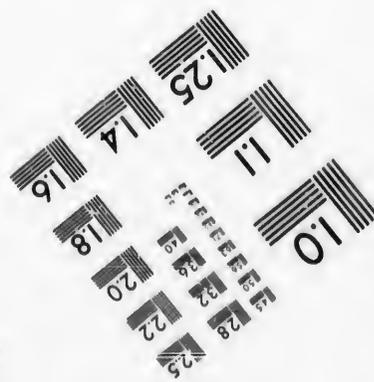
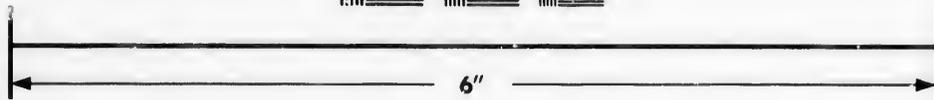
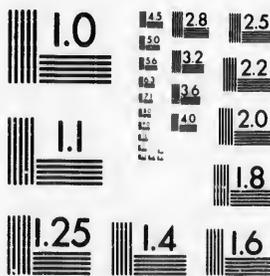


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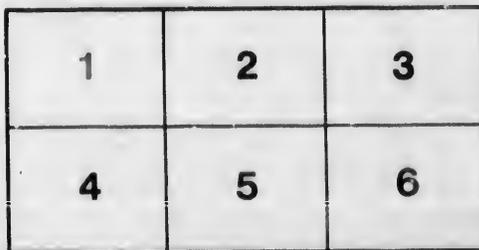
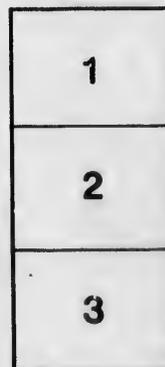
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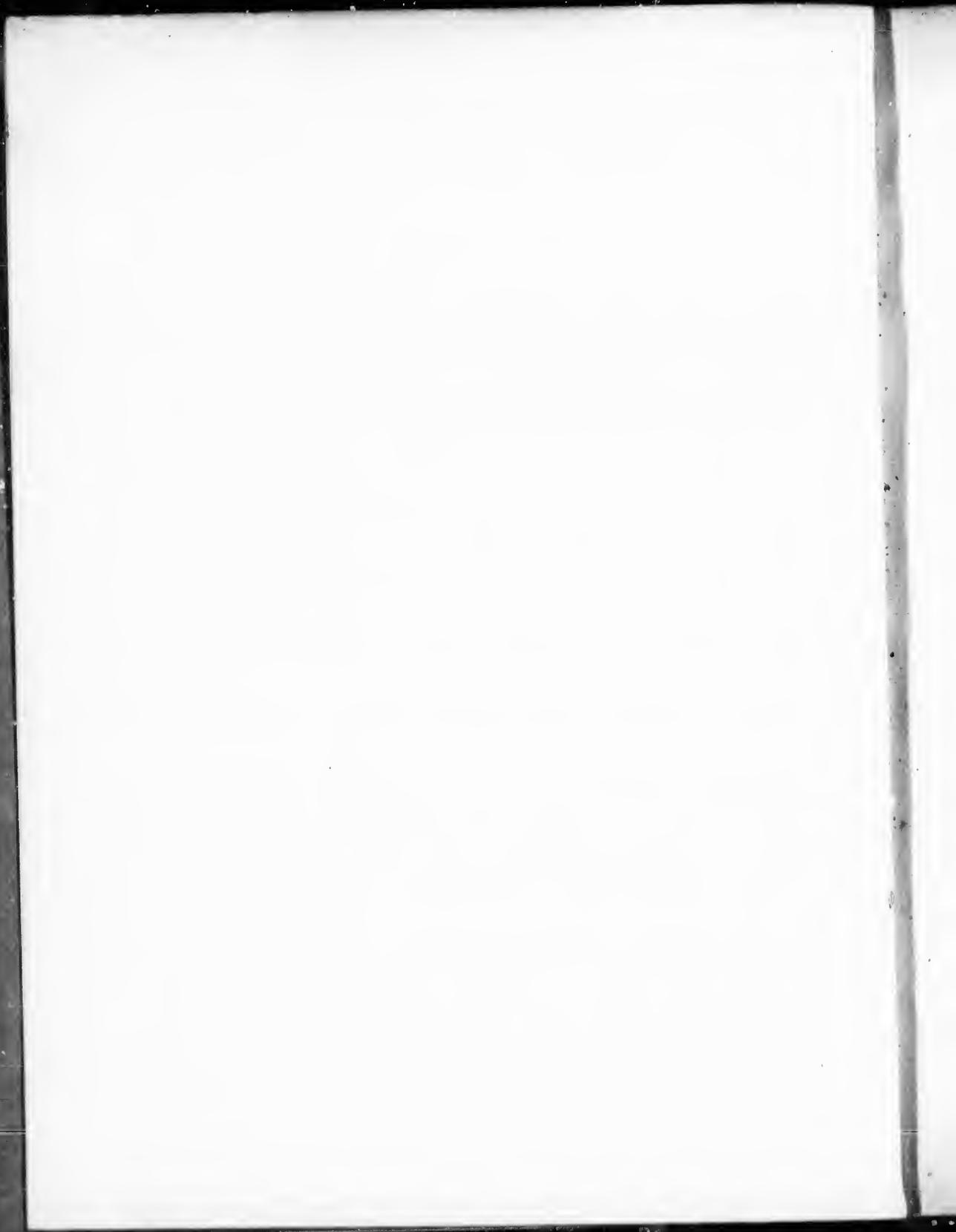
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T O

Vice-Admiral S A U N D E R S,

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And every G A L L A N T O F F I C E R,

Who served his Country in the late Glorious
Expedition against CANADA;

T H E F O L L O W I N G

E S S A Y

Is most respectfully addressed, by their

Most obedient, and

Most humble Servant,

J. P A T R I C K.



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE following Effay was compos'd on board his Majesty's Ship the *Somerset*, on her Passage Home from *Quebec*, by one who was a Volunteer in that glorious Expedition, and Spectator of every Scene he hath attempted to describe; how much inferior to the Task, every discerning Reader, in the Perusal of a few Lines, will with Ease discover; and readily trace the Defects and Irregularities of a Muse, unacquainted with the difficult Paths of *Parnassus*: but to the severer Critic, how will the Author (rash and presumptuous) stand excus'd? Harshness of Stile, Excess and Deficiencies in his Numbers, I would, says he, readily overlook; but grant me Patience! is this Vanity, this Plagiarism, to be forgiven? almost a whole Line from *Milton*;---and as I am alive, see here! another from *Thomson*; why the *Campaign* itself, though with some Degree of Modesty, he
would

would only seem to invoke the Muse, could not escape plundering. To all this heavy Charge, however, the Author assents; scarcely making himself uneasy, however capital the Accusation may be deemed; for though no Proof of a fertile Genius, it certainly is of Prudence; as the Man who is in want of Flowers to decorate his own little Spot of uncultivated Ground, seeks not for a Supply from the barren Heath, or sandy Plain; but with full Assurance of Success, searches the princely Garden, and the elegant Parterre. The Author, could he have Hopes of being pardoned for ambitiously presuming to make free with *Miltonic* Epithets, as well as sometimes for endeavouring to imitate the Modes of Expression, so peculiar to that Prince of *English* Poetry, would esteem himself sufficiently happy; but more so, should the Reader, upon the Perusal, not think his Time or Money entirely thrown away. The ill-natured Critic and the Flatterer he equally despises: but cheerfully submits himself to the Test of candid and impartial Judgment, for from such, Censure is Instruction, and Applause alone truly estimable.

Q U E-

Q U E B E C:

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

ON the late, celestial Maid, whose sacred Ray
Ere the *Madison* resplendent shone,
When his rays, by Thee inspir'd,
Immortal *Schellenberg*, and *Blenheim* sung;
From Heav'n descend, and to a weaker Muse 5
The Powers harmonious of Song impart;
Marlb'rough, and *Eugene*, *Germany* reliev'd,
And Europe sav'd, were then the Poet's Lay;
Saunders, and *Wolfe*, be now the glorious Theme,
Commerce, and smiling Liberty diffus'd 10
To savage Realms, and Nations yet unborn;

B

While

While sov'reign Arbitres *Britannia* reigns,
Dispensing Laws to more than half Mankind.

ISLAND of Liberty, *Britannia*, hail !
Thro' all thy Shores let joyous Peace reside,
Whilst guilty War, by Pow's tyrannic urg'd ;
In Worlds far distant claims thy gen'rous Sword.

15

UNHAPPY *Louis* ! where are now thy Dreams
Of pictur'd Conquests, and unbounded Sway ?
Where, haughty *Richlieu* ! where the vast Design,
With hostile Forts a long connected Chain,

20

To

Line 21. *Where, haughty Richlieu !*] Cardinal *Richlieu*, who first projected the Plan for joining the two vast Rivers *Mississipi*, and *St. Laurence*, by a Chain of strong Forts, to be erected on the Lakes, and advantageous Passes in the Mountains; in such a Manner, as to cut off from the *English*, all Communication with the inland Parts of that extensive Continent, gradually to worm them out of their own Possessions, and in course of Time, secure the Whole of *North America* to themselves.

This Scheme, the ambitious Genius of the *French* naturally adopted; and since the Beginning of the last Century, have industriously prosecuted every Means, however sinister, and illegal, to effect the same.

The Encroachments daily made upon the *British* Territories; the Invasion of our back Settlements; and the Cries of the murdered Inhabitants, called aloud for an immediate Stop to be put to such unsufferable Proceedings; and produced the present War: A War, perhaps, the most just, and simple, that ever Nation engaged in; and entered into with an uncommon Spirit by King and People, hath been productive

To join the Streams of Ocean's eldest Sons ;
 When leagu'd with Savages, more savage made,
 By *Gallic* Perfidy, and gilded Lies, 25
 Thy Eye deep-piercing into future Times
 Foreſaw, well-pleas'd, the fierce destructive Bands
 Of *France* imperious, like a Troop of Wolves
 Upon our fertile Colonies deſcend ;
 Priest-craft the Van, Famine and Death the Rear 39
 Conduct ; whilst over all the baleful Scene,
 Black Deſolation rears her horrid Creſt,
 Claps her pernicious Wings, and diſmal Howls.

BUT HE! of Pride the Foe, who ever reigns
 Laughs at the dire Deſign, the Scheme of Hell, 35
 By him arous'd, the *British* Genius wakes :
 Her tawny Lion, ſpringing from the Couch

productive of ſuch great, ſuch glorious Events, as will make this *Æra* of the *British* Nation ſhine unequal'd in the Records of Hiſtory ; and future Ages regard with leſs Pleaſure, the Pride and Splendour of antient *Rome* ; when they ſee *Great Britain* vie with her in Fame, and excel her in whatever is truly glorious.

Line 23. ——— *Ocean's eldest Sons* ;] Here is meant the great Rivers, *St. Lawrence* and *Missiſſipi*.

Of Indolence, with Wrath indignant glows,
 Lashes his hafty Sides, and roars terrific;
Britain alarm'd! demands the Foe, and see, 40
 With Years and Honour cover'd, princely *George*
 Unsheaths the Sword, and gives a loose to War.
 Tho' late inactive, now from ev'ry Port,
 In regal Splendour, and in dreadful Pomp,
 Rush forth *Britannia's* Bulwarks: all her Cliffs 45
 With Shouts of chearful Mariners resound,
 And echo Terror to the *Gallic* Shore;
 Floating in Air, the Crimson Streamers play
 Luxuriant; the extended Canvas swells,
 And Keels unnumber'd plow the boundless Main. 50

SAY yonder, Muse! what mighty Blaze usurps
 The Realm of Night——her Lofs *St. Malo* weeps.
 What vast Explosion tears the wide Expanse,
 Where pond'rous Rocks, projected high in Air,
 Menace Destruction——ill-fated *Cberburgh!* 55
 In Thee an Age's Work, *Bourbon's* vain Hopes,

And

And fruitless Millions, angry *Horve* consumes.

Goreè, and *Senegal* in turn submit,

And inmost *Afric*, where from unknown Springs

Gambia collects his almost endless Stream, 60

Gazes with Wonder on the *British* Flag.

Thy captiv'd Ramparts, *Louisburgh*, confess

Boscawen's potent Arm, and active Sword.

And *Guardaloupe*, with *Indian* Produce rich,

Her spicy Hills to gallant *Moore* resigns. 65

Thus round the Globe, in ev'ry various Clime

The Sons of Freedom toil ; before their Face

Black Tyranny and Superstition flies,

And Liberty assumes her radiant Throne.

UNFINISH'D yet, one arduous Task remain'd 70

The glorious Work to crown, and bless Mankind ;

When scorning Ease, bold thro' th' inclement Wave,

Behold ! where *Saunders* shapes his eager Course,

Heedless of Winter, and the boist'rous Surge : .

With

Line 74. *Heedless of Winter, and the boist'rous Surge.*] Vice-Admiral *Saunders*
and Rear Admiral *Holmes* sailed from *Spithead* the Middle of *February*, 1759, in
two

With rapid Keels the vast *Atlantic* foams ; 75
 And in the deep Receffes of his Caves
 Opprefs'd with uncouth Weight, old Ocean groans.
 Before his favourite Bark, the refllefs Main
 Tridented *Neptune* smooths——*Boreas* retreats,
 And to the frozen Pole in Chains of Ice 80
 Binds up his bitter Winds. And now amain
 The Sun advances in the Twins, new Lands
 And Regions boundlefs open to the View ;
 With vent'rous Frow, fearlefs the gallant Chief
 Divides the unknown Wave ; and struck with Dread, 85
 From Mountain-Tops the savage Nations gaze.

MIGHTY *St. Laurence*——fuch the modern Name
 Which Superftition grants thy copious Stream,
 Dripping thy Beard, and crown'd with verdant Pines,
 On pointed Rufhes, and the Sedge reclin'd ; 90

two feperate Divifions, with the grand Fleet, for the Expedition againft *Canada* ;
 and got fafely up the River *St. Laurence*, together with a great Number of large
 Tranfports, Storefhips, and Victuallers, in the Month of *June*.

Line 78. *Before his favourite Bark*——] Alluding to the Admiral's own Ship the
Neptune, a fecond Rate.

Whofe

Whose shapeless Urn, from tributary Lakes
 Drains the superfluous Moisture of the North,
 And fills with Plenty half the western World ;
 Propitious to the Dawn of Liberty,

Whose infant Ray upon thy barb'rous Soil
 Now first began to beam.—Joyous thou smil'd ;
 Thy choicest Gales the lofty Purple waves,
 While in the Face of Day, Sea-Monsters lave
 Their silver'd Sides, and wanton in the Sun.

95

FROM hidden Sands, and Shelves, and crowded Isles
 Left far a-stern, the *British* Fleet escap'd,
 At length in Thunder greets the hostile Shore.
 Say, *Saunders!* how thy gen'rous Bosom glow'd,
 When first the haughty Town thine Eye survey'd ?
 High-seated on a Mount, whose craggy Front

100

105

Line 98.—*Sea-Monsters lave*] Amongst the Variety of uncommon Fish with which this River abounds, is the Silver Porpuss, the Whiteness of whose Coat is not excelled by the driven Snow, being unblemished, and without a single dark Spot in any Part of his Body ; these, as the Fleet advanced up the River, might frequently be seen in large Numbers sporting upon the Surface ; and when the Sun shone full upon them, would appear so surprizingly bright, as to make the Eye uneasy, though looking upon them but a short Time.

O'er-

O'er-looks the rapid Stream, and scorns a Foe ;
 Dreadful ! in triple Range—above—below—
 On ev'ry Side, deep-lodg'd in Iron Wombs,
 Horrid Destruction sleeps : and arm'd with Death
 The steep Ascents, Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard. 110
 Proud of her Strength, and arrogantly vain,
 Begirt with Ramparts, and hemm'd in with Walls,
 Whilst crouded Camps fill'd all her spacious Plains,
 Smiling, she saw the *British* Troops advance,
 Thoughtless, how soon one undistinguish'd Blaze 115
 Shou'd bury all her Palaces in Dust.

BUT lo! wide thro' the dusky Shade of Night,
 Horrid with ruddy Flames, the ebbing Stream
 In vast united Conflagration glares :

High

Line 118, 119. ————*the ebbing Stream*
In vast united Conflagration glares.]

On the 19th of *July* at Midnight, the Enemy sent down the River with a strong ebb Tide, upwards of an hundred *Radeaux*, or Fire-stages : these Machines were nearly eighteen Feet square, buoy'd up with empty Casks, and compos'd of Rafts of Timber, such as Pine and Pitch-Wood, to a considerable Height ; filled with the most combustible Materials, and armed with Hooks, and Graplines, to lay hold

High in the Air, thick Clouds of Sulphur roll ; 120
 And parch'd with Heat, the vivid Ether glows :
 Such forms the Mind when strong Idea paints
 The gen'ral Doom, and the long slumb'ring Dead
 Fly hastily before the rapid Blaze.

O, *Saunders!* by some Guardian Angel warn'd, 125
 Thy

hold of Cables, Hawfers, or whatever else might come in their Way: directly at Twelve, Rockets were thrown into the Air from *Beaufort*, as a Signal for firing the Train, which was immediately done; the Fire running with the utmost Rapidity from one Stage to another, attended with an hollow crackling Noise, like Thunder at a Distance, for the Space of three or four Minutes; when the Whole appeared as one united Blaze, or Bank of Fire, near a Quarter of a Mile in Length: And some that appeared separate, seem'd likest a lofty Column of Fire, throwing curled Flames and Clouds of Smoke, a great Height into the Air; in this Manner, they fell down from the Mouth of the River *Charles*, and pass'd so near several Vessels at *Point Levi* as to scorch them; but by the Kindness of Providence, and the Industry of our Seamen, in about two Hours, these destructive Engines were conducted, without Harm, through the whole Fleet, though extended in Length from *Point Levi* downwards, more than a League; there being of Men of War and Transports, between two and three hundred Sail; and dragged ashore, on a rocky Part of the Isle of *Orleans*, below the Shipping, where they burnt till Day-light.

Line 125. *O, Saunders! by some Guardian Angel warn'd,*
Thy wakeful Care, &c. &c.]

The Admiral having by some Means or other received Intelligence of the Enemy's Intentions, sent proper Officers that Evening to advise every Ship of the impending Dangers, that, if Necessity required, they might all be ready at a Moment's Warning, to slip their Cables, and shift for themselves; as well as to order all the Boats in the Fleet with Fire-Graplins, &c. to be prepared for whatever Accident might

C

happen

Thy wakeful Care each naval Chief prepar'd
 Timely to guard against the fiery Storm.
 It's favour'd Fleet, all-seeing Heav'n protects;
 And the vast Flame floats harmless to the Shore.

Glad, wou'd the Muse in softer Numbers sing 130
 Thy Beauties *Montmorencie*; but alas!
 No more, with rural Notes, the wood-land Nymph
 Melodious, attracts thy list'ning Shades;
 No more, with early Song, tending his Charge,
 The Cottage-Swain, sweet breath'd *Aurora* charms; 135
 No more, the Love-desponding Shepherd walks
 Heedless, athwart the Mountains slipp'ry Verge;
 Or melancholy, seeks the fatal Brink,
 Where headlong, foaming from the rocky Steep,

Eager

happen to our Shipping, or give their united Assistance in towing the hellish *March* on Shore. To this Fore-knowledge of our Commanders, may be imputed the Regularity and Calmness, wherewith this whole Affair was conducted; and owing to the same Cause, the Bravery of our Seamen, who being forewarned, acted with their wonted Vigilance and Intrepidity, amidst the Horrors of so uncommon a Scene.

Lines 138, 139. ————— *seeks the fatal Brink,*
Where headlong, foaming from the rocky Steep, &c.]

The Cascade of *Montmorencie*; which being perhaps one of the finest single Falls of Water in the World, a Description of it in this Place may not be deemed improper or disagreeable.

To

Eager to join the mighty Stream below,

140

The rude Wave rushes thro' th' affrighted Air.

Now

To me, it is apparent, that when first the great Creator ordained the Rivers their Bounds, and pointed out their Courses, this rapid Stream poured itself over the Verge of the Mountain, which was then uniform and uninterrupted, into the great River below; but in length of Time, by washing away the Sand, and loose Stones, till it came to the solid Rock, which was alone capable of resisting its Force; it has worked itself into an enormous Bed, or Gulph, a considerable Way from the Front of the Mountain, which slopes on every Side, with an Ascent that is inaccessible, being mostly loose Earth and Sand, but in some Places covered with Shrubs. The Height of this prodigious Cataract, from the Surface of the River *St. Laurence*, at low Water, which I took by Means of very exact and nice Instruments, with the Assistance of another Gentleman, three several Times upon the opposite Shore of *Orleans*, according to the Order of the Operations, was 312, 321, and 315 Feet: The Medium of which is just 316 Feet. And for the Satisfaction of the more curious Trigonometrical Calculator, I must acquaint him the Difference of these Observations was owing to the Acuteness of the Angles, and the different Distances made use of each Time; and the last, which coming between the other two, is most probably nearest the Truth, was worked by a Distance of 760 Feet, measured from Low-Water Mark; the Altitude of the Fall, taken at the Water's Edge, was $= 2^{\circ} : 1' : 48''$, but at the Distance abovementioned no more than $1^{\circ} : 52' : 8''$; so that the included Angle was $= 9' : 40''$; demonstrating the Eye of the Observer distant from the Top of the Cataract 8941 Feet, and its Height no less than three hundred and sixteen; to which add five for the Elevation of the Eye above the Water, the whole will be 320 Feet: an amazing Height indeed! and I believe not equalled by any Thing of the Kind in the known World, when we consider the Water not tumbling from Rock to Rock, but in its Fall, immediate, sudden, and uninterrupted. The Course, from its Source in the Mountains, is nearly due South; the Breadth seems to be from 90 to 140 Feet, but, frequently obstructed with small Islands; the Banks on both Sides covered with Poplars, Beech-Trees, and Variety of the Spruce Kinds, and difficult of Access; although the River in most Places seems fordable: The Stream is very rapid, but more so the

Now to far other Note than rustic Pipe,
 The trembling Groves attend ; and ev'ry Field
 With adverse Arms, and Camps resplendent shines,
 From brazen Tubes responsive Thunders roar, 145
 And the wide Atmosphere resounds with War.

O! much-lov'd *Wolfe*, whose spacious Soul contain'd
 Whate'er was great, was generous, or brave ;
 West where the Stream precipitately falls,
 Swift as the sudden Flash from Summer's Cloud 150
 Upon the hostile Beach fearless thou sprangst ;

As

nigher it approaches the tremendous Place that delivers into the Regions of Air ; the Water, as if conscious of its Fate, collected into numerous Whirlpools, hisses as it drives along, and unwillingly commits itself to the giddy Brink. I had it not in my Power to take the exact Breadth, but imagine, where the Stream first tumbles over the Rock, it is scarcely less than 100 Feet broad, it may be more. The Quantity of Water it disgorges, I can likewise only compute by Judgment ; but from an Estimation of the Width and Velocity of the Stream, (not being able to ascertain it by Experiment) I think I am far from exceeding, when upon an Average, I suppose it four thousand five hundred Tons per Hour. In the Night-time it may be heard very distinctly as far as the North-East Point of the Island of *Orleans*, at least fifteen or sixteen Miles distant, and undoubtedly much farther down the River. I have been the more prolix in the Description of this remarkable Fall, as I remember not to have read any tolerable Account of it in any *French* Accounts of *Canada* ; and whether it merits mine or my Reader's Trouble, I leave him to judge.

As fearless, see the hardy Files advance,
 And the fierce Soldier dart along the Strand.
 O! for a while, ye arduous *Britons*, check
 Your native Fire, nor with impetuous Rage, 155
 Incautious, rush into the Jaws of Death ;
 But wait, O ! wait your General's Command.
 Deaf to the Voice of Order, swift they fly,
 And the steep Mountain's slipp'ry Sides ascend,
 Upon whose Summit, craftily conceal'd 160
 In deep Intrenchments, lodg'd the num'rous Foe ;
 At ev'ry Step the faithless Hill recedes,
 And in loose Sands th' advancing Foot declines ;
 Anon ! as when in Summer's sultry Noon,
 Some careless Swain the glowing Ember heaves 165
 Into the prickly Furze ; the neighb'ring Heath
 Catches the sudden Blaze, quick darts along
 The crackling Flame, thick the curl'd Clouds ascend,
 And Darkness wide obstructs the Mid day Sun ;
 So sudden from the Mountain's fatal Brow 170
 The *Gallic* Musquetry obscures the Day ;

Daunt-

Dauntless, his Fate the Veteran attends,
 Whose Blood fresh-streaming crimson all the Sand ;
 Swift to the Scene of Death the Gen'ral flies ;
 His saving Voice, now with Attention heard, 175
 The 'Troops regard, each Hope in him repos'd
 Of present Safety, and of sweet Revenge ;
 Slow in Retreat the regulated Files
 Before his Eye in due Succession pass ;
 Careful, the horrid Passage quick to close, 180
 Where Ranks united fall the Prey of Death.

Nor less assiduous, in his open Barge,
 Active amidst the busy Crowd of Boats,
 And to the Fury of the War expos'd,
 His guardian Hand the Admiral extends, 185
 And ev'ry bleeding *Briton* claims his Care.
 But in her dusky Mantle, now the Night,
 Advancing fast, each ruder Scene conceals :
 High in her clouded Path the crescent Moon
 Obscurely shines : Contending Armies rest, 190
 And

And on the anxious Couch each Chief reclin'd,
Restless, premeditates the future Blow.

75 But of Repulse, no more! where fraudulent Art
Her fleeting Moment over Virtue reigns ;
Triumph inglorious let the *Gaul* enjoy, 195
Ere long to meet his sole, his utmost Dread,
Britannia's Legions, and an open Field.

80 Mean time ; *Quebec*, whose lofty Towers survey
Far as the Power of human Eye can reach,
Thee, *Canada*, and all thy savage Sons ; 200
That Insolence, which but so late despis'd,
Self-confident, the Strength of *British* Arms,
85 In deep Affliction mourns : Th' incessant Bomb
Wide Ruin scatters ; and the tott'ring Pile,
Torn from its solid Base, tumbles in Dust : 205
Wrapt in devouring Flames, whose nightly Blaze
From the far distant Hills reflected shines,
90 Together falls, the consecrated Dome,
And

The

The lordly Pa'ace, and the humble Roof :
And lo ! where, Spite of all her boasted Strength, 210
And num'rous Batteries, that with fatal Mouths
Projected o'er the Flood's contracted Stream,
Guard the important Pass ; with Eastern Gales,
Deep in the Gloom of Night, where Silence reigns,
Th' adventurous Frigates push the bold Attempt : 215
With native Freedom, native Courage warm,
When Honour calls, what will not *Britons* dare !
And now, as sometime in Autumnal Eve,
When congregated Clouds a Storm portend,
And the dark Ether looms a dismal Shade ; 220
With sudden Burst, th' afflicted Air is torn ;
The sable Clouds with livid Lightnings glare,
Repeated Flashes blaze ; the Thunder rolls ;
Vice stands aghast ; serene'st Virtue smiles :
So, thro' the darksome Shade the dreadful Burst 225
Of *French* Artill'ry roars ; the pond'rous Globe,
With dire Velocity impell'd, hisses
In Air, or from the wat'ry Surface bounds,

210 Marking with Iron Tooth the adverse Shore,
Else harmless; for the Heav'n-protected Barks, 230
With steady Helm, undaunted still proceed;
Omen of Good, for lo! on swiftest Wing,
Vengeance, and *Wolfe*, the wat'ry Track pursue.

215 THE Day! the long-desired Day arrives;
And sweetly in the East, the dappled Morn 235
Breaks forth; each darker Shade in Haste retires,
And on the middle Stream, the distant Eye
A moving Cloud of Boats might now discern:
220 Thro' all the floating Host, no Sound is heard,
Save, where the Oar turns up the Silver Wave. 240
At length, in all the Pomp of War array'd,
Quebec! fair City once, with Pinnacles,
And lofty Towers adorn'd, rises in View;
225 South-west from whence, on the Superior Stream,
Two thousand Paces distant from the Town, 245
A Point projected lies, rough with black Rocks,
Which proudly overlooks the humble Beach,

D

And

And with a formidable Battery crown'd,
 Fear'd no Surprize. Even thou, *Montcalm!* well-skill'd
 In ev'ry Stratagem of War, this Place 250
 Impregnable had deem'd: ah! much deceiv'd;
 Forgetful, *Wolfe* and *Britons* were thy Foes;
 For even now! upon the hostile Strand
 The gallant Soldier heads his eager Troops:
 Swift as the Lion that o'er *Libyan Hills* 255
 With utmost Speed pursues the tim'rous Deer,
 They flee, to scale the Mountain's barren Sides,
 Nor heed the Cannon roaring from above.
 At length, the glorious Height is gain'd; and from
 The giddy Brow, panting, the Soldier views, 260
 Well-pleas'd, all *Canada* beneath his Eye:
 Nor stand they pausing long, but to the Fort
 Rushing impetuous, seize the pond'rous Guns;
 Whose Mouths averted now, ungrateful Tubes!
 Threaten Destruction to their former Lords. 265
 Mean while, with ev'ry manly Grace adorn'd,
 With *Brunswick's* Glories, and *Britannia's* Weal

Imprinted on his Heart ; heroic *Wolfe*
 In firm Battalion, impenetrable,
 Fierce, resolute, resistless, speeds his March. 270
 'Twas then, *Montcalm*, thy daring Soul recoil'd ;
 Surpriz'd ! confus'd ! and with Amazement struck !
 When first, advancing on the fatal Plain,
 Thy dubious Eye survey'd the *British* Host :
 Five thousand Bayonets, whose glittering Blades 275
 Gleaming in Air, denounce immediate War.
 Ah ! what avail thy-trebled Numbers now,
 Or painted Savages, whose horrid Knife
 With diabolic Edge insults the Dead ;
 Or, from the shrieking Victim's bleeding Skull, 280
 Children of Hell ! divide the hairy Scalp :
 For now, with quickest Step th' intrepid Files,
 Thirsting for Glory, rush upon the Foe ;
 As when, from *Alpine Hills*, whose awful Tops
 Eternal Winter wraps in boundless Snow, 285
 Which with the vernal Sun dissolv'd, pours down
 Amain, into the neighb'ring Vales ; in vain,

The cumb'rous Rocks obstruct the roaring Stream,
 That with impetuous Force, his headlong Way
 Urges destructive, thro' the flow'ry Plain ; 290
 Helpless, th' astonish'd Peasant looks around,
 And sees with piteous Eye no Succour near ;
 No Shelter, no Protection from the Storm,
 That sweeps his Herds, his Flocks, himself away.
 So, with wide Ruin, and resistless Shock, 295
 Upon th' embattel'd Foe the *Britons* press :
 Short the Dispute, for when cou'd *Gallic* Strength
 Withstand a *British* Arm ? Glutted with Blood,
 The Bayonet smoaks, and the fierce Highlander
 Swift-ranging o'er the Field, wild Havock makes : 300
 Thro' ev'ry hostile Rank Confusion flies,
 And pale Dismay encourages the Rout.

ON the triumphant Host, *Victoria* smiles,
 And to her fav'rite *Wolfe*, with Joy presents
 The laurel'd Wreath—but, ah ! the vital Stream, 305
 That with unequal'd Warmth that Heart inspir'd,

With

With richest Purple stains the foreign Soil :
 His Eyes, that sparkled in the Shades of Death
 290 Well-pleas'd, the ample Field survey——their last,
 Long look, his Soldiers claim ; mournful, and mute, 310
 Collected round their Chief the Vet'rans stand ;
 When thus, with interrupted Speech, half spent,
 Whilst from his Wounds Life flow'd apace,——Partners,
 295 In ev'ry Danger prov'd——Conquest is yours——
 Pursue the Blow——and seize——he wou'd have said, 315
 Yon hostile Town ; when Darkness clos'd his Eyes.

O! glorious Shade! forgive the weeping Muse,
 300 Who whilst her tributary Tear she sheds,
 Soaring aloft on thy immortal Name ;
 Equal to all that ancient *Rome* cou'd boast, 320
 When her superior Sons, at Virtue's Call
 Humbled the mighty Tyrants of the East ;
Fabricius, Fabius, Scipio, Pompey ;
 305 Heroes of old, and Names of great Renown ;

Ambi-

Ambitiously presumes to wing her Flight 325
 To future Ages, and far-distant Climes.

YET, ev'n for Thee, O! gen'rous *Wolfe!* not long
 Must *Britons* grieve: *Monakton*, tho' wounded, lives;
 And warlike *Townsend* shakes his angr'y Spear.
 Greatly reluctant, prone upon the Dust, 330
 And choak'd with Blood, thy haughty Soul,
Montcalm! 'ill brooks the Conquest, and regrets
 Her Laurels blasted, and diminish'd Fame;
 Whilst, launching from the breathless Clay, furious,
 She darts into the Shades of endless Night. 335

WITH desp'rate Rout, to the adjacent Woods
 The num'rous Foe his speedy Flight directs,
 And hid amongst the trembling Leaves, eludes
 The *Caledonian* Sword: Some to the Town
 With quickest Steps repair; and scarce believe, 340
 Within the lofty Walls, themselves secure.
 Slaughter fatigu'd, upon her Prey reclines;

And

And *Townsend* sees the glorious Field his own.

Under his Eye, with Force united join'd,

Seamen, and Soldiers, urge the various Toil :

345

Here, Part with full-stretch'd Sinews, o'er huge Rocks

The pond'rous Cannon heave ; or on the Plain

Destructive Mortars drag : Laborious there,

The ceaseless Spade turns up the fertile Glebe ;

Here yawns the Ditch, and there the Ramparts rise ;

350

And now as with Enchantment form'd ! sudden,

The mighty Battery rears its dreadful Front,

With all the Rage of deadly Thunder stor'd,

In Readiness to strike the fatal Blow.

THE Hour is come ! *Quebec* must fall ; happy

355

Such Fall ; with *British*-Arts, and Arms sustain'd,

Once more, in greater Splendour doom'd to rise :

For lo ! where *Saunders* riding on the Wave,

With Spirit anxious for his Country's Good,

Serenely guides, directs, and rules the Whole ;

360

To each tall Ship, the ready Signal makes,

Unmoor and weigh : Soon the tall Ships obey,

With

With Force immense, the chearful Sailor heaves
 The massive Anchor, whose sharp-pointed Fluke
 Tears up the hidden Soil ; or high aloft 365
 Suspended in mid Air, the Sail unfurls,
 And gives the loos'ned Canvas to the Wind :
 Obedient to the Helm, each stately Bark
 In pompous Order moves ; glides thro' the Wave,
 And with advancing Stem, draws near the Town. 370
 Fear, and Confusion now, thro' ev'ry Street
 Prevails ; and ev'ry Eye with timid Gaze,
 Each Motion of the *British* Fleet attends :
 Fast to the Breast, the trembling Mother hugs
 Her Infant-Babe ; or with firm Grasp entwin'd 375
 Around her Mate, Safety in vain expects ;
 Nor in his Eye reads ought but fell Dismay.
 Justice, the Tyrant's Scourge, now brandishes
 The fatal Blade, and ready at her Call
 Destruction waits : full in thy Front, *Quebec*, 380
 See *British* Saunders all his Thunder aims ;
 Behind thee, gallant *Townsend* draws the Sword,

The

The Storm menaces, and prepares the War :

But one short Moment now attends thy Fate ;

Nor can the dubious Flag of Truce deceive

The wary Chiefs : What Art ! what Stratagem !

Ah ! what Resource remains—of all bereft,

And stript of ev'ry Hope, short Terms are thine ;

Bleed, or Surrender, is the bitter Choice ;

Quick must that Choice be made—Terror prevails !

And on those Walls, where late the *Gallic* Flag

Superbly wav'd ; *Britannia's* double Cross,

Triumphant streaming, sports in ev'ry Breeze.

FOR Liberty secur'd, and Peace restor'd,

With choicest Song, ye Provinces rejoice !

Nor skulking, in his woody Haunts, dread more

The lawless Savage ; that with hideous Yell

Line 396, 397. *Nor skulking, in his woody Haunts, dread more
The lawless Savage ; &c.*]

In this Place, where the Barbarity of the *Indians* to their unhappy Prisoners is described ; it may be some Entertainment to my Reader, should I give him a brief

E

385

390

395

Wont

Ac-

365

370

375

380

The

Wont to alarm your sleeping Villages,
Or worse ! with murd'rous Intent, conceal'd

In

Account of the Sufferings of Mr. *John Clark*, who, in the Year 1754, being settled somewhere contiguous to the Bay of *Fundy*, was, together with several other unfortunate new Settlers, carried off by the Savages, who came suddenly upon them in the Night, and stripping them, compelled Men, Women, and Children, to the Amount of seventy odd, entirely naked, though early in the Spring, and the Weather excessive sharp, by hasty and quick Marches to go to their Habitation in the Mountains and inland Parts, distant from the Bay of *Fundy* more than 120 Leagues. The first Day's March released several of the wretched Sufferers from their miserable Situation, who, fatigued, and unable to proceed, were by the *Indians* first rendered senseless with repeated Strokes of their *Tomihawks*, or small Hatchets; and then, while warm with Life, and struggling with Agony, deprived of a circular Part, about four or five Inches over, containing the external Tegument of the back Part of the Skull, together with the Flesh and Hair appertaining to it, and commonly called the Scalp; performed by placing their Knees against the Victim's Shoulders, sitting on the Ground, and making an Incision round the Part with a Scalping-Knife, the Barbarian stooping forwards, supporting his Hands on the poor Creature's Neck, catches the fore Part of the divided Skin betwixt his Teeth, and at one Jerk strips it from the bleeding Head. Such is the inhuman Method of scalping; set on foot, and so industriously encouraged, by our most Christian Enemies the *French*; and such the Miseries these unhappy People suffered, that by the Time they reached *Onhowga*, the *Indian Town*, they were reduced to the Number of thirteen, and divided by Lot amongst the Elders of the Tribes; what became of his Brother-Sufferers, *Clark* was entirely unacquainted with; but he, with his Wife and Daughter, were compelled to go through a Ceremony, which he, with some Propriety, used to call his Induction, in Manner following: Being seated in the Center of a Circle, composed of these wild People, after feasting, and Variety of barbarous Gestures, the Chief advancing with a Firebrand, strikes him over the Shoulder, making him Signs to stand up, which done, the whole savage Mob rise, and with uncommon Shouts, Yells and Songs, croud round him, and, armed with the same burning Weapons, beat him for a considerable Time, as well over the Face, as every Part of the Body,

till

In Midnight Gloom, upon the Cottager

400

Fatigu'd with daily Toil, advancing soft,

To his unguarded Heart plunges at once

The deadly Steel : His hapless Family,

To much worse Fate reserv'd; in pathless Woods

Deep dragg'd, or to far unfrequented Wilds

405

till tired with the horrid Diversion, their Sachem calls them off, and delivers him to his Master, who has Power over him in every Respect, excepting his Life, which is sacred to the Tribe, and cannot be touched without the unanimous Consent of the Whole. After almost two Years of most unparalleled Wretchedness, he found Means with his Family to escape to *Quebec*; where he resided near two Years longer, became, in Appearance, a bigotted Romanist, and conformed himself so well in every Respect, as entirely to gain the Confidence of the *French*; from whom, together with Captain *Stobo*, (who, by his Means, had gained the Liberty of the Town) his Wife and Daughter, he made his Escape in a Fishing-Boat, fell down the River with a rapid ebb Tide, under the Covert of a dark Night; where, upon the South Shore, and opposite *Green Island*, he seized a small Sloop loaden with Wheat, three of the Crew they destroyed, and set the remaining three ashore on a desolate Island lower down, called *Barnaby*: and thus, in Spite of an armed Vessel, dispatched instantly in the Pursuit, and after a Variety of Adventures, they arrived safely at *Louisburgh*; from whence Mr. *Clerk* was sent in the *Scarborough*, by Governor *Whitmore*, as a Pilot for the River *St. Lawrence*; and in that Ship I received from his own Mouth the above Account. He is a stout well-built Man, about 45, carries now in his Face and Body the Marks of their savage Usage, is very ignorant and illiterate, madly courageous, and very ready for any desperate Attempt; his Bravery was very well known in the Field at *Quebec*, and he had the Honour, in a Skirmish, some Leagues below the Town, to kill the *Canadian* that wounded Colonel *Frazier*.

With Violence compell'd; are doom'd the Sport
Of fell Barbarians, when, with hellish Mirth,
Their most inhuman Tribes revel in Blood.

THESE were thy mean, ungen'rous Arts, O, *France!*
The poor, unknowing *Indian*, by Thee deceiv'd,
Fed with false Hopes, gay Shews, and empty Dreams;
Or, by the Sophistry of subtle Priests,
Led far astray; to ev'ry base Intent,
Thou dexterously form'd; the fatal Tools
Of thy Ambition. Nation perfidious!
How well art thou repaid with Blood for Blood?
Captiv'd *Quebec*, and *Canada* subdued,
In Tears lament; whilst, stript of half his Realms,
Imperious *Louis* views, with Eye askance,
Great *Brunswick*, Lord of all the western World.

410

415

420

THUS

THUS hath the vent'rous Muse, by Nature taught ;
Tho' unexperienc'd in warlike Song,
The Rage of Battle, and the Clash of Arms ;
Thro' Fields of Slaughter, with unwearied Flight
Pursued each matchless Chief : Such Chiefs of old, 425
Did *Agincourt*, *Poitiers*, and *Cressy* boast ;
When all the vast collected Strength of *France*
Humbled itself to mighty *Edward's* Son ;
Or struck with Terror, *British Henry* saw,
Urging his Right, and with Destruction arm'd, 430
Deep crimson all her Fields with native Blood.

To Thee, brave *Saunders* ! first and last, be due
The humble Lay : Long, may the Laurels reap'd
By thy victorious Hand, flourish around
Thy Master's royal Brow. Remotest Times 435
THUS Shall

Shall speak thy Praise ; and Infant-Lips with Joy
Repeat thy Name ; which on the foremost List
Of Heroes rang'd, shall still continue, when
The Muse, and all her Works, shall be no more.

F I N I S.





