

*Thus died the valiant Hero, and sunk upon the Ocean. Ah! let us now be silent; for well may we conceive the effect produced upon those brutal destroyers, well may we conceive what impious abominations were the consequences of their success, and the gratification of their revenge. O Heavens! is this the end of such exalted valour? is this the end of such a life of glory? O irreparable loss! to England, to Europe, to the World.*

*And now the Battle rages with redoubled fury, many of the Natives fall, and many fly; for the British Artillery, and the sharp musketry from the small boats, assail them with a dreadful vengeance. Yet in defiance of every effort, the Barbarians at length bear away the lacerated body of the brave, and unfortunate James Cook. Happier indeed had it been for him, if diffidence, and suspicion, had been united to his prudence and valour. The latter qualities are well opposed to undisguised anger, and open attack, the former are still necessary to counteract the baseness of treachery. But generous souls being free from deceit themselves, never expect to meet with it in others. Why should the afflicted Britons any longer delay their departure, why should they endeavour by a useless carnage to revenge the death of their beloved Captain, a single drop of whose blood, was worth more than all the blood of the Barbarians? But shall we, exclaimed the desolate crew, shall we return without our Chief to the shores of the Thames, shall we hold up the mournful cypress to the eyes of those who are looking for the triumphant laurel? Yes surely, for no where is a brave man more truly esteemed, nor his loss*