,  
 And, fraught with thunder, shake the trembling pole.  
 Along the Thames, from Windsor, Raphael flies,  
 And, o'er extended London, cleaves the skies,  
 In whose bright lap creation pours her store,  
 And fills her coffers with refulgent ore.  
 Just then, the sun, with kindling lustre, shone  
 Above the limits of the bounding zone ;  
 Just then, his beams, the rising merchant greets,  
 And bustling myriads shake the thund'ring streets ;

Ten thousand tongues send forth a jarring sound,  
 That rends, with gath'ring force, th' echoing ground.  
 With joy the angel views the rising east,  
 Then flies, intent upon his high behest,  
 To where great Pitt forgets his country's woes,  
 Lull'd, in his splendid dome, to soft repose.  
 Then, swift descending, on the solar ray,  
 He, thro' the glassy substance, finds his way;  
 For subtle spirits can, whene'er they please,  
 Dilate, contract, and change their forms with ease.  
 But, wond'ring, here, his rolling orbs survey  
 Bright freedom, offspring of the realms of day,  
 O'er hallow'd Chatham pour her heav'nly charms,  
 And fold him slumb'ring in her sacred arms:  
 Close by the splendid couch she takes her stand,  
 And guards, her favourite chief, with anxious hand.  
 Transparent lights her shining head infold,  
 Her limbs descending flame in robes of gold,  
 High o'er her temples flow'ry wreathes entwin'd  
 Yield floods of fragrance to the breathing wind:  
 At his approach she rears her awful eyes,  
 And thus, with threat'ning voice, tremendous cries:  
 Now haste, thou bold intruder, haste, disclose  
 Whether from heav'n thou com'st to sooth our woes,  
 Or hell disgorg'd thee from her fiery den,  
 To wreak her torments on the sons of men:  
 Then fly, proud rebel, fly, if such thou art,  
 Nor tempt, with guile, Pitt's uncorrupted heart.

My

My name is Freedom, heav'n first gave me birth,  
 And crown'd me empress of her favourite earth ;  
 All nature smil'd, creation pour'd her store,  
 And sweet contentment flourish'd round the shore :  
 But hell, with envy, saw my empire spread,  
 And burst, with fury, on my guiltless head ;  
 Earth's impious sons shook off my glorious reign,  
 And join'd, with barb'rous rage, the hostile train,  
 Swept in the torrent of surrounding hate,  
 Till Britain's isle disclos'd her calm retreat,  
 I fled, she caught me in her flow'ry arms,  
 And sav'd me flying from impending harms ;  
 She rais'd me drooping, re-espous'd my cause,  
 And crown'd me empress of her sacred laws.  
 In peace Britannia long, without alloy,  
 Beneath my wings, had bask'd in suns of joy,  
 Had not foul fiends, inflam'd with jealous pain,  
 Led all their forces to oppose my reign ;  
 Bade discord loud, bade bellowing faction, 'roar,  
 And breathe dissensions thro' the groaning shore :  
 But when, for me, great Pitt in arms arose,  
 Aw'd by his frown, swift fled my num'rous foes ;  
 At his command all nature feels my pow'rs,  
 And spring for me unfolds her world of flow'rs.  
 Then shall not I protect his sacred rest,  
 And shield, from tempting guile, his generous breast ;  
 As he for me, so I for him, will arm,  
 And freedom perish ere he meets with harm.

The goddess spoke ; the list'ning angel hears,  
 And thus, with warbling voice, dispels her fears.  
 Know, heav'nly maid, no furious fiend am I,  
 Like thee, descended from the starry sky,  
 At great Jehovah's unrevok'd command,  
 I come to raise this long dejected land.  
 God, from his throne, beheld, with rising care,  
 All nature sunk beneath the woes of war ;  
 Then sent me hither, charg'd with high behest,  
 To fill, with sacred light, thy champion's breast ;  
 To tell that Wolfe, of all the men who dare  
 Provoke the fury of destructive war,  
 Alone can give the grand decisive blow,  
 And lay the sons of proud ambition low.  
 Nor does thy champion less attention find,  
 His image glows in each celestial mind ;  
 Taught by his virtues, we his deeds approve,  
 And wond'ring view him from the realms above.  
 But thou, at hand, canst view his inmost soul,  
 Survey the springs that move, the thoughts that roll ;  
 Then with the glorious subject feast my mind,  
 And say what virtues are in Chatham join'd,  
 For such, fair Freedom, is thy Champion's name,  
 Ordain'd to gild the bright records of fame.  
 To whom, the mighty goddess thus rejoin'd.  
 O heav'nly angel, friend to human kind,  
 Yes, here at hand I view his inmost soul,  
 Survey the springs that move, the thoughts that roll,  
I hear

I hear his tongue with gen'rous ardor fraught,  
 I've seen him practice what his tongue had taught,  
 Yet all is pure, transcendent, heav'nly bright,  
 Untouch'd, unfully'd, as the sons of light.  
 His chiefest glory is for me to arm,  
 For me, his words, with elocution warm ;  
 In graceful periods, melting as they flow,  
 Transfuse his spirit on the crowds below ;  
 For me his bold invectives pour their force,  
 And overwhelm resistance in their thund'ring course.  
 But though my image all his soul inspires,  
 What tho' his bosom glows with all my fires,  
 Yet sovereign reason calms his mind to rest,  
 And drives tumultuous passions from his breast ;  
 Forbids his soul to launch in lawless flight,  
 Or push my claims beyond the bounds of right.  
 When prudence calls he bids vain hopes retire,  
 And calms, with gentlest zeal, my kindling fire,  
 To save the whole, he yields a slender part,  
 And with his virtue tempers fraudulent art ;  
 As in the state, so he in private shines,  
 His heart unsullied all his life refines,  
 Serenely mild his gliding moments roll ;  
 No vice distains the lustre of his soul.  
 But now, descended from the blest abode,  
 Thou welcome herald of Almighty God,  
 Approach, around thy heav'nly influence spread,  
 And show'r thy spirit on his sacred head.

She

She said—he angel, at her mild command,  
 High o'er the sacred pillow takes his stand;  
 Thro' Chatham's soul he darts his piercing eyes,  
 And views the floating visions as they rise:  
 Just then bright fancy opens all her charms,  
 And sweet delusion all his bosom warms;  
 Just then she crowns his efforts with success,  
 Britain's victorious and obtains redress:  
 Pleas'd with the thought a smile his face adorns,  
 And in the rapture of his soul he burns.  
 Then, O Britannia, now thy work is done,  
 With joy I follow my declining sun,  
 And since, O God, thy all propitious ear  
 Inclines, in pity, to my humble prayer,  
 Well pleas'd I'll quit this world, at thy command,  
 While Britain rests secure beneath thy hand.  
 Serene he spoke, when strait a smile beam'd forth,  
 Shot from the fullness of internal worth.  
 The angel saw, but wonder'd much to find  
 Thoughts so exalted in a mortal mind,  
 Then said, Arise, thy aid Britannia claims,  
 Arise, forsake the dusky land of dreams;  
 God, from his throne, beheld thy gen'rous toil,  
 He saw thee struggle for thy native soil;  
 He saw, approved, then bid me wing my flight,  
 To fill thy bosom with celestial light;  
 To tell that Wolfe, of all the men who dare  
 Provoke the fury of destructive war,

Alone

Alone can give the grand decisive blow,  
 And lay the sons of proud ambition low.  
 The angel spoke, then wing'd his rapid way,  
 And in a moment reach'd the realms of day.  
 Just then, from mighty Chatham, sleep withdrew,  
 And all the parting lustre struck his view ;  
 Lost in the light, he veils his dazzled eyes,  
 And fault'ring, thus in wild amazement cries.  
 Good Heav'ns ! from whence did this bright form  
     spring forth,  
 That, with such dazzling glory, fills the earth ;  
 That bids me straight display my rising might,  
 And send great Wolfe to guard his country's right ?  
 'Tis true, when reason slumbers in the brain,  
 That fancy wakes with all her busy train,  
 That she our thoughts in strange confusion joins,  
 And those we think on most she most combines.  
 But sure this vision had its birth above,  
 Sent, in the fulness of eternal love,  
 To help the weakness of the human mind,  
 Within the narrow bounds of sense confin'd.  
 Yet should from fancy this delusive dream  
 Obtrude on me its visionary frame,  
 No dire mischance can thence accrue to me,  
 Nor no misfortune, Britain, spring to thee,  
 Since mighty Wolfe has in himself combin'd  
 A dauntless spirit and a spotless mind.

He



He said, then swift, with anxious haste, arose,  
 And o'er his frame, a glitt'ring garment, throws;  
 Attentive servants wait his mild commands,  
 And crowd around with emulative hands;  
 To them his smiles a sacred joy afford,  
 He was at once their father and their lord.  
 With rising hopes he views the circling hours;  
 A short repast recalls his genial pow'rs;  
 He mounts his chariot, darts along the streets,  
 Arrives and enters at the palace gates.  
 Attendant hands the op'ning doors unfold,  
 Thro' rooms of state, emblaz'd with shining gold,  
 He moves along to where great George appears  
 In all the graceful majesty of years.  
 Bright in his soul, with more than charms divine,  
 Mild temp'rance, truth, and kingly greatness shine,  
 His hoary locks attentive rev'rence draw,  
 And strike beholders with a sacred awe;  
 True manly vigour beams thro' ev'ry limb,  
 And age but adds new dignity to him.  
 Hail, rev'rend Sire, the gen'rous statesman said,  
 May laurels bloom upon thy sacred head,  
 May Heav'n, on thee, her choicest blessings show'r,  
 And angels guard thee in the dang'rous hour.  
 To whom the king, with condescending grace,  
 Reply'd, Approach thou best of human race,  
 Approach, and, with thy usual candour, tell  
 How does the senate, is Britannia well?

Does

Does union still diffuse her sweet accord,  
 And does success attend the British sword?  
 And, O my friend, for such I know thou art,  
 Receive the genuine dictates of my heart,  
 To thee I swear that, since that awful hour,  
 When Heav'n first call'd me into regal pow'r,  
 That all the springs that mov'd my anxious mind,  
 In Britain's love, as in a center, join'd.  
 I wish to pull the sons of discord down,  
 And raise the glory of the British crown;  
 I wish to see mild justice hold her scale,  
 And breathe her spirit thro' the public weal:  
 Nor think, front thee, thy monarch claims applause,  
 He knows that kings are bound by Nature's laws;  
 That they, by Reason's rule, should square their course,  
 Where despotism reigns with mightiest force:  
 But here, where kings the nation's laws obey,  
 Where solemn compacts temper regal sway,  
 Where all the branches of the mighty state  
 In equal balance hang with equal weight,  
 Where, if one scale preponderates, all is lost,  
 And all the structure in confusion toss'd.  
 What claim to high renown can sov'reigns show,  
 Who dare not plunge the guiltless realm in woe?  
 No more than he can boast superior light,  
 Whose hands refund a nation's lawful right.  
 But, O my friend, what vengeance can suffice,  
 What racks, what torments, glut the angry skies,

On that vile monster, who, with deadly hate,  
 Saps the foundation of the falling state;  
 Whose soul sits brooding o'er destructive wiles,  
 And plans subjection to these peaceful isles.  
 But tho' my heart the public good design'd,  
 Yet such corruption sunk the human mind,  
 As marr'd my projects, tho' intended just,  
 And actions meant to please produc'd disgust.  
 The men, on whom I first my pow'r conferr'd,  
 Prov'd, in the end, a vile ignoble herd,  
 Whose sordid soul, in deep delusive dies,  
 Conceal'd their vices from my injur'd eyes;  
 Who, mask'd in friendship, practis'd fraudful art,  
 And lull'd, by false reports, my easy heart.  
 Nor think my soul, to bend to error, prone,  
 I saw corruption flourish round the throne;  
 In vain, by rising wrath with strength supply'd,  
 I strove to check its vast expanded tide:  
 Back'd by the jarring world it roll'd along,  
 And, in its course, involv'd a num'rous throng.  
 More harpies rose, who saw with jealous eye  
 Their brother harpies raise their standards high;  
 These all collected rush, with wild uproar,  
 To pull their brethren from the heights of pow'r;  
 This done, themselves the pinnacle ascend,  
 And loose their virtue when they gain their end;  
 Pull off the mask, in impious frauds engage,  
 And stem the torrent of the nation's rage.

But

But Heav'n, at length, in thee a man, bestows,  
 Who loves his country, and detests her foes ;  
 Whose soul disdains his monarch's will to lead,  
 Or dim his senses in a mazy shade.  
 So spoke the king, the minister rejoin'd,  
 Thy actions shew the virtues of thy mind ;  
 Britain, with joy, sees freedom take her course,  
 With joy her sons collect their native force ;  
 All to one end exert their pow'r, their might,  
 And laurels crown them in the fields of fight.  
 But still, O Sire, where first the Gallic lord,  
 With savage fury, wav'd his conqu'ring sword,  
 He, crown'd with triumph, heaps the plains with dead,  
 And calls for vengeance on his guilty head.  
 Then let that vengeance, in her rage, be hur'd,  
 Wing all thy terrors at the western world,  
 Led by a hero, whose unblemish'd heart  
 Disdains to act a vile ignoble part,  
 Whose tow'ring genius acts above controul,  
 And spurs the vigour of his rising soul.  
 To whom with haste the monarch then rejoin'd ;  
 Ah ! could thy genius such a hero find,  
 What glorious triumphs might attend my arms,  
 What noble efforts chace impending harms ;  
 Soon vanquish'd France would cease destructive war,  
 And tranquil peace smile round the world afar.  
 To whom the statesman, Sire, at thy command  
 Shall rise a champion for this injur'd land,

Whose God-like heart adores his country's name,  
 Who burns with glory's most transcending flame;  
 Whose sword is ready to espouse thy cause,  
 Repel invaders, and assert the laws.  
 Wolfe is the man, in him at once are join'd  
 A vig'rous body, and experienced mind,  
 His rip'ning suns, such pow'rful rays, have cast,  
 As breathe the summer e'er the spring be past;  
 When scarce the down had on his cheeks crept forth,  
 Thy warlike son admir'd his early worth;  
 On Lafelt's plains his youthful prowess rose,  
 And, struck with wonder, thy victorious foes.  
 When smiling peace diffus'd her cheering ray,  
 To glory's heights he pav'd his future way;  
 Prun'd by his hand true courage takes the reins,  
 And feels new vigour float thro' all her veins;  
 Even now thy legions feel his tow'ring flame  
 Impel them upwards to the heights of fame.  
 The statesman spoke; the monarch then replies,  
 Just are thy actions, all thy words are wise,  
 Then let that hero lead my armies forth,  
 Arm'd with the vigour of internal worth;  
 Let him victorious spread my ensigns far,  
 And save my subjects from the waste of war.  
 He ceas'd.—Great Pitt, in joyful haste, withdrew,  
 And, fill'd with transport, to his chariot flew,  
 Then darts along to where his dome aspires,  
 At his approach the op'ning gate retires,

With

With swift descent he treads the trembling ground,  
 Thro' clouds of glitt'ring servants rang'd around.  
 Just then, directed by the hand of God,  
 The mighty chief approach'd the fair abode.  
 In just proportion all his limbs ascend,  
 The manly graces all his steps attend,  
 Thro' every action dignity shines forth,  
 And ev'ry gesture speaks internal worth.  
 Welcome, my friend, the joyful statesman cries,  
 Now may thy soul, in glorious flights, arise ;  
 Great George on thee confers a chief command,  
 Then haste, fly hence, preserve thy native land :  
 Launch all his terrors on the western coast,  
 And put a period to the Gallic boast.  
 Here timid caution long has rul'd the strife,  
 And men, with loss of honour, purchas'd life.  
 Here sordid souls, by sordid views, impell'd,  
 Mar all the projects that our council yield,  
 Tarnish the glory of the British name,  
 And snatch her, tow'ring, from the heights of fame.  
 But, O my friend, I know thy soul contemns,  
 Such vile inaction, such inglorious aims ;  
 I know thy soul, with geh'rous ardour fraught,  
 Matchless in vigour, and mature in thought,  
 Will quash the terror of proud discord's roar,  
 If ought on earth can save thy native shore.  
 The statesman ceas'd, in rapture, Wolfe returns,  
 While all his heart with bright'ning glory burns,

Then, O my friend, the mighty Lord of heav'n,  
 At length, attention, to my pray'r, has giv'n;  
 Long have I wish'd to rise in glorious arms,  
 And save my country from impending harms;  
 Long have I wish'd to spread her ensigns far,  
 Or bravely perish in the front of war.  
 But if, O God, thou view'st me from above,  
 Cool in the ardour of my country's love,  
 On this vile head, in that disgraceful hour,  
 Let all thy hate, let all thy vengeance pour;  
 Let Death's black hand eternal darkness give,  
 And when I cease to merit, cease to live.  
 Yet should my soul, Britannia, swerve from thee,  
 Should all a patriot's love be lost on me;  
 My country's woes must still their influence spread,  
 And pity rouse to other virtues dead;  
 For sure that man who views, with careless eye,  
 Whole cities flaming, and whole nations die,  
 Sees husbands, widows, wives, and infants toss'd,  
 And all in one promiscuous ruin lost,  
 Must have a head more base, a heart more fell,  
 Than thought can image, or than tongue can tell.  
 But, O my friend, while Wolfe, at thy command,  
 Shall brave destruction in a foreign land,  
 Let thy kind influence, thy impartial breath,  
 Secure my fame from tarnish worse than death;  
 For men whose souls to softer passions yield,  
 And, from afar, survey the dreadful field,

By

By quick conceptions, lay whole armies low,  
 And, in a breath, disperse the flying foe :  
 Perhaps while I exert my utmost might,  
 Should succour'd France maintain the doubtful fight,  
 These airy chiefs may blame my tardy hand,  
 And breathe aspersions thro' the poison'd land.  
 But, should my friend oppose foul slander's dart,  
 My fame's secure while virtue guides my heart,  
 Give but the word, with cheerfulness I fly  
 To nobly conquer, or to bravely die.  
 Then, haste, my friend, the minister rejoin'd,  
 Haste, and display the virtues of thy mind,  
 Act right, act justly, fly where valour moves,  
 And counsel'd reason in her thought approves ;  
 This shouldst thou do, high Heav'n shall bless thy toil,  
 And thou triumphant view thy native soil.  
 Then go, my friend, from all restrictions freed,  
 A soul, like thine, can no restrictions need ;  
 Go, and thy Pitt, still zealous, still the same,  
 With friendly care, will guard thy spotless fame ;  
 And if success shall crown thy conqu'ring hand,  
 He'll ring thy praises thro' the joyful land.  
 The statesman spoke, the hero took his way,  
 Where filial love commands a moment's stay,  
 Here, as he moves, his kindling soul, on flame,  
 Swell'd by vast hope, aspires to boundless fame ;  
 Honour impels, his native spirit warms,  
 And all his bosom glows with scenes of arms ;

But



But soon soft passions spread their wild alloy,  
 And damp the fervour of his rising joy.  
 By Fancy's aid; before his eyes, appears  
 A widow'd mother all dissolv'd in tears,  
 From whom, his bosom, in his tender youth,  
 Imbib'd the seeds of virtue, grace, and truth;  
 From her had fate a kindly husband torn,  
 And all her bliss seem'd bury'd in his urn;  
 But Wolfe's kind hand her drooping spirits cheers,  
 And gilds, with comfort, her declining years,  
 Disperses despair, bids dawning hope ascend,  
 And proves a son, a husband, and a friend!  
 Not filial love alone commands his stay,  
 Ties, more engaging far, obstruct his way:  
 Long had his soul, withheld from noisy fame,  
 For fair Constantia felt a gen'rous flame,  
 Her gentle breast repays the faithful fire,  
 And both their bosoms glow with like desire;  
 Their parents all the guiltless flame approve,  
 And fix the nuptial day to crown their love.  
 Then how, O Wolfe, forsake her heav'nly charms  
 For horror, discord, death and dire alarms!  
 Would not one smile, one pure seraphic kiss  
 Dispense more pleasure, more extatic bliss,  
 Than all the wealth that nations could bestow,  
 Or all the laurels that adorn thy brow?  
 When this reflection darts with all its force,  
 The charms of glory sink beneath its course,

Like

Like scatter'd mists, they fly before his fight,  
 And all his bosom yields to soft delight.  
 But straight his soul reviews his country's woes,  
 Again, with wrath, his kindling bosom glows,  
 Glory and fame again enforce their laws,  
 And thus his reason vindicates their cause,  
 Bear up, my soul, dissolve this tender chain  
 That links my wishes to my native plain;  
 Should I, unmov'd, behold the barb'rous foe  
 Plunge my lov'd native land in worlds of woe;  
 'Tis true, Constantia, I might find in thee,  
 All that kind gracious Heav'n could grant to me;  
 But then what stings of conscience must succeed,  
 How must my tarnish'd reputation bleed;  
 Such stings, such stains as must my peace destroy,  
 And damp the current of my rising joy.  
 But if I fly at glory's dread command,  
 And, crown'd with triumph, view my native land,  
 Thro' all the earth shall ring my mighty praise,  
 And conscious merit beautify my days,  
 From fields of blood, in transport, I'll return,  
 And Hymen's flames with purer lustre burn.  
 The hero spoke, tumultuous passions cease,  
 And all his boiling breast subsides to peace;  
 Then he, with speed, the cleaving air divides,  
 And gains his mansion with repeated strides.  
 His rising hands, the yielding rapper, seize,  
 It mounts, descends, in quick vibrations plays,

Swift

Swift from the door in rapid flights abounds,  
 Attacks, recoils, the hollow brags resounds;  
 Thro' all the dome the rattling thunder flies,  
 And rends, with gath'ring force, the trembling skies.  
 His servants, here, the op'ning doors unclofe,  
 The bounding hero, o'er the threshold rose,  
 With placid smiles, the ready care, repays,  
 That light the mansion in a joyful blaze;  
 Then darts along, inspir'd with eager haste,  
 To where his mother weeps her lord deceas'd.  
 At his approach the matron ceas'd to mourn,  
 And, lost in transport, meets her son's return,  
 Bent on his knees, her rev'rend hand he press'd,  
 And thus the rapture of his soul express'd.  
 At length, at length, kind Heav'n approves my claim,  
 Descending angels wing my soul to fame;  
 Great George, on me, confers a high command,  
 He sends me hence to guard my native land;  
 To launch his terrors on the western coast.  
 And put a period to the Gallic boast.  
 The nation calls, she rears her awful voice,  
 No more, proud France, in seas of blood rejoice,  
 Thy hate malign shall, on thyself, recoil,  
 Or Wolfe will perish in the glorious toil.  
 Then am I left, the mournful dame replies,  
 While tears gush copious from her streaming eyes,  
 Then must I sink beneath a load of grief,  
 Nor thy once lenient hand bestow relief.

Ah!

Ah! think, when I my smiling infant prest,  
 And this fond bosom sunk to give thee rest;  
 How, on thy words, my soul delighted hung,  
 When dawning reason warbled on thy tongue;  
 I see thy form, thy infant form I see,  
 In playful mood hang round thy mother's knee,  
 Flush'd at the sight, my glowing cheeks incline,  
 And bend ambitious to unite with thine!  
 Then all my time roll'd on in joyful ease,  
 For, then, thy dear lost father blest my days;  
 Yes, thou, my Lord, couldst, all my cares, remove,  
 And, sooth my every grief, with tender love;  
 But, thou, alas! no more shalt chase our woes,  
 Cheer thy lov'd offspring, or thy hapless spouse.  
 No more, with hand indulgent, precept kind,  
 Direct our conduct, or improve our mind.  
 No—thou art wrapt in Death's eternal shade,  
 And I a sad, deserted widow made!  
 Thy bones lie buried in the ruthless urn;  
 And I, dejected, friendless, left to mourn:  
 For he, alone, whose hand could comfort give,  
 For whom, alone, my soul could wish to live,  
 Forsakes, for discord, this refin'd retreat,  
 And headlong rushes to the jaws of fate.  
 Banish thy fears, reply'd the gen'rous chief,  
 O spare my heart, be calm, compose thy grief,  
 'Tis glory calls, she lures me from afar,  
 And bids me flourish thro' the ranks of war.

How

How much more just to crush my country's foes,  
 Than waste the bloom of life in soft repose;  
 Should I, unmov'd, see countless numbers slain,  
 And hear my country's woes cry, rouse, in vain,  
 See husbands, widows, wives, and infants tofs'd,  
 And all, in one promiscuous ruin, lost;  
 Ev'n thou, my mother, wouldst contemn, disown,  
 And, stamp with infamy, thy dastard son.  
 But calm thy griefs, tho' I forsake thy fight,  
 Still shall thy bosom glow with soft delight;  
 Still shall my soul, tho' absent, hither speed,  
 And my best wishes hover round thy head;  
 Still shall my lenient hand thy woes assuage,  
 And guard, with constant care, thy helpless age.  
 But O should God my sword to conquest wing,  
 Should, from my efforts, glorious triumphs spring,  
 What high renown shall grace thy tow'ring boy,  
 And, fill thy bosom, with a parent's joy.  
 Yet, should thy son resign his fleeting breath,  
 Should all my deeds be crown'd with glorious death;  
 Then let this just reflection comfort give,  
 'Tis better bravely die, than meanly live,  
 One moment's glory, more true joys, can raise,  
 Than ages wasted in disgraceful ease!  
 So spoke the chief—the mournful dame begun;  
 O! may the hand of Heav'n protect my son,  
 All gracious God, do thou thy influence shed,  
 And shield, with pitying care, his guiltless head.

But

But since thy courage dares defend the throne,  
 And I am friendless left to weep alone,  
 Let honour guide thee thro' the paths of fame,  
 And virtue, heav'nly virtue stamp thy name;  
 For ah! shouldst thou, from this great rule, depart,  
 Think what sad pangs must rend thy mother's heart.  
 Yet why these doubts, I'm sure thou never wilt,  
 Nor seek, with colourings false, to hide thy guilt,  
 I know thy bosom teems with spotless truth,  
 I know the precepts that have form'd thy youth,  
 I know too well the paths thy father trod,  
 To think that thou wilt quit his sacred road,  
 Let not destruction mark thy dreadful course,  
 Let prudence temper and direct thy force,  
 True courage still with like attention steers  
 From brutal rashness and unmanly fears,  
 This will not, dare not, use the pow'r that's given,  
 And that destroys the means bestow'd by Heav'n.  
 O think, when raging thro' the dreadful strife,  
 Thy country claims an int'rest in thy life;  
 Think how thy mother left in weeds to mourn,  
 With wild impatience waits for thy return;  
 Hangs o'er her grave, in never ceasing grief,  
 And calls her long lost son to bring relief.  
 But think, O think, should Heav'n thy fall ordain,  
 Shouldst thou, my child, my only child, be slain,  
 How I, with grief, despair, and anguish, torn,  
 Must sink unfriended to the silent urn.

Sighs choak'd her voice, the hero made reply,  
 While the big tear stood trembling in his eye,  
 Whether to me the bliss, once more, is giv'n,  
 To view thy face is only known to Heav'n;  
 But that my conduct ne'er shall merit blame,  
 Or stain thy visage with a parent's shame,  
 Is mine to say :—My soul shall ne'er descend,  
 By grov'ling means, to gain a grov'ling end,  
 Catch the contagion of infectious times,  
 Or friends be call'd to palliate my crimes.  
 Go then, my son, the mournful dame rejoin'd,  
 Then go secure, while virtue guides thy mind,  
 May Heav'n thy deeds, with approbation, see,  
 And crown the hopes the world has form'd of thee :  
 But canst thou take, perhaps, thy last adieu,  
 And leave thy promis'd bride to weep for you,  
 Canst thou, unmov'd, see her to grief resign'd,  
 Whose once sweet converse could unbend thy mind.  
 O cease, forbid these melting words to roll,  
 Nor damp the ardour of my rising soul,  
 Let her lov'd image, let ideas rest,  
 That, ah, must, now, be banish'd from my breast.  
 No more ;—I flee, to certain conquest run ;  
 O ! may thy pious pray'rs, protect thy son.  
 He spoke, then leaves his loud lamenting dome,  
 Alas ! for ever, leaves his native home.  
 The mournful matron, fill'd with rising grief,  
 Beheld, with labouring breast, the parting chief,

Then,

Then said, O Glory, what a scene of woe  
 Dost thou extort from wretches here below,  
 What painful tributes at thy shrine we lay,  
 To win thy smiles, the meteors of a day.  
 She spoke—meanwhile the gen'rous hero moves  
 To seek the object of his faithful loves.  
 Graceful she sat, where, rang'd on either hand,  
 The works of mighty bards in order stand,  
 Studious with these she soothes her gentle mind,  
 And casts each trifling pleasure far behind;  
 At Wolfe's approach she bids her labour cease,  
 And meets, with fond delight, his chaste embrace.  
 Close by her side the hero takes his stand,  
 And, in his own, compress'd her glowing hand,  
 In vain she smiles, with various passions fraught,  
 The pensive hero stood absorb'd in thought;  
 Pent in his breast the mournful tidings lay,  
 Nor could his fault'ring tongue afford them way.  
 The tender maid, oppress'd with rising woe,  
 Beheld the sadd'ning gloom that wrapt his brow,  
 She saw the tumult struggling in his breast,  
 And thus the anguish of her soul express'd.  
 Say, O my Wolfe, O say, what gloomy care  
 Casts, o'er thy mournful brow, this pensive air,  
 Say, what afflictions in thy bosom roll,  
 And what keen woe hangs heavy on thy soul,  
 Or, does a woe thy thoughtful soul impair,  
 That thy once lov'd Constantia must not share;



If e'er she prov'd unworthy of thy trust,  
 Then all this silence, this reserve, is just.  
 To whom the chief, be still, thy thoughts compose,  
 While I, the burden of my soul, disclose,  
 Do thou engage that not a tear shall fall,  
 And I will tell,—thy Wolfe will tell thee all.  
 From thy lov'd presence I a while must part,  
 But only death shall tear thee from my heart,  
 Deep rooted there shalt thou, forever, reign,  
 'Till thy glad Wolfe shall bless thy arms again.  
 Where must thou go? the trembling maid replies,  
 While sudden phrenzy fills her rolling eyes,  
 Why, from my presence, thus, wouldst thou depart?  
 Ah, do not rend, distract, torment my heart.  
 O say, declare, why must thou hence be torn,  
 And must I;—am I, then, despis'd, forlorn?  
 I go, my love, I go, at Glory's call,  
 To crush the rage of proud imperious Gaul,  
 My fame, my valour, to the world to prove,  
 And make me worthy of Constantia's love.  
 And wilt thou go, the mournful maid rejoin'd,  
 And is Constantia to be left behind.  
 Yes, for a time, the hero made reply,  
 While the big tear stood trembling in his eye.  
 Yes, for a time, thy Wolfe from thee is torn,  
 But calm thy griefs, Constantia, cease to mourn,  
 My grateful hand shall recompense thy pain,  
 Should Heav'n restore me to thy arms again,

It is for thee my soul to fame aspires,  
 For thee my bosom glows with all its fires,  
 To crown our joys, our nuptial bliss refine,  
 And prove me worthy of a heart like thine.  
 'Tis not for me the paths of fame you tread,  
 With languid voice, the mournful virgin said,  
 If so, ev'n now, the vain pursuit give o'er,  
 'Twas but thy love I sought, I ask no more;  
 Then come, O Wolfe, the thorny paths forego  
 That lead to glory, and that lead to woe;  
 My ample fortune opulence shall bring,  
 For thee content shall spread her downy wing;  
 Allur'd by her, why not, my Wolfe, retreat  
 Far from the hurry of tumultuous state.  
 No, no, my soul, replies the gen'rous chief,  
 I ne'er can tamely view my country's grief;  
 God only knows, while thus from thee I part,  
 What racking pangs now rend my bleeding heart;  
 How fondly sad my soul still hangs on thee,  
 How dear thy lov'd idea is to me;  
 But when my country calls aloud for aid,  
 When lawless foes our sacred rights invade,  
 When ev'n our monarch bids me guard the throne,  
 All private claims must yield to this alone;  
 Thou wouldst not have me quit the paths of fame,  
 To see me branded with a coward's name.  
 No, Heav'n forbid, the mournful maid rejoin'd,  
 While tears betray the anguish of her mind,

That e'er my words should win thee to disgrace,  
 Th' unfully'd honour of thy spotless race;  
 Then go, dear youth, ah, go, by fame impell'd,  
 To purchase glory in the dreadful field.  
 May hov'ring angels all thy steps attend,  
 And all the projects of thy soul befriend;  
 'Tis true, my soul, thou'rt friendless left to mourn,  
 To weep neglected 'till thy Wolfe's return,  
 Yet cease ye griefs, ye bursting woes relent,  
 If Wolfe be happy, why not I content?  
 But ah, should he to ruthless death be giv'n;  
 Oh! from the dreadful thought defend me, Heav'n.  
 Thus while she spoke, her swelling eyes o'erflow,  
 And all her senses lie dissolv'd in woe.  
 Torpid with grief the mournful hero stood,  
 A sudden horror flies thro' all his blood,  
 Love o'er his heart extends its strong controul,  
 And shakes the purpose of his mighty soul;  
 'Till bleeding Britain bursts upon his sight;  
 And puts the crowd of blandishments to flight.  
 Then round her neck he flung his eager arms,  
 Strain'd to his heart, her heaving bosom warms,  
 He show'rs his kisses on her lifeless face,  
 And sends his flutt'ring soul with each embrace;  
 Her head drops listless on his panting breast,  
 While he the tumult of his soul exprest.  
 O Fame! O Glory! where are now thy charms?  
 Come, snatch me, tear me, from her heav'nly arms.

Come,

Come, O Britannia, come, victorious France,  
 And rouse my senses from this baneful trance.  
 I go, my love, let not vain fears annoy,  
 I only go to crown our future joy,  
 Be calm, thy Wolfe will soon, to thee, return,  
 And thou forever, then, shalt cease to mourn,  
 I go, my love, sure Heav'n shall bless the deed,  
 The pray'rs of more than angels must succeed.  
 He said, and folds her in a last embrace,  
 Then flings distracted from the mournful place;  
 In floods of grief the hapless maid is drown'd,  
 Breathless she sinks along the sadd'ning ground,  
 Bursting, with sighs, she then returns to light,  
 She looks around, no Wolfe appears in sight,  
 All trembling, pale, again she dies away,  
 Again revives and meets detested day,  
 A tear descends, she wipes it as it flows,  
 Again she sighs, and thus renews her woes.  
 And art thou gone, ah! cruel thus to flee,  
 And leave in deep despair a wretch like me,  
 Thou couldst not sure have lov'd so pure, so true,  
 With such a fondness as I doat on you.  
 When genuine love, refin'd by chaste desire,  
 Subdues the breast beneath its spotless fire,  
 All other passions from the soul depart,  
 It reigns unrival'd in the human heart,  
 But sure thou art to different views inclin'd,  
 Far other passions sure incite thy mind,

For

For empty shades to fly my proffer'd charms,  
 And fling from mine to desolation's arms.  
 But whither, phrenzy, whither wouldst thou lead  
 The mis'd judgment of an injur'd maid,  
 Is it to brand, inflam'd with jealous fear,  
 The man, with guilt, that reigns unrival'd here.  
 No—go, dear youth, obey thy monarch's will,  
 And all thy actions please Constantia still,  
 Go, purchase glory, still shall she approve,  
 Tho' she should pine with ill requitted love.  
 But how, Constantia, friendless, left alone,  
 How spend thy time, thy dear companion gone;  
 Say wilt thou, glitt'ring, dress'd in bright brocades,  
 Shine forth at balls, at midnight masquerades,  
 In senseless mirth each keen reflection drown'd,  
 And loose thy sorrows in the joyful round !  
 No—fly not there, no more thy Wolfe shall grace  
 The trifling pleasures of the thoughtless race;  
 In spite of mirth his dear idea 'd rise,  
 And tears unwilling trickle from my eyes;  
 The crowd unpitying would deride my pain,  
 For woes like mine compassion seek in vain.  
 Constantia, no—to rural scenes return,  
 There weep his absence, there in private mourn,  
 There live recluse, no more thy griefs confin'd;  
 Fling loose the burden that distracts thy mind;  
 Each scene familiar here shall bring to sight  
 His image, once the source of fond delight:

But

But ah, 'tis sure all earthly things are vain,  
 That, once my pleasure, now becomes my pain.  
 Here, as we've pass'd along the silent grove,  
 What tender scenes have mark'd our rising love,  
 Then how his smiles would breathe delight around,  
 Oh! how his voice, my soul in raptures, drown'd;  
 He speaks—attention steals thro' ev'ry limb,  
 And Nature's beauties all are lost in him!  
 Then with what joy, what boundless joy we'd say,  
 When months, like moments, seem'd to roll away,  
 How swift, how sweet, the gliding moments move,  
 When wing'd by pleasures that result from love!  
 But rural charms no more my joy can raise,  
 He's gone who gave these charms the pow'r to please.  
 In vain I sigh, in vain my tears may flow,  
 No Wolfe is present to dispel my woe,  
 Lost Nature all must now appear to mourn,  
 And I dejected weep 'till his return;  
 Thus, O my Wolfe, Constantia mourns for thee,  
 Perhaps whilst thou shalt cease to think on me.  
 For ah, how widely are the states disjoin'd  
 Of him who goes, and her who stays behind:  
 Where'er he moves new objects strike his sight,  
 New prospects dazzle, and new scenes invite,  
 Lost in the present, he forgets the past,  
 And all his parting pangs subside at last.  
 But she, alas! in keen affliction drown'd,  
 Must lonely tread the same unchequer'd round,

Must

Must see no objects, to relieve her breast,  
 But what, in happier times, had known her blest,  
 But what, relentless, to her mind restore  
 The painful thought of pleasure felt before.  
 The virgin spoke, her tears abundant flow,  
 And give a loofe to all the rage of woe.  
 Meanwhile the chief, with various passions tofs'd,  
 Directs his paſſage to the ſea-beat coaſt,  
 Swift down his cheek vaſt tides of forrow roll,  
 And eaſe the burden of his mighty foul.  
 This done, he enters on his high command,  
 And crowns the wiſhes of his joyful band.  
 The troops embark, the chief the deck aſcends,  
 The ſpreading canvafs to 'the wind extends;  
 Along the Thames the lofty veſſels glide  
 To where the ocean meets his ruſhing tide;  
 Then, ſteering weſtward, on the azure main,  
 They cut the ſurface of the wat'ry plain,  
 Whiſt two long moons purſue their circling way,  
 Boldly they ſkim the wide capacious ſea;  
 At length, to crown the hero with delight,  
 The new-found continent appears in fight.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

COME raise, my Muse, from deep dejection raise  
 Thy drooping head to sing a hero's praise :  
 No more let tears, no more let sorrows, move,  
 No more descend in melting strains of love ;  
 Raise high thy voice, expand thy numbers far,  
 Sound the loud trumpet of tremendous war.  
 But how, my soul, canst thou presume to dare  
 To sing of battles, all the rage of war ;  
 Who never saw a marshal'd army stand ;  
 Nor read the product of another's hand !  
 Then come, oh ! Muse, whose all-reviving breath  
 Recals great actions from the realms of death :  
 From Fame's high temple come my cause to plead,  
 A case uncommon, claims uncommon aid !  
 'Tis true, that Homer, wrapt in endless night,  
 His eye-balls darken'd and depriv'd of fight,  
 Could make the heav'ns re-echo to his lays,  
 And earth grow vocal in his hero's praise.  
 Thou too Britannia, Albion thou canst boast  
 Milton, the Homer, of thy sacred coast ;  
 Tho' dark himself he breath'd refulgent light,  
 And rescu'd others from the shades of night !

Such



Such, heav'nly Muse, have felt thy pow'r divine,  
 But, ah! how diff'rent far their state from mine!  
 The Grecian bard had long with care beheld  
 The various ruins of the Trojan field;  
 Follow'd the windings of scamander's flood;  
 Saw where the bulwark rose, the palace stood;  
 Invok'd Achilles, saw the hero rise,  
 And, in the dazzling lustre, lost his eyes  
 And that great bard whose all-perceiving eye  
 Could pierce the deep recesses of the sky;  
 Present the glories of the blest'd abode;  
 Explore the motives that direct a god;  
 Account for evils that attend our race,  
 And blaze the triumphs of eternal grace;  
 Had long enjoy'd the sun's reviving rays,  
 Thro' various regions wander'd various ways:  
 Where tow'ring Alps Italia's plains confine;  
 Where flows the Oder and the rapid Rhine:  
 Where France presents her wide extended plain;  
 And where Iberia skirts the rolling main:  
 With searching eyes the youthful Poet stray'd,  
 Their customs, manners, actions, all survey'd;  
 The useful store to lofty views consign'd,  
 And lodg'd the burthen in his trusty mind.  
 For him had science all her influence shed,  
 And twin'd her wreaths around his sacred head:  
 His rolling eyes to her sublimely soar,  
 'Till strain'd with gazing, they could gaze no more!

But

But I alone, of all the num'rous throng,  
 That mount in numbers, or descend in song,  
 Attempt to sooth, inflame, transport the heart,  
 Unblest'd by nature, and untaught by art !  
 Scarce had the bell of sense began to toll,  
 Or dawning reason open on my soul,  
 When black disease, for ever, dimm'd my sight,  
 And wrapt my senses in eternal night ;  
 In vain, for me, creation spreads her charms ;  
 In vain the fun the womb of nature warms ;  
 In vain his dazzling lustre paints the ground :  
 Eternal darkness hovers all around !  
 In her black dungeon dooms my mind to groan,  
 And shuts the paths that lead to Wisdom's throne.  
 But when some circling years had wing'd their flight,  
 And Reason glisten'd with superior light ;  
 Thro' all my breast a thirst of knowledge rose,  
 And broke the tenor of my calm repose :  
 In vain my soul then strove to force her way,  
 To swim the ocean of surrounding day,  
 A blank unvaried meets her baffled eye,  
 While all around enjoy the cheerful sky.  
 But Sound; that goddess, whose resistless charms,  
 Can rouse whole nations into deeds of arms,  
 Can swell to mirth the heart by woe depress'd,  
 And melt in sorrow the enraptur'd breast ;  
 Who imperceptive skims along the wind,  
 And wafts instructions to the old and blind !

With pity mov'd, to me assistance brings,  
 And bears creation on her airy wings,  
 The world's great scene displays, in clearest light,  
 And draws all nature to my inward sight !  
 But chief, on thee, thou mighty Lord of all,  
 By whom all things have rose, all things shall fall;  
 Whose Omnipresence fills remotest space;  
 Whose eye can pierce, whose comprehension trace;  
 Events, past, present, labouring yet for birth;  
 Who, with compassion, views the woes of earth;  
 My soul imprison'd calls aloud for room;  
 'Tis thou, alone, that canst dispel this gloom;  
 'Tis thou, alone, that canst this voice inspire,  
 And crown the summit of my fond desire !  
 O Sire of heav'n, thy sacred influence shed;  
 May thy blest'd Spirit hover round my head :  
 At thy command my soul relief shall find,  
 And suns unnumber'd burst upon my mind !  
 Should merc'less critics, whose envenom'd pow'rs,  
 Extract rank poison from innoxious flow'rs;  
 Destructive war with this production wage,  
 Sure this reflection will disarm their rage,  
 That I, from whom this crude production springs,  
 Whose genius gives these rapid numbers wings,  
 Was, when an infant, robb'd of glorious sight,  
 And helpless buried in eternal night !  
 But tho' these orbs for ever cease to roll,  
 They shut not out the passions of the soul ;

Like

Like fires confin'd, they burn with fiercer flames,  
 And spur my hopes to more exalted aims.  
 Far o'er the rest ascends my country's love,  
 Absorb'd in this all meaner passions move;  
 Tho' cruel fate forbids to rise in arms,  
 Britannia's glory all my bosom warms!  
 My flutt'ring soul forsakes her gloomy den,  
 And flies triumphant thro' the walks of men!  
 Ascends with these who soaring mount to fame,  
 And raise the glory of the British name.  
 But chief, O Wolfe! for thee, my muse aspires,  
 For thee, my bosom glows with all her fires,  
 For thee, my genius unappall'd by threats,  
 Shall fearless utter what my heart dictates.  
 By fate secluded from the world's great stage,  
 Restrain'd from party zeal, from factious rage,  
 Supreme, unaw'd, my dauntless muse shall sit,  
 And daring truths supply the place of wit.  
 The blazing sun, thro' flaming Cancer, drove,  
 And gilds, with orient light, the realms above;  
 When, on St. Laurence, Albion's navy glides,  
 And, in a cloud of canvas, veils the tides.  
 Aloft, in air, sublime the hero stands,  
 And casts his eyes thro' all the neighb'ring lands,  
 Where boundless forests rear their rev'rend forms,  
 And brave the fury of surrounding storms,  
 High to the heav'ns with bold projections rise,  
 And lose their summits in the clouded skies.

Nor these, alone, with graceful charms are found,  
 To swell the splendors of the prospect round :  
 Bright, to the view, in gay luxuriant pride,  
 Vast plains unbounded skirt the rolling tide ;  
 Where Nature's hand spontaneous pours around  
 A world of sweets o'er all the smiling ground.  
 Here gentle hills, with sunny brows, are seen ;  
 There warbling dales, and groves of lively green ;  
 Here a smooth vale, soft varying, smiles below ;  
 Vast rocks there rise, and tumbling waters flow ;  
 While their huge monarch, with majestic mien,  
 Rolls slowly on, and crowns the glorious scene.  
 Amid those charms that Nature's smiles impart,  
 With no less lustre blaze the works of art :  
 Rear'd with bright front high o'er the rolling tide,  
 Towns, temples, cities, grac'd his rev'rend side :  
 For long proud Gaul had toil'd with ceaseless care  
 To raise a crowd of dazzling structures there.  
 Far o'er the rest Quebec in lustre shone,  
 Sublimely seated on a rocky throne ;  
 Glorious she mounts thro' prostrate tempests borne,  
 And on the world beneath looks down with scorn !  
 All Nature here in all her pow'rs arose  
 To guard this city from insulting foes ;  
 On ev'ry side she flung a wat'ry mound,  
 Or rear'd a wall of threat'ning rocks around.  
 Full on the south, with waves expanded wide,  
 The vast St. Laurence rolls his pond'rous tide ;

Round

Round the north-east a leffer river flows,  
 And in the mightier stream its torrent throws;  
 While with bold front and hugely tow'ring pride,  
 The far stretch'd steep protects the western side.  
 Nor less great Art displays her boundless pow'rs,  
 To guard the splendors of her glitt'ring tow'rs:  
 High on the utmost summit of the steep,  
 A huge enormous fort o'erlooks the deep,  
 Wide on all sides she holds her thunders forth  
 To belch destruction o'er the trembling earth,  
 Dreadful she bends her threat'ning brow below;  
 And scoffs the fury of the daring foe!  
 Down from each side, along the steep ascent,  
 Tremendous guns with threat'ning throats are bent,  
 There, thro' dark rocks, yawn forth for human blood,  
 And point their fury at the nether flood!  
 Below two bastions flank the harbour's jaws,  
 O'erlook the circling tide, and guard her laws!  
 Advance their dreadful instruments of woe,  
 To flash the fiery torrent on the foe!  
 Thus for Quebec all art and nature arm,  
 And rocks, forts, rivers shield the town from harm!  
 Not far from hence, amid the mightier flood,  
 Fair Orleans' isle with flow'ry aspect stood,  
 Thick on whose verge gay fragrant blooms abound,  
 That deck the waters which infold it round;  
 Full on the west the parting waves divide,  
 And in close channels wheel on either side;

Then on the east unite their streams again,  
 And like an ocean roll to meet the main !  
 Hither it was, with fierce impetuous force,  
 That Albion's fleets first bent their threat'ning course,  
 'Twas here her ships first touch'd the hostile strand,  
 And brought the terrors of the war to land.  
 Recount, O Muse ! what ships approach'd the coast,  
 What mighty heroes led the British host,  
 What num'rous nations rose in glorious arms  
 To rescue Britain from impending harms.  
 First, the huge Neptune, o'er the wat'ry roar,  
 Darts her enormous bulk, and gains the shore ;  
 Tow'ring on high she rears her awful form,  
 Props the incumbent clouds—defies the storm ;  
 Her swelling sails expanded catch the wind,  
 And half the river rolls a wake behind !  
 Her pond'rous sides stupendous rise to fight ;  
 Three spacious decks divide the lofty height,  
 Each deck, with num'rous mouths, expanded wide,  
 Yawns, with dread horror, o'er the rolling tide ;  
 Wide guns, thro' these, their gaping throats advance,  
 And, with destruction, threat the sons of France.  
 Close, where the Neptune leads the pouring war,  
 Unnumber'd sails, of following ships, appear.  
 Thrice six roll on of huge enormous size,  
 Two tiers of guns in each progressive rise ;  
 These their vast mouths, thro' dreadful op'nings, spread,  
 And labouring seem with worlds of future dead.

Around

Around, where these stupendous piles ascend,  
 Vast swarming shoals of lesser barks attend ;  
 Some fraught with flour, or, wine's enliv'ning store ;  
 And some with vet'rans from Britannia's shore ;  
 Throng'd o'er the deep, on ev'ry side, they pour,  
 As flies descending with the vernal show'r,  
 Wide o'er a lake their swarming legions spread,  
 And hide its surface in a flutt'ring shade.  
 In three divisions rank'd the fleets appear ;  
 There rules the mighty Holmes ; and Dural here.  
 The third descends beneath that chief's command,  
 Who rules, with boundless sway, the wat'ry band ;  
 This was a chief of high exalted fame,  
 And great and god-like Saunders was his name,  
 Saunders ! who, dauntless, thund'ring fierce in war,  
 By active valour, struck the world with fear ;  
 Who, thro' the frowns of ministerial laws,  
 Oft rush'd to glory in his sov'reign's cause ;  
 Burst thro' all dangers ; countless wonders wrought ;  
 And sav'd his country by the glorious fault !  
 Moor'd, near bright Orleans, on the southern side,  
 Now these vast fleets, in crowds, at anchor ride :  
 Then from their decks, in countless numbers, pour,  
 Their vet'ran armies on the trembling shore !  
 Thund'ring, for joy, o'er all the beach, they throng,  
 And shout, with transport, as they move along !  
 First, in the front of all this pouring train,  
 Old England's offspring trod the hostile plain.

From



From where the Thames expands his silver tide,  
 And tow'ring forests grace his rev'rend side !  
 From where the Severn darts to meet the main,  
 Like rapid lightning thro' the wond'ring plain !  
 From where the Humber rolls his pond'rous way,  
 And swells, with num'rous streams, the German sea !  
 From where the Tweed expands her wat'ry store !  
 And marks the limits of the northern shore !  
 From all these streams, from all her realms afar  
 Pouring, she teems her num'rous sons to war.  
 And, now, the first of all the threat'ning host,  
 Sternly serene they tread the trembling coast.  
 Close in the rear Hibernia's sons advance,  
 For their lov'd cause eternal foes to France !  
 Hibernia, who, with kind fraternal hand,  
 Still guards the honour of her sister land.  
 Oh thou lov'd shore ! thou dear enchanting isle !  
 Where endless peace, and truth, and freedom smile !  
 Fain would my muse her loftier flights restrain  
 To sing the charms of thy delightful plain ;  
 Thy sacred plain ! where Heav'n all bounteous pours  
 Nought else but sweets, and worlds of smiling flow'rs.  
 No hungry lions, here, with hideous roar,  
 E'er bound tremendous o'er the trembling shore !  
 No wolves, no bears, no tigers, range the wood ;  
 Or grind their jaws that thirst for human blood !  
 Here, no huge serpents, curling, wreath'd on high,  
 With pois'nous hiss enflame the tainted sky !

No snakes, no toads, no adders, panting round,  
 With treach'rous venom, fill the subtle ground !  
 God sheds his influence o'er the smiling land,  
 And all things noxious shrink beneath his hand !  
 When hither brought they languish, gasp, and die,  
 And own the presence of a purer sky !  
 Here lonely babes may rise at early dawn,  
 And tread with steps secure the dewy lawn :  
 In peaceful forests brave the midnight air ;  
 Nor dread the fury of the prowling bear !  
 Her dauntless sons, exempt from fraud, from guile,  
 As is, from noxious deaths, her gen'rous soil,  
 By Albion long, with iron sceptre, sway'd,  
 Saw all her rights contemn'd, her laws betray'd ;  
 Her commerce stifled, and her arts oppress'd,  
 Her friends neglected, and her foes carest.  
 At length, oh ! Heav'n, at thy all mild command,  
 The joyful time rolls o'er this smiling land,  
 When these great souls should burst their galling chain,  
 And bravely free her sacred rights again.  
 Now do we see these guardians of the laws,  
 Step nobly forward in their country's cause ;  
 Now do we see them, firm in glory, all,  
 Unlur'd by gold, by aught but Freedom's call,  
 Sternly serene contemn Oppression's frown,  
 And awe, by threats, their haughty tyrants down ;  
 While the vast world, in wonder mix'd with fears,  
 Sounds forth the praise of 'Erna's volunteers !

Now,

Now, at their call, the Arts reviving spring,  
 And smiling Commerce waves her golden wing :  
 Now joyful Freedom hears their loud command,  
 And pours her boundless treasures o'er the land,  
 Scar'd at their frown base wiles and fraudulent guile,  
 And mean diffensions fly the peaceful isle !  
 Blind zeal, no more, pursues her barb'rous end,  
 No more enrag'd, religious sects contend.  
 Wretches, no more, with trembling terror shrink,  
 Because they think not as their sov'reigns think.  
 But adverse parties lose their thirst of blood,  
 And join their efforts for the public good !  
 But tho' her soul abhorr'd the British laws,  
 She rises glorious in her sov'reign's cause :  
 She, when she saw his keen avenging arms,  
 Towards Quebec direct their dire alarms,  
 Nobly sprang forth to share her num'rous scars,  
 And bravely conquer in Britannia's wars.  
 The Liffey, now, whose wild meanders stray  
 Thro' many a tract, by many a winding way ;  
 The rapid Ban ; the Suir whose waves expand  
 With num'rous streams, and water half the land ;  
 The Shannon, monarch of the wat'ry train,  
 Who, like an ocean, rolls to seek the main ;  
 All pour their crowds to purchase high renown,  
 And guard the honour of the British crown.  
 Beneath great Wolfe the sister kingdoms stand,  
 A close, connected, firm, united band.

In order, next, the Highlanders appear,  
 Whose ev'ry nerve seems strung for glorious war:  
 These hardy troops, on lofty mountains, bred,  
 Where tow'ring Grampus rears his rev'rend head;  
 Where silver Dee pursues her rapid way,  
 And spacious lakes supply the rolling Tay;  
 From where the Forth's descending waves expand,  
 To where the ocean bounds the northern land;  
 Had learn'd, in toil, to brave the fierce extremes,  
 Of Winter's cold, and Summer's sultry beams;  
 Train'd to fatigue, thus train'd by ceaseless pain,  
 From stubborn rocks to fetch the scanty grain,  
 Bold, undismay'd, they joyful pour from far  
 To seek from toil a kind relief in war.  
 And, now, aloft with threat'ning front they stand,  
 A grim, terrific, sternly frowning band.  
 Rais'd, in their hands, huge blades enormous threat,  
 Keen are their edges, pond'rous is their weight;  
 With these they dreadful mow whole armies down,  
 And pierce the bulwarks of each hostile town:  
 Their varying plaids, with curious art design'd,  
 In graceful folds, redundant float behind,  
 These cov'rings loose, descending from above,  
 Give ev'ry vig'rous muscle room to move.  
 To these succeeds the bold provincial host,  
 Whose wrongs first rous'd Britannia's injur'd coast;  
 Inflam'd with rage, they quit their native plain,  
 To claim due vengeance for their kindred slain,

Their

Their spacious plain, whose vast expanse, surveys,  
 From where bright Phœbus shoots his downward rays,  
 To where the ocean groans in icy chains,  
 And night, thro' half the year, unrival'd reigns:  
 Disportive Nature, o'er this boundless shore,  
 With lavish hand, profusely pours her store;  
 Here all the plants, the fruits, the flow'rs are found,  
 That grace the climes of all the world around;  
 Here endless streams, thro' endless regions, glide,  
 And swell the ocean with her ceaseless tide.  
 The stream that laves the Philadelphian walls,  
 The Mohawk, dreadful in her thund'ring falls,  
 The bold Connecticut, the Hudson wide,  
 And Mississippi's vast capacious tide,  
 These, see their banks dispeopl'd, as they flow,  
 And send their heroes forth to meet the foe.  
 High, o'er the rest, advance the grenadiers,  
 Glorious aloft their tow'ring front appears,  
 Their brawny bulks disclose superior might,  
 And all their vig'rous limbs seem strong for fight!  
 Stupendous caps, surround their bending brows;  
 That bid defiance to the rage of blows;  
 From Louisburg this dauntless legion came,  
 Where Wolfe immortal rais'd his glorious name;  
 Here, vanquish'd France subdu'd beneath his hand,  
 In dire dispersion, fled the conquer'd land.  
 By Nova Scotia's coast extends the isle,  
 Her rocks are lofty, stubborn is her soil;

Her

Her spacious harbour, spreads a wide expanse,  
 The once sure refuge of the sons of France,  
 But conquer'd, now, deserts the Gallic cause,  
 And rolls her tides beneath Britannic laws !  
 Thus dreadful pouring on the thund'ring coast,  
 In various bodies, moves the num'rous host.  
 Each huge battalion owns her martial lord,  
 Who waves, with high controul, his threat'ning  
                   sword !

Chiefs, less supreme, confess his dread command,  
 And march, in lesser troops, the num'rous band.  
 Recount, O Muse ! each mighty hero's name,  
 That rose superior in this list of fame :  
 Great Moncton, next to Wolfe, immortal stands,  
 Who free'd from rapine Nova Scotia's lands,  
 Who screen'd that country from impending harms,  
 And taught proud France the force of British arms !  
 Townshend, whose God-like actions all proclaim,  
 The glorious trophies of his future fame,  
 High Heav'n has doom'd that when great Wolfe shal  
                   fall,

His matchless arm shall crush the pride of Gaul !  
 That then that arm, stretch'd forth in Albion's cause,  
 Shall rule Hibernia with deserv'd applause !  
 Last, on the field, aspiring Murray came,  
 Of all the chiefs, that bear a Gen'ral's name.  
 To him, the brave, the dauntless Howe, succeeds,  
 Tho' last in rank, not last in glorious deeds !

Immortal Howe! whose comprehensive mind,  
 With dauntless valour, boundless virtue join'd,  
 Who plann'd with judgment, as he bravely fought,  
 In war courag'ous, and sedate in thought!  
 To future times his glorious actions known,  
 Shall raise the honour of his Sov'reign's throne,  
 Pour Heav'n's just vengeance on rebellious crimes,  
 And be the subject of succeeding rhymes.  
 With him the gallant Carl'ton takes his stand,  
 With equal merit, and with like command.  
 Led by these heroes roll the British host,  
 Like a vast deluge on the thund'ring coast.  
 Tall groves of muskets, from their front, they rear,  
 Forests of bay'nets cleave the yielding air,  
 That, from the tubes projected, upwards rise,  
 And burnish'd glitter thro' the dazzling skies!  
 Full in the van, high o'er their threat'ning head,  
 In many a fold, their blazing standards spread,  
 Glorious aloft they wave, in air, unfurl'd,  
 And strike wide terror thro' the trembling world!  
 Bright on the surface of their broad expanse,  
 In frowning gold, two threat'ning foes advance,  
 A lion rampant foams, with fury, there,  
 He grinds his teeth, his fiery eye-balls glare,  
 Darting he seems. While here an unicorn,  
 With rage opponent, waves his single horn;  
 Emblaz'd with gems a crown suspended lies,  
 While the fierce foes contending lose the prize!

The

The British army thus, in bright array,  
 With joyful shouts, pursue their thund'ring way;  
 Wide, o'er the land, their pouring legions spread,  
 And groaning earth re-echoes as they tread.  
 So when mild Spring calls forth her vernal flow'rs,  
 And teeming hives disgorge their flutt'ring pow'rs,  
 The swarming bees their painted wings expand,  
 And pour, in millions, o'er the fragrant land;  
 All with loud hum their sheathless trunks shoot forth,  
 And all in motion seems the bustling earth.  
 Not far from hence, along the northern coast,  
 Fierce threat'ning Gaul collects her num'rous host,  
 Round Quebec's walls they stretch with hideous pride,  
 High o'er the margin of the rolling tide.  
 The Gallic host divides in various bands,  
 By various leaders led, from various lands.  
 First Languedoc presents her shining train,  
 And pours her heroes from her crowded plain,  
 Where pearly streams, from lofty mountains roll'd,  
 Descend thro' beds bestrew'd with sands of gold!  
 The vast Garonne, along her valleys, glides,  
 Dispensing verdure as he rolls his tides,  
 Thro' all the land majestic takes his way,  
 And on Guiennes' shores rejoins the sea.  
 Nor less this province, rous'd at Glory's call,  
 Pours forth her sons to swell the host of Gaul:  
 What tho' their hills, in vines, eternal glow,  
 What tho' their plains, with flow'rets, smile below,



What tho' their wines, in endless stores, abound,  
 And bear the palm thro' all the world around !  
 They fly these treasures, draw their impious swords,  
 And brave the fury of their former lords ;  
 For Britain, wafted o'er the circling main,  
 Long rul'd, with boundless sway, their fruitful plain,  
 From hence, thro' Gaul, oft led her conqu'ring bands,  
 And on the brink of ruin plung'd her lands.  
 But while loud discord shook their British lord,  
 They basely bow'd beneath the Gallic sword.  
 To these Gascoigne unites her furious train,  
 As in their guilt, companions in their pain ;  
 On lofty rocks, in vain, their cities stand,  
 In vain, their Poictiers spreads her wide command,  
 Where gallant Edward won the glorious field,  
 And taught that numbers must to valour yield.  
 In vain their haughty, proud, imperious boast,  
 They come to perish on a foreign coast !  
 From Wolfe's dread hand to feel the vengeance just,  
 And all their vanity to lay in dust !  
 With haughty mien the Roussillons advance,  
 Iberians subject to the laws of France ;  
 Taught where their heads, the Pyrenees, disclose,  
 Beneath the burden of eternal snows,  
 Thro' dreary wilds, with active limbs, to sweep,  
 And mount o'er piles of ice the threat'ning steep ;  
 They come confiding in superior might,  
 To meet their fate on Quebec's tow'ring height.

To

To these Lofair unites her num'rous band,  
 Like these to perish on a foreign land !  
 Canada fees the gath'ring tumult far,  
 And all her sons pours forth to meet the war.  
 All ages rous'd, obey the dire alarms,  
 And countless nations thund'ring rush to arms.  
 In swarms the Indians leave their teeming woods,  
 Their lofty mountains, and their boundless floods ;  
 With hideous yells they pour along the shore,  
 And lick their horrid jaws that thirst for gore.  
 These, all collected, join the host of Gaul,  
 Bent to preserve the town, or bravely fall.  
 Montcalm terrific rears his awful form,  
 And leads the fury of this gath'ring storm ;  
 Not heav'n's dread frown could e'er his rage controul,  
 Nor hell's grim horrors fright his daring foul ;  
 No fears, no toils, could shake his dauntless mind ;  
 No laws could limit, no restrictions bind ;  
 No widow's tears to him remorse impart,  
 Nor tender pity melt his callous heart ;  
 Long, with fierce rage, his vile rapacious hands  
 Had hurl'd destruction on Britannia's lands.  
 Long had she sunk beneath his barb'rous force,  
 And piles of slaughter mark'd his dreadful course ;  
 But Wolfe's dread terrors, now, for vengeance call,  
 And thou art doom'd, presumpt'ous chief, to fall.  
 Vaudrueil advancing next, in high command,  
 With ampler virtues, takes his nobler stand :

He, too, in fight, must yield his fleeting breath,  
 And sink, all glorious, in the arms of death.  
 Leevey succeeds, a chief of high renown.  
 Ramfay, the ruler of the neighb'ring town.  
 Then Bougainville fore-doom'd by Heav'n's intent,  
 To stand secluded from the dire event.  
 Led by these chiefs thus roll'd the Gallic host,  
 Confus'dly pouring o'er the thund'ring coast :  
 Dreadful they here collect, in threat'ning pride,  
 Their motley terrors o'er the rolling tide ;  
 Half-naked Indians there with hideous mein,  
 Here the gay Gauls in dazzling robes are seen,  
 There horrid yells, here shouts perplex the strand,  
 And all in motion seems the quiv'ring land.  
 So when fierce Boreas, from the boist'rous north,  
 Rolls clouds on clouds wide jumbling o'er the earth,  
 In throngs the jarring elements are driv'n,  
 With dire combustion thro' the vault of heav'n,  
 In one huge mass, earth, fire, air, water, hurl'd,  
 To burst in thunders on the trembling world.  
 Thrice had the sun diurnal roll'd away,  
 And dawning shows the fourth revolving day,  
 Since first the fleet approach'd the hostile foil,  
 And Wolfe had disembark'd on Orleans' isle ;  
 When, charg'd with care, he gives the mighty word,  
 And bids his chiefs attend the council-board ;  
 Each leader hears his gen'ral's dread command,  
 And quits the quarters of his vet'ran band ;

In shining robes they all at once advance,  
 Scarlet, the terror of the sons of France!  
 With blazing gold unites a brisk array,  
 And round the heroes throws a flood of day!  
 Gold, o'er their shoulders, flames with dazzling pride,  
 Swords, deck'd with gold, descending grace their side,  
 Bright silver plates depending from above,  
 Wave o'er their bosoms as they onward move.  
 Wolfe who meanwhile, inspir'd by glorious aims,  
 Roll'd in his God-like breast unnumber'd schemes,  
 Forth thro' the camp to meet his gen'als went,  
 And pleas'd conducts them to his spacious tent;  
 In order there they take their awful seats,  
 While he the projects of his soul relates.  
 My gallant friends, companions of my care,  
 Ye dauntless heroes, thunderbolts of war,  
 Now let your fame, your God-like glory shine,  
 Now let your souls, your deeds unite with mine,  
 Rouse all your efforts at your country's call,  
 The mighty work in hand requires them all.  
 To you, my friends, for succour I refer,  
 Wolfe is but young, and may be prone to err;  
 To you will I my inmost thoughts reveal,  
 And not a project of my soul conceal.  
 There lies the town, the town stupendous lies,  
 Wrapt in the bulwark of the circling skies,  
 Glorious aloft she mounts thro' upper air,  
 Far o'er the fury of unequal war;

While

While there Montcalm collects his num'rous host,  
 And guards each entrance to the frightful coast,  
 Woods, rivers, mountains, wrap the hero round,  
 And Nature's works secure the dreadful ground.  
 But yet, my friends, we must their pow'r annoy,  
 We must, nay will, the Gallic pow'r destroy;  
 Honour commands, my country's will requires,  
 And she shall triumph, or her Wolfe expires!  
 But first, ye chiefs, companions of my care,  
 The just suggestions of your souls declare,  
 Whether 'tis better bravely storm the rock,  
 Or, give the Gallic camp one furious shock:  
 Should we elude their gen'ral's watchful sight,  
 And undiscover'd mount yon tow'ring height,  
 'Tis true our cannon might the town command,  
 And range triumphant thro' the subject land:  
 But should that hero pierce our deep design,  
 And thund'ring, from the steep, repulse our line,  
 Then from aloft the fiery tempest tofs'd,  
 In one vast ruin must confound our host;  
 Whilst slaughter'd we must see them fenc'd on high,  
 Nor have the glorious comfort brave to die!  
 But e'en should we aloft our standards rear,  
 Would not the brave Montcalm oppose us there?  
 Defeated then what usage could we find,  
 Fierce foes in front, a precipice behind.  
 But should we bravely on their trenches fall,  
 Or dauntless, in his camp, attack the Gaul,

Our

Our fleets will then secure a safe retreat,  
 Tho' all our legions meet a dire defeat:  
 But if victorious we their lines o'erthrow,  
 And from yon threat'ning post dislodge the foe,  
 Dispers'd in woods they'll far from hence retire,  
 And leave the town expos'd to all our fire:  
 Flush'd with success our troops will dangers scorn,  
 Thro' rocks, thro' rivers, shall their rage be borne,  
 Thund'ring aloft they'll urge their glorious course,  
 And Quebec fall in spite of all her force!  
 This is the scheme, my friends, I would pursue,  
 This I shall follow, if approv'd by you;  
 'Tis this alone can raise the British name,  
 And crown our efforts with eternal fame!  
 Yet should their camp our utmost force defy,  
 The more advent'rous scheme we then may try,  
 For gen'als should, my friends, with cautious care,  
 Curb the wild fury of destructive war;  
 Preserve their foldiers, while they guard the state,  
 Nor rush on desp'rate means 'till urg'd by fate.  
 He spake, the crowd with rapture all took fire,  
 The glorious project all at once admire;  
 All cry, approv'd, lead on, attack the foe,  
 Do thou but lead, and we with transport go!  
 But thus his words again attention claim,  
 And calm'd the fervour of their kindling flame.  
 With rapture I behold this god-like fire,  
 O! may such ardour all your deeds inspire!

But

But stay, my friends, attend to cautious care,  
 Something is wanting ere we rush to war;  
 While haughty France, from yon projecting lands,  
 The wide expansion of the deep commands;  
 While she, from Orleans, seconds all her force,  
 In vain our fleets may stem the wat'ry course,  
 Quebec secure from all their efforts lies,  
 And all the thunder of their guns defies;  
 Then let our swords expel their troops from thence;  
 Do thou, brave Moncton, lead thy squadrons hence;  
 To Lévis' point direct thy vet'ran pow'rs,  
 There should you speed, Quebec shall sure be ours.  
 Do thou, brave Carl'ton, with thy troops advance,  
 And from this island chase the sons of France.  
 But you, ye gen'rous chiefs, that stay behind,  
 Ah! hide the doubts that may perplex your mind,  
 Cheer all your troops, extol your country's name,  
 Britannia's glory, all the charms of fame,  
 Cry, All is well, if they but act their part,  
 And rouse, to smiling hope, each drooping heart;  
 For wav'ring armies, still to doubt a prey,  
 Float in the passions that their chiefs betray.  
 The hero spoke; the counsel'd chiefs obey,  
 Each, to his quarters, takes his eager way.  
 Some train the troops, with unremitted care,  
 While others lead their vet'rans forth to war.  
 The gallant Carl'ton, first, the host forfakes,  
 And thro' the isle a rapid progress makes,

Before

Before his, fury fly the Gallic bands,  
 And yield all Orleans to his conqu'ring hands.  
 Moncton meanwhile, in shining ranks, display'd,  
 The four battalions of his fierce brigade,  
 Anxious he waits 'till night's impervious screen,  
 Shall rise to waft him, o'er the waves, unseen.  
 Now Sol descending from his tow'ring height,  
 Behind the convex world withdraws his light.  
 Then he with haste embarks his num'rous host,  
 And gains, with level oars, the southern coast.  
 Silent, the troops, descending on the strand,  
 In cautious order, wait their chief's command,  
 When thus, while each impatient draws his sword,  
 The watchful hero gives the wary word:  
 Restrain, my friends, your gen'rous rage restrain,  
 Whilst gloomy darkness covers all the plain,  
 Here let us stand, secure in firm array,  
 And wait with patience for the rising day;  
 For should we pass thro' lands untrod before,  
 While night's dim shade obscures the mazy shore,  
 The foe might then our wand'ring host invade,  
 Or plunge us headlong in some ambuscade;  
 But if we take bright Sol to guide our course,  
 Our troops, with prudence, may direct their force,  
 Secure from danger, crush their tim'rous foes,  
 And be rewarded for their lost repose.  
 He spoke.—The chiefs extend the gen'ral word,  
 The thick'ning squadrons form around their lord,

Compacted



Compacted close they stand in firm array,  
 And wait impatient for the rising day:  
 Detach'd from ev'ry side lights scouts advance,  
 To watch the motions of the sons of France.  
 At length, in roseat rays, the dawn shot forth,  
 And wak'd, from gen'ral rest, the slumb'ring earth.  
 Rous'd at her call the vet'rans rush to arms,  
 The rocks, the rivers, ring with dire alarms;  
 All, with loud shouts, then close the foe around,  
 And up point Levies drive with thund'ring sound.  
 France, with amaze, declines the dreadful fray,  
 And, in the dire combustion, melts away;  
 Headlong they tumble from the thund'ring steep,  
 And plunge, for refuge, in the whirling deep:  
 All, in a moment, yield to desp'rate flight,  
 And leave to Moncton all the tow'ring height.  
 To bright Quebec this lofty rock once join'd,  
 Form'd a huge mountain of stupendous kind,  
 Whose front enormous spread from side to side,  
 And thro' the clouds shot up with tow'ring pride;  
 Till vast St. Laurence, tumbling tow'ards the main,  
 Loud shatt'ring, rent a dreadful space between;  
 Yet still aloft it o'er the river stands,  
 And from its threat'ning brow the town commands.  
 Great Moncton now, with long unweary'd care,  
 Prepares, from hence, to wing the gath'ring war.  
 Huge piles of earth dug up, with ceaseless toil,  
 Are heap'd enormous o'er the groaning soil;

Vast

Vast forests fell'd, with these, their aid supply,  
 To heave the growing bulwarks to the sky,  
 Till from the utmost summit of the steep,  
 They, like stupendous forts, o'erlook the deep.  
 Behind these walls extend long floors of oak,  
 That slope obedient to the joiner's stroke,  
 Down which, with ease, may rolling guns be sped,  
 Till, thro' the wide embrasures, darts their head.  
 The work complete, with dire destruction, fraught,  
 War's bellowing engines, from the fleet, are brought;  
 On heavy wheels the pond'rous cannon move,  
 And mount, by slow degrees, their posts above.  
 Huge mortars next sustain'd on beds of oak,  
 Are borne, with labour, up the stubborn rock;  
 Then, from aloft, to whirl wide tempests round,  
 Hideous their throats gape thro' the threatening mound.  
 Grim, at each piece, a frightful warrior stands,  
 With flame-tipt reeds held quiv'ring in their hands,  
 All, with destruction gorg'd, low bending down,  
 Yawn, in dread horror, o'er the trembling town.  
 Amaz'd St. Laurence sees the black portent,  
 And backward rolls to shun the dire event;  
 The woods, with horror, view the gath'ring woes;  
 In mists the mountains veil their quiv'ring brows;  
 Behind a cloud the sun astonish'd lurks,  
 And timid nature quakes thro' all her works!  
 At length the word, the baleful word, is giv'n,  
 Swift to each vent, each fiery match is driv'n;

H

Dreadful

Dreadful anon o'er all the bellowing shore,  
 Unnumber'd guns breathe forth their hideous roar;  
 All, with loud rage, and force resistless, sweep  
 Vast storms of ball across the trembling deep,  
 Wide as they fly, the waves, in smoke, are lost;  
 Huge wreaths of smoke involve the black'ning coast,  
 Then, on the town, the fiery tempests fall,  
 And plunge, in seas of blood, the sons of Gaul.  
 Bombs, bolts, and rattling lead, in one vast show'r,  
 Like storms of whirling hail, around them pour;  
 Then as from high the swarming bombs descend,  
 What hideous yells the trembling city rend!  
 They fall, they burst, the dire explosion sweeps  
 Streets thro' the air, whole temples to the deeps!  
 Snatch'd in the blast, dismember'd thousands fly,  
 In shatter'd fragments, thro' the bleeding sky!  
 Nor ends the blow with one tremendous show'r;  
 Now kindling flames, o'er all the city, pour,  
 Now, with keen rage, they thund'ring roar around,  
 Burst thro' vast domes, o'ertop the tott'ring mound,  
 High o'er huge fanes and palaces aspire,  
 'Till all the town appears one blaze of fire!  
 Here terror, flight, grim death, and rage, appear,  
 Confusion, ruin, anarchy, and fear.  
 Whole screaming crowds, whole swarms of Gallia's  
     host,  
 Here sink, at once, in dire destruction lost:

Some

Some plunge in flames, some gasp in show'rs of ball,  
 While one wide, swallowing ruin roars o'er all!  
 Enrag'd Montcalm beholds the carnage spread,  
 And frantic flies thro' heaps of mangled dead.  
 Swift, at his call, rush'd forth a threat'ning band,  
 Across the tide, towards the southern land;  
 All their fierce souls resolv'd to plunge in night,  
 Or drive great Moncton from his tow'ring height.  
 Close at their heels pours forth the town in arms,  
 To swell the horrors of the dire alarms:  
 Revenge! revenge! they cry, for kindred lost,  
 And furious dart from off the trembling coast.  
 But when in boats they stem the rolling flood,  
 And nearer still approach the scene of blood,  
 The British fame appals their tim'rous hearts,  
 And all the courage of their souls departs.  
 But when on land, with trembling steps, they tread,  
 Wide, and more wide, extends the growing dread,  
 The fancy'd foe approach in ev'ry wind;  
 The ranks before shrink back on these behind;  
 The troops behind suspect the troops before;  
 They march, they halt, look round, then march once  
     more:  
 They gaze, they start, till, as their fears inspire,  
 Each sees his friend inflam'd with hostile ire:  
 One snaps his piece—the quick contagion flies  
 Shot follows shot, tumultuous groans arise;

'Thro' all the lines promiscuous firing runs ;  
Swords against swords are clash'd, and guns with  
guns.

They break their ranks, they seek in vain to fly,  
'They crush, are crush'd, self-prefs'd the dastards die,  
'Till piles of slain rise grim o'er all the coast,  
And sunk in blood is half their mangled host !  
Now when, too late, their chiefs to sense return,  
'They view the dire mistake and vainly mourn,  
Repas the river, lost to Glory's charms,  
And fly the terror of the British arms.

Thus were the troops, whose vaunts so sternly shown,  
By their own coward fears, at once, o'erthrown,  
Britain elate still o'er the trembling town,  
From tow'ring Levies, sends her thunders down ;  
And still the town, tho' hurl'd in ruin all,  
Withstands the fury of her pouring ball.

Twelve glorious days had on the world arose,  
And twelve long nights allur'd to soft repose,  
While Wolfe, to guard his post on Orleans' isle,  
Strengthen'd, with martial works, each lofty pile.  
At his command capacious domes aspire,  
Where pale disease and helpless age retire,  
Securely plac'd, beneath the gen'ral's care,  
Far from the fury of destructive war :  
For he, to ev'ry part, attention gave,  
In council prudent as in action brave.

The

The work compleat, he calls his num'rous host,  
 In order rang'd along the trembling coast,  
 They, whilst the sun descends, in patience stand,  
 And joyful wait their gen'ral's dread command.  
 Along the glittering line the hero flies,  
 Thro' all the ranks he darts his rolling eyes,  
 Salutes with courteous air each private man,  
 Then in the centre paus'd, and thus began :  
 Now on one stroke, our fate, our all, depends,  
 My gallant soldiers, countrymen, and friends,  
 Now is the time, the time that heav'n bestows,  
 To raise our glory, crush our country's foes ;  
 Make impious France, beneath our shackles, groan,  
 And crown, with endless fame, the British throne.  
 Then rouse, my friends, my gallant friends prepare,  
 Instant I lead to great, to glorious war ;  
 E'en now I see yon tott'ring ramparts fall,  
 And in their ruin bury pride and Gaul.  
 Nor let their numbers fill your souls with dread,  
 Oft from true valour's wrath have numbers fled,  
 Britain has made stupendous armies flee,  
 And what great Edward did so now may we.  
 Yes, O my friends, let Britain's glorious name,  
 Her high illustrious deeds, her martial fame,  
 Let Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, inspire,  
 And swell your dauntless souls with godlike fire.  
 But some, perhaps, whose souls are struck with fear,  
 Who dare not brave the glorious front of war,

May say that Creffy's host assistance found,  
 Had no dread rocks to pierce, no hideous mound;  
 But this, my friends, this swells our high renown,  
 And twines, with peerless wreaths, our laurel crown.  
 For when lost France shall sink beneath our course,  
 When we, with Heav'n-strung might, shall crush her  
                   force,

Then shall just honours wait our conquering sword,  
 And bright Quebec 'bove Creffy be ador'd.  
 But, O should we not win yon glorious wall,  
 Gods! what foul shame, what guilt must seize on all,  
 Should we now basely shrink from danger here,  
 Heav'ns! how the world would mock our dastard  
                   fear;

How our wrong'd country scoff our vile return,  
 And dash our ev'ry joy with hideous scorn;  
 Then ye might wish, abash'd might wish in vain,  
 That death you'd found on Canada's curs'd plain.  
 Nor would disgrace alone attend the deed,  
 That hour we fly, Britannia's fall's decreed;  
 Then would Montcalm, with force resistless, bear,  
 Thro' each lost province, all the flames of war;  
 Then would we soon, from these fair shores, be hurl'd,  
 And lose, for ever, all this western world.

How shall I speak the rest; for much I fear  
 The woes, the direful woes, would end not here;  
 Yes, much I fear that then the conquering host  
 Would plunge, in whelming rage, e'en Albion's coast;

For

For when their wrath had crush'd our empire here,  
 Would they not onward roll the storm of war,  
 Would they not pour on Albion's trembling shore,  
 And plunge her towns her realms in wide uproar?  
 Then ye might wish, enrag'd might wish in vain,  
 That death you'd found on Canada's curs'd plain:  
 Then rouse, my friends, avert the threat'ning woe,  
 Fly, wing your swords with vengeance on the foe;  
 Think what Montcalm has done in times before,  
 Nor let his barb'rous rage e'er reach your shore,  
 But while you crush these tyrant sons of Gaul,  
 Let not your fury on the guiltless fall,  
 Still let the weak, the poor, the helpless, share  
 The sweets of peace amid the rage of war;  
 'Tis not from these Gaul's rank injustice rose,  
 Then why not seek to mitigate their woes.  
 Do this, my friends, from private wrongs forbear,  
 And Heav'n, with just success, will crown our care,  
 Do this, my friends, and Heav'n's resistless might,  
 Will shield, from lawless rage, Britannia's right.  
 For when our swords have pierc'd yon tott'ring mound,  
 When all the Gallic pow'rs lie crush'd around,  
 Won by the gentle deeds that mark our way,  
 Then shall this mighty province own our sway;  
 Then Gaul's vile reign shall here, for ever, cease,  
 And all the British subjects rest in peace!  
 Then, oh! my friends, when all our foes are fled,  
 What endless fame shall beam around our head;

What



What lasting monuments record our praise,  
 And hand our deathless names to future days !  
 Hail'd by loud shouts, we'll gain our native shore,  
 And, in our country's love, be blest'd once more.  
 Scarce had he spoke when wide huzzas, sent forth,  
 From all the host, amaze the trembling earth,  
 Three times aloft their thund'ring voices rise,  
 Three times the doubling echo rends the skies ;  
 Thro' all the bellowing deeps the shouts rebound,  
 And all the rattling heav'ns return the sound.  
 Swift the loud clamour reach'd the camp of Gaul,  
 And pale, foreboding fears there seize on all.  
 With joy the hero saw the transport rise ;  
 Bright martial flames shot sparkling from his eyes ;  
 He straight prepares to give the mighty blow,  
 And turn the gath'ring tempest on the foe.  
 Now the tall ships, their swelling sails, display,  
 And, round the bustling isle, direct their way :  
 Then cast their anchors near the northern shore,  
 And launch their boats to waft the army o'er.  
 And when the sun had reach'd his western goal,  
 And sparkling stars glow round the glitt'ring pole,  
 When in the arms of rest was Nature lost ;  
 And laid in soft repose the Gallic host,  
 Great Wolfe, from Orleans' isle, embarks his bands,  
 And gains, with safe escorts, the northern lands.  
 A river here descends, with thund'ring roar,  
 Down dreadful falls, along the echoing shore ;

St. Laurence drains its tributary store,  
 And Montmorency was the name it bore:  
 Steep woody hills its western banks disclose,  
 Where lay, securely fenc'd, the slumb'ring foes.  
 Wolfe, on the eastern side, now cautious lands,  
 By calm manœuvres, all his vet'ran bands;  
 Safe thro' night's darksome gloom, they urge their way,  
 His godlike care supplies the place of day!  
 Next, o'er the deep, the fleet their baggage bear;  
 The tents are pitch'd; the lines are mark'd with care;  
 The trench is sunk; uprear'd the tow'ring mound;  
 E'en ere the dawn can beam her splendors round.  
 Soon as the ruddy east, with saffron glows,  
 And active nature springs from soft repose,  
 Their arduous task the pioneers pursu'd,  
 To fell, with stubborn blows, a neighb'ring wood.  
 Arriv'd, they lift their threat'ning steel on high,  
 Swift, thro' the wood, the rattling weapons fly;  
 The groaning thickets feel a gen'ral shock,  
 And rustling sink beneath the thund'ring stroke.  
 Vast as they fall, they shake the trembling ground,  
 And all the echoing forest rings around.  
 The gallant Danks advanc'd, at Wolfe's command,  
 From hostile foes, to guard the labouring band;  
 Compacted close his dauntless vet'rans stood,  
 Beneath the covert of the shelt'ring wood.  
 Now sage Montcalm amaz'd beheld, from far,  
 The swift approach of all-destructive war,

Then,

Then, with loud haste, he sends his fierce commands,  
 To all the Indian's grim terrific bands,  
 Forth from the camp with instant speed to go,  
 And snatch some lucky chance to crush the foe.  
 Rous'd by the scent of blood, the savage crew,  
 Across the thund'ring falls, with fury flew;  
 Then, train'd in artful wiles, the wood surround,  
 And stretch their hideous bulks along the ground;  
 Like well-taught spaniels grov'ling, couching low,  
 Unseen they watch the motions of the foe;  
 Silent, they crawl beneath the sheltering trees,  
 And, mark the strokes, swift borne along the breeze,  
 Then, near the found, collect their squadrons all,  
 And eye the thoughtless guards and plan their fall.  
 Now, from their dark retreats, they furious bound,  
 With hideous yells, the rattling woods resound;  
 Thick flames burst forth, loud bellowing thunders roar;  
 The heav'ns are rent; deep groans the echoing shore,  
 Swift, from the fiery tubes, the tempest tofs'd,  
 With heaps of tumbling dead bestrews the coast.  
 Stun'd at the shock soon Albion's troops give ground,  
 And fly the thund'ring deaths that flame around;  
 But soon the charge renew, their post regain,  
 And bravely stand the well-contested plain.  
 Now their loud guns return the dreadful fire,  
 Crash follows crash, thick clouds of smoke aspire,  
 Shouts, groans and yells, wide rend the bellowing skies;  
 Now here, now there, the dire confusion flies;

Vast

Vast show'rs of lead swift dart from side to side,  
 And all the field presents a sanguine tide.  
 In one close corps the British squadrons stand;  
 In various troops divides the Indian band,  
 Those on the field, with front unshelter'd, dare,  
 All the loud fury of the pouring war;  
 While from behind tall oaks these urge the fire,  
 And stand themselves secur'd from all its ire.  
 Thus while the British troops maintain the fight,  
 Still as each dauntless hero sunk to night,  
 The next advancing occupies his place,  
 'Till all the lefs'ning front contracts its space:  
 'Till not a man the dreadful shock sustains,  
 But what is pierc'd by wounds, or torn by pains!  
 Spent with fatigue at length their squadrons yield,  
 And backward slow retire from off the field;  
 Horrors on horrors then tumult'ous rise,  
 More direful clangs then tear the bellowing skies,  
 Aside their pond'rous guns the Indians fling,  
 And o'er the rattling field like light'ning spring;  
 Thund'ring, they flash their instruments of woe,  
 Swords, pikes, and axes o'er the scatt'ring foe.  
 Swift flies the flaming steel, with slaughter, round;  
 Torrents of gushing blood pollute the ground;  
 Wild, o'er the prey, the ruthless monsters roar,  
 And lap, with savage jaws, the streaming gore.  
 Then in grim death ten thousand forms are seen,  
 All dreadful, varying o'er the frightful green;  
There,

There, from the life-warm trunk, the heart is torn,  
 Here, from the mangled skull, the scalp is borne,  
 There, on the prostrate foe, the victors tread,  
 Here, with keen wrath, they rend the guiltless dead:  
 Groans mixt with yells affright the trembling shore,  
 And all is tumult, death, and wild uproar!  
 But mighty Wolfe, who view'd the fight from far,  
 Rush'd forth, enrag'd, to meet the furious war;  
 At his approach the victor foes give way,  
 And in the midst of conquest lose the day:  
 Before his flaming sword confus'd they run,  
 And plunge, in shelt'ring woods, his wrath to shun.  
 Thus prowling bears, impell'd by hunger's call,  
 Full on the lion's court, with fury, fall,  
 While absent he strays forth, in search of food,  
 With savage jaws they rend his quiv'ring brood:  
 But if the dreadful king appear in fight,  
 Soon are the trembling dastards lost in flight.  
 Thus did the Indians heap the plain with dead,  
 And thus, when Wolfe appear'd, the cowards fled.  
 When mighty Wolfe had fenc'd the camp around,  
 Intrench'd the plain, secur'd the rising ground;  
 To deeds of high renown his soul he turns,  
 And all his God-like breast with glory burns.  
 Dauntless the chief ascends along the shore,  
 Where down the rocks the thund'ring billows roar;  
 Above the falls he wings his rapid course,  
 Explores the tide, surveys the Gallic force;

To

To try where best he might their fury dare,  
 And thro' their lines impel the rage of war.  
 But, all in vain! Montcalm collects his bands,  
 And strong in dreadful forts the stream commands.  
 Baffled in this, his ever fruitful mind  
 With new obstructions, new resources join'd;  
 He now resolves to lure the subtle foe,  
 To come and meet him on the plains below.  
 Now with keen taunts he dares their troops to fight,  
 He then, to rouse their courage, mimics flight,  
 But sage Montcalm looks on with careless eye,  
 Nor quits the dreadful post he holds on high.  
 Stung at the cool reserve the Gauls disclose,  
 The gen'rous Wolfe with indignation glows,  
 Scarce can his temper quell his boiling breast,  
 Or, keep the fury of his soul repress.  
 When thus the chief had practis'd all his arts,  
 He, from the sluggish scene, with haste departs,  
 'To gallant Townshend yields a short command,  
 And pass'd the town to view the western land:  
 While from loud thund'ring guns display'd on high,  
 To thwart his course fierce fiery tempests fly.  
 Calm on a lofty vessel swiftly borne,  
 Close by the bellowing rock he bounds with scorn,  
 The conscious bark confess'd her sacred load,  
 And plows, with bolder front, the wat'ry road:  
 Above the town the dauntless chief explores,  
 With all considering eyes, the hostile shores,

To try where best he might assault the rock,  
 And give proud France the long-intended shock.  
 But here new terrors strike his wond'ring eyes,  
 New hosts appear, new scenes of danger rise;  
 Rivers oppose, hills skirt the rolling tide,  
 Rocks mount o'er rocks in stern tremendous pride;  
 Vast cloud-capt forts their tow'ring fronts disclose,  
 And all is guarded by a world of foes.  
 Amaz'd the chief beheld the dreadful ground,  
 The frightful steeps that wrap the city round;  
 He sees that Nature's works obstruct his aims,  
 And straight his soul recurs to former schemes;  
 Then, with bold heart, along the threat'ning shore,  
 Back to the distant camp, he steers once more:  
 Swift down the rapid tide the chief is borne,  
 And soon the army hail his wish'd return.  
 Thrice sev'n long days had rolling wing'd their flight,  
 And now the slumb'ring earth resign'd to night,  
 Since Wolfe, from Orleans' isle, had reach'd the main,  
 And dar'd to glorious fight the Gallic train;  
 When, thro' the camp, his pow'rful mandates sent,  
 Collect the gen'als in his lofty tent,  
 All seated round in fix'd attention join'd,  
 When thus the chief unfolds his God-like mind.  
 Now, rouse, my friends, for glorious fight prepare,  
 To-morrow's sun shall light our souls to war;  
 To-morrow's sun, our thund'ring arms I trust,  
 Shall lay yon forts, yon tow'ring mounds in dust:

Then

Then mark the orders that I now proclaim,  
 And let them guide your conqu'ring steps to fame,  
 Soon as Aurora paints the eastern skies,  
 Let all the glitt'ring host in arms arise,  
 Then in two corps the vet'ran band divide,  
 I with the left will cross the rolling tide,  
 Back'd by the thund'ring fleets attempt the blow,  
 And in their front intrenchments charge the foe.  
 Do thou, brave Townshend, here collected stand,  
 The right and centre led by thy command;  
 'Till shallow grown the reflux waters leave  
 An egress safe across the rolling wave;  
 Then pass the ford, assault the Gallic line,  
 And force a passage thro' their ranks to mine.  
 To aid the fury of the gathering storm,  
 Close by the shore our num'rous fleets shall form,  
 Full on the foe their thund'ring guns shall play,  
 And level all that dare oppose thy way.  
 No useless precepts here shall 'scape my tongue,  
 None but pursue the right, and shun the wrong.  
 Long have you all rever'd your native shore,  
 Let this great rule direct, I ask no more.  
 The hero spoke, the gen'als all approve;  
 Keen flame their sparkling eyes with patriot love:  
 Then while their breasts, with kindling glory, burn,  
 They to their spacious tents in haste return;  
 There in the arms of rest they lose their care,  
 And soon their wearied strength from sleep repair.



Yet God-like Wolfe by anxious fears oppress'd,  
 Far o'er the field still flies from balmy rest ;  
 Oft thro' night's gloom he treads the camp around,  
 Surveys the guards, explores the circling mound,  
 Left Gaul, by stealth, through these should force her  
                   way,  
 And crush the hopes of the succeeding day.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

**W**AR, thou curst bane of all the joys of earth,  
 From whence didst thou derive thy hideous birth?  
 Say what dark pow'r, what foe to smiling peace,  
 First sent thee here to scourge the human race?  
 Was it that burning hell, enrag'd to find  
 No plague that pleas'd her to torment mankind,  
 With wide-breath'd roar, from all her fiery round,  
 From all her gulphs, from all her depths profound,  
 Call'd all her wrath, in one tremendous hour,  
 To form thy birth, thou most accursed pow'r;  
 Then bid her snakes, her fires, her gorgons, spread,  
 Their blackest terrors round thy grisly head:  
 Hell, with infernal smiles, now pleas'd, survey'd  
 The plague-swoln monster that her wrath had made.  
 Then from her hideous gulph she belch'd thee forth,  
 To waft her horrors to this peaceful earth.  
 Well hast thou since discharg'd the task assign'd,  
 And pour'd unheard-of torments on mankind;  
 And now, with all thy stormy glooms o'erspread,  
 With all thy tempests low'ring round thy head;  
 Grimly thou tow'rest Quebec's lost coast,  
 To rouse to direful strife each adverse host.

Soon as the glitt'ring source of welcome day,  
 Shoots thro' the yielding air a dawning ray,  
 Thro' all the camp Britannia's gen'ral flies,  
 And bids his slumb'ring bands to conquest rise.  
 Rous'd by the call, dull Sleep forfakes his reign,  
 And all the host rush'd thund'ring on the plain:  
 From rank to rank the chief, inspiring, flies,  
 Now here, now there, he darts his sparkling eyes;  
 Then cries, To fame, my friends, I'll clear your way;  
 Do you prepare, sustain the glorious fray.  
 He then, with rapid steps, approach'd the strand,  
 And from the host draws off a num'rous band;  
 There, in the navy's boats embark'd, they all  
 Press from the shore to gain the camp of Gaul;  
 Wolfe for this band, with keen assiduous care,  
 Had cull'd the troops that best might stem the war;  
 Wide spread their fronts with high terrific mien,  
 Huge and robust their vig'rous limbs are seen.  
 These, still, the terror of proud Gallia's coast,  
 Were Grenadiers, the flow'r of Albion's host;  
 Each in his hand a pond'rous musket bears,  
 These burnish'd tubes are tipp'd with glitt'ring spears;  
 Round each a dazzling belt appears display'd,  
 From whose dread curve depends a threat'ning blade;  
 While a huge shaggy pouch, low hung beneath,  
 Is fill'd with fierce grenades, the domes of death:  
 Thirteen divisions mark the num'rous band,  
 O'er each a captain spreads his wide command;

Dauntless,

Dauntless, to these the bold provincials join,  
 And burn, like them, to crush the Gallic line.  
 Now with dark frowns o'er all the coast afar,  
 In gen'ral motion, seems the front of war;  
 The mighty Wolfe forsakes the sounding shore,  
 And instant darts amid the wat'ry roar;  
 His num'rous vessels move with graceful pride,  
 In far-stretch'd lines, across the rolling tide;  
 Close in the reer, with many a canvass'd cloud,  
 His swarming ships, in countless numbers, crowd;  
 'Tow'ring, they steer swift tow'ards the trembling shore,  
 And ope their ports to breathe their fiery roar;  
 While their wide flutt'ring streamers, rais'd on high,  
 With many a dazzling fold, emblaze the sky.  
 While thus the British troops' rush forth in arms,  
 The Gallic squadrons hear their dire alarms;  
 High on a range of hills expanded wide,  
 They from where Montmorency rolls his tide;  
 Stretch their vast lines to where St. Charles pours  
 His silver stream beneath Quebec's high tow'rs;  
 Full in the front of these strong posted bands,  
 The huge St. Laurence all his waves expands;  
 Along their flanks the lesser streams descend,  
 And either wing, with wat'ry mounds, defend;  
 While a huge circling wood, that seems to rise  
 Thick as night's glooms, and tow'r into the skies,  
 With many a darksome shade, enfolds the reer,  
 And from that quarter wards the rage of war.

Tho'

Tho' all these dire obstructions rise to fight,  
 Still Albion's troops press on to meet the fight.  
 Rous'd at their dreadful din Montcalm arose;  
 And up the loftiest steep with speed he goes;  
 Soon round him there all Gallia's gen'als crowd,  
 While thus with thund'ring voice he cries aloud:  
 Now, O ye heroes, now these eyes have seen  
 What long my heart, my soul, has wish'd in vain;  
 See how the foe lead on their threat'ning bands,  
 To sue for death from your victorious hands;  
 But let us here, behind the cov'ring mound,  
 With steady rage, maintain this dreadful ground.  
 Here let us all on this stupendous height,  
 Wait the fierce coming of the glorious fight;  
 And when the foe roll on with threat'ning ire,  
 Full on their front we'll flash a whelming fire;  
 Soon to its dreadful shock their ranks shall yield,  
 And load with slaughter'd piles the smoking field;  
 While we, secur'd by these all-shelt'ring walls,  
 Shall mock the fury of their pouring balls.  
 Yet, tho' our arms should crush the British host,  
 Let not a single man desert his post;  
 Let not a man pursue the routed band,  
 Or he, by Heav'n, shall die beneath this hand;  
 For dare we madly quit our fences here,  
 Would not Wolfe's valour soon reverse the war?  
 Yes, O my friends, we must with caution steer,  
 Wolfe is the mighty chief we have to fear.

Cape Breton thou canst prove his conquering force,  
 And we should dread his fierce impetuous course;  
 Howe'er, let all our savages advance,  
 And post their crowds behind the lines of France;  
 That they, let loose, may crush the routed rene,  
 And on the flying ranks destruction bear.  
 They shall enough the hideous carnage spread,  
 And gorge our greedy eyes with feasts of dead;  
 For well they're skill'd to crush a scatt'ring foe,  
 And lay, by scalping, countless armies low:  
 Some tho' there are, who scrupulously nice,  
 Dare call this scalping law a barb'rous vice,  
 I, by experience, long its use can prove,  
 And what should sway the soul but patriot love?  
 What, tho' my triumphs shook Oswego's land,  
 Tho' vast Fort William sunk beneath my hand,  
 How would this e'er have rais'd my native shore,  
 Had not my steps been mark'd with tides of gore?  
 Had not the Indians, sway'd by my command,  
 Plung'd in immediate death each conquer'd band.  
 For these who live may yet retort their pain,  
 But those who die ne'er rise in arms again.  
 Thus did Montcalm support destruction's cause,  
 Thus did he urge the breach of Nature's laws;  
 His chiefs approve, with haste his orders bear,  
 And all their legions for the fight prepare.  
 Now while the sun his flaming chariot drove  
 Thro' the high summit of his course above,

As swift they strain'd to reach the hostile coast;  
 A dire mischance befel the British host:  
 Beneath the waves here rise huge shoals of sand,  
 With far stretch'd bulk, along the northern land;  
 Wide as the swarming boats, with num'rous oars,  
 Tear up the surge to gain the destin'd shores;  
 All, with one gen'ral shock, on these strike ground,  
 And dire amazement instant spreads around;  
 France, with delight, beheld the dreadful blow,  
 And straight prepares to swell the gath'ring woe;  
 Swift from the guns of all her lines expire  
 Vast show'rs of shells; vast sheets of smoke and fire;  
 Full on the boats the bursting storms are driv'n,  
 And lo the waves are bellowing dash'd to Heav'n.  
 While thus loud death comes thund'ring from the coast,  
 Fix'd on the pile remains the British host;  
 Some the fierce storm now whelms in seas of blood,  
 Some sink in crowds, beneath the circling flood;  
 While sulph'rous glooms throw round a dismal night,  
 And whirling waves preclude the means of flight;  
 Then when call'd forth by Albion's God-like chief,  
 The dauntless sailors flew to bring relief;  
 Urg'd by his voice, with fearless steps they tread,  
 Thro' seas of blood, thro' shoals of mangled dead;  
 They toil, they sweat, till their strong arms prevail,  
 And draw from off the bank each slime-clogg'd sail;  
 Now the great chief forsakes his baffled host,  
 To view with searching eyes the hostile coast;

To

To try where best he might approach the strand,  
 And guide thro' threat'ning ills his troops to land ;  
 A boat is launch'd, whose strong and convex form,  
 May plow the shallow wave, and face the storm ;  
 Calm in this bark the godlike Wolfe is seen,  
 Rise with bright front and high majestic mien ;  
 Then bold he steers towards the threat'ning shore,  
 Tho' round his head the fiery tempests roar.  
 Montcalm beheld the dauntless chief afar,  
 Now, now's the time, he cries, to end the war :  
 Charge high your cannon, point at yonder foe,  
 And end, with mighty Wolfe, your country's woe.  
 Fir'd at the call, his troops obedient haste,  
 Soon in a mortar's throat a bomb is plac'd ;  
 Huge is the pond'rous shell, of texture thin,  
 And vast the nitrous gorge that broods within ;  
 Now with nice art, by movement subtly slow,  
 They point the gun towards the God-like foe ;  
 Rous'd by a match loud roar its thund'ring fires,  
 Swift thro' the air the tow'ring bomb aspires ;  
 Then wheeling down, its flaming orb presents,  
 And o'er the trembling boat its fury vents,  
 Dreadful it bursts, earth hears the frightful found,  
 And all the bellowing deeps recoil around.  
 But Heav'n from mighty Wolfe averts the stroke,  
 Tho' startled nature sinks in clouds of smoke ;  
 Tho' death on ev'ry side flies dreadful round,  
 Safe from the threat'ning shock the hero's found ;

Nor



Nor falls till thou, O lost Montcalm, shall yield,  
 Crush'd by his hand, the long-contested field;  
 High on the stem he rears his awful form,  
 And views with fearless eye the threat'ning storm:  
 Come on, he cries, your matchless worth display,  
 Come on, my friends, your chief shall lead the way;  
 Thro' seas of flame direct your dauntless course,  
 Approach the foe, condemn their threat'ning force.  
 This deed on us immortal honour draws,  
 'Tis glorious sure to die in Britain's cause.  
 His vig'rous words now all his friends inspire,  
 They ply their oars, they dart thro' floods of fire;  
 They reach the coast, they dare the guns of Gaul,  
 Tho' o'er their heads descend thick show'rs of ball.  
 Calmly the chief now views the hostile shores,  
 He each strong post, he ev'ry creek explores,  
 He finds the wish'd-for spot, his troops to land,  
 Then backward rows and joins his anxious band!  
 Thro' all the host he sends his voice afar,  
 He bids the chiefs lead on the rushing war;  
 At his command swift move the rapid oars,  
 The vessels dart, they reach the threat'ning shores;  
 Quick from the light'ning boat the vet'rans bound,  
 They shake the coast, their rattling arms resound,  
 Headlong they rush, by frantic rage impell'd,  
 Fierce on the foe, across the trembling field:  
 They in their wrath no form, no order, heed,  
 But with dire tumult mark their furious speed;

Before

Before their steps ascends a threat'ning steep,  
 Behind them rolls the wide tumultuous deep;  
 High on the hill, intrench'd, appear the foe,  
 Who downward point their instruments of woe;  
 With gaping throats yawns forth the hideous tire,  
 And ready stand to belch destructive fire.  
 Close by the tide a strong redoubt arose,  
 To guard the beach from all invading foes,  
 Vast swarms of Gauls defend its tow'ring mound,  
 An ample fosse secures its dreadful round;  
 Above, below, is fenc'd the hideous coast,  
 And nought but death surrounds the British host.  
 Great Wolfe beheld, with anxious cares oppress'd,  
 Foreboding fears weigh down his manly breast,  
 High on a bark he views the kindling war,  
 And thus his thund'ring voice he sends afar:  
 Oh, my brave friends, restrain your headlong course,  
 Calm, calm this rage, collect your scatter'd force,  
 Do in firm ranks but range your squadrons here,  
 And I myself will lead you on to war;  
 But, oh till then, your gen'rous rage restrain,  
 Spare your own lives, nor let me call in vain.  
 In vain the winds his loud instructions bear,  
 The useless words are lost in empty air;  
 Thund'ring the troops still wildly pour along,  
 And in their fury sweep the Gallic throng.  
 Swift from the strong redoubt these urge their flight,  
 And drive for refuge up the tow'ring height;

Now while their clarions yield a thund'ring sound,  
 That shakes the earth and rings the heav'ns around,  
 Fierce the loud conqu'rors press the routed rear,  
 And up the hill swift roll the tide of war :  
 With ardour mad they mock their firm array,  
 And wildly rush to meet the furious fray ;  
 But, lo, while thus with fierce impetuous force,  
 Full on the frowns of fight they urge their course,  
 Calm from on high the dauntless sons of Gaul  
 Extend their tubes across the glitt'ring wall,  
 But when within gun-shot their foes aspire,  
 Full on their front they flash the whirling fire ;  
 Then all at once, with loud re-echoing roar,  
 Vast storms of ball fly o'er the trembling shore,  
 Dreadful in crowds they fell the British host,  
 And leave whole squadrons gasping on the coast ;  
 Instant these troops are all in horror drown'd,  
 And death and dire confusion spreads around.  
 Stunn'd at this dreadful shock, the tott'ring line,  
 Swiftly recoiling, fly their great design ;  
 No place, no rank, no firm array they keep,  
 But headlong tumble down the whirling steep,  
 While loud behind the fiery tempests roar,  
 And load with slaughter'd piles the groaning shore.  
 Thus while they drive in wild tumultuous rout,  
 All for protection seek the strong redoubt ;  
 Some in the fosse for instant safety bound,  
 Some refuge take behind the shelt'ring mound,

The

While all amaz'd, dismay'd, appall'd with fear,  
 This way and that, fly round to shun the war.  
 The God-like Wolfe, with gen'rous rage, beheld  
 Confusion spread o'er all the trembling field,  
 Then thro' the ranks with fiery steps he flies,  
 And thus with thund'ring voice inspiring cries :—  
 Shame, oh! my friends, for shame, your strength recall;  
 Heav'ns! would you here in heaps ignobly fall?  
 Heav'ns! would you all thus yield to wild affright,  
 And not dare rise to brave the glorious fight?  
 Think should these mounds bow down to Gallia's fire,  
 How we're expos'd to all her whelming ire;  
 Then courage, friends, let fame your bosoms warm,  
 Collect your might, oppose the threat'ning storm;  
 'Tis better, sure, with fame resign our breath,  
 Than vilely thus disgrac'd to sink in death.  
 Nobly he spoke, he dauntless darts along,  
 He checks, propels, collects the gath'ring throng,  
 Then with bold stride he quits the shelt'ring mound,  
 Tho' death in fiery globes flies dreadful round,  
 Stern as a God, 'midst all the stormy tow'rs,  
 And waves his sword, and calls his vet'ran pow'rs;  
 Rous'd at his voice, Britannia's squadrons all  
 Quit their dark dens, the fosse, and shelt'ring wall,  
 Thick in vast crouds with shouts re-echoing loud,  
 Wide o'er the beach the swarming legions crowd;  
 Now in the front of all the thund'ring storm,  
 In vain their shatter'd lines attempt to form,

Still as resolv'd to brave the desp'rate fray,  
 Thick'ning they seek to crowd in firm array,  
 Loud o'er their heads the rattling tempest pours,  
 And whelms whole squadrons in its pond'rous showrs;  
 Thrice did they thus, along the trembling coast,  
 Essay in ranks to stretch their gath'ring host,  
 Thrice with grim front, and bold determin'd air,  
 Onward they roll'd to brave the threat'ning war;  
 But thrice from high flew down the thund'ring fire,  
 And burst their ranks before its whirling ire,  
 Blew them in atoms round the echoing shore,  
 And hurl'd the field in death and wild uproar;  
 Now on all sides, o'er all the coasts around,  
 With equal roar war breathes her bellowing sound,  
 Now Gaul's huge lines thro front, and left, and rear,  
 All with like fury feel the shocks of war;  
 Close by the shores, high fraught with gath'ring storms,  
 The British fleets display their threat'ning forms,  
 Loud from their decks the rattling guns resound,  
 Shook at the blast the bellowing deeps rebound;  
 Full on the camp the fiery tempests fall,  
 And hurl in ruin all its circling wall;  
 Far on the right meanwhile in firm array,  
 To war the Britons urge their threat'ning way;  
 Full in their van, with high terrific mien,  
 Guiding their course, is God-like Townshend seen;  
 Loud swell their drums, their shrilling fifes afar,  
 And rouse their souls to brave the glorious war,  
Wing'd

Wing'd by the sound they skim th' echoing plain,  
 With steps still fashion'd to the varying strain ;  
 Here, on the eastern bank, high o'er the storm,  
 A tow'ring hill displays its rev'rend form,  
 Whose heav'n-topt front o'erlooks the neighbouring  
                   coast,

And from its brow commands the Gallic host :  
 Wolfe on this steep, from off the circling plain  
 Of deep-mouth'd engines, rear'd a num'rous train,  
 Fierce while his left receives the Gallic fire,  
 From these loud guns tremendous flames expire,  
 Dreadful beneath fly round the whelming show'rs,  
 And rake from flank to flank proud Gallia's pow'rs ;  
 While thus from high the fiery tempests fall,  
 What dire confusion fills the camp of Gaul,  
 Vast show'rs of lead there cloud the heav'ns all o'er,  
 There burst huge shells, here bellowing mortars roar ;  
 There from each steep rolls many a deathful scream,  
 Here the lost tents are wrapt in floods of flame ;  
 On ev'ry side, on ev'ry dreadful post,  
 In countless numbers sinks the tumbling host,  
 While the loud thunders shake the trembling ground,  
 And hills and vales appear convuls'd around :  
 Thus did all nature seem in tumult lost,  
 And wild confusion spread thro' all the coast ;  
 So when the world's vast frame is shook around,  
 When with deep rumbling earthquakes heaves the  
                   ground,

heads,

## When

When their fierce souls, all fir'd by glory's flame,  
 Burn to expunge their late detested shame;  
 The heav'ns grow black, full many a dark'ning cloud  
 Throw o'er sad Nature's face their dismal shroud,  
 Grim boding signs on ev'ry side appear,  
 And distant rumblings speak a tempest near;  
 Soon with huge shocks loud bellowing winds arise,  
 And furious sweep along the echoing skies,  
 They rouse the deep, the thund'ring billows roar,  
 They foam, they dash, against the quiv'ring shore;  
 Tow'ring, the surge mounts up the trembling coast,  
 And seems just bursting on the British host,  
 Loud o'er their heads it whirling boils around,  
 And threats to plunge them in its gulf profound:  
 The mighty Wolfe beheld the danger rise,  
 And straight his bosom heaves with manly sighs,  
 But soon his soul to cautious care awoke,  
 And thus, with temp'rate words, the hero spoke:—  
 Now, oh! my friends, we must the field resign,  
 Instant we must the dang'rous fight decline;  
 See with what rage the huge o'erwhelming tide,  
 In tumbling waves boils round on ev'ry side;  
 Here, if we stay, we plunge in endless night,  
 Or stand shut out from ev'ry means of flight:  
 But, courage, friends, tho' we the field forego,  
 A future day shall crush the victor foe,  
 A future day retrieve our high renown,  
 And pull the tow'ring pride of Bourbon down.

The



The hero spoke—compos'd, the chiefs obey,  
 Swift to their boats they take their eager way;  
 With loaded guns a band protects the rear,  
 And checks the fury of the pouring war,  
 While the sad crowds that wounded bleed around,  
 They, in their haste, leave weltring on the ground.  
 When thus the Indians saw the host retire,  
 Down from the steep they rush'd with whirling ire,  
 Wide o'er the beach in countless swarms they crowd,  
 They wave their blades, they thund'ring shout aloud,  
 With savage blows they strike the wounded dead,  
 And tear the scalp from each defenceless head:  
 Among the troops that groan all mangled here,  
 Two nobly brave provincial chiefs appear,  
 Peyton, array'd in youth's most graceful charms,  
 And Archterlony far renown'd in arms;  
 As these had long, urg'd on by glory's flame,  
 Together toil'd to reach the heights of fame,  
 They, by a world of kind endearing arts,  
 Had bound, in friendship's bonds, their mutual hearts;  
 Long had they fought beneath the same command,  
 One still their corps as one their native land;  
 Long the same views had rous'd their souls to fire,  
 And both their bosoms felt but one desire.  
 But, oh! sad friends, these tender scenes are o'er,  
 For soon ye part, alas! to meet no more;  
 For while great Peyton, late with gen'rous care,  
 Foremost advanc'd to urge his troops to war,

A furious

A furious ball, by matchless force impell'd,  
 Swift thro' his knee its dreadful progress held;  
 Burst at the shock the crackling sinews broke,  
 And down he sunk beneath the pond'rous stroke,  
 Prone on the earth, bereft of pow'r, he lies,  
 And round for succour rolls his suppliant eyes,  
 When Archterlony, fill'd with grief, beheld  
 His wounded friend, thus helpless on the field;  
 Dash'd for a while, in sadly dumb amaze,  
 Around he casts a wild distemper'd gaze,  
 Then to protect the chief with haste he sped,  
 And thus, with loud and flutt'ring voice, he said:—  
 Oh, art thou gone, my brave, my hapless friend,  
 Has envious fate decreed thy mournful end;  
 Oh, art thou gone, must I thus tamely see,  
 And must I live, thus live, depriv'd of thee?  
 No—thou shalt still escape surrounding death,  
 Or I will yield, thy friend will yield his breath.  
 Thus, while he spoke, he darts with eager speed,  
 But, lo, a ball prevents the gen'rous deed;  
 Swift thro' his breast it soon a passage tore,  
 And stretch'd him weltring in a tide of gore:  
 But when from high the savages descend,  
 And o'er the beach their slaught'ring course they bend,  
 Tho' the sad friends, oppress'd with many a wound,  
 Thus helpless pale lie groaning on the ground,  
 Merc'less on them they aim their deadly spite,  
 Resolv'd to plunge them in the realms of night,  
Wapefick,

Wapetick, a wretch, whose keen remorseless blade  
 Had many a wounded soul in darkness laid,  
 To Peyton now directs his threat'ning way,  
 And eager springs to seize the destin'd prey;  
 Meanwhile his hapless friend, far o'er the plain,  
 Lay screen'd from sight by hills of circling slain;  
 Night o'er his soul had her dark shadows spread,  
 And death's thick glooms seem'd gath'ring round his  
                   head,

Prone on his face he prest the reeking shore,  
 And round his body clung the clotted gore;  
 At length awoke by bellowing discord's sound,  
 Eager he throws his languid eyes around,  
 Wapetick he sees, with fierce impetuous force  
 Swift tow'rd's his friend directs his threat'ning course;  
 Shock'd at the sight, he rears his tott'ring head,  
 And calls with fault'ring voice in vain for aid:  
 Baffled in this, tho' worlds of rending pain  
 Tear his pierc'd breast and thrill thro' ev'ry vein,  
 Tho' from his wound still flows the life-warm blood,  
 And all his strength ebbs out amid the flood,  
 Wild from the earth he's seen to rise once more,  
 And forward crawl along the slipp'ry shore,  
 To seek what best might crush the barb'rous foe,  
 And rescue Peyton from the gath'ring woe;  
 Not far from hence a glitt'ring musket lay,  
 That scatter'd death in many a dreadful fray,

Late

Late as this tube receiv'd its fiery store,  
 Breathless its bearer tumbled on the shore;  
 Now with destruction gorg'd it loads the earth,  
 And ready stands to belch its fury forth,  
 The mournful chief, now ting'd with hope, beheld  
 The wish-for weapon press the reeking field;  
 Then to it swift he all his speed address'd,  
 And, rising, aim'd it at the Indian's breast;  
 He draws the trigger, soon the spring rebounds,  
 The hammer yields, the rattling steel resounds,  
 Loud from the tube bursts forth the fiery roar,  
 And clouds of smoke obscure the trembling shore,  
 Just as the barb'rous foe o'er Peyton's head,  
 With merc'less fury, waves his threat'ning blade,  
 Swift thro' his breast the ball a passage found,  
 And bore his soul out thro' the gushing wound,  
 Straight from his hand down dropt the rattling steel,  
 And hugely vast the tumbling monster fell,  
 Foul Sasquinatus, whose ferocious mind  
 In all the deeds of merc'less Wapefick join'd,  
 Soon as he saw his vile associate slain,  
 Sprang to revenge, across the trembling plain,  
 Resolv'd that Peyton must resign his breath,  
 And fall a victim to fell Wapefick's death;  
 But Archterlony mark'd his dreadful flight,  
 He rous'd his soul, collects his gath'ring might,  
 His wound forgot, he darts along the field,  
 And o'er his friend he stands a dauntless shield!

Fierce,

Fierce, while with horrid grin, the barb'rous foe  
 Darting on Peyton wings a threat'ning blow,  
 Great Archerlony, rous'd by wild affright,  
 In one huge effort puts forth all his might,  
 Whirling his spear-arm'd tube with matchless force,  
 He on the Indian's thigh directs its course,  
 Just where the sinews knit the nervous joint,  
 With merciless fury drives the ruthless point;  
 Then with loud roar he tumbling shakes the ground,  
 And all the echoing hills reply around.  
 There, as he lies, his kindling soul takes fire,  
 He starts, he bounds, he foams with burning ire;  
 In vain he starts, in vain he tugs, he strains,  
 Fix'd in his thigh the ruthless steel remains;  
 The hero drives it thro' the rending wound,  
 And pins him down defenceless to the ground.  
 Just then a gen'rous Briton saw from far  
 The wounded chief sustain the rage of war,  
 He quits the host, he darts o'er heaps of slain,  
 To bear him swift from off the thund'ring plain;  
 Come, O great Sir, the flutt'ring foldier cries,  
 Come, fly with me, now all th' army flies;  
 Thee I'll bear hence—haste, trust thyself to me;  
 Oh haste, nor let us mourn a loss like thee.  
 To whom, serenely calm, the chief replies:—  
 While a bright gleam of joy beams o'er his eyes,  
 Brave is the God-like soul that dwells in thee,  
 But all thy gen'rous care is lost on me;

For lo keen mortal pangs my body rend,  
 Death is the greatest bliss that Heav'n can send;  
 But there's my mournful friend, he still may live,  
 There let thy tender care some succour give,  
 Give but these eyes him safe from harm to see,  
 And you'll have granted more than life to me.  
 The hero spoke, amaz'd the vet'ran stands,  
 Again the chief renews his mild commands:  
 Rous'd by his voice the dauntless soldier bore  
 The wounded Peyton thro' the thund'ring shore;  
 Then to the wond'ring host his load conveys,  
 Tho' round his head the fiery tempest plays.  
 Thus when the God-like chief, with tender care,  
 Had rescued his Peyton from the rage of war,  
 Pleas'd to have screen'd from death so lov'd a friend,  
 Calm he prepares to meet his glorious end:  
 Now from his arm soon all its strength retires,  
 For now no more his friend that strength requires,  
 Stretch'd on the pit'less shore he's seen to wait,  
 With brows of sweet serenity his fate,  
 Around him swift the swarming Indians crowd,  
 They wave their swords, they vent their threats aloud,  
 Now all at once a thousand blades descend,  
 A thousand blows at once his body rend;  
 His soul takes wing, it mounts the blest abode,  
 And blends with seraphs round the throne of God;  
 Then with keen rage, unmatch'd in times before,  
 Dreadful they gash his guiltless face all o'er,

Full in the wound their savage fingers thrown,  
 With merciless fury bare the reeking bone;  
 Then high in air the bloody scalp is borne,  
 And mock'd, and scoff'd, and dash'd with hideous  
       scorn:

Meanwhile, far hence from this destructive coast,  
 Wolfe o'er the waves conducts his mournful host,  
 Soon near his former post he careful lands,  
 And in the camp secures his vet'ran bands;  
 Now when the sun had veil'd his sacred light,  
 And rising stars proclaim approaching night,  
 The woe-swoln chief from the embattled plain,  
 Calls the remainder of his vanquish'd train.  
 The mournful mandate reach'd great Townshend's ear,  
 And groaning deep he quits the dreadful war;  
 Then with sad souls, that stung with gen'rous shame,  
 Weep o'er the dark departure of their fame,  
 While their dim eyes all stream with patriot love,  
 Back to the camp his silent squadrons move,  
 There for a time they yield to soft repose,  
 And, lost in sleep, forget their country's woes;  
 Not so great Wolfe, this great, this mournful chief,  
 Withdraws from rest to fly to gloomy grief,  
 Thro' night's dark shades he treads the pensive coast,  
 To guard from foul surprize the vanquish'd host,  
 Lest pride-swoln France should steal a fatal blow,  
 And lay the remnant of his army low;

Here,

Here, as he moves, what thoughts tumultuous roll,  
 What woes afflict, what cares distract his soul?  
 He sees his king, with phantoms vain, imprest,  
 View in fond hopes his country's wrongs redrest,  
 He sees the nation then with joy elate,  
 On his high worth depend their future fate;  
 He hears the world, with expectation all,  
 On his great name for glorious conquests call;  
 He sees these hopes, these expectations lost,  
 He fears the censures of his native coast;  
 Stung to the quick his brave, his gen'rous breast,  
 Resolves on death, if not with conquest blest.  
 Thus did the hero pass the gloomy night,  
 Nor think of rest till beams the morning light,  
 Then a short space he yields to sleep's soft reign,  
 And wakes to tread the same dark round again;  
 Thus while a wayward moon, with changeful ray,  
 Thro' one long round pursues her circling way,  
 Still as dull night's thick glooms o'ershade the earth,  
 Anxious thro' all its damps he wanders forth,  
 And as returning, Sol still deigns to rise,  
 Seals in a short-liv'd rest his languid eyes;  
 At length by care, by ceaseless watchings, worn,  
 At length by grief, by piercing anguish, torn,  
 To foul disease his disappointment turns,  
 And all his kindling frame with fervour burns;  
 Now on his couch, to sickly glooms resign'd,  
 Behold the sad, the God-like chief, confin'd,



A fiery fume swift glows thro' all his blood,  
 And in dire tumult throws its crimson flood,  
 Fierce the warm fervour mounts thro' ev'ry vein,  
 And casts a mist around his dark'ning brain;  
 Lost in the cloud bewilder'd reason strays,  
 And from his soul withdraws her gentle rays;  
 Around his tent the mournful soldiers crowd,  
 They breathe their sighs, they vent their griefs aloud,  
 They for their Wolfe enquire with anxious fear,  
 While from each eye rolls down the sorrowing tear,  
 All as a father weep the generous chief,  
 And all the army seems one burst of grief;  
 But whether rent by fierce corroding pain,  
 Or intermitting pangs their rage restrain,  
 Whether his soul is lost in frantic hate,  
 Or reason free resumes her former seat;  
 Britannia's woes still all his thoughts employ,  
 These from his breast still drive each gleam of joy,  
 These in his soul new scenes of anguish raise,  
 And add new fury to the keen disease;  
 When ten long days in sickness wing their flight,  
 Just as the sun dispels the shades of night;  
 Down from his head the cooling heat withdraws,  
 And frees from all restraint mild reason's laws;  
 He seiz'd the moment fraught with mournful care,  
 And thus to pitying Heav'n prefers his prayer:  
 Oh! thou, great Lord, whose all-perceiving eye  
 Can pierce thro' earth, survey the boundless sky,

Whose

Whose searching thoughts thro' all existence roll,  
 Who knows each motion of the human soul,  
 Whose tender care still grants our just desires,  
 And does for man what most his good requires,  
 O to my pray'r let thy mild mercy give,  
 That this poor frame a slender space may live;  
 Grant me but life, till this my feeble hand  
 Shall free from these dark glooms my native land;  
 Then from the trivial world well pleas'd I'll flee,  
 And crown'd in all my wishes haste to thee.  
 Touch'd at the pray'r, high Heav'n's immortal Sire  
 Bade from his frame the foul disease retire;  
 Instant he rises freed from ev'ry pain,  
 And lo his smiles soon cheer'd the camp again,  
 Around him swift in rapture crowds the host,  
 And hymns of thanks resound thro' all the coast,  
 The sacred strain soon mounts the blest abode,  
 And angels chaunt it round the throne of God;  
 Now busy fame, who arm'd with countless ears,  
 'Mid buzzing sounds thro' all the world appears,  
 On ev'ry side, round all the hostile shore,  
 Dispensing fear the dismal tidings bore,  
 That Wolfe once more to all his strength return'd;  
 Proud Gallia heard, she heard it, and she mourn'd.  
 Montcalm beheld, with anxious grief oppress'd,  
 Keen gloating envy tears his rankling breast,  
 From scheme to scheme his subtle genius climbs,  
 Then mounts and fixes on the worst of crimes;

Soon as dim night had wrapt the world around,  
 And all the slumb'ring earth in silence drown'd,  
 With plodding foul he quits his lofty tent,  
 All his fell thoughts on direful murder bent,  
 As rav'ning wolves stray forth in search of prey,  
 Screen'd by night's darksome shades, he takes his way,  
 Above the falls to where a rampart stands,  
 Whose tow'ring front the neighb'ring tide commands,  
 A lofty precipice its bulk sustains,  
 And lifts it high above the circling plains;  
 Here on the nightly guard Verdonx he found,  
 All watchful wand'ring round the circling mound,  
 A wretch he was whose soul unbound by law,  
 Still grip'd at gold with ever rav'ning maw,  
 Whose cringing arts could ev'n suspicion charm,  
 And caution's self of all her fence disarm,  
 Whose barb'rous mind to blackest crimes could bend,  
 And knew no good that serv'd no private end;  
 Him, when Montcalm descri'd amid the band,  
 With friendly guise he seiz'd his willing hand,  
 Then from the gen'ral view they stept aside,  
 And thus, in flatt'ring words, the hero cry'd:—  
 Now, oh my friend, if e'er thy deeds could prove,  
 How keen thy bosom glows with patriot love,  
 If e'er thy genius vers'd in wily snares  
 Could conquer those that dare the rage of wars,  
 Now let these wiles preserve thy native shore,  
 Wolfe her destroyer lives, thou need'st no more;

This

This shouldst thou do, shouldst thou thy country free,  
 From one who dares in worth to rival me,  
 Around thy head shall boundless treasures rain,  
 And crown the utmost with thou hadst for gain,  
 Let thy great soul condemn the vulgar rules,  
 That craft prescribes to bind believing fools,  
 These blind directors ne'er restrain the wise,  
 A soul like thine should spurn such shameful ties;  
 For if to slay a foe be just with heav'n,  
 It matters not by whom the blow is giv'n,  
 It matters not how we that foe subdue,  
 Whether in secret walks or public view;  
 Think how great Mutius gain'd eternal fame,  
 Then dare like him immortalize thy name:  
 To whom, in grov'ling words, the wretch rejoin'd,  
 While fordid views transport his barb'rous mind:—  
 Why, O my mighty Lord, thus doubt me still,  
 Why seek by needless proofs to sway my will,  
 Dost thou not know I ev'n thy hints obey,  
 And only move when thou direct'st the way;  
 Canst thou forget how I at thy command,  
 To rise in fury spur'd the Indian band,  
 When vast Fort William teem'd with British blood,  
 And thou from all the guilt acquitted stood,  
 With like obedience now to Wolfe I flee,  
 And hope ere dawn to bear his head to thee,  
 To whom Montcalm, I know thy trusty heart,  
 And all thy actions prove thy subtle art.

But

But yet, my dauntless friend, thou must not go,  
 Without an aid amid the num'rous foe;  
 Let brave Satagus, now at my command,  
 Attend your progress tow'ards yon hostile band,  
 He is all faithful, gen'rous, bold and true,  
 And what thou dar'st command, he'll dare to do.  
 He spoke, then down the steep his progress bends,  
 Close by his side the grov'ling slave attends;  
 Here on the margin of the silver flood,  
 Plac'd in the foremost watch Satagus stood,  
 A bold American, whose dauntless heart,  
 Free, gen'rous, brave, disdains the gloss of art,  
 Who fearless flames thro' all the frowns of fight,  
 And all his actions squares by reason's light;  
 His long black hair dishevel'd hangs behind,  
 Fierce thro' his visage shines his daring mind,  
 Close by his side a glitt'ring blade he wore,  
 And in his hand a threat'ning ax he bore;  
 When on his post him vile Montcalm descries,  
 Thus, as fell Satan smooth, he tempting cries,  
 Long, oh my friend, have I admir'd thy might,  
 Nations I know must yield to thee in fight,  
 'Tis this that prompts me thus to claim thy aid,  
 To chase these clouds that hover o'er our head;  
 For know, all conqu'ring Wolfe, to strength restor'd,  
 Once more, o'er Gallia, waves his threat'ning sword;  
 That brave Verdonx, this great illustrious chief,  
 Goes by his death to end our country's grief;

Then

Then fly with him—haste, crush the God-like foe,  
 And all his dazzling fame shall round thee glow :  
 With bursting rage the gen'rous Indian burns,  
 With just disdain the base design he scorns,  
 But he with caution thus his wrath suppress,  
 And reasoning calms his struggling mind to rest ;  
 Should I refuse to wing the dreadful blow,  
 Some other hand may lay the hero low,  
 Wretches there are who, in pursuit of pelf,  
 Would rear their impious arm 'gainst Heav'n itself,  
 Then seem my foul to back the barb'rous plan,  
 'Tis this alone can save the God-like man :  
 He spoke then calm, conceals his great intent,  
 And gives a silent nod that speaks assent ;  
 A slender skiff compress'd the river's side,  
 They launch'd this vessel in the rolling tide,  
 There safe embark'd they move the founding oars,  
 And thro' the billows reach'd the eastern shores ;  
 Silent and slow they up the beach ascend,  
 Then towards the British camp their course they bend ;  
 Now mighty Wolfe, no more with pain oppress'd,  
 Feels rising vigour flow thro' all his breast,  
 Soon as dim night the slumb'ring world surrounds,  
 Anxious he treads his dark nocturnal rounds,  
 To see that all who guard the slumb'ring host  
 With care attentive stand their wary post :  
 Here as he moves along the silent land,  
 Where shines in glitt'ring arms a watchful band,

The

The fierce assassins swift approaching near,  
 With trampling sounds assault his list'ning ear;  
 Rous'd by the noise he quits the circling crowd,  
 And thus, with thund'ring voice, he calls aloud:—  
 Who art thou—say, who thus by frenzy hurl'd,  
 While peaceful night involves the slumb'ring world,  
 That dar'st approach beneath the sacred gloom?  
 Speak, instant speak, or swift expect thy doom.  
 To whom, with ready fraud, Verdonx rejoin'd,  
 Where is thy gen'ral; him we haste to find?  
 Where'er he be, with us to him repair,  
 News we have brought that claims his instant care.  
 Fir'd at the word, unvers'd in fumbling art,  
 With kindling transport glows the hero's heart,  
 Then to the treach'rous fiend with haste he flies,  
 And fir'd with wild impatience flutt'ring cries:—  
 If Wolfe thou seek, to me disclose thy mind,  
 I am that Wolfe, the man thou'dst wish to find;  
 If aught thou bring'st the British arms to speed,  
 Oh what vast gifts shall crown the gen'rous deed.  
 To whom, with feign'd delight, the wretch rejoin'd,  
 While brooding horrors crowd his rankling mind—  
 Then thou, all gracious Heav'n, hast heard my pray'r,  
 Now thou hast crown'd the end of all my care;  
 Now to these joyful eyes thou'lt giv'n to see  
 What long my anxious soul requir'd of thee,  
 For long, O Wolfe, have I thy deeds admir'd,  
 Long to thy friendship all my soul aspir'd,

Long

Long fought for means that might thy fame extend,  
 And prove how much I wish'd to be thy friend;  
 That hour is come—I now a tale disclose,  
 That shall for ever crush thy country's foes,  
 For lo, ev'n now, all Gallia's swarming bands  
 Roll in dead silence o'er yon distant lands,  
 Bent while dim night enwraps the slumb'ring ball,  
 Full on thy camp to hurl their fury all:  
 But, oh do thou draw forth thy host in arms,  
 Fierce on their heads retort their gath'ring harms,  
 I thro' the gloom will guide your troops to fight,  
 And not a foe shall 'scape this dreadful night;  
 Swift to great Wolfe aspiring hope returns,  
 And all his breast with kindling glory burns,  
 Then from his eye flash'd forth his God-like mind,  
 And thus, with flutt'ring haste, he soon rejoin'd:—  
 Come then, Montcalm, roll on thy dire alarms,  
 O with what joy I'll meet thy rage in arms,  
 O with what joy amid thy hosts I'll pour,  
 And fall or conquer in that glorious hour;  
 Rise, my lov'd native land, all fears are o'er,  
 Banish thy griefs, thou soon shalt smile once more,  
 But, O do thou my instant steps attend,  
 My more than father, brother, guardian, friend;  
 Come and behold me lay proud Gallia low,  
 And see me give the great decisive blow.  
 Then with stern front and high majestic pride,  
 Towards the camp he moves with tow'ring stride,  
Close



Close at his side, with low'ring steps, attend,  
 The dark assassin and his fancy'd friend;  
 Gloomy as night all move absorb'd in thought,  
 But all, alas! with diff'rent projects fraught,  
 At length they came to where their wand'ring eyes  
 Saw on all sides huge threat'ning rocks arise,  
 Who tow'ring round exclude each beam of light,  
 And close them in from ev'ry mortal sight,  
 Here the foul wretch, impell'd by fraud malign,  
 Approach'd the chief to speed his base design,  
 He opes his bosom, warm in murder's cause,  
 And slow from thence a direful pistol draws,  
 Sly at the destin'd mark then takes his aim,  
 And straight prepares to rouse the deadly flame;  
 Just at that instant brave Satagus, who,  
 O'er all his actions kept a constant view,  
 With manly force his brawny arm outspread,  
 And hurl'd it furious on the monster's head;  
 Stunn'd at the blow, depriv'd of sense he reels,  
 And, helpless, falling shakes the echoing fields.  
 Lie there, thou wretch, the gen'rous Indian said,  
 Nor aim thy rage at spotless virtue's head,  
 There feel with double force thy vile intent,  
 And gasp beneath the blows for others meant;  
 Then, with bold hand, to check succeeding harms,  
 He strips the wretch of all his impious arms;  
 Astonish'd Wolfe, in deep amazement drown'd,  
 O'erwhelm'd with wonder wildly stares around;

But

But soon the Indian thus the chief address'd,  
 And clear'd the doubts that cloud his manly breast :—  
 Know, oh great Wolfe, that fiend's insidious breath,  
 In fawning lies, conceal'd the stings of death,  
 He, from thy sword, the Gallic cause to free,  
 Came for to stop life's guiltless stream in thee,  
 But worlds shall perish ere true worth shall fail,  
 Or Hell's black furies o'er bright Heav'n prevail.  
 To whom, with rapid haste, the chief rejoin'd,  
 While gen'rous fury swells his manly mind :—  
 Heav'ns! can such wretches crawl the burthen'd earth,  
 Can tainted nature give such monsters birth!  
 Could that fell fury who cou'd speak so fair,  
 Beneath a smooth disguise such baseness bear?  
 But thou, foul fiend, shalt yield thy pois'nous breath,  
 For soon thy barb'rous deeds I'll crown with death.  
 Thus while these words, with thund'ring voice, he  
     said,  
 Fierce from the sheath he draws his threat'ning blade.  
 Returning now to sense, with mournful eyes,  
 Verdonx beheld the gath'ring danger rise,  
 His ready genius flies to fraudulent art,  
 And thus he seeks to melt the hero's heart :  
 Stay, oh great Wolfe, thy dreadful wrath forbear,  
 Spare me, for pity—oh, for mercy, spare;  
 Nought but the cries of want's eternal call  
 Could make my soul to such foul baseness fall,

'Twas vile Montcalm that shower'd allurements round,  
 And my weak virtue in their stream was drown'd;  
 Yes, it was want that drew my rage on thee,  
 But, oh these wants are not confin'd to me;  
 I have a wife, a tender helpless brood,  
 Who, on my toil, depend for daily food,  
 Who have nought else to stop fierce nature's cries,  
 But what my poor, my slender pay supplies;  
 Then think, oh think, were I depriv'd of life,  
 How my poor infants, how my hapless wife,  
 Must plunge in endless grief, despis'd, forlorn,  
 Must weep, how vainly weep, for my return;  
 Then spare my life, oh let me hence retire,  
 If e'er thou wast, e'er hop'dst to be a fire.  
 The gen'rous hero yields to nature's sway,  
 Before compassion rage dissolves away,  
 Far from his breast he all resentment throws,  
 Lost in soft anguish for the stranger's woes,  
 Swift, from the stroke, shrinks back his pitying blade,  
 While thus, with less'ning wrath, he calmly said:—  
 Go, thou vile wretch, thy worthless life retain,  
 My soul disdains to give the guiltless pain,  
 'Tis sure misfortune, grief enough, to be  
 A wife, a child, to such a wretch as thee;  
 But cou'dst thou feel alone the vengeance due,  
 Were no unhappy babes involv'd with you,  
 Justice should then reward thy barb'rous crimes,  
 And thy example teach succeeding times;

But

But, oh, to plunge the poor in black despair,  
 Is more than I, than ev'n my wrath can bear,  
 Then with mild pity's hand that touch'd at woe,  
 Oft deigns to sooth the anguish of a foe,  
 He a huge weight of that bright ore held forth,  
 Whose smiles can chear the penuries of earth;  
 Let this relieve thy babes, fly hence, he cries,  
 Ere my surrounding guards to vengeance rise.  
 The grov'ling slave accepts with keen delight,  
 Then tow'rd's the Gallic camp directs his flight.  
 Soon as the Indian saw the wretch retire,  
 His gen'rous bosom boils with kindling ire,  
 Black choler flashes from his fiery eyes,  
 And thus, with threat'ning voice, he madly cries:—  
 Now since thy hands have set the monster free,  
 I too, deluded Wolfe, will haste from thee,  
 They who, to crimes, can such indulgence show,  
 Must sure detest the man that is their foe.  
 He spoke, he strove, his struggling wrath to quell,  
 Then turns his scornful steps, and bids farewell.  
 Wolfe seiz'd his hand, with anxious grief oppress'd,  
 And eager thus his flutt'ring soul express'd:—  
 Why would my gen'rous friend thus haste away,  
 Stay thou, brave chief, my great deliverer, stay;  
 Why must a gentle deed be blam'd by you,  
 Which pity's pow'r compell'd my soul to do?  
 Did not his looks a thousand woes express?  
 And rage should ever yield before distress;

Then come, my friend, oh come, thy wrath forego,  
 A soul so brave must feel another's woe ;  
 Come then, I say, oh haste, return with me,  
 In yonder camp I'll plead my cause to thee.  
 Firm and unmov'd, long time, the Indian stood,  
 While, thro' his cheek, fierce glow'd his fiery blood;  
 Then with dark gloom, and sternly frowning air,  
 He yields, reluctant, to the hero's pray'r.  
 Now, to the camp, the chief his progress bends,  
 Sullen, the Indian all his steps attends ;  
 They pass the trench, thro' spacious streets they glide,  
 Where tents, in order, shine on either side,  
 Whose wide-spread fronts all tow'ring seem to rise  
 Like a tall city of stupendous size,  
 Far o'er the rest, to meet their gladd'ning sight,  
 Great Wolfe's pavilion rears its stately height,  
 Beneath whose arch, with wide enliv'ning rays,  
 A crystal lamp throws round a splendid blaze.  
 Soon as the chief approach'd the lofty shed,  
 He to a splendid seat the stranger led,  
 Sullen he sits, while o'er his low'ring brow  
 Some sparks of struggling wrath still seem to glow,  
 Close by his side the chief a seat compress'd,  
 And thus he seeks to calm his stubborn guest :—  
 Now, O my friend, do thou thy wrath rebate,  
 Give to my words their just, intrinsic, weight,  
 Let steady reason hear my doubtful cause,  
 And judge by nature's mild, impartial, laws ;

Know

Know first, my friend, that Europe's sons are taught  
 To view blind vengeance as an hideous fault,  
 That all, who mildly warm in virtue's cause,  
 With steady zeal obey the Christian laws,  
 Hold it most just to soothe the pangs of woe,  
 Whether the sufferer be a friend, or foe;  
 Train'd in these precepts from my earliest youth,  
 I caught the seeds of virtue and of truth,  
 Till with the essence of my soul they twin'd  
 This tender flexibility of mind;  
 And now tho' reason's self should disapprove,  
 So sway'd's my ev'ry thought by Christian love,  
 That I, at each sad call of plaintive grief  
 Am forc'd by nature's cries to lend relief,  
 Am forc'd by nature's hand to pity woe,  
 Tho' the fell sufferer were my keenest foe;  
 Nor should we blame these principles that move  
 The human soul to mild forgiving love.  
 Do we not all for mercy sue to Heav'n,  
 Then why not mercy by ourselves be giv'n?  
 Why not vain man to fellow-creatures show  
 That good which Heav'n extends to all below?  
 How can we hope eternal wrath will cease,  
 If, from ourselves, we drive the smiles of peace?  
 Thus, had my rage depriv'd that wretch of life,  
 Think how his infants, how his hapless wife,  
 Then must have plung'd in seas of endless grief,  
 Robb'd of each friendly beam of mild relief,

This with remorse had stung my future days,  
 And robb'd my soul of all its wonted ease.  
 But tho' blind rage the soul to anguish draws,  
 No harm can spring from mild compassion's laws,  
 For sure that wretch will ne'er, with treach'rous art,  
 Again presume to tempt my easy heart,  
 Too well he knows the sad, the dreadful fate,  
 That then must all his barb'rous crimes await.  
 But, O do thou, my great deliv'rer, prove  
 The just rewards that flow from grateful love,  
 Here shalt thou stay, whate'er my will commands,  
 Shall joyful wait thy kind accepting hands,  
 And when my sword shall end the glorious war,  
 All England's smiles shall crown thy gen'rous care;  
 For tho' my mercy set the miscreant free,  
 It lessens not my gratitude to thee.  
 Oft have I heard thy tribes accounted base,  
 But sure thy actions prove a gen'rous race.  
 To whom the Indian then, with haste, rejoin'd,  
 While patriot glory swells his manly mind:—  
 No more, O Wolfe, my soul condemns the deed,  
 I know thy mental pow'rs must mine exceed,  
 Thy eyes can pierce thro' consequences nice,  
 We but observe the virtue and the vice;  
 But come, great Wolfe, be now thy ears inclin'd,  
 Attend this truth, and 'grave it in thy mind,  
 That tho' some Indians, vers'd in Christian arts,  
 Feel foul corruption taint their poison'd hearts,

Europe

Europe it was, that source of all our woes,  
 Whence first this vile, this direful pest arose,  
 'Twas she first train'd us to the arts of fraud,  
 And taught our souls to spurn the laws of God.  
 'Tis true, when Europe, vers'd in fraudulent wiles,  
 The artless nature of our souls, beguiles,  
 That taught by her we learn'd the art to cheat,  
 And on her head retort her own deceit.  
 'Tis true, when o'er our poor defenceless lands  
 Roll with unpitying rage their merc'less bands,  
 That we still slay, with keen relentless spight,  
 All of those plund'ers that we take in fight,  
 How could we else their fraud, their arms, oppose,  
 And guard our own against a world of foes,  
 But as when wrongs our soul to vengeance fire,  
 We burn, we rage, with more than merc'less ire ;  
 So when mild treatment beams a genial ray,  
 In boundless love our wrath dissolves away,  
 Fix'd to the gen'rous friend unmov'd we stand,  
 Nor change 'till death dissolves the steadfast band.  
 Hence, O my friend, from hence O learn to know,  
 'Tis from thy brethren all our vices flow,  
 For tho' unskill'd in all the maze of schools,  
 Tho' quite untaught in all the barb'rous rules,  
 By which Europeans cheat the easy times,  
 And pass, for virtues, most atrocious crimes,  
 We, by the light which Heav'n bestows on man,  
 Up to their source, their varnish'd actions scan,

By



By reason's light explore each moving cause;  
 And pierce the veil their boasted polish draws.  
 O could these eyes, that wish'd-for time, behold,  
 Which, oft with tears, our aged fires have told,  
 When our forefathers, blest'd with peace and health,  
 Were free from Europe's crimes, from Europe's wealth,  
 When, undisturb'd, they might their empire spread,  
 Where'er the eye can pierce, the foot can tread,  
 O'er far stretch'd wilds, o'er wide-extended floods;  
 O'er lofty mountains, plains, and boundless woods,  
 How on false ocean's faithless brink I'd stand,  
 And watchful gaze all round my much lov'd land,  
 And as each impious bark dar'd rise to view,  
 O with what pit'less rage I'd tear her crew.  
 In those blest days our happy fires might rove,  
 Fearless, where'er their souls inclin'd to move;  
 For them, each forest teem'd with wholesome food,  
 For them, with fishes swarm'd the silver flood,  
 For them, kind Nature stor'd the smiling land,  
 And fed their ev'ry want with copious hand.  
 Then no proud arts bid commerce glare around,  
 No commerce then bid luxuries abound;  
 Then no fell luxuries their influence spread,  
 To mar the joys that hover'd round their head;  
 Then all was calm, each heart with rapture glow'd,  
 Nor sent a wish beyond what Heav'n bestow'd:  
 But now foul rapine's vile, unpitying trains,  
 Swarm, from all sides, o'er all our hapless plains.

Now

Now on our laws, our sacred rights they tread,  
 And all around wide desolation spread,  
 Snatch ev'ry spot where fertile Nature smiles,  
 And drive us back to starve in desert wilds,  
 Ev'n the wild beasts, that fed our fires before,  
 Tho' unpossess'd, are counted ours no more.  
 How, O my friend, can I then tamely view  
 This false, this vile, this base, this merc'less crew?  
 How can I view them, thus relentless pour  
 Whole seas of ruin o'er my much lov'd shore?  
 Then with foul censures stigmatize her name,  
 And not thus rise to vindicate her fame?  
 But, O great Wolfe, while thus my bosom glows  
 With indignation at my country's woes,  
 Let not my bluntness thy resentment raise,  
 I know thy soul's above such vulgar ways;  
 Censures like these can ne'er be aim'd at thee,  
 Thou art from pride, from all ambition, free.  
 Wolfe views the God-like ardor of his guest,  
 And straight with transport glows his gen'rous breast,  
 He sees each word from truth, from reason, rise,  
 And eager thus, with answer'ing haste, replies:—  
 No—Heav'n forbid that e'er my headlong ire  
 Should blame the fallies of so nobl' a fire,  
 All men, all ranks, should joy, should wish to find  
 The one who dares, unaw'd, to speak his mind.  
 Did all thus freely all their thoughts disclose,  
 Would it not save our race a world of woes?

Now,

Now, O my friend, do thou, at my command,  
 Disclose thy birth, thy name, thy native land,  
 Disclose, what urg'd thy friends the war to wage;  
 What drove their souls to such unheard-of rage;  
 For sure since thou didst fan the dreadful fire,  
 There must be cause to justify their ire.  
 To whom the Indian—Ope thy listening ear,  
 And thou the truth of each event shalt hear:  
 We never seek to cloud the gazer's eyes,  
 Or hide a barb'rous deed in fair disguise,  
 We, to Europeans, leave the arts of fraud,  
 And only speak as taught by truth and God.  
 Near where the Kittoctinny hills arise,  
 With tow'ring aspect thro' the circling skies,  
 I, from the brave Torcautious, drew my birth,  
 A chief whose fame once fill'd the wond'ring earth,  
 Boast for my native tribe the Delaware,  
 And fierce Satagus is the name I bear.  
 When dauntless youth, with vigour, fir'd my frame,  
 And all my soul was fill'd with glory's flame,  
 Few of my brethren could with me compare,  
 To hunt the monstrous elk, or prowling bear,  
 To trace the beaver's dark retreat below,  
 Or meet, in glorious arms, the raging foe:  
 Oft in the fervor of the solar beam,  
 Thro' boundless woods I've toil'd in quest of game,  
 And oft to seize the meditated prey,  
 Forc'd, o'er huge piles of snow, my cheerless way;

Years

Years I have spent among the British race,  
 To teach these sons of ease the sleights of chace;  
 Yet, hear how these fell tyrants injur'd me,  
 Then judge, O judge, how great my wrongs must be.  
 Once, with a tender spouse, my hours were blest'd,  
 Who ev'ry virtue, ev'ry charm, posselt,  
 Pure was her soul as beams the morning ray,  
 And, in her heav'nly smile, all comfort lay;  
 Five gentle summers saw our joys increase,  
 Five tender infants crown'd our fond embrace,  
 Together blest'd, we trod the dreary wilds,  
 And ev'n when fortune frown'd we fed on smiles,  
 Joy lum'd my peaceful hut—I ask'd no more,  
 Nor envy'd kings their vast, unwieldy store.  
 At length thy brethren, not content to hold  
 The mighty tracts their fires possess'd of old,  
 Roll'd o'er our desert wilds their pit'less pow'rs,  
 And snatch'd the little spot that still was ours;  
 Oh! had our lands but felt their ruthless arms,  
 Oh! had their rage produc'd no keener harms,  
 Then with what joy I'd quit my native plain,  
 And left those plund'rers all their ill-got gain,  
 Sought, with my helpless charge, some happier land,  
 Where social bliss ne'er felt the tyrant's hand!  
 But oh, sad fate, their fury ceas'd not there,  
 Far mightier woes they doom'd my soul to bear,  
 They made my wife, my tender babes, their prey,  
 And bore my love, my life, my all away,

While

While the loft father of the haplefs brood,  
 Travers'd the diftant woods in fearch of food.  
 Soon as to me the difmal tidings came,  
 Oh what keen fury glow'd thro' all my frame!  
 I fform'd, I flew, I rous'd my friends to arms,  
 Then on the foe I roll'd in dire alarms;  
 Back'd by Heav'n's vengeance, hurl'd whole myriads  
     low,  
 And fspread on every fide a fcene of woe.  
 From hence, O Wolfe, the wrath of difcord woke,  
 From hence conclude who gave the lawlefs ftroke,  
 From hence perceive how falfe the tyrant crew,  
 Tranfmit their deeds, their barb'rous deeds, to you;  
 They blaze the worlds of blood by Indians fpilt,  
 But never once difclofe European guilt.  
 To whom, with rapid hafte, the chief returns,  
 While his great foul with juft refentment burns:—  
 Heav'ns! has my dear, my once lov'd native fhore,  
 In her fair ifle fuch ruthlefs monfters bore?  
 Can thefe, who fcarce their fovereign's laws obey,  
 On others tread with fuch remorselefs fway?  
 But, O my friend, think not that Britons are,  
 Like thefe, all bafe, inclin'd to feuds or war;  
 Heav'n knows could I thy country's peace regain,  
 How foon I'd fly to mitigate her pain;  
 But fay, my friend, did not the Gallic fire  
 With double fury fwell your kindling ire?

Did

Did not proud France propel the dreadful blow,  
 And drive you on to spread those scenes of woe?  
 To whom the Indian. Yes, the tyrant Gaul,  
 Bid us on you with merc'less fury fall,  
 'Twas her vile arts that fann'd the dreadful fire,  
 Which but for her would soon have spent its ire;  
 For tho' the British nation did me wrong,  
 Still more my soul abhors the Gallic throng,  
 Still more my soul detests their foul deceit,  
 That hides in fair disguise the rankest hate;  
 'Tis true, thy land for our destruction strove,  
 But then she scorn'd to wear the mask of love,  
 While impious Gaul with treach'rous fraud beguiles,  
 And hides our ruin in a world of smiles;  
 Soon as with barb'rous joy her gladd'ning eyes  
 Saw in our souls the flames of discord rise,  
 From north to south, o'er all the Indian ground,  
 She pour'd her crowd of emissaries round,  
 Who to wild frenzy rous'd each kindling shore,  
 And gave new fury to the tempest's roar;  
 Here with a train of nods and looks profound,  
 They whisp'ring buzz'd a world of lies around,  
 They talk'd of schemes which Albion's ruthless pow'rs  
 Had basely form'd of extirpating ours,  
 'Till by their treach'rous arts they wrought us all  
 To the vile purpose of the sons of Gaul,  
 'Till, with blind fury, we in countless swarms,  
 Rush'd to involve the earth in endless storms,

First to the fight, in threat'ning crowds, arose  
 The Onandagoes and the Oneidoes,  
 The Mohawks fierce, who pour their num'rous bands,  
 From where their mother stream her arms expands,  
 The dauntless Senecas, who boast their shores,  
 Near where the thund'ring Niagara roars,  
 The fearless Caugas, fam'd for martial might,  
 And Tuscaronas first in glorious fight;  
 Then there pour'd forth to brave our furious foes,  
 The num'rous tribes from where the Ohi flows,  
 The furious Nanticokes, the Conoy's host,  
 The warlike Minisinks, near Jersey's coast,  
 The Shawanese who, like a thund'ring flood,  
 Roll'd on in vengeance for their brethren's blood,  
 The boist'rous Tuteloes, the Wappingers,  
 The Chugnuts, Unamies, and Delawares,  
 My dauntless countrymen, who daring live  
 Where Susquehannah rolls her silver wave,  
 Where mighty Delaware receives her tide,  
 And spreads, with wide expanse, her wat'ry pride;  
 Last, for to crown the motley train of France,  
 The dauntless Mohickons in arms advance,  
 The countless tribes who near those climes reside,  
 Where Lake Superior rolls her boundless tide,  
 Where westward far the mighty ocean flows,  
 And where the polar world is wrapt in snows;  
 These all collected rush'd discordant forth,  
 To spread wild tumults o'er the trembling earth,

On

On ev'ry side the rage of war we hur'd,  
 And plung'd in scenes of woe the groaning world,  
 While five long suns, from that all-gloomy day,  
 Have roll'd round this sad earth their annual way,  
 Still have these eyes beheld war's dreadful hand,  
 Thus in vast seas of grief involve your land,  
 Still have these eyes, with each returning year,  
 Beheld still mightier scenes of woe appear;  
 Cities I've seen dissolve in seas of fire,  
 Myriads I've seen before our arms retire,  
 Nations I've seen in purple horrors drown'd,  
 Virgins polluted, infants slain around,  
 While thund'ring discord flam'd from shore to shore,  
 And all was terror, death, and wild uproar.



## BOOK THE FOURTH.

**T**HE Chief's attendants now, with duteous care,  
 The table spread, the nightly feast prepare,  
 In just array the smoaking viands plac'd,  
 With grateful favours lur'd the eager taste;  
 The courteous hero seats his God-like guest,  
 Together pleas'd they share the genial feast,  
 'Till satiate hunger drops her fierce controul,  
 And thirsty nature claims the gen'rous bowl;  
 When from the board the usefess cates are borne,  
 With rosy wine the menial train return,  
 In lucid glass the sparkling liquor shines,  
 And speaks the rich produce of Gallia's vines:  
 Now when convivial mirth had circled round,  
 When many a sprightly bowl the feast had crown'd,  
 When the light-soul from mad intemp'rance free,  
 Buoy'd by new spirits, mounts in social glee,  
 The gen'rous Wolfe, with thirst of knowledge fraught,  
 Thus to the brave Satagus opes his thought:—  
 Now while the shades of night soft glide away,  
 And rapid Sol brings round returning day,  
 In sweet discourse let us the hours employ,  
 For sweet discourse enhances ev'ry joy;

To

To-morrow's dawn may call to other cares,  
 And 'stead of converse 'wake the rage of wars,  
 First, oh my friend, let thy kind tongue disclose  
 What modes of worship thy rude nation knows;  
 Tell me, what think they of the blest abode,  
 And the high pow'r of great Creation's God,  
 For long have I admir'd the sweet controul  
 With which thy mild religion sways the soul,  
 How you all calmly seek the realms of day,  
 With no vile janglings to perplex your way,  
 While we, tho' blest'd with Heav'n's all-guiding light,  
 Quit the just path to plunge in endless spight.  
 To whom the gen'rous Indian thus replies:—  
 With thy command my ready tongue complies,  
 Whate'er thou wouldst that thou canst learn from me,  
 With joy my artless soul shall ope to thee;  
 Like you we deem that one Almighty God  
 Rules o'er creation from his blest abode;  
 That he's the first, the great, the final cause  
 Of Nature's being, and of Nature's laws;  
 That his high providence protects our race,  
 Rewards the virtuous, punishes the base;  
 That countless spirits, at his dread command,  
 Rule o'er the skies, the ocean, and the land;  
 Some in the heav'ns direct the planet's way,  
 Lead round the stars, or guide the source of day;  
 Some in the fields of air controul the wind,  
 Fling loose the tempest, or its fury bind,

Bid show'rs descend, or cooling zephyrs rise,  
 Or smooth the rigour of the wintry skies;  
 Some on the earth fly round with busy wing,  
 Deck the gay fields, or aid the opening spring;  
 Some with kind care watch o'er the human race,  
 Guard them from ills, dispense the sweets of peace,  
 To favour'd man impart high heav'n's decree,  
 Or from destructive pains the body free;  
 Other light sprights there are, by fate design'd,  
 With endless torments to perplex mankind:  
 These all fly round, still anxious to undo  
 Whate'er's constructed by the milder crew.  
 We're taught that far beneath the western skies  
 A vast, a bright, a joyful empire lies,  
 That after death our guardian spirits bear  
 Our happy souls to sport in triumph there;  
 That there the good all taste, without alloy,  
 That which on earth they held the greatest joy;  
 This we believe, thus much we hope, we fear,  
 But yet this never drives our souls to war:  
 And sure that God, who gave creation birth,  
 Who, wrapt in thunders, awes the prostrate earth,  
 Ne'er can be pleas'd to see our lowly race  
 From his great hand reject the gift of peace,  
 To see the world in bloody tumults fall,  
 For trivial points alike unknown to all;  
 And tell me who, tho' arm'd with faith most strong,  
 Can prove his own is right, his foes is wrong,

All

All sects alike the gift of reason use,  
 For all alike the sacred gift abuse;  
 Some must have err'd, we know not who they be,  
 Then all should spare 'till all the guilty see:  
 But, oh! too well our hapless tears can prove,  
 How seldom man is sway'd by Christian love,  
 Too well our woes, our boundless woes, declare,  
 'Tis not true zeal e'er drives them on to war:  
 For since that day, when Europe's pit'less hand  
 First hurl'd sad ruin o'er our groaning land,  
 Still from religion's awful name they've brought  
 Cloaks, for to warrant all the crimes they wrought,  
 While the dark horrors of their actions tell,  
 That they're the servants of the Lord of Hell;  
 Under the sanction of this glorious name,  
 Oh! how their rage has plung'd the world in flame!  
 Oh! in what boundless seas of streaming gore  
 Have their keen swords involv'd this hapless shore!  
 'Till Johnson, thou great guardian of our right,  
 'Rose for to stem enthusiastic spight.  
 And hast thou known great Johnson? Wolfe replies,  
 With joy ecstatic sparkling from his eyes;  
 And hast thou known that great, that God-like man,  
 Didst thou his worth, his glorious actions, scan?  
 If so, impart the grateful tale to me,  
 It long I've wish'd to learn from one like thee.  
 Pleas'd at the task, with joy the Indian burns,  
 And to the gen'rous Wolfe thus swift returns:—

Yes,

Yes, mighty Wolfe, thro' many a glorious fray  
 Have these keen eyes beheld his dreadful way,  
 And many a time, ere yet the war broke forth,  
 Have I admir'd his bright transcending worth,  
 When where Lake George confines the British coast,  
 Led by De Dieskau we attack'd his host;  
 Dauntless I saw him rear his awful form,  
 Fearless I saw him meet the thund'ring storm,  
 Fierce he drove on thro' crowds of trembling foes,  
 While round his sword vast piles of slaughter rose,  
 O'er routed multitudes sublime he trode,  
 And all his deeds confess'd the favouring God;  
 I saw him too, when late his conqu'ring arms  
 Made vast Ontario ring with dire alarms,  
 While other rulers proud, presumptuous, base,  
 With brutal actions tantaliz'd our race,  
 He with the gentlest manners, free from art,  
 Pleas'd ev'ry eye, delighted ev'ry heart;  
 He with paternal care espous'd our cause,  
 And we, with filial duty, own'd his laws;  
 He, in the cloak of piety, ne'er strove  
 To force our souls to what they disapprove;  
 He leaves us free, to think as Reason pleads,  
 And follow Conscience wheresoe'er she leads:  
 Do but be virtuous, still the hero cries,  
 And this alone will please the joyful skies,  
 While other chiefs, deterr'd by coward fears,  
 In slow manœuvres trifled out whole years,

While,

While, unreveng'd, they saw whole empires fall,  
 Nor mov'd at Nature's oft repeated call;  
 He, with a swiftness that outstrip'd the light,  
 To ev'ry quarter wing'd his rapid flight,  
 On ev'ry side oppos'd the raging foe,  
 And screen'd his lov'd allies from threat'ning woe:  
 But since great Johnson's worth I thus proclaim,  
 Since chance has led me to this glorious theme,  
 Ere from the much-lov'd subject I depart,  
 I with his mightiest deed must charm thy heart,  
 I must to thee, in fuller words, disclose,  
 How in his last exploit he crush'd his foes,  
 Nor wilt thou e'er regret this sweet delay,  
 While thy soul listens to what I shall say:—  
 Near where Lake Eri from her depths profound,  
 Swell'd by the num'rous floods that foam around,  
 The Lake Superior's vast capacious tide,  
 The long-stretch'd Michigan and Huron wide,  
 Down Niagara drives with thund'ring roar,  
 And tow'rds Ontario rolls her wat'ry store;  
 Near this, I say, a lofty fortress stands,  
 Whose strong built ramparts awe the neighb'ring lands,  
 Who spreads her far-stretch'd empire, without bound,  
 O'er all the mighty lakes that roll around,  
 Thy nation rous'd from that lethargic state,  
 In which so long she seem'd to welcome fate;  
 At length led on by Johnson's dread command,  
 Against this fortress sent a num'rous band,

Soon

Soon as his rising works were ripe for fight,  
 He push'd the siege with more than mortal might,  
 Around the fort his swift approaches 'rose,  
 And in their walls shut up the trembling foes,  
 'Till prest by threat'ning ill's on ev'ry hand,  
 They on the brink of ruin seem to stand;  
 Aubry, a chief, a dauntless chief of Gaul,  
 Beheld the threat'ning cloud that hung o'er all,  
 And straight resolves t'avert th' impending harms,  
 And meet the British host in glorious arms;  
 Fir'd by like views with kindling glory warm,  
 At his loud call unnumber'd nations swarm,  
 The regions all around the lakes from far  
 Pour forth her sons to meet the coming war;  
 The dauntless Aubry, at the dawn of day,  
 Big with his mighty army takes his way,  
 In steady ranks we mov'd along the coast,  
 For I among the rest had join'd the host;  
 Soon as our bands near Niagara drew,  
 Sudden the British troops appear'd in view,  
 Before their camp to thwart our bold designs,  
 In shining arms they'd spread their glitt'ring lines,  
 The furious Indians screen'd their flanks from fear,  
 And in their front the regulars appear;  
 In vain our throats sent forth an hideous yell,  
 That roar'd as breath'd from out the jaws of hell;  
 In vain loud thund'ring o'er the echoing plain,  
 We pour'd tempestuous on the hostile train;

Firm

Firm as a rock their dauntless vet'rans stood,  
 And quell'd each onset of our troops in blood,  
 For then no Braddock, with unstable force,  
 But Johnson's self oppos'd our dreadful course,  
 High o'er the rest he rear'd his awful form,  
 Dauntless, unaw'd he met the thund'ring storm;  
 Stern, as a God, his brow terrific frown'd,  
 Fear and wild terror on his foes around,  
 While that same brow that thus could awe the brave,  
 To his own troops new strength, new fury, gave;  
 At length when many a flock we'd try'd in vain,  
 At length when many a Gaul bestrew'd the plain,  
 Trembling we sunk before his whelming might,  
 And lost, in wild confusion, took to flight;  
 Then like a tempest scouring o'er the main,  
 Dreadful he bursts upon our scatt'ring train,  
 Where'er he moves wild horror, flight appear,  
 Confusion, ruin, anarchy, and fear,  
 O'er all our routed troops he bounds along,  
 And pours destruction on the groaning throng;  
 Thus broke, dispers'd, for many a mile we flew,  
 Thus swift, thus fierce, the conqu'ring troops pursue,  
 'Till breathless thousands strew'd the groaning shore,  
 And back in chains our captive chief they bore;  
 Then to the fort once more they wing'd their way,  
 And crush'd its force that same victorious day;  
 'This action o'er, thro' many a dreary waste,  
 To yonder town I flew with eager haste,

There



There to Montcalm disclos'd the dreadful news,  
 That must for ever check his tow'ring views;  
 And there, O Wolfe, did first these joyful eyes  
 Behold the splendors of thy glory rise;  
 There for long time I ey'd, from day to day,  
 What God-like virtues mark'd thy warlike way,  
 'Till in a fondness for thy peerless fame,  
 Died my aversion to Britannia's name;  
 Gaul's mighty chief I ey'd with keenness too,  
 But, ah! how diff'rent is that chief from you?  
 He, tho' more brave than all brave Gallia's race,  
 Is mean, is artful, cruel, proud, and base;  
 Like you, in chace of glory, still he flies,  
 But ne'er, like you, by virtue, wins the prize;  
 At length his barb'rous scheme to murder thee,  
 Far ev'ry thought of friendship threw from me:  
 I from henceforth the Gallic cause forego,  
 And now commence her rank eternal foe;  
 But since, O Wolfe, to thy attentive ear  
 I've op'd whate'er thy soul might wish to hear,  
 Do thou, in turn, from clouds my bosom free,  
 And clear some doubtful mysteries to me;  
 Tell me why nations, blest'd with fruitful lands,  
 With all that nature asks, or pomp demands,  
 To such wild rage, such dreadful wars, resort,  
 As if they struggled even for life's support;  
 'Tis true that we engage in scenes of blood,  
 But then we fight for liberty and food.

We fight to guard the elk, or prowling bear,  
 For what preserves our being, claims our care;  
 But neither France, or Britain, can alledge  
 Motives like these to justify their rage,  
 Each in herself contains an ample store,  
 Enough for Nature's wants—man needs no more:  
 Then is it hopes to gain a deathless name,  
 A lust of glory, or a thirst of fame,  
 Or is it dark, unblest'd religion, say,  
 Religion's self, that points the hideous way,  
 That hurls Europa's states in tumult all,  
 And plants such enmity 'twixt you and Gaul?  
 To whom the chief, ere thy enquiring eyes  
 Can view the source from whence these contests rise,  
 I must to thee, in terms succinct, relate  
 A slender hist'ry of Britannia's state,  
 That then in clearer lights thy words may show  
 The mighty myst'ry which thou seek'st to know;  
 When Rome, an awful empire, without bound,  
 Who long had rul'd it o'er the world around,  
 Had for unnumber'd years, o'er Albion's land,  
 Wav'd the dread ensigns of her high command;  
 Then like a mighty ocean ebb'd away,  
 And left to other states the sweets of sway;  
 When the bleak north had teem'd her num'rous brood,  
 Proud, fierce, rapacious, ignorant and rude,  
 When like vast torrents o'er our groaning lands,  
 Dreadful they'd roll'd their huge unnumber'd bands,

Had hurl'd fierce flames and desolation round,  
 And all our towns in blood and slaughter drown'd;  
 Then for to crown this endless train of woes,  
 From Gaul's dark shore a bloody tyrant rose,  
 He, like a low'ring tempest, edg'd with flame,  
 Fierce from the south dispensing ruin came;  
 He, with loud thunders hurl'd all justice down,  
 And seiz'd, with lawless hands, Britannia's crown;  
 'Twas from this conquest of the British state  
 Sprang the first seeds of Gaul's and England's hate,  
 And from this source sprang all the endless wars,  
 That shook their empires in succeeding years;  
 For the proud tyrant, whose victorious hand  
 Thus bound in servile chains Britannia's land,  
 Where round great Gallia's shore extends the sea,  
 Ere o'er our much lov'd isle he'd rear'd his sway,  
 Had, with a just hereditary reign,  
 Rul'd o'er fair Normandy's extensive plain,  
 And when, by length of time, his impious race  
 Were in their new-got empire fix'd in peace,  
 They, with unbated ardour, still essay'd  
 To hold the realm their ancestors had sway'd.  
 Britain, obedient to their dread commands,  
 Pour'd forth her sons to guard these foreign lands;  
 Gaul saw, with jealous eye, their near advance,  
 And strove to chase them from the coast of France,  
 'Till from their strife eternal wars arose,  
 That plung'd each kingdom in a world of woes;

But

But while these wars with horror fill'd the earth,  
 They serv'd as nurs'ries to heroic worth,  
 For hence great chiefs immortaliz'd their name,  
 And down to future ages stretch'd their fame ;  
 Foremost of these, on Albion's glorious throne,  
 The good, the great, the God-like Edward shone,  
 He fierce at Cressy, with resistless hand,  
 Thro' countless myriads led his conqu'ring band,  
 Made, in his wrath, unnumber'd squadrons fall,  
 And crush'd at one huge blow the pride of Gaul ;  
 Nor does his son with lesser glory blaze,  
 His son, whose earliest deeds were crown'd with praise,  
 Who at fam'd Poitiers, with a slender band,  
 Crush'd all the countless troops of Gallia's land,  
 Made her proud Monarch to his arm to yield,  
 And dragg'd him bound in chains from off the field.  
 Henry, that glorious sunbeam of renown,  
 Next grac'd with vict'ry's rays Britannia's crown,  
 He like a torrent, with impetuous force,  
 Roll'd o'er expiring France his thund'ring course ;  
 Whelm'd at the shock, her tott'ring throne gave way,  
 And all the prostrate realm confess'd his sway :  
 But, oh ! sad fate, he mournful breath'd his last,  
 Ere he could fix his glorious empire fast.  
 Now Luther rose, that sun whose splendid light  
 Chas'd from the earth the clouds of mental night,  
 Britain, with joy, beheld its dawning rays,  
 And bask'd with transport in the glorious blaze,

But thoughtless France the proffer'd lustre flies,  
 And in her native gloom still grov'ling lies,  
 This with new fury swells the former fire,  
 And adds new rage to stimulate their ire :  
 Religion now foment's their deadly hate,  
 And keeps alive the seeds of foul debate ;  
 Hence thro' an endless train of countless years,  
 Have they engag'd in fierce religious wars ;  
 Hence when foul James, proud, bigotted, and vain,  
 Strove o'er religion's self to fix his reign,  
 When he essay'd to bind the British shore,  
 And the dark age of ignorance restore,  
 Gaul's mighty king espous'd his impious cause,  
 And pour'd her myriads to enforce his laws ;  
 Hence when o'erthrown by Heav'n's avenging hand,  
 He fled all trembling from Britannia's land :  
 Gaul, to receive him, op'd her sheltering arms,  
 And boldly screen'd him from impending harms ;  
 Then for to stamp us Gaul's eternal foes,  
 A mightier source of fierce contention rose,  
 Britain, by views of wild ambition led,  
 Wide o'er this western world her empire spread,  
 'Till with high splendour and enormous size  
 Another Albion here was seen to rise ;  
 Gaul, with a jealous eye, beheld our reign,  
 Widening thus glorious o'er this western plain,  
 Then on all sides she toil'd with all her force,  
 To check the swellings of our splendid course,

Cloſe

Close round our bounds she spread her num'rous bands,  
 She flew our subjects, and usurp'd our lands,  
 'Till from this dreadful source that war sprang forth,  
 Which now with gen'ral horror fills the earth:  
 Full well, my gen'rous friend, thou know'st how here,  
 In the first conflicts of this furious war,  
 That low'ring fortune, with uncheck'd disgrace,  
 Dash'd all the efforts of Britannia's race;  
 In Europe too long time her angry frown,  
 Aw'd the high tow'rings of our glory down,  
 'Till God-like Pitt, that pure, that peerless sage,  
 Born for to shine the glory of our age,  
 Nobly serene, and resolutely great,  
 Seiz'd the bruis'd helm of the just sinking state;  
 Rous'd at his voice then all our souls caught fire,  
 We rush'd on France with fierce o'erwhelming ire,  
 Bore in our wrath her countless armies down,  
 And made all nations tremble at our frown;  
 At length, on Minden's all immortal plain,  
 In a late desp'rate fight Britannia's train  
 Purchas'd a glory, whose unrivall'd blaze  
 Outshines the mightiest deeds of former days,  
 Here a slight band of thrice three thousand rose,  
 Fearless unaw'd against a world of foes;  
 Fierce as a tempest, with impetuous sweep,  
 Tears up the bosom of the rolling deep,  
 They, thro' unnumber'd myriads, force their way,  
 And by one thund'ring effort won the day,

While the vast armies of Germania's states,  
 Did nought but wonder at their glorious feats:  
 Thus, O my friend, I've giv'n to thee to know,  
 The three great sources whence these contests flow;  
 And now so long this keen eternal hate,  
 Has rul'd the motions of each adverse state,  
 That firmly rooted is its dark controul,  
 Deep in the essence of each hostile soul,  
 That ev'ry Briton, ev'n from youth's first stage,  
 Ne'er looks on Gallia but with eyes of rage,  
 While Gaul, with equal fury taught to glow,  
 Eyes ev'ry Briton as a merc'less foe.  
 Is there not then, my friend, the Indian cries,  
 Another source from whence these contests rise,  
 Do not their adverse governments increase  
 Their keen, unceasing enmity to peace?  
 No, my good friend, the gen'rous chief rejoind,  
 Here some gross error has misled thy mind;  
 For tho' fair freedom rules Britannia's plain,  
 How can this clash with Gaul's despotic reign?  
 To whom the Indian then, with haste, returns,  
 While his keen eye with indignation burns:—  
 Now since, O Wolfe, to my all-wond'ring thought,  
 The chance of converse has this subject brought,  
 Do thou a few short things be pleas'd to say,  
 On the vile progress of despotic sway;  
 Say what dark Pow'r first gave this monster birth,  
 And sent it here to scourge the sons of earth;

Say,

Say, what wild frenzy urg'd Europa's land  
 Meanly to cringe beneath its merciless hand,  
 For no fell fury that torments mankind,  
 E'er with such keen abhorrence fill'd my mind ;  
 'Tis true, when rising discord gives command,  
 We call a chief to lead our vet'ran band,  
 But ev'n while he, all-fir'd by glory's flame,  
 Thus nobly guides our conqu'ring steps to fame,  
 We, on his word, no mightier pow'r confer  
 Than what's expedient to conduct the war,  
 And ev'n while he, with tow'ring glory crown'd,  
 Rules o'er the motions of the realms around,  
 No slaves, no tools, await his dread command,  
 By which his pride can grind the subject land ;  
 Our elders too exert some trivial sway,  
 And we the mandate of their wills obey,  
 But these sage chiefs no claims to empire raise,  
 But what grave wisdom gives, and length of days.  
 He ceas'd.—The gen'rous Wolfe, with thoughtful  
 mind,

Paus'd for a slender space, then thus rejoin'd :—  
 A time there was when man, exempt from fault,  
 Obey'd no laws but those which Heav'n had taught,  
 When they, dispers'd thro' earth's remotest bounds,  
 Knew of no states, societies, or towns ;—  
 But when the flames of discord first burst forth,  
 When first the lust of rapine fill'd the earth,

Then



Then to find shelter from the gath'ring storm,  
 Men, in societies, were seen to form,  
 And for to keep internal feuds away,  
 Kings they created, with unbounded sway;  
 But these, tho' grac'd with pow'r thus unconfin'd,  
 Were gentle, soft, benevolent and kind,  
 They on their people's love still fix'd their throne,  
 And made the int'rest of the realms their own :  
 Thus the high race of monarchs first began,  
 Thus did their guardian care protect weak man,  
 'Till a foul train arose, who, slaves to pride,  
 Far from their father's virtues turn'd aside,  
 Who, fir'd to frenzy, in ambition's cause,  
 Trampled on justice and on freedom's laws,  
 And of their sceptres, for just ends design'd,  
 Made an un pitying scourge to gall mankind;  
 And now earth's mightiest empires, deaf to shame,  
 'Thro' a false rev'rence for a monarch's name,  
 Bear the vile lashes of their tyrant's rod  
 With more obedience than they serve their God;  
 But tho' some stoop to tyranny's foul reign,  
 Others there are who scorn the servile chain,  
 Others there are who vindicate their rights,  
 And bask in freedom's most refulgent lights;  
 Foremost in this great list is seen to stand  
 Britain, my dear, my much lov'd native land,  
 She still disdains, beneath a tyrant's frown,  
 To bow the glories of her empire down,

She

She on her king no mightier pow'r bestows,  
 Than that of guarding her from public foes.  
 Thanks to thy care, the gen'rous chief rejoind,  
 For thou with Wisdom's rays hast 'lum'd my mind,  
 'Tis thou canst drive black error's mist away,  
 And thus to artless souls the truth display;  
 But since, O mighty Wolfe, thy piercing sight  
 Can bring each darksome mystery to light,  
 Tell me, for sure thou canst explore the cause,  
 What prompts vile man to look thro' Nature's laws,  
 What prompts him thus to mount the starry skies,  
 And tempt the ways of Heav'n with impious eyes;  
 How better far to keep to Nature's road,  
 And tread the sacred paths prescrib'd by God,  
 How better far with life's calm sweets content,  
 Thankful t' enjoy what pow'r divine has sent,  
 Than thus to heav'nly things our views to raise,  
 And in pursuit of knowledge forfeit ease.  
 To whom the chief. Had man kept Nature's road,  
 Did he still tread the paths prescrib'd by God,  
 Then the proud arts, that now so keenly bright,  
 Thro' the gay world of science beam their light,  
 Had ne'er their shining splendors pour'd around,  
 But all been quite unknown or useless found;  
 But since refinement whets the human taste,  
 Since the mild joys of nature all have ceas'd,  
 'Tis these alone can feed our wild desires,  
 And check unwieldy life's consuming fires,

And

And ev'n from these advantages arise  
 More than at first appear to vulgar eyes;  
 First by that art that mounts the starry plain,  
 We learn to plow the vast capacious main,  
 Thro' the wide wat'ry waste our course to guide,  
 And fetch from distant nations all their pride;  
 By tracing Nature's grand directing pow'rs  
 We learn to subject all her force to ours,  
 We learn from hence to cleave the mountain's side,  
 To fell vast forests, check the rolling tide,  
 From earth's dark womb to call the teeming ore,  
 And gild, with glitt'ring piles, the blazing shore;  
 I grant that some who scorn true Wisdom's worth,  
 With empty speculations cloud the earth,  
 That they presume to scan great Nature's cause,  
 To measure matter, and prescribe it laws,  
 To fix thy essence, ev'n Jehovah thine,  
 And cast their censures on thy will divine,  
 While others bent on still more trifling game,  
 Take with assiduous care a worse extreme,  
 Waste all that wit which might their glory raise,  
 On toads, wasps, spiders, butterflies and fleas;  
 Yet those who guide calm reason's course aright,  
 Who thro' experience look for wisdom's light,  
 May in the end obtain the glorious prize,  
 And ope her sacred stores to mortal eyes:  
 But that thou now may'st judge where wit can go,  
 Permit me thus to tell what man may know,

How

How high the human soul may send its flight,  
 And where it should restrain its useless flight;  
 We know that mighty Sol self-pois'd is found  
 Full in the centre of the worlds around,  
 That his huge orb pours forth a boundless blaze,  
 And fires the vast expanse with countless rays,  
 That six stupendous globes, all mildly bright,  
 Swift round his glitt'ring throne direct their flight,  
 That he's the life, the strength, the soul of all,  
 And cheers with genial rays each pending ball,  
 That with the rest the earth a shining sphere  
 Rolls thro' her mighty circle once a year,  
 That those nocturnal worlds which roll on high,  
 And gild, with sparkling light, the splendid sky,  
 Are a vast countless train of flaming suns,  
 And that round each a circling system runs;  
 We know the just eternal laws of God,  
 Which guide our course thro' virtue's sacred road,  
 Reason alone, morality can prove,  
 And teach us piety and social love:  
 Thus far may man's researches mount with ease,  
 Thus far our sight may trace our Maker's ways;  
 But whoso'er would pass these sacred bounds,  
 Finds but abortion all and truth confounds.  
 The Indian then. Whate'er thou yet can'st say,  
 Tends but to fix my soul its former way,  
 Tends but to prove that arts destroy our rest,  
 And that a pure unpolish'd life's the best;

And

And sure we've cause to curse refinement's charms,  
 Those that involve our race in countless harms,  
 For what could prompt whole worlds, with plenty  
     blest,  
 To quit, for stormy seas, their peaceful rest,  
 What could have lur'd them from their native lands,  
 To plunge in endless woes our guiltless bands,  
 What but that base insatiate lust of gain,  
 Which scorns all danger, and contemns all pain,  
 And from whence sprang this boundless lust of self,  
 But from the treach'rous womb of science self?  
 Now, O great Wolfe, while night's all-ruling wand  
 Lulls into soft repose each circling band,  
 Do thou, in terms succinct, to me disclose  
 The rise and progress of my country's woes;  
 For hist'ry's lights have beam'd them down to thee,  
 And these, thou know'st, have been deny'd to me,  
 And oft it brings the soul some sweet relief,  
 To know the first sad source of all its grief.  
 If this in aught, my friend, the chief rejoin'd,  
 Can sooth the patriot anguish of thy mind,  
 I'll tell thee how these tyrants rush'd from far,  
 And how this trembling world they plung'd in war.  
 But oh, my friend, thy godlike soul I trust,  
 That soul, so pure, so faithful, and so just,  
 Will from all foul reproach the guiltless free,  
 Nor for the crimes of others censure me.

Long had our mighty world, which splendid lies  
 Beneath the concave of the eastern skies,  
 Been blest with art's bright rays with police all,  
 And view'd her empire rise, and kingdoms fall,  
 While these vast eastern shores, thus held by you,  
 Were hid in darkness from our clouded view ;  
 For know the far-stretch'd deep that now expands  
 Its huge impediment around these lands,  
 Has with its wat'ry arms, since time's first birth,  
 From ours disjoin'd this portion of the earth :  
 At length Columbus, whose exalted mind  
 Long rang'd the paths of science unconfin'd,  
 Whose soul had pierc'd the laws of nature all,  
 And knew the figure of our earthly ball,  
 Resolv'd, by steering o'er the western main,  
 To seek a passage to Indostan's plain.  
 Such were, at first, the bounds of his intent,  
 Tho' widely diff'rent was the great event ;  
 Swell'd with the splendour of the glorious plan,  
 From shore to shore then flew the God-like man :  
 He flew from Italy to Gallia's plain,  
 Thence to Britannia, o'er the rolling main,  
 While all these mighty states, by turns, he prest,  
 For means to crown the project of his breast,  
 But ail, by darksome ignorance, betray'd,  
 Scoff'd at the matchless schemes his wisdom'd laid.  
 At length fam'd Isabel, whose gentle reign  
 Blest the glad kingdoms on the coasts of Spain,  
 With courteous smiles approves his God-like aim,  
 And gives him means to execute his scheme ;

The ruling passion of her sex subdued,  
 And pomp resigns for more exalted views,  
 With three light barks, to stem the wat'ry roar,  
 Our bold adventurer left Iberia's shore;  
 Then o'er the bosom of the boundless deep,  
 Soon were his rapid vessels seen to sweep,  
 While the bright dazzling sun, who flames above,  
 Thro' one whole sign his pond'rous chariot drove,  
 Wide o'er the wat'ry waste Columbus bore  
 His course, thro' trackless seas ne'er plow'd before,  
 Still, with vain hope, attempting to descry,  
 That shore where India's boundless empires lie;  
 At length, to pull his tow'ring prospects down,  
 Fortune, on ev'ry side, begins to frown,  
 The heav'ns grow black, the winds tempestuous blow,  
 The dark abyss loud thund'ring yawns below,  
 While no glad land brings comfort to his eye,  
 But all is boundless sea or gloomy sky,  
 But not the boist'rous roaring of the wind,  
 In worse perplexities involv'd his mind,  
 Nor all the horrors that assail'd his view,  
 Than the dire clamours of his frantic crew,  
 They all, impatient of the gen'ral grief,  
 Bent all their fury on their God-like chief,  
 And while, with threats, they compass'd him around,  
 Prepar'd to plunge him in the gulph profound;  
 When lo, to screen him from their merciless spite,  
 Sudden a smiling land uprose to sight,

A spacious

A spacious isle, whose wide extended plain,  
 Shines o'er the bosom of the rolling main,  
 Whose tow'ring groves eternal greens unfold,  
 Whose hills bright entrails flame with mines of gold,  
 Whose streams pellucid fertilize the shore,  
 And pouring roll o'er sands of glitt'ring ore,  
 Whose gen'rous sons, untaught luxurious pride,  
 Took simple nature for their only guide,  
 Till'd, in calm innocence, their native earth,  
 And knew no land but that which gave them birth;  
 This beauteous isle, for future woes so fam'd,  
 Was since, by Europe, Hispaniola nam'd,  
 When from the crowded shore, with wond'ring eyes,  
 These Indians saw the tow'ring ships arise;  
 When they beheld them swift approaching near,  
 How did their bosoms thrill with doubt and fear,  
 First their wild fancy, lost in dire amaze,  
 Thought them huge mountains rolling o'er the seas,  
 And as they saw their flutt'ring sails outspread,  
 They deem'd them forests on the mountain's head;  
 But when they saw, in many a sprightly band,  
 A race of mortals guide the floating land,  
 'Twas then to gloomiest wonder's dismal reign  
 Stoop'd the stunn'd souls of all the gazing train,  
 Torpid they stand to see, discharg'd on earth,  
 The great event that labouring seems for birth.  
 Meanwhile Columbus led his chearful band  
 Forth from their vessels to the smiling land,



Thick on all hands the thoughtless Indian race  
 Crowded to offer all the sweets of peace ;  
 But, ah ! their artless souls but little knew  
 What they must suffer from this stranger crew,  
 Sway'd by a pure simplicity of thought,  
 From ev'ry side huge piles of gold they brought,  
 These they display'd to catch the strangers eyes,  
 Nor knew destruction lurk'd beneath their dies ;  
 But great Columbus, gen'rous and humane,  
 Restrain'd within due bounds his fordid train,  
 He from all harm then screen'd the Indian race,  
 And sooth'd the fury of his troops to peace.  
 But when this God-like chief shall be no more,  
 All must to rapine yield, and wild uproar.  
 Now when the matchless hero long had scann'd,  
 And prov'd this island not Indostan's land,  
 When to his soul it seems a boundless shore,  
 To the vast eastern world unknown before,  
 High swells his bosom with keen glory's flame,  
 At the bright prospect of his future fame,  
 Back to Iberia, o'er the rolling sea,  
 Then, with swift haste, he wings his eager way,  
 And when, descending on the joyful strand,  
 He bears the great, the glorious news, to land,  
 Thro' all her echoing realms with loud acclaim,  
 All the glad sons of Spain shout forth his name,  
 While her good queen pours forth, in countless show'rs,  
 On his great head still more exalted pow'rs ;

Soon

Soon with a mightier armament once more  
 He steers to seek the new discover'd shore,  
 Wide o'er the western waves he bent his flight,  
 'Till this vast continent appear'd in fight,  
 Whose huge unbounded plains stretch o'er the earth,  
 From Patagonia to the boist'rous North,  
 This great discov'ry made our chief once more  
 Bent his swift course to Hispaniola's shore,  
 There he essay'd to stretch Iberia's reign  
 O'er the mild natives of her smiling plain;  
 But he, for this great end, so gently strove,  
 That his sweet virtues gain'd the nation's love,  
 When lo, the sons of Spain who, swoln with pride,  
 Now, with fierce rage, pour'd in on ev'ry side,  
 Whose sordid souls, intent on nought but gain,  
 Bent were to load the earth with worlds of slain,  
 With merc'less hate oppos'd the God-like man,  
 And check'd the progress of his righteous plan;  
 Yet he, still sway'd by gentleness and peace,  
 Strove, from their wrath, to screen the Indian race,  
 'Till, from his high command, he's dragg'd away,  
 To vile Iberia, o'er the rolling sea,  
 There, in a dismal dungeon, chain'd, forlorn,  
 Doom'd the dark remnant of his days to mourn,  
 There doom'd to languish from his native soil,  
 A sad requital sure for all his toil!  
 Yet, O thou God-like spirit of that chief,  
 Who here did struggle with such seas of grief,

Ne'er let thy breast at this hard fate repine,  
 For lo! a glorious recompence is thine;  
 Thy sacred name shall distant times adore,  
 When thy proud tyrants shall be heard no more,  
 Freed from restraint soon Spain's all-barb'rous bands,  
 Pour their wide horrors o'er the groaning lands,  
 They storm, they rage, they shake the trembling shore,  
 They stab, they slay, they plunge the realm in gore,  
 O'er towns, o'er plains, they hurl destructive fire,  
 And countless myriads in the blaze expire;  
 Some for to shun this desp'rate scene of blood,  
 Fly to the covert of the shelt'ring wood,  
 Soon with fierce hounds their tyrants chas'd them here,  
 And hunt them down like droves of trembling deer,  
 Wives, husbands, infants, virgins, matrons, all,  
 Now here, now there, in one black carnage fall;  
 Spain's impious sons, with smiles, these deaths behold,  
 For by these deaths they gain a world of gold:  
 At length, when this poor isle exhausted lies,  
 Next to bright Mexico they turn their eyes,  
 A mighty empire, whose vast shores expand,  
 Far as from this to Florida's fair land,  
 There ev'ry mountain opes a world of wealth,  
 There ev'ry valley breathes a world of health,  
 And there the social arts, all-mildly bright,  
 E'en then began to beam their dawning light.  
 To sack the splendors of this glorious reign,  
 Hither an ample fleet was sent by Spain,

By

By dauntless Cortes was this squadron led,  
 A chief to rage, and war's loud tumults bred,  
 Whose soul ne'er trembled at his Maker's call,  
 And knew no God but gold, that lord of all :  
 Soon as this threat'ning fleet's high tow'ring pride  
 Was from the coast of Mexico descri'd,  
 Thro' all her realm the news swift found its way,  
 And all the empire shook with dire dismay,  
 Torn with big sighs, and many a dismal groan,  
 Ev'n her proud monarch trembled on his throne,  
 Cortes to land meanwhile his squadrons led,  
 And tow'rd's the centre of the empire sped ;  
 Dauntless the Indians pour'd forth all their force,  
 To check the horrors of his threat'ning course,  
 First with bold hearts the fierce determin'd throng,  
 To meet the gath'ring tempest rush'd along ;  
 But lo, when they beheld the Christian bands,  
 All hurl loud thunders from their bellowing hands ;  
 While on all sides huge bursts of light'ning fly,  
 And show'rs of burning globes involve the sky,  
 O'erwhelm'd with dire amaze they took to flight,  
 And thought of nothing but to 'scape from fight ;  
 'Twas then their trembling monarch cried amain,  
 Heav'ns from what region came this God-like train ?  
 These sure descended from the blest abodes,  
 These men in stature must be more than gods.  
 Thus all o'erwhelm'd by blind religious fear,  
 Each thought he banish'd of the glorious war,

And

And with vile crouchings, meanly bending low,  
 Receiv'd, with outstretch'd arms, his impious foe.  
 Cortes, elate with more exalted pride,  
 Now o'er the empire moves with tow'ring stride,  
 And for to plunge it in a world of woes,  
 Into her great metropolis he goes;  
 Full in the centre of a spacious flood,  
 With high-rais'd walls this tow'ring city stood,  
 O'er all its loftiest domes sublime was seen  
 An ancient palace with majestic mien;  
 This was enclos'd with battlements around,  
 And these high battlements with tow'rs were crown'd,  
 'Twas these strong walls the proud Iberian host  
 Had, by the king, allotted for their post;  
 There, from the tow'rs, they view'd with wond'ring  
                   eyes,

The boundless treasures that around them rise,  
 For there the wond'ring eye could nought behold  
 But walls of jasper, and bright roofs of gold;  
 To glut the av'rice of these sons of pride,  
 Huge piles of gold were brought from ev'ry side,  
 But as while fed still swells the fiery roar,  
 This only serv'd to whet their thirst for more;  
 Yet still the Indians, deeming them divine,  
 Present their splendid off'rings at their shrine,  
 At length at one bold stroke, with lawless hand,  
 To seize the boundless treasures of the land,

Cortes,

Cortes, by wily measures, well disguis'd,  
 The thoughtless monarch, on his throne, surpris'd,  
 Dragg'd him from thence with all his furious pow'rs,  
 And close confin'd him in the Spanish tow'rs,  
 There, with tyrannic sway and wily skill,  
 Long time he rul'd the trembling monarch's will,  
 While, in his name, he spread his high command,  
 Ev'n to the utmost limits of the land;  
 Nor was this all—for lo, his tow'ring pride  
 Now breathes its dreadful consequences wide,  
 Cities are plunder'd by the Christian race,  
 Myriads are slaughter'd in the arms of peace,  
 That these base fiends might gain a boundless store  
 Of gold's pernicious, vile, deceitful ore.  
 At length his subjects all to vengeance spring,  
 And fly from bondage to release their king,  
 He urg'd, by Cortes, on the rampart rose,  
 And bids them tamely bear the nation's woes,  
 Spite of his high command, his thund'ring train  
 Still pour their fury on the sons of Spain,  
 'Till, from their rage, an accidental stroke  
 Had freed his spirit from the tyrant's yoke.  
 Straight Guatimozin, whose all God-like mind,  
 With boundless valour, gentlest virtues, join'd,  
 Whose daring soul had learn'd for to disdain  
 Each idle menace of corporeal pain,  
 Rose to the throne, amid this scene of woe,  
 And straight resolv'd to crush the Christian foe,  
Soon,

Soon, with bold rage, against the Christian tow'rs,  
 Onward he led his thund'ring Indian pow'rs ;  
 Spain, with like rage, oppos'd his whirling ire,  
 And pour'd forth torrents of destructive fire,  
 'Till in the tempest of o'erwhelming ball,  
 Full half his tott'ring myriads seem'd to fall,  
 Yet still, with steady persevering might,  
 He braves the dreadful horrors of the fight,  
 Thick from his front darts, stones, and arrows fly,  
 In a loud tempest thro' the echoing sky,  
 For these, alas ! were all they could oppose,  
 To the dire thunders of their Christian foes.  
 Full many a day bold Cortes thus withstood,  
 All the dire horrors of this scene of blood,  
 Full many a day did thus his slender bands  
 Withstand the efforts of unnumber'd lands,  
 'Till quite weigh'd down, by war's o'erwhelming  
                     weight,

They seem'd just yielding to the frowns of fate,  
 Shelter'd, at length, by night's impervious screen,  
 Silent as death he quit the dreadful scene,  
 And, with swift march, he led his shatter'd band,  
 To seek for refuge in a distant land ;  
 Then all o'erwhelm'd, by Fortune's dark controul,  
 Had sunk the boundless projects of his soul,  
 But lo, amid this dismal scene of grief,  
 By his delusive arts, the wond'rous chief

Full

Full half the empire from its duty draws,  
 To share his fortunes, and espouse his cause,  
 Oh! hapless race, what tides of endless woe,  
 What dreadful ills from that sad step must flow!  
 Soon with a mightier host he march'd once more  
 Back to the city he had fled before;  
 Ships he erected, on the rolling tide,  
 To block this city in on ev'ry side;  
 Batt'ries he rear'd, on pond'rous mounds of earth,  
 That from their cannon breath'd destruction forth,  
 Soon from all sides, o'er all the bellowing shore,  
 Burst forth the horrors of their thund'ring roar,  
 Fierce from their mouths stream forth vast seas of fire,  
 Thick deaths fly round, black clouds of smoke aspire,  
 Full on the town descend the storms of ball,  
 And hurl its tott'ring domes in ruin all,  
 Aw'd at the terrors of the thund'ring fire,  
 From street to street the Indians swift retire;  
 Cortes, elate with fierce impetuous force,  
 From street to street pursues their trembling course,  
 Still as he moves he breathes wide slaughter round,  
 And countless myriads gasping strew the ground;  
 Yet still his foes maintain the dire debate,  
 And turning combat as they swift retreat:  
 Thus rag'd fierce Cortes thro' this scene of blood,  
 Thus the bold Indians all his force withstood,  
 'Till all who dare sustain the loud alarms,  
 Had, helpless, sunk beneath his conqu'ring arms;  
Thus,



Thus, when the prostrate town was quite o'erthrown,  
 In his true light the barb'rous victor shone,  
 Crowds on the rack he writhes with pit'less ire,  
 Myriads he plunges in the rage of fire,  
 That those keen pangs might force them to disclose  
 Where lay their gold, that source of all their woes,  
 Nor could his spotless rays of pure renown,  
 Nor all the sacred honours of his crown,  
 In aught the tyrant's merc'less wrath assuage,  
 Or screen the guiltless monarch from his rage;  
 For lo, behold him, with relentless ire,  
 Plung'd in the horrors of destructive fire,  
 Keen pangs arise, thick flames around him roll,  
 Yet not a groan escapes his manly soul,  
 He, with more glory, shone in that sad hour,  
 Than Cortes' self array'd in all his pow'r:  
 Thus did this monster, by a world of crimes,  
 Stamp, with the seal of guilt, those hateful times;  
 Thus did his barb'rous deeds efface the fame,  
 Which else his conqu'ring arms had gain'd his name.  
 Far to the south a mighty empire lies,  
 Where tow'ring Andes cleave the yielding skies,  
 Wide, as the burning zone, are seen expand,  
 The far-stretch'd regions of this smiling land,  
 And, like bright Mexico's late conquer'd shore,  
 All its vast entrails teem'd with shining ore;  
 Long had the people of this wide domain,  
 In a dull state of mental darkness lain,

Till

'Till Mango came, to cultivate their hearts,  
 And smoooth their manners with the finer arts,  
 Then spacious towns arose at his command,  
 And agriculture till'd the smiling land;  
 But tho' their manners were thus more refin'd,  
 They kept their sweet simplicity of mind,  
 Truth in their souls for ever held her reign,  
 Their hearts were gentle, and their deeds humane,  
 Smooth roll'd their circling years in calm delight,  
 And all was tranquil and serenely bright;  
 Yet not the virtues of this guiltless train,  
 Alas! could screen them from the rage of Spain.  
 Scarce had, with dire uproar, the splendid throne  
 Of ruin'd Mexico been quite o'erthrown,  
 When bold Pizarro, who, intent on fame,  
 Sought, like vile Cortes, to exalt his name,  
 Into the center of their peaceful land  
 Led, with keen fury, a relentless band;  
 A prince he was, humane and nobly great,  
 Who rul'd, at that sad time, this hapless state,  
 Mild, as a god, he'd sway'd the mighty shore,  
 And Atabalip, was the name he bore,  
 Without suspicion of their vile intent,  
 He forth to meet the warlike strangers went,  
 Then on an ample plain he took his post,  
 To wait the coming of proud Europe's host,  
 High on a splendid throne with glory crown'd,  
 With all his dazzling armies rang'd around,

Alost he fat when, to his wond'ring view,  
 Appear'd the terrors of the Christian crew;  
 Some space behind Pizarro left his train,  
 And tow'rds the monarch strode acrofs the plain,  
 Long this bold leader of the Christian race,  
 With vast Peru's dread king commun'd in peace,  
 He this great monarch to the crown of Spain,  
 Proffer'd the boundless treasures of his reign,  
 Would Spain but grant his subjects to enjoy  
 Their native innocence, without annoy;  
 Pizarro promis'd fair, and all the scene  
 Presents a prospect tranquil and serene;  
 When lo a priest, with sanctimonious face,  
 One of that treach'rous vile perfidious race,  
 Who, in religion's cloak, conceal'd their crimes,  
 And cheat, with semblance fair, the pliant times,  
 Cry'd to the king, Behold the gospel lights,  
 Instant you must believe the Christian rites,  
 Tho' his vile soul well knew the monarch's heart,  
 Saw not the sense these mystic words impart;  
 In vain these jarring words inactive roll,  
 They bear no meaning to the monarch's soul,  
 And he, 'till tutor'd in their dark intent,  
 Boldly refus'd to give a blind assent.  
 Fierce, to his friends, the priest then cry'd aloud,  
 Hurl all your vengeance on this impious crowd;  
 Swift at the word their guns, with thund'ring ire,  
 Pour'd forth huge torrents of destructive fire,

Dreadful

Dreadful they sweep along the echoing plain,  
 And dash to atoms all the trembling train,  
 Thousands on thousands, prostrate fall around,  
 And seas of pouring blood o'erflow the ground,  
 Then with their swords high whirling in their hands,  
 Furious they rush among the scattering bands,  
 Swift, with unnumber'd blows, they overwhelm in gore  
 The hapless few who 'scap'd from death before;  
 Straight from his throne, with keen relentless scorn,  
 Away in chains the helpless monarch's borne,  
 Nor could their gen'rous chief, whose nobler mind,  
 Was still to deeds of lenity inclin'd,  
 Restrain the fury of his merc'less crew,  
 He wept, alas! 'twas all the good could do;  
 But not the rancour of the Christian's spite,  
 Ends with the horrors of the dreadful fight,  
 For lo, in spite of all an empire's cries,  
 Of all the tears that fill'd his subjects eyes,  
 Soon, with keen rage, their vile relentless hand  
 Slew the good monarch of the guiltless land,  
 Then grim on ev'ry side, with wild uproar,  
 Dreadful they rush o'er all the trembling shore,  
 Where mild religion once the nation sway'd,  
 Kings rul'd with justice, men with joy obey'd,  
 Where reign'd mild plenty, reign'd each gentler art,  
 That smooths the manners, and that charms the heart;  
 Now, with blind rage, the barb'rous sons of Spain,  
 Pour their dire horrors o'er each groaning plain,

Infants they butcher'd, heedless of their cries,  
 Wives they polluted in their husbands eyes,  
 Myriads on myriads each succeeding day,  
 They gave to death an unresisting prey,  
 'Till quite bereft of all their harmless bands,  
 Desart, as Zembla, seem'd the drooping lands.  
 Soon all Europa's nations, taught by Spain,  
 Sought to the new-found world to stretch their reign,  
 And soon, like her, all 'gan for to expand  
 Their empire o'er this new-discover'd land,  
 Across the ocean Lusitania sped,  
 And thro' the wide Brazils her empire spread,  
 Where rolls the Amazon, her wat'ry store,  
 And like an ocean swells along the shore;  
 And ev'n Britannia's self, then deaf to shame,  
 Fail'd not to these vast coasts to urge her claim,  
 Across the deep, her emigrating bands  
 Pour'd like huge torrents to these hapless lands,  
 'Till from the northern pole to Cancer's line,  
 Were her all ruling standards seen to shine;  
 But let what will succeed in later times,  
 Their first mild progress was not mark'd by crimes,  
 Too well they knew the strength of freedom's charms,  
 To found their title on the force of arms,  
 They, from the natives, bought their useless plain,  
 Nor launch'd in horrors like the sons of Spain.  
 Next impious Gaul, who views, with jealous eyes,  
 The various projects of the world arise,

Who

Who anxious watches each quick turn of chance,  
 And lets nought slip that may her pow'r advance,  
 Swift o'er the ocean took her boundless flight,  
 And snatch'd from Britain half her lawful right,  
 O'er Canada's wide plains she spread her sway,  
 Where vast St. Laurence rolls his pond'rous way;  
 Yet not content with all this mighty shore,  
 She, on Britannia's sons, still press'd for more,  
 'Till from their dreadful strife that war arose,  
 Which makes these empires now such furious foes.  
 So spoke the mighty chief, Satagus hears,  
 And, fill'd with wonder, at the tale appears.  
 Now when the dazzling source of chearing day,  
 Thro' half his nether course had wing'd his way,  
 The God-like hero, and his Indian guest,  
 Prepar'd to hasten to the arms of rest;  
 First to the covert of a neighb'ring tent,  
 With his brave friend the God-like hero went,  
 There to a downy couch he him resign'd,  
 That lures to gentle sleep his wearied mind,  
 Then to his own bright tent once more he goes,  
 His train dismiss'd, he hastes to soft repose,  
 Scarce on the couch his temperate body lies,  
 When silent slumbers seal his peaceful eyes.

## BOOK THE FIFTH.

**S**OON as the sun, with conqu'ring rays, shot forth,  
 And clear'd from shadowy glooms the smiling earth,  
 With eager haste the mighty Wolfe arose,  
 And thro' the slumb'ring camp to Lester goes;  
 Stretch'd on his couch he found the God-like man,  
 Gave him a gentle shake, and thus began:—  
 Rise, O my gen'rous friend, come rise to find  
 A task well worthy of thy noble mind,  
 'Tis the brave Indian chief that claims thy care,  
 Long that sad chief has pin'd in dark despair,  
 Long has he mourn'd his lov'd Tamina lost,  
 Now a sad captive on some distant coast;  
 But, oh do thou thro' every region fly,  
 Search ev'ry land beneath the western sky,  
 Contemn all dangers, all opposing harms,  
 And bring that long-lost treasure to his arms:  
 Think what keen joy must swell the gen'rous breast,  
 That drives corroding grief from souls distressed,  
 A lofty bark now waits at yonder strand,  
 To waft thee hence to Nova Scotia's land,  
 Thence to the shores of Pennsylvania go,  
 For there I deem thou'lt find this child of woe,

But

But ev'n when blest with her you homeward steer,  
 Let her not know her long-lost lord is here,  
 Lest you should rob me of the bliss we find,  
 When we surprize, with joy, a grief-struck mind.  
 So spoke the chief, the gen'rous Lester rose,  
 And straight to execute his charge he goes,  
 Pleas'd with the deed, the God-like gen'ral went,  
 Then with swift step towards his tow'ring tent,  
 Thence to all sides he sent his loud commands,  
 To call the leaders of his vet'ran bands;  
 Soon the bold leaders of the warlike throng,  
 To learn his mighty mandate, roll'd along,  
 Eager they all around their gen'ral press'd,  
 Anxious to know the purpose of his breast.  
 Nor did the rulers of the thund'ring fleet,  
 At this illustrious council, fail to meet;  
 When, rising slow, great Wolfe the silence broke,  
 And thus, in manly accents, gravely spoke:—  
 Fruitless, my friends, my partners in this war,  
 Fruitless you see has been my constant care,  
 Fruitless the vast, the countless schemes I've try'd,  
 To curb fierce Gallia's all-destructive pride;  
 In vain I've strove to lure yon army down,  
 In vain I've strove to force yon hostile town,  
 In vain I've struggled still, from day to day,  
 With all the perils that impede our way:  
 High on yon tow'ring hills still frowns the foe,  
 And mocks, with scornful taunts, our toils below,  
Yet,



Yet, O! my friends, let not your souls despair,  
 Some glorious chance may yet reverse the war,  
 Would you but aid my last, my noblest scheme,  
 Britain may still retrieve her former fame,  
 While the all-ruling night, in sleep profound,  
 Lulls the loud bufflings of the world around,  
 Silent as death in-boats our steady band  
 May pass yon slumbering town, and calmly land;  
 Were this but done, that wish'd-for town's our  
 own,

And all the vaunting of proud Gaul's o'erthrown.  
 Nor think it needless thus to storm the place,  
 Winter's all-conqu'ring blasts come on apace,  
 And should we now let slip the present hours,  
 Soon will the gath'ring ice chase hence our pow'rs,  
 Yet should not all approve the bold design,  
 Should all but ten the dang'rous fight decline,  
 Still, with this little band, resolv'd I'll fly  
 To meet the countless foe, and bravely die;  
 Better it is to fall with deathless fame,  
 Than to survive to view our country's shame,  
 Scarce had he spoke when all the vet'ran crowd,  
 Swell'd with high transport, vent their joys aloud,  
 All try who most may praise the glorious plan,  
 And thus the God-like Townshend swift began:—  
 Good Heav'ns! what fear could thus thy soul alarm,  
 How couldst thou think we'd e'er desert thy arm,

How

How couldst thou think we'd e'er the combat flee,  
 When urg'd to vict'ry by a chief like thee;  
 Fir'd with proud hope when thou shalt lead the  
                   way,

Joyful we'll rush to meet the glorious fray,  
 There shouldst thou fall beneath all-conqu'ring death,  
 Joyful with thee we'll all resign our breath,  
 Joyful on thee, thro' seas of blood, we'll wait,  
 'Tis glorious sure to share our hero's fate.

He spoke, when Saunders, thus with eager haste,  
 Fill'd with like thirst of fame his soul express :  
 Go then, brave Wolfe, my noblest, best of friends,  
 Go where thy soul, thy dauntless soul intends,  
 Go, and my fleets, with all their thund'ring might,  
 Shall back your efforts, and sustain the fight;  
 While the brave host, led on by thy command,  
 Above the town shall dare the hostile band,  
 Here, with the thunder of my fleets, I'll make  
 Yon tow'ring ramparts to their bases shake,  
 And when yon rock shall ring with dire alarms,  
 Here, with a show'r of ball, I'll aid thy arms;  
 And ev'n shouldst thou be hurl'd from off the coast,  
 No mighty loss shall thence o'ertake thy host;  
 Then shall my ships approach the hostile strand,  
 And guard, with thund'ring might, thy routed band;  
 Then shall our boats thy shatter'd troops receive,  
 And waft them safe across the rolling wave.

Go

## When

When to the fight we lead our dauntless host,  
 And each aspiring hero takes his post,  
 Fearless of death rush on the pow'r of Gaul,  
 Nor fly till not a man remains to fall,  
 We in our country's cause should death defy,  
 Rather than meanly live, 'tis great to die.  
 The hero ceas'd, his gen'als all approve,  
 Thick from the tent, in swarming crowds, they  
                   move,

Each to his quarters flies with eager speed,  
 Anxious to execute what Wolfe decreed,  
 Soon on all sides the joyful bustling host  
 Are seen prepare to leave the fatal coast,  
 The tents are struck, the guns drawn off with care,  
 The stores embark'd, the scouts call'd in from far,  
 The swarming troops forsake the trembling strands,  
 And crowd the echoing fleet with countless bands;  
 Then in two parts the numerous fleets divide,  
 One wafts the army o'er the rolling tide,  
 While one still hov'ring, near Quebec's dread wall,  
 Eyes all the motions of the sons of Gaul:  
 Near Levie's point once more the vet'rans land,  
 And pitch their tow'ring tents along the strand,  
 There to remain 'till all was ready made,  
 For the completion of the schemes they'd laid;  
 Lester, meanwhile, at Wolfe's supreme command,  
 Borne on a lofty bark forsakes the strand,

Down

Down to St. Laurence's mouth their course they bend,  
 To where New Scotland's flow'ry shores extend;  
 There, from the swellings of old ocean's tide,  
 Into an ample bay they turn'd aside,  
 For 'twas their orders, from Acadia's plain,  
 To fetch provisions for Britannia's train:  
 Deep, in the bosom of these smiling lands,  
 The gently-sloping far-stretch'd bay expands,  
 Wide all around are boundless prospects seen  
 Of hills and plains, and groves and forests, green,  
 All wond'rous to relate high Heav'n's dread will,  
 Which oft makes blessings flow from seeming ill,  
 By various storms of fortune on the coast,  
 That girt this bay had poor Tamina tost;  
 Here from her native country far remov'd,  
 Long a sad slave she'd wept for him she lov'd;  
 Just when the vessel, that great Lester bore,  
 Steer'd in and anchor'd near the wish'd-for shore,  
 She, by her lordly master's dread command,  
 It chanc'd came wand'ring to the wave-wash'd strand,  
 There for to gather, for his lordly board,  
 Such little shell-fish as these strands afford;  
 Mean was her habit, as becomes a slave,  
 Loose in the wind her locks neglected wave,  
 And as, with pain, her toilsome task she plies,  
 Soft rolling tears fall gently from her eyes;  
 Grief ting'd her cheeks, her brow bespeaks despair,  
 And all her front appears one cloud of care;

But

But as thro' all the darksome clouds of night,  
 Bright Cynthia beams her mildly chearing light,  
 So thro' the glooms of wretchedness and care,  
 That wrapt the features of this hapless fair,  
 Such lovely sweetness in her eyes was seen,  
 As told each gazer what she once had been.  
 Scarce had to land the gen'rous Lester came,  
 When, to his view, swift rose the mournful dame;  
 She, when she saw the God-like stranger nigh,  
 Droop'd her sad head, and wip'd her tearful eye,  
 But he, with pity touch'd, approach'd in haste,  
 And thus, in gentlest voice, his soul express'd:  
 Say, O! thou mournful dame, what gloomy care  
 Thus drives thy sadd'ning soul to dark despair?  
 Say, is it wrongs that have been done to thee,  
 Or want, or aught, that may be cur'd by me?  
 Speak but thy woe, if aught can soothe thy grief,  
 Soon shall my lenient hand bestow relief.  
 Why wouldst thou seek, oh stranger, she rejoin'd,  
 To trace the secret anguish of my mind?  
 Affliction seldom meets with friendly care,  
 All seek to shun the children of despair;  
 But since that sweetly, tearful eye of thine  
 Speaks how thy woes now sympathize with mine,  
 I will, with strictest confidence, impart  
 To thee the sorrow that now wrings my heart,  
 For oh 'tis joyful to disclose our care,  
 To those whose pity will our anguish share;

R

Long,

Long, near the Susquehanna's blissful wave,  
 Joy to my soul a much lov'd husband gave,  
 But, oh sad fate, while once in quest of food  
 This much lov'd husband rang'd a distant wood,  
 By thy fell brethren, with relentless scorn,  
 I into dark captivity was borne,  
 What chance, what woes beset my God-like chief,  
 Alas! ne'er reach'd me in this scene of grief,  
 Since that sad time of him I've nothing heard,  
 Yet oh! 'tis much my hapless soul has fear'd.  
 Long in the glooms of Pennsylvania's shore,  
 For hither me the pitiless tyrants bore,  
 I, with the children of my happier years,  
 Pin'd a sad length of servitude in tears,  
 For they, like me, alas! depriv'd of aid,  
 Were, with their helpless mother, captives made;  
 At length, this round of sorrows to complete,  
 The then vile ruler of my hapless fate  
 Me, from my children, to these regions bore,  
 And basely sold me on this distant shore;  
 Here, oh disastrous chance! I'm subject still  
 To the proud varyings of a master's will;  
 Here am I forc'd, with keen laborious pain,  
 Thro' the long day to till the stubborn plain,  
 Here, when my toil subsides at close of day,  
 For my lost love I weep the night away,  
 And oft, well pleas'd at my dread Lord's command,  
 I pick'd these shell-fish on this lonely strand,

For

For here, beside the solitary deep,  
 I sigh unheard, and unobserv'd can weep.  
 She ceas'd, and transport swell'd the hero's breast;  
 For who the matron was he quickly guess'd :  
 Tell me thy name with haste, he soon rejoin'd,  
 Tell me, and ease the doubts that fill my mind,  
 Impart it swift with thy lov'd lord's to me,  
 Reasons I have for asking it of thee.  
 In his blest days of happiness and fame,  
 The great Satagus was my husband's name,  
 The dame return'd ; and, by my Sire's decree,  
 That of Tamina was impos'd on me.  
 Calm then thy grief, reply'd the gen'rous chief ?  
 For say what good e'er sprung from endless grief,  
 Calm then thy griefs, perhaps thy woes are o'er,  
 Woes full as great have comfort found before,  
 Guided by me, wouldst thou but hence repair,  
 To where great Wolfe leads on the distant war,  
 Soon will that chief, if yet thy lord should live,  
 Back to thy longing arms thy comfort give :  
 He ever seeks to bring the poor relief,  
 And soothe, with lenient hand, the child of grief,  
 And if my mem'ry mocks me not, loud fame  
 Has late said something of thy husband's name.  
 Hear'st thou of him, what say'st thou, she rejoin'd,  
 Speak, does he live ? Oh ! haste, relieve my mind ;  
 Know that these words, so lightly dropt by thee,  
 Are worth ten thousand thousand worlds to me.



Yet why of joy, alas! this frantic flame,  
Thou only said'st, thou b'liev'st thou'd'st heard his  
name.

Yes, my kind soother, joyfully with thee  
To seek my lord thro' all the world I'd flee ;  
But ah ! should I thus, thoughtless, haste away,  
Heav'n knows what ill the censuring world might say,  
Yet why these fears, these doubts, that rack my  
brain?

No chance, no change, can aggravate my pain ;  
Then lead me hence where'er thou dost approve,  
To death itself, if there I'll find my love.  
But ere, at thy request, I quit this plain,  
'Tis just I license of my lord obtain,  
Long tho' his hapless slave I've been, yet he  
Ne'er us'd his pow'r with cruelty to me,  
Ne'er has he aught requir'd of me to do,  
But what ev'n justice self had deem'd his due.  
Thus did the matron speak her just intent,  
To all she spoke the chief soon gave assent,  
Then from the lonely borders of the sea  
Tow'rds her master's dome they took their way,  
Just o'er a silver stream, whose wid'ning tide  
Rolls gently onward tow'rds old ocean's side,  
Closely encircled by a tow'ring wood,  
On a high hill, the stately mansion stood,  
Here had its owner, by a length of toil,  
First from its native wildness rous'd the soil,

Woods

Woods he had fell'd to clear the neighb'ring ground,  
 Marshes he'd drain'd, and fields he'd till'd around,  
 And now, with plenty's charms, the grateful land  
 Repays the former labours of his hand;  
 In honest industry he'd pass'd his life,  
 He lov'd mild quiet, and abhorr'd foul strife,  
 Slaves true he had, to work his lordly will,  
 Yet he too righteous was to treat them ill.  
 Scarce had been su'd for, by the mournful dame,  
 His approbation of her new-laid sceme,  
 When without pause, in accents mild, he said,  
 Go freely, go where'er your wish may lead,  
 Ill would it suit with justice to detain  
 The child of wretchedness in endless pain;  
 But as bright Sol, with swiftly less'ning rays,  
 Just then wheel'd downward to the western seas,  
 Thro' the long night, at his most kind request,  
 With him the friendly pair consent to rest,  
 But when, with roseat smiles, the dawning day  
 Beam'd thro' the glitt'ring east his first bright ray,  
 Eager they rose, and o'er the dewy land  
 Bent their swift progress, tow'ards the wave-wash'd  
     strand,  
 Just then a lofty bark forakes the coast,  
 Freight'd with warlike stores for Albion's host,  
 In this the social pair an entrance find,  
 And tow'ards Quebec swift scud before the wind;

Here, when the ship had reach'd the wish'd-for lands,  
 Where, close encamp'd, appear'd the British bands,  
 Lester on shore conducts his mournful friend,  
 And tow'rds the gen'rous Wolfe their course they  
     bent;

It chanc'd, by toil and ceaseless watchings spent,  
 The God-like chief then rested in his tent,  
 Soon as the much wish'd pair appear'd in view,  
 Instant his soul the pensive matron knew,  
 To meet them swift he rose with courteous air,  
 And smil'd on Lester to reward his care,  
 Then fixing on the dame his sparkling eyes,  
 Welcome, fair guest, with semblance calm, he cries,  
 Whate'er has led thee to these walks of war,  
 Welcome thou art to our protecting care,  
 Enter, my lovely visitant, with me,  
 Whate'er this tent affords I'll give to thee:  
 But ah! that grief-ting'd cheek, that tearful eye,  
 That downcast look, that sadly heaving sigh,  
 Speak but too plain, too plain, alas! I fear,  
 'Twas woe's sad hand that did conduct thee here:  
 Perhaps thy husband, in this war-rent land,  
 Long time has fought beneath my dread command,  
 Perhaps thy fears have told thee he is slain,  
 And thou to seek him com'st among my train;  
 Should it be so, what can be done I'll do,  
 Living or dead, to find him out for you.

Husband,

Husband, alas! the mournful dame replies,  
 No husband here shall bless these hapless eyes,  
 One I once had, a tender one, but he  
 Is lost I fear, for ever lost to me;  
 Ask of good Lester there, why now I stand  
 In thy dread presence, in this war-rent land,  
 He said thou wert so gentle, sweet and kind,  
 So soft of soul, benevolent of mind,  
 That thou would'st search the boundless world all o'er,  
 Or my lost husband to my arms restore;  
 And ah! if aught thy pity can impart,  
 To raise from deep despair my drooping heart,  
 Surely a chief so good, so kind, as thee,  
 Ne'er will refuse to succour one like me,  
 So may kind Heav'n still crown each wish of thine,  
 And soothe thy woes, as thou wilt comfort mine.  
 Back to thy arms thy much lov'd lord to bring,  
 Calls for the hand of heav'n's Almighty king,  
 The chief return'd: Yet why, thou mournful fair,  
 Why this sad gloom, this sadly dark despair?  
 Heav'n only knows what joys she keeps in store,  
 To beam sweet comfort on thy soul once more,  
 Here, while the awful will of Heav'n we wait,  
 Do thou the story of thy woes relate,  
 Tell to my soul what woes have tortur'd thine,  
 'Twill lighten yours, tho' it may sadden mine,  
 When in the troubled soul a grief's confin'd,  
 It rends, with double force, the burthen'd mind,

But

But when a gen'rous friend our sorrows shares,  
 It frees the troubled soul from half its cares,  
 In sweet discourse we find a kind relief,  
 And while we ope the cause, we lose the grief;  
 Speak then thy woes, nor shalt thou speak in vain,  
 I'll seek by ev'ry mean to soothe thy pain.  
 To speak my woes, the mournful dame rejoin'd,  
 Would but increase the anguish of my mind,  
 Lesther can tell how oft, my tongue, before  
 To him, in tears, has ran them o'er and o'er,  
 Learn them of him, for were they told by me,  
 My tears would sure offensive prove to thee.  
 Scarce, in sad sighs, these forrowing sounds of woe  
 From off the matron's tongue had ceas'd to flow,  
 When, by the hand of smiling fortune sent,  
 Her wish'd Satagus tow'r'd into the tent;  
 There, when his eyes his lov'd Tamina find,  
 Heav'ns! what confusion bursts upon his mind!  
 'Whelm'd in a flood of joy and keen surprize,  
 Starting at first, some space he backward flies,  
 There, for a time, with wildly stupid gaze,  
 He stands a speechless image of amaze,  
 Then springing forward with a furious bound,  
 Eager he clasp'd her with his arms around;  
 Instant she screams, she swoons, she sinks to night,  
 She wakes, she swoons, again returns to light,  
 Then round his neck her eager arms she flung,  
 While these wild words broke wildly from her tongue:

'Tis

'Tis my lost lord ! vain woes, vain fears you're o'er,  
 Heav'ns, do I clasp thee in my arms once more ?  
 Yes, and so close these arms I'll twine round thee,  
 That worlds, whole worlds, shan't tear thee now from  
 me.

Fear not, my love, my life, the Indian cries,  
 While joy's keen transports sparkle in his eyes,  
 Fear not, my love, no pow'r, no worlds, no might,  
 Again shall tear thee from thy husband's sight,  
 Sure that kind Heav'n that grants us now such joy  
 Would not so soon such hopes, such bliss destroy ;  
 Cease then these fears, forbid these tears to flow,  
 They speak not joy, they speak a boundless woe,  
 All should be tranquil, lively, light and gay,  
 On this blest smiling all-auspicious day ;  
 Cease then, my love, and swift to me relate  
 The various sorrows of thy captive state,  
 Tell, tell the all of griefs that thee beset,  
 Since that sad day when last we bade farewell ;  
 But ah ! to me they're all already known,  
 For sure I well may guess them by my own.  
 Were I to make this wish'd-for hift'ry true,  
 I would but tell thee what I've felt for you,  
 For thro' each change, each chance, the dame rejoin'd,  
 Chief, on thy dear, dear self, still hung my mind,  
 Soon as from thy most kind protection torn,  
 I into sad captivity was borne,

There

There was I forc'd to toil for five long years,  
 Thro' a dark length of servitude and tears,  
 Whipp'd, scourg'd, despis'd, and to torment me more,  
 Me from my hapless babes at length they tore;  
 Yet not these sorrows e'er were felt by me,  
 They all were lost in mightier woes for thee,  
 For thee was ev'ry sigh, was ev'ry groan,  
 I thought, I wept, I sigh'd for thee alone,  
 Eve, noon and morn, on thy dear name I'd call;  
 Thou wert my fear, my hope, my grief, my all;  
 At length great Wolfe, to quell each doubt, each fear,  
 Has kindly fought me out, and brought me here,  
 For 'tis to him full well my lord I guess,  
 We owe the boundless joy we now possess.  
 But ah! amid the num'rous things you've said,  
 Why no enquiry for your children made,  
 How would they weep, did their poor souls but know,  
 Their once fond father could neglect them so,  
 They still, oppress'd beneath the tyrants hand,  
 Are still sad captives in a distant land,  
 And there, alas! if right forebode my fears,  
 They're doom'd to pine the morning of their years.  
 Pardon, my love, reply'd the chief, the fault,  
 That my sweet babes for once had 'scap'd my thought,  
 So lost in thee were all my thoughts, my mind,  
 That not aught else could there an entrance find,  
 And ev'n my babes would pard'n me, if they knew,  
 That this dear error had been caus'd by you,

But

But oh! my babes they're helpless captives all,  
 Have I aught now that I should children call?  
 Are they not slaves, from me for ever torn,  
 And I quite childless, friendless, left to mourn?  
 Must these dear sons, whom once my fondness thought  
 Into life's scene for glorious purpose brought,  
 Whom I once hop'd, some future day, to view  
 Their country's glory, and her bulwark too;  
 Heav'ns! must they cringe beneath the tyrants will,  
 Bear his vile scourges, and be patient still?  
 This do I hear, yet think, yet talk of bliss,  
 Can I bear life, when I've been told of this?  
 But whether joy or grief be meant to me,  
 'Tis just, oh Wolfe, my thanks be paid to thee,  
 For such the deed is thou hast done to-day,  
 As thanks, tho' endless, never can repay,  
 For this all-gracious deed, while seas shall roll,  
 While stars at night shall sparkle round the pole,  
 While the bright dazzling sun shall hold on high,  
 His endless progress thro' the blazing sky,  
 I do most gladly to thy lov'd controul,  
 Yield up my life, my services, my soul;  
 Speak what thou wilt that I for thee should do,  
 And tho' Hell thwart me, it is done for you;  
 But ah! couldst thou my children now restore,  
 Thou wouldst add much to all thou'st done before.  
 Fear not, my friend, the gen'rous hero cries,  
 Thy children all shall bless thy longing eyes,

But



But 'till swift time shall crown this just design,  
 Let it suffice that now my word is thine,  
 Then stay, my friend, and here with rapture prove  
 The tender joys that flow from nuptial love,  
 I thro' the camp, meanwhile, will bend my course,  
 Down to the fleet to lead my martial force,  
 And when my gallant troops the siege commence,  
 Soon shall a speedy summons call thee hence ;  
 But ere I go and leave thee here behind,  
 Resolve some doubts that now perplex my mind,  
 Long has report thro' all the world proclaim'd,  
 That all the souls of these, we've Indians nam'd,  
 Are frigid, grave, dispassionate and cool,  
 Ne'er toft by passion, but still mov'd by rule,  
 But thy late conduct with thy spouse has shewn,  
 That thou wert born with passions like our own.  
 In such cool incidents, the chief rejoin'd,  
 As leave thought time to regulate the mind,  
 When the affections all have time to form,  
 In calm array to brave the coming storm,  
 I grant our souls a like indifference show,  
 To scenes of gladness, or to scenes of woe,  
 Because this fancied steadiness of mind,  
 We think exalts us above all mankind,  
 But when the passions take us by surprise,  
 Or when, unseen, in solitude they rise,  
 Soon do our tears, our tremblings, shew us then,  
 That we can feel and weep like other men.

Wolfe heard attentive till the Indian ceas'd,  
 Then from the lofty tent he moves in haste.  
 Now must the Muse, from scenes of tears and sighs,  
 To scenes of war and thund'ring discord rise,  
 For now the time, the great, the glorious hour,  
 Doom'd for the ruin of proud Gallia's pow'r,  
 Smiles near at hand, and lo Wolfe flies to call  
 His squadrons forth, to seek the sons of Gaul;  
 Deck'd in bright arms that dazzling flame around,  
 And thick as lab'ring ants move o'er the ground,  
 Swift from the camp pours forth the British host,  
 In num'rous files, along the trembling coast,  
 Led by great Holmes, in quest of high renown,  
 Long since a num'rous fleet had past the town,  
 High up the mighty stream they'd bent their course,  
 And struck with dire dismay the Gallic force,  
 And now these ships approach the southern side,  
 To waft the army o'er the rolling tide,  
 Swift to these ships from off the echoing strands,  
 Like a vast deluge, roll the vet'ran bands,  
 Soon on the tow'ring decks they all appear,  
 With all their glitt'ring arms prepar'd for war;  
 Yet spite of speed, of eagerness so great,  
 Ere the vast embarkation was complete,  
 Sol from the heav'n's had quite withdrawn his light,  
 And o'er the earth swift rose the shades of night,  
 And till mild Cynthia's lamp should deign to rise,  
 At anchor still the British Squadron lies,

Great Wolfe, for future toil, to arm his breast,  
 Meanwhile, in gentle slumbers sunk to rest,  
 Kind Heav'n, descending sweetly, deigns to shed  
 Her sacred influence round her hero's head,  
 Nor lets one dream, one dark foreboding rise,  
 To bring his future fortune to his eyes;  
 Sleep on, O Wolfe, from sad forebodings free,  
 This is the last great night thou'rt doom'd to see,  
 To-morrow's dawn, what woes, what griefs, must  
                   come,

To-morrow's dawn, alas! completes thy doom,  
 To-morrow's dawn thou must from hence be torn,  
 And thy poor native land be left to mourn;  
 O did vain man futurity but know,  
 How would he shun the paths that lead to woe!  
 How would Britannia shun to-morrow's fray,  
 Tho' fame, tho' vict'ry, wait to crown the day,  
 When high enthron'd, amid the starry train,  
 Deep awful Night had roll'd thro' half her reign,  
 The silver moon, with splendid light bespread,  
 Above the wide horizon rear'd her head,  
 And, conscious of the deed, she came to guide,  
 Illum'd with clearer rays the sparkling tide,  
 Rous'd from the tender bonds of soft repose,  
 Swift at the signal the glad hero rose,  
 Eager aloft he springs with gen'rous care,  
 And calls his gath'ring troops to seek the war,

Thick

Thick from all sides descend at his commands,  
 Into a crowd of boats the vet'ran bands,  
 Then up the stream, with swiftly plying oars,  
 Distant alike from both the neighb'ring shores,  
 These num'rous boats, in lines expanded wide,  
 Move o'er the bosom of the rolling tide,  
 Close in the rear the tow'ring ships appear,  
 Steering their course where'er the vet'rans steer;  
 Thus, while urg'd onward by the moon's strong force,  
 Upward the waters roll their whirling course;  
 The fleet and army, rank'd in firm array,  
 High up the mighty river take their way,  
 All for to mock the spies that Gallia's host  
 Had plac'd on ev'ry side, along the coast:  
 But when anon, with rapid pow'r supply'd,  
 Back to the ocean rolls the reflux tide,  
 The rowers swift suspend their needful force;  
 And downward drive before its whirling course,  
 Swept in the rapid pourings of the stream,  
 Swift to the foot of Abram's steep they came,  
 Silent they edge towards the northern land,  
 And, undiscover'd, reach the wish'd-for strand,  
 'Twas at this awful moment Wolfe was seen  
 Like a dread God, all tranquil and serene,  
 Forward he springs, he gains the hostile coast,  
 He cheers, conducts, and lands his num'rous host,  
 And yet so calm, so still, that not a sound,  
 Loud as a breath, is heard to murmur round;

But tho' successful in this first essay,  
 Still mightier dangers rise to thwart his way,  
 Scarce had the land receiv'd his martial force,  
 When a huge steep frowns forth to thwart his course,  
 High on the summit of whose cloud-capt crown,  
 In all its glitt'ring spires, shines forth the town,  
 Swift twirling round, with many a winding bent,  
 A narrow path mounts up this steep ascent,  
 High o'er its head a steady wakeful band,  
 Beneath a fence of strong entrenchments stand,  
 Theirs 'twas to watch the motions of the foe,  
 And guard from each attempt the path below;  
 Betwixt the city and this path's dark head,  
 A wide extended plain was seen to spread;  
 Spite of these num'rous bars, these threat'ning woes,  
 Spite of these horrid rocks, these watchful foes,  
 Firm and unaw'd still stands the God-like man,  
 Bent to pursue and crown his glorious plan,  
 He gives the word, and lo, at his command,  
 Swift up the steep advance an active band,  
 High, tho' it frowns, tho' dark, tho' dire to view,  
 Howe leads the way, and they with joy pursue,  
 And soon, to strike each gazer with surprize,  
 High on its utmost top they're seen to rise;  
 Rous'd by the trampling din that upward rose,  
 In wild confusion start the wond'ring foes,  
 But ere they'd time to snatch their rattling arms,  
 The British troops rush on in dire alarms,

Burst

Burst o'er their trench, o'erleap their tow'ring mound,  
 And drive their scatt'ring bands dispers'd around,  
 Thus did great Howe, by one victorious blow,  
 Obtain this great advantage of the foe,  
 Thus did he grasp an earnest of the fame,  
 Doom'd in succeeding times to grace his name;  
 The heights secur'd from off the nether coast,  
 Along the path roll up the gladd'ning host,  
 Joyful elate they thund'ring shout aloud,  
 As up the steep, in countless swarms, they crowd,  
 Then with loud thund'rings, on high Abram's plain,  
 Like a vast deluge pours the num'rous train,  
 Wide as they roll deep groans the trembling ground,  
 And all the rattling rocks re-echo round,  
 Still as they mount, beneath their gen'ral's sway,  
 The gath'ring legions form in close array,  
 Each bold battalion takes its destin'd post,  
 And spreads the length'ning line along the coast;  
 Wide on the left, where o'er the rolling tide  
 The rocks huge summit hangs with threat'ning pride,  
 Otway's brave squadrons first in arms advance,  
 Their flank to shelter from the rage of France,  
 Close on their left, with stately front, appears  
 A hugely tow'ring corps of grenadiers,  
 Tall as vast rocks shines forth their tow'ring height,  
 And like firm rocks they stand to meet the fight;  
 Here, by Wolfe's orders, had they fix'd their post,  
 To prop this grand division of the host,

Leftward of these, along the glitt'ring line,  
 Bragg's, Kennedy's, Lascelle's brave squadrons shine,  
 Next the fierce Highlanders present their bands,  
 And wave their pond'rous swords with active hands,  
 Last, bold Anstruther's troops embattled shine,  
 And form the utmost left of all the line ;  
 On either wing a chief conducts the fight,  
 Murray the left, great Moncton leads the right,  
 Wolfe in the center takes his nobler stand,  
 And o'er the whole extends his wide command,  
 When thro' the redd'ning east, with dawning ray,  
 First peep'd Aurora, harbinger of day :  
 In firm array thus rang'd the British train,  
 Stretch'd in vast lines across the glitt'ring plain,  
 High in their front blaze forth their dazzling arms,  
 And threat all trembling Gaul with gath'ring harms,  
 Wolfe, with keen joy, beheld the rising light,  
 Beheld, and glows with transport at the fight,  
 From post to post, with rapid haste, he flies,  
 From wing to wing he darts his piercing eyes,  
 Then in the front of all the warlike crowd,  
 Takes his conspicuous stand, and cries aloud,  
 Now, O brave friends, brave candidates for fame,  
 Now have we gain'd our great, our glorious aim,  
 Lo ! in dark fates, in low'ring fortune's spite,  
 We're rang'd securely on tall Abram's height ;  
 See in full view, before our gladd'ning eyes,  
 How yon bright town in all her glory lies,

See

See how her domes, her glitt'ring spires arise,  
 And call us on to seize the dazzling prize,  
 Hear their loud call, my friends, your glory raise,  
 Rush on to vict'ry, fame, and deathless praise,  
 Fear not proud Gallia's vast stupendous pow'rs,  
 For what are numbers 'ppos'd to troops like ours ?  
 Cowards and slaves before such odds have fled,  
 But genuine valour ne'er was known to dread,  
 Think too, what troops compose this vaunted host,  
 What but a few weak bands from Gallia's coast,  
 Of rude provincials, an ungovern'd crowd,  
 Unskill'd, unsteady, turbulent and proud,  
 Some tribes of Indians, whose ferocious might  
 Works their own ruin in each well-ru'd fight ;  
 Such are the troops that dare our rage oppose,  
 Then scorn, my friends, to yield to such mean foes,  
 Nor fame alone forbids inglorious flight,  
 Our love for safety spurs us to the fight,  
 See what huge steepes, what direful rocks frown round,  
 To work our ruin, if we once give ground,  
 Rouse then, ye God-like chiefs, ye souls of fight,  
 Let all these great incitements rouse your might,  
 Let the loud calls of honour's sacred name,  
 Let wealth, let glory, safety, prudence, fame,  
 And louder still, by me unurg'd before,  
 The dear, dear int'rests of our native shore,  
 All urge your souls to stand this dreadful day,  
 And brave the horrors of the rising fray ;



Act thus, my friends, and soon our threat'ning frown  
 Shall awe the tow'ring pride of Gallia down,  
 Soon shall yon city sink beneath our pow'rs,  
 And all her wealth her boundless wealth be ours,  
 Nor think, my friends, I urge your souls to dare  
 Terrors or toils, that I disdain to share :  
 No—each dark chance that Fortune show'rs on you,  
 Each toil, each pain, shall be your gen'ral's too,  
 Where'er the war roars loudest o'er the plain,  
 There will I rush, there lead my martial train,  
 All that I ask of you, this glorious day,  
 Is but to march where I shall lead the way.  
 He spoke, his troops all shout with keen delight,  
 And all at once they burn to meet the fight,  
 Then to the right he wings his rapid course,  
 Where God-like Moncton leads his martial force,  
 Him, at the head of all his troops he found,  
 With groves of glitt'ring muskets rais'd around.  
 Hail, my brave friend, the gen'rous hero cries,  
 Now the long wish'd-for moment strikes our eyes,  
 Now is the time that must exalt our name,  
 Or cloud our future days with endless shame;  
 I know thy bosom feeds a warlike flame,  
 I know thy matchless worth, thy former fame,  
 I know thy soul, from basely terrors free,  
 Will nobly act the part assign'd to thee,  
 Yet spite of all my fortitude can do,  
 Spite of my boundless confidence in you,

Still

Still one sad doubt, one dark, one dismal fear,  
 Clings to this breast, and holds the empire here,  
 'Tis the sad fear left if, in fight, I fall,  
 My troops, dishearten'd, should give way to Gaul;  
 Then, oh my friend, if e'er thou'lt felt for me  
 That glow of friendship which I feel for thee,  
 Swear that thou wilt, tho' I to death should yield,  
 Still bravely rule, still bravely stand the field:  
 Haste, oh my friend, perform this last request,  
 And ease the patriot terrors of my breast.  
 If such a vow, with haste the chief rejoin'd,  
 Can calm thy fears, and ease thy manly mind,  
 Soon may'st thou lull thy griefs, thy fears to rest,  
 And quell the patriot terrors of thy breast,  
 For whether life or death this day be thine,  
 To strive for glory's wreath shall still be mine,  
 And ev'n, had I been never urg'd by thee,  
 Honour's loud call had claim'd thus much of me;  
 But whence these boding fears that fill thy breast,  
 Whence do such painful doubts thy soul molest,  
 For sure our gracious God can ne'er design  
 To rob his fav'rite earth of worth like thine,  
 Sure from our hopes the pitying hand of fate  
 Won't tear so soon a chief so good, so great.  
 No cause have I, the God-like hero said,  
 The dark immediate stroke of death to dread,  
 No cause save what the swift approaching fray,  
 Alike to all presents this dreadful day,

But

But now, juſt plunging in loud diſcord's blaze,  
 Who knows what ſudden chance may end my days,  
 And we thro' life prepar'd ſhould ever ſtand,  
 As if our laſt dread moment was at hand,  
 Beſide, to deeds of fame to fire my hoſt,  
 I in the front of fight muſt take my poſt,  
 Where'er the battle roars with keenest ire,  
 There muſt I ruſh, there brave the hoſtile fire,  
 'Tis this alone can rouse my ſlender train,  
 To ſtand the dreadful ſhock they muſt ſuſtain,  
 'Tis this alone can nerve their feeble might,  
 To brave proud Gaul's vaſt multitudes in fight.  
 Pardon me, Sir, great Monſton then returns,  
 While all his breaſt with gen'rous friendſhip burns,  
 Pardon me, Sir, if I preſume to blame  
 The headlong raſhneſs of ſo great a ſcheme;  
 Ne'er, when I think my gen'ral's counſel wrong,  
 Will I in baſe compliance hold my tongue,  
 And ſpite of all thy valour yet has ſaid,  
 To blind thy friends, and praiſe the ſcheme thou'ſt  
 laid,

'Tis my firm thought thou ſhouldeſt not, in the ſtrife,  
 Hazard ſo great a treasure as thy life:

'Tis true the gen'ral's deeds, when blaz'd aſar,  
 Oft rouse the kindling troops to meet the war,  
 And oft the valour of one ſingle hand,  
 Has fir'd to glorious deeds a fearful band;

But

But what is vict'ry, what ev'n fame divine,  
 Weigh'd 'gainst the hazard of a life like thine?  
 Could fame, could vict'ry e'er the loss repay,  
 Wert thou to fall, to fall this dreadful day?  
 Vict'ry and fame in ev'ry land we see,  
 But worlds can't boast a gen'ral train'd like thee,  
 Then, O brave chief, if e'er thy gen'rous hand  
 Did shield from gath'ring ills thy native land,  
 If e'er thy God-like soul has wish'd to save  
 Britain from woe, her armies from the grave,  
 Now to the reere like other chiefs retire,  
 And shun the fury of the hostile fire,  
 Thence to the fight thou may'st extend thy care,  
 Safe from the deaths and thunders of the war.  
 Never, my friends, the God-like hero cries,  
 While flash'd his soul all glorious from his eyes,  
 Ne'er shall this breast to fear's vile impulse yield,  
 While fame, while glory call me to the field;  
 How would I scorn my base, my dastard soul,  
 Did she thus stoop to terror's dark controul,  
 Me to the fight I hear my country's call,  
 I'll go, I'll conquer, or I'll bravely fall,  
 Ne'er could I bear to meet my country's grief,  
 A scoff'd-at, poor, neglected, vanquish'd chief;  
 But if indeed thy friend in fight should fall,  
 Ah! do not his perverseness madness call,  
 'Tis for my country's good I danger scorn,  
 That sacred good for which we all were born,

For

For when our country's cause demands our breath,  
 We're bound, by Nature's laws, to welcome death.  
 But ere, brave chief, I leave thy friendly arms,  
 To face grim death, and brave war's loud alarms,  
 Let me beseech my God-like friend once more,  
 By our dear friendship, by our native shore  
 If I this day must stoop to death's dark hand,  
 Brave still to fight, and cheer my much-lov'd band,  
 Were I but sure thou'dst thus conduct the strife,  
 O with what tranquil joy I'd yield my life !  
 Nor blame these fears, these anxious doubts in me,  
 'Tis patriot love, and not distrust of thee,  
 Then in the honour of a soldier's name,  
 An oath ne'er broken by a child of fame,  
 Returns the chief, tho' fate's dark gripe should tear  
 Thee from the conduct of the doubtful war,  
 Moncton shall still each nerve, each effort strain,  
 Gaul to confound, and win this glorious plain,  
 'Till from this dreadful wrath proud Gaul shall flee,  
 And own him worthy to succeed to thee ;  
 Or he, like thy brave self, his life resign,  
 And fall with glory that may vie with thine,  
 Farewell then, friend, farewell, the hero said,  
 Pleas'd I now go, for gone is ev'ry dread,  
 'Twas for my country's cause I fear'd alone,  
 And thou hast sworn to make that cause thy own ;  
 Farewell, my friend, if here we meet once more,  
 Vict'ry shall smile, and cry your toils are o'er,

But

But if thy Wolfe this day should yield his breath,  
 Weep not, brave chief, we'll meet again in death.  
 Thus while he spoke, with eager arms he prest  
 The mighty Moncton to his God-like breast,  
 Deep from his breast then stole a boding sigh,  
 Grief fill'd his soul and started to his eye;  
 Yet sees he not what these sad sighs portend,  
 But deems them marks of fondness for his friend;  
 Soon from that friend his dauntless self he threw,  
 And tow'rd the centre of his army flew.  
 Moncton beholds the much-lov'd chief depart,  
 He feels a woe hang heavy at his heart,  
 Slow from his eye down rolls a mournful tear,  
 That seems to say, Great Wolfe's sad doom is near.  
 Now that the Muse has trac'd the British host,  
 Thro' all their motions, on the hostile coast,  
 'Tis time, she flies, to take a hasty view  
 Of what meantime was done by Gallia's crew;  
 While, with unceasing care and deep design,  
 Mov'd the bold leader of Britannia's line,  
 Gaul, lull'd in false security's vain dream,  
 Thought him o'erthrown, and talk'd of endless fame,  
 Deeming each recent motion of the foe  
 As empty vauntings, to conceal his woe;  
 But one brave chief there was, Vaudreuil by name,  
 The noblest Gaul of all the Gauls of fame,  
 Prompt was his soul to brave war's dark controul,  
 Yet steady, calm and cautious was his soul,

All Montcalm's virtues he his own could call,  
 Without those vices that deform'd them all,  
 While a false pride thus lull'd the Gallic crowd,  
 He saw their danger and proclaim'd it loud,  
 Still, with dark bodings, he his gen'ral's ear  
 Besieg'd, and warn'd him of the tempest near,  
 'Till forc'd by ceaseless outcries to submit,  
 He call'd a council, in a wrathful fit,  
 Just at the instant when the British fleet  
 Weigh'd from Point Levies, did the council meet,  
 Stern in the midst Montcalm is seen to rise,  
 And with dark frowning brow thus keen he cries—  
 Here are we met, but oh! that some kind friend  
 Would say, from what dread cause, for what great  
 end,

War hence is fled, all's peace and triumph here,  
 No danger threatens, and no foe is near;  
 Then say what groundless fears, what wild affright,  
 Thus mar the sweet tranquillity of night?  
 Have not our thunders crush'd the British host,  
 Did they not yield and fly this dreadful coast?  
 Then can we think they'll dare to brave us more,  
 Or stand that shock they dare not stand before?  
 Sooner the pliant reed's weak bending form  
 Shall brave, unaw'd, the fury of the storm,  
 Then whence in spite of victories so great,  
 The complaints, the murmurs, that I've heard of late?

Is it that those whose actions are but few,  
 Would wish to babble what their swords can't do ?  
 But let them first, who dare my conduct blame,  
 Step forth and weigh 'gainst mine their former fame.  
 Here stands the man that dares, Vaudreuil replies,  
 To call thy conduct thoughtiefs and unwise,  
 Here stands the man that dares disclose his mind,  
 Tho' worlds on worlds to silence him were join'd ;  
 Cease then to boast, we've now no time, my friend,  
 On such vain things as selfish praise to spend,  
 Say should we thus our tott'ring fame extol,  
 Just as grim death appears to hang o'er all ?  
 Nor think the woes my tongue at hand proclaims,  
 Mere empty shadows, or fantastic dreams ;  
 If crush'd the spirit of the British host,  
 Why not their vanquish'd fleets forsake our coast ?  
 Why do they now steer o'er yon rolling tide,  
 And bend their course swift tow'rds this northern side ?  
 Much, much, I fear, of flight ne'er dreams the foe,  
 But of some high design, some final blow,  
 Perhaps to scale, to mount yon tow'ring steep,  
 And here surprize us in the arms of sleep,  
 This should they do, how lost are all our pow'rs,  
 What woes, what shame, what ruin must be ours !  
 Then rise, Montcalm, perform a prudent part,  
 Nor let thy groundless pride mislead thy heart,  
 March half thy troops to guard tall Abram's height,  
 While here the rest shall brave the naval might,



This should you do, we might disperse the cloud  
 That now seems gath'ring o'er the Gallic crowd,  
 But this o'erlook'd, so sure as heav'n we all,  
 By dire surprize, in some black hour shall fall.  
 Thus while he spoke, Montcalm with fury burns,  
 Pride, wrath, revenge, all tear his breast by turns,  
 Fill'd with keen rage he rolls his fiery eyes,  
 And thus, with thund'ring voice, tempest'ous cries:—  
 Gods! shall I bear such vile audacious blame,  
 Heav'ns! must I hear, thus stain'd, my sacred fame;  
 Dares such a mean, low, paltry thing as thee,  
 Censure a chief, a matchless chief, like me?  
 Let but thy lips once more such words impart,  
 And this keen sword by heav'n shall rend thy heart;  
 Cease then, proud slave, this vile presumptuous strain,  
 All thy rank pride, thy insolence, is vain,  
 'Tho' hell, to thwart me, rose with all her force,  
 Still should I hold my own and reason's course,  
 Still should each squadron stand its former post,  
 Still on these heights should stay my conqu'ring host,  
 And when swift time shall prove those measures just,  
 How will thy tow'ring pride be plung'd in dust.  
 Bursting with rage, Vaudreuil the gen'ral hears,  
 Fierce in his eye a gath'ring wrath appears,  
 But straight mild reason to his soul awoke,  
 And thus, with semblance calm, the hero spoke:—  
 Rage on, proud chief, I scorn thy rage and thee,  
 These rants, these blust'ring, ne'er can injure me,  
I did

I did I chose could storm and bluster too,  
 Perhaps as loud, perhaps as fierce as you, —  
 But now my country's woes my thoughts engage,  
 And thy superior sway forbids my rage,  
 Yet trust a future day shall smile on me,  
 When I for just revenge may call on thee;  
 Meanwhile I'd have thee, for 'tis just and fit,  
 Indulge thy humour with this moody wit,  
 For when, by dire surprize, thou'rt soon o'erthrown,  
 When all thy prostrate host shall round thee groan,  
 Wolfe won't give time I fear for such vain play,  
 So make the best of what thou hast to-day.  
 Then with a scornful smile and brow resign'd,  
 That spoke the fix'd resentment of his mind,  
 Calm as a God he tow'r'd from out the tent,  
 And tow'rds his distant quarters thoughtful went,  
 Whelm'd with amaze, with indignation fir'd,  
 Soon from the council all the rest retir'd,  
 Each fill'd with dark resentment to his chief,  
 A sad preface of all their future grief;  
 Yet tho' most deeply stung with anger dire,  
 At the vile fallies of the tyrant's ire,  
 Still did the great Vaudreuil not fail to stand  
 The first best champion of his native land,  
 Soon as the camp was sunk in soft repose,  
 Above the tow'ring town the hero goes,  
 There on a lofty rock he takes his post,  
 And eyes with steady care the neighb'ring coast,

For much his heart, in pain for hapless Gaul,  
 Forebodes the dreadful fate that hangs o'er all,  
 Nor proves all vain thy dark foreboding fear,  
 For lo! the storm, the dreadful storm is near,  
 Lo! the thick gloom, the long, long threat'ning cloud,  
 At length in thunders bursts on Gallia's crowd;  
 Scarce once around he'd cast his anxious view,  
 When pouring up he kens the hostile crew,  
 Whelm'd in amaze he shouts, half choak'd with woe,  
 Friends, friends, arise, the foe, the foe, the foe!  
 Instant the streets are fill'd with dismal cries,  
 Crowds spring from rest, drums beat, and shouts arise;  
 Straight all Quebec is wrapt in dire alarms,  
 And countless troops rush thund'ring forth to arms,  
 Soon with swift progress from Quebec's bright wall,  
 Spread the loud tumult to the camp of Gaul,  
 Rous'd by the clam'rous sound from soft repose,  
 Rapid as light the fierce Montcalm arose;  
 But when the wond'rous cause had reach'd his ear,  
 Of all this dire uproar, this frantic fear,  
 He smil'd indignant at a tale so vain,  
 And strode compos'dly to his couch again;  
 But still the direful tumult swells around,  
 Hills, rocks and floods, with mingled cries resound,  
 Heralds in crowds, from ev'ry quarter sent,  
 Pour round, and call him from his lofty tent;  
 Forth from his tent once more in haste he flies,  
 Rage in his soul, and vengeance in his eyes.

There

There ends his threat'ning pride, lo ! there he hears  
 Loud shouts of triumph rend his list'ning ears,  
 The victors shout, which, thund'ring from on high,  
 Cry all is o'er, and Gaul's dark fate is nigh.  
 Spite of this dark dilemma not one fear,  
 One doubt, one terror in his eyes appear,  
 Calm as a God he tow'ring seems to rise,  
 Fame swells his front, and glory flush'd his eyes,  
 Dreadful as Mars flames forth his sinewy might,  
 And, like dread Mars, he burns to mix in fight,  
 Loud thro' the camp he sends a thund'ring call,  
 To rouse to fight the ling'ring sons of Gaul ;  
 Swift at the call to meet the threat'ning storm,  
 Forth from the camp the gath'ring legions swarm,  
 Then tow'rd's the town in droves they pour along,  
 And up the steep thick mounts the num'rous throng,  
 There, as he rolls his fiery eyes around,  
 Rang'd near the town some vet'ran bands he found,  
 These had Vaudreuil together drawn with care,  
 To check the first wild fury of the war,  
 Him at their head, when fierce Montcalm defery'd,  
 Keen rose his wrath, and boundless swell'd his pride,  
 Stern on the chief he roll'd a scornful eye,  
 And with indignant voice was heard to cry :—  
 For once, foul envy and malignant spite,  
 Proud chief, I own for once they've croak'd aright,  
 Yet think not, slave, I scorn the less in thee,  
 The pride, the insolence thou'lt us'd to me ;

Act well thy part on this tremendous day,  
 Or dear for all thy arrogance thou'lt pay.  
 Think not I need thy threats, Vaudreuil rejoin'd,  
 To scare to deeds of fame my fearless mind,  
 Base he's indeed, who, in an hour so dire,  
 Thinks but of private wrongs of selfish ire,  
 Now to my country's cause I all resign,  
 A future day, O vengeance, shall be thine!  
 Then calm to fill the duties of his post,  
 He joins his squadrons to the tyrant's host.  
 Now with bright front bent tow'rs the British train,  
 With their huge flanks spread widely o'er the plain,  
 While far behind Quebec high dazzling tow'rs,  
 Montcalm, in lines, draws up his num'rous pow'rs;  
 Then like a deluge, o'er the trembling coast,  
 Onward they roll swift tow'rs the British host:  
 First, the huge centre of the pouring train  
 Moves in a stately column o'er the plain,  
 Fierce in this stately column's seen to shine,  
 The strength of Gascony and Guienne's line,  
 Stretch'd from this mighty corps, on either hand,  
 A wide expanded wing spreads o'er the land,  
 Wedg'd in close ranks, to brave the rising fight,  
 Lafaure and Languedoc compose the right,  
 Far in the left the Roussillons appear,  
 And from the glitt'ring town avert the war;  
 On each dark wing, to swell the dire alarms,  
 A corps of bold Provincials stands in arms,

Huge

Huge tribes of Indians crown the dreadful line,  
 And grim in either flank terrific shine;  
 Fierce in the threat'ning front Montcalm aspires,  
 And thus, with thund'ring voice, the host he fires:—  
 On, my bold friends, rush on to deathless fame,  
 Crush yon proud foe, raise high your glorious name,  
 See how kind Heav'n has kindly sent them here,  
 That one dread blow might end this five years' war,  
 Soon shall they wish, involv'd in whirling fire,  
 They ne'er had dar'd to tempt our whelming ire,  
 Loud shouts the host, all swell'd with keen delight,  
 Then all at once they burn to meet the fight.

## BOOK THE SIXTH.

**N**OW the loud clarion yields a thund'ring sound,  
 From pole to pole the bellowing notes rebound,  
 Now the shrill fifes in lofty numbers rise,  
 Now the hoarse drums assault the rattling skies,  
 Wide o'er the field th' enliv'ning music pours,  
 Fires each bold host, and shakes th' echoing shores,  
 Grim on the low'ring verge of frowning war,  
 With van to van the threat'ning hosts appear,  
 Firm as a pile of rocks Britannia's band,  
 With strong, but narrow front, is seen to stand,  
 While, like the boundless billows of the sea,  
 Proud Gaul's vast multitudes pursue their way;  
 Onward they roll in many a gloomy tide,  
 Threat'ning to close them in on ev'ry side,  
 Fierce in the front of all his warlike pow'rs,  
 Dreadful as Mars the Gallic gen'ral tow'rs,  
 Furious aloft he waves his fiery blade,  
 That flames like light'ning as on high display'd,  
 Tall as a tow'ring oak o'erlooks the wood,  
 Wolfe with stern brow and adverse fury stood,  
 He, in his host's bright van too shines afar,  
 Calmly to wait the coming of the war,

While

While tardy time denies the hosts to close,  
 Gaul' for the strife with wild impatience glows,  
 Swift from all quarters, to begin the fight,  
 Thick random volleys urg'd their rattling flight,  
 Fierce on all sides descend the fiery show'rs,  
 And gall'd from flank to flank Britannia's pow'rs;  
 Calm in the midst of all the thund'ring storm,  
 The God-like Wolfe displays his awful form,  
 From rank to rank compos'd he moves along,  
 And thus to steady zeal exhorts his throng:—  
 Courage, my friends, restrain your kindling ire,  
 Bear with bold hearts this fierce destructive fire,  
 Stay till your guns can crush yon hostile train,  
 That your keen wrath may not be spent in vain,  
 Think how, by rashness, once we lost the day,  
 And now my voice, my urgent voice obey.  
 Scarce had he spoke, when all the list'ning train  
 The kindling fury of their souls restrain,  
 Firm and unaw'd they stand the dreadful ground,  
 While show'rs of ball loud bellowing roar around,  
 But when the foe, to crown his vast design,  
 Close to his front advance their pond'rous line,  
 He gives the word, and thro' the echoing skies  
 Three thund'ring shouts with deaf'ning clangor rise,  
 Then with bold roar, with hugely bellowing ire,  
 From all the host bursts forth a storm of fire,  
 As when huge Ætna, fierce with echoing roar,  
 Deep from his gulph displodes his fiery store,  
Hurl'd



Hurl'd o'er the heav'ns in one wide blazing show'r,  
 Torrents of flame, of smoke, of sulphur pour,  
 Then crush whole nations in their whelming fall,  
 And in their burning deluge swallow all;  
 Thus the dire blast, the whirling storms of ball,  
 Fell'd in vast crowds the tumbling sons of Gaul:  
 Scarce on the ear had burst the deaf'ning sound,  
 When all their pride seems level'd with the ground,  
 For in such numbers sunk they on the plain,  
 One would have thought full half the host was slain;  
 Stunn'd with amaze before the whirling fire,  
 Back from the fight the trembling Gauls retire,  
 Ev'n their huge column yields to pale affright,  
 And lost, in wild confusion, takes to flight;  
 Wolfe with keen joy their fear, their flight beheld,  
 Forward he bounds, triumphant o'er the field,  
 Waving his sword, he bids his host pursue,  
 And thus his words impel the God-like crew:—  
 On, my bold friends, haste, haste to whelm the foe,  
 On and improve this great, this peerless blow,  
 On, my bold friends, preserve the field you've won,  
 And all our work, our glorious work is done;  
 Loud shouts the host thro' all the echoing plain,  
 Furious they dart o'er hills of mangled slain,  
 Dreadful they rush amid the sons of Gaul,  
 And pour a flight of thund'ring deaths o'er all;  
 Frantic Montcalm beheld the routed throng,  
 From rank to rank enrag'd he bounds along,

Keen

Keen from his eyes flash forth indignant spite,  
 And thus, with threat'ning voice, he stays their flight—  
 Stand, ye vile slaves, ye shameless dastards, stand,  
 Heav'ns ! will ye fly before yon paltry band ?  
 Stand, or by Heav'n, from this all-vengeful steel,  
 That death ye seek to shun, ye soon shall feel,  
 Swift to the fight roll back your threat'ning course,  
 In firm array again collect your force,  
 Then with fierce rage pour on the British race,  
 And let your swords expunge this dire disgrace.  
 Rous'd by his words the Gauls suspend their flight,  
 Back they return once more 'to brave the fight,  
 Soon they're all seen close rang'd in firm array,  
 Close as they ne'er before the foe gave way,  
 For tho' in front loud roars the throat of war,  
 Montcalm more dreadful thunders in the rear ;  
 Straight, with loud shocks, revive the dire alarms,  
 Hills, rocks and plains, now ring with bellowing arms,  
 Muskets 'gainst muskets flash with wild uproar,  
 Crash follows crash o'er all the rattling shore,  
 Britain and Gaul alike maintain their ground,  
 While squadrons fall and seas of blood flow 'round,  
 Wide o'er the heav'ns vast flames thick smokes aspire,  
 And all the field appears one blaze of fire ;  
 Far o'er the plain meanwhile the Gallic right  
 Prepare, with equal rage, to rush to fight,  
 There had their mighty chief, with deep design,  
 Plac'd the most vig'rous troops of all his line,

For, from the strength and prowess of this wing,  
 All his chief hopes and expectations spring,  
 Clad in bright arms, and tow'ring at their head,  
 The great Vaudreuil to fame these squadrons led,  
 Round Albion's flank he aims to wheel the war,  
 And pour its whelming terrors on her rere;  
 Wolfe, when he saw their threat'ning front extend,  
 And the fierce tempest o'er his left impend,  
 To God-like Townshend sent his loud command,  
 To march with haste, and brave the rushing band;  
 This mighty chief just then, with timely aid,  
 Had from the fleet drawn up his fierce brigade,  
 Which by a sad necessity constrain'd,  
 On board the squadrons had with grief remain'd,  
 'Till the same barks, that wafted Wolfe to land,  
 Return'd, and bore them joyful to the strand;  
 In this huge corps, thus pouring to the war,  
 Three mighty bands from different climes appear,  
 Two, with stern front, the genuine sons of fame,  
 Amherst's and Webb's from fair Britannia came,  
 The third, tho' they the same bright lineage claim'd,  
 Yet were not Albions, but Provincials nam'd;  
 Safe in the guardians of their mother isle,  
 Long had they till'd America's fair soil,  
 'Till impious Gaul, with vile rapacious ire,  
 Laid waste their lands, involv'd their towns in fire,  
 Then with just rage they quit their calm retreat,  
 And on the foe now rush with deadly hate,

From

From where New-York's bright confines skirt the  
main,

From where Virginia spreads her flow'ry plain,

From where New-Jersey rears her sandy shore,

From where New-England teems with useful ore,

From Pennsylvania's gay luxuriant ground,

From Carolina's vast expanded round,

From fair Acadia's wide extended woods,

From wat'ry Maryland's encircling floods,

In num'rous crowds these dauntless heroes came,

At the loud call of vengeance and of fame,

Compact, collected close in firm array,

The triple corps moves on to meet the fray,

Aloft in air their threat'ning tubes they raise,

Thro' all the sky their dazzling standards blaze,

Fierce on the left they take their daring post,

And spread their front wide tow'rd the Gallic host ;

Gaul, when she saw the pouring bands from far,

Advanc'd to swell the horrors of the war,

Full in mid course she halts with dire dismay,

In doubt to meet, or shun the dreadful fray,

But straight once more their gen'ral calls to fame,

Once more their breasts, their kindling souls take  
flame,

Onward once more in droves they pour along,

Resolv'd to fall, or crush the British throng ;

First the fierce Gauls commence the dire alarms,

Loud thro' the air displode their bellowing arms,

Britain, with rage, returns the furious fire,  
 Vast sheets of flame, vast clouds of smoke aspire,  
 Thick rattling volleys flash from train to train,  
 And thund'ring burst o'er all the echoing plain,  
 As when, where Cancer wheels his fiery round,  
 Sulphureous clouds break forth with thund'ring sound,  
 Flash against flash from ev'ry quarter flies,  
 Peal against peal bursts o'er the bellowing skies,  
 One hideous blaze involves the heav'ns all o'er,  
 And all around is one tremendous roar,  
 Gaul's mighty crowds spread countless o'er the plain,  
 Outstretch'd by far the left of Albion's train,  
 While the fierce residue in firm array,  
 In front sustain the fury of the fray,  
 Pouring this vast redundancy of force,  
 Round Albion's flank swift wheel their circling course,  
 Then on their rear with whirling rage they fall,  
 And 'twixt two fiery clouds involve them all;  
 Rous'd by the danger all the Britons warm,  
 Swift they prepare to brave the gathering storm,  
 Some in the front repel the furious war,  
 While some wheel round and brave it in the rear,  
 Soon that dread rear, with blaze of arms made dire,  
 Flames forth another threatening front of fire,  
 Now on all sides the Gauls the combat wage,  
 Front, flank and rear, they charge with equal rage,  
 Swift from all quarters flash their fiery shows,  
 Thick as fierce hail the rattling tempest pours ;  
Britain,

Britain, unmov'd, withstands her whirling ire,  
 And thund'ring loud returns the dreadful fire,  
 Firm as a rock the brave, the God-like band,  
 'Mid all the dire uproar is seen to stand,  
 Firm as a rock displays its awful form,  
 When round it furious roars the thund'ring storm,  
 When bellowing waves burst o'er its rattling head,  
 And thro' the deep a dire confusion spread;  
 Courage, brave souls, still scorn each dastard fear,  
 For lo! great Howe, your great deliverer's near,  
 Lo! like a guardian God 'mid clouds of fire,  
 He comes to snatch you from proud Gallia's ire,  
 Ere roar'd the first wild onset of the war,  
 Him on the left Wolfe plac'd with cautious care,  
 Wisely foreseeing what might there ensue,  
 And what his valour for the cause might do,  
 Half the brave veterans which the hero led,  
 Beneath a range of dome's defensive shade,  
 Which on the left, with stately aspect towers,  
 Circled with gardens, deckt with worlds of flow'rs,  
 Here half these dauntless veterans took their post,  
 To check the progress of the Gallic host,  
 Screen'd by their walls they dare the numerous foe,  
 And pour a flight of whirling globes below,  
 While the remainder of the God-like band  
 Deep in a grove, behind these structures stand,  
 Rul'd by Howe's mighty self in firm array,  
 Calm there they wait the issue of the fray,

High o'er their heads the flint'ring thickets rise,  
 And screen their dazzling front from hostile eyes;  
 Howe, when he saw his much lov'd friends from far,  
 Delug'd around with horror, death and war,  
 Swift as the light'ning's flash bursts o'er the skies,  
 Forth from concealment on the foe he flies,  
 And from all sides his pouring squadrons fall,  
 Like a fierce torrent on the sons of Gaul,  
 As tumbling waves, which o'er the prostrate shore,  
 With thund'ring din in pond'rous mountains roar,  
 When mightier billows strike them from behind,  
 Fly off in foam, and scatter in the wind;  
 So when this unwish'd gust of furious war  
 Bursts forth, and thunders on the Gallic rear,  
 Struck with amazement, fear, and dire affright,  
 They break, disperse, and instant take to flight,  
 Wide o'er the field they scour on wings of wind,  
 And leave their late-hop'd conquests far behind,  
 While, with glad front, once more the British crew,  
 From out the fiery gulph emerge to view,  
 Fierce as the lion storms the fleecy flocks,  
 On the wild rout Howe drives with num'rous flocks,  
 Swift as those flocks before the lion fly,  
 Fly the stunn'd Gauls, while countless numbers die,  
 Swept in confusion, from Britannia's rear,  
 Backward they're hurl'd on those who stand the war,  
 'Till in huge heaps on heaps together thrown,  
 Beneath each other's swords in crowds they groan;  
Thus,

Thus, when great Howe had forc'd the Gauls to yield,  
 And drove them wide across the echoing field,  
 Back to his former post he bends his way,  
 And there once more draws up, in firm array,  
 His conquering troops, who, panting there for breath,  
 Survey from far the threat'ning scene of death.  
 Struck with a panic at war's dreadful chance,  
 Torpid with horror stood the host of France;  
 Such was their dire amaze, their frantic fear,  
 That still they deem'd the slaught'ring foe was near,  
 That still mad fancy sees him storming round,  
 And crowds thro' terror tumble to the ground,  
 Yet from this gulph of fear and wild surprize,  
 Soon is a storm of rashness seen to rise,  
 For genuine valour, once reproach'd by shame,  
 Swells from mild temp'rance into frenzy's flame,  
 Soon in fierce crowds once more they pour along,  
 Once more to charge, to crush the British throng,  
 Soon they once more the British throng surround,  
 And in dark fiery horrors all is drown'd,  
 When lo! the great controuler of the war  
 Once more tremendous flies upon the rear,  
 Dreadful he charg'd, he pierc'd their lines again,  
 Dreadful he broke and swept them o'er the plain,  
 'Till files on files again confus'dly fall,  
 And in dire heaps are tost their squadrons all,  
 Thrice did they thus, in many a gloomy tide,  
 Pour on, resolv'd to crush Britannia's pride,

Thrice



Thrice did their thunders thus involve the foe,  
While, in proud hope, they hugg'd their dark o'er-  
throw,

But thrice, like Boreas bursting from his cave,  
Forth from his grove Howe bursts his friends to save,  
Swept o'er the plain in crowds the trembling host,  
'Till in wild rout is all their order lost,  
'Till hills of slain tremendous rise around,  
And seas of life-warm blood o'erflow the ground;  
Stunn'd by these num'rous checks, tho' proof to fear,  
Awhile in doubt Vaudreuil suspends the war,  
Torn is his soul with grief and deep chagrin,  
Yet all his front seems tranquil and serene,  
For right he guess'd, should he one fear betray,  
'Twould sink his squadrons all in black dismay;  
Thus as he paus'd within his God-like soul,  
What doubts, what schemes, what thoughts tumultuous  
roll,

Oh! ye blest pow'rs, with ardent voice, he cries,  
Must nought but dire disgrace salute these eyes,  
Must I thus view my gallant troops o'erthrown,  
View crush'd my country's glories and my own?  
Oh! should I thus, thus lose the dreadful day,  
Heav'n knows what then the censuring world may say,  
Perhaps the world may deem the chance of war  
A chance that mocks at ev'ry human care,  
Deem it the fallies of a vengeful flame,  
By me thus level'd at my gen'ral's fame.

Rise,

Rise, rise, my soul, avert this tide of shame,  
 Preserve thy worth, preserve thy spotless name,  
 How couldst thou bear, who art from guilt so free,  
 To see such stains, such stigmas thrown on thee?  
 Thou who couldst ne'er, averse to Nature's laws,  
 For base revenge betray thy country's cause;  
 Then 'tis resolv'd I'll once more dare the strife,  
 I'll bravely conquer, or I'll yield my life,  
 'Tis better sure to fall with endless praise,  
 Than live in infamy a length of days;  
 Straight thro' the front of war he darts along,  
 Nobly he calls, he cheers his vet'ran throng,  
 While round his brow determin'd valour's ray,  
 Mix'd with a mild reproach, is seen to play,  
 Friends, friends, he cries, haste, save your tott'ring  
                   fame,

Heav'ns! are ye lost to ev'ry sense of shame?  
 Gods! will ye stand thus tamely passive here,  
 And fall mean victims to your own vile fear?  
 Where's now that worth, that fame, that boundless  
                   praise,

That mark'd our conqu'ring arms in former days?  
 O glorious Fontenoy, where's now that might,  
 That on thy plains o'ercame the world in fight?  
 Lost are we all to once-lov'd honour's charms,  
 And no Norwindens now must grace our arms;  
 Will ye then sink thus plung'd in endless shame,  
 Will ye not rise to guard your tott'ring fame?

Think

Think of the fields in former ages won,  
 Think of the glorious deeds yourselves have done,  
 Then thund'ring swift bear yon proud victors down,  
 And let your swords retrieve your lost renown.  
 Loud thro' the host his echoing words resound,  
 They breathe new flame, new kindling ardour round;  
 Rous'd by their force the Gauls suspend their flight,  
 Form and prepare once more to rush to fight,  
 Meanwhile, far distant from loud discord's roar,  
 The brave Satagus, on the adverse shore,  
 Lies tranc'd in joy, in fair Tamina's arms,  
 Forgetting war's for love's more sweet alarms,  
 Soon as had thence withdrawn each prying eye,  
 Left to the full indulgence of their joy,  
 O'er hill, o'er dale, thro' grove and flow'ry mead,  
 With chearful steps in sweet discourse they stray'd,  
 Far from their souls now ev'ry woe was cast,  
 They gaz'd, they smil'd, they talk'd of dangers past,  
 Then on each other gaz'd and smil'd again,  
 Such smiles as recompens'd a world of pain;  
 At length on these fond scenes of dear delight,  
 Stole, unperceiv'd, the darkness of the night,  
 Straight for to seek some kind retreat they move,  
 Meet for to shelter innocence and love,  
 Deep in the center of a neighbouring wood,  
 A tow'ring steep, with bending aspect flood,  
 Thick from beneath a growth of poplars rise,  
 And meet its bold projection in the skies,

Betwixt

Betwixt the pendant hill and trees around,  
 Conceal'd from sight a flow'ry space is found,  
 And near the calm recess, thro' beds of flow'rs,  
 A warbling stream its silver current pours,  
 Hither Satagus and his much-lov'd fair,  
 To court the sweets of rest, with haste, repair;  
 Stretch'd on a grassy couch there calmly they,  
 In kind endearments, pass the night away,  
 'Till by mild Nature's gentle hand oppress'd,  
 Lock'd in each others arms they sink to rest;  
 O, happy lands, where souls without alloy,  
 In Nature's state can taste such boundless joy,  
 Where strung by toil they brave the damps of night,  
 And ask no splendid dome to give delight;  
 Then turn, ye sons of pride, with shame behold  
 What useless things are all your pomp and gold,  
 See in this calm retreat a tender pair  
 Brave, with undaunted hearts, the midnight air,  
 See o'er their heads no splendid domes display'd,  
 The grass their couch, a rock their only shade,  
 Yet see them blest with pleasure's smiling reign,  
 And own your towns, your palaces are vain.  
 Now thro' the redd'ning clouds the blushing dawn  
 Smiles, with returning light, along the lawn,  
 The feather'd throngs remount each echoing spray,  
 And warbling loud salute the rising day,  
 Wide thro' the air in joyful swarms they sing,  
 And all the answering woods with music ring,

Rous'd

Rous'd by the sound that fill'd the warbling skies,  
 Just then Satagus op'd his wond'ring eyes,  
 Slow from his verdant couch he rear'd his head,  
 And to his slumb'ring mate thus mild he said:--  
 Awake, my love, awake from still repose,  
 The stars roll down, the silver dawn has rose,  
 Hark how the lark's glad mornin cheers the skies,  
 And bids our souls to tender joys arise,  
 Let us, sweet life, the welcome call approve,  
 And be these few short moments blest with love;  
 Then for a time I'll leave thy heav'nly arms,  
 To reap new transports in the fields of arms.  
 O, my lov'd lord, the matron soon rejoin'd,  
 What frightful dreams this night have fill'd my mind!  
 Not, for the world, would I endure again  
 One moment more of such distracting pain,  
 Methought, while yet I sunk in soft repose,  
 I saw thee rush where thund'ring combats rose,  
 Fearless you shot along the dreadful plain,  
 And fill'd with terror all the hostile train,  
 When lo! two fiends appear'd with aspect dire,  
 With hideous front, and eyes that flash'd with fire,  
 On thee they seiz'd, grim yawn'd the op'ning ground,  
 And down they dragg'd thee in the gulph profound,  
 Straight the dark pitiless earth clos'd o'er thy head,  
 While all around stood chill'd with fearful dread,  
 Lost in wild grief I sunk in sad despair,  
 I beat my frantic breast, I tore my hair,

When

When lo! a heav'nly form, with smiling brow,  
 Stood by my side, and thus rebuk'd my woe :—  
 Calm thy loud griefs, vain mortal, cease to mourn,  
 Thy now lost lord can ne'er to thee return,  
 But death still waits to end the wretch's pain,  
 Mark but these words, and thou'lt be blest'd again,  
 Just then thy dalliance broke my sad repose,  
 And freed my soul from all its fancied woes :  
 Oh, my lov'd lord, weigh well the warning giv'n,  
 Heed this kind vision, for 'tis sure from heav'n,  
 Think of thy hapless spouse, thy own dear life,  
 And shun, O shun the dark approaching strife,  
 Think how that hapless spouse, alas! must mourn,  
 Shouldst thou, her long lost lord, from her be torn.  
 Cease, my Tamina, swift the chief rejoin'd,  
 Cease with such groundless fears to plague thy mind,  
 These idle dreams which thou wouldst heav'nly call,  
 Are but weak phantoms, vain delusions all,  
 'Tis true our fathers, teas'd with fancied woes,  
 Yielded implicit faith to tales like those,  
 'Tis true ev'n now our tribes, to error prone,  
 Beneath such childish fears for ever groan,  
 But since 'mid Europe's lights has dwelt my soul,  
 That soul has learnt to scorn their dark controul,  
 For now my reason sees that dreams are giv'n  
 By chance alone, and not the hand of Heav'n,  
 Beside, my love, hush all these fond alarms,  
 I am not yet to leave thy tender arms,

Let us in smiling love these hours employ,  
 Nor damp, with future woes, our present joy,  
 We ne'er should weep for sorrows yet to come,  
 If doom'd to ill, too soon we'll feel our doom.  
 He spoke, then clasp'd her in a kind embrace,  
 That hush'd each grief, each rising fear to peace,  
 And fondly gazing on each other's charms,  
 They lose all terror of succeeding harms,  
 When lo! the bursting thunders of the war  
 Breathe their loud summons to Satagus' ear;  
 Rous'd at the sound he springs from love's soft arms,  
 And seems just hast'ning to the dire alarms,  
 The matron sees, wild terror fills her eyes,  
 She clasps his struggling knees, and thus she cries:—  
 Oh! wilt thou leave me, leave me helpless here,  
 Torn by such grief, such keen distracting fear?  
 Is then each spark of kindness fled from thee,  
 Which once thou hadst for thy poor babes and me?  
 Stay, oh for once vain empty fame forego,  
 Nor plunge thy spouse, thy hapless spouse in woe.  
 Shame on thy fears, weak fair, the chief replies,  
 To what base conduct would thy tongue advise?  
 Where's now that worth, that thirst of glorious fame,  
 That urg'd in former days each Indian dame?  
 Once they were wont to brave ev'n war's alarms  
 And spur their husbands on to deeds of arms;  
 Think should I basely quit the paths of fame,  
 What blots, what stains must cloud my future name,  
Wouldst

Wouldst thou not rather bravely see me fall,  
 Than made the sport, the scoff, the scorn of all ?  
 Beside, when friendship calls aloud for aid,  
 Must not her voice, her mandate be obey'd ?  
 Wolfe's kind attentions bid me to the field,  
 And ev'ry tie to gratitude should yield,  
 Think how the mighty spirit, whose dread hand  
 Rolls the big thunders o'er the seas and land,  
 Would scorn, would crush me, did he thus but see  
 Each call of fame, of friendship, scorn'd by me.  
 He spoke, the matron feels Conviction's force,  
 Yet Nature scorns to yield to Reason's course,  
 Grief choak'd her voice, she strove, but nought could  
     say,

She look'd a sad farewell, then turn'd away.  
 Straight from the mournful place the chief withdrew,  
 And tow'rs the margin of St. Laurence flew,  
 There, in a slender skiff, he takes his stand,  
 And rows, with swiftness, tow'rs the northern land,  
 He gains the beach, mounts up tall Abram's height,  
 Shoots o'er the plain, and joins the thund'ring fight;  
 There his keen eyes he rolls on ev'ry side,  
 To find where Wolfe oppos'd the combat's tide,  
 Him in the center of the war he found,  
 Where show'rs of ball loud bellowing roar around,  
 Forward he hurries tow'rs the God-like man,  
 And spurr'd by fiery zeal, thus swift began :—



Why, O my Lord, my mighty gen'ral, say,  
 Wouldst thou with fond credulity thus play,  
 Didst thou not vow, ere thou wouldst rush to fight,  
 Forth to the field, to call my proffer'd might?  
 Ne'er could I think that thou wouldst thus delay,  
 Or rob my glory of so bright a day.  
 Be calm, my friend, the gen'rous chief rejoin'd,  
 While a gay smile unbends his manly mind,  
 Be calm, compose thy brave, thy noble heart,  
 Nor blame thy gen'ral for so kind a part.  
 How couldst thou think that e'er my breast could prove  
 So hard, so pit'less, to the cause of love,  
 As thus to drag thee from delights so great,  
 Lost to thy soul so long, and found so late?  
 But since thy kindling valour bids thee rise,  
 Welcome thou art to these delighted eyes,  
 Come let us rush to brave the glorious fight,  
 Still thou hast time to prove thy God-like might;  
 Then side by side they thund'ring flash'd along,  
 And shot wild terror thro' the Gallic throng,  
 As when from adverse points loud tempests blow,  
 With boist'rous fury rage the deeps below;  
 High on all sides the threat'ning billows rise,  
 Tow'r on and join fierce battle in the skies,  
 Dashing they break with loud tumultuous roar,  
 Splash wide, spout high, and drench the heav'ns all  
 o'er,

All

All white with foam appears the ocean round,  
 And tumbling dreadful rolls with bellowing found :  
 Thus with wild rage the pouring armies join,  
 Thus bellowing thunders roar from all the line,  
 Loud muskets rattle, bay'nets flash around,  
 Thick smokes arise, the clanging arms resound,  
 Some fight, some fall, some groan in tides of gore,  
 And one wide din involves the heav'ns all o'er ;  
 Meanwhile Montcalm forsakes the dreadful fray,  
 And tow'rd's the rear directs his anxious way,  
 Where fierce Verdonx had fix'd his cautious stand,  
 And all around dispos'd his fearless band ;  
 Here they at distance view'd the furious fray,  
 Ready to charge whene'er their friends gave way,  
 'To whom, with haste, the Gallic gen'ral cries—  
 See, O my friend, what dreadful combats rise,  
 See how great Wolfe still stands the desp'rate fight,  
 And braves, unconquer'd, all our pouring might,  
 Much does my heart forebode for hapless Gaul,  
 And much I dread the fate that hangs o'er all,  
 France once could dare the warring world to fight,  
 And make all Europe cringe beneath her might,  
 Full well thou know'st how, in great Louis' reign,  
 She aw'd Hesperia, Germany and Spain,  
 How peerless Luxembourg, with her brave bands,  
 Crush'd the united force of countless lands,  
 How comes it then, that now one single shore  
 Has done what worlds had fought in vain before ?

How comes it then, that now Britannia's land  
 Can all the efforts of our force withstand?  
 Why this surprize, the fierce Verdonx rejoin'd,  
 Why would this doubt one moment pause thy mind?  
 Let but thy soul look back on antient Gaul,  
 And thou must soon perceive the cause of all,  
 When such vast glories mark'd our conqu'ring force,  
 Say, was it Britain's sons oppos'd our course?  
 Was't not a motley, dark, confed'rate host,  
 From Spain's, from Italy's, Germania's coast?  
 Whose diff'rent int'rests, ever on the jar,  
 Kept their proud souls from rising keen to war,  
 And if some dauntless Britons there were found,  
 Soon was their valour in the chaos drown'd;  
 But now 'tis Albion, with unshackled might,  
 That firm, unconquer'd, braves the rage of fight,  
 Freed from the clog of all confed'rate lands,  
 Alone her sons oppose our num'rous bands,  
 And when these gen'rous heroes all take fire,  
 What pow'r on earth can stand their dreadful ire?  
 One chief there lives, who dares to stand it all,  
 Returns Montcalm, or bravely, bravely fall,  
 Ere this proud soul to Albion's pow'r shall yield,  
 Horrors ne'er ken'd 'till now shall rend the field,  
 Ne'er could I stoop to yon vile paltry band,  
 Who cring'd so oft beneath my conqu'ring hand;  
 Instant do thou forsake this distant post,  
 Come with thy troops, advance to aid the host,

Then

Then in one shock we'll put forth all our might,  
 To crush the foe, and turn the scale of fight,  
 Here should we fail, still safe's your gen'ral's fame,  
 For death shall tear him from the gripe of shame.  
 Then swift as light he join'd the warring throng,  
 And thro' the fight impetuous rush'd along,  
 Now fierce Verdonx across the echoing lands,  
 Swift to the fight leads on his swarming bands,  
 To right and left the warring ranks divide,  
 And thick'ning dreadful crowd on either side,  
 Thro' the void space the pouring aids advance,  
 And add new terrors to the host of France;  
 Pierce in the front of all the warlike crowd,  
 Tow'rs on their God-like chief, he shouts aloud:—  
 Shame on your fears, your dastard fears, he cries,  
 Will ye not rise, to glorious conquests rise?  
 Think of your blasted fame, your lost renown,  
 Think of your country's woes, yon tott'ring town,  
 Think if we here submit to yonder host,  
 Our fame, our glory are for ever lost;  
 Rise then, for shame, preserve your native land,  
 Rise then, for shame, bear down yon paltry band,  
 Ne'er let such mean, such poor exhausted pow'rs,  
 By dint of valour's might prevail o'er ours;  
 Come, on the foe in one great effort fall,  
 For on this last great effort hangs our all.  
 He spoke, like light'ning darts along the plain,  
 And tow'ards the foe rolls on his num'rous train,

Nor

Nor less great Wolfe inflames his kindling throng,  
 Before their van he threat'ning flash'd along,  
 On as he tow'rs to dare the pouring train,  
 Thus his loud voice sounds dreadful o'er the plain :—  
 See to close fight how you proud squadrons swarm,  
 Courage, brave friends, come meet the gath'ring storm,  
 Think of the glorious deeds by Johnson done,  
 Think of the high renown by Amherst won ;  
 Rise then, brave friends, and emulate their fame,  
 Ne'er let their lot be praise, and yours be shame,  
 Instant let's cease this vainly blust'ring fire,  
 Come in keen bay'nets put forth all your ire,  
 These at one shock shall mow yon army down,  
 And hew your passage to yon tott'ring town :  
 Swift at the word, the fierce impetuous throng  
 In one huge phalanx thund'ring roll along,  
 All with set bay'nets pour upon the foe,  
 Gaul, with set bay'nets, meets the furious blow,  
 Shock follows shock, their clanging arms resound,  
 Clash follows clash, the thiv'ring blades flash round,  
 Host against host in desperate efforts strain,  
 Yet each bold host unshaken stands the plain,  
 When, with firm front and undisturb'd array,  
 Thus for long time they'd try'd the close fought fray ;  
 Britain at length bore down resistance all,  
 And pierc'd impetuous thro' the ranks of Gaul,  
 As when loud tempests o'er the ocean roar,  
 Tumbling huge billows on Batavia's shore,

O'er

O'er the pent dikes the conqu'ring furies bound,  
And bellowing dreadful drench the world around,  
Thus did the Britons, with resistless force,  
Swift thro' the Gallic squadron cleave their course,  
Thousands on thousands at their feet fall slain,  
The rest they sweep tempestuous o'er the plain.

## BOOK THE SEVENTH.

**N**OW, when Montcalm's all fadd'ning eyes beheld,  
 The dire confusion spread round all the field,  
 Huge storms of fury instant shook his soul,  
 And whelm'd all patience in their mad controul,  
 Straight with swift speed from rank to rank he flies,  
 Wild rage, wild frenzy light'ning in his eyes,  
 Dreadful around he wheels his fiery blade,  
 Beats back the gen'ral rout, and thund'ring said:—  
 O! ye vile slaves, ye dogs, ye dregs of earth,  
 Foul fiends, base cheats, where's now your boasted  
     worth?

Heav'ns! will ye fly thus plung'd in dire disgrace,  
 Mean, trembling dastards, fugitive and base?  
 Back, instant back, fly swift, retrieve the day,  
 Back, and this instant stand the glorious fray;  
 By Heav'n, who dares beyond this ground depart,  
 Straight finds this faulchion buried in his heart.  
 Thus, while he spoke, his madly raging hand  
 Makes good his threat'nings on the routed band:  
 Now here, now there, he thwarts the swarms that fly,  
 He whirls his sword, and lo! in crouds they die,  
Swift

Swift as each dastard dares but turn to flight,  
 Him straight he fells, and sends to endless night,  
 Yet vain's this toil, this all-o'erwhelming ire,  
 Still swells the rout, and still the Gauls retire,  
 Still the same panic that first made them yield,  
 Prevails and drives them headlong o'er the field;  
 Ere the fierce adverse hosts had rush'd to fight,  
 Each roll'd some cannon up tall Abram's height,  
 Gaul, with two direful engines, shook the plain,  
 Britain, but one, could bring to aid her train,  
 Yet, was this one dread instrument of ire,  
 Ply'd with such care, with such vast stores of fire,  
 That by its thund'ring blasts which ceaseless fall,  
 It silenc'd those that fence the cause of Gaul,  
 And now, like *Ætna*, with tremendous roar,  
 Rocking the basis of the neighb'ring shore,  
 Such fiery torrents breathes it round the plain,  
 As fell in crowds the tumbling vanquish'd train;  
 Meanwhile the navy, on the waveward side,  
 Hurl forth like thunders from the rolling tide,  
 Fierce from their decks, which bellowing roar on high,  
 Thick random shots in rattling tempests fly.  
 Some o'er the town, some scatter on the plain,  
 And swell the terrors of the vanquish'd train.  
 Meanwhile, more dreadful than these storms of ball,  
 Than fleets, than thunders to the sons of Gaul,  
 Wolfe thro' the war before his army tow'rs,  
 Swift o'er the field he leads his vet'ran pow'rs,

Flush'd



Flush'd with bright joy flash'd forth his sparkling eyes,  
 And round his head fierce threat'ning terrors rise :  
 Come, my brave friends, come on, ye heroes all,  
 Strike, crush, o'erwhelm, bear down the sons of Gaul;  
 Now, now's the time, the time, he nobly cry'd,  
 To raise our country's fame, curb Gallia's pride,  
 Swift, swift pursue, complete the glorious blow,  
 And end at once yon long-destroying foe ;  
 Now in loud shouts he breathes his voice around,  
 It fires the host, it makes the heav'ns resound ;  
 Then on the foe he darts with whirling force,  
 And bids the war attend his thund'ring course,  
 Thick as huge waves his squadrons pour along,  
 And burst like tempests o'er the trembling throng,  
 As when loud winds the trembling ocean heave,  
 And tow'rd's the ship rolls on the whelming wave,  
 All in wild fear the tumbling sailors drown'd,  
 This way and that, swift fly distract'd round ;  
 Some in the hold their tumbling bodies fling,  
 And some for safety round the cordage cling ;  
 Thus, when great Wolfe shot o'er the trembling plain,  
 Lost in wild terror funk the Gallic train,  
 Some skulk behind to shun their baleful fight,  
 And some, thro' frenzy, rush to meet the fight ;  
 To stop the gen'ral rout, and rouse the war,  
 Meanwhile Montcalm fierce thunders in the rear,  
 Now here, now there, like lightning flies around,  
 Harrowing each dastard heart that dares give ground ;

At

At length convinc'd that all his labour's vain,  
 Convinc'd that lost's the long contested plain,  
 Straight he resolves in quest of Wolfe to go,  
 And court a glorious death amid the foe,  
 Swift with blind fury, with un pitying force,  
 He cleaves thro' crowds of fugitives his course,  
 Then like a whirlwind, on Britannia's war  
 He pours, and stops her in her full career,  
 Furious he wheels his slaught'ring blade around,  
 Furious he fells whole squadrons to the ground,  
 Wolfe still he calls, while still his fiery eyes  
 Roll on all sides 'till Wolfe's great self he spies;  
 Yes, lost Montcalm, that brave, that God-like chief,  
 Great source of thine and of thy country's grief,  
 Steps forth, alas! too ready at thy call,  
 To crush thy hapless pride and ruin Gaul.  
 Come, thou vain chief, Montcalm with fury cries,  
 While a wild transport sparkles in his eyes,  
 Come, come, let's try in this last great essay,  
 Whether 'tis Gaul or Albion wins the day;  
 Straight on the foe he springs with threat'ning bound,  
 And dreadful wheels his fiery sword around,  
 Wolfe with calm thought his active pow'rs awoke,  
 And turning swift repels the furious stroke,  
 Then whirl'd his dazzling sword with skilful pride,  
 And plung'd it dreadful in the hero's side.  
 As the pierc'd lion, rous'd by madd'ning pain,  
 Flies with swell'd fury on the hunter train,

So fir'd to frenzy by the deathful blow,  
 Montcalm with doubling rage now storms the foe,  
 Onward he springs with wrath-born pow'r supply'd,  
 He whirls his sword, he darts from side to side,  
 He strikes, he thrusts, he tries on ev'ry part,  
 To force a passage to the hero's heart;  
 But God-like Wolfe, compos'd, the charge awaits,  
 Wards off each threat'ning blow, and stays the fates,  
 At length enfeebled by the sanguine tide,  
 That pours in torrents from his streaming side,  
 Weaker and weaker by swift progress grow,  
 The last vain efforts of the wounded foe,  
 Quite spent at length he tott'ring reels around,  
 Then falls all pale, all helpless on the ground,  
 Fierce from all sides just then the British throng,  
 To aid their chief impetuous rush'd along,  
 Full on the foe they bend their fury all,  
 Thick round his head they flash vast show'rs of ball,  
 Swift thro' his breast in countless flights they bound,  
 And leave his body one wide bleeding wound,  
 Wolfe their keen rage beholds with sad surprize,  
 He knits his angry brows, he sternly cries :—  
 Shame, O my friends! for shame, this wrath forego,  
 Heav'ns! can ye thus, thus use a vanquish'd foe?  
 Do ye not know my will, my orders giv'n,  
 Do ye not know the will, the laws of heav'n,  
 Do ye not know when we successful prove,  
 That ev'n the vanquish'd foe should share our love?

Cease

Cease then, for shame, this barb'rous rage restrain,  
 Fly, rather fly to mitigate his pain,  
 Him, when in strength, 'twere just you should subdue,  
 But now his woes should claim your pity too.  
 In vain he spoke, for lo! fate's black controul  
 Quick breathes its darksome horrors o'er his soul,  
 Yet not all death's grim horrors can impart,  
 One fear, one thought of terror to his heart;  
 Sternly he frowns, tho' in death's gasp he lies,  
 And fill'd with wild delight thus fierce he cries:—  
 Welcome, grim death, thou all-propitious pow'r,  
 Hast kindly heard me in this needful hour,  
 Into thy shelt'ring arms I joyful go,  
 Scorning the vain, vain triumphs of my foe,  
 Then with a scornful smile he sunk to night,  
 And swift from earth his fiery soul took flight.  
 Wolfe, for a time o'erwhelm'd with strange surprise,  
 Nails to the wond'rous corse his pensive eyes,  
 Then seiz'd his prostrate sword the conqu'ror's right,  
 And turns to join the tumults of the fight,  
 Just at that instant a foul vengeful Gaul  
 Aim'd at the hero's breast a pond'rous ball,  
 Heav'n from its destin'd course the fate swift threw,  
 And thwart his sinewy wrist with rage it flew,  
 Flesh, veins and sinews, in its flight it tore,  
 And all the hand leaves drown'd in tides of gore,  
 Calm and unmov'd the God-like hero stood,  
 He clos'd the wound, he stay'd the rushing blood,

Straight o'er the gash a filken veil he drew,  
 To shut its horrors from his army's view,  
 Lest the sad fight should give his gen'ral's pain,  
 Or damp the ardour of his pouring train,  
 Ev'n as the loosening fury of the wind,  
 Long by the tow'rings of high hills confin'd,  
 Thro' the rent vales with direful whirlings sweep,  
 And falls in mightier tempests on the deep;  
 Thus the great Wolfe too long from fight with-held,  
 Now drives with doubling fury o'er the field;  
 Such glare his looks as fierce to fight he tow'rs,  
 As bode quick ruin to all Gallia's pow'rs,  
 When lo! to check the progress of his fame,  
 Another wound dares touch his sacred frame,  
 Tearing his side with keen relentless force,  
 Beneath his ribs a ball swift plows its course,  
 Yet there its rage stopt short, nor dares to dart,  
 With death's dread summons to a vital part,  
 For Heav'n to swell the glories of the strife,  
 Spins to its last great end his thread of life,  
 Soon brave Satagus view'd, with sad surprise,  
 The streaming blood flow down his manly thighs,  
 Quick thro' his soul a sudden horror ran,  
 And thus he swift address'd the God-like man:—  
 O, my brave chief, alas! too nobly great,  
 What frantic wrath now drives thee on thy fate,  
 Why wilt thou thus, thus wounded dare the strife,  
 Why vainly thus, thus waste thy precious life?

Haste

Haste to the rear, haste, shun these storms of ball,  
 Or thy mad courage shall undo us all.  
 Peace, my good friend, the dauntless Wolfe rejoin'd,  
 While gen'rous terrors rouse his manly mind,  
 Peace, or thy rashness will to all reveal  
 What most I've try'd, I've labour'd to conceal,  
 Wouldst thou to Albion prove thus so unjust,  
 And lay at once my tow'ring hopes in dust?  
 Dost thou not think should I desert the plain,  
 What woes, what fears must drown my conqu'ring  
     train?

Would they not deem their absent hero dead,  
 And dim their souls with clouds of needless dread?  
 Cease then, my friend, thy chief must dare the foe,  
 'Till vict'ry's quite secure, till Gaul lies low;  
 Then let death come if such high Heav'n's decree,  
 For life or death are then alike to me,  
 Nor think these words a madly wrath-born boast,  
 All sure should fall to save their native coast,  
 Ere my lov'd native land should stoop to shame,  
 I'd yield ten thousand lives to shield her fame;  
 Yes, for my country's cause I'd yield my breath,  
 Give me but conquest, and I smile on death.  
 Then tow'rd's the wond'ring Heav'n's he throws his  
     eyes,

And breathes this fond petition to the skies:—  
 O! thou great Fountain of all Nature's laws,  
 Great God, great aider of the righteous cause,

If earth's vile dregs may sue such heav'nly pow'r,  
 Grant me but life, glad life, for one short hour,  
 Grant me but life, 'till glorious vict'ry's mine,  
 Then slay or save me at thy will divine.

He said—with joy his bright'ning visage burns,  
 Swift to his host with fiery zeal he turns,  
 He waves his sword, he points the road to fame,  
 And thus, in words, pours forth his God-like flame—  
 Pour on, brave friends—haste, haste, o'erwhelm the  
       foe,

Pour on, pour on, complete the glorious blow,  
 Pour on, pour on, 'till stopp'd by yon proud wall,  
 'Till not one vestige here remain of Gaul;  
 As bursts loud thunder from the rending cloud,  
 Instant he rushes 'mid the hostile crowd,  
 Swift as its rage o'erwhelms a tott'ring town,  
 Dreadful he mows whole countless squadrons down,  
 Where'er he turns such crowds, such numbers fall,  
 That crush'd beneath his hand seems Gallia all:  
 There, O great Wolfe! there ends thy bright career,  
 For lo! thy dark, thy dismal fate is near;  
 Death o'er thy head extends his fable hand,  
 And leaves to endless grief thy native land.  
 Fierce as he drove resistless thro' the fray,  
 Verdonx beheld, and mark'd him for his prey,  
 Deaf to each call of gratitude and shame,  
 Full at his breast he takes a deadly aim,

And

And like a sun, from his high zenith hurl'd,  
 Straight falls the glory of the Albion world;  
 O! what wild horror, grief and dire surprize,  
 O'er all the field in that dark instant flies,  
 Near to the verge of conquest as they drove,  
 Tho' vict'ry's self seems lighting from above,  
 All swift stop short, all plung'd in boundless grief,  
 Blind to each object but their bleeding chief;  
 Thick round the hero, straight from ev'ry side,  
 Pour his sad squadrons in a gloomy tide,  
 Straight in sad pomp from out the combat's roar,  
 Him on their pikes the mournful soldiers bore;  
 Then far behind the loud lamenting train,  
 They place their groaning burden on the plain,  
 There as around him gaz'd the forrowing crew,  
 O, what a sight of horror meets their view!  
 Deep pierc'd with wounds, all drench'd in gore he lies,  
 Who once was joy, was transport to their eyes,  
 While in sharp pantings heaves his quiv'ring breath,  
 And o'er his face pale hangs the gloom of death;  
 Say ye, dread rulers, of our mortal fate,  
 Why such black ruin to a chief so great?  
 Had he but liv'd, lost Albion how thou'dst shine,  
 What fame, what mightier glories had been thine?  
 Crush'd by his arms thy foes had prostrate lain,  
 And countless worlds, tho' leagu'd, had storm'd in vain,  
 Moncton, meanwhile, o'er-rul'd by cautious care,  
 Far on the right all calm maintains the war,

Firm



Firm for long time he'd brav'd proud Gallia's might,  
 And kept in equal poise the scale of fight,  
 But when, alas! thro' all the mournful throng,  
 Wolfe's hapless fate in sighs was past along,  
 To all his soul a piercing anguish rose,  
 And all his visage wrapt in gloomy woes,  
 Then with just vengeance fierce his bosom burns,  
 And thus his gen'ral's fate, enrag'd, he mourns:—  
 Wolfe, art thou gone, my brave, my noble friend,  
 Has ruthless fate decreed thy hapless end,  
 Brave was thy soul, beyond all just compare,  
 Unmatch'd in virtue, as unmatch'd in war,  
 But soon for thee shall groan yon hateful line,  
 And pay just forfeits for a life like thine;  
 Then from the rear thro' Albion's ranks he broke,  
 Blaz'd in war's threat'ning front, and nobly spoke;  
 Rouse, O my friends, now rouse your fury all,  
 Think of your loss, your God-like leader's fall,  
 He in our cause resigns his glorious breath,  
 Then why not we revenge his hapless death?  
 Straight on the foe he springs with threat'ning force,  
 The swarming bands attend his dreadful course,  
 But lo! from out the num'rous show'rs of ball,  
 That round his head in bellowing tempests fall,  
 One thro' his frame a direful passage found,  
 And instant stretch'd him senseless on the ground,  
 Straight all his schemes of great revenge are o'er,  
 And, like his chief, he gasping loads the shore.

Thus

Thus when these two vast pillars of the host,  
 Were by war's blast from their foundations tost,  
 Fortune and fate, both loudly seem to call,  
 Great Townshend forth, to crush the pride of Gaul,  
 He on the left, far o'er the war-wrapt plain,  
 Long time had struggled with the hostile train,  
 And with firm front to meet the tempest's fall,  
 Which then seem'd gath'ring on the right of Gaul,  
 Just then some bands he'd drawn from Albion's rear,  
 To swell with mightier strength the van of war,  
 When lo! from far his searching eyes beheld  
 A rapid herald hast'ning o'er the field,  
 To meet him swift th' impatient hero flies,  
 And eager thus with speed enquiring cries:—  
 What high behest may now my gen'ral send,  
 What new instructions gives my noble friend?  
 Wills he that here I still maintain my post,  
 Or hence to aid the centre of the host?  
 Speak but the word, I fly with all my might,  
 Whate'er his soul approves must sure be right.  
 Thus, while he spoke with deep dejected eye,  
 The mournful herald breathes a pensive sigh,  
 Then o'er his brow black clouds of sorrow rise,  
 And thus, with flutt'ring voice, he sad replies:—  
 No, mighty chief, no more thy God-like friend  
 To thy great ear shall kind instructions send,  
 For, O sad fate! even now he gasps for breath,  
 In all the pangs, the ruthless pangs of death,

Nobly

Nobly he fell amid the furious strife,  
 Buying immortal glory with his life;  
 Great Moncton too, the next in high command,  
 Pierc'd with sharp wounds forfakes yon mournful band.  
 Then haste, O Townshend, cheer the low'ring day,  
 And urge their souls to brave the dreadful fray,  
 'Tis thou alone that now can rule our host,  
 And make amends for those brave chiefs we've lost  
 O! art thou gone, the mournful chief rejoin'd,  
 Thou bravest, gentlest, best of human kind?  
 O art thou hence, alas! for ever torn,  
 And is thy friend, thy country left to mourn?  
 But Heav'n, 'tis sure, thy just almighty pow'rs  
 Ne'er meant such virtue for a world like ours;  
 Then to his troops I go, my friends, he said,  
 I go where fate commands my instant aid,  
 For lo! your chief, your God-like chief lies slain,  
 Cover'd with wounds on yon destructive plain,  
 Ye knew his worth, ye knew his gen'rous breast,  
 Ye knew the virtues that his soul possess'd,  
 Ye knew how mild he would your faults reprove,  
 With all the fondness of a father's love;  
 Then, O while I shall hasten o'er the plain,  
 To rouse the woe-wrapt centre of the train,  
 Here, my brave friends, do you the combat stand,  
 Here guard your honour, guard your native land,  
 Think of your good, your matchless leader's fall,  
 And take a glorious vengeance on proud Gaul.

He

Ne spoke with speed, he leaves his warring powers,  
 And tow'rd the centre of the army tow'rs,  
 Here his sad eyes the British squadrons found  
 All drown'd in tears, inactive, scatter'd round,  
 Sunk in dark woe, of fame they'd heedless grown,  
 And seem'd to nought alive save grief alone;  
 But when in front blaz'd forth great Townshend's  
     form,

Instant once more roar'd forth war's bellowing storm,  
 Swift from his glance they all at once take fire,  
 And onward rush with wild impetuous ire,  
 While, in the hurry of the headlong fray,  
 Is drown'd each trivial thought of firm array.  
 Townshend beheld with grief, with strange surprise,  
 Why, O my friends, my God-like friends, he cries,  
 Why, why to such destructive tumult fall?  
 Calm, calm this frenzy, if not friends to Gaul,  
 Wolfe was undaunted, generous, brave and bold,  
 You know his valour has whole hosts controul'd,  
 Yet he was steady, temp'rate, calm and wise,  
 And in the midst of conquest fear'd surprise,  
 He his brave troops still held in firm array,  
 Nor left to chance the fortune of the day;  
 Will ye not then pursue his glorious course,  
 Will ye not then with caution guide your force?  
 See on your deeds how hangs your dying chief,  
 Cease, cease, nor cloud his last sad hour with grief.

As

As the huge boist'rous waves and tempests' roar,  
 Which long had thunder'd round bleak Zembla's shore,  
 At their dread Maker's all-supreme command,  
 Straight sink to rest, and leave to peace the land,  
 Quell'd by the potency of great Wolfe's lov'd name,  
 Thus swift to sense the frantic squadrons came,  
 Bridling their rage they all at once stand still,  
 And wait serenely calm their leader's will.  
 He instant flies, their order to restore,  
 He posts these troops behind, and those before,  
 Then with firm front all rang'd in close array,  
 Onward he leads them to renew the fray,  
 Nor with less strength, with less well order'd form,  
 The Gallic squadrons meet the gath'ring storm ;  
 What tho' Montcalm had sunk to endless night,  
 Vaudreuil more brave, more God-like rules the fight,  
 He, when dark fate had robb'd Montcalm of life,  
 Straight posted tow'ards the center of the strife,  
 There, while deep anguish for their hero slain,  
 Damp'd the proud efforts of Britannia's train,  
 He by his deeds, his loud re-echoing call,  
 Re-rous'd the courage of the sons of Gaul,  
 And in firm ranks once more conjoin'd their might,  
 On now he leads them to renew the fight ;  
 Fierce on their front the British squadrons bear,  
 Loosening each hideous terror of the war,  
 From right to left, with wild impetuous ire,  
 First they let fly an all-o'erwhelming fire,

Then

Then with their swords high whirling in their hands,  
 Dreadful they rush amid the frightened bands,  
 Thick in vast crowds they fell of hapless Gaul,  
 Those who had 'scap'd the slaught'ring flow'rs of ball,  
 'Till all the mighty centre of the train  
 Lies slain in heaps, or scatter o'er the plain.  
 Now on all sides the gath'ring horrors spread,  
 Now on all sides the Gallic army fled,  
 Britain's right wing soon hurls Gaul's left in flight,  
 Britain's brave left o'eturns the Gallic right;  
 Some to the woods, some thunder to the town,  
 Some from the lofty precipice rush down,  
 Trembling all fly, in bellowing tumults tost,  
 And deaths, and screams, and groans distract the coast,  
 Of all the num'rous troops thus plung'd in flight,  
 None flew so swift, so headlong as the right,  
 Back'd by Lascelles' and brave Anstruther's bands,  
 The dauntless Scots swift swept them o'er the lands,  
 Grim on the reer with conqu'ring rage they bound,  
 They wave their broad wide-sparkling swords around :  
 Thus, by the desp'rate flock of arms impell'd,  
 Trembling the Gauls drive headlong o'er the field,  
 To where the rock with steep descent sinks down,  
 Beside the ramparts of the neighb'ring town,  
 Here, where St. Charles's stream wide circling flows,  
 A strong built bridge with tow'ring arches rose,  
 High o'er the wat'ry depths the structure lay,  
 A ready, smooth, a broad, an ample way;

This to secure beside the rolling flood,  
 A lofty mound with tow'ring aspect stood,  
 On whose tall brow a range of guns appear,  
 Which point their terrors tow'ards the pouring war :  
 Hither by war's dread torrent swept along,  
 To gain their camp the routed squadrons throng,  
 Thick o'er the bridge with screams, with clam'ring  
                   loud,

Confus'dly wild in heaps on heaps they crowd,  
 While with fierce shouts with all the roar of war,  
 They pouring foam swift thunders in their rere,  
 Struck with pale fear, in dire confusion lost,  
 Just on the brink of ruin seems the host,  
 When lo ! three chiefs, fore-doom'd to endless fame,  
 Ladone, Tureine and Preticaus, by name,  
 Bravely resolve alone the foul debate,  
 To dare and nobly screen sunk Gaul's retreat,  
 Now turning fierce with threat'ning front they stand,  
 'Gainst all the fury of the adverse band ;  
 In vain whole crowds roll on with boist'rous ire,  
 In vain they charge, they strike, they thrust, they fire,  
 Firm as three rocks the three bold vet'rans dare  
 The shocks, the utmost blust'ring of the war,  
 And as like tempests whirl their swords around,  
 They fell whole piles of heroes to the ground ;  
 Thus as the first brave crowds by squadrons fall,  
 Other vast crowds roll on the chiefs of Gaul,

Still

Still as these chiefs these first brave squadrons flew,  
 To mightier slaughters swift their weapons flew,  
 'Till thrice twelve heroes in an instant slain,  
 Stretch'd at their feet lay breathless on the plain,  
 Screen'd by the prowess of these sons of fame,  
 Then had lost Gaul in safety pass'd the stream;  
 But lo! a wid'ning chain, with hideous roar,  
 Shot from a cannon o'er the rattling shore,  
 Full on Ladone with whirling fury flew,  
 And instant sever'd his cleft waist in two;  
 Struck to the earth his nether parts lie spread,  
 While o'er the field far flies his breast and head,  
 Raw to the sight grim looks each inner part,  
 While full in view yet pants his bleeding heart;  
 Next, from a pond'rous sword a stroke is sped,  
 Full on, O! lost Turein, thy hapless head,  
 Cleft into twain the crashing skull is seen  
 Yawn wide, while gory torrents spout between,  
 The scatt'ring brain flies whit'ning all around,  
 And breathless sinks the warrior to the ground.  
 Thus when bold Pretieaus himself beheld,  
 Alone, unback'd, unaided, on the field,  
 Swift from his soul his late vast courage fled,  
 And all his bosom yields to instant dread,  
 Then from the place where tott'ring pale he stood,  
 Headlong he plunges in the whirling flood,  
 Dashing he darts across the sparkling tide,  
 And eager strains to reach the farther side,



Straight with huge shocks once more the storm of war  
 Bursts in dread thunders on stunn'd Gallia's rere,  
 Straight, like their chief, to 'scape the threat'ning blow,  
 All with loud clamour whirling plunge below,  
 Dreadful amid the wat'ry tumult tost,  
 They dash, they labour for the adverse coast,  
 Thro' all its gulphs, thro' all its bellowing shores,  
 The rattling tide with doubling fury roars,  
 On the wild rout thick flies the British fire,  
 Crush 'mid the waves unnumber'd crowds expire,  
 Some by fierce war, some whelm'd beneath the tide,  
 While scarce a remnant gains the farther side;  
 Meanwhile Vaudreuil, brave leader of the train,  
 'Tho' swept by conqu'ring Townshend o'er the plain,  
 Exerts each nerve, his voice, his thund'ring call,  
 To one great effort more to fire sunk Gaul,  
 Deep in the rere, high o'er the rolling flood,  
 Embrown'd with shades a tow'ring thicket stood;  
 Firm as huge Atlas here he takes his stand,  
 Hither he calls each chief, each routed band,  
 Here in an instant rang'd beneath the shade,  
 Around him countless squadrons stand display'd:  
 O! ye vile slaves, ye shameless sons of Gaul!  
 What frights, what fears, base fears have seiz'd on all?  
 Dare ye not rise to save your tott'ring fame,  
 Dare ye not die to 'scape eternal shame?  
 Fly, if ye list, I'll stand this glorious ground,  
 'Till heaven, or earth, or hell, shall all confound.

Scarce

Scarce had he spoke when, like a whelming crowd  
 Of pouring waters bursting from a cloud,  
 Which from the heav'ns at one dread dash rush down,  
 And in wide ruin plains and cities drown,  
 Instant they storm like fury of the foe,  
 Burst on Gaul's front in many a pond'rous blow,  
 Pierc'd in an instant thro' their firm array,  
 And hurl'd them o'er the field dispers'd away;  
 The great Vaudreuil his last vain hope o'erthrown,  
 Left by his friends, unaided and alone,  
 Still nobly stands, unconscious of each fear,  
 'Gainst all the burst and hurry of the war,  
 Still his brave soul, with thirst of glory fraught,  
 And how he'd greatly die, his only thought;  
 First two fell pistols, deeply charg'd with woe,  
 He launch'd in thund'ring fury on the foe,  
 Each swift disgorging two dire globes of lead,  
 Instant took place, and struck two Albions dead;  
 Then nobly swell'd with all a conqu'ror's pride,  
 He snatch'd two faulchions from the vanquish'd's side,  
 And grimly rushing 'mid the hostile throng,  
 Bore in his rage unnumber'd crowds along;  
 First by his wrath the dauntless Howard fell,  
 Next Scott, Wade, Weymor, West, and brave La-  
 fcelle,

A chief from Gaul, who Albion's standard bore,  
 Macpherse Macdash, from Caledonia's shore,

And twice ten others of Britannia's band,  
 All slain or wounded sunk beneath his hand,  
 Prescot, a warrior, dauntless, bold and brave,  
 The fatal stroke at length with fury gave,  
 On as the hero drove with threat'ning pride,  
 He plung'd a murd'rous bay'net in his side,  
 Up thro' his lungs it drives with whirling force,  
 'Till the broad tube restrains its desp'rate course,  
 Senseless the chief then tumbles on the shore,  
 And out the wound swift flows a tide of gore,  
 Him sadly groaning from the dreadful fray,  
 The conqu'ring troops triumphant bore away,  
 Down from his side black falls the clotted gore,  
 And stains with horror all the sanguine shore ;  
 Yet, O brave chief, tho' now the Pow'rs Divine  
 Have giv'n thy foes dread force to rise o'er thine,  
 Let not thy God-like spirit heave a sigh,  
 For lo ! kind death, thy great deliv'rer's, nigh,  
 He soon shall snatch thee from their proud controul,  
 To realms as free, as noble as thy soul ;  
 Trembling meanwhile crush'd Gallia's scatt'ring might  
 Tow'rd the fear'd town swift urg'd their desp'rate  
     flight,

The conqu'ring troops pour on, in dire alarms,  
 The rocks, the forests, ring with thund'ring arms,  
 Wide o'er the plain the doubling clamours flow,  
 And all St. Laurence echoing roars below,

Whelm'd

Whelm'd in pale fear Quebec beholds from far,  
 Tow'rd's her proud ramparts roll the pouring war,  
 Frantic her sons to screen the host's retreat,  
 Instant unbar, fling wide each op'ning gate,  
 While from the cannon, on her tow'ring wall,  
 Fierce on the foe they send vast show'rs of ball,  
 Swift by the bright'ning prospects urg'd along,  
 Thro' the op'd gates the routed squadrons throng,  
 All trembling pale, they pant, they press, they strain,  
 Grim death to shun the shelt'ring walls to gain,  
 While, like a madd'ning tempest on the reer,  
 The pouring foe swift hurl'd the storm of war,  
 And while the foremost 'scape into the town,  
 Mow the lost hindmost in huge numbers down.  
 Meanwhile Satagus, o'er the rattling plain,  
 Burn'd with fierce vengeance for his gen'ral slain,  
 As round the field with fiery zeal he fought,  
 Still for Verdonx his gath'ring fury fought,  
 Far in his hand a glitt'ring tube he bore,  
 A spear its crown, its gorge of fiery store,  
 Broad, pond'rous, keen, high hung with warlike pride,  
 A threat'ning axe adorns his better side,  
 While on his left that dreadful blade appears,  
 So fam'd for scalping deeds in Indian wars;  
 Thus arm'd, equip'd, o'er all the war-wrapt plain,  
 Long for the base Verdonx he fought in vain,  
 Now here, now there, with fiery zeal he flies,  
 Rolling on ev'ry side his sanguine eyes,

At

At length the first, in all their vile retreat,  
 He saw him trembling labour for the gate,  
 Pleas'd at the fight thro' all the pouring throng,  
 With nimblest steps he nobly darts along ;  
 Come, come, he cries, thou most infernal slave,  
 Come, and thy doom, thy right'ous doom receive ;  
 Hast thou not dar'd, amid the furious strife,  
 To rend that God-like heart that spar'd thy life ?  
 But curs'd ingratitude, by Heav'n outcast,  
 Thus with its just rewards shall meet at last ;  
 Swift as a falcon shooting from above,  
 Darts with keen talons on a thoughtless dove,  
 Then with keen axe high brandish'd thro' the skies,  
 He on Verdonx with whirling fury flies,  
 And from his shoulder down his op'ning side,  
 Cleaves a broad passage for life's purple tide,  
 Whelm'd in wild horror pale the dastard stands,  
 He screams, he shrieks, he spreads his suppliant hands,  
 Straight with loud yells he tumbles on the plain,  
 And basely howling mingles with the slain.  
 Thus did the caitiff wretch resign his breath,  
 And thus ingratitude was paid with death,  
 Awhile the victor, grim with hideous joy,  
 Feasts on the bleeding corse his fiery eye,  
 Then with proud steps returning o'er the plain,  
 He tow'ring moves to join his social train,  
 But crowds of Gauls behind terrific stand,  
 And bar his passage to the conqu'ring band,

He,

He, undismay'd, with fierce tempestuous brow,  
 Moves fearless on thro' all the num'rous foe,  
 Dreadful he wheels his slaught'ring sword around,  
 And fells whole groaning squadrons to the ground,  
 Before his rage divides their scatt'ring force,  
 And opes a passage to his thund'ring course;  
 At length quite disentangled from the throng,  
 That check'd his progress to his friends so long,  
 Forward he strides just seeming to rejoin,  
 And plunge once more into Britannia's line,  
 When with loud bellowing from the rattling wall,  
 Shot thro' the air quick flies the whirling ball,  
 Full on his crown the pond'rous shock descends,  
 It bursts his skull, his shiv'ring front it rends,  
 Straight into nought are all his features hurl'd,  
 And straight his spirit leaves our nether world.  
 There, O Satagus, all thy deeds are pass'd,  
 But thy bright fame thro' endless time shall last,  
 Still shall thy great example live to prove,  
 That souls untaught may boast a grateful love,  
 That virtue shines with most refulgent rays,  
 Where baneful arts ne'er ting'd the sacred blaze.  
 Now with fierce roar o'er heaps of prostrate Gauls  
 The conquerors rush swift tow'rd the trembling walls,  
 Some whelm'd in death beneath their rage sink down,  
 Some press tumultuous to the shelt'ring town,  
 While trembling pale whole crowds for mercy call,  
 And at the conquerors feet imploring fall;

These

These in glad pomp away the victors bore,  
 Captives design'd to grace Britannia's shore;  
 Scarce thus had Britain seen all Gaul retire,  
 When for still mightier projects all take fire,  
 Nobly they burn to scale the tow'ring wall,  
 And in her last retreat to charge proud Gaul;  
 Straight to the work the headlong army flies,  
 O'er fosse, walls, tow'rs, they seem in act to rise,  
 When lo! swift borne on fortune's varying wind,  
 A gloomy cloud frowns darkly from behind,  
 And from its bosom, with tempestuous ire,  
 Threats on the rere to whirl vast storms of fire,  
 The dauntless Bouganville, whose high command  
 Long since had westward led a num'rous band,  
 To ken the motions which the foe then made,  
 The watchful eye of Gallia to mislead,  
 Now swift rolls back and thunders in the rear,  
 In all the dreadful glare and pomp of war;  
 But when great Townshend calls his troops to form,  
 When round he wheels them to oppose the storm,  
 Struck at the terror of their dread array,  
 Before their rage the trembling Gauls give way,  
 Swift as before they'd rush'd to meet the fight,  
 They now more swift to 'scape it urge their flight;  
 When thus the leader of the conqu'ring train,  
 Had swept all opposition off the plain,  
 Quitting the host he yields to boding grief,  
 And pensive moves to seek his wounded chief;

But

But when, alas! he reach'd the mournful ground,  
 Stretch'd on the earth him breathless pale he found,  
 Just then grim death had snatch'd his soul away,  
 And left his body a dull load of clay,  
 Borne from the combat by his forrowing train,  
 Long in a senseless state he'd darkly lain,  
 Death each sad moment seeming still at strife,  
 To quench the last poor embers of his life,  
 At length, by the kind cares of his kind band,  
 Call'd back to light from night's all gloomy land,  
 Feebly once more he op'd his dying eyes,  
 And gaz'd, tho' dimly, on the long-lost skies;  
 Straight to his soul, his God-like soul, once more  
 Rose his fond anxious fears for Albion's shore,  
 Straight o'er the field he strains to send his fight,  
 To view the chance, the fortune of the fight,  
 But death betwixt his baleful curtain drew,  
 And shut each host, each object from his view,  
 Hard fate forbids, forbids, my friends, he cries,  
 To give e'er more the combat to these eyes;  
 Haste then, brave souls, haste, breathe to this sad ear,  
 How moves the varying fortune of the war,  
 Could I but see success my army crown,  
 O with what joy, vain life, I'd lay thee down!  
 Scarce had he spoke when, lo! a gladd'ning sound  
 Of vict'ry, vict'ry echoing rings around,  
 All cry, all shout, proud Gaul now flies o'erthrown,  
 And leaves the field, the glory all our own!

Pleas'd



Pleas'd at the found a transient ray of joy  
 Gleam'd forth, and glisten'd o'er Wolfe's dying eye,  
 Swift with glad voice he gave these accents breath—  
 Britain, thou'rt safe, and I with joy meet death,  
 And the same breath that gave these accents way,  
 Then launch'd his spirit for the realms of day;  
 Instant the frantic joys of all around,  
 Dash'd from their height lie level'd with the ground,  
 Instant their thund'ring shouts, their gladd'ning cries,  
 Are chang'd to dismal groans, to tears and sighs;  
 Now thro' the woes of all the mournful throng,  
 Touch'd with like woes great Townshend moves along,  
 Slow o'er the mighty corse with deep-fetch'd sigh,  
 Bending he rolls a melancholy eye,  
 Then from the fulness of his manly grief,  
 Thus breathes this just eulogium of the chief,  
 Art thou there laid! O most malignant fate!  
 Thou prop, thou boast, thou glory of our state!  
 No age, no time, no future world shall see  
 A chief in worth, in fame, to vie with thee;  
 When thy great breast e'er felt a martial flame,  
 'Twas not vain glory urg'd thee on to fame,  
 'Twas patriot love that bid thy soul aspire,  
 And fill'd thy bosom with her spotless fire,  
 Still for thy country's cause, unblam'd, you fought,  
 And with thy sacred life her peace you've bought,  
 Then in thy peerless conduct to thy host,  
 What truth, what wond'rous sweetness could'st thou  
 boast!

How

How thou wouldst list to all they wish'd to say,  
 Redress all their wrongs, and sooth their griefs away,  
 Smile with enchanting grace on all around,  
 And ne'er with scornful pride the meek confound;  
 But, O what voice, what tongue shall now declare,  
 The glorious actions of thy soul in war,  
 How like Mars' self on war's all-gloomy frown,  
 Fearless thou'dst rush and bear whole armies down,  
 And yet mid all the horrors of the fray,  
 Ruled with such steady care the dreadful day.  
 Yes thou wert brave, alas! too brave thou wert,  
 Too noble a spirit urg'd thy dauntless heart,  
 Thou, when thy country's danger claim'd the strife,  
 Too careless wert of thy most precious life,  
 'Twas thy sole wish to save thy native shore,  
 Heav'n crowns this wish, but thou must be no more.  
 Sighing he spoke, then join'd his mournful throng,  
 And o'er the plain deep musing pass'd along,  
 Now the pale corse along the mournful shore,  
 Down to the fleet the forrowing soldiers bore,  
 But still around, where late he breathless lay,  
 Where pierc'd with wounds he breath'd his soul away,  
 Unnumber'd crowds in deep dejection stand,  
 A pale desponding melancholy band;  
 Hail, hallow'd spot, great Wolfe's all glorious name,  
 Now lifts thee upward to eternal fame,  
 While frown the rocks around thy sacred hill,  
 Still shalt thou be rever'd, be honour'd still,

A a

Thither

Thither when years on years have roll'd away,  
 When towns shall moulder, and when states decay,  
 Whole crowds shall daily, led by grief, repair,  
 To pay their tribute of just sorrow there;  
 There as they faunter round the fatal ground,  
 How shall thy deeds, O Wolfe, be breath'd around,  
 How for thy country's cause thou gav'st thy breath,  
 And how serenely calm thou smil'dst on death;  
 When strangers wand'ring from Europa's shore,  
 Have curious pass'd the Atlantic ocean o'er,  
 Hither enamour'd of fair virtue's friend,  
 All mournful sad their pensive steps they'll bend,  
 Musing they'll stand where once the hero stood,  
 They'll kiss the spot where flow'd his sacred blood,  
 Then cry--O fate! how baleful is thy frown,  
 Why was such virtue in her bloom cut down?

## BOOK THE EIGHTH.

**W**HEN with bright joy great Wolfe's aspiring  
 foul,  
 On tow'ring wing, had burst her earthly goal,  
 Light-flutt'ring swift she skims her airy way,  
 Up to the regions of eternal day,  
 Wing'd and obsequious to his high command,  
 Around God's throne unnumber'd seraphs stand,  
 Whose province 'tis departed souls to bring  
 Into the presence of their awful King,  
 Jansey, a spirit of this fleeting kind,  
 Swift as the pinions of the stormy wind,  
 Flies, meets great Wolfe, him straight o'er Heav'n's  
 high road,  
 Guides to the dread tribunal of his God,  
 Twelve heav'n-prop'd mountains, that like sapphire  
 throne,  
 Creation's ruler makes his glorious throne,  
 Bright o'er his front an all o'er-dazzling blaze,  
 Like seas of burning light incessant plays,  
 While dark behind huge mounts of clouds lie spread,  
 And ceaseless thunders mutter round his head,  
 Snatch'd from the dimness of our earthly night,  
 Into such glorious deluges of light;

Awhile confounded by the splendid blaze,  
 Wolfe's mighty spirit swoons in dull amaze,  
 When lo! a voice, that shook the heav'ns all round,  
 Thus mildly terrible was heard to sound:—  
 Say, O frail man, what plea thou bring'st, swift say,  
 The wrath of Heav'n's rous'd justice to allay?  
 Say, what good deed, what pure intent of thine,  
 Can claim the benefits of love divine,  
 Why thou should'st here in endless raptures glow,  
 Rather than groan in misery below?  
 That instant mild-ey'd consciousness of right  
 Brought its kind succour to Wolfe's fainting might,  
 And calm he cries, while o'er his visage shine,  
 Comfort's all cheering rays and hope divine;  
 O great Creator, Father, Judge supreme,  
 Few are the merits that my life can claim,  
 Few, few the hopes that bid me sue for heav'n,  
 Save what by thy vast mercy has been giv'n,  
 While in yon earthly goal this soul was pent,  
 Thou know'st how righteous still was my intent,  
 Still did my feet thy sacred paths pursue,  
 Far as the weakness of frail man could do;  
 Then O do thou my just intent approve,  
 O take me, take me to thy tender love;  
 What tho' too oft my frailty's gone astray,  
 Sure thy Son's blood can wash these faults away.  
 Come then, my son, great nature's God replies,  
 Come taste the boundless transports of the skies,

While

While thou wert mingled with the fons of dust,  
 We know thou didst as thou didst think most just,  
 And tho' far diff'rent deems man's darken'd mind,  
 This is all heav'n e'er seeks from frail mankind.  
 The Godhead ceas'd, and straight in songs of praise,  
 Millions of saints their gladd'ning voices raise,  
 All to their voices join their lyre's sweet notes,  
 While o'er the ethereal realms the music floats:  
 Thus did they sing, O holy spirit, rise,  
 Thou bright, thou pure descendant of the skies,  
 Rise from thy endless seas of care below,  
 To taste the raptures that these realms bestow,  
 Thou sweetly, whilst life's low'ry maze you trode,  
 With ev'ry virtue cheer'dst the darksome road,  
 Pure were thy deeds, mild temp'rance sway'd thy force,  
 Just were thy actions, blameless was thy course,  
 Then come our endless scenes of rapture prove,  
 Come taste the blessings of eternal love,  
 While we thy heav'nly choir in music join,  
 To swell the transports of thy bliss divine;  
 And thou, O great Creator, lov'd of heav'n,  
 By whom our endless joy, our being's giv'n,  
 Thou, whose all-ruling hand in this great soul,  
 Bid such perfections into ripeness roll,  
 Still shalt thou hear our songs, thou Pow'r divine,  
 Breathe empire, honour, glory, praise be thine!  
 Nor deem, blest'd image of thy Father's worth,  
 Thou mild Redeemer of the fons of earth,

That we to heav'nly grace ungrateful prove,  
 Or cease the chaunting of thy matchless love,  
 Love which, with smiles ineffably serene,  
 Forsook Heav'n's glories for the sons of men,  
 Love, which soft smiling from its blissful height,  
 Now guides this hero to the realms of light.  
 But mid this gen'ral burst of sacred joy,  
 Wolfe in deep thoughtful glooms still rolls his eye,  
 Still his fond heart, tho' warm with life no more,  
 All-fondly flutters round his native shore,  
 Much, much he dreads, oppress'd with anxious fear,  
 What woes may rise to Albion from the war;  
 Heav'n's high omniscience saw, and straight a sound,  
 Loud as loud thunders bore these accents round:—  
 Soon, righteous spirit, since I see thy thought  
 Thus still with earthly cares and doubts is fraught,  
 Soon shall my hand, before thy boundless gaze,  
 Ope wide the annals of succeeding days,  
 That thou may'st there behold with joyful eyes,  
 To what a height thy country's fame shall rise.  
 Thus, while the great Creator awful said,  
 And boundless glories beam'd around his head,  
 Bright from the midst of all the dazzling blaze,  
 Streams forth a trail of pure ethereal rays,  
 These o'er Wolfe's eyes in lambent currents play,  
 And wash each mist, each earthly film away,  
 Then, to o'erwhelm him with unmatch'd delight,  
 What countless numbers burst upon his sight,

All

All fate's dark schemes in one vast prospect rise,  
 And all futurity swift strikes his eyes,  
 Then first resistless from the awful sky,  
 His dear Britannia drew his longing eye,  
 Around whose shore high o'er the rolling tide,  
 With fierce, terrific, huge, enormous pride,  
 Two pouring fleets thick swarming adverse sweep,  
 And low'ring darken all the whirling deep,  
 One arm'd with myriads from fierce Gallia's host,  
 Hangs threat'ning furious o'er Britannia's coast,  
 While one spread wide amid the wat'ry roar,  
 Led by great Hawke, protects her sacred shore,  
 He then the first, with huge o'erwhelming ire,  
 Bolds nobly on inroll'd in clouds of fire,  
 Black from his side loud peals of thunder roar,  
 That rend the deeps, that tear the echoing shore,  
 That ring the heav'ns with fierce rebellowing sound,  
 And breathe wild flames and dire destruction round;  
 Struck at the horrors of the dreadful fight,  
 Before his thunders flies the Gallic might,  
 Hawke like a tempest scouring o'er the main,  
 Dreadful pursues them o'er the wat'ry plain,  
 Some bow their flags to 'scape the whelming stroke,  
 Some plunge beneath, some roar to clouds of smoke,  
 Some on rift rocks for baleful safety run,  
 And fly to death, more furious Hawke to shun,  
 While Britain's flag triumphant awes the main,  
 And eyes the terrors of the dastard train;

Thus,



Thus, O great chief, thy all-o'erwhelming hand  
 Preserv'd from ruin's gulf thy native land,  
 Thus did thy glorious deeds exalt thy name,  
 To the grand summit of eternal fame.  
 Straight to far western climes his sight he bends,  
 To see what fortune there his arms attends,  
 There he beholds all-godlike Amherst's blade,  
 Wide o'er the land in conqu'ring pomp display'd,  
 Beneath its glare sees France in ruin hurl'd,  
 And tumbled headlong from the western world;  
 Bright o'er the realms subdu'd in glorious war,  
 Britannia's flag triumphant streams afar,  
 Beneath the terrors of its dreadful blaze,  
 Soon all the nations bow in dumb amaze,  
 From where round Florida old ocean flows,  
 To where the northern pole is wrapt in snows:  
 Far to the south great Rodney next appears,  
 Swelling the glories of Britannia's wars,  
 Rodney foredoom'd to keep the Gauls at bay,  
 And rise the Hawke of some succeeding day,  
 Rais'd from the wounds, so late receiv'd in fight,  
 The mighty Moncton aids his conqu'ring might,  
 Before their terrors bows resistance all,  
 'Till from the torrid world is chas'd proud Gaul;  
 Then did bright joy, O Wolfe, thy soul elate,  
 To see the summit of thy hopes complete,  
 When, swift returning to Europa's shore,  
 Again you view'd her mighty empires o'er,

There

There he sees struggle thro' war's dire debate  
 A Godlike youth, o'er all supremely great,  
 Britain is sunk, disgrace attends each field,  
 Scar'd are her armies, and just seem'd to yield,  
 When lo! the youth, with patriot love on fire,  
 Nobly steps forth and dares the hostile ire,  
 Cheers his stunn'd troops, soon hurls their foes in  
 flight,

And proves Britannia's in a Granby's might,  
 Straight at Britannia's throne, with mournful brow,  
 Bourbon's sunk pride is humbly seen to bow,  
 Suppliant she seeks her vengeance to assuage,  
 And begs suspension from war's dreadful rage;  
 Britain still rous'd at ev'ry sound of woe,  
 Looks down with pity on the vanquish'd foe,  
 Then nobly mild, with soft forgiving grace,  
 Grants the glad blessings of the wish'd-for peace,  
 But not this kind compassion to their woes,  
 Could lull the ceaseless malice of her foes,  
 E'en ere the peace she'd granted was complete,  
 They'd laid new projects to o'erturn her state,  
 Soon o'er the western world Wolfe's wond'ring eyes,  
 Behold rebellion's tow'ring front arise,  
 Rous'd by her voice all rush in wild uproar,  
 To pierce that breast that bled for them before,  
 Straight false Batavia, France, and haughty Spain,  
 Back the proud efforts of the impious train,

And

And rous'd by them to swell the dire alarms,  
 Soon all the world 'gainst Britain seems in arms,  
 As when fierce winds in mad Tornadoe's roar,  
 'Round some low island's wave-encircled shore,  
 In wat'ry mountains, huge from ev'ry side,  
 Pours o'er its plains the all-o'erwhelming tide,  
 Loud roar the winds, trees, domes, whole towns they  
                   tear,

Hoarse thunders bellow, and dread light'nings glare,  
 Whelm'd in the winds, the waves, the thunders rage,  
 The isle seems blotted from creation's page;  
 Thus did the huge unnumber'd storms of war,  
 Pour'd in such pomp of horror from afar,  
 With dire combustion wrap all Albion round,  
 And in wide ruin all her splendor's drown'd,  
 'Till at their fierce assault her o'ertoil'd might,  
 Appear'd just sinking from its glorious height,  
 When lo! the prop, the guardian of the state,  
 Great Rodney, rises to oppose dark fate,  
 To risque her glories from the shades of night,  
 And bid them blaze with more refulgent light,  
 Soon in tall ships swift darting o'er the main,  
 He hurls dire ruin on the pow'rs of Spain;  
 Then to the west on Conquest's wing he flies,  
 And waves his flag thro' Cancer's sultry skies,  
 There on Batavia first the storm descends,  
 Next on proud Gaul his conqu'ring wrath he bends,

As

As mighty a fleet as e'er old ocean saw,  
 Roll o'er his deeps, or give his empire law,  
 In one dread day he with such rage o'erturns,  
 Confounds, disperses, captures, sinks and burns,  
 That scarce a vestige on the wat'ry plains,  
 Of all the glorious armament remains,  
 Then o'er the prostrate deep with wide controul,  
 Britannia's standards flame from pole to pole,  
 Where'er great Rodney bears his thunders round,  
 In meek subjection rolls the vast profound,  
 All is anon in silent horror spread,  
 And not a trembling foe dares rear his head,  
 Gaul, at the terror of his dreadful name,  
 Shrinks into port to hide her dastard shame,  
 Yields the vast empire of the wat'ry space,  
 And stoops to grant an universal peace.  
 Then, O thou pure, thou great, thou Godlike chief,  
 Rodney, kind healer of thy country's grief,  
 Shall not thy boundless glories hear our praise,  
 Give to their matchless fame a length of days?  
 Yes, thy immortal deeds thro' time shall stand,  
 Deeds which from ruin's gulf preserv'd thy land,  
 Straight, Wolfe, thy bosom heav'd with fond delight,  
 Once more when Britain smiling rose to fight,  
 For tho' the wars, that late her sons had borne,  
 Some distant members from her realms had torn,  
 Ne'er shall this loss o'ercloud her radiant name,  
 But aid the progress of her rising fame;

No more her weak'ning pow'rs with wid'ning course,  
 Shall by too vast expansion lose their force,  
 She, in herself collected, shall unite  
 To one huge focus all her gath'ring might,  
 Thence pouring dreadful on proud Gallia's shore,  
 Take a vast vengeance for the wrongs she bore;  
 Now on bright London's spires he turns his eyes,  
 There he beholds strange varying scenes arise,  
 There the great monarch, whom he serv'd so long,  
 Dark fate had mingled with death's gloomy throng,  
 While his good grandson, on blest Albion's throne,  
 Clad in unrivall'd rays of virtue shone,  
 Then first with wonder, Wolfe, didst thou descry  
 A father's mildness in a sov'reign's eye,  
 All that earth's bards of patriot monarchs sing,  
 Appears now realiz'd in Albion's king,  
 His gentle deeds, his still kind soothing hand,  
 Speak him indeed the father of his land,  
 Busy he shines with ever care-fraught breast,  
 Toiling to make three mighty nations blest,  
 Dispensing justice, shielding sacred right,  
 Raising sunk merit, curbing lawless might,  
 Wiping pale sorrow from affliction's eye,  
 And pouring on the poor bright tides of joy.  
 Chas'd by his lenient spirit from the shore,  
 No more fell scaffolds teem with human gore,  
 As children he his subjects would reprove,  
 But griev'd to tear them from his tender love,

Nor

Nor with less splendid rays his matchless worth,  
 In arts of government amaze the earth,  
 Still does his fond, his kind paternal care,  
 Watch o'er the safety of the land in war,  
 Still do his wakeful eyes disdain to close,  
 'Till all his realms securely may repose;  
 Long on the wond'rous prince Wolfe held his fight,  
 Still as he gaz'd, still grew his fond delight;  
 Then thus the Godhead—Well thou'st view'd the  
                   worth

Of this bright virtuous paragon of earth,  
 Turn and thou shalt, with equal joy, survey  
 How his good subjects his kind cares repay.  
 He look'd, and mid the terrors of his friends,  
 Lo! the great monarch his sad bulk extends  
 On the pale bed of sickness, while around  
 Is nought but dire despair and anguish found,  
 Wild are his looks, his brain's in madness hurl'd,  
 Dim'd is that reason which once 'lum'd the world,  
 Just o'er his head grim death is seen to stand,  
 And for the last dread blow to rear his hand,  
 Then o'er the realm his grief-ting'd fight he throws,  
 And lo! 'tis all one boundless scene of woes;  
 E'en as all ranks their worldly tasks pursue,  
 Still, O great king, each thought is bent on you,  
 How do they lean your varying state to hear,  
 How on each change still hangs their doubt, their  
                   fear,

Clouds of suspense involve the realm all o'er,  
 And from all eyes thick tears unceasing pour;  
 At length reliev'd from wild distracting pain,  
 Lo! the good monarch rose to health again,  
 Straight from his realms each darksome gloom swift  
       flies,

Joy swells all hearts, and lightens in all eyes,  
 Far, far behind each worldly care they fling,  
 And dream of nought but gladness and their king:  
 Such's the reward to virtuous monarchs giv'n,  
 And such th' attention they still win from heav'n.  
 Jehovah then—Thus far I've giv'n to you,  
 The dark unfathom'd schemes of fate to view,  
 That thus your terrors for your native shore,  
 Seeing her future glories might be o'er,  
 No soul that e'er in mortal shackles lay,  
 Has e'er been favour'd as thou art to-day,  
 Present and past lie subject to their eye,  
 But dark futurity they ne'er can spy.  
 Here ceas'd these sounds, with heavenly knowledge  
       fraught,

When straight Wolfe's ear the voice of music caught,  
 Sudden around, in sweet ascending notes,  
 A gath'ring tide of sacred music floats,  
 Wid'ning it swells on æther's warbling wing:  
 And all the heav'ns with mild response ring;  
 Wolfe, while with heav'nly joy he caught the sound,  
 Straight on all sides he casts his eyes around,

Far

Far on bright glory's left his eyes behold,  
 High on exalted thrones of shining gold,  
 Of earth's dead bards a long majestic train,  
 With awful aspect and exalted mien.  
 Crown'd with bright gems each high majestic throne,  
 Inflaming rubies, dazzling topaz shone,  
 Soft from each hand a sweet resounding lyre,  
 Swells with harmonious breath the heavenly choir,  
 While o'er each brow in shades ethereal play,  
 Green wreaths of laurel and eternal bay,  
 Here the immortal Homer holds his seat,  
 Grave, solemn, bold, majestically great,  
 Rais'd in his hand that all enchanting lyre,  
 That rous'd to matchless deeds thro' patriot fire,  
 Here the pure Mantuan bard, whose milder worth  
 Soothed into gentler virtues all the earth,  
 And daring Lucan, whose unbridled strains  
 Comfort fair freedom in her galling chains.  
 Next a bright train of heavenly poets blaze,  
 Who 'lumed the tuneful world in later days,  
 Tasso, who mounting thro' the blest abode,  
 First sang the glories of high heaven's true God:  
 Milton, whose bright, whose all unfolding line,  
 Opes the vast secrets of the realms divine:  
 Then Parnel, Shakespeare, Addison, and Prior,  
 Pope and exalted Thomson crown the choir.  
 Here, as the sun with clear refulgent blaze,  
 Hides the furrounding stars inferior rays,



One awful bard, with high majestic mien,  
 Shines o'er the glories of the circling train,  
 Glorious aloft he smiles o'er all around,  
 And breathes still sweeter harmony of sound,  
 Wide as the warblings of his heavenly lyre,  
 Sings the vast praise of heaven's immortal Sire,  
 Myriads of listening angels rang'd around,  
 The heav'ns, the stars, all seem in rapture drown'd,  
 All with more duteous awe behold their God,  
 And press'd still closer to his blest abode,  
 Reverence the mercies that his grace imparts,  
 And find him rise still nearer to their hearts,  
 The mild Omnipotent beheld arise,  
 The wondering joys that Wolfe then flush'd their eyes,  
 Then with a sacred smile his lips essay'd,  
 To speak the wonders of the mighty shade.  
 Dost thou not know, once resident of earth,  
 That king, that glory of all tuneful worth,  
 There shines great Pope, whose all enlivening hand  
 Fill'd with enchanting harmony thy land.  
 Learn hence late tenant of earth's darken'd coast,  
 Of all external charms how vain's the boast,  
 He, while he bustled mid earth's mortal swarm,  
 Could boast no beauteous excellence of form,  
 Light empty shade, the glitter of a day,  
 Which for a moment shines, then flits away;  
 Yet see him now exalted to our skies,  
 Where no frail eminence of form can rise,

Unless

Unless it sue for virtue's sacred aid,  
 And deign to enter here beneath her shade,  
 But tho' not great of body, his pure mind  
 Was large, capacious, gen'rous, unconfin'd,  
 Free from each selfish littleness of soul,  
 He lull'd the erring world with sweet controul,  
 Pour'd round the globe that truth so nobly bright,  
 That heav'n's high will, and all that is, is right,  
 'Twas his soft warbling tongue with gentle sway  
 First taught to heav'n's high love the real way,  
 Taught to mankind that art so sweetly true,  
 To please themselves, and please their Maker too,  
 To guide their joys thro' piety's fair road,  
 And up the paths of pleasure walk to God.  
 Know all the sacred bards that now thy eyes,  
 Behold around in splendid order rise,  
 Were once the minstrels of the world's frail stage,  
 And breath'd round earth's wide realms their tuneful  
     rage,  
 Though now their glorious shades he rang'd above,  
 Bask in the radiance of my endless love,  
 For while, with heav'nly harmony of sound,  
 They charm'd the ear of all the world around,  
 Still of their Maker's boundless love they sung,  
 Of truth, of piety, their numbers rung;  
 This to reward I rear'd them to this place,  
 To bask in sunshine of eternal peace,

And here they still prolong the sacred strain,  
 And sing the glories of my endless reign,  
 But soon shall wond'rous scenes to thee disclose  
 The diff'rent fortune of their critic foes,  
 What direful pests hang round their last sad state,  
 To scourge the fury of their envious hate.  
 He look'd, and lo! beneath the warbling train,  
 Extends with glist'ning stretch a crystal plain,  
 Whose broad wide opening glass is seen to shew  
 The huge expansion of the void below;  
 Here plac'd far distant from the awful skies,  
 He sees a vast and clouded world arise,  
 Around whose shore a huge unnumber'd croud,  
 Fierce, vengeful, dark, keen, turbulent and proud,  
 Of critic shades in wild confusion swarm,  
 Grim as the terrors of a gathering storm,  
 High o'er their brows dark clouds of Envy rise,  
 Black with envenom'd rage roll round their eyes,  
 Hate, furious spleen, and every hideous pest,  
 Swells with malignant gloat their loaded breast.  
 Envy, the empress of this hideous land,  
 Thron'd in majestic horror takes her stand,  
 Grim and terrific round her eye-balls roll,  
 And shoot new fury thro' each subject soul;  
 But wond'rous here to tell with merc'less ire,  
 Now at the mandate of high heav'n's dread Sire,  
 She to a penal dungeon turns this shore,  
 And punishes the crimes she nurs'd before;

Fierce

Fierce in each critic's hand huge serpents rise,  
 Flashing blue poison from her fiery eyes,  
 And strange to tell, with many a fearful cry,  
 Pour'd from their brain loud screaming vultures fly,  
 These with keen fury they essay to throw,  
 On smiling merit their eternal foe,  
 Whose lovely shade for ever flits in view,  
 To swell the torments of the impious crew;  
 But when the goddess waves her circling wand,  
 In what strange horrors plunge her subject band,  
 Back on their lords the curling serpents roll,  
 And dart their poison in each groaning soul,  
 E'en the fell vultures, ministers of pain,  
 Dart back and riot in their master's brain,  
 Yet still far mightier torments round she throws,  
 Far mightier anguish swell their hideous woes,  
 Lo! on the ground she treads her subjects all,  
 Up to the heav'ns she turns each visual ball,  
 There she compels their loathing orbs to wait,  
 E'en on the glories of the bards they hate,  
 As thro' the crystal heavens their rolling eyes,  
 Up to the splendours of their foes arise,  
 Oh! what keen pangs, their burning souls now gore,  
 Oh! how they gnash their teeth, foam, start and roar;  
 And as they loathing seek to turn away,  
 Eavy, with galling lash, constrains their stay,  
 But chief on smiling Pope they bend their eyes,  
 Chief from his glorious state their pangs arise,

Still

Still as they view his sweet celestial form,  
 To louder tempests swells their mental storm,  
 Then do they wish, with many a tear of woe,  
 That Envy ne'er had mark'd him for their foe,  
 That they misguided ne'er had disapprov'd  
 Those heavenly charms which secretly they lov'd,  
 That they, like Wisdom's sons, from his pure rays  
 Had drawn the sweets and comforts of their days;  
 Then the Eternal Goodness gently cries:—  
 Behold what evils from foul envy rise,  
 Behold how these lost geniuses of earth,  
 Tho' lum'd with many a ray of mental worth,  
 When by her dark'ning hand in error hurl'd,  
 Would cloud each nobler light that gilds the world,  
 But thus thro' ages past, and future times,  
 My righteous Justice punishes such crimes;  
 But now fair Virtue's offspring learn from me,  
 Lest thy eyes wonder at the scenes they see,  
 That these huge curling snakes that merc'less roll,  
 Their poisonous fury thro' each critic foul,  
 Once the fell engines were, thro' which their hand  
 Pour'd their truth-drowning torrents o'er the land,  
 And the fell vultures yon unfeeling train,  
 Who rend with pitiless fangs their tortur'd brain,  
 Were the foul monsters which they deem'd from thence,  
 To tear the sinews of all common sense,  
 All are thus chang'd by my transforming will,  
 To make their punishment more righteous still;

Go then, my mild, my pure, tho' earthly son,  
 Now all thy business with thy God is done,  
 Go to the verge of this our awful sky,  
 To meet the tenor of thy endless joy,  
 There as on earth you glow'd for pure renown,  
 With heav'n's chief martial fame thy joys I'll crown;  
 For know that ev'ry class of thy dear race,  
 Who seek thro' Virtue's paths for endless peace,  
 Find, when to Heaven they fly from earthly woe,  
 A bliss with semblance to their deeds below,  
 They, who for tender piety and pray'r,  
 Scorn all the mean pursuits of earthly care,  
 Still pleas'd may worship in this blest abode,  
 And dwell still nearest to their much-lov'd God;  
 Those who, with soft benevolence of mind,  
 Smile their sweet comforts round on all mankind,  
 Here guide the entrance of each earthly guest,  
 And joy to make their fellow-creatures blest;  
 Nor less thy earthly ministers of state,  
 Who steer by Virtue's star a nation's fate,  
 Here find a bliss congenial to their soul,  
 And o'er fond hierarchies exert controul;  
 But the good leader of a virtuous band,  
 Who smiling falls to save his native land,  
 Here in the front of all my hosts divine,  
 At heaven's bright gates is endless doom'd to shine,  
 To scare the rebel fiends to him 'tis giv'n,  
 And find sweet transport from protecting Heav'n,

Nor

Nor think, as erring zeal would teach thy race,  
 Heav'n to some favourite sects confines her grace,  
 Virtue, 'tis only thy all-righteous lot,  
 And when or where thou grow'st it matters not,  
 Whether in Mecca, or blest Sion's wall,  
 For heaven's unbounded love still hangs o'er all.  
 Then the great shade forsook the throne of God,  
 And flew triumphant o'er the blest abode,  
 O'er starry paths, o'er plains of heavenly flowers,  
 O'er sapphire mounts, o'er high celestial towers,  
 O'er boundless empires, throng'd with sons of light,  
 On soaring pinions he directs his flight,  
 At length arriv'd at Heaven's exalted gate,  
 Before the Sacred Host he lights in state,  
 Who here wide threat'ning point their swords below,  
 To mar the efforts of th' infernal foe,  
 Lest he to foul attempts, by frenzy driv'n,  
 Might seek once more to gain the throne of heav'n;  
 Here as all blaze the bright'ning hero stands,  
 To widening glories all his front expands,  
 High o'er his limbs, by pow'r celestial thrown,  
 A flaming suit of heavenly armour shone,  
 High and more nobly grand his aspect rose,  
 'Till o'er the circling crowds his stature grows,  
 Thus for the glorious deeds thou didst below,  
 Thou thro' all vast eternity shalt glow,  
 There as on earth Gaul shook when aw'd by thee  
 Thy name a terror to all hell shall be,

There

There shall all joys bloom round thy sacred head,  
 Thy bliss extending as thy glories spread;  
 Meanwhile round lost Québec the conqu'ring pow'rs,  
 In various movements, pass the ev'ning hours,  
 To various tasks all take their eager way,  
 Tasks that seem needful to complete the day;  
 Some in vast throngs from out the sanguine plain,  
 To scenes of rest conduct the captive train,  
 Some the pale wounded bear from off the shore,  
 Or cleanse their wounds, or staunch the streaming  
                   gore,

While some with haste throw wide the op'ning ground,  
 To give the num'rous dead one grave profound.  
 But lo! while they their pious toil pursue,  
 A mournful object caught their startled view,  
 Tamina rushing o'er th' ensanguin'd plain,  
 Calls for her lord, her dear lost lord, in vain,  
 Swept by the tempest of her grief along,  
 Wildly she hurries 'mid the victor throng:—  
 Where, where's Satagus, where's my love, she cries,  
 While here, while there, she rolls her piercing eyes,  
 But when, dread sight! extended on the ground,  
 His headless trunk all breathless pale she found,  
 Straight with cold horrors froze her curdling blood,  
 Long time a speechless monument she stood;  
 Then to the pitying heav'ns her frantic eyes,  
 Ting'd with wild grief, she throws, and thus she  
                   cries:—

Was't,



Was't, was't for this, O most malignant fate !  
 Such boundless joy thou gav'st this soul so late,  
 Was't but to make these horrors still the more,  
 Thou didst but yesterday my love restore ?  
 Yet though, my lord, thou art for ever flown,  
 Think not Tamina here will weep alone ;  
 No, thou blest vision of my last dear night,  
 Thy voice instructs me to attend his flight,  
 Soon shall from earth my soaring soul take wing,  
 Soon to thy breast once more I'll joyful spring,  
 Soon, for e'en now, I view thee from above,  
 Spread wide thy eager arms to meet thy love.  
 She spoke, the frenzy of her hand swift found  
 A blood-stain'd sword, that reeking press'd the ground,  
 Then with the strength of all-distracting woe  
 Dreadful she gave the last, the fatal blow.  
 She falls, her soul straight flits to upper air,  
 And joys to find her lov'd Satagus there.  
 Now God-like Townshend, bent on high renown,  
 Nobly resolves t' invest the tott'ring town,  
 First by keen toil, by all o'er conqu'ring skill,  
 High up the steepy tow'nings of the hill,  
 A smooth and ample road he taught to wind,  
 Where war's dire engines a safe course might find,  
 Soon up this lofty path, with labour great,  
 All war's fell implements are wheel'd in state,  
 Mortars most huge with gaping throats wide spread,  
 Fierce yawning cannon, and vast piles of lead,

Mountains

Mountains of pond'rous shells high charg'd with woe,  
 And seas of nitrous grain to blast the foe,  
 Next on the crown of Abram's cloud-capt height,  
 Tow'ring he spreads his wid'ning camp to fight,  
 White as the foam that wraps old ocean round,  
 When whirl'd in tempests boil his deeps profound,  
 So white, so vast with glitt'ring aspect spread,  
 Britannia's tents o'ershade high Abram's head,  
 To guard the camp and hem the city round,  
 Straight he prepares to raise a threat'ning mound,  
 On ev'ry side to work his squadrons fall,  
 And eager strain to pile the circling wall,  
 From flank to flank a wid'ning fosse they spread,  
 To guard from foul surprize their length'ning head,  
 Rapid aloft the growing bulwarks rise,  
 And heave enormous thro' the op'ning skies,  
 When rous'd to envy at their rapid course,  
 Lo! all the elements unite their force,  
 O'er heav'n's broad dark'ning front they dreadful frown,  
 And let with thund'ring crash their fury down,  
 Swift o'er the circuit of the trembling world,  
 Burst the loud bellowing winds tempestuous hurl'd,  
 Fierce the vast pouring rains descending roar,  
 Like a huge ocean o'er the streaming shore,  
 And at dread intervals the thunders found,  
 Mark'd by the light'nings flash rolls furious round.  
 Thus while four suns to bring revolving day,  
 Wrapt in thick glooms pursu'd their cheerless way,

Still the big tempest blusters round the coast,  
 And threats with death, with darkness, Albion's host;  
 In vain they toil, they brave the angry skies,  
 In vain their mounds, their growing bulwarks rise,  
 Still as they rise the winds the rains roar round,  
 And heave the mighty labours to the ground,  
 Sweep them from thence, or overwhelm them in the flood,  
 While their chill'd rigours freeze each foldier's blood.  
 Thus while dark low'ring fortune frown'd around,  
 Nobly serene was God-like Townshend found,  
 Still in all-gracious Heav'n he plac'd his trust,  
 For Heav'n he knew must side with one so just;  
 Now here, now there, along the stormy shore,  
 Steady he moves thro' all the tempests roar,  
 Ev'n the chill'd troops that verg'd to death's cold reign,  
 Rous'd by his presence spring to toil again.  
 Nobly once more, 'gainst all the circling storms,  
 He taught the lines to rear their gathering forms,  
 He fills the breaches, clears the opening grounds,  
 Remounts the guns, completes the tow'ring mounds,  
 'Till by the fulness of his glorious care,  
 Once more their threat'ning fronts seem meet for war,  
 Straight struck with horror at their dreadful frown,  
 A sudden panic seiz'd the trembling town,  
 Swift from their gates, unbarr'd with wild affright,  
 A suppliant herald issuing rose to fight,  
 Loudly he blows the echoing trump of peace,  
 And sounds for mercy to the British race;

Townshend

Townshend high gladdening views the fears of France,  
 But bids with courteous smile her chief advance,  
 Into his awful presence instant led,  
 The herald hasten'd, and thus humbly said:—  
 Oh! thou great chief, all England's glorious boast,  
 Thou God-like leader of this matchless host,  
 No more our rage prolongs the dire alarms,  
 But yields submissive to thy conqu'ring arms,  
 Nor can our awful king's all thoughtful soul,  
 Blame that we bow beneath thy dread controul;  
 Still to the world our just excuse shall be,  
 That we surrender'd to great Wolfe and thee,  
 This to our fall shall reconcile the earth,  
 For sure 'tis madness to oppose such worth;  
 But oh! thou great, thou kind, thou glorious chief,  
 To calm the rigour of my country's grief,  
 Speak the dread terms we must from thee receive,  
 But such, oh! let them be as suit the brave.  
 Fear not, my dauntless friend, the chief rejoin'd,  
 That e'er our scornful pride shall wound thy mind,  
 Such are the terms thou shalt from us receive,  
 As suit a host like thine that's calmly brave,  
 For genuine worth disdains to sharpen woe,  
 Or load with galling chains a vanquish'd foe;  
 Know first each guiltless individual here,  
 Shall stand exempt from all the frowns of war,  
 That they secure from every pang of strife,  
 Shall hold each comfort of their former life,

Each righteous source of wide unbounded wealth,  
 And each pure means of happiness and health,  
 Nor less religion, round the smiling shore,  
 Shall hold the steady course she held before;  
 Still shall her sons securely seek their God,  
 By the same paths they formerly have trod,  
 For know Britannia's soul disdains to war  
 With weak, but guiltless men, for modes of pray'r;  
 But each vast fort in yon exalted town,  
 Must lay their pride and towering standards down,  
 All the huge stores that gorge yon towering wall,  
 Of cannon, mortars, sulphur, bombs and ball,  
 Must be surrender'd at my high command,  
 To the disposal of my sovereign's hand;  
 Howe'er to sooth your griefs, ye sons of Gaul,  
 All martial honours shall attend your fall,  
 E'en as you march from out yon conquer'd line,  
 Aloft in glory shall your standard shine,  
 High in your front blaze forth your dazzling arms,  
 Charg'd as if crown'd for thundering war's alarms,  
 Loud echoing trumpets shall your course proclaim,  
 And stamp your short disgrace with marks of fame:  
 These, oh! my dauntless friend, now foe no more,  
 These are the gentle terms I grant thy shore,  
 For tho' my soul beats high for glory's charms,  
 I hate the horrors that attend on arms,  
 And e'en, while worlds applaud my conquering steel,  
 I mourn the anguish that the vanquish'd feel.

So

So spoke the God-like chief, the Gaul withdrew,  
 And towards the gates with labouring bosom flew,  
 Soon as the town had learn'd his sad success,  
 All with a tearful smile their joy express,  
 Then to the foe fling wide each opening gate,  
 And yield submissive to their lowering fate;  
 Swift the loud conquering bands, with glorious sound,  
 Pour in their swarming crouds from all around,  
 Drums, trumpets, clarions, bellowing shouts arise,  
 They rend the streets, the rocks, the echoing skies,  
 Wide o'er walls, turrets, palaces and towers,  
 Britannia's flag its instant glory pours,  
 Yet thro' this thundering joy, with smiling sway,  
 Still mild humanity conducts their way,  
 Still her calm voice, with soft persuasive might,  
 Controuls the fallies of their wild delight,  
 Holds back their swords from every sanguine blow,  
 And shields the poor inhabitants from woe:  
 Thus, oh! great Townshend, did thy God-like worth  
 Subdue this glory of the western earth,  
 Thus with mild, temp'rate zeal, thy awful hand  
 Crown'd the vast wishes of thy native land;  
 For this great deed thro' all succeeding days,  
 While warriors deeds shall shine, or worlds shall praise,  
 High o'er thy brow eternal laurels spread,  
 Shall beam vast glories round thy sacred head,  
 And ev'n when earth shall gripe thy mortal frame,  
 These matchless honours shall adorn thy name.

Now from Quebec, at Townshend's high command,  
 A nimble vessel seeks Britannia's strand,  
 There to disclose how fell her darling son,  
 And what high fame her conquering arms had won;  
 There when arriv'd, round all Britannia's shores,  
 The joyful news of conquest swift she pours,  
 Soon as the realm had learn'd that haughty Gaul,  
 Beneath her conqu'ring chief had deign'd to fall,  
 Straight all her coasts, her plains, her cities round,  
 Rise to wild joy, and breathe a gladd'ning sound;  
 But when at length a pause of loud acclaim,  
 Gave to the voice the mournful voice of fame,  
 Time to the rapture of the land to tell,  
 How in the sequel her brave hero fell,  
 Instant dark glooms involve all Albion's race,  
 Transport sinks down, and grief usurps her place,  
 Tears of regret pour forth from ev'ry eye,  
 And clouds of woe succeed to smiles of joy;  
 Pitt, tho' sage wisdom ever fill'd his mind,  
 Like a mere mortal in their anguish join'd,  
 Much tho' he joy'd that humbled was proud Gaul,  
 Much was his sorrow for his friend's sad fall;  
 Slow, where his monarch holds his awful seat,  
 Now mov'd the woe-rapt guardian of the state,  
 Him at his council-board serene he found,  
 With crowds of glitt'ring courtiers rang'd around,  
 Still his great soul, intent on what may best,  
 Tend to secure his much-lov'd Albion blest,

Joyful

Joyful the rev'rend monarch sees advance  
 The sage controuler of the pride of France,  
 Rous'd at the sight his kindling spirits rise,  
 And youthful gleams flash o'er his aged eyes,  
 But on his visage, when he sees express'd  
 The warring passions that disturb his breast,  
 Straight with a smile he greets the God-like man,  
 And thus with soft and courteous air began :—  
 Say, my good friend, thou prop of Albion's throne,  
 Say, from what source breaks forth this struggling  
 groan,

Say, what wild varying cares thus paint thy eye,  
 Now in such signs of grief, and now of joy;  
 Say, and if aught thy sov'reign's hand can do,  
 Long these strange cares shall not o'erburthen you.  
 To whom the woe-rapt minister rejoind,  
 My lord, no private griefs disturb my mind,  
 Greatly transcending gladd'ning news I bring  
 To my lov'd country, and to thee my king;  
 Quebec has sunk beneath our conqu'ring pow'rs,  
 And all the vast Canadian tracts are ours.  
 Praise to thy heav'nly care, the monarch cries,  
 O! thou all gracious Lord, all just and wise,  
 Praise to thy boundless vast Almighty Pow'r,  
 That crowns my every hope in this blest'd hour,  
 Now to thy awful throne with smiles I'd go,  
 Since my lov'd Albion's land has crush'd her foe;

But



But say thou best good man, that heav'n could give,  
 Does the great leader of our army live ?  
 Stands our still darling Wolfe secure from fate,  
 To meet the recompence of deeds so great ?  
 Oh what unrival'd gifts shall crown his worth,  
 And raise him smiling o'er the envious earth.  
 No, my lov'd prince, no more, the statesman said,  
 No more shall kingly gifts adorn his head,  
 Fall'n is our chief beneath foul Death's cold hand,  
 A brave, brave victim, for his native land ;  
 Whole mournful months he toil'd with ceaseless care,  
 While worlds of frowning dangers check'd the war,  
 'Till by his constant, steady zeal at length,  
 He gave a fatal blow to Gallia's strength,  
 Then with a glorious smile he met grim death,  
 And in bright vict'ry's arms resign'd his breath.  
 Wolfe, art thou gone, the startled monarch cries,  
 While a swift tear bursts o'er his aged eyes ?  
 Gone if thou art, if thou indeed art slain,  
 All, all my dear-bought victories are vain ;  
 Triumphs then hence, on me unwish'd ye fall,  
 Wolfe, whom I've lost, was more than worth ye all,  
 Vict'ries and fame, and Glory's much-fought charms,  
 Chance ne'er could fail some times to give our arms ;  
 But, O ! one chief, one God-like chief like thee,  
 Ages may seek in vain, but ne'er shall see,  
 Thou wert undaunted, gen'rous, brave and just,  
 True to thy sov'reign, faithful to thy trust,

Yet

Yet calm and nobly free thou held'st thy soul,  
 Nor meanly yielded to each base controul.  
 Reason alone thou would'st, untry'd, obey,  
 And scorn'd each earthly power that mock'd her sway,  
 Heav'n knows how much I priz'd a work thus great,  
 Beyond the slavish sycophants of state ;  
 But since, O ! gen'rous Pitt, all-ruling Heav'n  
 Has to foul Death's cold doom our champion giv'n,  
 Let to his great remains our cares be just,  
 And show'r their fondness on his much-lov'd dust,  
 Let o'er his mournful tomb, with weeping eyes,  
 A sad lamenting monument arise,  
 That shall thro' endless time with sorrow tell,  
 How for his much-lov'd land he bravely fell,  
 Nor shall the great surviving chief depart  
 Without an off'ring from my thankful heart ;  
 Townshend who, cheerful as the smiles of May,  
 Light, lively, graceful, affable and gay,  
 Lumes with bright sparkling wit the jocund ring,  
 And shines of social mirth the sprightly king ;  
 Yet, who, when glory calls him from afar,  
 Can rise with equal strength to shine in war,  
 Can fly these dear these gay festitious charms,  
 And rush undaunted to the fields of arms,  
 Then on Fame's tow'ring wing outstrip the flight,  
 Of chiefs whose ev'ry thought was giv'n to fight,  
 He shall, I say, from out our high regard,  
 Meet for his God-like deeds a great reward,

Titles

Titles of glorious found his name shall grace,  
 And spread vast honours o'er his future race.  
 But go, my friend, lest wide o'erwhelming woe  
 Should sink the spirits of this land too low,  
 Go and command each clamorous sign of joy,  
 At our vast fame o'er all the realm to fly,  
 This for a time perhaps may soothe the grief,  
 That drowns the nation for her late lost chief,  
 Great Pitt, his sovereign's mandate to obey,  
 Now moves with slow and pensive steps away,  
 Fault'ring his tongue commands loud joys to rise,  
 While grief in tears forbids it from his eyes,  
 Swift at the word bright joy expanding wide  
 Pours thro' the land her all-o'erwhelming tide,  
 At her loud call huge bellowing cannons roar,  
 Their shouts in thunders o'er the echoing shore,  
 Bells with wide warbling clang dance nimbly round,  
 And chime the raptures in harmonious found;  
 Then from the front, with high enlivening powers,  
 Of towns, walls, cities, palaces and towers,  
 In pouring rays bursts forth a blaze of light,  
 That gilds with countless suns the shades of night,  
 That showering round a flood of glorious day,  
 Drowns the faint paleness of the lunar ray;  
 But vain, alas! are all these pageants found,  
 All these proud shews of joy that flame around,  
 Pale and wide saddening o'er the nation's soul,  
 Deep musing sorrow holds her dull controul,

Hold's

Holds up no object but their dear lost chief,  
 And turns loud shouts of joy to shrieks of grief.  
 Meanwhile Constantia, in the arms of rest,  
 Yields to sweet visions all her thoughtless breast,  
 Light o'er her heart in flatt'ring smiles they roll,  
 Nor bring one boding to alarm her soul;  
 Soon as great Wolfe to war's fell clime had flown,  
 And left her all disconsolate alone,  
 In rural scenes she'd sought a calm retreat,  
 Far from the hateful pomp of noisy state,  
 There with sad lonely grief her fate to mourn,  
 And sigh in ceaseless tears 'till Wolfe's return,  
 Hither the good, the sage Materna too,  
 Studious of nought but sad Constantia flew,  
 Here had she strove, with still kind soothing care,  
 To charm her griefs, and rouse her from despair,  
 For hoary years full well her soul had taught  
 How vain, how fatal's melancholy thought,  
 Here all the charms that Nature's smiles supply,  
 Soft op'ning bloom'd to please the pensive eye,  
 Wide round the dome, in fair ascending rows,  
 Gardens of graceful trees their shades disclose,  
 On whose gay waving boughs, in golden hue,  
 Autumn displays her rip'ning stores to view,  
 Soft o'er the shady space that lies below,  
 Thousands of smiling flow'rs gay varying glow,  
 All that expanded Autumn brings to cheer,  
 The bloom-deck'd burial of the parting year ;

Calm

Calm thro' this flow'ry maze, with tinkling fong,  
 A silver stream flow winding steals along,  
 Bright on the mirror of whose crystal tide  
 Shine all the bending trees in graceful pride.  
 Now from her saffron bed the morn' arose,  
 And thro' the kindling east in crimson glows,  
 Before her pouring rays the clouds divide,  
 And ope a passage for the glorious tide,  
 Swift, at the chearful summons of the skies,  
 All the wak'd fons of earth in crowds arise,  
 Beasts, birds and insects, o'er the dewy plain,  
 The herds, the bleating flocks, the tranquil swain,  
 All from their nightly haunts now teem away,  
 To hail the glories of the rising day ;  
 Wak'd from the flow'ry vale of sweet repose,  
 Straight with rous'd nature fair Constantia rose,  
 Forth to the sun's bright cheer she pensive moves,  
 To take her usual saunter thro' the groves,  
 Since that dark day when Wolfe forsook her arms,  
 Life's sweets to barter for vain glory's charms,  
 Still was she wont at dawn to wander o'er  
 Each shade, each arbor, trod by him before,  
 For there her dear lost Wolfe once blest her sight,  
 And there 'ev'n still she finds a sad delight ;  
 Soon as her morning pilgrimage she ends,  
 Back to the dome her musing steps she bends,  
 Here, when arriv'd with causeless fears oppress'd,  
 She feels strange bodings rising to her breast ;

Soon

Soon as the gates their op'ning folds unfold,  
 Straight to her sight the sage Materna rose,  
 Gleams of bright joy flash o'er her aged eyes,  
 And thus with swift and flutt'ring voice she cries:—  
 Come, O my child, thou pride of heav'n's sweet charms!  
 Come to thy fond, thy joyful mother's arms,  
 Come for thy Wolfe, yes Wolfe, my love, e'en he  
 Soon gives that name, that tender name to thee,  
 He is all glorious, God-like, as he ought,  
 His peerless worth has boundless wonders wrought,  
 He has o'erwhelm'd the pride of haughty Gaul,  
 And taught her towns—her great Montcalm to fall,  
 And now he comes all crown'd with glory's charms,  
 To bless our dear, our long expecting arms;  
 Just now the gladd'ning tidings reach'd my ear,  
 And much it joys me that I've found thee here.  
 Rapid as light these grateful sounds impart,  
 Quick tides of joy to fair Constantia's heart,  
 Swift thro' her veins the boist'rous torrents rise,  
 And dance in raptures round her sparkling eyes,  
 Far from her brow each former anguish fled  
 Thus with a wild and flutt'ring voice she said:—  
 Now thou art kind, past kind, all gracious heav'n,  
 Now to my hope thou'st ev'ry rapture giv'n,  
 Shall I once more with Wolfe's lov'd sight be blest,  
 Shall I once more in his fond arms be prest?  
 Avaunt, ye griefs, ye woes that frown'd before!  
 Wolfe is return'd, and all my woes are o'er.

But, O my mother, thou much honour'd dame,  
 For soon, ah smiling hope, thou'lt bear that name;  
 Pardon that thus I rave with wild delight,  
 Sure I must joy when Wolfe's to bless my sight,  
 If e'er thy bosom felt a bliss divine,  
 Thou wilt not blame the joy that raves in mine,  
 Since that sad day, when he at Fame's command  
 Forsook his promis'd bride, his native land,  
 Still did thy tender care, all sweetly kind,  
 Watch o'er each rising anguish of my mind,  
 Toil this sad brow to cheer with smiles of thine,  
 Veiling thy ev'ry grief to soften mine,  
 For this when my dear lord shall soon return,  
 And I thy then bless'd child shall cease to mourn;  
 Chief, shall this darling aim my thoughts engage,  
 To gild with peace thy dear declining age,  
 My ev'ry deed shall move but by thy will,  
 And thy soul's pleasure be my transport still.  
 Scarce had she spoke when lo! dissolv'd in tears,  
 All breathless pale a messenger appears,  
 Soon on his visage their stunn'd eyes swift roll,  
 They see the grief fierce lab'ring in his soul,  
 Struck with affright their tongues, eyes, gestures all,  
 Seem for the dreadful secret loud to call;  
 Long time, by mild humanity repress,  
 He held the dreadful secret in his breast,  
 At length like thunder to their ears he spoke,  
 And from his lips Wolfe's fate tremendous broke;  
Dash'd

Dash'd for a while in sadly dumb amaze,  
 Frantic in speechless agonies they gaze,  
 Then with loud shrieks Constantia flings around,  
 Plunges to earth, and tears the guiltless ground,  
 Crush'd by the weight of grief's enormous might,  
 Now, in a swoon, she sick'ning sinks to night,  
 Now, with loud screams, revives to all her pain,  
 Then screaming swoons, and wakes, and swoons again;  
 Straight from the earth she's madly seen to rise,  
 While thus with wild and frantic voice she cries:—  
 Gone, art thou gone, thou source of all delight!  
 Thou pride, thou joy, thou glory of my sight;  
 Gone art thou hence, alas! for ever flown,  
 And hast thou left me, left me here alone?  
 Times there once were, blest'd times that mock'd at  
 woe,

Thou wouldst not pain thy poor Constantia so,  
 Then thou wouldst joy to meet these eager arms,  
 Nor fly from love to Glory's curst, curst charms:  
 Yet tho' thou'rt snatch'd thus cruel from my sight,  
 Grief soon shall teach me to attend thy flight,  
 Soon will I drag the pitiless tyrant death,  
 And force his hand to stop this hateful breath;  
 Then will I bask, in spite of all my pain,  
 In the lov'd sunshine of thy eyes again,  
 Whelm'd in the potency of its dread controul,  
 Since the first shock of grief Materna's soul



In a dark cloud of stupefaction lay,  
 That wrapt her sight and shut out chearful day;  
 Reason at length returning to her mind,  
 Woe fills her soul, no comfort can she find,  
 Till on her knees she falls with pious care,  
 And thus to pitying heav'n prefers her pray'r:--  
 Oh, thou all righteous, pure, prime source of peace,  
 Thou kind, kind soother of our hapless race,  
 Oh! let thy pitying ear now mild incline  
 To an unbounded grief, a grief like mine:  
 Oh! let thy heavenly grace its shield impart,  
 To brave the numerous stings that rend my heart;  
 Wolfe I have lost, a son, whose tender care  
 Once screen'd my helpless age from black despair,  
 He is, alas! for ever snatch'd away,  
 And I to ruthless anguish left a prey;  
 Where can my soul, oh! then for succour flee?  
 Where but, all-healing Piety, to thee,  
 'Tis but in thee, sweet Piety, I'll find,  
 A soft, a soothing balm to calm my mind;  
 Then, oh kind Heaven, send down this gracious guest!  
 To smile sweet comfort on my tortured breast.  
 As thro' dark saddening clouds the sun from high,  
 Bursts with serening beams, and cheers the sky,  
 So thro' the dismal gloom that wrapt her soul,  
 From Heaven's all-pitying smile ask't comforts roll,  
 Swift o'er her cheeks a bright'ning calm is spread,  
 While to the frantic maid thus calm she said:—

Cease,

Cease, my lov'd child, this storm of grief forego,  
 For shame, for shame, dispel this cloud of woe,  
 Have I not lost my Wolfe, my hero too ?  
 Yet see these eyes disdain to weep like you ;  
 Had he but shrunk beneath the conquering foe,  
 Had he but basely met the glorious blow,  
 Then this sad breast, this hapless breast indeed,  
 Like yours, should madly sigh, should weep, should  
     bleed ;

But since he sunk all crown'd with Glory's charms,  
 Shielding his native land from threat'ning harms,  
 Since for his God-like life he's grasp'd at fame,  
 And left to endless times a deathless name,  
 Say, should we weep at his transcending fate,  
 No—we should joy, that he expir'd so great.  
 I had a tender lord, kind, faithful, mild,  
 I had a gentle, fond, and duteous child,  
 They, with incessant care, still constant strove  
 To raise my swelling joys with watchful love,  
 They, like two friendly stars, with kindly rays  
 Still beam'd sweet comforts o'er my tranquil days,  
 And when my dear lov'd lord from me was torn,  
 And I in these sad weeds was left to mourn,  
 Still did my darling son my woes assuage,  
 And shield from black despair my helpless age ;  
 But now, oh fate ! I'm friendless, left alone,  
 For now my last dear hope's for ever flown,

Yet

Yet see, my child, for such ah ! still thou art,  
 Grief has not rent this poor afflicted heart,  
 See even still my soul can bear to live,  
 And smiling meet what heaven is pleas'd to give.  
 Cease, cease, my child, then cease this fruitless grief,  
 Come, like thy tender mother, seek relief,  
 Think, think how vain, how fruitless 'tis to mourn,  
 When the dear friend we weep must ne'er return,  
 Like me resort to Piety's fair charms,  
 And lose thy sorrows in her gentle arms,  
 There when thy pensive soul shall seek relief,  
 Thou'lt find the healing balm for all thy grief,  
 And there thou'lt find that we should meekly still  
 Bear whate'er comes from Heav'n's Almighty will.  
 As a fair landscape which a storm's black low'r,  
 Late wrapt in darkness and involv'd all o'er,  
 When the bright sun pours forth his conqu'ring light,  
 Breaks from the gloom once more and springs to fight,  
 While all disorder'd seem its trees and flow'rs,  
 Marr'd by the pressure of the new fall'n show'rs,  
 Thus when Materna's voice, with sweet controul,  
 Still'd the fierce tempest in Constantia's soul,  
 Freed from the wilder whirlings of despair,  
 Straight she assumes a sadly tranquil air,  
 And while in the deep languor sinks her mind,  
 Thus to Materna she with sighs rejoin'd :—  
 Yes, thou sweet soothing soul, for thy kind care,  
 I'll seek to free this breast from foul despair,

Yes,

Yes, at thy kind request I'll cease to mourn,  
 Tho' my lov'd dear lost Wolfe must ne'er return ;  
 Oh, my lov'd Wolfe, at that once charming sound,  
 Again my struggling soul's in anguish drown'd,  
 Again with keen, keen pangs, my heart is torn,  
 And all my weak resolves to air are borne,  
 Thou wert all faithful, spotless, pure of mind,  
 Thou wert all gentle, gen'rous, soft and kind,  
 Tho' thy great soul flam'd high in Glory's charms,  
 How wouldst thou smile in thy Constantia's arms,  
 Here thou wert yielding, mild, compliant, all,  
 Mild as thou ne'er hadst rous'd at Glory's call ;  
 But now, alas ! thou'rt laid on Death's cold bier,  
 And I am friendless, left dejected here,  
 Sunk, sunk thou art, beneath foul War's alarms,  
 And nought but endless grief must fill these arms ;  
 But if thy shade can wander from above,  
 Ah ! come, and calm my griefs, come soothe my love,  
 With watchful care still hover o'er my head,  
 And as you lov'd me living, guard me dead.  
 But since, Materna, 'tis thy fond request,  
 I'll seek from keener woes to free my breast,  
 Still to my God my constant pray'r shall rise,  
 Still will I sue him with my tears and sighs,  
 'Till he some kind, some pitying cherub send,  
 This poor rent soul from frenzy to defend ;  
 Here in this calm retreat let us still dwell,  
 For sure such calm befits such sorrow well,

Here

Here in this peaceful solitude let's stay,  
 And weep in mutual tears our pangs away,  
 'Till by the full indulgence of our woes,  
 We, in the lap of sorrow, find repose.  
 Then, in abhorrence of detested day,  
 She to a dark apartment bends her way,  
 There on congenial glooms to feast her eyes,  
 And pine her mournful days in endless sighs,  
 Far from the hateful world indulge in woes,  
 'Till the kind hand of Death shall bring repose.  
 Soon sage Materna, urg'd by anxious pain,  
 Pursues Constantia to Affliction's reign,  
 There with kind words, with ev'ry soothing art,  
 She tries to calm the anguish of her heart;  
 Yet, while she speak, her own sad brows resume  
 A deeply pensive melancholy gloom!

F I N I S.

A N  
ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
ABECEDARIAN SOCIETY  
INSTITUTED FOR THE  
RELIEF OF REDUCED SCHOOL-MASTERS,  
AND THEIR DISTRESSED FAMILIES.

DUBLIN, *March 28th*, 1788.

IT is generally acknowledged that the education of youth, is a profession no less honourable in itself than important to society, and yet it is a melancholy truth, that gentlemen who dedicate their lives to that arduous undertaking, precluded as they are from active exertion in the more lucrative pursuits of fortune, become too frequently in declining age claimants on humanity; nor is it to be wondered at, that they seldom realize acquisitions for which their situation, and unremitting attention to literature, naturally create an indifference—to say nothing of the difficulties they are exposed to, in other respects, too obvious to need recital. Such considerations weighing with several of the principal teachers of this metropolis, they convened a number of masters for the purpose of forming a society upon the principles of Christian benevolence, which by uniting them together might not only perpetuate a good understanding and harmony among themselves, but also contribute to the honour and advancement of letters. The title of the *Abecedarian Society* having been adopted as consonant to the institution, a general ballot succeeded; a president and treasurer were elected, and a secretary appointed to note their proceedings; it was then unanimously resolved, instead

stead of devoting to the pleasures of the table any subscription which they might be inclined to promote, to apply it towards raising a fund for the relief of reduced teachers and their indigent families. The design is indisputably liberal, and if charity and benevolence be not merely ideal, cannot fail of public countenance and support.

With a small assistance from the public and the concurrence of their brethren, who are not deaf to humanity, or insensible of the precarious tenure of prosperity, the Abecedarian Society, on these principles, conceive hopes of a permanent establishment, and that they may be enabled to pursue their charitable purposes with effect.

The following resolutions, calculated for their future direction, which will more fully explain the purport and scope of this association, are now submitted to general inspection——

#### RESOLUTIONS of the ABECEDARIAN SOCIETY.

1st. That the society shall be conducted by four officers, viz. a President, Treasurer, Secretary, and Collector, who are always to be school-masters, as upon them must necessarily devolve the great labour and anxiety connected with the establishment and support of the institution.

2d. That the officers shall be assisted by a committee of sixteen; twelve of whom to be school-masters, the other four honorary members, and that this committee, in conjunction with the officers, shall have power to make by-laws; provided always, such by-laws coincide with the true intent and spirit of these constitutional regulations.

3d. That every 26th day of March, unless it should fall on Sunday, being the anniversary of the Society's institution, a general meeting shall be held, and the officers and committee for the ensuing year then elected: after which, it is intended, the members shall dine

dine together at their own private expence ; not out of the fund of the Society.

4th. That every member shall pay, or cause to be paid one guinea at the time of admission, and, exclusive of the admission fine, half a guinea, the day of meeting, on, or next after the 26th day of March and 26th day of September respectively, being one guinea annual subscription to the use of the institution only ; in case of default after due notice in writing, signed by the president and issued by the secretary, the defaulter, on failure of payment by the 4th night of meeting, subsequent to such notice, shall forfeit all claims and privileges as a member of the society, not to be restored but by application to the next general meeting of the body, and fully discharging the arrears incurred.

5th. That the collector shall account with, and pay into the hands of the treasurer, every second night of meeting, whatever sum he may have collected from the day of settlement preceding.

6th. That the sum of ten guineas advanced at one time, or within the year, shall be considered as a composition for annual payments ; constitute the subscriber a member for life, and for ever afterwards entitle him or her to all the privileges and advantages of this Society.

7th. That every person applying for admission shall be recommended by at least two members, who shall signify in writing with their names subscribed, the candidate's name, character, and place of abode, to be delivered to the president and read to the society duly assembled ; the ballot to take place the meeting next but one succeeding—\* one black bean to exclude.

8th. That no person shall be admitted of this body, unless as an honorary member, who, at the time of proposing, has not been an established teacher, in a respectable and independent situation, for three years or upwards.

\* This part of the Law being thought too rigorous, has been since moderated.

9th. That



9th. That as the professional members are, from situation, most likely to be acquainted with the characters and pretensions of candidates for admission, the right of balloting (except for honorary members) shall be vested in them only.

10th. That no member or person whatever, claiming on the charitable fund, shall benefit thereby, till such claimant shall have contributed to the same, by personal or other subscription, for the space of three years, after the date of subscribing; unforeseen accidents and infirmity excepted.

11th. That the provision for distressed members shall be determined by the officers and committee, to be regulated according to the situation and character of the claimant, and the state of the fund, which must have the sanction of the body at their next general meeting. But in cases of manifest and urgent distress, fully proved to the said officers and committee, the day of general meeting being distant, they shall have power to grant immediate relief, not exceeding the sum of ten guineas to an individual: and if, from any unforeseen cause, different claimants should appear in competition, the preference shall be given to the oldest subscriber.

12th. That the widows and children of such teachers as have been subscribers the stated time, shall be entitled to a support from this society, to be determined by circumstances, as set forth in the 11th regulation. This provision to extend also to Mistresses of Boarding-schools, Tutresses and Governesses in private families, provided their names have been duly entered upon the Society's books and their subscriptions paid, for the term prescribed—and that such Mistresses, Tutresses and Governesses in private families, so qualified, shall have a right of voting by proxy, to be given in writing to a professional member only, for the particular occasion specified; no member to hold more than one proxy at a time.

FORM OF THE PROXY.

I hereby appoint A. B. School-master, my Proxy,  
to vote for me and in my name, on the      day of

Given under my hand this

day of

Signed,

C. D.

13th. That distressed teachers, who, for satisfactory reasons, have not been subscribing members, shall nevertheless be considered, and receive a suitable appointment, provided their pretensions correspond with the true meaning and spirit of this institution, properly certified from their place of residence; their names having been previously registered in the society's books at the instance of two honorary members, who have been subscribers the stipulated term, and have not before recommended.

14th. That ushers or assistants paying one guinea, when their names shall be inserted in the society's books, without farther subscription, and producing proper certificates of their having discharged faithfully their respective duties for the space of five years, shall be entitled to the protection and assistance of this society, and in cases of need receive a suitable provision.

15th. That, to accommodate country as well as city members, the society shall hold their meetings on Saturdays and Thursdays alternately, at the Royal-Exchange, or elsewhere, as shall be found most eligible; all business to be transacted between the hours of seven and ten o'clock in the evening—nine members a quorum.

16th. That every thing respecting the government and funds of the society, not particularly specified or provided for in these regulations, shall be referred to the society at large, duly summoned for the purpose.

17th. No part of the fund of the society, or of the interest thence accruing, except what may be necessary  
for

for the contingent expences, as hall-rent, fire, candles, paper, printing, and the like, shall be distributed or encroached upon, till it amount to the sum of One Thousand Pounds sterling, on the attainment of which a power is reserved, to apply the interest, or a part thereof, to the purpose of the institution; to the end that relief may not be too long withheld from the necessitous: and all surplus of interest, subscriptions, donations, or other sums raised by what means soever, shall be added to the said sum of One Thousand Pounds, and put out to the best advantage, till the same shall accumulate to the farther sum of One Thousand Pounds sterling, which said sum of Five Thousand Pounds shall form the capital stock of this society, producing at the present legal rate of interest, three hundred pounds per annum to the uses of the institution, never to be on any account diminished—and this, with the growing subscriptions and other contingencies, it is hoped, will answer the humane purposes of this association.

18th. That the money arising from subscriptions, or from whatever source accruing, shall be without delay paid out on the purchase of one or more government debentures, or other securities eligible to the society, which shall be deposited in an iron chest, to be lodged in one of the banks of this city; the cashier of the Bank to have one key, and three trustees annually chosen from the body severally to hold a different key of the same. No trustee or key-keeper to give his key, or receive one from another, on penalty of expulsion.

19th. That no money shall be distributed by the treasurer, but by order of the society.

20th. That the president shall have a discretionary power to summon the society occasionally, and, in cases of emergency, to lay a fine, not exceeding half a crown, on each *professional* member *only*, for non-attendance.

SAMUEL WHYTE, President and Treasurer.  
JOHN M'CREA, Secretary.

THE

THE Abecedarians, relying on the liberal character of the present age, and their own evident disinterestedness, entertain the most sanguine expectations that their design will meet general encouragement. It is an appeal to the humanity, good sense, candour and gratitude of a generous public, in behalf of men, who devote their lives to their service, and who, from the nature and universality of their labours, are entitled to attention and comfortable support. While the other liberal arts and professions are limited as to their objects, and circumscribed in their operations, education alone extends her fostering kindness to every individual, and embraces, without reserve, the whole community.—To that source the most conspicuous characters are greatly indebted for their superiority, and all our dearest interests and advantages in life bear testimony of its influence; not only our temporal, but even our eternal felicity, in a considerable degree, depends upon our education. Yet how small\* are the rewards of merit in this department, compared with the benefits it dispenses. Would but a majority of those, who experience its happy effects, well consider this, and open their beneficent hands, how trifling a contribution from each would answer the ends proposed. Those who are already established in the profession, and enjoy the well-earned fruits of their industry, will not surely hesitate to throw in their mite; and young men of abilities, more recently engaged in the arduous task, reflecting upon the uncertainty of life and success, will naturally find comfort in the consideration of its being in their power, at a small annual expence, to lessen the miseries to which their

\* The best School Education which can be procured seldom stands the parent altogether in fifty guineas, disbursed in a course of years by petty installments; for the most part scarcely a moiety of that sum; not an apprentice-fee to a common mechanic, and not one half of that, deducting the necessary and certain expences of rent, washers, servants, repairs, &c. &c. remains to the teacher—what an inadequate consideration for a matter of such consequence!

wives and children may be exposed. The few who are enabled to bequeath wealth to those they leave behind them, will have an opportunity of testifying their gratitude to that profession in which it was acquired, by contributing to the relief of the families of their less fortunate brethren, and others not of the profession, who are benevolently disposed, considering what benefits they derived from it, will by means of this establishment, have it in their power to exercise their humanity by extending their bounty to those, who might not unreasonably have indulged better expectations.

If this institution had been founded upon the principles of a Society for *the benefit of survivors*, it could not have fully answered the proposed benevolent intentions; for then it must have had a termination, whereas it is meant to be perpetual: or, if it had been formed upon the general plan of *Annuity Companies*, the benefits might have fallen in many cases to widows and children not in want of assistance; and in others, relief could not have been proportioned to the degree of real distress, which is the peculiar object of this Society.

Should the plan be found defective in its construction, or unsuitable to the magnitude of its object, let that be no hindrance to the charity of the well-disposed. The promoters of it are not so wedded to any system as to shut their eyes to improvement. They have attempted only to lay a foundation, and will gladly adopt such measures as may render the superstructure more secure, complete, and permanent.

☞ *Since this Account of the Society's Proceedings went to press the LORD CHIEF BARON has honoured it with the sanction of his Approbation. His Lordship authorised the President to make use of his name, and to declare to the Public that he will most heartily concur with his brethren of the law to give it due countenance and support, as being unexceptionably a laudable and necessary institution.*

