

Rush'd to a certain death below ;
For who went safely down the steep,
Was sure to perish in the deep.

XXI.

Let Britons and Americans,
And all who boast themselves the sons
Of Britain, fau'd for chivalry,
Banish the cruel policy,
That led to war the Indian tribes,
Arm'd, and rewarded them besides,
To use the horrid scalping knife,
Against each wretched foe-man's life.
Their native hate to enemies,
Thus strengthen'd by their avarice,
The vanquish'd foe might sue in vain,
To 'scape the ling'ring death of pain.
No'er let such massacre be made,
As by that treach'rous ambuscade,
When fell poor Braddock and his men,
Victims to useless discipline.

XXII.

What is a British Soldier? One,
Who from a foe disdains to run ;
Who, fearless 'mid the battle's roar,
Is gentle when the battle's o'er ;
Who ne'er insults a vanquish'd foe,
However high, however low ;
Whose motto, over all the world,
Where'er the British flag's unfurl'd,
" *Humane & Valiant*" stands confess'd,
Brightly emblazon'd on his crest.
Shall such a being have his post,
Amid a wild and lawless host,
Whose fell resentment nought can balk,
While foe remains and tomahawk ?
And shall some future Brock be doom'd
With such compeers to be entomb'd ?

XXIII.

Wogee his tale abruptly dropp'd,
Just as they pass'd a lonely cot ;
'Twas neither elegant, nor mean,
But in a style to suit the scene.
Two gloomy poplars in the front,
As well for use as ornament,
Seem'd to mourn o'er the vacant seat,
Which was erected at their feet.
Around no footstep could be seen ;
The rank grass grew upon the green ;
Some household relics—windows broken,
It's now deserted state betoken ;
While the unfinished job espi'd,
Show'd it was lately occupi'd.
" Why stop you here " ? the strangers cry,
Wogee drove on, while with a sigh,
He made the following reply :—

I.

" RETIR'd within that lonely cot,
There liv'd a happy pair,
Who chose this calm sequester'd spot
To raise a family fair.

II.

Blest with each other they enjoy'd
Health, competence and peace ;
And as their family multipl'd,
Their happiness increas'd.

III.

Their daughter, like a half blown rose,
Had nearly reach'd her prime ;
Too charming to be long expos'd
To the rude hand of time.

IV.

Her birth day came ; her friends were call'd
To spend the festive day ;