

The Particulars? [*flutter'd*]

*Gent.* Madam, I could not obtain a Knowledge Of them.

*Soph.* That was unkind indeed not to enquire;  
The Friendship that has long Time subsisted  
Between you, and all the fond Endearments  
Of your Youth together, methinks shou'd have  
Prompted you to gain a Recital from  
The Messenger, of all concern'd my Son.  
I shou'd have had a thousand fond Queries,  
And dwelt with Rapture on his Bravery,  
Lift'ning with Delight to the melodious  
Tale of Honour.

[*Aside.*

*Gent.* Too much I know.

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*To her.* I have enquir'd, but cou'd not get the  
Intelligence.

[*Sophonra aside.*

His solemn Looks, like to black gath'ring Clouds  
Preceding a Thunder-storm, seem to me  
The dismal Harbingers, to warn me of  
Th' approaching Storm of Grief!

*To him.* Learnt you any Thing, Sir? [*eagerly*]  
Oh! tell me, tell me! [*sighing*]

*Gent.* I learnt your Son gave the *Frenchmen* Battle  
Before *Quebec*, in which he sev'ral Wounds  
Receiv'd, but still rush'd fearless onward to  
The Goal of Glory, heaping new Honours  
Upon those already gain'd, and at length  
Obtain'd the hard disputed Victory:  
The dubious Conflict ended, *Quebec* fell  
To the Conquerors.

*Soph.* Alas! there's more to follow;—and I fear  
This great Encomium on his Valour,  
Is like an Opiate that's giv'n to a  
Patient, to lull him to Repose; but when  
The dormient Draught is evaporated,  
And the gentle Slumber wears away, he  
Awakes in Torments exquisite again,

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