

Source of Pleasure for *Britons*, is soon marred with Bitterness. *Britons* see, with Sorrow painted on their down-cast Faces, their General breathing his last; they count over, with Regret, his honourable Wounds; and while they bathe them with their Tears, they cannot help thinking, that, that Victory must be inestimable, which required for its Purchase the Blood of so great and so good a General!

Lo! Triumphs were not wanting, to declare the Importance of our Conquest. They were not, indeed, those Triumphs that dazzle the Sight, by the Splendor of an external solemn Pomp; but they were Triumphs in the Heart of every true *Briton*, and every sincere Wisher to the Welfare of his Country. Our *North American Colonies* had long experienced all the Inconveniencies of a more than troublesome Neighbourhood; they were delivered up, by an encroaching and rapacious Enemy, to the Incursions and Depredations of the most barbarous Savages: Let us draw a Veil over the Treatment they received, over the uncommon Cruelties exercised upon them; Humanity cannot stand the Shock of a bare Representation! What must be their Thoughts when the welcome News came to them of the Conquest of *Quebec*? All their Fears were dissipated; the certain Hopes of future Peace and Security smiled upon them; every Breast glowed with Triumph. *Britain*, a fond Parent, felt the warm Emotions of the dear Children she had nurtured and educated with so much Care. How deeply was she, some Time ago, afflicted to learn their Distress? She rode on the rapid Wings of Tenderness to their Relief; her potent Arm raised them up; it bade them follow to the Revenge of Battle; and now she exults with them in Triumph. O great and glorious Triumph, how magnificent wouldst thou have been, were the Triumphs of mortal Man, pure, unfulled, and unmixed! Thy Brightness is obscured, thy Beauties fade, thy Gaiety grows sullen, when the Reflection starts upon us, dismal and doleful Reflection! proclaiming aloud, that WOLFE is dead; WOLFE! that valiant Captain, whose auspicious Conduct is the Cause of all our Triumph. Then, O then, the Eye is seen to mourn; the Countenance in vain recalls its Sprightliness; nay, the whole Body, to shew it sympathises with the sincere Regret of the Mind, would willingly clothe itself with a Garb expressive of Sorrow!