A POEM
Sacred to the Memory of James Wolfe Esq.;
Major-General, and Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces, destined for the Reduction of Quebec.

Who was slain upon the Plains of Abraham, near that Capital, gloriously disputing the Caule of Liberty, and his Country;

September 13, 1759.

--------- Quis teliia fande-----
Tempest a Lacrymis?---------

New-Haven;
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 PREFACE.

The Publick might well expect a very humble Apology from the Author of so detach’d, broken and incorrect a Piece, wrote only at pieces, at Moments rather sole than borrow’d, from the frighted Scene of Business. Had he not waited long enough to give Gentlemen of better Parts and more Leisure, an Opportunity of gratifying the World with something to the Purpose, of the Life and Actions of so great a Man.

And truly, I can say, that a Sense of National, or at least Patrial Shame, inspired me with the rough hewn Sallies of Thought, which are thrown out in the following Pages.

To think, that our Mother Country should spare her choicest Flowers, and spill her most venerable Blood in our Defence, and one glorious General after another, should lay his Honours in our Dust, and we take no more Pains to gather them up, and present them to our most gracious Sovereign, our most dear King, and the Friends of the deceased, must confess either a want of sensitivity, or true Pessimism or what is yet worse, a continual Sense of Shame, indeed! if not one Man on so vast a Region can write a Poem. Else on the Death of so Venerable, so universally lamented, and much beloved a General, that dare venture to the Public! How I have performed, I leave to the World to judge; only advising, that I did not mean my Poem should serve much as an historical and critical relation of any Particular, as to the General himself, or the Business done by him, leaving that to Those better acquainted with the Particulars (with which I have impatiently longed for the World oblig’d), I only run on the most general Hears, which if the Public think I have handled well, it will perhaps, encourage me to give some further proofs of my conscientiousness of Merit in a public Manner. If not, I can sleep in silence without much Torment from my Ambition, and rest,

Philoleutheros
A POEM, &c.

Arma Virumque Cano.

I Whose unwreathen Muse, and flaken’d fires,
Nor mirth, nor gay delight, nor love inspires,
Now sing of arms; Ye Gods! why yet unsung?
Or why attempted by a bard so young?
Young to the task, while loth to vital rage,
A babe in knowledge, twice a child in age.
Yet sing the man whose conqu’ring dying hand,
Dealt dire destruction o’er a guilty land:
Death, terror, vengeance pave his dreadful way,
Nor Fates nor Pallas, can the charge delay.
Not Helen’s rage, nor Illym’s towering walls,
Nor wild ambition our avenger calls;
Jehovah’s great, and George’s just command,
Commit the rod of iron to his hand.

Incensed heav’n at length impatient grown,
With horrid massacres till then unknown;
Bid our Ulysses search with speedy care,
To find, and send Achilles to the war.
The deep laid schemes, a joyful plaudit meet,
Grave senators, each other kindly greet:
Next where the leader, each with ardour cries,
Whose steady soul sustains the enterprize.

Defeats Alas! on foul defeats succeed,
Some loiter, while the rest as rashly bleed.
Proud Gaul invirons us from sea to sea,
Elate with slaughter, cram’d with victory.

One is propos’d, another in his turn,
Whose snowy heads have crops of laurels worn,
Sagacious Pitt, approves; yet questions still,
Or counsel, vigour, hardiness or zeal.
Says he, such sharp fatigues in distant climes,
None but young heroes blooming in their primes,
Undaunted with the doubtful turns of war,
And hopes as lively as their fancies are,
These novel scenes with constancy can bare.

And let our roses, still to lilies yield,
We'll strip the garden to adorn the field.
New Albion's foil shall bravely make them grow,
While their sharp prickles shall annoy her foe.
And that our processes may be safe and sure,
Unite the warrior with the senator:
Then bend their force to that important port,
Whose dreadful jaws at British thunder'd port.

Thus ballanc'd and commix'd, this wit and will
Shall sagely save alive, and fiercely kill,
And thus attemper'd by the first campaign,
New-France shall well lament her many slain.

Then as the wily brood with whom they war,
Surround their game and close the fatal snare;
So shall those sons of conquest hedge them round,
And level all their castles with the ground.

Each loyal breast with approbation glows,
And well agreed the joyful counsels close;
Then quick, at length, was push'd one great design,
Which shall in British annals ever shine.

The doubtful year, with shame and glory crown'd,
Return'd at least our goodly chief renown'd,
While twin-born Amberst well employ'd behind,
Pursues the mighty plan they both design'd.

Now the important season rushes on,
When Wolfe or Quebec must be lost or won.
Whose shorten'd stay affects his parents sore,
His sisters much, but Deidamia more.
Fawning about his neck her arms she throws,
Then swooning asks him if he really goes,
Or do I dream, said she, how dim the light,
Lie still my dearest, it is surely night!

Farewel,
Farewel, he cries; ah stay! the charmer said,
And see me, or awake, or fairly dead;
I sleep, or die, ye Gods! no matter which,
Why shou'd I wish to live so long a wretch,
Lost to myself, since I am lost to thee,
For sure mine eyes thy face shall never see.
On yon’ barbarian shore those limbs shall lye,
Which now so basely hurries thee from me.
O fierce Montcalm! all must my hero die!
Come slay him here, that I his wounds may see;
I'll pour my soul into the bleeding bowe,
The ghastly thirst of thine envenom’d spear:
Yea suck the fanious lethiferous gore,
To shew his parting soul a love sincere;
I'll stay his spirit by my fond embrace,
While by his side my warmer body lies.
Regardless of the horrors of the place,
I'll trust for cover the indulgent skies.
And shou’d the feeble machine drop away,
And leave -my flattering soul at liberty;
How shou’d I, O ye Angels! miss the way,
For surely I have wings as well as he.
But shou’d, O shou’d he still reject my cry!
And fall at lofty Quebec’s towering gate,
To what fair planet shou’d his spirit fly?
Sure not to Mars, for Mars is not so great.
Sol’s brighter beams not clearer than his tho’t,
Nor quicker than the tellies of his mind,
 Might better suit, were not the sun too hot,
And he, Alas! too much to heat inclin’d;
His heat in love how kindly shou’d I bear,
Might I but once assuage his heat in war.
How can my soul endure the fatal call?
He’ll like Achilles conquer, like him fall;
O! read this tragic page, and then compare,
How much alike our direful fortunes are.
Nor need new Illiads paint the bloody scene,
For there is Hector, here Achilles seen.
Here lie the ships, just looing from the shore,
And here a Deidamia, weeping sore.
Here Myrmidons of Britain's fiercer bands,
Burn to engage new foes in distant lands;
There lofty Quebec the disputed prize,
Alas! more dreadful than ten thousand Troy's;
Whose horrid cannon of enormous bore,
From all her sides like peals of thunder bore.
High from the shore the stately city stands,
Which art and nature carefully defends.
So fenc'd with rocky ledges, pathless steeps,
Deluging cataracts and rapid deeps.
Huge thickets last, the outworks round inclose,
Deep laid with millions of thy lurking foes;
Who adder-like beneath the covert kill,
Then bound as tygers, o'er the neighbor'ing hill.

Or when perchance, by numbers ten to one,
They make the foe retreat, the seldom done;
What dire infernal, pitable cou'd bear,
To see these wolves, the dying wounded, tear.
The reeking entrails from the body torn,
And mangled limbs before their faces burn;
While smocking embers dress the gaping wounds,
Torture exceeding all conception's bounds.

Could'st thou upon thy gallant arm depend?
Thy trusty blade, might well thy trunk defend;
But sure the weakest savage in the wood,
May bore thy daring breast, and spill thy blood:
Thy dauntless courage is a poor defence;
Be thou secured by my better sense;
Tell mighty Pitt, you once do beg excuse,
And never did, nor never will refuse.
Another service, this excus'd: alone,
Nor wou'd you this, were all the case your own:
Shew him this heaving bosom, bleeding heart,
Say Deidamia dies if you depart;
Prophetic fury drives her to dispair,
She hourly fees me bleeding, dying there;
No distant clime beneath the circling sun,
No danger, but of Quebec bids me shun;
Shou'd horrid slaughter shake the crushing world,
Be nations headlong, over nations hurl'd;
Securely would she bid her Wolfe oppose,
Wou'd destiny, but cease to interpole;
Compassion surely must this bonom move,
For greatest souls are left estrang'd to love;
His active tho't shall quick resources find,
To fill thy place, and leave thyself behind.

Upon the swooning Fair, his eye he turns,
While now his pity, now his glory burns,
Forbare he cries, my troubles to increase,
I bear the war that you may live in peace.

The rapid progress of the galtic arms
In sad confusion throws the feeble swarms,
Of bravest bodies when the soul is gone,
I only go to urge the battle on.

My presence shall them all with life inspire,
Me they adore, me love, and me admire;
Conducted by me, staring death they brave,
And jeopard theirs, my dearer life to save.

How can I stay, they sure will never fail;
And shell thro' me the expedition fail?
Nay, let me fall, let fowls my body tear,
And be my atoms scatter'd in the air;
Nay sunk beneath the center in the dust,
Before this breast refuse the mighty trust.
What tho' I die? I'll conquer e'er I fall,
You own my prophet's, you own I shall,
Then shall my soul to fair Elysium pass,
My body shine in sempiternal bras;
My youthful visage frether now appears
Than when defaded with a load of years;
Or some unhappy fortune calls me home,
Appointing one less faithful in my room;
How should I then, for death incessant pray?
But let me, O ye Gods! I must away.

Straight
Straight to the shore the winged Hero flies,
Come gallant Saunders! hoist with speed, he cries;
Give all the canvas to the fav'ring storms,
Such hurricanes, best suit decisive arms.

O'er the Atlantic, the tall forrests move,
Sure Orpheus never charm'd so fine a grove!
Woods, hills and turrets seem'd to move along,
While, rule Britannia, was the jovial song.

Arriv'd at Nova-Scotia's welcome shore,
Where late their arms were signaliz'd before;
The joyful continent with hast prepares
To speak them welcome, in abundant fares.

On board the lightly navy all repair,
Some lamb, some veal, some vegetables bear;
Some gentle liquors of their own produce,
Which yield the parched blood a friendly juice.

Tho' well delighted with the pleasing sport,
Great Wolfe and Saunders quickly quit the port;
And bear their course to old St. Lawrence's flood,
Long since made drunk with shipwreck'd Briton's.

There good Durell, they found a hardy soul, (blood.
Whose early squadron beat to near the pole,
To break their measure thou'd the foe attempt
To land what force to Quebec might be sent.

Then join'd the unknown river they explore,
The careful pilots mark the winding shore,
At length advancing to the destin'd place,
The glorious leader, smooths his smiling face,

My lads says he, there stands the wish'd for town,
Stately she looks, but we shall bring her down;
Her pomp, and strength, seem little in mine eyes,
For here's the Boy that conquers her, or dies.

First then I say, brave souls! be well aware
How to secure and then direct the War,
Where, when, and how, to land, and when on shore,
Keep well your gaining, 'till I send you more:
Be all as one, at once advance, retreat,
And thus you never shall be fouldly beat.
What tho' ye fall, 'tis but the fate of war,  
The bravest men at best but mortals are;  
One common fate e'er long we all must share,  
They nobly die, my hearts! who die in war.  
Life robb'd of honour is an irksome choice,  
But victory has an endearing voice.

How cheerfully shall Britain on us smile,  
The brave defenders of the happy Isle;  
And this vast continent, remind the year,  
That bro't such hardy British Lyons here;  
The just avenger of their lavish'd gore,  
Which never cou'd be half repaid before.

These savage cowards from their gloomy dens,  
In parties straggle thro' the woods and fens,  
And deeply lurking in some hideous wild,  
Destroy some naked, and defenceless child,  
Then back return with more than mortal speed,  
As if they had achiev'd some mighty deed.

War is our business, murder cries aloud,  
Almighty vengeance challenges their blood;  
Death, and destruction, is their due reward,  
Who age, nor sex, nor treaty will regard.

Just is the cause, the remedy the laft,  
Nor hopes remain, when once this season's past;  
Exert yourselves with courage and dispatch,  
And all the while be steady on your watch.

He spake, the winged troops no sooner knew  
What their brave leader willed them to do,---  
Than each his station, cheerfully assumes,  
And courts the place where thickest sulphur fumes.

The faint resistance, scarce retards their course,  
'Till they arrive upon the isle and shores.

Some scour the woods, and drive the savage herd,  
Whilst by the rest, large batt'ries, quickly rear'd,  
Salute the town, with most unwelcome cheers,  
And make large buildings rattle round their ears.

Astrang'd in dreadful order lie the troops,  
And ev'ry day, her mask a batt'ry drops.
Thus one incessant storm all day prevails,
And gloomy night is brighten'd with the shells.
In dire confusion all the city thrown,
Resolve their horrid crime, to God to own,
Repair to church, and think her sacred walls,
A solid refuge from the killing balls.

In frantic postures round the altar strew'd,
Invoke the god of bread, the gods of wood,
The sacred bones of some religious faint,
Whose mind to martyr heretics was bent.

O Virgin Mary! save us now they cry,
Can you St. Francis see your people die?
And thee, Dominicus, to thee we pray,
To drive from us these infidels away;

Each meaner faint their mad address's shares,
'Till shatter'd rubbish silences their pray'rs;

In ghastly ruin all the city lies,
And pillar'd smoaks to heav'n's high summit rise,
Nor less affecting the distressed's cries.

Then stung with pity, for his ruin'd foes,
His strong compassion thus our Hero shows,
A truce proclaims, and thus in brief he says,
Attend my councils, while I preach you peace.

What can you hope from an enraged hand?
Sent to avange the ruin done his land;
What more resistance can you think to make;
When fate resiftless binds you to the stake.

Your city ruin'd, dares your camp engage,
Their numbers little, shall withstand my rage.
Their guilty souls with courage can't appear,
Against the cause and dreadful arms I bear.

Yet tho' my dauntless soul nor fears your might,
Nor pleads with you to skreen me from the fight;
My bleeding heart deplores your wretched state,
And loves you, while yourselves and me you hate.

What succour can embarrass'd France you yield,
Her fleets are all within her harbours held;
Besides her ruin'd commerce ill supplies,
Her fainting heart, while this sick member dies.
Her num'rous allies, drain her empty purse,
And she's reduced to her last resource.
Shou'd Providence now end the wasting war,
The ruin'd nation nothing has to spare.

All this, and more, I solemnly aver
Is solid truth, I scorn you to enslave;
Tho' deadly foes, this humane breast of mine,
In pity to you, begs you to resign.

I offer you in mighty George's name
All I possess, or just the very same;
Religion, liberty and inter'rest free,
Impartial justice, lands in simple fee.

I come not here to pillage and destroy,
My gen'rous soul does milder tho'ts enjoy.
We push not war, dominion to encrease,
But as the only means to settle peace.

Ye simple peasants! What avails it you,
Shou'd haughty Lewis all the globe subdue;
Ye shou'd be vassals at his stern command,
And weigh no more than comets in his hand;
Consider now in justice to your lives,
Your dying babes, and miserable wives;
Your shatter'd domes, in dust and ashes laid,
And wild destruction o'er your city spread.
Shou'd you refuse, can you my conduct blame?
Or, can ye struggle with devouring flame?

Shou'd fatal death in all his forms appear,
My mortal engines, you in pieces tear;
Your cruel selves must bear the crimson guilt
Of all the blood, from this sad moment spilt;
And shou'd your ill advis'd, unhappy choice,
Turn your dull ears from my pacific voice,
In very earnest, now at least prepare,
To meet the blackest horrors of a war.

Shou'd you my clemency, to vengeance turn,
No raging furnace can so fiercely burn;
Your ripen'd crimes with rigour I'll repay,
And Canada shall wail the fatal day.

The lofty summons, doubly takes effect,
Some wishing to comply, while some reject;
But fullen chiefs by numbers vainly bold,
Resolve, unequal combat, yet to hold.

Return'd the flag, this last propitious hour,
Now ushers in, a most tremendous show'r,
So black a storm on Sodom never rose,
Nor all her hailstones equal'd one of those:
Balls, shells, and carcasses by thousands fly,
As if deluged from the darken'd sky;
From ev'ry side the roaring thunders break,
And heav'n, and earth, and proud St. Lawrence shake.

The dismal town a melancholy sight,
A smoaky cloud by day, a flame by night;
Would made an heart of adamant relent;
Had not the fairest words in vain been spent.
But finding words and blows so bravely dealt,
Not yet acknowledg'd, tho' severely felt--
Against their camp, his indigantion turns,
Supinely lurking, while the city burns.
In deep intrenchments they securely lie,
And unconcern'd behold their kindred die.

Says he, at all adventures ye shall share,
These woes, your senseless breasts so easy bear;
If your base fouls to all compassion lost,
Can thus behold your tender infants rost;
My juster sword, shall other game pursue,
For leaving them, my wroth shall rage on you.

A council then, with due dispatch was call'd,
In which a bold attempt was quick resolv'd;
The troops, but just below the city land,
While gallant Holmes does bravely them defend.
But sever'd from the strong encampment still,
A rapid river, much repress their zeal;
But as if nature, nothing had deny'd,
Some boldly venture to the other side.
Where they sustain a most prodigious fire;
As well return'd, in order they retire.
This sharp repulse, but whets his fury more,
And triples all the bolts he forg'd before.

Mean while, advent'rous parties scatter round,
Some seek provisions; others view the ground—
The first fine herds into the camp convey,
Now feasted on the spoils of Canada.
The fresh refection much exalts their blood,
And new Electras spring the crimson flood.
The next returned with a full survey,
Before their chiefs the ample plan they lay;
Here stands the city, there the spacious plain;
And there and there, intrenched lie the men.
Behind the walls, a mighty party lies,
And as you either bank or river rise;
Securely held, by numbers they appear'd,
And num'rous guns, on stately batt'ries rear'd.

No pass we find, no method to surprize,
But daring force, or conquers, them or dies.
There stands you see, a batt'ry stoutly man'd,
Design'd the shores and river to command;
Might we but carry her with sudden fright,
And gain the summit of yon dang'rous height;
There opens to our view a fair campaign,
Where we may conquer, or be bravely slain.

The steady counsels speedily agreed,
Resolve at all adventures to proceed;
And all embark'd, lay resting on their oars,
Beneath the covert of the hostile shores;
And when day glimmer'd with a doubtful light;
They boldly push, and strangely happen right.
Deversive fire, the foe's attention drew.
'Till this strong pass was bravely forced thro'.
Then clam'bring up the height embodi'd stand,
The bravest troops that ever bore command,
Their dreadful fronts with fervid light'nings glare,
And long to plunge into the sea of war.
Fierce indignation flames in ev'ry eye,
And Montcalm's motly hosts in scorn defy.
Each seems an Alexander view'd alone,
And what, O heav'ns! is all their force in one?
But when the soul of this firm corps appears,
And o'er the summit his dread aspect rears,
Tho' sev'nfold lustre brighten'd ev'ry face,
The setting stars did never so decrease.

But here, my modest pen wou'd plead excuse,
Left faint description, give unwil'd abuse--
This may suffice, his body for his mind,
Was amply fitted, and as aptly join'd;
His agile steps, move lightly o'er the plain,
And now he fronts, and thus arranges his men,
At length, dear boys! has dawn'd the glad some day,
Which shall your godlike valour well display;
This spacious plain, affords you ample room,
To read these tawney tribes a final doom:
Their numbers treat with utter disregard,
For men are mortals, when pursu'd and fear'd.
This more than savage brood, of base mustees,
Deny'd the shelter of the braver trees,
Wou'd sooner an incensed Jove engage,
Than tempt the fury of your ripen'd rage.
The bravest troops proud France has ever shown,
Have been by British scythes, by thousands mown.
Then what these brambles? what from them to fear?
Unskill'd in arms, and yet untry'd in war.
What tho' their game with vigour they pursue,
Their hearts shall tremble, when they gaze on you,
Their flagging arms, their guns can never raise,
When they behold you all a living blaze.
Thro' long details of war, I need not run,
Ye know what we at Louisburg have done:
They know it too, and shudder to relate,
How ten to one we from their trenches beat.
What can we fear from such a vanquish'd foe?
In expectation of a final blow.
How faint their hopes? how desperate their fears?
While recent wounds the strong remembrance bears.

But while I speak, behold them rushing on,
The God of hosts be prais'd, our work is done!
What more, my souls! did Britons e'er desire,
Than to salute their foes with naked fire?
No more I wish, this wish obtain'd alone;
That all their forces may unite in one,
Let one decisive stroke the cause dispute,
And ever after be the vanquish'd mute.

Yet tho' your proved courage, well I know,
And know with me, you scorn the smutty foe;
My jealous zeal, so prompts to urge you on,
I see you flying, yet I bid you run.
I feel your spirits echo while I speak,
And but command the course yourselves would take.

Yet how can I this moving speech forbear?
When I consider what your stations are,
Plac'd in the gap of some impasted dike,
Where foaming seas with hottest fury strike.
Such is your state, in all the nation's eyes,
And freedom now with you prevails, or dies.
Shou'd you be conquer'd, O the shocking scene!
What ears have heard, or eyes have ever seen!
The faintest draught of overwhelming woe,
Which shou'd this ruin'd country overflow!
But O my soul! might the celestial powers,
But crown the day, and make the battle ours,
No Lydian, Persian, Carthagian spoils,
Cou'd raise such trophies, or reward such toils.

Our aged Monarch, whose propitious reign,
Does balance nations, and compose the main,
Shou'd yet rejoice, to find his great designs,
Subjected to no possible confines.
Brave Ferdinand by numbers press to death,
Shou'd from the news resume reviving breath.
The godlike Charles, with new ambition rage,
And tempt united millions to engage.
Hesperia's sons, to the pacific plain,
Shou'd talk of Wolfe's unconquerable men.
But here they be, stand ready to receive,
The first, and only shock, they mean to give.
Slowly advance, in regular array,
Nor vainly throw one precious shot away.
When just enclos'd, let go one sweeping show't
And then your bay'ners in their bosoms pour,
Thus broke their order, speedily pursue,
And, like old Samuel, them to pieces hew.
Scarce did our Chief, his last oration close,
Till o'er their heads the blackest storm arose;
That ever darken'd air or shook the field;
But still the British troops their thunder held.
Vollies on vollies, from the Frenchmen came,
And as they nearer drew, they wilder aim.
So panic struck, to view such marble foes,
Whom death, nor hottest dangers discompose.
Meanwhile, a wandering bullet pierc'd the arm
Of gallant Wolfe, and did his spirits warm.
His handkerchief, and sword, at once he draws,
This shall support, and this avenge my cause;
The cracking bones, together tightly bound,
So num'd the limb, he quite forgot the wound.
And now enclos'd, the hottest fight ensu'd,
That ever dy'd the earth or ting'd the flood.
Hundreds of souls, as in a moment die.
While slain in heaps, their corpse promiscuous lie.
Amidst the thickest of his deadly foes,
Our dying self-avenging Hero goes;
Deals numerous deaths while he a death receives,
Which lead, and steel, united, scarcely gives;
Pierc'd and transpierc'd, his sinking body falls,
While to his lov'd supporters, thus he calls,
How goes the fight, tell me, I cannot see?
And being answer'd, O they flee! they flee!
Now I can leave the world in peace, he says,
Come lay me down, and let me sleep in ease.
Now joy and grief a stronger fight maintain,
Than this wherein victorious Wolfe was slain.
United passions in a flood conspire,
To pour new vengeance on their flaming ire,
Which seem’d exalted to a pitch before,
As hot as hissing Hydra ever bore.
The flying French now seem to fly in vain,
And nought but slaughter can the foe detain.
Nor yet content, with the enfeebled rear,
They like a torrent thro’ the center bear.
Short was the combat, till the closed gate
Abandon’d all without, to bitter fate,
Which when the mad triumphing Britons knew,
Tho’ hot as flame, they instantly withdrew,
Scorning to massacre the helpless few.
And now, within the fatal pen, inclos’d,
And still, refusing all the terms propos’d,
Wolfe’s brave successor, still resolves to drive
The hornets out, or burn them in the hive:
But when they saw the match was just prepar’d,
Their fullen souls subdu’d and fully scar’d,
Now change their haughty tone, and mercy crave,
A boon which conqu’ring Britons ever freely gave.
Possession gain’d, forever let remain,
But O my muse! re-view the crimson plain!
Ask Churchill, Philip’s son, or Prussia’s King;
Ask all, or us’d to conquer, or to sing,
Was ever field with such firm champions strew’d,
Or ever ran a stream of braver blood.
Each British corps, triumphing in his gore,
Lay glorious, bleeding from his wounds before;
While Gallat lines in sad confusion cast,
Lay bury’d, trampled, scarcely dead at last.
But O thou foul! thou spirit of my song,
Why has my muse neglected thee so long?
Has feeble death, obscur’d thy deathless fame?
Or thy surviving honours dropt their claim?
Thy only mortal part, we here behold,
O! for a statue of Peruvian gold,
The fairest gems, and colours of the east,
By some Pygmalion in due order plac'd.
But still my raving soul, with mad desire,
Wou’d crave Pygmalion’s or Prometheus’ fire.
Nor yet content, to view thy mortal state,
Subjected to the turns of giddy fate,
I’d clothe thy soul in strong immortal rays,
And make Jove’s thunders from thy trident blaze.
Feuertant steeds, shou’d whirl thy rapid car,
And thy strong arm direct the dreadful war,
Victoria’s plumage settle on thy brow,
No more on British banners doubtful now,
Libertas ride triumphant on thy spear,
And banish’d justice re-assume the chair,
Our Alma Matres, with Parnassus join,
And sing the glory of their safety thine,
Exulting angels, form the outer range,
And chaunt thy honours in the happy change,
Where grim destruction held her awful court,
And hell and Zara glad’ned with the sport,
Beheld their furies gorg’d with humane gore,
And lov’d humanity, was seen no more.
Where deserts fill’d with anthropophagean yells,
Shew’d one dread emblem of a thousand Hells,
Harpean ululations, urbane growls,
And screaming terrors of predicting owls;
Where death, and darkness, his pavilion made,
And desolation triumph’d in the shade;
Envir’ning flames, illum’d the distant skies,
And soft repose forsook the peasant’s eyes.
Now smiling peace, erects her myrtle booth,
And Heav’n’s rich blessings all our sorrows sooth,
The teeming valley and the golden plain,
Now yield their beauties and their wealth again.

In safe retreats my Amaryllis sings,
The bravest Gen’rals, and the best of Kings:
The glorious man, whose like was never known,
Since dy'd the chief, who guarded Anna's throne;
Whose soul with freedom, warm'd, and valour fill'd,
A sinking nation, by the arm upheld,
Despising life, when love, and duty calls,
And in the cause, a noble victim falls.
Eternal honours, crown thy worthy name,
Be it the fairest in the book of fame,
Let nations write, and future nations read,
My Hero's acts, who was a Chief indeed.

Epimonumenton Jacobi Wolfe.

Here lives, and shines, while seas, and sun endures;
The sword which British liberty secures;
Dreadful in death, it conquers Briton's foes,
And Gaul shall fear, and feel it's heavy blows.