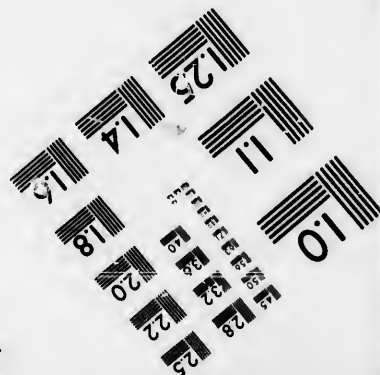
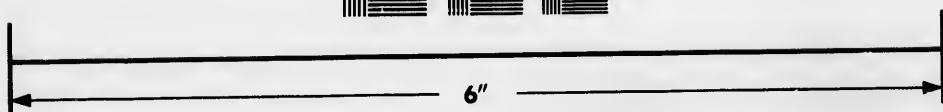
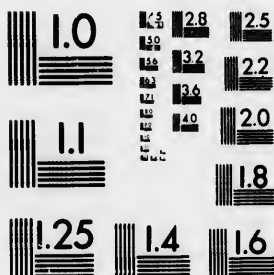


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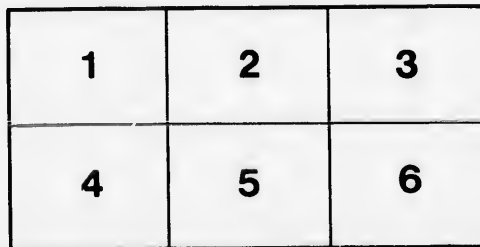
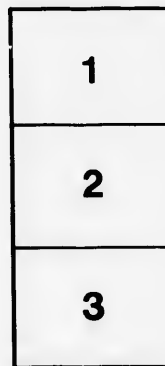
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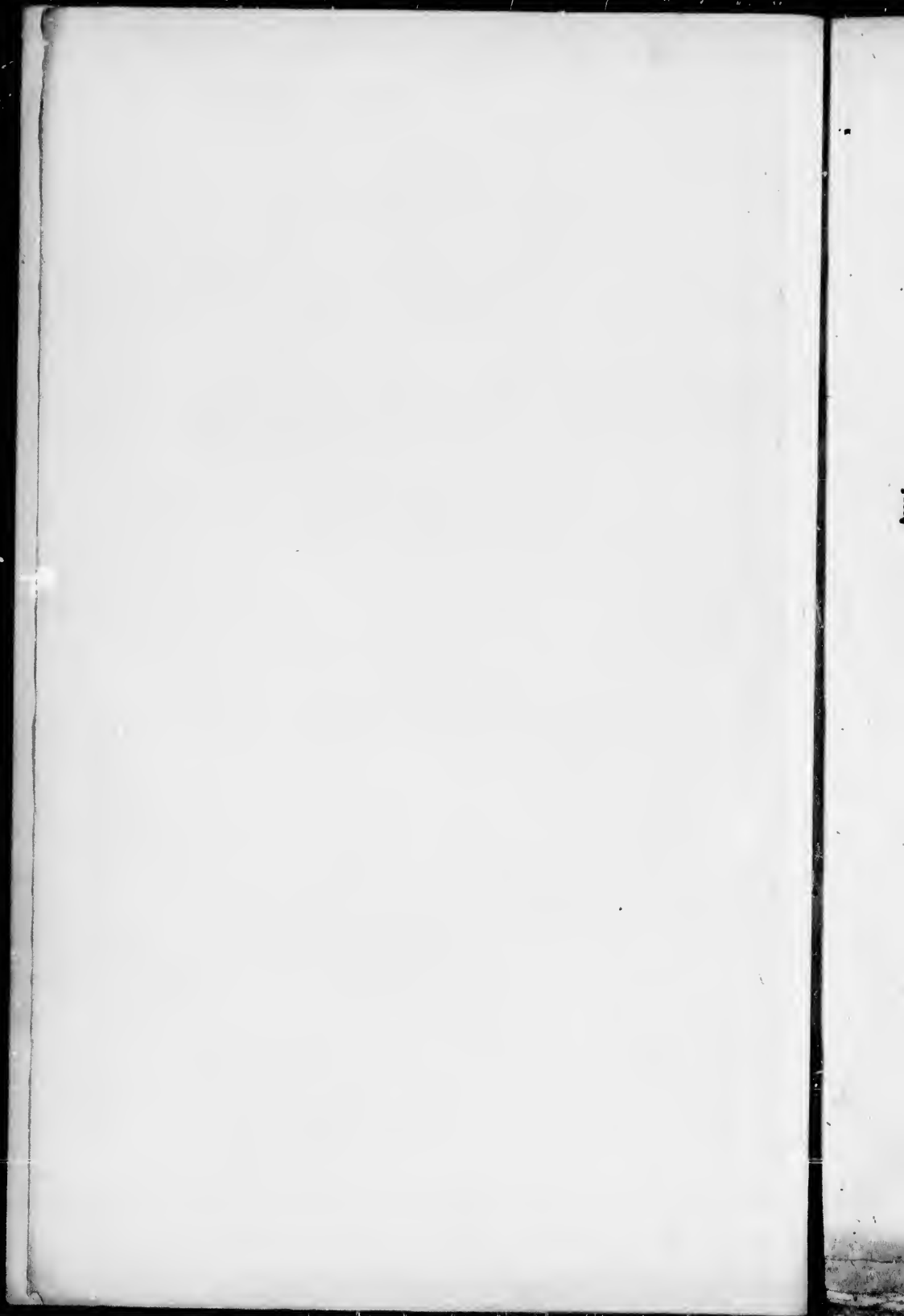
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- Edward Smith Esq; Lisburn, Ireland.
- Rev. Will. Smith, D. D. Dean of Chester.
- Rev. John Seddon, Warrington
- Captain Charles Steward, Lisburn, Ireland
- William Southwell, Nottingham,
- John Seker, Coventry.
- Fran. Shepherd, Knaresborough.
- Thomas Shaw, Worsley.
- Miss Stanley, Ormskirk.
- Mr. Hugh Speed, Chester.
- John Smith, Manchester
- Thomas Starkie, Manchester
- Samuel Smethurst, Manchester
- John Shaw, Manchester
- Robert Stot, Manchester
- Thomas Simpson, Manchester
- Dauntsey, Smith, Manchester
- John Segar, Lancashire Militia
- Nathaniel Stot, Manchester
- Thomas Stot, Manchester
- Samuel Swire, Manchester
- Nathan Sandiford, Manchester
- William Steele, Manchester
- Lieutenant Sampson, 31st. Regiment of Foot
- Samuel Smith, Manchester
- Richard Scholes, Manchester
- Mrs. Anne Shawcross, Stockport

- Mr. Roger Sedgwick, Manchester  
 — John Styth, Manchester, 2 Books  
 — John Stot, jun. Manchester  
 --- Samuel Shelmarline, Manchester  
 --- John Slater, Manchester  
 — John Salter, Manchester  
 --- Thomas Smith, Manchester  
 --- Richard Savage, Liverpool  
 --- William Shepherd, Liverpool  
 --- Richard Scot, Liverpool  
 --- William Siddall, Liverpool  
 --- James Stevenson, Liverpool  
 --- William Sidebotham, Liverpool  
 --- John Stot, Liverpool  
 --- Edge Smith, Liverpool  
 --- John Sibbald, Liverpool  
 --- Thomas Siddal, Manchester  
 --- Mich. Shaw, Manchester  
 Mrs. Stewart, Preston  
 Mr. Robert Seddon London  
 --- Peter Slater, Manchester  
 --- John Smith, Frodsham  
**W**ILLIAM Tatton Esq; Withinshaw.  
     J. Tilson Esq; Boletworth Castle, Cheshire  
 Rev. Thomas Tonman, Vicar of Childwale.  
 — R. Taylor Chester.  
 — Thomas Tarbrook, Manchester.  
 — Samuel Tennant, ditto.  
 — Thomas Tipping, ditto.  
 Col. Townley Lancashire Militia.  
 Dr. Turner, Liverpool.  
 Mr. Samuel Townley, Manchester.  
 — Thomas Townson, Oldham  
 — George Travis, Manchestre  
 — John Tipping, ditto.  
 — William Thackery, ditto.  
 — Thomas Tongue, ditto.  
 --- James Tyrer, Chorley

Mr. William Tomkinson, Manchester

— Ralph Taylor, Oldham

— Robert Taylor, Manchester

— Thomas Tinker, ditto.

— George Tipping, ditto.

— Richard Townsend, ditto.

Miss Tarleton, Liverpool, 2 Books

Rev William Twyford, Didsbury

Mr. Richard Turner, Frodsham.

— P. Tennent, Stamford.

— John Taylor, Bolton.

— Samuel Taylor, Manchester

— J. Taylor ditto.

— Robert Taylor, Chester.

V.

**C**OLONEL Viner, 4 Books

Mr. Allen Vigor Manchester.

— Henry Vennour, Birmingham.

— John Upton, Manchester 2 Books

— James Upton, ditto.

W.

**J**OHN Whalley Esq; Oriel College Oxford.

---- Willis Esq; Davie Hulme,

Mr. Edward Wakefield, London, 4 Books

Rev. Abel Ward, Archdeacon of Chester.

Mrs. Warrington, Manchester,

Mr. John Williamson, Lisburn Ireland.

— Patrick Weldon, Dublin.

— Henry Worrall, Manchester.

— George Webster, ditto.

— Peter Winstanley, Warrington.

— William Wilson, Custom-House, Liverpool

Mr. Wolley Bromsgrove.

— George Whitley, Frodsham.

— Christopher Walker, Newcastle upon Tyne.

— Samuel Wilson, Gloucester.

— James Wallwork, Manchester.

— Joseph Wilson, Coventry.

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Mr. Dan. Whittaker, Manchester  
 Mr. John Whittaker, ditto.  
 — William Williams, Manchester.  
 — Charles White, ditto.  
 — John Wilson, ditto.  
 — Joseph Wilkinson, Lancashire Militia.  
 — George Whittaker, Manchester  
 — James Wright, ditto.  
 — Michael Walton Jun. ditto.  
 — Walter Wilson, ditto.  
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 — William Warrington ditto.  
 — Richard Wood ditto.  
 — Thomas Wrench Leigh.  
 — John Whitehead, Manchester  
 — James Whitaker, ditto.  
 — John Wolstenholme, ditto.  
 — Thomas Woodcock, Leeds  
 — Henry Whittaker, Manchester  
 — John Wainwright, ditto.  
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 — P. Walker, Manchester.  
 — John Walmsley, ditto.  
 — William Wagstaffe, Apothecary ditto.  
 — Thomas Wright, ditto.  
 — Thomas Whitlow, ditto.  
 — Thomas Wilson, ditto.  
 — Thomas Walford, ditto.  
 — Samel Winstantley, Warrington.  
 — George War Watts, Liverpool.  
 --- William Waterworth, ditto.  
 --- James Worthington, ditto.  
 --- John Winstanly, ditto.  
 --- William Williamson, ditto.  
 Capt. Thomas Ward, ditto.  
 Mr. Anthony White.  
 Rev. Mr. Young, Hagadoc, Ireland

The



## The P R E F A C E.

**S***OMETHING* may be proper by way of preface; not so much from Custom as Necessity, the plan being original, and the character of the Author obscure.

*A bare Narrative of our national successes, the intrepidity of Seamen, the patience and firmness of Land-men, the harmony and activity of Commanders, in both Departments! The felicity with which (under the Divine Providence) publick measures have been taken by a patriot Administration, and executed with a rapidity scarce to be parallel'd: can command Attention, rouse the Passions and give weight to Poetry, where the versification, and language are not so polished as in Subjects less interesting.*

*To point out those successes, to set that firmness, intrepidity, and Patriotism, in an advantageous light, was the authors design; executed, perhaps, in too much haste: But his friends were impatient for the Publication, and he could not resist the pleasure of celebrating, tho' imperfectly, the Atchievements of his Countrymen.*

*Rhyme was thought more eligible than Blank-verse, in a work, equally intended, for the encouragement of Soldiers and Sailors, as the amusement of Scholars*



## The P R E F A C E.

and Gentlemen : *Jingle is an Assistant to memory, in the first; and the latter will observe the subject, notwithstanding that restraint, bursting into a variety not to say irregularity, perhaps more striking than just.*

*Here let the Public decide; If this Poem shall be thought worthy of a more elegant polish, the Judicious Critick's assistance is humbly requested; the Author being more solicitous to produce a work every where inculcating Publick spirit, from Patriot Examples upon universal Principles, than to indulge the conceits of unassisted Genius.*

*A few errors have escaped, in the last Book, which are corrected by the obvious sense, and deficiency of feet. It was thought better, instead of clogging the Narrative with marginal references, to give at one entire view, the following*

### C H A R A C T E R S,

Introduced in the course of this work.

TERZILLIEL the angel of *Britain.*

TEUTONIEL, the angel of *Westphalia.*

OMBRULIEL, a mischievous spirit, presiding over the councils of *France*

FLATEUR, a *French* jesuit,

CANTURIA, *Genius of Kent*, attendant on WOLFE,

FOUDRIOL, a spirit presiding over fortifications.

JAPHETIEL, protecting angel of *Europe.*



# The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

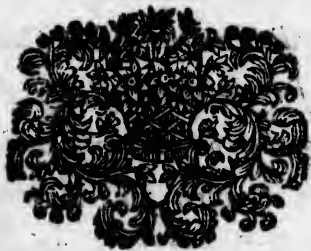
## BOOK I.

### The ARGUMENT.

**T**HE subject propos'd---Invocation---Exordium---France the embroiler of Europe---Disturbs the Peace of British settlements in America---Her cruelty there---Branded as fomenter of the Rebellions in North Britain---Duke of Cumberland celebrated for quelling the late Rebellion---Forc'd to relinquish Hanover---Hanover ravag'd by the French---TERZILLIELL the Angel of Great Britain---TEUTONIEL the Angel of Westphalia, describ'd as guardian angels of king George the second---His concern for the event of war describ'd---The angels confer together on the present state of the war---TEUTONIEL'S concern for Hanover---TERZILLIEL foretells the Defeat of the French at Rosbach and Britain's future Triumphs---They prepare the sove-  
B reign

## The ARGUMENT.

*reign for the messenger's arrival with accounts from  
Hanover--News arrives--The king's embarrassments  
---Calls a council---Resolution to push the war by sea  
---Pitt's administration---Character---Preparations  
for war---Building, launching, and rigging a first-  
rate man of war--Captains celebrated--Preparations  
at Spithead--France ignorant of their destination--  
Concern'd for her trade---Her incroachments in A-  
merica---Lord Loudon arrives there with the high-  
landers--He labours to unite the provincial and regu-  
lar troops--Succeeds--Valour of the Scots--Eagerness  
of all to take the field.*



The



# The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK the First.

**G**REAT-*Britain's* worthies, an illust'ous  
train,

Who propt the throne in *George* the second's reign,  
I sing--Names to their country ever dear ;  
Genius of *England!* dost thou deign to hear ?  
Fit matter cull and modelize the strain ;  
Lend sacred Poesy thy acustom'd vein ;  
Thy favour'd feats, sea-girt as with a wall,  
Demand the strain---Check'd *Austria*---Humbled  
*Gaul.*

What int'rest in *Germanic* feuds espous'd,  
For ravag'd states the *British Lion* rouz'd ?  
What pow'r in *Europe* kindled fresh debate  
To break the peace of this well-temper'd state ?  
*France*---disregardfull of her forepledg'd troth,  
The law of nature and of nations both,

Spurning, while savage *Indians* she inflames,  
 From purchas'd scalps to urge her boundless claims,  
 New schemes with all the spight of hell she plans,  
 Who to rebellion drew the warrior clans,  
 From youth the use of murd'rous weapons taught,  
 And in the teeth of danger dreading nought.

Then princely *William*, with the first was nam'd,  
 None more effectual ever faction tam'd:

What change of circumstance--now by *Richlieu*  
 O'erborn, and with Elect'ral forces few  
 Oblig'd *Westphalia* to evacuate,  
 And give up *Hanover* to *Gallic* hate.

Th' unwelcome tydings had not yet possess'd  
 The fovereign's ear, who, late retir'd to rest,  
 Anxious the various chance of war revolves,  
 Sometimes on this, sometimes on that resolves.

Two angels nightly at his pillow stood,  
 TEUTONIEL, and TERZILLIEL the good;  
 An Hierarch this, in youth eternal smiles,  
 Twelve angels station'd round the *British* isles,

Eight

Eight in *Columbia*, o'er huge tracts of land  
Presiding, duteous wait his high command;  
Of rank inferior that commanded nine,  
Guardians of old to *Brunswick's* princely line;  
These 'twixt the *Elbe* and *Weser* nightly hold  
Patrole, and see the watches duly told.

Eyeing their charge, TEUTONIEL silence broke;  
How shall this aged king support the shock?

Late by a watcher, and a holy one,  
I am inform'd what's in *Westphalia* done.

Deedless from *France* the *British* fleet returns,  
E'er long the *Gaul* spoils, ravages, and burns;  
And what shall *Richlieu's* fordid grasp escape?  
That soul of Mammon in a human shape!

To whom the Hierarch---As an angel's ken  
By far surpasses that of mortal men,  
So far confes'd, beyond thy sphere I see  
Into the bosom of futurity.

Mark

Mark now, e'er yet the soveraign's day shall come,  
 That ray of light, which dissipates the gloom,  
*France* shall have ample Measure for the guilt  
 Of broken faith, and blood unjustly spilt,  
 What time relax'd from discipline and toil,  
 Her Troops march on and fly upon the spoil  
 Of so long harras'd *Saxony*, abhor'd  
 No less th' auxilliar than the conq'ror's sword:  
 Then *Fredric*, like heaven's wrathfull minister,  
 Shall rout 'em, taken in the toils of war.  
 Spurn'd faith again *Westphalian* troops shall arm,  
 And ruin'd peasants round their standards swarm,  
 Like rav'ning kites, to chase them wing'd with fear  
 Sword, fire and famine waisting in their rear;  
*Britain* shall on this fair occasion seize,  
 And with her triumphs all the world amaze.  
 What deeds in embrio, or already plann'd,  
 Are then propos'd! what toils by sea and land!  
 What dangers, yet how gloriously atchiev'd!  
*France* humbled and the colonies reliev'd!

But speed we, as befits our present care,  
E'er yet the Sovereign shall these tidings hear,  
The vital spirits first to fortifie,  
Life stands in doubt, without a fresh supply;  
So saying from the golden belt that grac'd  
His shoulders, whence fell skirting to his waste  
Celestial harness, he a vial drew,  
Some drops extracting, which, however few,  
Have sov'reign virtue, therefore kept with care;  
Sometimes the aged king wou'd drop a tear,  
When urg'd by strong necessity, perforce,  
Warrants dispatch'd give law its proper course;  
These purg'd from human pravity, and fix'd  
With essence incorruptible were mix'd,  
Of gratefull odour, composition rich!  
This, floating on the breath of life, can reach  
The brain's minutest windings, and impart  
Strength to the knees, new vigour to the heart;  
Which, now enlarg'd, with freer motion beats,  
The fibres stiffen and the breast dilates.

'Twas

But



'Twas thus their sacred charge the angels kept,  
 And pleasant dreams infus'd. The monarch slept  
 Till six, his usual hour; when he arose,  
 Calm satisfaction smooth'd his placid brows;  
 The vital functions seem perform'd with ease,  
 Each pulse kept time thro' all th' arterial maze,  
 Officious mem'ry culling from her store  
 Past scenes, what e'er is worth reflecting o'er,  
 But temper'd with a seriousness that bears  
 Good with a grace, and yet for bad prepares.

And now the fatal messenger arriv'd,  
 Quick flew the tydings, scarce at first believ'd,  
 Too soon confirm'd, the people stand at gaze,  
 The sov'reign trembles for his native place,  
 And scarce what strength the angel late supply'd  
 Upholds him, while conflicting thoughts divide  
 His undetermin'd purpose---whether peace  
 Offer'd to *France*, shall give the subject ease:  
 What give the *Prussian* up? the stricken hand  
 Forbids; in person shall he then command?

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And leading *British* vetr'ans to the field  
 Shall *Gaul* to their superior prowess yield?  
 As when *Noailles* in flight repass'd the *Main*,  
 And left at *Dettingen* his thousands slain.  
 But now my sinews shrunk and age has froze  
 This Arm, no more a terror to my foes;  
 Thoughts but distract; a council summon straight;  
 Help heav'n---and let me their decision wait:

A gust of passion further utt'rance check't;  
 The council met, determine in effect  
 That *Britain* must her blood and treasure spare  
 In carrying on the continental War;  
 Her proper strength exerting on the seas,  
 To succour her long-wasted colonies.

Then *PITT* receiv'd the reins, her rapid car  
*Britain* gives up to him, and all the war,  
 With native eloquence he overbears  
 All opposition; national affairs

His study: Politick; on no pretence  
 Rejecting, much less shocking common-sense;  
 Well laid each measure, steadily pursued,  
 One simple end in view---the public good.

Such is the man; who, like another soul,  
 Informs the council, comprehends the whole,  
 And each minute department of the state;  
 Contending factions leave their mutual hate,  
 By him united, and for vengeance call  
 On the fierce *Indian* and perfidious *Gaul*.

*Mars* summons now, with rattling minstrelsy,  
 The sturdy youth to arms---The youth obey;  
 Each old campaigner lifts the hand, amaz'd,  
 To see battalions train'd as soon as rais'd;  
 Part man the fleets, part check the courfers rage,  
 Then mark out camps and mimick battle wage.

The faithful commons, to their sov'reign true,  
 Old subsidies continue, voting new,

Married

Married to commerce with her deedy hands,  
 Money munition for the war commands,  
 Which now the Tow'r from iron entrails pours,  
 Or *Chatham* from her unexhausted stores.

Mark'd for the navy many a stately oak  
 Falls by the axe's oft-repeated stroke:  
 For timbers these, and those for plank design'd,  
 Numbers unfell'd are yet reserv'd behind  
 For future fleets, which coasting may explore  
 The north-west streight to *California's* shore;  
 Now *Deptford* to her spacious yard invites  
 Smiths, carpenters, mechanics, master-wrights:  
 With saws and axes some the timber break;  
 Some oaken pins of fit dimension make;  
 These lay the beam or mould the crooked knees;  
 That gives proportion, this the work o'ersees;  
 Incessant go the hammers double tides;  
 Apace the vessel spreads her oaken sides,  
 Each tier compleating, now the quarters laid;  
 The BRITISH LION growling at her head,

Married

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Vindictive

Vindictive seems against his foes to roar ;  
 Crowds now to see her launch'd line all the shore ;  
 The artist each mechanic Pow'r applies,  
 Down sinks the stern, her head salutes the skies ;  
 Away she goes---down dives---as quick again  
 Rises---a castle floating on the main.

And now, their toil resum'd, the workmen rear  
 Her pond'rous main-mast ; some the blocks prepare,  
 Some fix the tackle, every where depend [bend.  
 Ropes crossing ropes ; some make the sails ; some  
 With rigid nerve the anchor-smith mean while  
 Urges his purpose and incessant toil ;  
 Fuel and copious blast the hearth supplies,  
 Till now the forge with flaming *Ætna* vies,  
 Each coursing each, the pond'rous hammers chime,  
 With strokes recover'd and return'd in Time ;  
 Another heat the foreman but desires,  
 The mass then holds what form it's use requires ;  
 And many a fold of rope-yarn gives at length  
 The cable those dimensions and the strength

By

By which a first rate at her moorings held,  
Outrides the storm---To labour all things yield.

Nor less dispos'd *French* insults to requite,  
Merchants and bold adventurers unite ;  
By glory urg'd or by the hope of gain,  
And mann stout privateers to scour the main.

Who first the nation's honour to retrieve  
Deeds worth remembrance singly durst atchieve ?  
Brave captain *Death*, with his undaunted crew,  
Engag'd the *Vengeance*, whizzing bullets flew  
Unintermitting, till on either deck  
Carnage enfued, each ship a perfect wreck :  
O'erpowr'd he greatly fell---The public tear  
Flows for him---and relieves his relict dear.

As bold, but more successful, *Lockhart* made  
His fortune ; none cou'd more annoy their trade :  
When he appear'd the *French* their guns forsook,  
And even at his name their colours struck ;  
While gifts, presented at the public cost,  
Witness his worth, with trophies fair emboss'd.

By

*Elliot*

*Elliot*, of prowess to distress the foe,  
 Gives proof---e'er long to grapple with *Thuro'*.  
 Undaunted *Gbilcrift*, with determin'd rage,  
 Bears down ;---but *Forest*, e'er he will engage,  
 Equally bold and politic employs  
 Force to subdue, and cunning to surprize ;  
 A fleet rich laden, late secur'd by night,  
 With *Kersin* now he seeks th' unequal fight ;  
*Sucling* and *Langdon*, under his command,  
 Threaten the plund'ring *Gaul* in fight of land :  
 Aloft the *British* flag defiance hurls,  
 His topsail lately loos'd the *Frenchman* furls ;  
 Tho' strong, fresh reinforcements from the fort  
 Requires, e'er yet he ventures out of port,  
 Weighs confidently, then to fight his way,  
 Seven ships to three ; clear decks without delay  
 The captains cry'd ; each man his station takes ;  
 The *Dreadnought* now engag'd th' *Intrepid* rakes,  
 With burst of cannon thund'ring on her bow,  
 Disabled from the line she falls in tow ;

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The *Sceptre* from the *Edinburgh* recoils ;  
 Inglorious flight repays the boasted spoils  
 Of *Afric* ; but unable to pursue,  
 With victor shouts, each captain and his crew,  
 Cheer one another ; glory ! what they fought,  
 Obtain'd--A seaman's toils are soon forgot.

DU QUENE sets sail to reinforce LA CLUE,  
 OSBORNE'S broad pendant now appears in View ;  
 No hope of safety but in flight remains ;  
 The *Foudriant* yet a desp'rate fight maintains ;  
 Eighty brass cannon, thundering from her sides,  
 Her hottest fire the *Monmouth* yet abides ;  
 Then GAR'NER, greatly for his country fell ;  
 CARKET succeeds, and fought the ship so well,  
 Dismasted both and lying board and board,  
 To him alone DU QUENE resigns his sword.  
 Charm'd with such courage in the fight ; of four  
 One ship escap'd, one stranded on the shore,  
 Owes but her safety to a neutral Coast ;  
 Two struck--stout ships as any *France* cou'd boast.

HAWKE



HAWKE, on his station, watches to surprize  
 A fleet and transports, freighted with supplies,  
 Courting for *Canada* auspicious gales;  
 Winds serve at last, and now the squadron sails;  
 Keen on his prey the *British* adm'ral springs;  
 Again they seek the port with canvas wings;  
 Not so secur'd; their anchors lately cast,  
 Quitting, and with their cables slipt in haste,  
 Soft mud receives them, lighten'd of their stores,  
 Which in her hungry womb the deep devours.

*Great Britain's* vengeance, both by sea and land,  
 PITT now commences, but with steady hand  
 Governs the bolt, nor half the nation's pow'r  
 Exerts, till he has made the object sure:  
 A fleet and transports under HAWKE's command,  
 Impatient on the hostile coast to land;  
*France* sees the cloud, (her late ambition curst)  
 Ready with all the rage of war to burst;  
 Now for her trade and threaten'd ports she fears,  
 Or darling schemes, the toil of many years,

From

From cobweb brains of crafty statesmen spun,  
In murder finish'd, as in fraud begun;  
Where scarce the planter gets a moment's rest,  
Expell'd from lands long peaceably possess'd;  
But with his *Higblanders*, a faithfull Train,  
LOUDON to their relief has cross'd the main;  
High in command and well-esteem'd he toil'd,  
Till jarring Intrests having reconcil'd,  
National and provincial feuds forgot,  
All stand amaz'd to see the hardy Scot  
Flesh on the Indian tribes his trusty blade,  
With their infernal war-cry undismay'd;  
Vowing such courage soon to imitate,  
They march and scarce the needfull convoys wait;  
All eager *Gallic* insults to repell,  
And fix the *British* standard at *Montreal*;  
But toils by land and sea must endure'd,  
E'er that submits and *Canada's* secur'd.

*End of book the first.*



# The BRITISH LION Rous'd;

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

**R**UMOUR and Surmize magnify the dangers of war and produce an aversion to the service--Mammon, his practices---Difficulty of raising supplies--Administration embarras'd---PITT resigns---Recall'd---City of London congratulates him with a promise to support him---Operations of the war commenced--Lord ANSON with the fleet--HOWE and the Duke of MARLBRO' alarm the French at St. Maloes---Burn 100 sail of ships with naval stores--Rejoycings in the navy on their success---Lord ANSON treats his officers---Relates at their request striking occurrences in his voyage round the globe---End of the narrative---Captains join their ships.

The



Rous'd;

# The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK the Second.

**B**UT *Rumour* with her sister fiend *Surmize*,  
Sworn foes to ev'ry glorious enterprize,  
As Twilight bats fly buzzing here and there,  
With whisper'd lies possess the public ear;  
Fleets are equipt and expeditions plann'd,  
In vain, if men thought worthy to command,  
From service shrink with prejudices strange,  
When glory calls and *Britain* vows revenge.  
At well-known haunts lo *Mammon* takes his stand,  
And switch'd the currency with magick wand;  
Vanish'd to private hoards, the specie flies,  
The growing heap with rapture *Shylock* eyes,  
Expects, when hackney'd out to publick use,  
Each sum a double int'rest will produce.

The

Th'

Th' exchequer fails; the bank is almost drain'd;  
 How shall the fleets and armies be maintain'd?  
 Fruitless the People's darling struggles here,  
 And now the helm abandon'd in despair,  
 His patriot friend, alike in weal or woe,  
 Sooths with soft speech, and yet the tear will flow;  
 Cares for the public welfare will intrude,  
 The hen thus anxious for her straggling brood.

But *Britain's eldest Hope* no rest enjoys,  
 Yet to recall him every method tries,  
 Whom, as an angel, stooping from above,  
 The statesman sees and all his country's love  
 Reviving at the precious pledge she sent,  
 Once more he takes the reins of government.

PITT thus return'd, *Augusta*, crown'd with tow'rs,  
 Gratulates--From her ample lap she pours  
 Treasures immense---The active Minister,  
 Enabled hence to carry on the war,  
 Resumes his station at the council board:  
 Broods the foul fiend in vain upon his hoard;

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 France

All on the wing must circulate again;  
So stagnant lakes, with copious show'rs of rain,  
O'erflow their banks, refreshing man and beast,  
Clear to the eye and grateful to the taste.

Pleas'd with his sovereign's and the people's smiles,  
The much-enduring man resumes his toils,  
And public spirit points out ev'ry where,  
Men void alike of faction as of fear,  
Born his extensive plans to execute,  
In council cool, in action resolute.

ANSON, whom ill the aged monarch spares,  
Once more on board the royal fleet repairs;  
MARLB'ROUGH the soldier leads--intrepid HOWE  
The frigates--*Neptune*, riding on his prow,  
Marshals on either side th' obedient waves,  
Now here, now there the hostile strand he braves;  
As when an eagle thro' th' aerial way,  
Wheels with his new-fledg'd young in quest of prey.

Now at St. Maloes CHURCHILL's offspring lands,  
France trembles only hearing he commands.

The

All

The invalid now shews his unseam'd scars;  
 Of MARLB'ROUGH'S prowess tells in *Flandrian* wars,  
 Of mighty armies foil'd as soon as rais'd,  
 Victims to bloody *Mars*, yet unappeas'd.

Beyond the town a spacious bason lies,  
 Here ships deem'd safe, the troops by night surpris'd;  
 These to the flames consign'd with naval stores,  
 HOWE in the *Essex* their retreat secures;  
 High on his poop *Britannia* takes her stand,  
 Then thus e'er yet she hurls the fatal brand.

Go now and set a price on christian lives!  
 Go--furnish savages with scalping knives!  
 Till the fierce *Indian* tutor'd under thee,  
 Refines upon his native cruelty,  
 While I these fires a prelude only make  
 To vengeance aim'd at *Breton* and *Quebec*;  
 So may it prosper as the Pow'rs above,  
 This my just act for broken faith approve;  
 For ravag'd colonies and BRADDOCK'S ghost  
 Yet unreveng'd--so said, aloft she tost

War's



War's fatal minister---the flames ascend  
 Instant and over all the fleet extend,  
 A dreadfull conflagration---*Cancalle* Bay,  
 Illumin'd round,---and seen far off at sea.

To fight the *Gaul*, or cover *Howe's* retreat,  
 At hand the royal navy rode in state;  
 Seen thro' the fleet, known signals advertize  
 Success attends the daring enterprize;  
 Guns roar in triumph to the road of *Brest*;  
 Repeated shouts the gen'ral joy exprest;  
 Seamen, and officers, their mefs-mates treat,  
 Captains in barges on the adm'ral wait;  
 Politely urg'd they now partake his stores,  
 And choice *Madeira* each unfinted pours.

With wonder struck, the younger officers  
 See now advanc'd in honour as in years;  
*Britain's* great Adm'ral hoist the flag again;  
 They long to hear what dangers on the main  
 He underwent, where such a country lies,  
 And how he took the rich *Mannilla* prize.

All

War's



All condescention, the experienc'd man,  
Reflections mingling, thro' his story ran.

Past suff'rings men with pleasure recollect,  
When ought worth public notice they effect.  
Loaded with honours, affluence and ease,  
At court tho' I have spent my latter days,  
These hands, with seaman's duty callous grown,  
Have ply'd the axe, need then exempting none;  
I've nurs'd the sick, when wasting calentures,  
And loathsome scurvy, sap'd the vital powrs;  
The weak a burden, mutinous the strong,  
With foes surrounded in a run so long.

*Cape Verd's* delightful islands having past,  
Across the line we to the southward haste,  
*Saint Catherines* (on the *Brazil* coast it lies)  
Affords of wood and water fresh supplies;  
Thence loosing to the southward yet we bend,  
Where *Patagonia's* open downs extend,  
Of water scarce, and not a tuft of trees  
The eye thro' all it boundless prospect sees;

Vaft

Vaſt Herds of cattle on the harſh graſs feed,  
 And maſtive dogs run wild, a ſturdy breed;  
 Now rocks, o'er rocks, mark (riſing imminent)  
 Th' Extreme ſouth limits of the continent,  
 Down to the baſe, where horrid cliffs are left,  
 Some yawn---as if by former earthquakes cleft.

Now thro' the *Maggelianian* ſtrait we wind,  
 Expecting the *Pacific* ſoon to find;  
 Alas, long time thereafter tempeſt-toſt,  
 We look for ſhipwreck on the dreary coaſt;  
 Dead calm---and now a hurricane it blows,  
 With ſnow and chilling ſleet the tackle froze;  
 What could we do when land appears a-head?  
 Unable as we were a ſheet to ſpread.

But providence in our behalf appears,  
 The wind abates and in our favour veers;  
 Weather'd the rocks, again we bear away,  
 And parting company drive out to ſea.

Alone, with hurricanes I now engage,  
 And ſcurvy ſpreads with epidemic rage;

Vaſt

E

Not

Not half the crew it's ravages survive,  
 Worn out with toil what few are left alive ;  
 Hither and thither by the tempest borne,  
 At last I find the passage round *Cape Horn*.

We see the great *South-Sea* with glad surprize,  
 Hoping our golden dreams to realize ;  
 But Hurricanes, more dreadful than before,  
 Now split the sails and all our rigging tore ;  
 Scarcely the hostile *Chilian* coast we shun,  
 Then for the rendezvous, *Fernandez*, run.

Signs of a *Spanish* squadron lately here,  
 From ashes scatter'd on the beach appear ;  
 Fears now alarm us ; if they shou'd return,  
 How shall a few, with toil and sickness worn,  
 Put out to sea, or hinder them to land,  
 When none are able at a gun to stand ?  
 Hope that our comforts may the storm survive,  
 Determines yet our stay till they arrive ;  
 Careful to moor the ship, and now to land  
 We bear the sick ; I lend an helping hand ;

Expiring

Expiring some, by ev'ry tender tie,  
Beg we wou'd let them in their hammocks die;  
While yet they breathe of life I ne'er despair,  
But see them as they lie remov'd with care;  
Tents to receive them we erect on shore;  
Nourishment, med'cine, both exert their pow'r;  
But many die, and those who yet survive,  
By cool land-breezes seem as kept alive;  
From aromatic shrubs, with odours fraught,  
Here nature plenty yields, with toil unbought;  
Well water'd, like an earthly paradise,  
This Island in a temp'rate climate lies;  
Nourishing broths take place of salted food,  
With boil'd goats flesh, and herbs, in scurvy good.

Apace the sick recover; but what joy,  
When, by their signals, we our consorts Spy?  
Instant we take the boat and row on board,  
Embrace, refresh, and needfull help afford.

Now, as our strength recruited will permit,  
We mend the tackle and the ships refit,

Then burn sweet-scented wood, wash, purge them  
 With vinegar, from ev'ry putrid smell; [well  
 The lesser vessels are dispatch'd in quest  
 Of port, or prize, while I bring up the rest;  
 Some captures made, increase our common cares,  
 Both to sustain and guard the prisoners:  
 Hence we resolve the ships, unfit for use,  
 To sink, and strengthen others with their crews;  
 For *Payta* then we stretch with crowded sails;  
 A bold attempt; but hope of prize prevails.

The Captives, won by our humanity,  
 Describe the fort and harbour, how they lie;  
 Two I dismiss, as guides to threescore men,  
 The rest on board, as hostages, detain,  
 With promise, if we meet desir'd success,  
 Ashore to set them, free and ransomless.

They land, and, under cover of the night,  
 Effect their purpose in the gen'ral fright;  
 Anxious mean while I keep the ships at sea,  
 But come to anchor at the break of day.

When

When, from the decks, with transport we desory,  
Fix'd on the fort, the *British* colours fly.

With speed our gallant stars I reinforce,  
Threaten'd with numbers, both of foot and horse,  
The following day, and that succeeding night,  
They kept possession in the foes despight;  
Safe to their shipmates ev'ry man restor'd,  
With plate and dollars laden, comes aboard:  
The Pris'ners, as agreed, we next release  
Ransomless; but, before we quit the place,  
The *Spanish* town to ashes is reduc'd;  
Because to treat the governor refus'd.

Thenceforth the terror of the *British* name,  
Spreads thro' the Continent, where'er we came;  
Yet not as heretofore; from *Bucaneers*  
Torture and loss of life the *Spaniard* fears.

Diffention following, now, about the spoil,  
I quit my share the rest to reconcile.  
Across the line we next for *Quibo* make,  
In hopes the *Acapulca* ship to take;

When

Either

Either we mis'd her or she fear'd to fail;  
 While this way, that way, cruising with the gale,  
 No prospect of a prize nor friendly port  
 These seas afford, whereto we may resort.

For *China*, 'tis at last propos'd to stretch,  
 A desp'rate run, scarce hop'd that we can reach;  
 Yet all must to the circumstance submit;  
 No where the ships so likely to refit:  
 Ships did I say?---the *Glo'ster* we destroy;  
 Of six that fail'd but one I now enjoy;  
 That, leaky, day and night the pumps we ply.

The leak now found we in some measure stop;  
 To fetch up the *Ladrones* our present hope;  
 But scurvy now again the crew affails,  
 And long e'er land appears, fresh water fails.

We land at *Tinian*, a delightfull place;  
*Indians* and *Spaniards* in a bark we seize;  
 With well-train'd dogs fat beeves they hunt us down,  
 Drovers which run wild, their ears are tipt with brown,

Milk



Milk-white the rest; there savage boars are found;  
 Water, fowls, fruit and wholesome greens abound.

Our men recov'ring (I too sick and weak)

We are preparing to secure the leak;

Alas by night the ship's from anchor borne,

We knew it not before succeeding morn:

Loose shrowds, with sails unbent, and ports unbar'd,

Much for ourselves, but more for them we fear'd;

Scarce twenty hands on duty left aboard,

Their cruel fate and ours alike deplor'd:

Far, from *Old England*, ever like to pine,

Or but releas'd to dig some *Spanish* mine:

I fear her lost, and yet my fears conceal;

Then by degrees my sentiments reveal,

Without delay, the bark ashore to haul,

And lengthen; she perhaps may hold us all:

Stupid they seem, as thro' misfortune grown;

With temper urg'd, I mould 'em one by one,

To joyn my purpose---Proper trees are fell'd,

Each falls to work, in what he most excell'd:

Milk

Dext'rous



Dext'rous at sawing planks I quickly grew ;  
 The bark with labour on the beach we drew ;  
 All toil, enforc'd by strong necessity ;  
 Our project now in forwardness I see ;  
 With lime and tallow mix'd her seams we pay ;  
 When lo the Ship once more appears at sea ;  
 Frantick with joy, away the axe I threw,  
 And hast'ning to the beach soon found it true.

Straightway I sent the stoutest hands aboard,  
 To heave her in and see her safely moor'd ;  
 To cheer their comforts, wan and spiritless,  
 Strong hopes conceiving now of our success.  
 At their accounts from tears we scarce refrain,  
 To hear how long they struggled, but in vain,  
 E'er they could bring her under fit command,  
 And wrought the pumps till none had pow'r to stand ;  
 While the stout vessel, at a cable length,  
 Her best bow'r anchor dragg'd, unweigh'd with all  
 their strength.

Well

Well as we can the leak we now secure,  
 Replace the tackle from our scanty store,  
 At *China* hoping better to refit ;  
 Water took in, the island next we quit,  
 A fertile spot and full of People once ;  
 To sea we stand soon clear of the *Ladrones* ;  
 Then at *Macao* into harbour came,  
 Leave to refit and needful help I claim ;  
 Much ceremony past we help procure :  
 The slow *Chinese* work leisurely but sure.  
 With sailors hir'd, part *Dutch* and part *Lascar*,  
 Refitted I for sea again prepare :  
 Weigh then as tho' I meant for *England* streight,  
 But change our course and for the galleons wait ;  
 Half-mann'd with foreigners, old men and Boys,  
 At quarters now the Crew I exercise,  
 Consid'ring how our strength we may divide  
 To be in time of action best employ'd ;  
 Two to a port are all that I can spare ;  
 In parties some patroll from Tier to Tier,

Well

F

As

As need requires, to load or point a gun,  
 My topmen dext'rous at a mark are grown,  
 And, many a time, with single bullets bring  
 The sea-fowl down tho' tow'ring on the wing.

At last the *Acapulca* ship appears ;

No need of chase--- to fight us down she bears :  
 Five hundred Men, her complement aboard.  
 Her waste with network strong is well secur'd ;  
 Great-guns and swivels as she nearer drew,  
 We on her sides, poop, tops and gunnel view ;  
 A fog sometimes obscures her from my sight,  
 Yet no less resolute than us to fight,  
 Upon her wind she confidently lies,  
 Hope urges them of conquest, us of prize.

Both ships abreast and now at Pistol shot  
 Engag'd---athwart upon her bow I got,  
 Enabled hence with ease her decks to clear,  
 Large ports admit my whole broadside to bear ;  
 Her netting fir'd with speed they cut away,  
 And roll on heaps, yet flaming to the sea :

Mean

Mean while my top-men dreadfull havock make,  
None, save her captain, keeps the quarter-deck ;  
Bufl'ing I saw him ev'ry where expos'd,  
To make one effort more e'er all was lost,  
The men in corners sculking for their lives,  
Once more to their deserted guns he drives  
In vain---Again their quarters are forfook,  
Their flag at last with difficulty struck :

What cheer brave boys I scarcely can enquire,  
E'er hints they give the vessel is on fire ;  
The good *Centurion* has she 'scap'd the seas  
For this I said---then hasten to the place,  
Exert my self---the fire soon overpowr'd,  
In order next the *Spanish* crew aboard ;  
Their captain comes, a brave old *Portuguese*,  
Ambitious of the honour both to face  
And singly fight a *British* man of War ;  
He wept for rage to see how few we were ;  
Part of the cabbın on him I bestow :  
Your honour asks courtesy tho' in a foe.

Mean

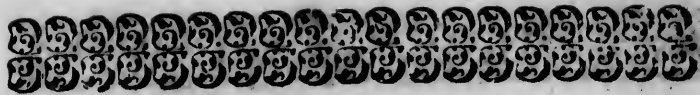
F 2

The

The treasures found exceed our utmost thought :  
 Our prize with triumph into *Canton* brought,  
 In person next I wait on the vice-roy,  
 Audience and royal privilege enjoy ;  
 The galleon then to *Chinese* merchants sold,  
 When many a chest of dollars in her hold,  
 On board the good *Centurion* safe were plac'd,  
 For *Europe* then the first fair wind embrac'd,  
 When safely moor'd at *Spithead* I arrive,  
 All dangers weather'd out and yet alive.

His narative thus finish'd, on the peer  
 All gaze ; in thought transported here and there,  
 To seas unvoyag'd and to distant climes,  
 Which scap'd the notice of fictitious times ;  
 Dangers posterity will scarce believe ;  
 Scarce in the channel they themselves perceive,  
 But soon the frigates getting under way  
 Each captain joins his ship and clears the bay.


*End of the second Book.*



The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;  
BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

**T**HE fleets return---Consequences of the expedition, France weakens her German army---Victory at Crevelt---English Forces sent to Germany---France Alarm'd and Cherburg taken---Description of the bason---demolish'd---Security---Effects of, on the army---Check at St. Cals---Sir John Armitage---General Dury lamented---Characters of Amherst and Wolfe---Wolfe consider'd as a soldier--As a lover--Struggle between love and glory Conubial Love urges a Domestick life--Wolfe yeilds to her intreaties--Recovers at the sound of martial musick and a brigade in review---His agility in exercising troops---Marches and embarks for Louisbourg with Boscawen---Voyage in the channel--In the Atlantic---Pilots narrative begun, exhibiting various incidents of a seafaring life---with remarkable events in the last War.

  
The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;  
BOOK the Third.

**I**N triumph now to *England* they return ;  
*France*, when she sees her stores and shipping burn,  
Recalls the troops from *Germany* in haste ;  
To *Clermont* sent, nor scarce the frontier past ;  
He now, with woods securing either wing,  
Expects triumphant laurels home to bring ;  
But FERDINAND, with military skill,  
And *Prussian* vet'rans skirting round the hill,  
Pours on his left with unexpected force,  
Then fighting fell the flow'r of *Gallic* horse,  
Tho' far outnumb'ring in a stronger post,  
With shame he quits the field and trophies lost.

*France* mourns the loss, her slaughter'd carbineers ;  
With speed her army strength'ning, when she hears  
That *British* soldiers, to *Westphalia* sent,  
Must once more thunder on the continent.

Again



Again intrepid HOWE her coast alarms,  
And *Cberburg* strikes the flag to *British* arms.  
Amazement seizes on the neighb'ring towns,  
While her old lords that antient city owns.

A bason here, the work of many years,  
Is now demolish'd by the engineers ;  
Pompous inscriptions tell what sums it cost,  
Point out it's uses, and the founders boast.

*Security* the soldier now possesseth,  
With idiot look, in tatter'd garment drest,  
She pours to the besotted multitude  
Her dram of *Nantz* with poppy water brew'd.  
Unable first, then mindless to embark ;  
Till midnight they carouse---now in the dark,  
Thro' ways unknown, toward the beach advance  
By beat of drum, as tho' they'd conquer'd *France*;  
Mean while the *Gallic* chief their motion waits,  
The rest embark'd, the grenadiers defeats.

Then fell, in battle's undistinguish'd Rage,  
His country's darling, gallant ARMITAGE ;

Unhappy



Unhappy DURY ;---neither WOLFE was there  
 NOR AMHERST, *Britain's* thunderbolts of war.

WOLFE, early notic'd at the counfel board,  
 In fecret long a worthy nymph ador'd,  
 Then breath'd his vows--her friends the fuit approve ;  
 About to revel now in lawful love,  
 His country's fummons thunders in his ear,  
 To *Louisbourg* forthwith he muft repair :  
 Glory and tendernefs divide his breaft,  
 And lo ! *Connubial Love*, in view confefs'd,  
 Light marks the ruddy eaft whence ſhe aſcends,  
 White as the milky-way her robe depends,  
 Tuck'd by the *Graces*, negligently neat,  
 Flow'rs ſpring ſpontaneous where ſhe prints her feet ;  
 On either hand the *Charities* are known,  
 Of kindred, father, mother, daughter, fon ;  
 Smooth *Blandiſhment*, that wrinkled care beguiles,  
*Laughter* and little *Loves*, with infant ſmiles,  
 Compoſe her train---and looks, that more expreſs  
 Than fancy feigns--and lovers only gueſs.

And

And com'st thou thus---*Celestial*---he demands  
In flowry wreaths, to bind these deedless hands?

I come she said, to urge domestic ease;  
Let those, in search of glory, barter peace,  
Who nothing seek beyond promise'ous joy,  
The heart-felt rapture and the speaking eye,  
Woo thee--The nymph has deck'd the bridal bed,  
Pines for thee and the solemn rite unsaid.

She paus'd--then adds--See now the fair in fight;  
And lo where *Hymen* waits his torch to light;  
Then tarry here, nor face the dreadful forms  
Danger presents, in battles and in storms.

The Soldier softens while the vision speaks,  
Till love of all his soul possession takes;  
But martial fifes and tambours drawing near,  
Strike up and all the phantoms disappear.  
A camp mark'd out he sees, on either hand  
Soldiers embattled, wait his high command;  
Advancing then, and facing inward, join  
The whole brigade in one continued line.

And

G

Glory

Glory returning now dilates his breast,  
 At hand his courser seen, vaulting he prest,  
 The steed, obedient to his signal, springs,  
 Travers'd the camp, the rear, and both the wings;  
 His station took; flames then the burnish'd sword;  
 Soldiers, with shoulder'd firelocks, wait the word;  
 To see 'em open, double, close their files,  
 With ev'ry motion pleas'd, the gen'ral smiles:  
 Each man his station keeps, and, quick as thought,  
 From right to left is ev'ry motion caught;  
 As one, to prime, load, ram, advance, retire,  
 And mimic heaven's artill'ry with their fire.

Short time elaps'd--when now they march away,  
 Take leave of friends, embark and put to Sea.  
 Th' unconquer'd *Genius* of his native *Kent*,  
 Attends the *Brigadier* where'er he went;  
 Thenceforth consider'd as her special care,  
 Till glorious he has finish'd his Career;  
 So bids TERZILLIEL, with his flaming sword,  
 Anxious to see the colonies restor'd.

The

The distant hills now less'ning to the eye,  
Are scarce perceiv'd; now all is sea and sky;  
Again, where *Britain's* other arm extends,  
The coast appears, and lo at *Penzance* ends.  
*Hibernia*, fam'd for linens and for beeves,  
The careful pilot on his right hand leaves;  
Passing the southern head-land, stretches now  
Th' *Atlantic*, with his daring keel to plow  
For climes, to antient *Greece* and *Rome* unknown;  
They fabled ev'ry night the setting sun  
From his meridian stooping to the West,  
Sunk in the sea on *Thetis* lap to rest;  
Nor knew that to another hemisphere,  
He scourg'd his fiery steeds and flaming car.

The sea-sick soldiers, close in transports pent,  
Wish for the land their proper element;  
Not so *BOSCAWEN*, keeping up the state,  
Of *British* adm'ral, in his cabin sat,  
Pond'ring his charge--known signals now depend;  
The pilot call'd, the gen'ral too attend.

An able helmf-man, and an honest tar,  
 Let me, the adm'ral said, present you here :  
 In *Breton's* and *Saint-Laurence'* foundings skill'd ;  
 Thence at *Quebec* long time a pris'ner held,  
 With strictest charge to *France*, by *MONTCALM*, sent,  
 How he escap'd, what dangers underwent,  
 But chief, what suits our present purpose most,  
 His knowlege of the river and the coast,  
 You best may from his own relation hear :  
 Captain--be free--the ships from land are clear ;  
 Your story tell, while I prepare a bowl,  
 And drink in turn--Each seaman is a soul.

Scarce had he spoke, when now the bowl was  
 Success to *Britain's* navy toasted round ; [crown'd  
 Drinking in turn, and bowing where he sat,  
 The pilot said 'tis needless to relate,  
 What various chances, from a cabin-boy,  
 Happen'd ; suffice it that I did enjoy  
 Some years, with reputation the command  
 Of a stout sloop, as ever weather'd land ;

When

When cruising in the gulf, a *Frenchman* hail'd,  
His numbers and a clean new ship prevail'd.  
Now, at *Quebec*, close pris'ner I'm detain'd,  
They knew my skill, by long experience gain'd---  
Ought of that skill, if mem'ry can supply,  
Tell us said WOLFE---the maps before us lie ;  
Much on thy information may depend ;  
To sea affairs, with pleasure we attend ;  
And such the enterprize we take in hand,  
So carried on by sea, as well as land,  
Before it ends the stoutest landman here,  
May yet be forc'd to take the helm and steer,  
To furl the sails, and hand, and reeve, and splice,  
Gallantly urg'd the admiral replies,  
Nor shall the *British* seamen grudge on land  
What toil so'er the service may demand ;  
Content the pilot said ; and now with care  
Tracing the maps, he points out, ev'ry where,  
From *Louisbourg* far inland to the lakes,  
How wind the shores, what course *St. Laurence*  
takes ;

Its



Its foundings ascertains, creeks, inlets, isles;  
 Diff'rent accounts he either reconciles,  
 Or better from his own remarks supplies;  
 Describes the forts where likeliest to surprize,  
 Where least the surf and easiest of ascent,  
 The shores a proper landing-place present;  
 But shoals, by former voyagers unseen,  
 Breakers, and shifting sands will intervene,  
 The ablest navigator to confound;  
 'Tis safest then, with boats a-head to sound;  
 Old seamen in this service best succeed;  
 Some I have seen, who cou'd not write or read,  
 By whom, an able captain, well advis'd,  
 May hints receive no way to be despis'd;  
 Yet many a Time, by brutal officers  
 Insulted, not regarding their gray hairs.

I'm glad to meet, reply'd the *Man of Kent*,  
 With one so humane, so intelligent;  
 Yours, doubtless, is an interesting tale;  
 To give the whole might I on you prevail,

And

And this respected audience signifie  
Their kind consent my wish to gratifie.  
They bow to signifie their joint consent,  
He to return the general's compliment; [last,  
Then thus--while young my parents breath'd their  
And left me friendless in the workhouse cast;  
It griev'd me most a seaman there to see,  
On crutches borne, shot quite thro' either knee;  
Oft at his side I stood and stroak'd his beard,  
Of seafigths under BLAKE and RUSSEL heard,  
Then urg'd him to repeat the wondrous tale;  
A little boat he hollow'd out of deal,  
Rigg'd sometimes like a ship, now like a sloop,  
Sometimes a brig; he names me ev'ry rope,  
Their uses points, what fails are thrown aback,  
To lay her to, how edg'd to wear or tack.  
He died--when nothing now cou'd tempt my stay,  
I left the place and bound myself to sea;  
The captain my docility admires,  
If e'er I'd been at sea before enquires;

Well



Well as I cou'd I told my story through,  
 Soon in old *Capstan*, he a shipmate knew;  
 Poor *Capstan*--then he sigh'd and shook his head;  
 Well boy I'll be your father, since he's dead.

Soon after, in the cabin near him plac'd,  
 Under his care I learnt to write and cast;  
 The more I was indulg'd the more I felt  
 My tender heart with gratitude wou'd melt;  
 Ready to serve my patron, nay my friend,  
 And fearing nought so much as to offend.

Prosp'rous in sev'ral voyages we trade;  
 Now journals kept and observations made;  
 The use of all his instruments, at will,  
 The captain grants, relying on my skill;  
 For, to the cabin frequently confin'd,  
 His constitution visibly declin'd.

The kindest master and a seaman thro',  
 His weakness now increas'd, alarms the crew;  
 All know the mate to be a fordid wretch,  
 What pow'r he now enjoy'd too apt to stretch;

Skilful

Skilful enough, but ill to be advis'd,  
E'en on the watch with liquor oft disguis'd.  
    Calling me to his cabin, where he lay,  
The captain said, I shall expire at sea;  
I know you will my last request fulfill;  
Take this seal'd packet; it contains my will.  
In some sure place, I trust, you'll see it laid,  
And, as directed, to my friend convey'd:  
I fear the mate will think, when I am gone,  
What he secretes of ruine will be his own:  
Think what his station yet from you requires,  
Tho' with my death your servitude expires,  
And set a good example to the crew;  
My instruments and books bequeath'd to you,  
Take now--What's needfull hence you'll understand;  
Reckon yourself; take nought on second-hand;  
When all is prov'd and free from error found,  
Expecting land, take care to whisper round,  
Among the men, a good look-out to keep,  
Then safe to port, ne'er fear, you'll bring the ship.

H

Few

Skilful

Few days surviving after this he died;  
 With tears we hoist him o'er the vessel side,  
 And to the sea his breathless corse commit;  
 However great my grief I must submit.

Now free, and almost twenty years of age,  
 Aboard I enter at the usual wage,  
 Knowing my place, warn'd by so dear a friend,  
 To his direction punctual I attend.  
*Bristol* we gain--the will convey'd on shore,  
 Safe with his friend, a merchant, I secure;  
 Inclos'd a short account of his effects,  
 Certifies each and any fraud detects;  
 Concluding to the merchant and his friends,  
 In kind expressions me he recommends;  
 Charging, on his expence a year at least,  
 I with an able master may be plac'd:  
 With the best master *Bristol* can supply  
 Indulg'd, and each convenience I enjoy;  
 'Till ready at a prospect, plan, or view,  
 I soon a tollerable draftsman grew.

The

The time however thus to purpose spent,  
Land they perceive is not my element;  
Scarcely content to see the year expire,  
On board a coaster next myself I hire.  
What time from duty, here there is to spare  
I sketch the coasts, and harbours, how they bear,  
From pilots learn, when'er they come aboard,  
What hints their skill or kindness may afford,  
As well whate'er I know communicate,  
Caref'd by both the master and the mate.  
But fond of flatt'ry, free enough to treat,  
With careless tars I soon associate,  
No journal kept, my books but seldom read,  
My skill with ostentation oft display'd,  
That I might sometimes let the captain see  
I cou'd conduct a ship as well as he:  
Such a behaviour soon his favour lost,  
My purpose with deserv'd contempt he cross't.  
His studied coldness stung me to the quick;  
I left the ship, nor long another seek;

On board a vessel in the *Spanish* trade,  
 And, at my friend's request, ships steward made,  
*Florida* past and to the *Isthmus* bound,  
 The nature of our traffic soon I found;  
 By night we land, but e'er the break of day,  
 Let fly the top-sail, standing out to sea:  
 Possessing all the secrets of address,  
 Our captain to their ports has free access,  
 With gifts the greedy governors can mould;  
 Here *English* broad-cloth bribes past gems or gold;  
 They wink while wood and water we procur'd;  
 The merchants, with uncommon gains allur'd,  
 Drive hasty bargains--soon the dollars told;  
 Boats come by night and fetch what we have sold,  
 Great gains our owners made, and little less  
 The captain; others fir'd at such success,  
 Now with *European* bales pursue his track,  
 Whom surly *Guarda-costa's* soon attack;  
 Condemn'd to work the mines, without relief,  
 And wear out life in wretchedness and grief.

But

But howfo'er our credit we mainte,  
 And singly seem to work so rich a vein,  
 As thro' the gulf we now to windward ply,  
 And nearing *Florida* the soundings try,  
 A *Spanish* man of war, that lay in shore,  
 Loos'd, and with all her canvas on us bore ;  
 We know it is in vain a search to stand,  
 All our returns are here deem'd contraband ;  
 Then instant hand the tacks and scud away,  
 But forc'd on shore in *Apalatche-Day*.  
 Quitting the ship, we bear, from savages,  
 Repeated insults, few and weaponless ;  
 Thro' desert wilds, by human feet untrod,  
 The stars and rivers point us out a road.  
 Our shoes wore out, replac'd with bark of trees,  
 Till guides procur'd among the *Cherokees*,  
 With part at *Caroline* I arrive :  
 Whether the captain's dead or yet alive,  
 Or to our scater'd ship-mates what befell,  
 Tho' oft enquiring, I cou'd never tell.

But

The

The provinces we in a ferment find,  
 At war with *Spain*--the frontiers nearly join'd,  
 And VERNON landing on the *Spanish* main;  
 Now, with six ships, had *Porto-bello* ta'en.  
 While some to settle here their views confine,  
 Some under OGLETHORPE the army join;  
 A few to *England* bound at common wage;  
 On board the *Baltick Merchant* I engage;  
 Stout colonel BRAITHWAITE passage with us took,  
 Still by his faithful lady unforfook;  
 Two children equal danger with 'em shar'd,  
 Two female friends by both alike rever'd.

A privateer, with *French* and *Spaniards* mann'd,  
 Attack'd us now, near *Scilly*, making land,  
 No hope to gain the harbour tho' in fight,  
 Four hours or more we held a desp'rate fight;  
 Bold captain HOLWAY cheer'd the fainting crew,  
 The col'nel on the deck like light'ning flew,  
 From port to port, and pointing with his Sword,  
 Sees every gun with judgment rais'd or lowr'd.

Numbers



Numbers prevail'd--They scarce possession got  
Before the col'nel, in cold blood, was shot  
And in his shrieking lady's arms expir'd ;  
The fatal ball a coward *French-man* fir'd ;  
In fetters by the *Spanish* captain laid,  
The wretch to *St. Sebastians* is convey'd ;  
Where fed with mouldy bread and rotten pease,  
We likewise lie, expecting a release.

Six months elapse--and then we are releas'd,  
But soon as landed by a pres-gang seiz'd.  
In a king's ship I enter volunteer,  
The captain was a perfect tyrant here ;  
Of language coarse, in manners dissolute,  
To officers and men a perfect brute ;  
For cruelty notorious grown, at last  
He's tried, condemn'd and publickly disgrac'd.  
Such treatment he deserv'd--but long before  
I am to captain MIDDLETON turn'd o'er ;  
Nor long had been on board, before I found  
To try the north-west passage we are bound.

Two



Two frigates, furnish'd by the government;  
 Together, were on this discov'ry sent;  
 Passing the streights, a winding course we take,  
 Through shoals of ice, and *Churchill* river make  
 Dreary, with frost set in, the shores appear;  
 We moor the ships, resolv'd to winter there.

The company of *Hudson's bay* have made  
 This place the center of their peltry trade.  
 O'er head the *Arctic* star continual wheels,  
 Lakes here to solid ice the cold congeals:  
 On heaps, the rocks, with loud explosion rise,  
 Trees rive, and vapours under sheets of ice,  
 Heave up the mass with many a fearful crack,  
 As nature's frame were stretch'd upon the rack.

Of stone the houses, and constructed low;  
 We warm with stoves, our water melted snow;  
 For with the cold, increasing by degrees,  
 All liquids, even spirits, solid freeze;  
 This to prevent, we sometimes heat red hot,  
 And sling in chains large double-headed shot;

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With scurvy yet the flesh soon mortifies,  
 Which nought prevents but air and exercise;  
 And if we venture out, so keen the air,  
 White chilblains rise where'er the skin is bare,  
 Which instant friction sometimes may prevent,  
 If not with warm snow-water we foment.

Well cloath'd, whene'er we venture out of doors,  
 With duffil blanketing and beaver furs,  
 A cap and cover for the face we wear,  
 Snow-shoes, constructed from the skins of deer,  
 The natives furnish, platted thong with thong,  
 Of proper breadth and full a fathom long.

Hares, foxes, rabbits, partridges, and deer,  
 All summer months are found in plenty here;  
 Hence is the trade with stocks of fur supply'd,  
 Their flesh in frost keeps long unputrify'd;  
 Fish frequent in the depth of winter caught,  
 Content the people, till by factors taught  
 To drink strong liquors, now a squallid race,  
 Their strength and numbers visibly decrease.

Long seem'd the time before the frost ungave,  
 The sun at last returning we perceive;  
 Seen first he peeps above the distant hills,  
 Now half-discover'd round th' horizon wheels,  
 The fogs dispelling with his chearful glance,  
 Potent the rays, however shot askance.

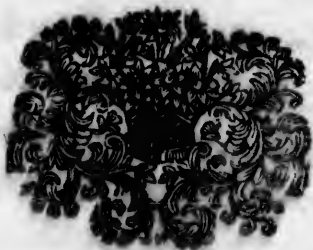
As round the pole, in sight, he still revolves,  
 With pleasure we observe the ice dissolves;  
 Yet stiff with frost, the hawfers then uncoil,  
 Clear ships of ice, and with no little toil,  
 To weigh the anchors--Loose--then winding on,  
 Thro' flakes of floating ice beat round the frigid zone,  
 To stave them off what perils we sustain'd,  
 What toils; the *Welcome* past *Cape-dobbs* we gain'd;  
 A headland clad with undissolving snow;  
 No foil, and not a blade of grass below.

Yet winding thro' the ice this coast we leave,  
 And farther stretch'd, an op'ning now perceive,  
 Seemly the passage fought both deep and wide,  
 With boats we venture up and try the tide;

Then

Then back return unfatisfy'd as yet,  
A river some will have it, some a strait.  
Here paus'd the pilot, in his tale perplex'd ;  
Well, said the brigadier, what follow'd next ?  
Hold I intreat you, cries the adm'ral, hold,  
Our liquor stands--You hear the climate's cold,  
However glad to see you entertain'd,  
I'll get another bowl, let this be drain'd ;  
The captain, just refresh'd and breath'd the while,  
Then ends his tale---All nod assent and smile.

*End of the third Book.*



**The BRITISH LION Rous'd;**  
**BOOK IV.**

**The ARGUMENT.**

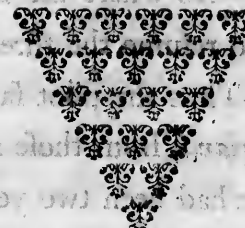
**H**ARMONY among the officers--Pilot's narrative ends--Boscawen's remarks on it--On captain Brett's behaviour and recommendation by lord Anson---On captain Middleton's voyage to Hudson's Bay---On admiral Vernon's expedition to Cartagena---A grand project of the ministry, at war with Spain How disappointed--Concludes with a spirited address to the officers concerned in the present expedition--Fleet at Hallifax---Joined by Amherst---Sails for Louisburgh--Impatience of Wolfe to land--Restrain'd by a message from Terzilliel--Lands--Operations of the siege described--Ship burnt & taken--City treats and capitulates--Story of an English prisoner there--French prisoners sent to England--Rejoycings and humours of the people---The people pleased with the administration

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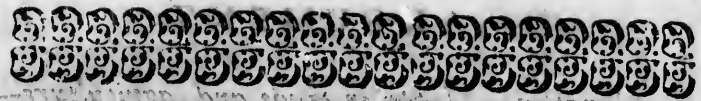
The ARGUMENT.  
administration---Happy in trade and agriculture--  
Oposed to the ravages of war in Germany--In Ame-  
rica--Lord Howe lamented and Abercrombie's de-  
feat accounted for.

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The





The BRITISH LION Rous'd;  
BOOK IV.

**A**NOTHER bowl BOSCAWEN now prepares,  
Mellowing apace---On national affairs  
The conversation turns---To friends at land  
Libations pour'd---No where the bumpers stand,  
'Till at a signal to resume the thread  
Of his relation---Thus the pilot said.

Arriv'd in *England*, from those regions drear,  
Whence absent we had been two years, or near.  
Now under gallant BRETT, a cruise, I sail ;  
Known in the service for his well-tim'd zeal  
Against the tools of *France*, to *Scotland* sent,  
Rebellion in the *HIGHLANDS* to foment.  
Two ships we met, the largest we engag'd,  
Lost fifty men, five hours the battle rag'd,  
Twice fifty wounded, all our rigging tore,  
With greater loss sustain'd away she bore ;

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Her scuppers streaming blood, the captain kill'd,  
 Both ships with arms, and men, and money fill'd :  
 During the fight, while that to *Scotland* stands,  
 This we forc'd back, scarce must ring half her hands.  
 Our gallant captain, his lieutenants brave,  
 All wounded--All refus'd their posts to leave ;  
 Had BLAKE or RUSSEL risen from the dead,  
 And seen the decks with carnage overspread,  
 Seen with what resolution both ships fought,  
 How duly serv'd--how well the guns were wrought,  
 Upon the fight with pleasure they had gaz'd ;  
 Nay--on a coward's sword the chaplain seiz'd,  
 And bravely, after that, his station fill'd,  
 Worthy a better fate ! in battle kill'd.

But valour, not her own, shall *France* here boast ?  
 The crew of british fugitives compos'd ;  
 Men who their country's int'rest had forsok,  
 And desp'rate grown for fear of being took.

Nor such, the scandal of the *British* name,  
 Without a cause, their mother-country blame ;

This

Her



This we too soon, experienc'd at the peace ;  
 Now failors strole, discharg'd, from place to place,  
 As well by merchants, as the government,  
 Treated with disregard-- To *France* some went,  
 Some lie at home, a burthen to their friends,  
 Nor e'er of prizes get their dividends.

Rememb'ring, in our course from *Hudson's-bay*,  
 With leave indulg'd on shore a while to stay,  
 The time I with a *Boston* trader spent,  
 Advice to him of my discharge I sent,  
 Then work'd the passage to *New-England* bound,  
 And landing safe, a kind reception found ;  
 My savings, freighted there in merchandize  
 Turn to account--Then, with my friends advice,  
 Join'd with his interest, I engage as mate,  
 On board a coasting vessel up the strait ;  
 Master at last I trade from place to place,  
*English* or *French*, alike in time of peace.

War breaking out with *France*, reversion strange,  
 A pris'ner long, and hopeless of exchange,

Expecting

Expecting in a foreign jail to rot,  
With heavy heart, I climb the packet-boat  
For *France*--We call'd at *Vigo* by the way,  
Where now an *English* ship at anchor lay;  
By night, secur'd the letters past my hope,  
With little noise into the sea I drop;  
Then turning on my back my chance to take,  
Float, with the tide, direct into her wake,  
And with the hawser safe secur'd on board,  
Dispatch'd o'er land, safe passage I procur'd;  
Well pleas'd if I can yet my country serve,  
And notic'd thus far more than I deserve.

Silent, till thus the pilot ends his tale,  
All praise his conduct and admire his zeal:  
Behold the man, with rapture *WOLFE* replies,  
Mark'd out by heav'n to guide this enterprize;  
Under whose care, successful should we land,  
I ask no more--O worthy to command!  
*BOSCAWEN* said, our batt'ries then shall make  
*Louisbourg* from her strong foundations shake;

All those brave men, who in the *Lion* serv'd,  
 With captain BRETT their country's thanks deserv'd ;  
 BRETT, worthy all the honour he enjoys ;  
 Lord ANSON, in that gallant enterprize,  
 Bore witness to his worth—Their voyage round  
 The globe--our future annals shall resound.  
 For BRETT he ask'd, and favourably heard,  
 Saw the lieutenant to a ship prefer'd ;  
 E'en then, however slander sought to stain,  
 The minister, as one who favour'd *Spain*,  
 A plan he form'd the *Spaniard* to distress,  
 Was worthy to have met with more success.  
 With strength proportion'd to so bold a stroke,  
 VERNON had nearly *Cartagena* took ;  
 Nor the great statesman cou'd his joy suppress,  
 When news arriv'd the troops each fort possess,  
 Deep-laid each other scheme on this depends,  
 Northward experienc'd MIDDLETON he sends,  
 Southward bold ANSON was to fight his way,  
 If both shall find a passage to the sea,

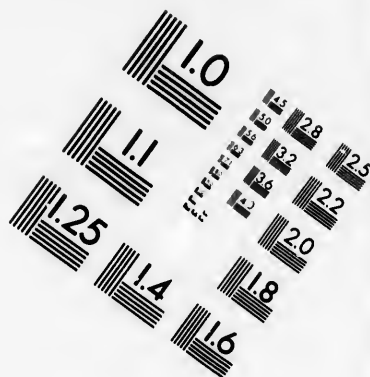
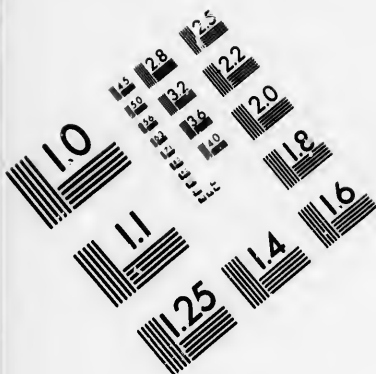
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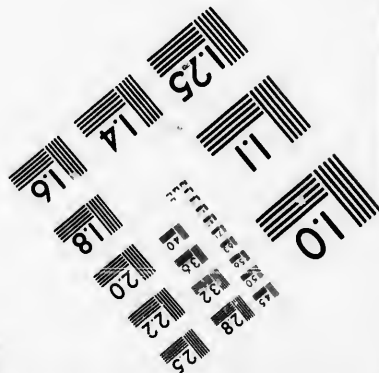
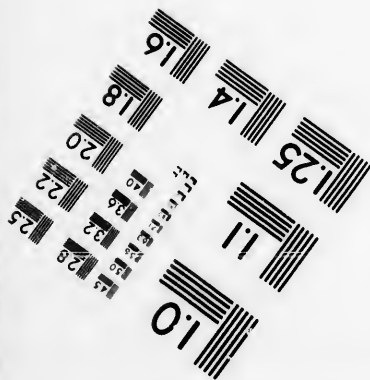
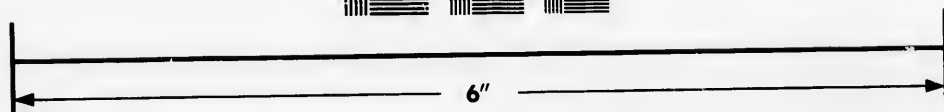
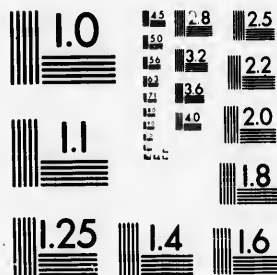
In the pacific both their forces join ;  
Should only one succeed in the design,  
While VERNON's pow'r the narrow *Isthmus* keeps,  
To these, an easy prey the *Spanish* ships ;  
Men, stores, provision, might o'er land be sent,  
Till they had conquer'd all the continent.

A well-laid plan, and what may yet take place  
If *Spain* shou'd e'er our just resentment raise  
But pers'nal feuds and VERNON's ill-tim'd state,  
Ruin'd that service---*Britain* saw, too late,  
To carry on a nation's design,  
Her fleets and armies must their int'rests joyn.  
O shame to Military men ! shall those,  
Arm'd for their country, turn her greatest foes ?  
Where all controll and none will be controll'd,  
Nor fight like soldiers, but like women scold.  
Of all that now the king's commission bear,  
Is there a seaman or a landman here,  
Who on account of any private pique,  
In broken measures his revenge can seek ?





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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Faction be damn'd as soon--Of fiends the worst,  
 Hatefull to God and man, of both accurst.  
 May ne'er the laurels we expect to gain  
 From crest-fal'n *France*, such vile dishonour stain,  
 That praise you claim, to others freely yield,  
 Who brave like danger in the bloody field;  
 What thanks to me or honour may accrue,  
 I'll share with ev'ry honest tar--and you.

Thus his great heart the admiral explores;  
 Mean time the squadron, for *Columbian* shores,  
 Holds steady courses thro' the trackless waste,  
 To *Halifax*--where AMHERST, now embrac'd;  
 With numbers reinforc'd--Again they loose,  
 Under his care *Cape-Breton* to reduce;  
 Of conduct unreprouch'd, his men to spare  
 Cover'd from ambuscade his flanks and rear;  
 Secur'd alike from rashness as surprize,  
 At his approach the sculking *Indian* flies;  
 Soon ineffectual found the savage yell,  
 No booty taken, not a scalp to sell,

His

His other arm, the active brigadier,  
Seeing the long-expected coast appear,  
Destin'd with his division first to land,  
Now on the deck impatient takes his stand ;  
CANTURIA, duteous on her charge attends,  
To whom a *Watcher* call'd *Terzilliel* sends.  
Haste, tell CANTURIA WOLFE must be restrain'd,  
And, till the proper time, on board detain'd ;  
Then bid the *Warrior Angel*, who commands  
To *Massachusetts bay*, the *New-found lands*,  
Quitting his province to the next empow'r'd,  
With care to see the frontier duly scour'd ;  
Let him attend the siege, nor quit the place,  
Till ev'ry bastion to the ground we raze.

Speeds the angelic courier quick as thought,  
To bold CANTURIA first the message brought,  
TERZILLIEL bids that WOLFE may be restrain'd,  
And till the proper time on board detain'd.

The angel, then at *Massachusetts bay*,  
Accosts--Great prince TERZILLIEL bids me say

His

Quitting

Quitting thy province, to the next empow'r'd,  
 With care to see the frontier duly scour'd,  
 Do thou attend the siege; nor quit the place  
 Till every bastion to the ground we raze.

Bowing he ceas'd--The other where he stood,  
 Swift angel, tell TERZILLIEL the good,  
 Whose soft'ning pow'r protects these distant lands  
 With pleasure I fulfill his high commands,  
 Then bow'd--while that TERZILLIEL's state rejoins  
 In mail of proof the *Warrior Angel* shines;  
 'Gainst whom oppos'd Foudriol shook his spear,  
 A gloomy spright, OMBRULIEL fix'd him here,  
 To guard *St. Laurence's* gulph with strictest charge,  
 When hungry *France*, her empire to enlarge,  
 Down to the *Mississippi* drew a line,  
 Where'er she pleas'd, and said, let this be mine.

Yet monstrous projects seldom quit the cost,  
 The purchas'd pow'r is in the friction lost;  
 When active *Pepperel* and WARREN fought,  
 With troops new-rais'd, and gunners all self-taught;  
 That

That fortress to the brave *New-England* men,  
Was ceded—But to *France* restor'd again,  
She bids the engineers their utmost skill,  
Exhaust, on works now deem'd impregnable.

But what the bastion, what the counter-guard,  
To troops for death or victory prepar'd  
Where gen'als, and where admirals agree,  
In nought, save valour, seek supremacy.  
At anchor, while the *British* Squadron lay,  
From *Noir*, along th' extent of *Gab'rus Bay*,  
The active chiefs advance to view the shore,  
Guns menace their approach with fullen roar;  
Fearless to hand the tacks or cast the lead,  
The pilot stands expos'd; nor danger weigh'd  
Aught to the service so he may advance,  
The common cause and be reveng'd on *France*.

A chain of posts secures the landing place,  
Where batt'ries and redoubts their glasses trace;  
Irregulars extend below the *Cove*,  
Troops with the town communicate above.

Left

Left of the *Cove* is fix'd, with joint consent,  
 To land the soldiers—here less prominent  
 The shore, and weaker guarded, lest the swell ;  
 Second to none in judgment, stout *Durell*,  
 Watches a time to urge the enterprize,  
 Seen now and seiz'd, all following his advice,  
 In three divisions they attempt the coast,  
 Lest firing where they seek a landing most ;  
*Wolfe* on the left, among the foremost bands,  
 Notic'd by all, upon the gunnel stands,  
 Up to the waste then plung'd into the wave ;  
 Instant the boats the active soldiers leave,  
 Mindless of aught but how to get ashore ;  
 Guns from the beach and fleet alternate roar ;  
 For *France St. Julien* yet his post maintain'd,  
 And many fall e'er yet the shore is gain'd :  
 The rest rush on—so, fearless of his horns,  
 Keen on the game a well-pinch'd mastiff turns.

What troops first form'd upon the beach appear ?  
 Frequent in charge the *British* grenadier ;

Light

Light infantry--these, chosen ev'ry man,  
 Sure of his object--Next the warrior clan,  
 Provincial rangers guard the flanks with care,  
 And grenadiers, last landed close the rear.  
 They charge--*St. Julian*, from his fastness beat,  
 Sees no resource but quickly to retreat ;  
 Thro' tangling shrubs pursu'd upon the rout,  
 Till shelter'd near the town, they face about :  
 This post secur'd, the center and the right  
 Hasten to the left--All land and pass the night  
 In active patrol, to prevent surprize,  
 Nothing to shelter from inclement skies,  
 Which yet the troops with chearfulness sustain,  
 Till tents and stores arrive, nor once complain.  
 Where now the beacon casts a friendly light  
 To guide the seaman in his course by night,  
 Immortal WOLFE another post assails,  
 Wither'd their strength, the *Man of Kent* prevails.  
 With troops and cannon reinforc'd by sea,  
 The batt'ry seiz'd, he holds the foe at bay.

Light

L

As



As when, on *Orkney* cliffs, the haunt of fowls,  
 Train'd by his dam, a gen'rous eaglet scowls,  
 Or scales the crag, by vultures late possess'd,  
 To build his airy where they us'd to nest;  
 AMHERST the while BASTIDE and LAURENCE takes,  
 Surveys the ground and his approaches makes;  
 Marks out the camp, fit quarters for the store  
 Assign'd--Redoubts the front and flanks secure;  
 The ground, with shrubs and under-wood perplex'd,  
 Then clears--To make a road proposes next,  
 Faggotts on faggotts, pil'd with small brush-wood,  
 Earth over all choke up the yielding mud.  
 Unwearied AMHERST, nought diverts his care,  
 Till what he has propos'd is brought to bear;  
 The soldiers father! nought he sees propos'd,  
 In which their lives are wantonly expos'd.

With trenches open, now the fire begun,  
 Roars from the fleets, the batt'ries and the town;  
 Missive exchange of shell and solid shot;  
 Part shave the level turf, part glowing hot;

Cram'd

Cram'd with corroding mars and nitrous grain,  
 Some curve, o'er head, in many a fiery train,  
 Like spirits of the nethermost abyfs,  
 That belching fire and smoke alternate hiss;  
 The *Prince of Darkness*, ev'ry gloomy spright,  
 Which, during life, in mischief took delight  
 Hover, where thickest clouds of smoak ascend;  
*Death* lurks unseen, his rigid bow to bend,  
 Where fate permits, delighted with the scent  
 Of carnage--Not a shaft in vain is spent:  
 But tho' they thus take place to urge the flight  
 Of human soul--Fresh parties, day and night,  
 Relieve the trenches--Where their comrades bleed,  
 Others march up, as waves to waves succeed.

Mean while BOSCAWEN, posting at the Cove  
 Marines, the foe from his advantage drove;  
 Seamen he sends to work the guns at land,  
 And boats into the harbour row full-mann'd,  
 Where, fearless, LAFOREY and BALFOUR led;  
 Balls whizzing to and fro, bombs over head;



The bold attempt with such success was crown'd,  
 One ship they took, burnt one that lay aground;  
 Devouring *Vulcan* preys on other three,  
 Down to the water, terrible to see!

Now, must'ring all their force by land and sea,  
 To storm the town the chiefs have fix'd a day;  
 And lo' BOSCAWEN, with his ample sheet,  
 Op'ning the road leads on the *British* fleet;  
*France* now depending on the bastion low'rs;  
 Confounded so, on *Babel's* half-rais'd tow'rs,  
 They stood, with falt'ring speech and faces pale,  
 Who, in their arrogance, thought heav'n to scale;  
 Of such a work what traces yet remain,  
 Perpetual haunt of animals unclean;  
 And she shall quickly in the dust debas'd,  
 See these once boasted bulwarks lying waste.

Now ineffectual found his boasted fires  
 To guard *Quebec*, lo FOUDEIOL retires;  
 Nor longer opposition meditates,  
 And *British* troops possess the city gates;

Parley

Parley succeeds, the grateful pause of war ;  
While *France* submits--What *British* subjects here,  
Famish'd in dungeons had been long detain'd,  
Soon in the open air refreshment gain'd.

Loft to his friends a youth among the rest,  
Enquires of those who first the gate possess;  
Who here commands ? What officers of name  
Direct the siege ? An *Englishman* may claim  
Such information ; from my parents torn  
Early, and worse than death confinement born.  
With stricken hand they greet him, and reply  
See there BOSCAWEN, HARDY'S pendants fly,  
AMHERST in chief commands the soldiers here ;  
WOLFE, LAWRENCE next, BASTIDE chief engineer---  
My father ! he exclaims--nor more cou'd say,  
But in a tide of transport faints away ;  
Nor less o'erjoy'd the father when he hears  
Heav'n yet to prop his age, the stripling spares.

Now victor troops the vanquish'd foe disarm,  
To *Plymouth* sent, where *Gallic* captives swarm,

Parley

By

By *British* generosity maintain'd,  
 While *France*, of all her boasted treasure drain'd,  
 In pensions to the *Austrain, Russian, Swede,*  
 Spends half her income, half her people's bread.

The trophies took are now at *Paul's* expos'd;  
 With feast the day, with mirth the night is clos'd;  
 Illuminations mingle day with night,  
 Some praise the soldier's ardor in the fight;  
 Some praise the chiefs, and all the bold exploit.  
 Enfrancis'd 'prentices to bonfires hie,  
 The pop'lace treated, with tumultuous joy,  
 Now burn in effigy the phind'ring *Gaul,*  
 And children learn to lisp *Cape-Breton's* fall.  
 On manlier thoughts the *British Senate* bent,  
*BOSCAWEN*, now returning, compliment;  
 Praise well-deserved on other chiefs bestow,  
 But cast no mean reflection on the foe;  
 While patriot names the people idolize;  
 The produce of his labour each enjoys  
 Where trade, like vital blood push'd from the heart,

To

To the extremeties, keeps every part  
 Usefull and active--*Commarce*, hence maintain'd,  
 In wealthy bankers sees her springs undrain'd.

*Patrons of verfa*, the wond'rous source of trade  
 Explore--Whence such extensive fortunes made?  
 How from the counter, or by honest sweat,  
 Merchants, like pillars, rise to prop the state?

In humble cotts, with surer aim to thrive,  
 Anxious to save, and cunning to contrive,  
 Beginning low that higher she may rise,  
*Commerce*, at first the web and spindle plies;  
 Narrow her circumstance, the more her care,  
 Sparing to spend--in spending yet to spare;  
 Soon as the lark his maddin-song begins,  
 She throws the shuttle and at even spins;  
 That weekly market, where her piece is sold,  
 Furnishes wool and flax, till growing bold,  
 She makes excursions to some other town;  
 Her stock increas'd and more experienc'd grown,  
 At distant marts she now puts off her wares,

To

Sells

Sells, barters, buys; to *London* then repairs;  
 The poor, with money and materials found,  
 Commands at last, a little circuit round.

To such beginnings *Britain* owes th' increase  
 Of wealth, the nerve of war--the fruit of peace;  
 Where every county can it's staple boast,  
 In trade, as rivers in the ocean lost;  
 Where each, on the *Metropolis* depends;  
 Here all, as to its proper center, tends;  
 The markets, by her wealthy merchants swept,  
 And every wheel of trade in motion kept.  
 The bank of *Europe*, tho' perpetual drain'd  
 Her public funds, their credit still maintain'd.  
 Hence she transmits, to ev'ry distant shore,  
 On various tides, the manufactur'd store;  
 No continent, inclosing deserts waste,  
 Nor distant islands, with the sea embrac'd,  
 Where bold advent'ers hope to trade secure  
 Without her wares the *Indian* to allure.

Self-govern'd, under heav'n, and self-upheld,

By

By law directed, not by force compell'd,  
The *British* swain his liberty enjoys,  
And sees with pleasure plenteous harvests rise;  
Annual, while here the spade and coulter shines,  
Let *Spain* her orange-groves, *France* boast her vines,  
*Holland* the useful arts; *Rome* the polite;  
The *Swiss* and *Prussian* vet'rans train'd in fight;  
*Russia* her furs, by sov'reign princes worn;  
*Britain* in wool, in cattle and in corn  
Unrival'd reigns, and ev'ry years increase  
Exceeds the last--Whether her yeomen raise  
Stock, for the knife and dairy; or to breed  
The heavy horse for draught, the light for speed;  
Whether the farmer seeks to meliorate  
With marl the light, or summer-works for wheat,  
The stiffer soils--whether the worn-out mold  
He fallows, or with compost warms the cold;  
The marsh he drains, unmanur'd since the flood,  
Or burns the heath on acres yet unplough'd,

By

M

Won

Won from the waste, and various tillage try'd,  
 Till with good grass he sees the glebe supply'd ;  
 Nothing escapes his notice, where the brook,  
 Through bushy dells, a winding course has took,  
 Yearly he sets, tall pollards yearly lops,  
 These in the season prop sweet-smelling hops ;  
 The red-streak in his hedge-rows taught to rise,  
 His bursting press with juicy must supplies ;  
 Potent enough the salt'ring tongue to bind  
 At harvest-home, what time the lusty hind  
 Drains the full bowl, and rustick songs prevail,  
 The quaint conundrum and the merry tale.

Patient of toil, the carefull husbandman  
 Thus suits the tillage to his yearly plan ;  
 Stretch his wide fields beneath inclement skies,  
 On northern heights, there hardy oats will rise,  
 And stand the rigor of the keenest blast ;  
 Black is the soil and bord'ring on the waste,  
 Bending with full-charg'd ears what sheaves of rye,  
 The mill, what barley shall the kiln supply,

Perpetual



Perpetual aid, from whence the state may bear  
This, or the burthen of a future war:  
Nor fears the farmer where to fend' his fruits,  
If plenty e'er the home-consumption gluts;  
However distant from the market east,  
However in an inland county plac'd;  
Vessels of bulk, on artificial tides,  
Frequent transport in their capacious sides  
Redundant *Ceres*, to the merchant fold,  
Enabled hence to pay, with ready gold,  
Rack-rentage, rais'd with every year's increase;  
Or heavier fines renew the falling lease;  
With men of substance, yet, he spends and lives,  
Saves something yearly, and as lib'ral gives  
To stock the farm, now taken for his son;  
Or portion out his daughter, who has spun  
Yarn, for her hous-wife piece, and drawn it fine  
Against the 'spousal, when the swain shall join  
His hand to hers; nor he the fair-ones truth  
Once doubts; nor she deceives the am'rous youth.

M 2

They



They plight their troth--and to his mother's house  
He, not unwilling, leads the blushing spouse,  
Where, introduc'd to num'rous relatives,  
Mutual endearment, each returns and gives,  
Till now the house, receives them, newly ta'en;  
The lease late purchas'd and the fair demesne;  
Here, like two oxen lab'ring in the plow,  
Each bears the yolk and sets a shoulder to:  
She minds her dairy; he the glebe to turn,  
Or cast with measur'd step the heavier corn,  
For seed selected, from the threshing-floor;  
Nor vain his labour, when autumnal store,  
Shall crown his honest hopes with full-ear'd sheaves;  
Ungrudg'd the tenths he on the furrow leaves:  
Divine and humane laws, which few contest,  
Have given this the priest to bless the rest;  
Left, should the pray'r at morn, and even cease,  
Nor once a week, the messenger of peace,  
Publish glad tydings, haply from above,  
The rain should cease, the earth should steril prove.

Thus

Thus, crown'd with plenteous harvests, year by  
 And cover'd with the sea, her strong barrier, [year,  
*Britain*, howe'er oppos'd by hostile pow'rs,  
 Knows but by hearsay, where the sword devours.  
*Germanic* plains, the while lie long unplough'd,  
 'Till famine now succeeds to fire and blood:  
 Where, by the savage *Gaul* whole districts seiz'd,  
 Are yearly left a military waste;  
 Again, despising treaties, gospel, law,  
 They come--like hungry wolves the bones to gnaw.  
 Or where from *Muscovy* barbarians pour'd,  
 The wife dishonour'd, and the maid deflowr'd;  
 In vain the father, husband, lover kneels,  
 Nought human in his breast the *Cossack* feels,  
 'Till desperate grown, revenge the peasant cries,  
 Snatches a prong, then bravely fights and dies.

What hardships must the planter undergo!  
 While the *Columbian* war advances slow;  
 Where *HOWE* falls unreveng'd in foreign fields,  
 To force inferior *ABERCROMBIE* yields,

Too

Too cool or confident--In few we find  
 That equal strength of body and of mind  
 Needfull, tho' Pitt shou'd meditate the blow,  
 Where such a subtile, such a savage foe,  
 Well fortified, among the woods and lakes,  
 Of art and nature each advantage takes.

*End of the fourth Book.*



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**The BRITISH LION Rous'd;**  
BOOK V.

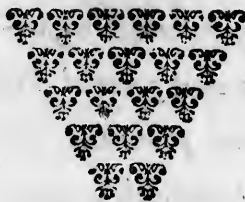
The ARGUMENT.

**B** RITAIN'S resources in the Militia---Cele-  
brated---Townsend prais'd as author of the  
present plan---He sails to serve at Quebec under  
Wolfe---Exordium on the year fifty nine---Commo-  
dore Keppel reduces Goree---Watson and Clive  
successful in the East-Indies---Story at Calcutta---  
Descent at Guadaloupe---Intrepidity of the English  
--The island reduc'd--Transition to the war in Ame-  
rica--Expectation of success from Amherst's abilities  
--He marches to besiege Ticonderago--French de-  
sert it---Sends to reduce Niagara--Friendship of sir  
William Johnson and general Prideaux--Feud be-  
twixt national and provincial Troops--Sir William  
accounts for it--Braddock's defeat and conduct cen-  
sured

The

## The ARGUMENT.

*ured--Bravery of the present national troops--Character and customs of the Indians--Method of fighting--Treatment of prisoners--Indian death-song--Description of the torture--General observations on the situation and conduct of the Indians. Death of Hendrick and his followers--Defeat of Diescau by sir William--Siege of Niagara--General Prideaux killed. Niagara reduced by sir William Johnson--Crown Point reduced by general Amherst--Soldiers rest--Importance of infantry--British infantry celebrated at Minden--Impatience of the horse to engage--Sackville's panic providential--Britain's strength at sea--Attention to her marine--Boscawen relates the engagement with Janquiere--He defeats La Clue.*



The



The BRITISH LION Rous'd;  
BOOK V.

**A** GAIN the scale in *Britain's* favour turns,  
And ev'ry breast with martial ardor burns;  
*France*, but in vain, her last resources tries;  
While, in each *County*, new battalions rise,  
By patriot nobles and the gentry led;  
Not mercenary, train'd to fight for bread;  
But men of credit, wealth and probity,  
Now deign to rank as common infantry,  
Discipline studious only to observe,  
And shake off sloth, which can the mind un-nerve.  
Can life be ventur'd in a better cause  
Than to support those long-establish'd laws,  
That well-wove system *British* annals trace  
From glorious ALFRED, to great GEORGE's days?  
Henceforth, entire, as twist'd by the *Fates*,  
*Great Britain* now shall boast her *Three Estates*;

N

Vainly

The

Vainly employ'd *French* gold and politicks,  
 Rebellion's rage, or *Rome's* unhallow'd tricks.

There wanted but, while *GEORGE* the second  
 Such a *Militia* as we have obtain'd; [reign'd,  
 Now let the *Gaul* strong embarkations boast;  
 What if her troops were landed on the coast  
 While adverse gales *BOSCAWEN* wind-bound kept,  
 And *HAWKE* himself with all his thunder slept?  
 These firm battalions, like a wall might stand,  
 To death disputing ev'ry foot of land,  
 And, having all their ammunition spent,  
 A dreadfull front of bayonets present.

*TOWNSEND* the want of such a body saw;  
 Howe'er oppos'd the salutary law,  
 He toil'd incessant till the house it past;  
 Tho' rude at first, it took a form at last;  
 So, by his brother scoffingly oppos'd,  
*ROMULUS* first with sorry walls inclos'd  
 His infant state--in time to overspread  
 Seven hills, and peopled up to *Tyber's* head.

Yet



Yet not to see it rais'd the gen'ral stays ;  
 But, quitting pleasure and inglorious ease,  
 Sails to *Quebec*, as singled out by fate,  
 Great in the purpose, in the issue great ;  
 Worthy the laurels he is born to wear ;  
 Of conduct unreprouch'd, of honour clear.

Unweary'd time rolls on the circling spheres,  
 Th' important æra big with fate appears,  
 When *Britain's* thunder, at a signal given,  
 Must roar, vindictive, like the wrath of heav'n,  
 Arm'd with the rage of ev'ry element,  
 On realms long spar'd, unmindful to repent.

And who, but he that first the lion rous'd,  
 Cou'd train him thus and see him timely loos'd ?  
 Two-visag'd *Janus* scarce his rout begun,  
 E'er nations, scorch'd beneath the southern sun,  
 Heroic *KEPPEL*, with his squadron see  
 Come like a whirlwind and reduce *Goree* ;  
 Which, like a strong curb, *Senegal* commands,  
 First fruit of conquest reap'd by *British* bands ;



Tho' fenc'd with rocks and towering to the sky,  
 Native munition flints and stones supply,  
 Fix'd on her walls the *British* colours fly.

East in the *Indian* ocean *Pocock* beat,  
 Chasing from port to port, the *Gallic* fleet:  
 And all those petty sovereigns, that rule  
 Under the shadow of the great *Mogul*,  
 Tremble when *CLIVE* has brought the *Nabob* down,  
 And to another gives the forfeit crown.

*Calcutta* repossess'd--The chiefs desire  
 To see that den of suffocation dire;  
 Then to their guide, a sufferer who surviv'd,  
 Say, by what circumstances you contriv'd  
 To 'scape with life, the stench of such a place;  
 With look emaciate, while the floor they pace,  
 He said, and tears his cheek would often wet,  
 That fatal day I never shall forget,  
 When now the selfish governor withdrew,  
 And *Holwell* left on duty with a few;

The treasure gone which here the *Nabob* sought,  
 Enrag'd the *Moors*, for to the last we fought:  
 What more, than follow'd from barbarian rage,  
 Could we have suffer'd in this dismal cage?

Some hope of life our spirits yet upheld,  
 Till into such a little space compell'd,  
 With lifted sabres and presented arms,  
 Fear soon of suffocation each alarms,  
 When breaking out into a copious sweat,  
 All thronging at the windows strive to get.

Whom thus the humane governor address;  
 Your suff'rings are uncommon, 'tis confess;  
 Not now as your superiour, but a friend,  
 Patience and temper let me recomend;  
 Self-preservation this requires at least,  
 To struggle thus is but your strength to waste.

A while his counsel seem'd to charm despair,  
 We held our peace, resolv'd the worst to bear,  
 And for a season decently behave;  
 Again relapse--some pray, some howl and rave,

While

The

While all impatient for the windows strive ;  
 Where some, with wounds unlikely to survive,  
 Cry out give place, we only wish to die,  
 Then fainting fall, where trampled on they lie.  
 All hats in motion kept the air to fan,  
 And frantick now to force the door we ran ;  
 Within you see too surely it is barr'd,  
 Now, growing desp'rate, we insult the guard ;  
 Nor yet their wish'd resentment sets us free ;  
 To strip us then we mutually agree ;  
 And hence perceive a sensible relief :  
 During this interval, our worthy chief  
 Us'd with the guard his utmost consequence,  
 And offer'd gifts if these might influence,  
 At least to get us sep'rately confin'd ;  
 We pray'rs and tears and larger offers join'd.  
 In vain our suff'rings melt a humane *Moor* ;  
 The order unrevers'd, but too secure  
 This den of horrors holds her destin'd prey ;  
 Trampled on ev'ry side the dead now lay :

Death

Death--what is death to what we suffer'd here?  
 When, giving way to absolute despair,  
 Grown frantick now with thirst we burn, we fry;  
 And water, water, was the gen'ral cry!  
 Water in plenty, by the guard, is brought;  
 But few receiv'd so many for it fought,  
 Our thirst the more increas'd, the more we caught.

To recollect the horrors of that night,  
 My blood runs chill--What names soever spight,  
 What curses, when oppress'd, the poor invent,  
 Or damned souls, in hellish durance pent,  
 We bellow'd forth --Again insult the guard,  
 The *Nabob*, fav'rite, nor their prophet spar'd:  
 Barbarians! mocking while our strength was spent!  
 Nor sword, nor fire, a ling'ring death prevent.

Yet of the window HOLWELL was possess'd,  
 Where, all outrag'ous for the water prest;  
 Down by his side, his friends funk, one by one,  
 First squeez'd to death and after trod upon:

Death

He

He begs but to retire and die in peace ;  
 We yield, all eager to enjoy his place ;  
 To me it fell, then hap'ning to be near,  
 Such pressure 'twas not possible to bear.  
 Nor long e'er to the middle I retreat,  
 To wait with patience my approaching fate ;  
 It cannot be--- distracted with the cry  
 Of water and the groans of them that die.

Feeble among the rest poor HOLWELL'S voice  
 I thus distinguish'd--" While the coward flies  
 " How brave men suffer, yet the thunder sleeps !  
 " I'll fathom these unfathomable deeps---  
 Then took a knife to hasten on his fate,  
 Yet thus, while *Reason* reassum'd her seat ;  
 " Can soldiers in a breach the foe resist,  
 " Nor shrink till they with honour are dismiss'd ?  
 " So much the more on duty let us stay,  
 " In life, till God and nature call away."  
 He said, and now more satisfy'd in mind,  
 To bear the worst seems perfect'y resign'd ;

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But many now the dead, the living few,  
Yet hoping life, my efforts I renew,  
With greater ease my former station gain'd,  
I kept while thought her faculty retain'd ;  
What past, till morn I faintly recollect,  
Thirst and the putrid air had such effect.  
When day appear'd the governor was fought,  
Among the dead, and to the window brought ;  
Some hopes of his recov'ry we perceive,  
And instant notice to the *Nabob* give,  
Who sent immediate orders to release,  
What few surviv'd the horrors of this place ;  
Where, upward of a hundred souls expire,  
Raging with thirst and suffocation dire.  
At such a tale of complicate distress,  
Shall not the tear humanity confess ?  
They wept--nor *Vengeance* lingers to requite  
The tragedy of that unhappy night ;  
He, who refus'd that mercy others crav'd  
Is now of empire and of life bereav'd !

O

The

But

The *British* name in estimation grows,  
 Lib'ral to friends, but terrible to foes,  
 While *Lally's* soul prophetick seems to wait  
 The fall of *Pondicherry*, ripe in fate ;  
 Which, after many toils by sea and land,  
 Bold COOTE and STEPHEN'S fortunes shall demand.

Nor less intent to crush the *Gallic* pow'r,  
 Westward, redoubted BARRINGTON and MOORE :  
 They land at *Guadaloupe*--the contest long ;  
 The soldiers, tho' oppos'd by batt'ries strong,  
 March fearless on, where CRUMP and CLAV'RING led,  
 Rivers to cross, no cov'ring over head ;  
 With no resource but native courage left,  
 Sometimes the soldier faints, of strength bereft ;  
 When now, the prospect of some citron grove,  
 Plantations, gardens, sugar-works in-wove,  
 Sharpen, for spoil, the martial appetite,  
 Patient of toil and desp'rate in exploit,  
 To face, in every form of ghaftliness,  
 Grim war--Experienced BARLOW, with success,

Winds



Winds round their flank and falls upon their rear,  
 Then *Rout* takes place, *Flight* follows wing'd with  
 More dreadful yet the *British* thunder roars, [*Fear* ;  
 As when a fire from street to street devours,  
 Fed with combustibles, and fann'd with winds ;  
 His life in vain expos'd the fire-man finds,  
 With curious enginery to quench the thirst  
 Of *Vulcan*, where all order is revers'd ;  
 So these resistance ineffectual found,  
 Heav'n fought for *Britain* and her quarrel own'd,  
 Rend'ring, for cruelty the *French* inflict,  
 Measure for measure, and with justice strict.

So on themselves let hellish arts recoil,  
 And *Britain* long enjoy the *Gallic* spoil ;  
 While *Victory* to AMHERST wings her way,  
*Cape-Breton*, of *Saint-Laurence* deem'd the key,  
 His country only as a pledge receiv'd,  
 For *Canada's* reduction, soon atchiev'd ;  
 And who like him to end these bloody wars ?  
 Cool, circumspect, he on occasion dares



Whatever temp'rate valour may advise,  
'Gainst partisans accustom'd to surprize.

With toils unweary'd, having crost the lakes  
For action well prepar'd, the field he takes,  
Threat'ning *Ticonderago* with his force ;  
As when a river, spreading in it's course,  
Covers the flats, or when a bank gives way  
And leaves free passage to the *Belgian* sea ;  
*Neptune* at such acquit his trident shakes,  
And visits one by one his kindred lakes :  
Now while the tide their lowlands overflows,  
In vain the boors such ruin would oppose ;  
That *Hydra* of the lakes, confounded so,  
When now at hand he meditates the blow.

Scarce he appears before the *French* retire  
Precipitant, and set the fort on fire :  
He takes possession and the flame o'erpow'rs ;  
Adds new defences, and the old secures ;  
Advancing then the enterprising chief  
*Crown-point* besieges, hopeless of relief,

And

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And to reduce strong *Niagara* sent  
Both *Johnsons*, under gner'al PRIDEAUX went.  
The active col'nel, and Sir WILLIAM bold,  
Worthy among the first to be enrol'd!  
None like the knight is form'd for enterprize,  
To fight the *Indian*, or to civilize:  
'Twi't him and PRIDEAUX such a friendship grew,  
That each to each imparted what he knew.  
Ee'r yet their men the fortress can invest,  
A sigh indignant heaves the gen'ral's breast ---  
What, said Sir WILLIAM, by that sigh is meant?  
I grieve he said, to think how faction rent  
Brave troops, which, were it not for cursed feud,  
Had long e'er this a coward foe subdu'd.  
So you may think, the other chief replies,  
But only by experience men grow wise:  
Brave gen'ral BRADDOCK -- peace be to his shade!  
Engaging with the foe in ambuscade,  
Was sure to perish --- rash and unadvis'd;  
Hence the provincials regulars despis'd;

And

Like

Like dogs they saw the soldiery abus'd :  
More worthless grown, as more unmanly us'd.

Such was the first idea we conceiv'd  
Of regulars---you know how they behav'd :  
Who, after this, expected troops should come,  
Whose bold exploits have struck e'en *Envy* dumb ?  
But now, their haunts, and way of fighting known,  
Less formidable are the *Indians* grown ;  
In studying these, you finish half the war---  
Your knowledge, as your friendship, let me share,  
The chief replies---and just an abstract give,  
In peace and war their customs---how they live.

In these, Sir WILLIAM said we plainly see  
Striking examples of a people free ;  
Grave, fullen, cunning, treacherous, unappeas'd ;  
Retaining customs not to be eraz'd ;  
Practis'd from youth their tempers to command ;  
All in observance to their head-men stand ;  
Of habit, and example, such the force,  
To punishments they seldom have recourse ;

These

These wou'd that freedom of the mind destroy,  
The *Indians* so peculiarly enjoy.

Straight-limb'd and tall, of features regular,  
Beardless, of aspect fierce, with long black hair;  
Tho' strong in mind and body, to surprize  
At sudden efforts, labour they despise;  
Chiefly employ'd in hunting and in war;  
Their women all the drudgery us'd to bear,  
They sow and reap; whene'er the harvest fails,  
Or any great calamity prevails,  
All things to share in common they agree;  
Their chiefs the distribution oversee.

These slow in speech, and in deportment grave,  
None with more weight in publick can behave:  
Age and experience chiefly notic'd here,  
Each speaks in turn, the rest observant hear.  
Matters of any publick consequence,  
Feasts, songs, and warlike dances, must commence;  
With other tribes they now proceed to treat:  
Both sides have speakers dext'rous in debate,

Strong

Strong terms they use, of meaning indirect,  
And nought without a present takes effect.

Only to gifts and publick feasts like these,  
Once kindled, their resentment will give place ;  
Resentment carry'd to a pitch so strange,  
An *Indian's* darling passion is revenge !  
Which all with art can cunningly conceal,  
'Till on their foes they unaware may steal ;  
Hid their intent with policy profound,  
To friendly tribes they send the hatchet round ;  
Confed'rate now and ready for the blow,  
Instant upon the fire the kettles go,  
To seethe unclean dogs flesh, a savage feast !  
The warrior youth conven'd-- to every guest  
Their chief commander sees a portion shar'd ;  
With streaks of charcoal and vermilion smear'd,  
Frightfull their countenances to behold !  
Then songs to demons, in hoarse measure troll'd,  
Prelude the war-dance---actions of their tribe,  
With scalps in battle took, the songs describe ;

Sudden

Sudden they rise, and join'd in frantick dance  
 With women, to the border thus advance.

Silence ensues--for action they prepare,

Uncommon hardships to inflict, or bear ;

Vast lakes to traverse, marching day and night,

Thick woods explor'd ; nor fire, nor candle light,

Left they shou'd be detected by the smoak ;

Their footsteps cover'd, each precaution took,

To keep their rout a secret--Ambuscade

Their chief resource--of open fight afraid.

Cover'd with leaves, in silence squatting down,

Like wither'd leaves their bodies painted brown,

Seeing the enemy at once they rise,

Take aim and give their fire, with horrid cries,

Then each behind a tree for shelter flies :

Hence, popping shots are mutually exchange'd,

To order and the tug of war estrang'd ;

On whether side inclin'd th' advantage seems,

These rush promise'ous, with repeated screams,

These rush promise'ous, with repeated screams,  
 Darting

Sudden

Darting from tomahawks destructive blows ;  
 Mindless alike to rally or oppose,  
 The vanquish'd fly---The wounded and the slain  
 Scalp'd by the victors---Those in battle ta'en,  
 Unmercifully beat from town to town,  
 And hoarse with oft repeated death-songs grown,  
 For yet more barb'rous treatment are prepar'd,  
 Among the friends of the deceased shar'd,  
 Loving, or hating, in extremes alike !  
 These cherish'd, if a look or features strike,  
 Take the dead warrior son, or husband's name ;  
 Rejected, none the victim can reclaim ;  
 He knows yet seems regardless of his lot,  
 In torments finging thus with raven note--  
 " Fearless and firm---the torture I despise ;  
 " Try me with all the pangs you can devise ;  
 " Fears to weak women only appertain :  
 " Death I have learnt to flight, and mock at pain ;  
 " What, to a man whose spirit yet survives,  
 " Is death ? Let loose the children and your wives,  
 Their



“ Their utmost shall be borne, without a groan,  
“ They cannot shake the mind--my mind's my own :  
“ Feast on my body--O'tis delicate !  
“ The flesh of your slain warriors I have eat ;  
“ I've suck'd their blood ; in battle overthrown,  
“ The scalps yet green, among my brethren shown ;  
“ Rage choak you--O--I wish we had you there !  
“ These hands shou'd twist, these teeth your entrails  
Thus he--while they, thro' ev'ry vein and pore, [tear !  
With curious arts the seat of pain explore ;  
Wherever, branching to the parts extreme,  
Nerves interwove with nerves, as net-work seem,  
Women and children tear, and twist, and bite,  
To glut of rage the savage appetite :  
He talks and sings the while---but not a groan  
Escapes--Compos'd, their head-men, looking on,  
Direct the torture , with especial care,  
Long as they can, the vital parts to spare ;  
Now stupid grown, that time the warriors catch,  
With tomahawks, the victim to dispatch ;

Then broil the flesh with cannibal intent ;  
Part eaten, part to kindred tribes is sent.

Such is the foe with whom we are engag'd  
In war---a war unprofitably wag'd,  
So long as they to *France* can have recourse ;  
*France* humbled once, we leave 'em no resource,  
Mindless to till and cultivate the land ;  
Few necessaries hence they can command,  
And must, as their necessities encrease,  
Come to the *Colonies* and sue for peace ;  
And well on *Indian* faith we may depend  
A savage enemy, or steady friend :  
Suppose, the *English* wickedly traduc'd,  
Some of their friendly tribes have been seduc'd,  
What course should people so dependant take ?  
Seeing the *French* possess of ev'ry lake ;  
On our acknowleg'd territory rais'd,  
Forts where they would, and planting where they  
Treaties observing, tho' by nature wild, [pleas'd.  
With ease to *British* interests reconcil'd,

Their

Their force might be on those invaders turn'd,  
Who have the sacred faith of treaties spurn'd.  
BRADDOCK's contempt their hearts cou'd not estrange,  
Tho' scorn'd their good advice, they vow'd revenge,  
Which well old HENDRICK and his faithfull train  
Accomplish'd--in the fight with DIESKAU slain.  
Much honour there Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON gain'd,  
Who first the force of *Canada* sustain'd,  
PRIDEAUX reply'd, nor think I flatter here,  
Requesting the particulars to hear.  
Sir WILLIAM then--The carrying place we seiz'd,  
And marching with provincial troops new rais'd,  
Against *Crown-Point* our chiefest strength we bent:  
DIESKAU, by scouts inform'd of our intent,  
The force of *Canada* together drew,  
Of this assur'd, with care the ground I view,  
And round the camp in haste a breast-work made,  
Trees fell'd in front compleat the barricade;  
To BLANCHARD, with a slender force detach'd,  
Notice of their approach I now dispatch'd,

And

Their

And sent a thousand men to his support ;  
 To check their march he made a bold effort,  
 But kept retreating e'er too close engag'd,  
 The fight with numbers so unequal wag'd ;  
 Brave HENDRICK in our quarrel there expir'd,  
 With forty *Indians*, while the troops retir'd,  
 Round them the slain, with many a ghastly wound  
 From tomahawks, bestrow'd th' ensanguin'd ground.

As nearer now the fire and heavier grew,  
 We to the breast-work heavy cannon drew ;  
 And while the camp our scatter'd parties join,  
 In fight the foe now halts to form his line ;  
 Compos'd of regulars their center seems,  
 Dispers'd on either flank, with horrid screams  
 The *Indians* charge alternate and retire,  
 Squat while they load—then rise and give their fire ;  
 With these *Canadians*, marksmen all esteem'd,  
 Chew'd balls they shot, in war unlawful deem'd .

Mean while with resolution marching on  
 A grand attack their regulars begun ;

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But soon the cannon under captain EYRE  
Well pointed, thins their ranks from front to rear,  
Large intervals show where the shot takes place ;  
Troops either way incline and fill the space ;  
Too much extended now their line appears,  
And faint the fire, yet DIESKAU perseveres,  
A brave commander tho' unfortunate !  
Now hoping on our right to penetrate,  
With forces rally'd, he in person leads,  
Two dang'rous wounds receiv'd, nor yet succeeds ;  
First of the flying foe a pris'ner took,  
For now on ev'ry side, the trench forfook,  
Our people form'd and beat 'em in the field ;  
Three hours the chase and bloody slaughter held.

The soldiers yet an incident relate  
Of *Indian* valour, e'er the foes retreat,  
Worthy to vie with that of *Rome*, or *Greece* :  
A planter in the action burst his piece  
Just as their column fought the camp to force,  
And native courage seem'd our last resource--

What

What shall I do without a piece he cries?  
 Take mine the *Indian* gallantly replies—  
 Nor hesitates but down the firelock flings,  
 And in an instant o'er the breast-work springs,  
 A french-man then disarm'd and shot him dead ;  
 As quick retreating leapt the barricade,  
 Then in the front resum'd his former place,  
 The fire renew'd---and with the first to chase.

A wound, which now confin'd me to my tent,  
 Was scarcely dress'd--e'er *DIESKAU* they present,  
 Fainting with loss of blood in the retreat ;  
 With soothing speech his grief I mitigate,  
 Guarded, while surgeons minister relief,  
 From *Indians*, vowing to revenge their chief.

While thus the bold *Hibernian* entertain'd  
*PRIDEAUX*, both officers and men sustain'd,  
 Uncommon dangers in the open field,  
 The fort now summon'd yet refus'd to yield ;  
 To work they fall, and, favour'd with the dark,  
 Parallel lines to the defences mark,

Some

Some dig the trench, with axes others clear  
The ground from trees and shrubs, in front and rear ;  
Others the new-fall'n wood in faggots bind,  
To raise their batt'ries, these in order join'd,  
Are ram'd with earth the force of balls to break,  
With many a logg and many a well-drove stake.  
Thus with their works the fortrefs they invest,  
Nearer approaching, nearer while they prest,  
Chief in command the active *Brigadier*  
Travers'd the trench, nor thought of danger near,  
Kill'd when his back is turn'd the fort to view ;  
The random shot an *English* gunner threw ;  
Loft to his kindred, AMHERST, and the state,  
Whence apprehended least the stroke of fate,  
He falls---No circumspection life secures,  
Where *Death* sets open his unnumber'd doors.

Alike the friend, the general, and the man,  
Sir WILLIAM mourns and prosecutes his plan ;  
The *French*, now straiten'd, must submit of course,  
Without fresh men their numbers to re'nforce ;

Q

These

Some



These, drawn from distant posts and now at hand,  
 The bold *Hibernian*, now in chief command,  
 Attacks and beats--At last, reduc'd to treat,  
 To him proud *Niagara* yields her gate.  
 Victorious AMHERST too *Crown-point* possess't;  
 Then quits the field and gives the soldiers rest,  
 Weary with sieges, watching and fatigue,  
 And making roads o'er marshes many a league.  
 Familiariz'd to suffer heat and cold!  
 The *British* soldiers, not to be controll'd,  
 In either *Hemisphere* fresh laurels reap--  
 Patient of hunger--*Death* in ev'ry shape  
 And all the forms of danger, they despis'd!  
 Till *Gallic* pride at *Minden* was chastiz'd;  
 There BECKWITH's corps a constant fire maintain'd,  
 And stood like men immortal WOLFE had train'd--  
 Heav'n interpos'd--when now the horse prepare  
 In one effectual charge the field to clear!  
 And SACKVILLE, with a sudden pannic seiz'd,  
 His antient stock and noble friends disgrac'd!

Check'd

Check'd on the spur great GRANBY scarce retain'd  
 The rising choller--yet his steed stood rein'd !  
 Left *Britain's* views should here be chiefly bent,  
 Dazzled with triumphs on the *Continent* ;  
 While that immediate point of view is lost  
 Which may the *Gallic* pow'r disable most.

To cramp their trade, their navy to destroy--  
 For this our blood and treasure we employ  
 The *Patriot* said--let *France Westphalia* seize,  
 'Tis ours to keep possession of the seas ;  
 Vainly she studies to give *Europe* law  
 While we can thus her fleets and convoys awe,  
 Shall not our triumphs more than quit the cost ?  
 Should she prevail and *Hanover* be lost,  
 What time her soldiers, with unchristian hate,  
 Advancing plunder--Ravaging retreat ;  
 Not less in ev'ry place than locusts fear'd !  
 Shall this by *German states* be tamely heard ?  
 And shall not we our proper int'rest weigh,  
 To keep our gold ;-- and push the war by sea,

Q 2

Till

Check'd

Till all her *Settlements* repay the theft;  
Nor in her ports a ship of force is left?

His look and action strengthen what he said:  
When lo! dispatches, from *Cape Lagos* sped,  
Confirm his words in DE LA CLUE's defeat;  
A tedious cruize off *Toulon*, up the *Strait*,  
The *British* tars sustain'd, with smother'd rage,  
But most BOSCAWEN, eager to engage,  
And often, while in view, his colours fly,  
Insults their strength, yet safe in port they lie,  
Brav'd in the road till, where the capes project,  
The seaman finds his forward spirit check'd;  
Here as they sculk infernal batt'ries roar,  
In each direction, from the crooked shore,  
With hail of iron shot, or missive burst:  
Thus screen'd, as foxes by the houswife curst,  
What time they nightly ramble on the prowl,  
She misses one by one her barn-door fowl;  
Or sometimes on her stubble-geese they seize,  
To kennel then, in vain the terrier bays.

Now

Now drawing off, light frigates on the scout  
 BOSCAWEN left to watch their coming out;  
 Then at *Gibraltar-bay* forgets his cares,  
 Where o'er the social bowl the jovial tars  
 Hold friendly conference, and joint repast:  
 He with the chief regal'd--of actions past,  
 Eas'd his great heart, requested to relate  
 JANQUIER's disgrace, and HOQUART's cruel fate,  
 Thrice pris'ner, first in the *Medea* took,  
 To the *Namur*, close fighting, next he struck;  
 I fought her then, the hardy vet'ran said,  
 Foremost in chase, the first that fir'd a-head;  
 Lord ANSON's orders were no time to lose,  
 But, as each ship came up, to lay em close;  
 DENNIS and great-foul'd GRENVILLE, fearing nought,  
 My seconds, three to five the *French* we fought:  
 One now disabled, four upon me clos'd---  
 Then I had sunk--but GRENVILLE interpos'd;  
 These ships, in part disabled, to the rest,  
 Now coming up, we left and forward press'd.

Now

With

With the *French* admiral near at pistol shot,  
 I next engag'd, and then the *Dimant* got  
 Athwart to rake me, HOQUART there retriev'd  
 His character and miracles atchiev'd!  
 Yet both ships struck, with shot tore thro' and thro';  
 HOQUART, the last that yields, I quickly knew,  
 A perfect slaughter-house his decks and poop,  
 Ee'r he consents to give the *Dimant* up,  
 And when she heel'd her breaches drunk the sea,  
 My vessel too will scarce the helm obey;  
 Three shot went thro' her foremast, five her main,  
 Her mizen one, main-yard struck, carried clean  
 Another, all her sails and rigging tore;  
 A wound too in the shoulder pains me fore,  
 However glad to see the rout compleat:  
 Each ship of *France* that fac'd we fairly beat.

This ruin'd them by sea; for, till the peace,  
 Their navy never durst the *English* face;  
*France* then resolv'd to strengthen her marine:  
 Nor able longer her designs to screen,

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Off *Louisbourg* the *Lys* and the *Alcide*  
Due honours to the *British* flag deny'd ;  
But *Howe* bore down their folly to chastize ;  
Both struck-- and *HOQUART* now a pris'ner thrice.  
While thus the adm'ral prosecutes his tale,  
*LA CLUE* had weigh'd, and, getting under sail,  
To 'scape the *British* squadron meditates ;  
To join *DE CONFLANS* yet attempts the *Straits*.  
Darkness o'er all the deep her mantle threw,  
Till radiant *Hesper* hung his lamp in view.  
Orient, and muster'd all the starry host ;  
The wary *Frenchman* to the *Barb'ry* coast  
Stood tacking frequent--- fear of being seen  
Alarms him now, when heaven's resplendent queen  
Opens, in clouded state, her lucid eye,  
And *Ocean* too reflects another sky  
Thick sown with stars ; illusive shadows play  
On ev'ry wave, and, as they die away,  
Present, in distant view, the *British* fleet,  
Where sea and sky in prospect seem to meet !

*Fear*

*Fear* urges *Fancy* to observe the course  
 Of ev'ry ship, their numbers, names and force;  
 Till all the cloudy scene appears a cheat:  
 Night wore away, while thus they past the Strait.

When grey-ey'd *Morn*, above the ocean peer'd  
 The *Gallie* squadron half the *Bay* had clear'd;  
 All day a doubtful course they seem to shape;  
 Studious, in vain, *BOSCAWEN* to escape;  
 At eve descry'd off *Ceuta*, where they lay,  
 The *British* squadron weighs and puts to sea:  
 Nightly the chase held dubious, but when *Dawn*  
 Had in the distant east her curtain drawn,  
 Lo! where again the frigate's signals flew--  
 Seven ships of force she told, with these *LA CLUE*;  
 Seven parted during night, for these he waits:  
 Thus anxious, to the windward while he beats,  
*Aurora*, waking from her soft repose,  
 The curious gates of heav'n wide open throws,  
 Lightly they move on either golden hinge;  
 More ruddy now the clouds began to tinge;

Forth



Forth went the *Hours*, and o'er the ocean brim  
 The Sun, just risen, shew'd his upper limb;  
 He, now half seen along the liquid plain,  
 And now full-orb'd, *Heav'n's* altitude to gain,  
 Th' *Ecliptic* scales--when lo the *British* fleet!  
 Instant the *Gaul* let go his late furl'd sheet;  
 Signal of flight--nor so ordain'd to 'scape,  
 Eager the harvest of their toils to reap,  
 The *English* captains to the buxome gales  
 Stretch in pursuit, and, crowding all their sails,  
 Auxilliar canvas bend to ev'ry yard,  
 Strain the stiff tackle, nor the masts regard;  
 So o'er their floating manes the riders bend,  
 When match'd from famous studs fleet horse contend,  
 Or when in view the high-bred hunter leads,  
 Sometimes abreast, now each in turn precedes,  
 Eager to reach the yet unmeasur'd plain,  
 With headlong sweep; impatient of the rein.  
 Nearer and nearer made, for fight  
 Prepares, and now in line of battle drew;

Forth

R

Nor

Nor other chance appears their ships to save;  
 Then charg'd—His officers and men behave  
 With courage worthy of the *British* rage,  
 And worthy equal numbers to engage:  
 Like a true tar the *Gaul* BOSCAWEN greets,  
 Each gives his broadside, each the fire repeats;  
 But fortune frowning on the *British* chief,  
 His seconds hasten down to his relief;  
 Now to the *Newark* he the flag remov'd,  
 LA CLUE spreads all his canvas and improv'd,  
 The lucky incident to scape by flight,  
 Land lying near, and favour'd with the night:  
 But early *Dawn* renews the fullen roar  
 Of cannon, where from *Lagos* rocky shore,  
 To *Vincent's* headland frequent bursts resound,  
 The chief escap'd, sore shatter'd with a wound.  
 Two ships upon the rocks, by him forsook  
 The *English* burnt, and other three they took.

End of the fifth Book.

The



# The BRITISH LION Rous'd;

BOOK VI.

## The ARGUMENT.

**I**NVOCATION to the Genius of England--Voyage up St. Laurence---Fleet before Quebeck---Operations commenc'd---French King alarmed---Ombruliel counfels him to invade England--Preparations for an invasion---Operation of the siege resumed---French attempt to burn the English fleet--Prevented---Wolfe retaliates--His embarrasments--Attacks the French--Checked--Scalping described--Story of two officers--Troops reimbarck--Wolfe sick--Consultation with his phyfcian--Resolves to devote himself--Troops land successfull--Battle before Quebeck--Wolfe and Monkton wounded--French routed.



## The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;

BOOK VI.

**D**EEDS more important swell th' adven'trous  
*Genius of England*, as I wind along [song;  
*St. Laurence*' river, and the gulph profound,  
With oaken wreaths my glowing temples bound,  
Conduct me safe and see me back convey'd :  
Not *Indians*, when they spring from ambushade,  
Hollowing, to slip the savage dogs of war ;  
Nor seas unvoyag'd, near the polar star ;  
Nor regions parch'd beneath the torrid *Zone* ;  
Lakes yet untravers'd ; countries yet unknown ;  
From his fix'd purpose turn the *Briton* bold,  
With thee, at hand, to cherish and uphold,  
Bold *WOLFE* and *SAUNDERS*, with the *British* force,  
Had now *St. Laurence* made ; a winding course,  
From *Trois-Riviers*, he to the ocean takes ;  
And feeds from num'rous rivulets and lakes

His

His copious urn ; far distant as the eye  
 Can objects hold, two pointed rocks they spy,  
 White o'er with dung, perpetual haunt of fowls ;  
 Check'd here the foaming surge incessant howls.  
 Higher *Cape-Rosiers*, stretching from the south,  
 Forms with the farther shore the river's mouth.  
 They past the bay of *Gaspé*, and now explor'd  
 A ridge of rocks, time and the flood have bor'd  
 Free passage thro', and pervious to the wave :  
 This wonder past, another they perceive,  
 'Twixt *Bonaventure* isle and *Miscam* lies  
 A copious spring, from which fresh waters rise  
 Bubbling above the salt : To stem the flood  
 While thus the squadron up the river stood,  
 They *Anticosta's* barren island gain,  
 On either hand the shore discover'd plain ;  
 And sound with caution by the pilot bid,  
 Left rocks and shoals, beneath the surface hid,  
 Obstruct their course ; all, to his merit just,  
 Commend his care, and to his conduct trust.

From

His

From *Tadoufec* to *Coudres* next they wind,  
 A mountain from the continent disjoin'd,  
 By former earthquakes in the river cast,  
 Makes here the channel dang'rous to be past.  
 The rapids stem'd, and now *Cape Torment* clear'd,  
 The fertile shores of *Orleans* appear'd ;  
 Each way the land obtains a gentle rise,  
 Which more and more attracts the wond'ring eyes ;  
 Woods, lawns and verdant slopes, a rural view !  
 Here fruit on prickly shrubs unplanted grew ;  
 Ripe for the press hung there the gen'rous grape,  
 Herbs, pulse and roots, and corn fields fit to reap ;  
 With anchors dropt, forgetting all their toil,  
 The seamen traverse this delightful isle ;  
 And now the ships with fresh provision stow,  
 From well-stock'd farms, deserted by the foe.  
 But serious thoughts, however well they far'd,  
 Employ the troops, for action now prepar'd.

*France* hears, by swift conveyance cross the waves,  
*Quebec* endanger'd while her monarch raves ;

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Not peace proposing yet—his all he stakes ;  
 As a mad bull, which thro' the fences breaks,  
 Gores passengers and tramples down the corn,  
 Against some knotty oak, with broken horn,  
 More furious waxing, yet the stroke repeats  
 Till from his front the other horn he beats ;  
 So fares the monarch ; vex'd in heart to find  
 His darling project ev'ry where disjoin'd,  
 Till not a link of that romantick chain,  
 Destin'd their late encroachments to maintain,  
 Subsists, and mem'ry broods on broken oaths ;  
 Despair at last takes place, and life he loaths.  
 Whose conscience, thus awoke, OMBRULIEL fears ;  
 Glozing, in form as FLATEUR he appears ;  
 FLATEUR, of that old JEZEBEL the spawn,  
 With casuistry from rotten maxims drawn,  
 She long the seven-hill'd city has possess'd,  
 And, sitting on the many-headed beast,  
 Holds forth a cup with fornications brew'd,  
 Enticing kings to her embraces lewd ;

Loath'd



Loath'd mixture--Hence there often is procur'd  
 A mongrel race, by God and man abhor'd:  
 Upward of human shape, but farther down,  
 In many a scaly fold, a serpent prone,  
 Which foul excreffence, each so well can hide,  
 By mortal eye it seldom is espy'd;  
 Daintily fed and free'd from worldly cares,  
 They learn by rote to mumble holy pray'rs,  
 And claim a right o'er human souls to watch;  
 Their study most the ear of Kings to catch.

FLATEUR he thinks he hears--When thus the fiend,  
 Take courage *Sire*; this pious war, maintain'd  
 Against the hereticks, respects the charge  
 Of holy church, her empire to enlarge;  
 Propitious grown the *Virgin* yet may smile,  
 And all your zeal reward, and all your toil,  
 Pow'rfull to arm for us angellick bands,  
 Where MICHAEL bowing at her footstool stands:  
 So much the more, as you shall at her shrine,  
 High mafs proclaim, and vows with off'rings join;

And

And recollect, to carry on the war,  
 What means are left; all lawfull I aver,  
 What ever concurs to give your counsels weight,  
 And once more humble that apostate state,  
 Our missionaries might be well employ'd,  
 Divisions to foment, and keep each side  
 In constant ferment; this perchance might shake  
 The minister--at least his measures break;  
 No hope remains the warrior *Scot* to rouse;  
 All measures broken with the *Stewart's House*;  
 But what if an invasion was propos'd?  
 Their ports are open, all their towns expos'd,  
 Their force abroad, their boasted treasure drain'd;  
 Land once successfull and your point is gain'd:  
 Your troops might ravage all the island through,  
 Burn all their harvests and their cattle hough.  
 Soon then you'll find those grumbling *Islanders*,  
 However well-compos'd the state appears,  
 Finding their manufactures at a stand,  
 Would each his loan from publick funds demand,

And

S

And

And like a rope of sand no where cohere;  
The project too it's own expence will bear.

He spake--The monarch pleas'd, approves his  
Then orders gives in ev'ry port to frame [scheme;  
Boats of a new construction, large and wide,  
Swivels the gunnells bear on either side;  
Two heavy cannon thunder in the prow;  
Light water drawn, they either sail, or row;  
Already are the operations plann'd,  
Batalions nam'd and gen'als to command.

Then, to the structure grand of *Notre-dame*;  
High-mas from lofty tow'rs the bells proclaim;  
Gifts off'ring, at the *Virgin's* shrine he bows,  
More promis'd if his cause she will espouse;  
*Monasticks*, swarming to the common hall,  
Their swarthy bands from cloyster'd leisure call;  
These to the church in slow procession come,  
With various habits, barefoot, miter'd some;  
The *Hof* is in procession borne along,  
With solemn litanies and anthem'd song;

The

The cleaving throng gives place, and all degrees  
Devoutly, as it passes, bow their knees.

Nor at *Quebec* less superstitious *Gaul*!

On angels and their patron saints they call  
For safety from the *Britons* vow'd revenge,  
Where, ready now his shot to interchange,  
WOLFE to the nearest point of *Orleans*  
Orders the soldiers, while the ships advance;  
*Point-Levi* next bold *MONKTON* charg'd to seize,  
Nearest the town their batteries to raise;  
Himself takes post, upon the farther shore,  
Just where the falls of *Montmorenci* roar.

FOUDRIOL, from the eminence, espies  
Where *Britain's* squadron in the basin lies,  
Seven fire-ships then dispatch'd the fleet to burn;  
The tide and wind both in their favour turn,  
All prim'd and loos'd in full direction came,  
Vomiting turbid smoak and bick'ring flame.  
But SAUNDERS, of their purpose well aware,  
Sent boats with grapples mann'd to row them clear;

Ashore

Ashore they hale them, so the chief requires  
Where ineffectual burst, th' imprison'd fires.

Nor less prepar'd against incendious *France*,  
HOLMES, order'd up the river to advance;

Fire-rafts slack-chain'd now loosing from the land  
Stretch cross the channel--many a flaming brand,

And many a murth'rous tube, first form'd in hell,  
Ramm'd by the engineer with purpose fell;

But harmless these with loud explosion roar,  
Moor'd by the seamen to the distant shore.

WOLFE sees 'em purpos'd thus the war to wage,  
With ev'ry instance of *Barbarian* rage!

Incendiuous arts, unus'd by polish'd states;  
Now in return revenge he ruminates:

Then thus extends his voice, what troops are here  
Who 'gainst the *French* uncommon hatred bear?

The chief of those who 'scap'd the fatal day  
At *William Henry's* fort stand up and say---

For our slain com'rades to the savage *Gaul*  
We debtors stand, and now for vengeance call.

Go

Go then said WOLFE, those fires retaliate,  
And as their wrongs, let your revenge be great.  
He spake, and instant, ev'ry way they turn,  
With lighted brands and all the harvest burn;  
Where *Ceres* and *Pomona* heretofore  
Nurtur'd their offspring, up the winding shore,  
Where mew'd in well-stock'd granges cattle fed,  
The flame devours, and strength'ning as it spread,  
Left all behind a desert black and waste!  
As when *Vesuvius*, with convulsion seiz'd,  
Which ev'ry way her sulph'rous womb distends,  
A stream of fire, and molten mettal sends  
In ruinous combustion to the sea,  
With fearfull roar ingulph'd--thus hollowing they!  
For exultation, with resentment fell,  
And, ev'ry way, more fierce, the fires impell:  
Active mean while the spirits of the slain,  
To spur revenge, call up the bloody scene,  
The tomahawk, and scalping-knife abhor'd,  
And each his comrade by the *Savage* gor'd!

Ready

Go



Ready his operations to commence,  
 The active gen'ral, now as in suspence,  
 Hesitates---All along the northern shore  
 The foe entrench'd exceeds his muster'd pow'r,  
 With works and batt'ries, from the city walls  
 Well furnish'd, down to *Montmorenci* falls;  
 SAUNDERS by sea, and MONCKTON from the land,  
 Can with their guns the lower town command;  
 The higher yet their stoutest efforts braves,  
 Where, by their fire uncheck'd, Foudriol raves;  
 Should WOLFE, the ruins climbing, fight his way?  
 Steep are the passes, narrowing to the sea;  
 Strong lines defend them, batt'ries ev'ry where  
 Big with destruction yawn, tier over tier:  
 Mean while, a foe unvanquish'd may defeat  
 His weaken'd posts, and cut off his retreat;  
 These shou'd he fight, to which he most inclines,  
 Secure they seem to brave him from their lines;  
 Shoals all along to thwart a landing lie,  
 Where boats are with the ebbing tide left dry;

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Nor can the pilot, freely urg'd to speak,  
Along the shore point out one friendly creek,  
From whence the lightest frigate in the fleet,  
Can bring her guns to favour a retreat.  
But anxious for the service and to spare  
The armament committed to his care,  
Not doubting but the men will by him stand,  
However hazardous, he thinks to land.

With care the soundings try'd the coast they view;  
Vessels prepar'd, that little water drew,  
Are run in shore, and order'd close to moor;  
Mean time the troops a small redoubt secure;  
This should the *Gaul* endeavour to defend,  
Perhaps, to action brought, he gains his end;  
Or this declin'd, a lodgment he can make,  
And of their posture observations take.

The first that land make up to the redoubt;  
Bold MONKTON these supports, while MURRAY stout,  
And TOWNSEND past the rivulet above;  
The good *Centurion* from their batt'ries drove

The

Nor

The *French* with well-plac'd shot--a bloody wreath  
 The soldier now had gain'd, for, big with death,  
 Portentous scowl'd the war on either side---  
 'Twas then CANTURIA, looking up, espy'd  
 That golden beam suspended in the skies,  
 Whence Heaven the various chance of battle tries!  
 One end the *British* courage estimates;  
 WOLFE'S conduct, valour when reduc'd to fraights,  
 With other chiefs that under him command;  
 Both ends a while in trepidation stand;  
 Borne down with numbers, situation, lines,  
 For *France* th' unerring ballance now inclines,  
 She saw indignant, and in hopes to spare  
 The *British* strength, till better signs appear,  
 Thunders the charge---nor MONCKTON yet ashore;  
 TOWNSEND far off and MURRAY with their power;  
 WOLFE sees'em, in disorder rushing on,  
 Furious at first to charge, but check'd as soon,  
 Then calls them off, sore mortified to find  
 His orders broke, so punctually enjoin'd.

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What troops the charge were destin'd to sustain  
 With looks cast back, expressive of disdain,  
 Slow moving, now their former posts possess;  
 While, with a pannick on their minds impress,  
 Throng to the beach disorder'd grenadiers,  
 Left in the field their wounded officers,  
 A prey to savages, who, running down,  
 Scalp, whom they find-- *France* unconcern'd looks  
 Where'er a soldier, taken in the toils, [on  
 Gives up, to glutt their rage, unmanly spoils,  
 Maim'd as he lies, unable to resist,  
 Mercylefs, in his hair one hand they twist;  
 Then from the forehead either way are trac'd  
 Incisions, till the edges being rais'd  
 Just where God's image sep'rates from the hair,  
 Down to the nape, with horrid cries they tear!  
 Crude air a mortal passage to the brain  
 Soon finds; the scalp'd are number'd with the slain!  
 Not far from each, of note, two soldiers lay,  
 PEYTON and OCHTERLONI, both that day

What

T

In

In joint command, their faith had interchang'd  
 To conquer gloriously, or fall reveng'd ;  
 Esteem'd, as who beneath the gen'ral's eyes  
 Sought equal wreaths, by hardy enterprize ;  
 Nor of the common foldier unbelov'd ;  
 Their friendship own'd to all, by all approv'd,  
 BRAVE OCHTERLONI, with a wound receiv'd,  
 Refus'd to quit the field, however griev'd  
 His friend intreats, when now the rout took place ;  
 The bold *Hibernian* yet persists to face---  
 And PEYTON faithfull to the captain cleaves---  
 Till maim'd he falls, and looking round, perceives  
 Two *Indians* on the captaiñ running down,  
 With both engag'd, and in the struggle thrown ;  
 Rais'd on his knee, a loaded piece he caught,  
 One *Indian* dropt, the other desp'rate fought,  
 Whom OCHTERLONI with a stab dispatch'd,  
 Just as the villain's scalping-knife had reach'd  
 The seat of life, his belly with the wound  
 Op'ning, pours all his entrails on the ground !

E'er

E'er yet the captain can his last expire,  
 That instant, running thro' the hottest fire,  
 A grenadier to bring him off propos'd---  
 Soldier, he said, on me thy zeal is lost,  
 For me the bayonet, or scalping knife  
 Were best, to end this miserable life ;  
 Brave as thou art---but haply PEYTON, there,  
 May yet survive, and well reward thy care.

To PEYTON's rescue swift the soldier sprung,  
 And bore him off, the piece this shoulder slung,  
 While the lieutenant's head on that reclines,  
 Both wounded flight, e'er each his corps rejoins :  
 All quit the beach and to the camp return ;  
*Gaul* triumphs--Soldiers for their comrades mourn.

Now higher up the river MURRAY lands ;  
 Twelve hundred chosen men the chief commands,  
 To favour AMHERST, or with HOLMES to join,  
 To burn the *Gallic* fleet their chief design ;  
 Shoals up the river well the ships protect ;  
 Twice they attempt the shore without effect

E'er

T 2

The

The third succeeds, where active MURRAY burns  
 A magazine, and to the camp returns,  
 Full of the thought, that there the troops, by night,  
 May land with more success, and MONTCALM fight.

WOLFE pines the while, with grief and sickness  
 Care and fatigue, unintermitting borne, [worn  
 Consume the spirits, and the nerves unstring ;  
 Life, as in doubtfull tenure, on the wing,  
 An useles burthen he but seems to trail ;  
 Nor med'cines to relieve him aught avail :  
 Sometimes the love of life holds chieftest place,  
 While mem'ry recollects each tender trace,  
 And ev'ry softer sentiment revives ;  
 Yet his fond mother, his betroth'd, yet lives ;  
 And youth is on his side, might he obtain  
 An interval of rest, and truce from pain.

Right well, by what is past, he is assur'd  
 The service will be chearfully endur'd ;  
 The gen'ral too abilities possess,  
 Worthy to crown the service with success ;

Thoughts

Thoughts coursing thoughts, fresh difficulties start,  
 A place, by situation strong, by art ;  
 A foe, who wisely on his strength relies ;  
 Shall he a few brave fellows sacrifice ?  
 Ah---shall his caution then his honour stain ?  
 Banish the thought, the thought returns again,  
 As when vexatious gad-flies, on the wing,  
 In summer months, a gen'rous courser sting,  
 Vainly his tail, and floating mane he shakes,  
 Now to the water, now to covert makes,  
 Scours o'er the field, untouch'd the herbage lies,  
 The buzzing plague pursues where'er he flies.

Resting in this, that counsel best can loose  
 The tangling snares which *Danger* ever strews,  
 To check the course of hardy enterprize ;  
 The officers conven'd, he bids advise  
 What measures may the present juncture fit ;  
 Perhaps they may on some expedient hit ;  
 At least he can their joint decision wait,  
 And now, in hopes the pain to mitigate,

He



He calls for the physician, none esteem'd  
More humane with his skill, more skillfull deem'd.

To whom the gen'ral, is there yet untry'd  
Aught, if more naufeous, howsoe'er apply'd,  
Whence I might hope an interval of ease?  
Something invent which may the spirits raise,  
Till I get through this most perplex'd affair,  
See *England* once and lay my relicks there.

To whom the doctor, yet in all my days  
Like yours I have not seen another ease;  
How can the force of medicine operate?  
When spurning life, in such a languid state,  
Your'e ev'ry where expos'd, on board, ashore;  
And notwithstanding rest to you were more  
Than that same *Panacea* sov'reign held!  
Nature, as with a spur, must be compell'd  
To constant duty, toiling day and night,  
Till jaded out, she sinks beneath the weight.

On this occasion rest is ill propos'd,  
WOLFE said, my thoughts, at present, all ingross'd—

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Not love of life, or limb, or any care  
My self respecting, moves me so much here;  
As the unfinish'd task---My country calls!  
Her flag unplanted yet on yonder walls---  
And reason good, for better soldiers ne'er,  
Tho' lately check'd, can follow officer;  
And shall a shatter'd carcass, such as mine,  
Hang only as a clogg on our design?  
But should I rest a day or two; past doubt,  
Your skill might patch me up--How long? Speak out.  
Eight or ten days fit medicines might give,  
Fresh spirits--You, no doubt, so long may live;  
But all the while life's wheels are hurrying down--  
WOLFE said, no matter, so we take the town;  
What yet remains shall thriftily be spent,  
And *France* her loss in tears of blood lament.  
While thus he spake, stern grew the *Heroe's* look,  
And tow'rd the town his arm defiance shook;  
Keen in his eye the martial spirit blaz'd;  
The doctor with such virtue stood amaz'd!

Prescribes

Not

Prescribes him then a soporific draught,  
 To lull the spirits, now, as wrap'd in thought,  
 Ponders the case, what fimples may effect,  
 Or potent druggs—himself will these inspect.  
 Knowing, should aught in weight or goodness fail,  
 The best prescriptions little can avail;  
 Two ends the sov'reign mixture should obtain,  
 Fresh strength infuse, and blunt the edge of pain.

An interval of ease and quiet sleep  
 Succeeds— The chiefs, in consultation deep,  
 Propose more troops above the town to send,  
 And there, by land and sea their efforts bend,  
 WOLFE, as an eagle with his strength renew'd,  
 Directs the war, and sees their plan pursu'd,  
 But leaves strong posts, in case of a defeat,  
 To guard the camp, and favour their retreat;  
 While SAUNDERS with his fire the bastion shakes,  
 And semblance, during night, of landing makes.

Day in the east had just begun to peep,  
 When MONTCALM from his lines beheld the steep;

He

He sees the beach with *British* soldiers swarm,  
 Scoffing at first, nor yet in haste to arm;  
 Scarce thinking they can *Sillery* ascend,  
 Where, each way, trees to check their march extend,  
 But quits his situation, when, in fight,  
 They now emerge, and dare him to the fight,  
 Form'd on the heights--- The *Gallic* force in haste  
 He now collects; *St. Charles's-River* past,  
 On *Abram-heights* each length'ning line extends,  
 MONTCALM to charge the *British* flank intends,  
 Nor less prepar'd, immortal WOLFE, to seize  
 Fit posts, and all the general displays;  
 Left of his line light infantry are plac'd,  
 To awe the *Savage* ev'ry way they fac'd;  
*Braggs, Kennedy's* and *Otway's* form the right;  
 With grenadiers still foremost in the fight;  
*Anstruther's*, firm *Lascell's* the center held,  
 And here their swords, the bold *North-Britons* wield  
 Sprung from the warlike *Picts*, brave *Highland-men*,  
 From many a hill they came, and many a glen;

U

Their

Their cliffs a native barrier seem to rise,  
 Against the sea, where many an island lies,  
 Where friths indent the shore and fishy bays,  
 Whence the industrious Surer wealth may raise  
 Than what *Peruvia* sends, or *Indostan* :  
 Form'd to endure fatigue, the warrior *Clan*,  
 Down through the course of time transmits his name  
 Old as the hills; and branching like the stream ;  
 Whether they on the *Grampian* mountains stray,  
 Or trace the borders of smooth-winding *Tay* ;  
 There where the *Keith*, in headlong cat'raet borne,  
 Roars thro' the rocks ; or *Gowry*, rich in corn ;  
 Where *Allan-water* hastens to *Dumblain* ;  
 And *Dunkeld-woods*, and *Errol's* wide demesne.

Those, where *Braidalbin* yet her *Erse* retains,  
 Enrich'd by FINGAL'S son with tunefull strains,  
 Tracing thy stream, O *Connal*, to it's spring !  
 Not *Theban* PINDAR stretch'd a bolder wing.  
 They too, who *Bad'nock* range, with uncomb'd locks  
 Rude as their hills, and hardy as their rocks ;

In hilly *Angus*, interspers'd with lakes,  
 Or where the *Spey* his course meand'ring takes;  
 Where *Dee* shoots rapid to the subject plain,  
 And waters *Cromar*, rich in herds and grain,  
 Till fisher *Don*, in *Murray-frith*, he meets,  
 Where *Aberdeen* extends her spacious streets;  
 Who range *Strath-bogie*, and the *Strath* of *Nairn*;  
 Or where *Glenfiddich* tower's; and woody *Mern*'.

These wear the *Tartan* plaid, of curious dye,  
 Loose in the wind, the folds yet gracefull fly;  
*Fancy* contriv'd the stuff of various hue,  
 And from the show'ry arch her patterns drew;  
 An outcast once, no friend or relative  
 Would to their roofs the needy *Nymph* receive:  
 She, after having trac'd the country round,  
 Among the *Scots* a kind reception found;  
 They learnt from her the milk-white fleece to stain,  
 And fix the colours in a richer grain,  
 To beam the web, where, shade relieving shade,  
 Is more conspicuous by the contrast made;



When now, with ready hand and steady foot,  
 Square intersecting square she casts the shoot.  
*Industry* fought her love, nor vainly fought,  
 The *Tartan* hence to high perfection brought,  
 By their descendants, yet a num'rous race,  
 Catches the eye with such uncommon grace ;  
 Whether loose hung, or where the philibeg  
 Discovers past the knee the warrior's leg,  
 Where the pure blood, uncheck'd with bandage, flows  
 Like tygers fierce and swift as mountain roes ;  
 Breathing revenge-- discipline yet restrains  
 Their native fire ; and each his rank maintains,  
 As gen'rous horse, by steady manage curb'd,  
 Keen in the fight, as hornets when disturb'd.

Second in rank, bold *MONCKTON*, takes the right ;  
*TOWNSEND*, upon the left, and *MURRAY* fight ;  
*WOLFE* in the center, fearless, takes his stand,  
 And views the hostile battle, now at hand ;  
 To fight them close the active chief resolves,  
 And firm their fluctuating line revolves ;

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As when in storms, where seas run mountain-high,  
 The skilfull mastet, with a sharp-set eye,  
 'Loofs, or lies nearer, till the ship receives  
 On her well-timber'd prow the broad-back'd waves.

All now attentive for the signal watch'd--  
 When TOWNSEND's parties on the left detach'd,  
 While the first random shot is interchang'd,  
 Give way to numbers, tho' with judgment rang'd;  
 WOLFE the disorder quickly rectifies,  
 Fresh troops the line of battle equipoize.

Now *Slaughter* gives her scarlet horse the reins;  
 'Twixt either host, what interval remains,  
 Grim-featur'd *War* in dreadfull menace strode,  
 Eager to bathe his steps in human blood:  
*Canadian* marks-men with the *Indians* joyn,  
 These, in the front dispers'd, the bushes line;  
 Signal of onset then the savage cry  
 Set up--and *Discord* tore the vaulted sky,  
 Heard as th' *Hyenian-roar*, or when *Hell-gates*  
 Op'ning--from all her depths harsh thunder grates!

A galling fire the whoop of *War* succeeds,  
 And many a chief, and many a soldier bleeds ;  
 With patience borne, in order marching slow,  
 While *WOLFE* advancing meditates the blow,  
 Yet keeps the bolt suspended, till it might  
 With all his country's well-tim'd vengeance light.  
*CANTURIA* now the white-wing'd moment seiz'd,  
 And all the *Genius* in the *Heroe* blaz'd !  
 With measur'd step, and firm, with look fedate ;  
*Grace* in his action, in his purpose *Fate* ;  
 Still as the *Grave*, the troops, in just array,  
 Step as he steps, and for the signal stay :  
 Not so the *Gaul*, large intervals take place,  
 While here, and there, his cumb'rous battle sways.

*MONTCALM*, prevented in his first design  
 To force the left, in haste contracts his line ;  
 'The deep'ning files a column form entire ;  
 'Twas then *WOLFE*'s signal rous'd the *British* fire  
 As when a tempest to a calm succeeds  
 In *Lincoln* fenns, o'ergrown with sedge and reeds,

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Whistle the winged winds, with rattling hail,  
And to their coverts drive web-footed teal ;  
Or when keen frosts the sportive youth invite  
To beat the copses, where the field-fares light,  
Or spring the whirring partridge, stubble-fed,  
Whole coveys drop where'er the pellets spread ;  
So sure the well-train'd spaniel of his game,  
The sportsman cool, and steady of his aim ;  
Thus, ev'ry where kept up, the shot took place,  
'Twixt either host, now left but little space,  
And MONTCALM'S battle gor'd from front to rear,  
Whole ranks o'erthrown, that with their arms appear  
Rang'd as they stood, consign'd to instant death ;  
So falls rank hay-grass, lying in the swath  
Before the mower's scythe--Suspence yet held  
The rest inactive, with amazement chill'd.  
WOLFE, and his firm platoons, advancing yet,  
Where equal danger from the bayonett,  
And levell'd musquetry, with added ball,  
Yet more destructive plies th' astonish'd *Gaul*.

As

As when a thunder-bolt o'erturns the shed  
 Where herdsmen nightly watch, part stricken dead,  
 Part tho' unhurt, in doubt to fly or stay,  
 Motionless, stand at gaze, in wild dismay :  
 Till, from her nit'rous stores, another cloud  
 The flash re-kindles, with concussion loud ;  
 Mindless alike to rally, or retire,  
 So these, devoted, wait the *British* fire ;  
 Where smutty grain of matter, predispos'd  
 Catches from flint and steel the sparkle rous'd,  
 With terrible explosion to impell  
 Cold *Saturn*.    MONTCALM with his second fell.  
 While chance alone their headless battle sway'd,  
 WOLFE, to close fight advancing undismay'd,  
 Had now, upon the wrist, receiv'd a wound ;  
 Another ball, e'er well the hurt was bound,  
 Below his navel fix'd ; yet he conceals  
 The pain, till wounded in the breast he reels ;  
 By officers supported from the fight :  
 As resolute, advancing on the right,

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MocNKTON was wounded, to the shoulder-blade,  
 Quite through his lungs, the ball a passage made ;  
 Air issues thro' the wound, which now the chief  
 Press'd with his hand till surgeons give relief.

Not less for this, led nearly to the push  
 Of bayonet, the troops impetuous rush,  
 Vowing revenge, to see their leaders fall,  
 With added cartridge, and another ball ;  
*Bragg's* dauntless infantry and firm *Lascell*,  
 With grenadiers advance : Dire was the yell  
 Of *Savages*, the dying and the dead,  
 Bestrew'd the field ; from brown to sullen red  
 Instant the *Caledonian's* visage turn'd,  
 Each fell'd a foe and as he fell'd him spurn'd.

What troops of *France* unbroken yet remain'd,  
 Had now a copse at hand for shelter gain'd,  
 Cover'd with underwood and tangling brakes,  
 Here MONTCALM, e'er the fight, with earth and stakes,  
 Slight works had rais'd from whence with well-aim'd  
*Canadian* marks-men might the *English* gall ; [ball,

Hence on the *British* line, Foudriol low'rs,  
 And all in haste collects his scatter'd pow'rs ;  
 These facing now deal slaughter, in their turn,  
 As sick'ning fires, that with fresh fuel burn ;  
 So hunted stags, at bay, the stanch-hound gore,  
 Or dreadfull with his tusks the savage boar.

While thus the scales of fight alternate turn,  
 Mothers their sons, maids must their lovers mourn ;  
 Friends friends ; wives, orphans, for the father, spouse,  
 So many knees the chance of battle bows.

But lo! *Anstruther's* infantry advance,  
 Nought now avail thy arts truce-breaking *France* ;  
 With fire reserv'd, and bayonets breast-high,  
 They charge, and now the most determin'd flie ;  
 Or when *Despair* fresh courage to excite,  
 When *Honour* urges to renew the fight ;  
 The *Highlanders*, who e'er they make a stand,  
 Mow down the half-form'd ranks, with sword in hand ;  
 Each sepr'ate charges, and himself defends,  
 As only, on his arm the day depends ;

*France*

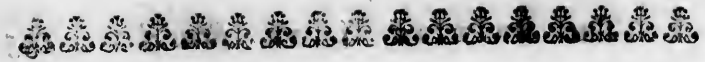
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France routed flies, her battle cleft in twain,  
Part strive the city, part the camp, to gain;  
Red-finger'd *Slaughter* hunts 'em on the trail,  
And claims, of carcases, her utmost tale.

*End of the sixth Book.*





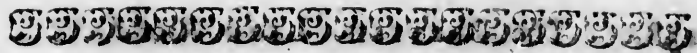


The BRITISH LION Rous'd;  
BOOK VII.

The ARGUMENT.

**G**ENERAL Townsend takes the command--  
*The rout of the French continued--Acts of  
 Macpherfon--His valour and slaughter of the enemy.  
 French chased to Quebec---Wolfe dying is informed  
 of the victory---His last words---Lamented and ce-  
 lebrated--Canturia remanded to her former station--  
 Returns---Her station on Dover-cliff described on the  
 rumour of an invasion---Operations of the siege at  
 Quebec resumed--Employment of the seamen there--  
 Character of British seamen--Reduction of Quebec--  
 It's importance.*

The



The BRITISH LION *Rous'd;*  
BOOK VII.

**W**HILE WOLFE and MONCKTON for their  
country bleed,

TOWNSEND commands, and, with amazing speed,  
Instant, the center gain'd, his measures took,  
Kept up the chase, where'er the line is broke,  
With skill he rallies, and, with special care,  
From BOUGANVILLE, at hand, secures his rear.

As forward on the rout he cast his eyes,  
A brave old *Highlander* the chief espies ;  
Seemly himself, alone, a war maintains,  
Now, tir'd with slaughter, on his sword he leans,  
To breathe, a while--then off his doublet threw,  
And ev'ry stroke he made a foe he flew.

*Daughters of-song*, MACPHERSON's add relate!  
Dreadful in battle! whence that settled hate,  
To cross the sea, at seventy years of age,  
And wake stern *Mars*, to *Caledonian* rage?

Twice

Twice *France*, in arms the warrior *Scots* to rouse,  
 The quarrel urges of the *Stuart's House*;  
 As oft betray'd--The valiant *Highland-man*,  
 Zealous, among the foremost, join'd his *Clan*;  
 But when he hears, *Gaul*, having serv'd a turn,  
 Forces their *Idol* from her realm, with scorn;  
 He drew his trusty two-edg'd sword--the blade  
*Andrew Ferrara* for his grandfire made,  
 Drawn in the royal cause, when bold *MONTROSSE*  
 Suffer'd; He but surviv'd the publick loss  
 A little while; next, to his son bequeath'd,  
 The sword at *Gillicranky* is unsheath'd,  
 Faithful to *Stuart's house* in all extreams,  
 During the long o'er-clouded life of *JAMES*;  
 Who, e'er he was well fixed on the seat,  
 To such extremeties could drive the state!  
 Not knowing when to rein, or when to scourge;  
 Twice drawn in opposition to king *GEORGE*.  
 But now, devoutly kiss'd, *MACPHERSON* rears  
 The edge, while thus, invoking *Heav'n* he swears;

Hear

Hear me, *O God of Battles*, when I call!  
And grant me vengeance on perfidious *Gaul!*  
As, during life, I shall occasion take  
On her and hers my purpos'd wrath to wreak.  
Whom *Caledonia*, with her ample shield,  
That day protected where he trod the field;  
*TERZILLIEL* gave a charge to this effect,  
With care to see the rising choler check,  
While doubtful, yet at first, the battle joins,  
But, when the scale for *Britain* once inclines,  
Leave the free spirit to it's utmost range--  
So *Heav'n* ordains; allow'd his just revenge.  
The first he slew, *DE MAMMELEAU*, of note,  
Rallying his men; the sword glanc'd on his throat,  
With sideway sweep; from either jug'lar spun  
The vital blood, while now the rout begun.  
*LA CHAMBARDIE* then fell, a fatal stroke,  
Just as he sought to guard, the rapier broke;  
Destin'd his spouse and babes no more to see,  
With kind embraces left in *Picardie*;

Among

Hear

Among the first commanded o'er the main,  
 When *France*, her bold encroachments to maintain,  
 Had cast her curb across the *Obio* flood;  
 Such treasure hence expended, so much blood.  
 CLAIRAULT his friend in danger ne'er forsook;  
 One tent, one mess with CHAMBARDIE partook;  
 Blooming in youth his skill and courage charm  
 The warlike *Scot*, and half his rage disarm;  
 Who, rous'd, betakes him to the surest guard,  
 When now the active youth prest on him hard;  
 Skillful the ground to traverse, he observes,  
 Due time with hand and foot, of supple nerves;  
 Not so MACPHERSON, now, by grief and age,  
 Grown rigid, as a bull, with smother'd rage,  
 Low'rs in the ring, and every way his horns  
 Presents, so ev'ry way the warrior turns;  
 Till rising at the stroke, but one he aim'd;  
 Which his left shoulder from the neck unseam'd;  
 The griding edge, his quiv'ring heart divides,  
 And life's pure stream well'd out in purple tides.

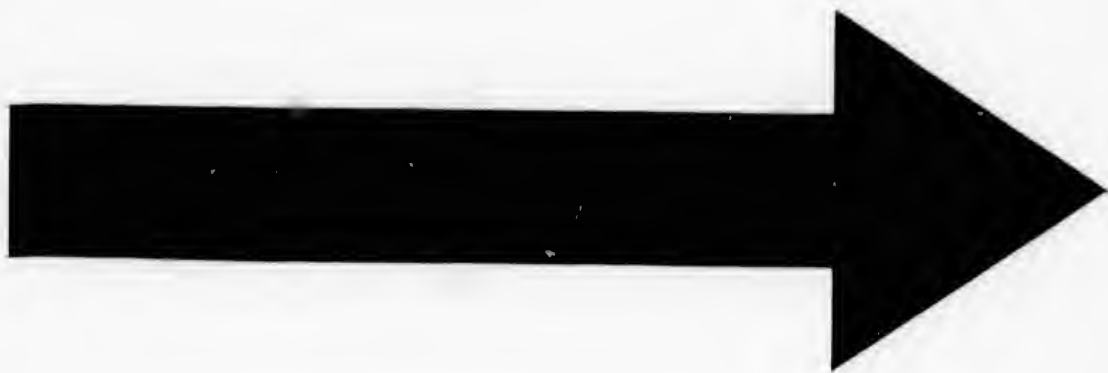
Breathless

Breathless, two others, at his feet were laid,  
 St. PIERRE, the first, faint opposition made ;  
 Late at *Ticonderago* honours fought,  
 A cadet under MONTCALM'S eye he fought ;  
 But here his head no friendly breast-work screens,  
 Slain by the warrior *Scot*, e'er he obtains  
 The consecrated cross, or promis'd post ;  
 Next, on the *Scot* a *Swiss* subaltern clos'd,  
 Vaulting, with artfull lunge, full at the breast  
 His ready point the active fencer prest ;  
 But, e'er the point can measure half it's way,  
 Snap'd short, the *Higland* blade, with two-edg'd  
 Recover'd, lays him headless at a blow ; [sweep,  
 As active boys, where stinging nettles grow,  
 With taper hazzle switch, or willow wand,  
 Disperse, and, ever where the rankest stand,  
 Lop first, then fall enrag'd among the heap ;  
 So now the broad-sword, with destructive sweep,  
 Large havock made, in wheel promisc'ous tost,  
 Many of note, more fall whose names are lost,

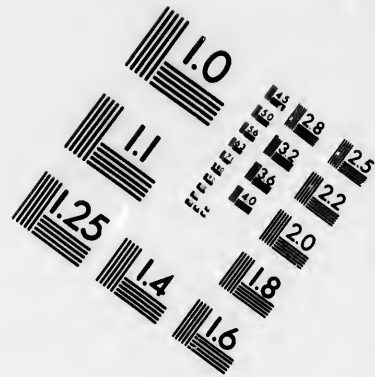
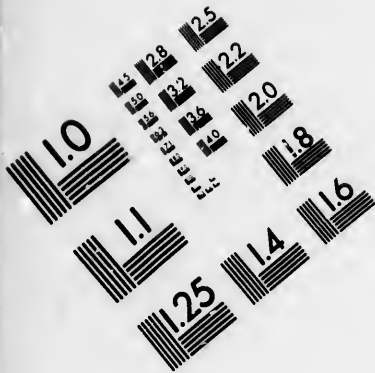
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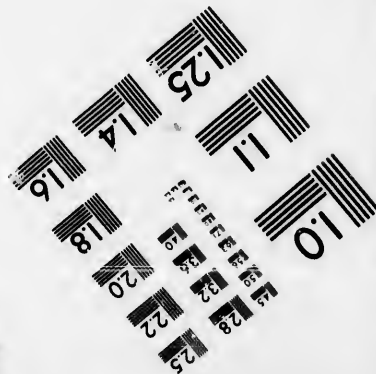
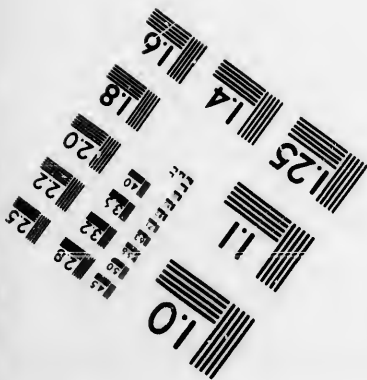
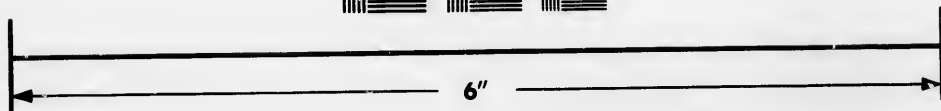
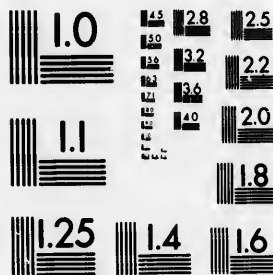
Breathless







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Whole heaps, an undistinguish'd carnage lie ;  
 And now indignant seen by *VIELARDOY* ;  
*Canadian* born, a *Frenchman* was his sire,  
 Grown rich, with farming provinces entire ;  
 But, for extortion practis'd, forc'd to fly,  
 His ill-got wealth court-sycophants enjoy ;  
 He cross'd the sea, and fix'd at *Trois-riviers*  
 Thrifty at first, a small plantation clears ;  
 Cunning at barter, in the peltry trade  
 He next engag'd, and soon a fortune made ;  
 Left at his death to *VIELARDOY* : The son,  
 Born of an *Indian* woman, now full-grown ;  
 A man of substance deem'd, he occupies  
 Land, lately wrested from the *Iroquois*,  
 Betwixt *Connecticut* and *Champlain-lake* ;  
 Hence late expell'd, and finding all at stake,  
*MONTCALM* he joins---Of cunning, as of name,  
 For musquetry, none surer drop'd his game ;  
 Practis'd, from youth, to hunt the nimble deer,  
 And dart the beaver, with a bearded spear.

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As leaning on his sword, MACPHERSON takes  
A breathing space, behind a bush he sneaks  
To prime, and load his piece; the ball was chew'd,  
The warrior *Scot* with savage purpose view'd;  
Whence half-discover'd, as the shot he aims,  
With martial grasp, again the broad-sword flames;  
That fight alone the coward's spirit froze;  
Down, undischarg'd, the firelock now he throws  
And fled; But *Mars* the *Caledonian* slip'd,  
With breath recover'd, off his doublet strip'd;  
Instant he sprung, and kept him in his eye,  
Alone pursu'd, of all the rest that flie,  
In vain he winds among the mingled rout,  
The *Scot* pursues his game, yet singled out;  
And now the fly *Canadian* overtakes--  
Full at his head, behind, the weapon makes  
Uninterrupted way, and, from the crown,  
Continuous, to the navel clove him down.

Whom, fallen, thus the *Caledonian*, wroth,  
Insults; Let *France*, her double-broken oath,

Experience thus; till *Scotland's* steadfast hate  
 Leaves her, an helpless, as a faithless state--  
 Nor longer paus'd, but, with recover'd breath,  
 Again address'd him to the work of *Death!*  
 While, bath'd in sweat, increasing in his speed,  
 As an old racer, of a gen'rous breed,  
 Headlong he shoots, and with the foremost springs,  
 To chase the flying foe, where *Fear* gives wings.

SINECLAIR, alone, oppos'd the *Heroe's* course;  
 Tho' in the foot, he fought among the horse;  
 Among the first, that column to assail  
 At *Fontenoy*; when such infernal *Zeal*  
 Of *Renegades* the tide of battle turn'd,  
 Their country's call, and royal mercy spurn'd:  
 Not with a rapier, but a sword he fought,  
 Two-edg'd, and late among the plunder caught,  
 When *ABERCROMBIE's* force gave place to *France*;  
 Of proof the blade, it's value to enhance  
*Ferarc's* name might be distinguish'd yet,  
 But faint, so often for the slaughter whet.

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Both met, and now begun a desp'rate fight ;  
 The bold *North-Briton*, on the weapon bright  
 Now cast an eye, already deem'd his prize ;  
 And thus, while on his guard, secure, he lies--  
 Of *Highland-race*, in act that blade to wield,  
 Dost thou advance to kill, or to be kill'd ?  
 Or, from it's rightfull owner's grasp estrang'd,  
 The time is come to see thy theft reveng'd ?  
 Less in this weapon than the *Virgin's* aid,  
 I trust, reply'd the zealous *Renegade* ;  
 A foe to hereticks, to *France*, a friend--  
 More words are vain ; thy threaten'd life defend  
 To *France* alike, and to her friends a foe  
 Now thou art caught, this arm shall lay thee low,  
 MACPHERSON said ; and, scowling, forward f ;  
 There, where he fix'd his foot, his foot he kept,  
 Till SINECLAIR fell ; now near, and now aloof  
 He ply'd the *Scot*, each weapon to the proof  
 Bends, and spontaneous to its temper springs ;  
 As when the twanging bow an arrow wings ;

Both

And

And now they clash'd, and then alternate swung,  
 At last, a wound the zealot's ham unstrung;  
 Scarce felt, e'er now deep buried in his side,  
 MACPHERSON'S sword a passage opens wide,  
 Which through the liver plow'd—He stretch'd his  
 When thus the warrior, glory in the strength [length:  
 Of women, on the *Lord of Hosts* I call,  
 Who, hitherto, my vengeance, vow'd on *Gaul*,  
 Has witness'd. Nearer those devoted tow'rs  
 He press'd, from whence in vain FONDRIOL low'rs;  
 Where *France* her routed battle separates,  
 Part to the river, part the city gates,  
 More fall, to glut his vengeance; scarce *Quebec*  
 With her defences, can his progress check;  
 For many in the ditch are overthrown;  
 At one attack, the *General* looking on,  
 Twelve foes he fell'd; and none, of all the rout,  
 Escape with life, his arm has singled out.

Mean while, the *British* infantry advance,  
 And, terrible in arms, the sworded *Clans*;

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Where those, in full platoon, their battle broke,  
 These, rushing in, deal death at every stroke ;  
 And ever, where a *Highland* blade impends,  
 Heavy, with *Scotland's* wrath, the edge descends ;  
 Heads, arms, and legs, in wild confusion lop'd,  
 These by the sword ; by whizzing bullets drop'd  
 Numbers, or, with the bayonet transfix'd,  
 Whole heaps, *Canadians, French* and *Indians*, mix'd !  
 Foil'd, in the presence of her fierce allies,  
 While, fugitive the *Gaul* to covert hies ;  
 Supported by the forrowing officers,  
 WOLFE faints--and now the victor shout he hears ;  
 Those eyes, which late had from their function ceas'd,  
 Bright'ning again--Again himself he rais'd ;  
 Yet, for the soldiers while his bowels yearn,  
 Anxious the fortune of the day to learn,  
 Who runs?-- said WOLFE-- The officers reply,  
 'Tis *France*--- Then God be prais'd, content I die,  
 Nor utters more, but pious bow'd his head,  
 Wing'd in such words the active spirit fled ;

A

Where

A lifeless corse, on *Abram-beight* he lies,  
 No relative at hand to close his eyes;  
 Far his fond mother, his betroth'd away,  
 Yet, beautiful in *Death* the *Heroe* lay:  
 There was the lover, and the foldier trac'd,  
 Soften'd the martial lines yet un-eraz'd;  
 In act to charge, and prominent his look,  
 While, seemly yet, his grasp the truncheon shook.

O how becoming! when to noble deeds,  
 Urg'd at his country's call, a foldier bleeds;  
 Yet more commended, if, in *Glory's* race,  
 The love of life to publick good gives place;  
 Most, when a *Chief* the publick notice claims,  
 In whom the lover, foldier, patriot flames!

Lovely in life, in death yet unsubstid'd,  
 Immortal WOLFE--thy wreaths, tho' dip'd in blood!  
 Yet bloom---*To Thee, illustrious shade! to Thee!*  
*Britain* shall future honours yet decree!  
 Contending provinces thy birth shall claim,  
 And children's children learn to list *Thy name*:

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To noble stock, if hopefull issue fails,  
 While her betroth'd the love-lorn virgin wails,  
 Like *Thee*, devoted on a foreign coast,  
 If e'er fond mother has a darling lost,  
 These, as *Thy* moving story they shall hear,  
 Will sigh--and drop a sympathizing tear.

CANTURIA mourns--but, from TERZILIEL sped,  
 A *Watcher* calls: Thy charge no more the *Dead*;  
 For now, the meek-look'd ministers of *Grace*  
 Attend and waft the spirit to his place,  
 Resting in God: Let dust return to dust,  
 Nor need inscriptions, or the sculptur'd bust;  
*WOLFE* yet, in his dispatches, lives and breathes,  
 What *Briton* melts not, when the sov'reign bathes  
 His furrow'd cheek? but thou, thy charge resume  
 On *Dover-cliffs*; for *Gaul*, with fullen gloom,  
 Invasion plans, and from th' infernal pit  
 Locusts, as *Gods* long-suff'ring shall permit,  
 Swarming, upon the plowman's sweat to feed,  
 Seek, as of old, to nestle here and breed.

Z

CANTURIA

CANTURIA sped, obsequious at the call,  
 To *Doner-cliffs*, and, frowning on the *Gaul*,  
 Shakes her long lance--while TOWNSEND from pursuit  
 Calls off his men, for, ready to dispute  
 The well-won field, lo! other troops appear--  
 Nor with success elate, nor damp'd with fear,  
 He waits for BOUGANVILLE, in firm array,  
 But tempts no more the fortune of the day:  
 They, seeing *Abram-heights* bestrown with dead,  
 To swamps and to the woods for shelter fled;  
 Nor linger there, but up the river sail,  
 And tell the dismal tidings at *Montreal*.

The gen'ral orders, when the woods are clear'd,  
 To see the wounded dress'd, the dead interr'd:  
 MACPHERSON, now returning from the rout,  
 Just breath'd, among the rest he singled out;  
 Erect, nor yet with age, or sorrow bow'd,  
 In martial port the *Caledonian* strode;  
 Known in his shirt, with recent tokens bath'd  
 Of slaughter, and his weapon yet unsheath'd;

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Whence, from his arm and all along his side,  
Down to the feet, a crimson stream had dy'd.

When thus the *Chief* address'd the victor *Scot*,  
Brave *Highlander* was poverty thy lot ?  
Wife, son and nephew, dost thou now survive  
Alone, of all thy kindred, left alive ?  
Or singly has the thirst of *Glory* mov'd,  
To lend thy arm, our common cause approv'd,  
Freely, so old, with us to entertain,  
And swell this carnage with thy heaps of slain ?

To whom the warrior, while his point he lower'd,  
Well is the tooth of *Poverty* endur'd,  
Where simple *Nature*, when our bannocks fail,  
Sits down, contented with her bag of meal,  
Beside a brook, or near a springing well ;  
Nor yet cut off my kin, tho' many fell  
For *Stuart's House*, what time insidious *France*  
Twice rais'd, and twice betray'd the *Highland Clans* ;  
Hence, oaths have bound my soul to seek revenge,  
If e'er she came within my weapons range--

So, please your *Honour*, I have kept my word;  
 God's will assisting, and a good broad sword.

Due witness to thy valor we have borne  
 The gen'ral said; but now thy sword return,  
 And leave the field; thy worth consider'd well,  
 Rever'd thy age, we counsel, not compell,  
 And cleanse thee from the dust and clotted gore,  
 With change of cloathing furnish'd from the store,  
 Enquire for me, if I forget to send---  
 Perhaps we may thy future fortunes mend.

Due notice to the *Chief's* injunction paid,  
 The *Caledonian* sheath'd his trusty blade,  
 Then, washing, from the store himself compleats,  
 And for the general's further notice waits.

Active mean while the city to invest,  
 TOWNSHEND; nor gives the *Gaul* a moments rest,  
 And SAUNDERS, notic'd in a kind bequest;  
 WOLFE left the chief what plate he daily us'd,  
 With which the *Gen'ral's* *Genius* seems transfus'd;  
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There, where WOLFE sets, he glows another star,  
 On land a voluntier, at sea a tarr !  
 His ardour through the squadron caught by turns,  
 The sea-man now, and now the land-man burns ;  
 Part yoak'd in teagles, ranging two by two,  
 With labour, up the hill, heavy artillery drew ;  
 These, on the stretch, each sinewey tendon strain ;  
 Others, with iron crows, a gun sustain,  
 Left it should down the precipice recoil,  
 What time their fellows breathe, quite spent with toil ;  
 Or raise a carriage, if sometimes the wheels  
 Plough deeper rutts, when, with descending rills,  
 From show'rs of rain, whence rivers take their rise,  
 In gullies cut, the brow unequal lies :  
 Sometimes round, trees at hand, the teagles cast,  
 Secure the purchase, till a ridge is past,  
 Then wind along--Tho' all with labour sweat,  
 All to the work their shoulders freely set.

What nation can with *Britain* seamen boast ?  
 To toils, alike by land and sea expos'd,

With



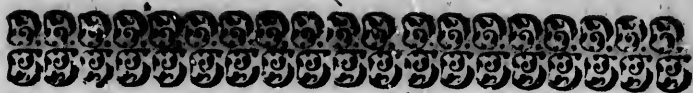
With spirits, in the service yet unbroke,  
Firm and unrival'd as their native oak.

E'er yet the batt'ry's rais'd, Foudriol, hoarse,  
Retires to guard *Montreal*, his last resource,  
Nor longer from the far-seen bastion raves ;  
*Quebec* submits, and *British* troops receives :  
All shout, to see the union ensign flie,  
The gen'ral's fall, yet, damps the soldiers joy :  
Ah ! had he, fortunate as well as brave,  
Seen on those walls, those honour'd trophies wave.  
But *Neptune*, from among the *Sea-girt Isles*,  
Yet sees them wave, and while he sees 'em smiles,  
Vowing he will annex this precious gem,  
Henceforth, to *Britain's* sea-green diadem.

*End of the Seventh Book.*



The



# The BRITISH LION Rous'd;

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

**I**NDIANS in the French interest return---  
Their account of the battle---Speech of an old  
Indian--Quebec threatend to be retook--Murray on his  
guard--Townsend and Saunders sail for England--  
Conference of Townsend and Macpherson--Account  
of the strength and martial disposition of the High-  
landers---Incidents of the two rebellions--Saunders  
joins Hawke--Armament in France--Hawke wind-  
bound--Eagerness of the sailors to engage--Descrip-  
tion of harbours, rivers, &c. whence sailors are  
furnish'd to mann the fleets--Advice that Conflans  
is at sea--Hawke weighs and sails to fight him.

The



The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;  
BOOK VII.

**M**EAN while the *Indian* fugitives return  
To join their tribes; these for their war-  
riors moven,

Who, since the ravages of *War* took place,  
Neglected both the peltry and the chase,  
Reck'ning from scalps, where *France* points out the  
And plunder'd settlements, an easier prey. [way

The chiefs amaz'd a council summon straight,  
To whom accounts of *MONTCALM*'s late defeat,  
The eldest warrior gives--The story, long,  
Recites, with action pertinent, how strong  
The *French*, in posts of difficult access,  
Like hornets which the craggy cliff possess.  
In large canoes the *English* plough the waves,  
The *French* despis'd them, with repeated braves,  
Still crying out, their warriors to enflame,  
*Hereticks!* some devouring monster's name,

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Which heretofore had left their country waste,  
They told us so, and how a *Demon* seiz'd  
Their spirits, what strange torments they endure,  
While those, tho' few, the bason cover'd o'er;  
Busy as beavers, when, a lodge to make,  
Large trees are with their teeth fell'd cross the lake;  
Eager to fight, they never stand at gaze,  
But, with uncommon speed, land, form, and face.

Both armies met, rang'd opposite in lines,  
Both rush expos'd--but, e'er the battle joins,  
To covert we, nor long the *French-men* stood;  
'Twas then the great red-warriors hack'd and hew'd;  
Like hunted hinds all fly to save their lives,  
While these pursue; others, with long sharp knives,  
Fight single; none to trees for shelter make,  
But, as the foremost any overtake  
Those drop'd, through that firm substance cut behind,  
Just where the ancle to the heel is join'd;  
Or where, sometimes in tortures we intend,  
With greater pain the victim's soul to bend,

The knee from its position forcing back,  
 Bone from his bone, you hear the sinews crack ;  
 Thus maim'd, upon their hands and feet they crept,  
 Others the field in horrid circles swept,  
 And ev'ry mortal wheel a *French-man* fell,  
 But most sharp bayonets the rout impell ;  
 Where, fiercer-look'd, and taller than the rest,  
 Insulting on the rear the warrior press'd,  
 All keep their ranks, tho' running at full speed,  
 To dart their game, and ranks to ranks succeed,  
 As waves to waves, when winds have vex't the lake ;  
 If great AR'OUSKI should the hatchet take,  
 The least of these to flight he could not turn,  
 All so impatient for the battle burn.

Nephews, a rev'rend *Sachem* said, 'tis plain  
 In an ill hour you broke the cov'nant chain  
 Which held us with the *English* planters bound,  
 Seduc'd by *France* to send the hatchet round ;  
 Who could, by such uncommon arts devise  
 With clouds of dust to blind the *Indian's* eyes :

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Some *Demon* now, I plainly see, presides  
 O'er all their councils and their actions guides ;  
 'Tis true, with honey'd speech, they promise fair,  
 And magnify their conduct in the war ;  
 Of which, their forts constructed where they please,  
 Witness in part, but who the purchase pays ?  
 Yet, all those settlements the *English* hold,  
 Were by our selves, or by our grandfires sold ;  
 Our antient *Sachem*, long of fight bereav'd,  
 Whom, lately, the *Beloved ones* receiv'd,  
 Told us ( the great salt-waters he had cross'd )  
 None could such warriors as the *English* boast ;  
 And when the council-fire, through our neglect,  
 Went out, he often spake to this effect--  
 Nephews, the *English*, since they settled here,  
 To peace inclin'd, have left us nought to fear,  
 If aught be wrong, their king can set it right ;  
 Then rub the cov'nant-chain, and keep it bright.  
 Why do the *French* build forts, in time of peace,  
 On ev'ry lake, at ev'ry *Carrying-place* ?



But with intent both nations to enslave--  
 Yet, if provok'd, you'll find the *English* brave;  
 Are they themselves unable to defend?  
 Their breth'ren soon, can pow'rfull succours send;  
 And should their great red-warriors once arrive,  
 Few that oppose them would be left alive.

Yet ye had heavy ears; and now are blind,  
 But polish up the chain and see it join'd  
 Link to his link: On *France* the hatchet turn--  
 The council fire, soon kindled, bright may burn;  
 Or, if you rather are to peace inclin'd--  
 Your game, as heretofore, and beaver mind.

They hear, and, by the *Elder's* counsel sway'd,  
 Part, take to hunting and the peltry trade;  
 Part follow AMHERST'S fortunes in the field;  
 A few, with gifts debauch'd, and loath to yield,  
 Cleave to the *French*, where savage VAUDREUIL  
 For human scalps continues, at *Montreal*,  
 Infernal barter! grizly, round the hall  
 Nail'd as receiv'd--Infatuated *Gaul!*

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Are these thy triumphs! On the heels of *Guilt*  
 Just *Vengeance* treads; The blood of planters spilt  
 Makes *Mercy* to the *Talion-law* give place--  
 And ev'ry scalp, a *French-man's* scalp repays.  
 To these, receiv'd with studied complaisance,  
 Exhausting all the specious arts of *France*,  
 The cunning governor his tale directs--  
 Brethren our Father all his force collects;  
 He turn'd his back and south-ward chanc'd to look,  
 While, like a thief, *Quebec* the *English* took--  
 But, shortly, with a thousand great canoes,  
 To pinch the little *English* king he goes;  
 His face is turn'd, and north-ward now he sees,  
 With warriors more in number than the trees.  
 He sails, their lands to spoil, their towns to burn,  
 Till they *Quebec* and *Louisbourg* return;  
 This ye shall see, as ye before have seen--  
 Then hold the hatchet fast, and make it keen.  
 With subtile speech, accusom'd thus to gloze,  
*France* on the simple *Indians* can impose:

They

They join her scatter'd fugitives; and take  
 The nearest posts; then sail from lake to lake,  
 Threat'ning *Quebec*: But MURRAY, in command,  
 With purpose fix'd their utmost to withstand,  
 Th' important conquest keeping, justifies  
 His country's trust, and all their rage defies.

TOWNSHEND embark'd, to *England* now proceeds  
 On board the fleet, the good *Centurion* leads;  
 But faithfull to his promise, e'er he went,  
 The bold *North Briton*, treated at his tent,  
 Sails when he fails, in waiting still attends;  
 For whom, at leisure now, the gen'ral sends,  
 While his great project, yet is incomplete,  
 Anxious the northern force to estimate---  
 A conference he begun to this effect,  
 Sit down--- Thy years and valour claim respect;  
 I've seen the *Clan's* behaviour with amaze;  
 What numbers now cou'd all the *Highlands* raise?

Pausing a while, and seeming wrapt in thought,  
 The foldier said, e'er *Sherif-muir* was fought,

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A list was handed round which made us then,  
 In number nearly forty-thousand men ;  
 Part neuter, part *King George's* claim espouse,  
 We, who in arms stood up for *Stuart's House*,  
 Tho' check'd at *Sberif-muir*, yet kept the field ;  
 Till, finding *France* the promis'd troops witheld,  
 We fled for shelter to the hills, and WADE  
 A chain of posts across the country made,  
 He, more than half the *Highlanders* subdu'd  
 Thro' rocks and mountains while a road he hew'd--  
 And when the antient grudge again was rous'd,  
 With fire and sword the bloody *Campbels* loos'd,  
 Ravag'd the country, after we were broke,  
 This, to the *Highlands* was a fatal stroke--  
 Scarce of our numbers must ring now a third ;  
 For harvest, cattle, age, nor sex were spar'd.

Such is the consequence, brave *Highland-man*,  
 The gen'ral said, of *Clan* opos'd to *Clan*,  
 'Tis well at last those *Herriots* are destroy'd,  
 By laws which make their jurisdictions void ;

North

*North*, as *South Britain*, now alike, is free  
 To taste the sweets of peace, and property---  
 Yet none, her martial spirit seek to check,  
 Witness the *Clans* now left to keep *Québec* :  
 'Gainst whom, tho' *France* her numbers shou'd unite,  
 MURRAY I know, and all the *Scots* will fight ;  
 How steady to his trust, brave GARD'NER fell !  
 The circumstances, doubtless, you can tell--  
 'Tis rumour'd, while in *Edinburgh* they lay,  
 How he foretold, the horse wou'd run away.

Troth said the soldier, they were little worth ;  
 E'er yet, for *Edinburgh*, we cross the *Forth* ;  
 From their behaviour we had cause to hope  
 Those troops wou'd join us, when we met with COPE ;  
 At *Correyerrie* pass, we hence lay still,  
 Where, seventeen-times a road winds up the hill ;  
 Sure of the horse, and counting all the foot,  
 E'er they got up, wou'd be in pieces cut :  
 This COPE perceiv'd, and with his men took ship,  
 Left we to *Edinburgh* shou'd by him slip ;

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But night and day, upon the march, we stretch'd,  
And, e'er he lands, the capital have reach'd.

COPE, landed now, we drew out all the *Clans*,  
And found him with his force at *Preston-Pans*,  
Where, all the art of gen'ralship display'd,  
Excellent dispositions he had made ;  
With admirable skill his posture chang'd,  
As, skirting round their flanks, all day we rang'd ;  
Yet, after we had stole a march by night,  
We took 'em by surprize, e'er morning light ;  
A rout it might be call'd--but scarce a fight.

Calling, in vain, upon the Horse to stand,  
Now GARD'NER fought on foot, with sword in hand ;  
Unequal match, where one to numbers held  
Close fight, and yet five *Highland-men* he kill'd :  
While now our chiefs, who knew the col'nel brave,  
Rush in, each calling out, save GARD'NER ! save !  
With many wounds receiv'd, he, falling, cry'd  
Let GOD save GAR'DNER ; nothing more, and died.

B b

Greatly

Greatly he fell, observ'd the gen'ral here,  
 While in his eye stood charg'd the big-fwol'n tear;  
 Inward he groans, to think, with pannick seiz'd  
 The troops, how soon a leader is disgrac'd---  
 'Then thus--Let their vile arts be ne'er forgot,  
 Who thus cou'd arm a *Scot*, against a *Scot* :  
 But tell me foldier, when ye southward went,  
 To march for *London*, was it your intent?

So we intended, you may rest assur'd,  
 He said. The *Clans* in earnest draw the sword;  
 Firm to their purpose, righteous or unjust,  
 But *England*, we no more than *France* cou'd trust;  
 O had we there but suffer'd a defeat,  
 Our country might have 'scap'd the *Campbell's* hate,  
 Nor we, as plund'ers branded in our flight;  
 Worthy that name, before *Culloden* fight,  
 Many, with booty laden, left the cause,  
 When, with his force, the *Duke* yet nearer draws;  
 And *France* had sent, of all her promis'd force,  
 The broken remnant of *Fitz-James's* horse:

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Late near *Tournay* to *English* troops oppos'd,  
 Where half their men and officers were lost.  
 While these describe the conduct of the *Duke*,  
 His well-known warmth our firmest leaders shook;  
 Who in the field infernal batt'ries pass'd,  
 Three strong intrenchments forc'd--scarce check'd at

Desertion follow'd, discord soon succeeds-- [last.

As many leaders, just so many heads;  
 In fruitless cavills they unactive lay,  
 Till all the regulars had cross the *Spey*:  
 The battle joins, and we are broke of course--  
 What could resist the shock of *British* horse?  
 Unable to collect our scatter'd pow'rs,  
 Behind, in full career, the sword devours;  
 Before, the country lay a desert round!  
 Where meager *Want* sat pining on the ground;  
 The strong, his morsel snatching from the weak;  
 Such hardships I have borne for *Stuart's* sake.

The foldier softens into floods of tears,  
 While thus he ceas'd--Whom now the gen'ral cheers,



'Tis well if, by experience taught, the *Clans*  
 Can see how they have been the dupes of *France*;  
 While noble blood, as common water spilt,  
 Yet calls for blood, to wash away the guilt.

In conf'rence with MACPHERSON thus, at sea,  
 Troop-raising TOWNSHEND past the time away;  
 Nor un-important to his great design,  
 A *North Militia* with the *South* to joyn.

SAUNDERS mean-while, across th' *Atlantic* stretch'd;  
 And now the southern point of *Ireland* reach'd,  
 Hop'd to enjoy a truce from all his toils,  
 Blest in his *Sov'reign's* and the people's smiles:  
 But when, confirm'd by all accounts, he hears  
*France* for invasion seriously prepar'd---  
 The *Patriot* o'er the love of ease prevails;  
 The *Channel* now he seeks with crowded sails.

OMBRULIEL's schemes in forwardness advance;  
 And active now, from *Havre* round to *Nantz*:  
*France* arms; boats, num'rous at their moorings seen;  
 Part yet, the workmen hastily career;

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Then launch-- the whole equipment is compleat ;  
The troops, embark'd; for sailing orders wait ;  
Chief, those, by watchfull DUFF detain'd at *Vannes*,  
Wish but to see him fly before CONFLANS ;  
When, HAWKE now forc'd to sea in boistrous gales,  
From *Brest*, where long he sculk'd, the marshal fails.  
The *Fiend* exults, his project brought to bear,  
He knows, from heavy ships, the *Channel* clear ;  
Nor doubts but DUFF is taken in the toils--  
Yet, watchfull ever o'er the *British Isles*,  
*Providence*, to preserve him interpos'd,  
Where, opertune, the *Juno-Frigate* cruis'd ;  
Loos'd from their moorings, but a little while,  
The captain sees them, e'er they reach *Belleisle* ;  
Then straight advice to HAWKE and DUFF dispatch'd,  
And light arm'd-ships their further motions watch'd.  
HAWKE at *Torbay* ; the squadron wind-bound lies ;  
Courting auspicious gales his topfail flies---  
Impatient, while as yet their thunder slept,  
A sharp look-out the *British* seamen kept,

Num'rcus

Num'rous upon the tops: what rivers say?  
*Daughters of Song*, with men inur'd to sea,  
 Furnish the Fleet, from harbours thick bestrown,  
 Like stars that spangle the *Celestial Zone*,  
 By *Hesper* led, or *Heav'n's resplendant queen*;  
 Whence *Britain* may equip her vast marine?

First father *Thames* draws out his humid train,  
 And rolls, majestick, to the subject main;  
 A grove of masts his ample bosom bears,  
 Crowds press the flood, or plying at the stairs,  
 Toughen their nerves with tugging at the oar,  
 Where his *Augusta* boasts her countless dow'r.

The *Severn* next, with near as rich a freight  
*Bristol* endows, and opens in her state  
 A spacious channel; up to *Liverpool*  
 What num'rous coasters range, and round to *Hull*-

*Bristol* and *Liverpool* supply the fleet  
 With men accustom'd to the solar heat,  
 Hence, fit to go on any enterprize,  
 Whose destin'd object, 'twixt the *Tropicks* lies;

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What sea-port, all along the north-west coast,  
 With *Liverpool* can trade, or commerce boast?  
 Whether the *Africk*, or *West-Indian* trade  
 Freight home her ships, whence large returns are  
 Who can describe thy imports *Hull*? in vatts [made:  
 Of merchandise, far inland brought in flats,  
 Number thy artists *Deptford*? *Portsmouth* thine?  
 Or count thy keels! *Newcastle upon Tyne*?  
 Shall e'er the royal navy call for hands--  
 While she can muster up those swarthy bands?  
 Grim-featur'd men! a strength which may amaze  
 They boast, and fearless, on the narrow seas,  
 Close fight they seek, to air accustom'd most,  
 Where, from the small coal, particles of dust  
 Float numberless, nor fearing hence to choak,  
 In thickest smudge of sulphur, fire and smoak.

If *Britain's* fleet requires a fresh supply,  
 To furnish men, her num'rous fish'ries vie.  
*North-Britain*, sends her sons in many a frith  
 Along the coast, from *Glasgow* round to *Leith*;

Stanch

Stanch tars with land from ev'ry quarter made  
 Active, to wind among the isles embay'd,  
 To mann the long-boat, when the surge runs high,  
 Us'd the rough sea in open skiffs to ply;  
 Or stem the rapid tide in *Pentland-strait*,  
 Which twice twelve varicus currents agitate.

To mann the fleet, *Hibernia* sends her share,  
 From *Carrick-fergus*, down to *Dublin* bar,  
 Thence southward on, to cattle-killing *Cork*;  
 The fleet full mann'd--each man, to fight and work,  
 Breathes the free spirit of his native land,  
 None yet in action under more command.

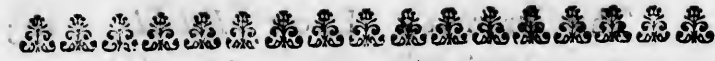
Sore mortify'd, the seamen, now to hear,  
 CONFLANS at sea, and they yet ling'ring here;  
 Then bustle, bustle--all in haste to weigh;  
 Nought heard distinctly but to sea! to sea!  
 As when for pop'lous shires, the public voice  
 With patriot names drowns ev'ry vulgar noise;  
 Numbers spontaneous, clinging to the shrowds,  
 Dart to the main-mast head, through yielding clouds;

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Seen at a distance now, on each yard-arm,  
 Thick as the insect tribes in autumn swarm,  
 When, with intent his up-land grounds to till,  
 A farmer fires dry heather, on the hill ;  
 Or when the *Herefordian* youth, to ease  
 Teeming *Pomona*, vent'rous climb the trees ;  
 The far-seen housewife, curious to explore  
 What fruit may best replace her winter store,  
 Chooses the firmest, heaping kind and kind,  
 But sighs indignant, if a dry east-wind  
 Blighted the bloom, when clammy mildews fall ;  
 So HAWKE, exasp'rate that the sculking *Gaul*  
 Is thus escap'd--the fruit yet unpossess'd,  
 So long expected, while he rode off *Brest* :  
 But, at the boat-swain's call, soon over-head  
 The sails, unfurl'd, their swelling bosoms spread,  
 Loos'd--and the gale now favourably veers ;  
 To find, and fight the *French*, fir *Edward* steers.

*End of Book the Eighth.*



The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;  
 B O O K IX.

The A R G U M E N T.

**C**ONSTERNATION of the publick--Mam-  
 mon's practises on the publick stocks---Anx-  
 iety of the ministry---Accounts from Hawke--Lord  
 Anson's speech, and character of Hawke---Confer-  
 ence of Terzilliel and Teutoniell--Hawke overtakes  
 Conflans, in chase of Commodore Duff---Description  
 of the engagement in Quiberon-bay---Rout of the  
 French fleet--Their ships bulged in the river Vilain.



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The BRITISH LION *Rous'd*;  
B O O K IX.

**H**AWKE now but loos'd! and CONFLANS out  
The heart of ev'ry *Briton* melts away. [at sea,  
Where'er the screech-owl note, repeated, stuns  
The publick ear, and yet as wild-fire runs,  
With added circumstance of low-born lies, }  
Forg'd that the publick funds may fall and rise, }  
Where *Mammon* ceasless at his anvil plies ; }  
Two kinds are forg'd, of opposite intent,  
With these, his grov'ling emissaries sent  
Affect the air at ev'ry publick place--  
Some dance like bubbles, to the visual rays  
All gold! If now, amass'd by legal stealth,  
Blind *Chance* must circulate a miser's wealth,  
Himself, or spend-thrift heir, no matter which,  
Conceiving hopes to grow immensly rich,

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Follow the chafe; but soon the bubble burst--  
 Nought rests, save brokers and their av'rice curst.  
 Others, contriv'd with talismanic care,  
 Are forg'd, discordant to the publick ear!  
 (Such now he vends) what *State*, with *Faction* tore,  
 A zealous patriot's loss shall then deplore?  
 National *Credit*, at her latest gasp,  
 Looks round, if there be yet twig to grasp!

Not so *Great Britain*; PATRIOTS she can boast,  
 Distinct as stars that rule the *Heav'nly host*!  
 Seen in his orb, NEWCASTLE, not the least--  
 Since PITT was in the *Constellation* plac'd!  
 Hast'ning to his conjunction, aspect, trine,  
 Lo! where he scatters yet, his rays benign.

A councill summon'd, none for *Britain* shook  
 More inly mov'd; Concern in ev'ry look--  
 Frequent advice, repeated ev'ry hour,  
 At intervalls, their eyes and ears devour;  
 Again relapse--The *Patriot friends* aghast!  
 As when a pilot, with best-bower cast,

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Drops the sheet-anchor, yet his vessell drives--

When now, from HAWKE a messenger arrives,

Just favour'd with a rising eastern gale,

And CONFLANS, distant but a few hours sail.

Brighten their looks, with gloom late overcast,

Then rose great ANSON, from experience past

None claims with greater deff'rence to be heard;

Who thus the fainting friends of *Britain* chear'd,

Cease all your fears--for HAWKE his point has gain'd

A stancher tar, the navy never train'd--

I know him well, engaging board and board!

*France*, doubtless, finds e'er this her top-sail low'rd.

His words confirm their spirits, almost sunk,

As timely show'rs, by thirsty furrows drunk,

Freshen the herbage, and the hoary swain,

From well-known signs, foretells yet wish'd for rain;

All eyes observant fix'd upon the *Peer*,

None doubt his honour, none his judgment here;

Who, in the good *Centurion*, plough'd his way,

Thro' hurricanes, across the vast *South-Sea*.

That

That watchfull pair who near the *Sov'reign* stood  
 TEUTONIEL with TERZILLIEL the good,  
 Mean while in conf'rence--Of *Westphalian* plains  
 His proper charge, yet ravag'd, that complains ;  
 While *Britains* strength transported to *Quebec*,  
 Nought here remains OMBRULIEL's pride to check ;  
 Whom thus TERZILLIEL, with a look ferene,  
 Strengthens, in dark *Futurity* well-seen.

As small *Thy District* narrow are *Thy* views ;  
 Superior spirits, gladly yet, diffuse  
 Gifts out of measure, which they have receiv'd,  
*Quebec* reduc'd, already has reliev'd  
 The *Colonies*, from whence these *Sea-gir' Isles*  
 Draw sums, too often spent in foreign broils,  
 When *Britain* from her proper int'rest swerves,  
 Yet here, what *State* such *Public Faith* observes ?  
 Where sacred, civil rights are fix'd, as here,  
 What from OMBRULIEL's schemes has she to fear ?  
 Of all the kingdoms which acknowledge CHRIST ;  
 What state is so with *Factions* exercis'd ?

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With meekness yet of christian temper borne,  
Till the *Great Winnower* comes, to fan his corn ;  
Hence *Britain* he regards, with special care---  
Hear now ; things yet to come I will declare.  
That mighty armament, in hostile threat,  
Which scowls upon the coast, with *Britain's* fleet  
Engag'd ; part, took or burnt, part doom'd to sink  
Must thro' their batter'd sides the ocean drink ;  
Part shall in flight, up the *Villain* escape,  
And there lie bulg'd, while twice men sow and reap ;  
A monument of *Britain's* kindled wrath,  
For ravag'd *Colonies*, and broken faith,  
With all the dogs of *War* on *Europe* loos'd---  
*Montreal* then ceded, *Canada* reduc'd,  
The *Sov'reign* now, grown old and full of days,  
Like a ripe sheaf is gather'd to his place:  
By mortals, tho' with reason, to his shade  
The tributary tear, and verse are paid ;  
Matter of joy, superior beings see,  
When *Time* gives place, to vast *Eternity* ;

So

So much the more, as now a prince succeeds,  
 Like a good pastor who the people feeds ;  
 Knowing on him devolves the equal weight  
 Of government, in *Church* as well as *State* :  
 With early zeal to root out flagrant crimes,  
 His name transmitted down to future times ;  
 Counsell'd by wise, and patriot *Ministers*,  
 'Twixt both extremes, the helm of *State* he steers  
 Weapon'd for war, and stock'd with magazines,  
 He finds the kingdom yet to peace inclines ;  
 Is that refus'd ; The *Prussian* he supports,  
 Against the rage of three intriguing courts.  
 Of *Britain's* faith, the *Warrior King* assur'd,  
 To desp'rate arbitration of the sword  
 Commits his cause ; a while, in even scale  
 The battle hangs, at last his pow'rs prevail.

But *Famine* frequent, and the conq'ring sword  
 Compell the *German* swain to change his lord ;  
 Yet *Britain* triumphs---nor the honest praise  
 Which to her *Patriot King*, the subject pays,

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Success, full-tided, nor the various arts,  
 Practis'd in courts, the monarch's care diverts ;  
 Determin'd now, his household to inspect,  
 Till luxury is at the fountain check'd ;  
 Yet farther studying to conciliate  
 His people's love ; the father of the state  
 Prevents their warmest wishes, to espouse  
 The hopefull branch of *Stretlitz*' princely house.  
 Whom now the conscious angel, who delights  
 To finish wedded love's mysterious rites ;  
 Safe in her stately yatcht conducts to land, [strand  
 Through boist'rous seas, and, from the crouded  
 Glad subjects welcome, where, with loud acclaims,  
 Their shouts re-eccho, down to antient *Thames* :  
 At her approach, the sov'reign now attends,  
 Smit with his state, she lights and lowly bends ;  
 With the politeness of a courtier rais'd  
 And, with a lover's ardour, then embrac'd.  
 Not that experienc'd, when the boiling blood  
 Ferments, from racy wines and high-fauc'd food--

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But



But that where nature her eternal laws  
 Fullfills, and chief the love of offspring draws--  
 He to the altar leads, where holy bands  
 Unite the royal pair, with stricken hands,  
 Then crown'd, and usher'd to the well-known hall  
 With all the pomp of publick festivall ;  
 Nobles, with bended knee, allegiance pay,  
 Bearing, of office and imperial sway,  
 Fit symbols; sprightly airs, the fancy wing,  
 And all the people shout, *God save the king.*  
*Augusta*, never pour'd so vast a throng,  
 To see the grand procession wind along :  
 High on the tow'r the *British* standard rais'd,  
 Another lion, in the field emblaz'd,  
 Adds to her antient honours ; many a round  
 Of pealing bells, shrill trumpets and the sound  
 Of thundring cannon, tell the villager  
 His horses to unyoke, and make good cheer :  
 While costly pageants speak the gen'ral joy,  
 Where pop'lous towns with one another vie.

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Prosperous his arms, by land and sea the while--  
*France*, anxious, keeps her fastness at *Belleisle*!  
Untoward seasons, yet the fleets withhold,  
When long the nights, the season rough and cold;  
But scarcely half his course the summer-fun,  
Inclining to the *Tropick* yet has run,  
E'er *KEPPEL* fails, and valiant *HODGSON* lands;  
*DE CROIX*, tho' brave, submits to *British* bands.  
What hellish enginry, on either side,  
During the siege, incessant are employ'd!  
While *War*, stern umpire of contending states,  
Emptying her quiver, yet depopulates---  
For mortals, in their int'rests disagree,  
Nor *TRUTH*, like us, by intuition see;  
Each for himself concludes, and by the test  
Of his opinion, still would try the rest---  
And tho' the magistrate, by course of law,  
Can right the needy, and the factious awe;  
When jarring int'rests sov'reign states divide,  
Frequent, the sword must either claim decide;

Where oft' the weakest to the strongest yield,  
 While brutal force, in triumph keeps the field :  
 Yet all is right--No searching can detect  
 The council of the *Sov'reign Intellect*---  
 What if HE wills, that good and evil blent,  
 Shall for a certain season thus ferment,  
 Till this shall separate, and that is purg'd ?  
*France* scourging others, in her turn is scourg'd ;  
 That nurse of secret feud, or open jar  
 Perpetual, with the threefold pest of *War*  
 Slaughter, fire, famine, right and wrong confounds--  
 Nor solemn pact observes, nor antient bounds.  
 For this her plagues increas'd, rough LALLY raves,  
 While, from the selfish *Hollander* he craves  
 Speedy relief---nor *Pondicherry* saves. }  
 Yet baffled in her schemes, she seeks again  
 To spirit up the *Cherokees*--- in vain,  
 While active GRANT on those destroyers turns  
 Their arts, his ravag'd fields the *Indian* mourns ;

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Fierce ATTAKULLHA shakes, to no effect,  
 His tomahawk, the murd'ers to protect;  
 Requesting peace, they come to treat with shame,  
 Cold; and keen hunger, can the *Savage* tame.

Thus *France* must soon experience, to her cost,  
 That fatal brand, to injure others tost,  
 Spending on her it's utmost rage, destroys---  
 Nor in the ravage spares her fierce allies,  
 While hurts unbound, still rank'ling more and more,  
 Ulcerate, like a pestilential fore;  
 Till *Europe*, nearly, has th' infection caught:  
 Nor yet, the balm of healing counsells sought.

But, with such frequent losses quite distress'd,  
 Awhile that innate rancour seems suppress'd;  
 Peace she proposes with pretences fair:  
 The *Patriot Statesman*, of deceit aware--  
 With openness, and dignity he treats,  
 Contemning *Bussy's*, and the *Spaniard's* threats,  
 Proposes now, now hears what they propose,  
 OMBRULIEL, in his doubles, follow'd close,

Varies

Varies to no effect his tortuous train :  
 Good-faith to *Prussia*, *Britain* shall maintain.  
 But what divisions in the *Cabinet* ?  
 What heats ? what ferments, un-subfiding yet ?  
 While foul-mouth'd slander, *Faction's* active tool,  
 Can names rever'd by *Britain* ridicule,  
 Just measures brand, as took in spleen, or pride--  
 Yet these, as metals in the furnace try'd,  
 No polish need, in native lustre bright !  
 TRUTH, scorns the subterfuge of borrow'd light,  
 Best recommended from her innate charms---  
 His counry's love the *Patriot Statesman* warms !  
 Active, in ev'ry task which that requires  
 And, if dismiss, contented he retires :  
 Still prompt to serve, whene'er her int'rest calls,  
 Nor forms, nor yet submits to court caballs.  
 He, with due deference, shall yet be heard  
 When war against the *Spaniard* is declar'd---  
 Nor vainly, shall the *Hanoverian* states  
 Sollicit aid ; tho time his course compleats

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To set a native on the *British* throne,  
 I thenceforth, regent of this realm alone,  
 Thy charge as this, the *Sov'reign* will defend,  
 Till faith exchange'd this bloody war shall end.

Thenceforth the laws of *Germany* obey'd,  
 Let those protect, nor here solicit aid,  
 We leave the trade of war to men of blood  
 And factious, states who nourish endless feud,  
 Good faith observ'd with neighbour kings, and peace,  
 Justice at home, and wholesome laws take place,  
 Frugality, a publick virtue grown,  
 All ranks of men shall copy from the throne :  
 Judges shall render law less intricate,  
 And from the bar drive clamorous debate :  
 Religion then, her drooping head shall rear,  
 And once more gild the *Western hemisphere* :  
 While bishops rise, by long experience try'd,  
 Who rightly can the word of truth divide ;  
 Famous, as well to lead, as point the way,  
 To feed the flock, or keep the wolf at bay.

But

But--should the lust of change such blessings spurn,  
 Then woe be to the children, yet unborn !  
 Riot, of wholesome order shall take place,  
 And men, God's image more and more deface.  
 Bad men grown worse, avow their evil deeds,  
 And universal bankruptsey succeeds ;  
 Till mutual faith shall cease, and mutual trust ;  
 Connubial love, o'erborn by grov'ling lust,  
 Shall leave posterity in doubt to trace  
 Their next of kin, a godless, spurious race ;  
 From holy writ, more wicked maxims drawn,  
 More monst'rous sects, shall yet, like serpents spawn ;  
 And magistracy ev'ry where withstood,  
*Britain* once more becomes a field of blood.

He ceas'd-- The time at hand TEUTONIEL saw,  
 And nought rejoins--So much observant awe,  
 Inferior spirits, to superior bear,  
 Chief of angellic thrones TERZILLIEL here.

Keen HAWKE the while, now loos'd upon his prey,  
 Across the channel stretch'd to *Quib'ron-bay*

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Aloft, the *Royal George* her main-sheet rears,  
 The blue flag at her topmast-head appears  
 Twenty stout ships of war compose her train,  
 Steer'd by her signals on the liquid plain ;  
 While on their ample bows old *Ocean* roars,  
 In concert, to the hoarse-resounding shores.

Where now a-head, the *Maidstone Frigate* plies,  
 Loos'd in the wind, her main-top-gallant flies--  
 The well-known signal that the *French* are near  
 Is welcom'd, with an universal cheer,  
 Hoarse murm'ring, and repeated thro' the fleet ;  
 As when a cataract with an ampler sheet,  
 Down cliffs which measure many a fathom, pours  
 Her waters, swollen from the up-land show'rs--

Intrepid HOWE stretch'd on, to ascertain  
 Their strength and posture, now, discover'd plain,  
 Twice ten the *Peer*, all line of battle, told ;  
 Led by the *Soleil Royal* gilt with gold,  
 Up from the water line, she seem'd to flame---  
*Neptune*, and many a tributary stream,

Rose in her carving, with a bold relief;  
And nations symbolis'd, where *France* seem'd chief.

HAWKE's signal now observ'd to form the line,  
All range a-breast, till all the squadron join,  
Then onward press-- for CONFLANS, stretch'd away,  
In chase of DUFF, makes down into the *Bay*.

Before the strength of *France* the commodore  
Winds thro' the *Bay*, so often travers'd o'er;  
Dextrous, each well-known rock and shoal to shun,  
As an old hare, that thro' her courses run  
Yet doubles, till escaping, down the wind  
She scours, and leaves the hunters far behind--  
Sore mortifi'd, if from a herd of deer,  
Now rous'd, the lordly buck is drawing near,  
When nobles, with intent a match to make,  
The turf on high-bred steeds, careering shake--  
Confounded so, when, with repeated cheers,  
In view to *France* the *British* strength appears!  
To quarters all, for semblance now of fight  
The *Marshall* makes, the blue flag and the white

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Opposite in their alternate curl,  
 While each in turn, defiance seems to hurl;  
 Both match'd in strength, had *Gaul* the contest stood  
 The scuppers soon had ran with streams of blood---  
 But CONFLANS, under all his canvas spread,  
 In flight among the shoals to *Quiberon* led.  
 Fill fill, said HAWKE--make, make the main-masts  
 Orders, or line of battle none attend-- [bend  
 Each captain fight his ship as best he may--  
 Still bearing down-- *The good old English way!*

Nor more requir'd, all eager now to chase,  
 And *France* bears witness to her own disgrace;  
 Where thousands, from the crowded beach, excite  
 CONFLANS, with frantick gesture, to the fight:  
 Fruitless to fairs and angels they exclaim!  
 Yet, whom the thirst of *Glory*, fear of *Shame*,  
 Move not, *Despair* at last compell'd to face,  
 Where equal danger from the fight or chase  
 Threatens; while *Neptune's* bulls begin to roar---  
 And either fight they must, or run ashore.

What ships bear down? the *Warspite*, first a-head,  
 Where eager BENTLEY all his canvas spread:  
 Leading the *British* Squadron, down he bears,  
 And, as a true bred cock, the dunghill clears;  
 Or tow'ring in his flight, a falcon springs,  
 Soars in the sun, then pois'd on steady wings,  
 Where'er he strikes, the game is sure to fall,  
 So keen the *Heroe*, while the flying *Gaul*  
 He charg'd, and thunders with his lower tier--  
 Stout captain DENNIS, in the *Dorsetshire*;  
 Next with the *French* his shot to interchange;  
 Redoubted STORR, then brought up the *Revenge*:  
 With a prest sail, close following in her wake,  
 The gallant *Resolution*, fearless SPEKE  
 Ne'er hauls his sheet, till from the flying rout,  
 The *French* rear adm'ral he has singled out.

In action frequent, to the seamen dear,  
 Next HOWE and KEPPEL charge; a stancher pair,  
*Britain* ne'er slipt upon the *Gallic* coast,  
 Each, fearless, on the quarter deck expos'd,

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Seems in his native element at sea,  
 This fights the *Magnanime*, that the *Torbay*  
 Thund'ring, as when two rapid torrents join  
 Their waters to the *Danube* or the *Rhine* ;  
 Or roar, choak'd up with ice, where once a year,  
 Returning furs, unchain the frigid *Bear*.  
 Voracious sharks, from each contiguous bay,  
 Summon'd with burst of cannon, paunch the prey ;  
 Greedy as vultures in *Bohemia* bred,  
 Sure, with the flesh of captains to be fed  
 What time they follow, snuffing on the wing,  
 Victorious FERDINAND, or *Prussia's warrior King*.

Next, charge the *Swiftsure* and the *Montague*,  
 And now the *Royal George* ; keen HAWKE in view  
 Explores, with eyes which speak a dauntless mind,  
 Some object worthy of his rage to find :  
 One of the *Seven*, from *Empyrean Tower's*,  
 So looks, e'er he the vengefull vial pours !  
 To CAMPBELL then, upon the quarter-deck,  
 Waiting his orders, thus the adm'ral spake ;

Lo !

Lo! the *Soleil*, and CONFLANS' flag in view---  
 Bear down with speed--and lay her broadside to.  
 Instant the master all his skill displays,  
 Proud of her trim, his ship the helm obeys ;  
 Her yards the main-sail stretch, with ample sweep,  
 And with a length of keel she plows the deep,  
 With, half a forest in her timbers told  
 While each o'er each three spacious decks uphold,  
 And *Neptune* on her prow his trident shook---  
 First to her state, the *Formidable* struck ;  
 'The *French rear Adm'ral* here his flag display'd,  
 And stood a most infernal cannonade,  
 Where furious SPEKE, with double-headed shot, }  
 Kept bearing down, till muzzle to they fought ; }  
 Worthy each captain, of a better lot-- }  
 DE VERGER slain and SPEKE his vessell lost !  
 None braver than DE VERGER *France* could boast :  
 Great *Shade*, if *Genius* prompts in measur'd verse,  
 The acts of *Britain's Worthies* to rehearse,

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And *Time* shall in his ravage spare the strain,  
 Be *Thou* distinguish'd, in the *Patriot train!*  
 Nor be the falling tear or sigh suppress'd,  
 When pity rises in a *British* breast---

Yet *HAWKE* prest on, where either way engag'd  
 Twin-born of *Neptune*, *HOWE*, and *KEPPEL* rag'd  
 Dreadfull in battle: All to shatters rent,  
*KEPPEL* the *Thesee* to the bottom sent---

Eight hundred souls with all her guns and stores,  
 Ingulph'd-- Where *HOWE* his shot incessant pours,  
 Scarce seen for clouds of smoke and bick'ring flame,  
 The *Heros* struck, and now to anchor came;  
 Where, tho' expos'd, a dismal wreck she lies,  
 None can protect, nor *HOWE* secure his prize.

Now chief to chief, and ship to ship, in fight  
 Bear down--the blue flag this, and that the white  
 Distinguish, at the main-mast head display'd,  
 Both meet; as when in northern straits, embay'd  
 Mountains of ice tilt--with concussion vast!  
 Or as th' *Arch-angel trump*, in final blast,

Summon'd



Summon'd the *Hosts of God*, with loud acclaim!  
 All *Nature* shuddering from her in-moſt frame!  
 Th' exploſion ſuch--while, eager to engage,  
 Both kindle horrid *Mars* to tenfold rage.

But HAWKE'S ſtout ſhip the *Gallic* fire derides,  
 Compact with heart of oak, her ample ſides;  
 Plank over plank, ſtrong iron bolts ſecure,  
 Twice fifty cannon, from her broad-ſides roar---  
 Yet the *Soleil* with men out numb'ring ſwarms,  
 Train'd to to the ready exerciſe of arms,  
 Let theſe, OMBRULIEL ſaid, provoke the war,  
 With well-aim'd leaden bullets from afar;  
 Station'd upon the poop, and ev'ry top,  
 So ſhall the flow'r of *Britains* navy drop;  
 Mean time below the active engineer,  
 Chief on the rigging, bring his guns to bear,  
 Till under no command a-drift ſhe lies,  
 Then bear intrepid down, and ſeize the prize.

While *France* thus ſeeks to linger out the war,  
 Burns the great heart, in every true-bred tar.

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Where HAWKE himself the great example shows,  
Broadside, and broadside, thusto fight 'em close.

While yet his hull the fire increasing tears,  
Filling, in flight away the *Marshal* bears;  
HAWKE scorns to chase, who from his duty swerv'd  
When coming down, he BEAUFREMONT observ'd,  
Pleas'd when a flag-ship yet remains unfought,  
But soon the *Marshal's* great example caught;  
Just as he past, with shot at random pour'd,  
Inglorious flight, the other chief secur'd.  
Three others firing pass'd then bore away,  
Like yelping curs, which at a mastiff bay.  
Till frequent insults rouse the gen'rous beast,  
Sure with sharp fangs, to pinch where he has seiz'd,  
So the *Superb* advent'ring now too close,  
With fullen roar rebuk'd, and down she goes,  
First when she heel'd a victor shout arose---

But when her hull begins to disappear,  
A sudden shriek, soon check'd the half form'd cheer.

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Witness

Where

Witness the hand that wav'd, the head that shook,  
 Witness the wild concern, in ev'ry look,  
 Humanity yet tempers *British* rage,  
 Now with the *Royal George* seven ships engage.  
 But watchful here the ministers of grace,  
 The balls pass by, or ineffectual graze ;  
 For *Heavens all-seeing eye* averse to *France*,  
 Respects the *English* with paternal glance ;  
 Where pious yet a few lift holy hands,  
 At solemn hours, the angel ready stands.  
 And fervent prayers the public crimes atone,  
 With golden censer wafted to the throne.

HAWKE, singly to so many ships expos'd,  
 HARDY bore down, and all his thunder rous'd ;  
 The *Union, Hero, Mars*, their fire repeat,  
 And rout takes place thro' all the *Gallic* fleet.  
*France* now had seen her total squadron flame,  
 Without a navy, and without a name.  
 But watchful such combustion to prevent,  
 JAPHETIEL, *Hierarch* of the continent ;

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Stationed on *Gibraltar's* height he stands,  
Holding the rod and ballance in his hands,  
When *Europe's* jarring thrones for pow'r contend,  
He saw, and lest the flames shou'd now ascend,  
While *Britain* with a series of success,  
Puff'd up, perhaps should neighbour states oppress.  
Beckon'd the shades, which from the *German* sea,  
Rising half-form'd, his awful nod obey ;  
Wing'd with the wind o'er *Dover* cliff they past,  
And night o'er all the *Bay*, her mantle cast.

HAWKE left the chase, each ship her anchor drops,  
And seamen num'rous mounting to the tops ;  
Dispers'd on all the yards alternate swing,  
Rock'd with the billowing surge, yet fearless cling.  
But mindless of the dusk, heroick SPEKE  
The *Orient*, seen a-head propos'd to take ;  
Thrice he esteem'd her sure, while on the stay  
As oft she tack'd, then filling bore away--  
OMBRULIEL yet presents before his eyes  
Her fancy'd sails, where misty vapours rise,

Wreck'd on the sands--an unforeseen mischance!  
 Ungovern'd zeal, to pluck the crest of *France*,  
 Spur'd on the chief, his danger unobserv'd;  
 'The wise sometimes, the bold have often swerv'd;  
 Late victors, hoping soon to see their friends,  
 Lo! ev'ry moment instant death impends---  
 While broke with waves, howe'er secur'd by art,  
 With fearful crash they hear the timbers start,  
 Dolèfull through night, their signal-guns are heard,  
 Sad tokens of distress, till day appear'd.

JAPHETIEL now the morning watch had set,  
 And took his station-- From the far-fam'd *Strait*,  
 His visual organ, like the eye of *Day*,  
 Took in the *Isles*, the *Main-land*, and the *Sea*;  
 Beyond the *Alps*, where *Europe's* border ends;  
 'To where the *Muscovite* his bound extends:  
 One of the four, to whom the *Highest* gave  
 Pow'r o'er the *Nations*--trembling they receive  
 The weighty charge: To these the care assign'd  
 Of sov'reign *States*, to loose and seal the wind,

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Ruling the two and thirty fons of *Air*,  
 Quarternion, twice four points each *Hierarch's* share;  
 And as *Tb' all-seeing eye*, at once can trace,  
 Round from the center, to remotest space ;  
 So these, with instantaneous glance discern  
 Whatever their dominion may concern ;  
 These can the hearts of stubborn *Tyrants* tame ;  
 To kindle war, or quench the spreading flame  
 Commission'd ; If in wealth and trade increas'd  
 Some pow'rful *State* would now o'erbear the rest :  
 Each girding on his adamantine mail,  
 Rides in the *Uproar* and with holy *Zeal*  
 Stirs up the rest, in opposition leagu'd--  
 Then mortals, with their own inventions plagu'd ;  
 Blaspheming, in an instant, would confound  
*Evil* and *Good*, but for the triple bound,  
 Which keeps them sever'd, like a threefold chain,  
 Two the *Extremes*, and one the *Golden mean*  
 Of sun-clad *Virtue*--Vicious all beyond,  
 But nought can force th' indissoluble bond,

Ruling

Of

Of many a link ; with mechanis'm join'd,  
Which speaks its author, the *Eternal mind!*

By frequent losses *France* reduc'd at length,  
Anxious to save the remnant of her strength,  
Which on the trembling mud, inglorious lay,  
JAPHETIEL, looking tow'rs the shoaly bay,  
Now favours ; while the day-spring, from on high,  
Look'd forth, and streak'd with light the eastern skie,  
Sure pledge of morn : yet o'er the *Bay* extends  
Dim twilight, undistinguish'd foes or friends,  
Under whose covert trembling for their fate,  
The *Schiel royal*, and the *Heros* wait.---  
Discover'd in the morning where they lie,  
Both slipt to nearest shoals for safety fly :  
A-ground and boarded, *France* beheld the flames,  
Uncheck'd, till *Neptune* thirsty *Vulcan* tames.

Full eye'd when *Day* on *Dover-cliff* appears,  
HAWKE weighs, and on the *Gallic* Squadron bears,  
Where yet at hand, unstruck, their colours flew---  
So springs the hunter, with his game in view ;

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Part, with their anchors slipt, e'er break of day,  
BEAUFREMONT leading, now had clear'd the Bay :  
Part, just emerg'd inglorious from the mud,  
Heave out their guns, and, with the tide at flood,  
From nearest rivulets protection seek---  
*Penrez* and *Crosie* urge the shallow *Creek*--  
*Villaine* shrinks backward to his scanty urn !  
*France* shows the *Loire*, where yet her strength  
may turn---  
HAWKE thund'ring on their rear---all urge in vain !  
All crowding up, lie bulg'd in the *Villaine*.

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*The E N D.*

