

New-York, her city emptied on the stream
 Away they float, impell'd by heat and steam.

E'en cautious Wilkinson, 'gan rouse his band,
 And wave defiance with his naked brand,
 He had, with Armstrong, weigh'd the whole campaign,
 With steady balance, both the loss and gain,
 Of taking—Kingston, or of Montreal,
 Certain if he approach'd, either must fall ;
 Sometimes the wav'ring scale was for the last,
Then a fresh force, the prospect overcast,
 But now the time was ripe, mature the plan,
 And for their shall'ops push'd he every man,
 To Grenadier they plough'd their watery way,
 Where in his fountain hid—St. Lawrence lay.
 And there began to spread his mighty stream,
 Through hill and dale, rich as a poet's dream.
 The isle they gain—and the commander sent
 To summons Hampton, for the great event :
 Long in the wilds, entangled, and forlorn,
 He had been lopping trees, and stealing corn ;
 Or more humane, like hateful strife he stood,
 Goading the hind to shed his neighbour's blood ; (10)
 When urg'd to action, logs were in his way,
 And Guides, forever, led his feet astray ;
Measles, and *mumps*, and agues shook his host,
 But the last news, made his high courage boast :
 Thousands he number'd, which he soon could pour,
 And frighten Chatagnay's imperial shore ;
 There he would force his rugged route along,
 And the Grand Army join—a junction strong.