

Nor longer now the bloody Slaughter rag'd
With distant Thunders; Man with Man engag'd:
Those who from CALEDONIAN Hills descend,
Where tow'ring Cliffs their rugged Arms extend,
(Stern Sons of Havoc, practis'd to obey
The various Calls of ev'ry dreadful Day,
Now in close Order and collected Might
To wait the Tumult of advancing Fight,
Now fearless the divided Lines expand,
Ravage at large and mingle Hand to Hand!)
With piercing Cries the hostile Files invade,
And shake aloft in Air the massy Blade;
Where'er their Faulchions heap the Slaughter round
Crouds roll'd on Crouds bestrew the loaded Ground,
While rushing to the Front with equal Speed,
Their brave Companions of the War succeed.

With desp'rate Anguish torn and glowing Shame
That ill Successes blast his ancient Fame
MONCALM, in vain exerting ev'ry Art,
Performs a Leader's and a Warrior's Part,

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But