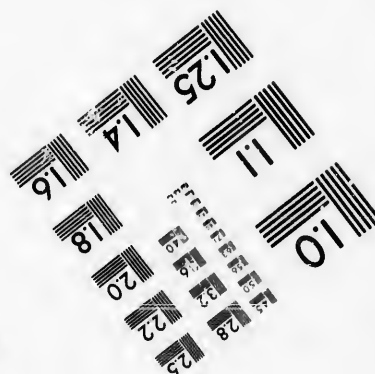
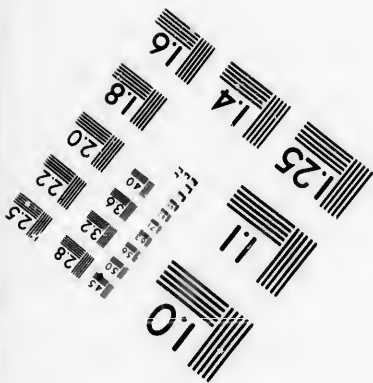
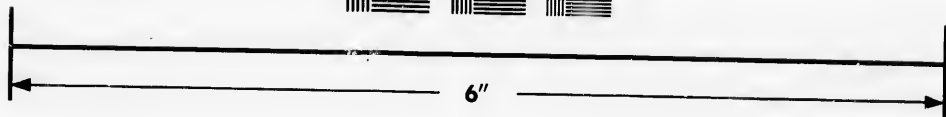
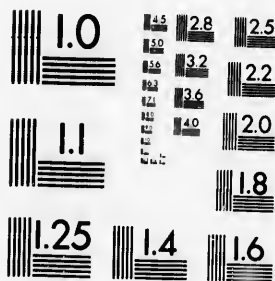


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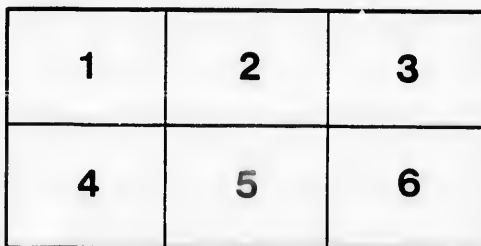
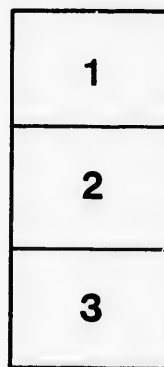
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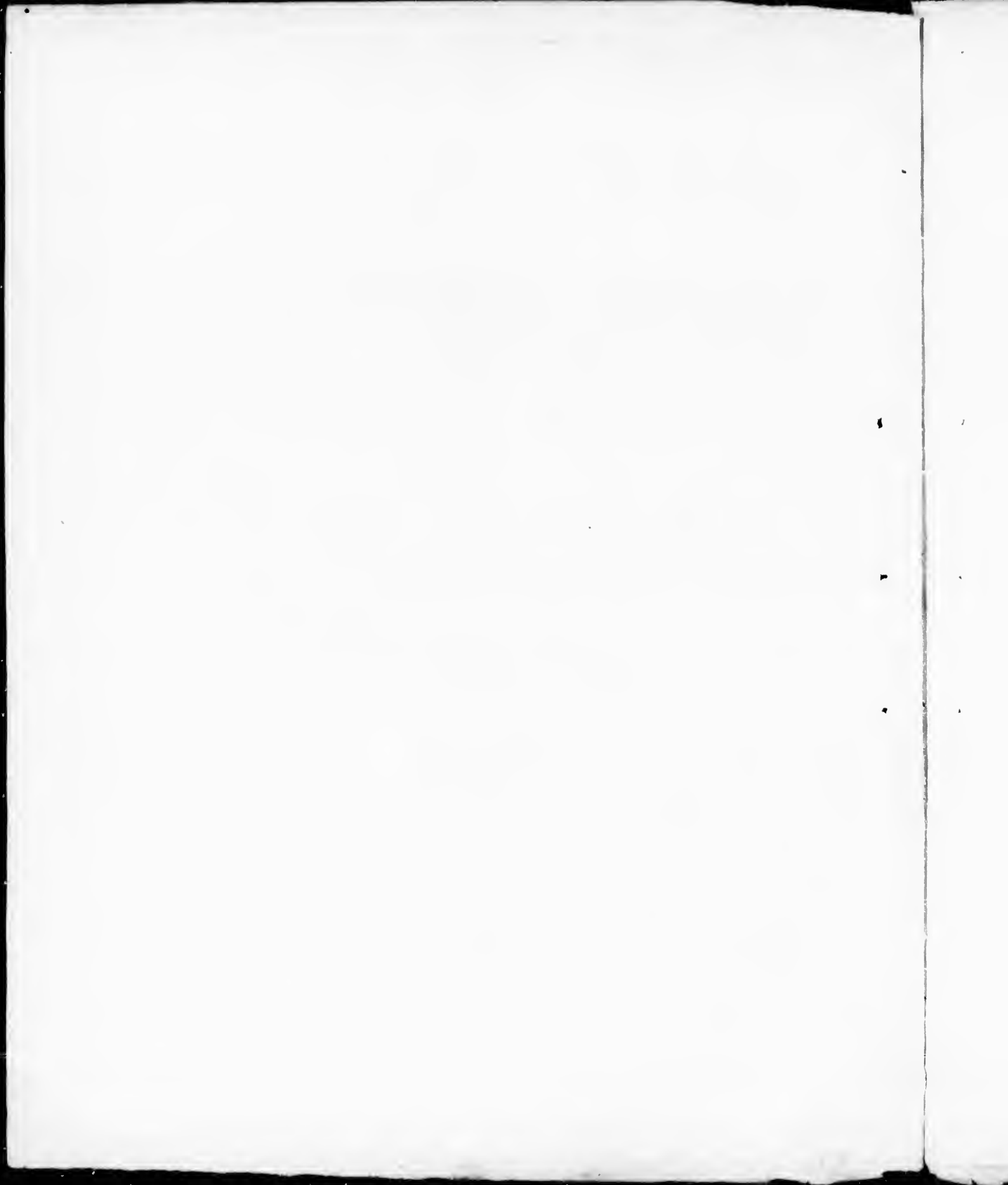
T H E
C O N Q U E S T
O F
Q U E B E C.
A
P O E M.

By J O S E P H H A Z A R D,
Of L I N C O L N C O L L E G E, O X F O R D.

Dulce et Decorum est pro Patria mori. H O R.

O X F O R D :

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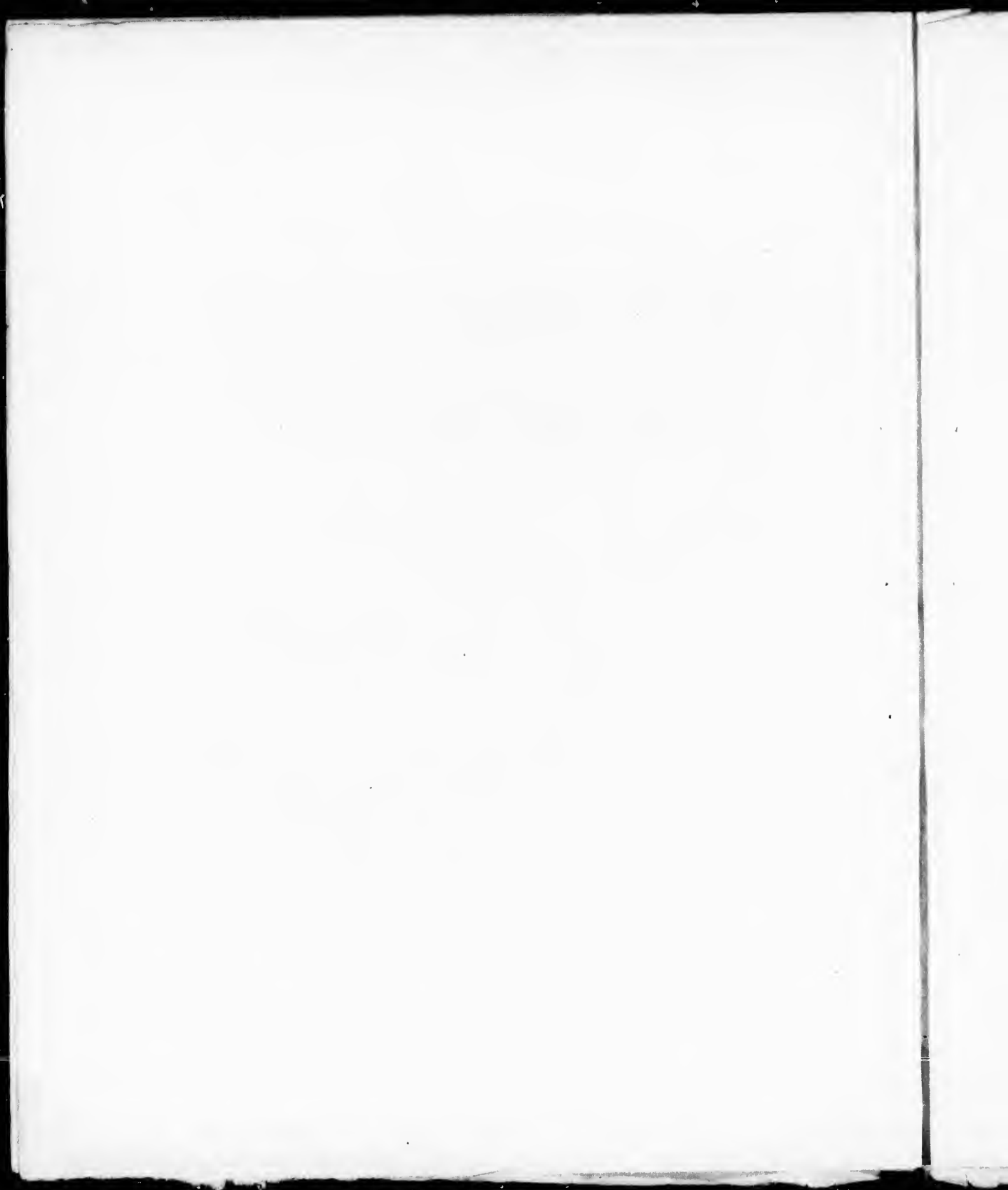


A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

THE POEM which is here offered to the Publick was written last Summer, and presented among many others to the Gentlemen appointed to adjudge the Premium given by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Litchfield*, Chancellor of the Univerfity of *Oxford*. ---Though it had not fufficient Merit to gain the Premium, it was returned to the Author with fome Commendations.

He then laid it by, as he thought a Publication of it might be fupposed an Arraignment of the Decision of the Judges.

But the recent Appearance of a Poem, wrote on the fame Occafion, having removed his Objections on that Head, he has (perhaps too eafily) been perfuaded by fome partial Friends to make this publick.



Q U E B E C.

A

P O E M.



WRAPT in Oblivion's Shroud the youthful Muse
Unnotic'd, long has slept, and Ifis mourn'd

Her Sons of Genius to the World unknown :

While to her list'ning Shores proud Cam imparts

Her annual Honours, far as her fam'd Stream

Laves her green Banks. But Ifis mourns no more ;

Her LITCHFIELD calls, Her LITCHFIELD's Call is heard ;

And

And from the Fields of Fancy, ever gay
 With smiling Verdure and Parnassian Blooms,
 Her Offspring glean the Records of Old Time;
 And bid wide waſting War by Victory crown'd,
 Live in immortal Verſe, but chiefly Thine,
 Fair Albion, and thy Heroes, high renown'd
 For warlike Vict'ries and ſucceſſful Toils.
 Em'lous, not vain, by Glory's impulſe urg'd
 I call'd the Muſe, I ſnatched the vocal Reed;
 The Muſe indulgent came, and what ſhe taught,
 And Hope, deluſive Maid, inspir'd, I ſing.
 As the fair Star that gilds the Spring-tide Morn,
 Serenely bright, ſo Fate benignant ſhone
 On Britain's Welfare, and Her Annals grac'd
 With long ſucceſſive Conqueſts, and Her Throne,
 Where Virtue ſat in George's Godlike Form,
 With deathleſs Bays adorn'd; Peace glanc'd a Smile,
 Tho' ſtern Bellona reign'd. Her Realm ſecure,

Her

Her Plains unravag'd, with diffusive Hand,
 From her redundant Horn, fair Plenty pour'd
 Her Blessings o'er the Steps of Industry :
 Whilst in the busy Bustle of Resort
 Flourish her Sisters, Commerce, Science, Arts,
 Nor heav'd one British Breast with fancy'd fear
 Of Gallic Ire. Serene and undismay'd
 Each Heart repos'd, the fleeting Hours that form
 The circling Wheel of Time, no Sorrows knew
 Save what the retrospective Soul spontaneous pour'd,
 Dubious how stable her Saturnian Days.
 — — — — Such, England, were thy Joys ;
 Such thy domestic Bliss, while far remote
 On the blue Bosom of th' expansive Main
 Thy Navies ride, wide swell their snowy Sails ;
 Their crimson Streamers flutter to the Breeze
 With undulating Grandeur, their proud Prows
 Glide thro' the foaming Surge, whose whit'ning Waves

Indignant

Indignant roar and lash their sturdy Sides,
 Where rests Britannia's Thunder charged with Death.
 Now martial Music and resounding Shouts,
 Promise of future Victory, assault
 Heav'n's vaulted Dome; from whence e'en Angels lean,
 Drawing the azure Curtains of the Skies,
 To view Terrestrial Splendor; while upborn,
 High in his Lucid Car before the Fleet
 Conducting Neptune rode, around him play'd
 The Sea-green Tritons, with their winding Shells
 Attuning England's Praise. But hold, my Muse,
 Nor let the Pageant Pomp protract thy Theme
 While Merit claims the tributary Lay.
 Pass not unsung the brave Durell and Holmes
 And Saunders fam'd, Lords of the boundless deep,
 Nor less commemorate their bold Compeers
 Monkton and Howe, and Townshend great in Arts,
 In Arms pre-eminent. And chiefly Thee,

Victorious

Victorious Wolfe, thy Country's Boast and Sorrow—
 Thy Warriors These, who late from Glory's Field,
 Pluck'd the fair Laurel wet with recent Gore,
 And o'er the shatter'd Piles of Louisbourg
 Thy Standard rear'd, and in coercive Chains
 Let captive every Foe. But since repuls'd
 From Montmorenci's Heights where thousand Souls
 Left their pale Bodies, floating on the Tide
 Of purpled Neptune; and their fearless Barks
 Suffer'd ignoble Wrecks. Now with Revenge
 And love of Glory fir'd, prepar'd to fight,
 To conquer or to die; their Squadrons haste,
 Before th' auspicious Wind to where the Tow'rs
 Of proud Quebec, exalt their Battlements—
 Now o'er the Face of Day the stilly Night
 Draws her black Veil, the Lucid Moon ascends
 Her silver axled Car, and o'er the vast
 Extensive Empyreum glides along,

In peerless Majesty, with Virgin light
 Skirting th' attendant Clouds and Mountain Tops.
 Tipt with her transient Beams, an hundred Spires
 Rush on the Sight, crowning the shaggy Brow
 Of Abraham's steepy Heights; where sunk in Sleep
 The thoughtless Gauls repose. With cautious Silence
 Th' Armaments steal down the favouring Tide
 To tempt the Shore and Dangers yet unknown.
 Aghast with sudden Fear each Soldier stood,
 Viewing the craggy Cliffs, whose roughen'd Sides
 Seem'd inaccessible, and whose high Top,
 Out-stripp'd the visual Ray—The dauntless Wolfe
 Pale Terror and Amazement wild beheld
 Brood o'er each Face, and bounding from his Bark
 Stern to th' affrighted Hosts—Rouse, Rouse, (he cries)
 Nor wear eternal Shame upon your Brows;
 Nor claim a Frown from him for whom we've bled.
 George is our King: Our Country fam'd for Hearts,

That

[11]

That into Pity's kindly Dew will melt
 When Virtue suffers. Those who bravely die
 E'en like the Sun blazing, in setting Glory,
 Veil but their Beams of Honor for a while,
 To rise superior in more blissful Climes.
 And for Ourselves for whom th' impartial Fates
 Have stretch'd the Thread of Life, there yet remains
 A Path to Fame, tho' rough and steep th' ascent
 Shall we then fear? Refuse to scale those heights?
 Where sits immortal Glory bright enthron'd,
 Where we alone can gain, alone retrieve
 Our Laurels lost at Montmorenci's Siege.
 — — — — — Such were his Words
 And Albion's kindling Sons their influence felt.
 Swift from their Ships, her many Legions rush'd,
 And up the rugged Rock fearless they climb
 With Vigour irresistible; whose Brow
 At length attain'd th' encircling Camp they form,

'The living Line and thick embodied Rank
 O'erspread th' embattled Plain; thro' ev'ry File
 Each Chieftain darts his quick observant Eye.
 And now the dreadful Din of Battle roars,
 The Clang of Arms, the Sound of breathing Brags,
 Float on the lift'ning Air. Th' officious Winds,
 On Wings retentive the harsh murmurs bear
 To where th' attractive Walls of length'ning Tow'rs
 Rise proudly eminent; the retorted Sounds
 Of long continued Echoes pierce the Ear
 Of slumb'ring Centinels. Montcalm alarm'd
 Collects his scatter'd Troops, and to the Field
 Leads forth his vast Battalions, numerous
 As those of Xerxes, whom he led across
 Th' extensive Hellespont. Anon prepar'd
 Preluding Cannons Declaration give
 Of op'ning War. Slow move the well-rang'd Ranks,
 With measur'd Step, 'till Front to Front they meet
 Indissolubly

Indissolubly firm. Thick mantling Flames
 And Earth-born Thunder, wrapt in Wreaths of Smoke
 Grace the rough Edge of War. Now Fire for Fire,
 And Peal for Peal, and Death for Death exchange.
 Myriads on Myriads fall on either Side ;
 And as the Leaves each rolling Year succeed
 Their wither'd Ancestry, to falling Ranks
 Intrepid Lines, in bright Succession rise.
 Grim Death and Defolation Hand in Hand
 Stalk o'er the bloody Field. Ten Thousand Souls,
 On Wing erratic, brave the gaping Gulf
 Of dread Futurity : while on the Plain,
 (A Grave unask'd) their mangled Bodies lie.
 The Poor, the Rich, the Impious, and the Good,
 (Distinction void) bleed in promiscuous Heaps:
 Thus while the Moon, her nightly Circuit steer'd
 Intestine War, rag'd fierce and uncontroul'd ;
 Nor did Aurora fair, whose Blushes now

Distain'd

Distain'd the dappled East, her wonted State,
 Of Ease and pure Tranquility enjoy.
 The gleaming Blade still drink empurpl'd Gore;
 Still Britain's Flag was seen, and still the Gauls
 Their haughtier Banners wav'd; and still the Clouds
 With foreign Lightnings flash'd, and Thunder not their own.
 E'en yet the Fate of either Army hung
 In equal Poise. Such Fury steel'd each Heart,
 And strung each Arm, such mutual Death,
 By mutual Fire was made. And now, ye Fair,
 Britannia's Boast, withdraw your Hearts awhile
 From Pleasure's giddy Round. See, for your Sakes,
 Stretch'd on the enfanguin'd Field, robb'd of the Life
 Which once you held so dear, your Heroes fall'n.
 Claims not the pallid Cheek, and lifeless Corpse,
 One memorable Tear? Asks not the Soul,
 Breathing its last in Albion's glorious Cause,
 One grateful Sigh and supplicating Pray'r?

How

How will your Hearts rejoice, when from afar,
 Whom Heav'n has will'd Victorious to survive,
 Rich with resplendent Trophies, shall return
 To bless your longing Arms. Let then your Thoughts,
 Your tend'rest Thoughts await 'em: O'er their Heads
 Hover your gentlest Wishes, Genii fair.
 At length o'erpower'd the British Ranks recede,
 The Gauls press forward, and with wafting Sword,
 And Irons globous with horrid Chains connext
 Disgorg'd from the wide-mouths of angry Cannons,
 They strew the Plain with headless Trunks and Limbs,
 And clotted Gore: Trampling o'er Heaps of slain,
 They yet pursue, till Britain's Mars stepp'd forth;
 And as beside some rushing Cat'raets Brink,
 The tottering Pile worn with conflicting Storms,
 Of warring Elements, from its loose Base,
 Loud thund'ring, falls into the roaring Wave,
 The Tide obstructing; thus the rapid Course

Of

Of Gallia's Sons, the daring Wolfe suppress'd,
 Gracing the Phalanx' Head : This in each Breast
 Inspir'd heroic Aidor, scorning Flight,
 Ignoble, Ignominious; they revert,
 And with redoubled Courage, brave th' Attack
 Of Foes implacable. Again the Fight
 Hangs dubious, nor Retreat on either Side
 Is made; and this th' obdurate Gauls perceive
 With Envy swoln; swift from a well-aim'd Tube
 Flies the revengeful Ball, piercing his Arm,
 And to the Ground the Hero's Truncheon falls:
 Unmov'd as yet in tort'ring Pain he stands
 And deals his Mandates round. But now, alas!
 The fated Death lodg'd in his gen'rous Breast,
 The Pow'rs of Life decline; and in the Arms
 Of some kind Fellow Warrior he falls.
 Now Acclamations with the joyful Sounds
 Of Cornets, Fifes, and Drums, aloud proclaim

Augusta's

Augusta's Conquest : Fix'd her Ensign flood,
 Unmov'd and unmolested, o'er the Field
 Waving its crimson Glories. The glad News
 Nor sooner reach'd th' expiring Hero's Ear,
 Than struck with rapt'rous Joy, from the cold Bed
 Of icy Death, thrice he essay'd to rise,
 And thrice to Earth he fell. Feeble he lay
 Yet triumph'd in his Mis'ry. From his Eyes
 Ran Tears of painful Pleasure. Dulcet Smiles
 Dimpled his roseless Cheeks. His languid Heart,
 Robb'd of its purple Tide, for Britain's Sake
 Leap'd its last transport ; while fair Vict'ry wove
 The Laurel round his meritorious Brow.
 Swift from his Godlike Frame, his purer Soul
 On Virtue's downy Pinions soaring, fled
 To mingle with the Blest, in happier Scenes
 Of Bliss untainted, and supreme Delight.
 And thus the fairest Flow'r that ever bloom'd

In Glory's vermeil Plain, the brightest Gem,
 That ever sparkled in Augusta's Crown,
 Lamented dropt, tho' Conquest grac'd his Death.
 Now o'er Britannia's Realm diffus'd around,
 The gladsome Tidings spread; from Shore to Shore
 The Voice of Pleasure flies; The grateful Sounds,
 Of replicating Shouts, with softer Notes
 Of instrumental Harmony, delight
 The Ear attentive. While on Thames's Banks
 The deep mouth'd Cannons repercussive roar
 Wakes every Soul to Mirth. Yet oft the Tear
 Involuntary trickled o'er the Cheek
 When Mem'ry pictur'd to the gen'rous Mind
 Th' unrivall'd Conq'ror dead. The distant Vales
 Rob'd in Autumnal Gold, their Harvests wave
 In Gratulation; while their native Swains
 The votive Chaplet wreathe; and George and Wolfe
 In rural Music echo thro' each Grove.

And

And now, ye favour'd Sons of Albion, blest
 With Fortune's brightest Smiles, to whom 'tis giv'n
 To boast the Sunshine of indulgent Fate,
 Live not regardless of the Gifts of Heav'n :
 But while in Pleasure's flow'ry Field you stray
 With oft reverted Eye on Virtue's Form
 With Ardor gaze; nor let bright Justice breathe
 Her Heav'n-taught Dictates, unapprov'd, unheard :
 Nor suffer baneful Luxury to disgrace
 Your hospitable Board; Nor Vice to stain
 Your sacred Roof; While o'er the desert Wild
 Religion naked, hopeless, and forlorn,
 Wanders with weary Step. But ev'ry Hour,
 With virtuous Acts improve; and ev'ry Sun
 Shall rise and set unconscious of a Sigh,
 Save what the Sympathetic Heart (when stretch'd
 The bounteous Hand to minister Relief
 E'en to a vagrant Enemy) shall heave.

Thus

Thus England blefs'd, with ev'ry Virtue fraught,
 Beneath thy lucid, falutary Ray;
 O pure Religion, or in Peace or War,
 Her Joys in bright Succession shall revolve;
 Her ev'ry Hero prove a Loyal WOLFE,
 Her ev'ry King, a patriotic GEORGE.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

- Page 6, Line 7, for *Vißries* read *Virtues*.
 9, Line 6, for *Let* read *Led*.
 13, Line 16, place a *Comma* after the Word *steer'd*.
 14, Line 3, for *drink* read *drank*.
 15, Line 11, place a *Comma* after the Word *Trunks*.

