

The cumb'rous Rocks obstruct the roaring Stream,
 That with impetuous Force, his headlong Way
 Urges destructive, thro' the flow'ry Plain ; 290
 Helpless, th' astonish'd Peasant looks around,
 And sees with piteous Eye no Succour near ;
 No Shelter, no Protection from the Storm,
 That sweeps his Herds, his Flocks, himself away.
 So, with wide Ruin, and resistless Shock, 295
 Upon th' embattel'd Foe the *Britons* press :
 Short the Dispute, for when cou'd *Gallic* Strength
 Withstand a *British* Arm ? Glutted with Blood,
 The Bayonet smoaks, and the fierce Highlander
 Swift-ranging o'er the Field, wild Havock makes : 300
 Thro' ev'ry hostile Rank Confusion flies,
 And pale Dismay encourages the Rout.

ON the triumphant Host, *Victoria* smiles,
 And to her fav'rite *Wolfe*, with Joy presents
 The laurel'd Wreath—but, ah ! the vital Stream, 305
 That with unequal'd Warmth that Heart inspir'd,

With