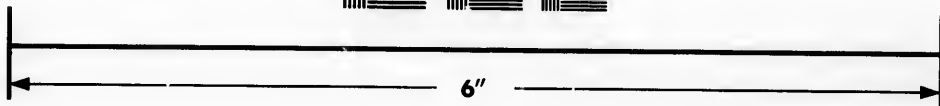
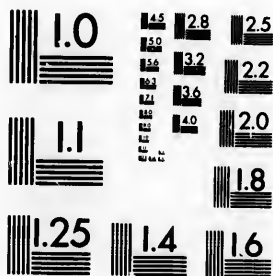


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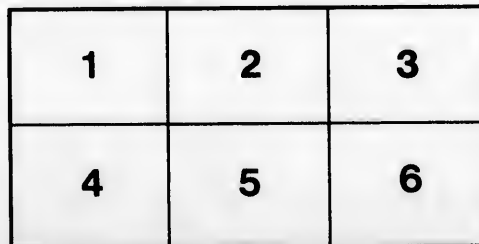
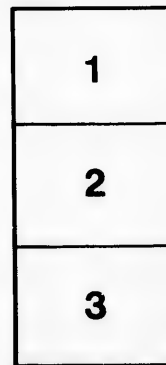
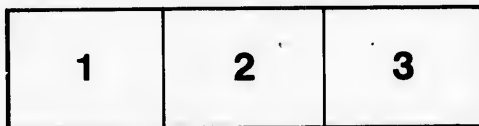
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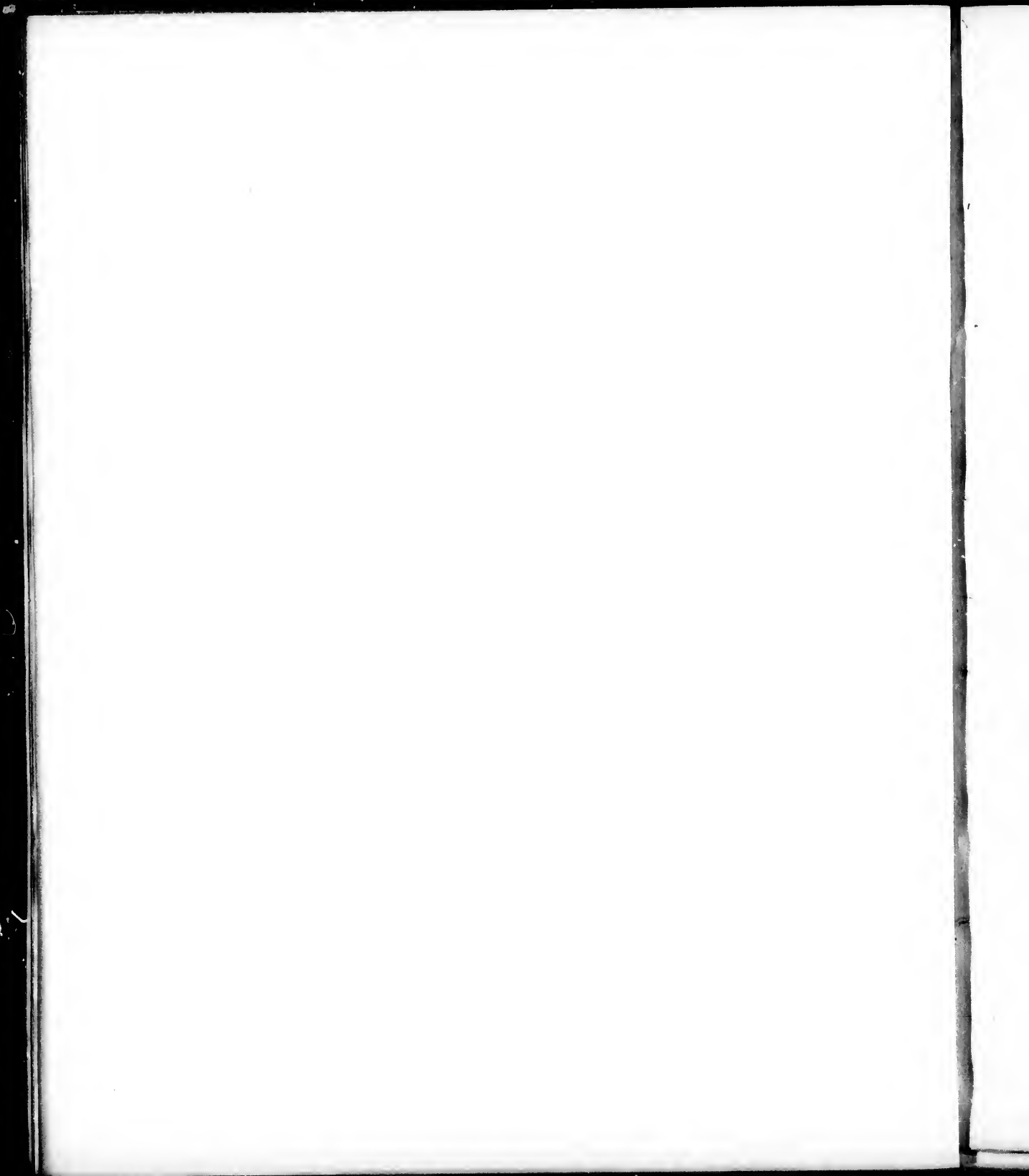
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THE
L I F E
OF
General JAMES WOLFE,
THE
CONQUEROR of *Canada* :
OR, THE
ELOGIUM of that Renowned HERO,
Attempted according to the
RULES of ELOQUENCE.
WITH A
MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION,
LATIN and *ENGLISH*,
To perpetuate his MEMORY.

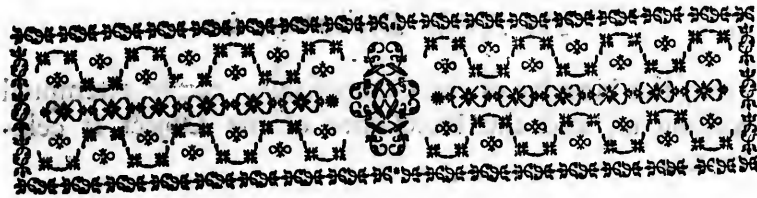
By J*** P*****, A. M.

*Avida est periculi virtus, et quò tendat, non quid passura sit cogitat : quoniam et quod
passura est, gloriæ pars est.* SENECA.

L O N D O N :

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THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY,
TO THE
MEN OF KENT.

GENTLEMEN,



TAKE the Liberty of recommending to your Patronage the following Discourse, the Design of which is to record the Military Fame and Character of the late illustrious General WOLFE.

I WILLINGLY undertook the Task, unbiaffed and unasked; presuming, though my Abilities were far unequal to it, (for an ACHILLES should be described by a HOMER, and an ALEXANDER painted by an APelles) that it would meet with a favourable Reception, both

from the Novelty of the Composition, rarely attempted among us, and the Excellence of the Object it celebrates.

AN Address to none but you, GENTLEMEN, seemed proper on this Occasion; because, as it is your County that gave Birth to, and nursed the Hero, it was but just you should, on that Account, share in the Elogiums, which are due to his Merit; and even pride yourselves, that, with the general Applause of the Nation, you can again add to your List of KENTISH WORTHIES, in Church and State, in the Army and Navy, the Name of a MAN OF KENT, who is the Glory of the present Age, and will be the Admiration of the future.

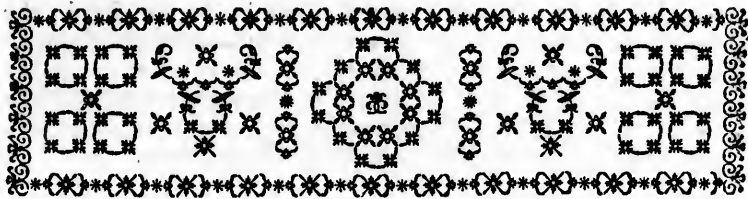
Go on, GENTLEMEN, and prosper. May you never want a Race of Heroes; and may every Man among you, in the Support and Defence of his Country, prove himself a TRUE MAN OF KENT, which is the hearty Wish of,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most Humble, and

Respectful Servant,

J*** P*****.



T H E
L I F E
O F
General JAMES WOLFE, &c.



H * sent out his Arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out Lightnings, and discomfited them. These are the Words of David, acknowledging, in the Jubilation of a Heart full of Gratitude, the Power of God; when He, the Lord, his Strength and Buckler, the Horn of his Salvation, and high Tower, delivered him from the Hand of all his Enemies, and from the Hand of Saul.

THE same great and mighty God, glorious † in Holiness, fearful in Praises, doing Wonders, has lately manifested his Power and stretched-out Arm, in Defence of this Nation; his Munificence has showered down upon us all the Blessings of Peace, whilst his Justice makes other Nations feel all the Calamities of War; he has

* Psal. xviii. 14.

† Exod. xv. 7.

2 *The Life of General JAMES WOLFE, &c.*

crowned our Arms with signal Successes both by Sea and Land ; the Haughtiness of our inveterate Foes has been covered by him with Shame and Confusion ; and if, regardless of his Chastisements, they persist in wicked Designs, in perfidious Dealings, in violent Measures, he will surely level all their aspiring Thoughts with the Dust, and crush into Abortion their destructive Machinations.

WE have always, and now more especially, just Reason to let Praises and Thanksgivings dwell on our Lips, and in our Minds, for the singular Mercies it has pleased God to shew us. Let us therefore raise the Voice of Exultation, let us sound the Trumpet of Praise, let us pay the Tribute of Thanks to the Most High. This our Felicity, next to, and under the Direction of his all-gracious providential Care, we are indebted for to his Majesty's wise Counsels, which the Event has proved to have been planned with a judicious Forecast, and executed with a no less noble than vigorous Spirit. It was these wise Counsels that made Choice of General JAMES WOLFE for the Conquest of *Quebec*, the Capital of the *French* Empire in *North America*. He did not hesitate to obey his Orders, or cavil with his Instructions ; his Country called him forth ; he went, fought the Enemy, and died crowned with Victory.

HERE, what a Scene, mingled with Glory and Pity, Joy and Sorrow, Triumph and Mourning, presents itself to View !

How glorious was it for a small Body of Troops, amidst a Multiplicity of Obstacles, almost unfurmountable, to defeat so numerous an Enemy ; and yet we pity that Bravery, that Ardour, that Incentive to Honour, that Sense of Duty, that Love of the Country in the noble Commander ; because, as the moving Spring to animate others with Motion, as the powerful Example begun and shewn in himself to lead on to Conquest, he was thereby prompted to hazard and lose a Life so precious to his Country !

HARK ! what Shouts of Joy rend the Sky whilst *Britons* cry VICTORY ! The neighbouring Mountains send back the Sound ; *Quebec* hears it, chilled with Horrors ; the *Indian* Nations stand astonished : But alas ! this Joy, so full of Confusion for the Enemy ; so sweet a
Source

Source of Pleasure for *Britons*, is soon marred with Bitterness. *Britons* see, with Sorrow painted on their down-cast Faces, their General breathing his last; they count over, with Regret, his honourable Wounds; and while they bathe them with their Tears, they cannot help thinking, that, that Victory must be inestimable, which required for its Purchase the Blood of so great and so good a General.

Lo! Triumphs were not wanting, to declare the Importance of our Conquest. They were not, indeed, those Triumphs that dazzle the Sight, by the Splendor of an external solemn Pomp; but they were Triumphs in the Heart of every true *Briton*, and every sincere Wisher to the Welfare of his Country. Our *North American Colonies* had long experienced all the Inconveniencies of a more than troublesome Neighbourhood; they were delivered up, by an encroaching and rapacious Enemy, to the Incursions and Depredations of the most barbarous Savages: Let us draw a Veil over the Treatment they received, over the uncommon Cruelties exercised upon them; Humanity cannot stand the Shock of a bare Representation! What must be their Thoughts when the welcome News came to them of the Conquest of *Quebec*? All their Fears were dissipated; the certain Hopes of future Peace and Security smiled upon them; every Breast glowed with Triumph. *Britain*, a fond Parent, felt the warm Emotions of the dear Children she had nurtured and educated with so much Care. How deeply was she, some Time ago, afflicted to learn their Distress? She rode on the rapid Wings of Tenderness to their Relief; her potent Arm raised them up; it bade them follow to the Revenge of Battle; and now she exults with them in Triumph. O great and glorious Triumph, how magnificent wouldst thou have been, were the Triumphs of mortal Man, pure, un sullied, and unmixed! Thy Brightness is obscured, thy Beauties fade, thy Gaiety grows sullen, when the Reflection starts upon us, dismal and doleful Reflection! proclaiming aloud, that *WOLFE* is dead; *WOLFE*! that valiant Captain, whose auspicious Conduct is the Cause of all our Triumph. Then, O then, the Eye is seen to mourn; the Countenance in vain recalls its Sprightliness; nay, the whole Body, to shew it sympathises with the sincere Regret of the Mind, would willingly clothe itself with a Garb expressive of Sorrow!

BUT cease, ye unavailing Tears! Cease to flow! Ye flow without Reason! WOLFE is not dead. He now enjoys a Life of Immortality. His Memory will be for ever dear to *Britons*. Heaven, summing up his heroic Virtues, judged them to be ripe for the Fruition of eternal Happiness. Yes, O Divine Being, Author of all good Gifts! *He * asked Life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even Length of Days for ever and ever: His Glory is great in thy Salvation, Honour and Majesty hast thou laid upon him.*

SUCH are the ineffable Rewards that await Virtue; such General JAMES WOLFE is now in the quiet and undisturbed Possession of; he now sits exalted above the Reach of impotent Envy, which cannot detract from his Merit; and this his Merit will appear in the most conspicuous and amiable Light, after passing in Review the principal Actions of his Life.

JAMES WOLFE has a just Claim to very honourable Progenitors. He was the Son of Colonel EDWARD WOLFE, and was born at *Westerham*, in the County of *Kent*, where he was baptised *January* the 11th, 1726. It is said of him, that, even in his earliest Youth, he had by Words and Actions exhibited several Specimens of what he was one Day likely to be: So true it is, that the natural Disposition will work its Way, and shew itself in the Display of ingenious Contrivances, when the Application of Art and Precepts, where it is wanting, will have little or no Effect. His illustrious Parents, who could easily discern in him the Dawn of great Hopes, were assiduous to improve it into the Maturity of strong, bright, and vivid Rays. Every Thing in young WOLFE contributed to second their Intentions; he not only performed whatever he was enjoined with all the Alacrity of Inclination, but even his Performance was admirable; and the more so, as it far exceeded his Years. Happy Genius! destined by such evident Marks to be the Support and Ornament of your Country.

THESE were only the Rudiments and Essays of tender Childhood: The Flower was still in the Bud; it only glistened bedecked with

* Psal. xxi. ver. 4, 5.

the Pearls of Morning Dew. But, when once its native genial Warmth began to transmit the generous Sap, it opened, it blew, into all the Charms of Adolescence. Now we behold young WOLFE, not insensibly, but, by a brisk and lively Progress, learning and practising all the Duties, and all the Virtues, that spread their Lustre on a well-instituted Life. His Apprehension was exceeding quick and clear, penetrating almost in a Moment into the deepest Recesses of whatever was necessary for him to know: His Judgment, acute and solid, readily determined him in the Choice of what was best; and his Memory, easy and retentive, laid up for his Use, as in a faithful Repository, all his precious Acquisitions. Society, as in a Mirror, could contemplate in him all the Perfections that tend to enhance its Benefit. His Friendships were the more sincere and constant, as being cemented on the Groundwork of Reason; yet not so restrained to the Sweetness of particular Attachments, as ever to exclude a more extensive Spirit of Benevolence, which glowed in him, to promote the universal Good of Mankind. Hence he was polite, affable, gentle, free, and unreserved in his Conversation; no stiff, sullen, forbidding, haughty, boisterous Airs ruffled the Serenity of his Countenance; and, as his Graces were truly engaging, actuated by Honour, replete with Candour, devoid of Affectation, so none ever refused him the kindest Wishes of their Hearts.

BESIDES these social Virtues, and many others which might be enumerated, he possessed, even in those Years, that Purity and Integrity of Mind, which made him on all Occasions adhere strictly to the Dictates of Justice, and withal inspired him with such a deep Sense of Religion, that the good Christian did not seem so much added to, as to crown and complete the Uniformity of his Conduct. And, indeed, it was this Sense of Religion that imparted Spirit and Motion; nay, I may say, covered with the Shield of Intrepidity, and fitted the Wings of Impetuosity to, the Courage which afterwards appeared in his military Character. He was thoroughly convinced within himself, that he who is regardless of his Duty to God, will be but a superficial Observer of his Duty to his Country and Prince. The Officer whose Vigour of Mind and Body is emasculated by Voluptuousness, whose Appetites relish nothing
but

but Immoralities, cannot look at an Enemy in the Face: He either flies, betraying the dastardly Spirit of a Coward; or, overwhelmed by all the Horrors of conscious Guilt, kneels, deprecating the Vengeance of the uplifted Arm ready to strike the fatal Blow: Whereas the Christian Soldier, who complies with his Duty, not by Necessity, but by Choice; not through the servile Fear of Reproach, but for the Welfare and Glory of his Country, is not abashed to meet his Foe; he is seized with no Horrors of Conscience to make him grovel in Timidity; his Mind is erect, steady, and active; no Difficulties can obstruct his victorious Sword, nor no Dangers deter him from executing the Purpose of his Soul.

ALL the Actions of WOLFE expressed this Pourtrait of the Christian Soldier, from the very Time he embraced the Profession of Arms, which was so early as when he was but just able to bear them. Eager to receive Instruction, punctual to obey Command, assiduous to form himself and others to all the Exactness of military Discipline, he soon merited the Esteem of his Equals, and was honoured with the Commendations of his Superiors. How wonderfully does Praise operate on an ingenuous Mind! It is its Sting, its Spur, its Fire; it rouses, it pushes on, it inflames the whole Man to atchieve the most gallant Exploits: Yet WOLFE, though sensible of it, was far from being puffed up with vain Pride: Praise may flatter others with the Thoughts of Self-sufficiency, with an over Confidence in their Abilities; but in him its Effects were only predominant to the Out-doing of himself in still greater and more spirited Acts.

DURING the last War he was present at almost every Engagement, in which he bore no inconsiderable Part, signalising his Courage by vigorous Attacks upon the Enemy, and frequently his Conduct, in a very masterly Manner, amidst Dangers and Difficulties. No Wonder, then, if his military Genius was singled out, as one that promised to appear eminently distinguished in the first Rank. But, whilst it was thus rising apace, admired and applauded by all, Peace lulled to Rest the Horrors of War, and cut short his fond Hopes of gathering fresh Laurels.

IT happens but too often, upon the Declaration of a Peace, that both the Officer and Soldier, to wear down the disagreeable Impression of the many Fatigues and Hardships they underwent in the Service of the War, greedily catch at the Amusement of every Relaxation, or rather the Bait of every Pleasure that presents itself. This Inchantment, so sweet and ravishing in the Taste it affords, is fraught with a sure though slow Poison. The Desires are stimulated to a further Indulgence, and at Length Habit so rivets the Chains of soft Dalliance, that the martial Hero, encompassed by them, is surpris'd, when called upon to exert his former Valour, that he cannot possibly find himself. Not so with WOLFE. Recreation and Pleasure never so prevailed over him as to make him forget what he owed to himself and to his Country. All the Nerves of his warlike Disposition were kept firmly braced; and, studious to improve the important Lessons he had already learned into a lasting Advantage, he wisely made the Ease and Leisure of Peace instrumental to the cultivating of the Arts of War.

AND who but he could so properly make War his Study? Who but he discovered the mighty Genius for it? The more we take a View of this Genius, the more we shall be enamoured of it: No Quality was wanting to it, which seem'd requisite to form and magnify the Hero. Ancient and modern Discipline were equally known to him: He united the most shining Talents of the best Masters in the Science of War in his own Person; fully persuad'd, that it is not Speculation, which may be vain and idle, but Contrivance, Industry, and Application that complete the Warrior.

OF this I call you to be the Witnesses, ye six Battalions, that fought so gloriously in the Plains of *Minden*! All the *French* Cavalry felt your Shock, striking down and ravaging like a Thunder-bolt. It was not a wild Force, rushing forth with precipitate Rashness, and often spending itself in the Impetuosity of its Efforts, that broke and routed the Enemy's Squadrons; it was the Regularity and Exactness of Discipline WOLFE himself infused into one of these Battalions, when he govern'd it as Lieutenant-Colonel. By the Instinct of his Capacity it leads the Way in that Field of Fame; the rest speed after

ter the great Example : Inclination calls them to it, and Death is dealt from every Blow of the invincible Legion !

THIS is thy Victory, here are thy Trophies, O WOLFE ! I say again it was the Instinct of thy Capacity that conquered in the Plains of *Minden* : Thy Spirit, thy Elevation, Presence of Mind, and Judgment were present at the Battle : They guided the Work thy Hands had fashioned ; and this Work overthrew the Enemy, with great Slaughter. All *Europe* heard of it and was amazed ! *Britain* knew thee, her Son, to be the Author of it, and therefore she now records the Glory of this Day in her Annals, to thy immortal Honour !

WHEN, at the Breaking-out of the present War, the great Minister, who now sits at the Helm of Affairs, was making strenuous Efforts to cut off the Hydra-Head of Faction, and to awake the national Spirit from the ungrateful Slumbers it was laid in, WOLFE, fresh with manly Life, appeared upon the Stage of Action, to put in Practice, for his Country's Service, the profound Study we have seen him make in Peace of the Arts of War. The Minister's discerning Eye pointed him out to be a powerful Aid to those, who, in Right of Seniority, claimed the Command, for executing his Designs against *Rochfort* ; though the ill Success of that Affair gave us afterwards Reason to wish the Claim had been founded on the Right of undisputed Merit, influenced and biased by the unfeigned Love of the Country. However pure and upright the Patriot Minister's Intentions were, it may be said, that, his Administration being then in its Infancy, and not so thoroughly established, Feuds, Animosities, and Jealousies had not yet subsided ; and that there remained a Deal of the old Leaven, to corrupt the Mass of the new, yet true System of Policy, if it was not purged off by due Circumspection. Time alone, and a true Estimate of our real Interest, can produce these desirable Effects ; and it is therefore we shall leave the well-projected Attack of *Rochfort* in the Obscurity it has been involved in, observing only, to the * Honour of our young Hero, who was Quarter-Master-General upon this Expedition, that he, with other Officers, whilst our Fleet remained in the Bay of *Basque*, the Weather being at the same Time very favourable for a Descent, went on

* What is here asserted may be seen authenticated by our best Accounts.

Shore one Night, and walked two Miles up the Country without Interruption. Every Part of the Beach was found by him and his Company to be firm and dry; no Incampment, no Troops, no Batteries upon it. All, upon their Return to the Fleet, pressed the Landing of the Troops with great Warmth; and, to the very last, there did not appear to be any great Body of Men near the Shore, though something looked like an Incampment.

As it was practicable to land; as no sufficient Body of the Enemy's Troops or Batteries were discovered to prevent it; as there was no Difference in the Situation of *Rochfort*, contrary to the Intelligence given at Court; the Failure of the Expedition seemed to be chiefly grounded on not taking or attacking Fort *Fouras*. This was certified by the brave WOLFE; who took the Liberty, as he says himself, of suggesting his Opinion to Sir *Edward Hawke* and Sir *John Mordaunt*, That he did not doubt but a Ship of War might batter Fort *Fouras*, and that a Body of Troops might be landed at the same Time, and attack it with Success: He took the Liberty also to mention, as he only had seen the Fort, that, if Sir *Edward Hawke* thought proper to make a Diversion near *Rochelle* at the same Time, it might engage the Attention of the *French*, and give an Opportunity of making a Descent between: He further hinted his Opinion, as to sending the Bomb-Ketches out, not knowing but Bombs might be thrown into *Rochelle*; and he mentioned another Circumstance, in Regard to sending for the Pilot of the *Magnanime*, who would inform Sir *Edward* if there was Depth of Water sufficient to carry a Ship up to *Fouras*; adding, from the indifferent Opinion he had of the Fort, a forty or fifty Gun Ship might at least annoy the Fort, so as to give an Opportunity of landing.

HERE were Dispositions worthy of the most experienced General; Dispositions which in all Probability would have been attended with Success in the Execution, if they had been hearkened unto with a real Intention of doing effectual Service. The generous Heart of WOLFE could not help testifying its Regret for such a Stagnation in Resolution, which appeared but too sensibly: And, as he sincerely wished well to his Country, what indignant Emotions must have filled his Breast, to see an expensive and formidable Armament serve
C only

only the Purposes of a vain Parade ! Well may Complaints and Murmurings be heard from most Quarters ; not against the Minister nor the Admiral ; for their Glory, far from being eclipsed, rose superior to all Envy : The Minister had still a WOLFE, who was willing and able to wipe away the Nation's Disgrace ; and this he did, when the brave *Amberst* suffered him, uncontroled, to exert his Talents for the Taking of *Louisburg*.

ON * the 2d of *June*, 1758, when our Fleet, with about a Third of their Complement of Troops, anchored in *Gabarus* Bay, the gallant WOLFE, then a Brigadier-General, in Conjunction with General *Amberst*, the Commander in Chief, and Brigadier-General *Lawrence*, reconnoitred the Shore as near as they could ; and made a Disposition for landing in three Places the next Morning, in Case the rest of the Troops arrived. The Weather continuing very bad, and the Swell of the Sea high, the Landing could not possibly take Place till the 8th ; at which Time Brigadier-general WOLFE was the first that rowed into the Shore with his Detachment. The Enemy did not throw away a Shot, till his Boats were near in Shore, and then directed the whole Fire of their Cannon and Musquetry upon them. Notwithstanding their Fire, and the Violence of the Surf, which made it almost impracticable to find a Place for getting a Boat on Shore, Brigadier WOLFE pursued his Point ; and, landing just at the Left of the Cove, took Post, attacked the Enemy, and forced them to retreat. Several Boats overfet, several were shattered to Pieces, and all the Men jumped into the Water, to follow their intrepid Leader.

MANY were the Services whereby he afterwards signalised himself during this *Siege* ; and, particularly, when, on Intelligence received that the Enemy had destroyed the grand Battery, and called in their Out-posts, he was detached with 1200 Men, four Companies of Grenadiers, three Companies of Rangers, and some light Infantry, round the north-east Harbour to the Light-House Point, to silence the Island Battery, and at the same Time to attempt to destroy the Ships in the Harbour. He took Possession of the Light-House Point, with all the Posts on that Side the Harbour, which the Enemy had

* See the Gazette of *August* 18, 1758.

abandoned,

abandoned, with several Cannon ; and, when a large Party of them had crept out one Morning, to get some old Palisades and Wood, he pushed them in with a brisk Fire ; and, taking Posts on the Hills, from whence it was intended to try to demolish the Shipping, he marched forward on the Right, and forced the Enemy back to *Cape Noire*, with a smart Fire. After this, a great Cannonading continuing from the Town and Shipping on our Batteries, he was making an advanced Work on the Right, thrown up at 650 Yards from the Covered-Way, with an Intention of erecting a Battery to destroy the Defences of the Place. The next Thing he did, was to push on a Corps, and take Possession of the Hills in the Front of the Barasoy, where he made a Lodgment : And, lastly, a few Days before the Town capitulated, his Batteries contributed greatly to burn three of the Enemy's Ships. In short, it is incredible what extraordinary Feats he performed in this Siege ; and all of them the genuine Effects of his distinguished Abilities, his Conduct and Intrepidity ; which rendered him a Terror to the Enemy, and not without just Reason the Safeguard and Ornament of his Country.

ON his Return home, what Encomiums were passed upon him by all Degrees of Men ! But he, modest and discreet, ascribed all the Glory to the prudent Management of him under whom he fought. It was a sufficient Satisfaction to himself that his Country had been faithfully served, and that he had done what he thought only his Duty. Unparalleled Moderation in the Manner of accepting the Tribute of Praise ! Yet it is by these and the like humble Sentiments that exalted Merit appears in the Bloom of never-fading Beauty. Pride, and Arrogance, and Self-conceit will make but a contemptible Figure ; and, notwithstanding all Endeavours to impose by a glaring Outside, cannot help shewing the ridiculous Deformity.

WOLFE then deserved, as the Restorer of the Reputation of the *British* Arms ; as the Conqueror of *Cape Breton* with the noble *Amberst* ; to ride with him in the triumphal Car of Fame. *Amberst* does not refuse to acknowledge him the Partner of his Glory : Even without Jealousy he felicitates him that others think as well of him as of himself ; and, to declare how eminently he stands in his Esteem, he generously recommends him to his Country, as worthy of the highest

military Command. This Recommendation, though powerful, and highly valued by the grateful WOLFE, did not however carry that Force and Energy with it as his own Actions. They spoke aloud what he was and what he would be; and, though silent himself, uninfluenced by Ambition, which he was never known to court through the Mediation of the Great; and intirely passive in the Disposal that might be made of his Abilities, he was called upon, as the useful Man in the Exigencies of the State, to command the important Expedition against *Quebec*.

THERE is something secret in Nature, not to be defined or expressed by Words, which, on considering certain Objects, rouses the Passions from the Indolency of Indifference, to make them imbibe the Delicacies of Refinement, and elates the Soul with a full Prospect of Grandeur, Magnificence, Excellence, and Delight. Such is the Consideration of WOLFE's Spirit in the conducting of this Enterprize; it is an Object that quickens the dull Lethargy of the Passions into the liveliest Transports; we cannot withhold our Admiration of it; the Soul sometimes quietly and joyfully rests in its Contemplation; sometimes she is winged into Extasies; for she finds in it both Grandeur and Delight: Not Grandeur and Delight contracted within a narrow Compass, as in a Meadow variegated with Flowers, and receiving an additional Beauty from a purling Brook, taught to water the tender Grass; but Grandeur and Delight, vast and extensive, as in the unbounded Prospect of Hills and Vales, inumbrated with tall Cedars, and watered by an expanded River.

FEW or none ever before rose to WOLFE's great Reputation in War, till they had first obtained and firmly established it by repeated Victories and Commands. He, in some Measure, as an unprecedented Example, building upon the Foundation of scarce any other Advantages than the Expectation he had raised of himself, at once gained such an Ascendant in the Love of his Fellow-subjects, the Confidence of the Soldiery, the Esteem of the Officers, the Respect of the Government, the Favour of the Court, that all, with undivided unanimous Suffrages, placed him in the Summit of this Command. We shall now see how he behaved himself in it, how he proved

proved himself worthy of it; as otherwise a General must have little Reason to value himself upon the most shining Success.

WHEN *General WOLFE appeared before *Quebec*, in the River of *St. Laurence*, with his Troops, he found the Obstacles to his intended Operations much greater than he had Reason to expect, or could foresee, and chiefly from the natural Strength of the Country, which the Enemy seemed wisely to depend upon. To complete their Security, Succours of all Kinds had been thrown into *Quebec*, and a numerous Body of regular Troops, joined to the Troops of the Colony, filled up with every *Canadian* that was able to bear Arms, besides several Nations of Savages, had taken the Field in a very advantageous Situation.

WHAT was the Prospect of reducing a Place which was every Way so well prepared for a vigorous Defence? General WOLFE could not flatter himself that he was able to effect it; yet, with his little Army, whose Courage and Resolution he could depend upon, he hoped, if an Opportunity offered of attacking that of the Enemy, however superior and formidable, he should disconcert their Measures by dispersing them, and so as to facilitate with Success an Attack upon the Town.

THE Enemy were encamped along the Shore, and intrenched in every accessible Part. On his Landing upon the Isle of *Orleans*, he found it absolutely necessary both to possess himself of, and to fortify, the Point of *Levi*, and the Westermost Point of the Isle; because, from either the one or the other, the Enemy might make it impossible for any Ship to lie in the Basin of *Quebec*, or even within two Miles of it. This Service being performed with little Loss, he ordered Batteries of Cannon and Mortars to be erected with great Dispatch on the Point of *Levi*, to bombard the Town and Magazines, and to injure the Works and Batteries. The Enemy, perceiving these Works in great Forwardness, passed the River to attack and destroy them; but, falling into Confusion, they fired upon one another, and went back; and the Effect of this Artillery

* See the Gazette of *October 16, 1759.*

was so great, though a-cross the River, that the Upper Town was considerably damaged, and the Lower intirely destroyed.

THE Variety of his other Dispositions, Stratagems, and masterly Strokes of Generalship, are still so recent in every one's Memory, that a Detail of them is unnecessary; and it will be sufficient to say, that, to draw the Enemy from their Situation, and bring them to an Action, he at last formed and executed that great Plan of conveying his Troops above the Town, after leaving the Points of *Levi* and *Orleans* in a proper State of Defence. He was but just then recovered from a dangerous Fit of Illness, yet his bodily Strength, as if not in the least impaired, was so refreshed by the Vigour of his Mind, that he was present in Person, active, diligent, and indefatigable, wherever any Thing was to be done or ordered for taking an Advantage of the Enemy. Thus fulfilling, in his whole Manner, the Character of *Cæsar*;

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.

AND now the Enemy, being obliged to quit their Post, collected the whole of their Forces, and advanced to give Battle, which they could not avoid. General WOLFE, in the mean Time, put his little Army in extreme good Order, and displayed his Ranks so as to strike a Terror into the Enemy by the Appearance of a far greater Number than he really had. Cool, provident, and prepared in this Manner for all Events, his Troops shewing, at the same Time, a Countenance mixed with Alacrity and Steadiness, he received the Enemy's first Shock, which, as it is customary with them, was very brisk and animated. But this their Vivacity, from a little Check, is soon relaxed into the Debility of unresisting Languor; the Man degenerates into Woman, and can only exert a like impotent Struggle. WOLFE prudently reserved his Fire till he was within forty Yards, and then it was so well continued, and with such good Effect, that the Enemy every where gave Way. In this Onset, a Musquet-ball pierced through, and shattered the Bone of his Wrist; but, regardless of such a painful and desperate Wound, he immediately wrapped it up, and, quite unconcerned, followed the impetuous Blow he had just struck, giving the Enemy no Time to recover

ver from the Consternation and Confusion he had thrown them into. Then it was, in the Midst of the Havock he was making, thinning and mowing down their Ranks, that, a second Ball passing through his Body, he fell at the Head of his brave Grenadiers, as they were darting, like Lightning, to assail with their Bayonets.

OH! WOLFE; what a melancholy Fall was this for thy Country, yet, glorious and honourable to thee, and still more glorious and honourable by the Circumstances that attended it! When faint and breathless, through the Effusion of thy Blood, thou wast, by the mournful Ministry of a few Soldiers, carried off from the Scene of Action; nay, from that Scene of Victory, ready to proclaim thee the Conqueror of *Canada*, thou didst, still intent upon the Event, raise thy drooping Head, and check the mighty Conflicts of thy Soul, hastening to sever herself from thy Body: 'This thou didst with new Life and Motion, when the Shout of, *They run*, sounded in thy Ears. Thou didst ask, with all the Eagerness of strong Perturbation, *Who run?* and receiving the joyous Answer, that the Enemy were routed, with a complete and decisive Overthrow, thou didst reply, in tender Emotions for thy Country's Success, *Then, I thank God, I die contented.* Peace and Composure, with these Words, sealed thy Eyelids, and thy Head gently reclining, willingly resigned thy mortal Life.

IF we search the Records of History for a Death like that of WOLFE, shall we find one, in all Respects, so Noble? Many have fought for their Country, and died in its Defence, perhaps with Sentiments of Magnanimity equal to his, and with as undaunted a Resolution to submit to the Laws of Fatality; but how few, under his Circumstances, have graced Death with such attractive Charms, that what commonly is abhorred as an Evil, seems pleasing, welcome, and desirable? We praise then, we magnify such a Death; we exult within ourselves, that we can produce such an Example to awake Imitation upon a like Occasion; and we even say, that so to die, is not to die in Effect, is not to be extinct and forgotten, but to live in the Memory of future Ages, till that Duration comes when Time shall be no more.

WOLFE has acquired that Life of lasting Memory ; none envy it him ; *He flourishes like the Palm-tree, and shall be exalted as the Cedar of Lebanon* ; every grateful Briton has already raised a Monument to him in his Breast ; and Marble shall be taught, under the Hands of the Artist, to pay him its Homage, by all the emblematical Illustrations of Heroism it is capable of expressing : But what shall we farther say, and what shall we feel, whilst, with admiring Eyes, we survey the Apparatus of this condign Pomp, whilst the magnificent Objects convey to us an Idea of the Excellence they represent ? We shall say, *It is WOLFE that has deserved all this* : We can say no more ; we feel the rest ; we feel the bright Effigies of his Glory making our Bosoms to pant, but its Beauties are not to be told ; neither can we describe its Height and Depth ; the Imagination wanders in a Maze, and cannot figure out the exact Measurement.

IF we place this Death of WOLFE in another Point of View, looking back to the Cause for which he died, a Cause no other than the Love of serving his Country ; we shall have Reason to lament that Ardour which exposed him so much to the Perils of War, and set open against him the greedy Jaws of Mortality before his Time ; we shall imbibe a little Tincture of Jealousy against the Monuments and Trophies, destined as if too soon to perpetuate his Memory ; we shall accuse as a little too hasty the putting him in Possession of such an Accumulation of Glory. Just Regret ! just Jealousy ! just Complaint ! His Country has suffered by his Loss ; she now is thoroughly sensible of it ; she wishes his Life had been protracted into a full Length of Days ; and she sighs, apprehensive of not finding a Man like him to fight her battles.

HENCE is the Source of Tears for WOLFE's Death, which refuses to be intirely dried up ; and hence the plaintive Voice of Grief, which has been heard from all Parts of the *British* Realms. It will still be renewed with the deepest Concern, whenever we approach that hallowed Ground where his precious Remains are deposited, or visit the Monuments consecrated to his Memory. Thither we shall come inspired with a reverential Awe for the Place ; for the
Virtues

Virtues that guard its Precincts, with Frowns and stern Looks, bid the Profane stand aloof. The pure in Heart and Well-wishers to their Country will come, and, mourning in the Silence of their Hearts, will sometimes start with Surprise, and speak within themselves; "Then WOLFE is dead!—Surely he is gone too soon!—Propitious Heaven lent him only for a Day!—Death found him too fine a Victim!—And is he then dead? He who was the Author of so much Happiness to us! He who was the Son of Honour, truly brave, truly noble, friendly and candid, gentle and beneficent, great and glorious!"

BEHOLD, the Soldier comes! He whose Hands WOLFE had taught and fitted to Battle, and whose Soul he had filled with Courage and Perseverance: He mourns, his Loss in him, the best of Officers, because with him his chief Happiness is vanished. WOLFE had always a Fellow-feeling for him; his Treatment of him was always humane; and he never let his Services pass unrewarded. What Affection, what Gratitude, what Willingness, what Confidence, what Ardour, must not Manners so conciliating in the General, excite and cherish in the Soldier!

AND thou, lovely *Maid! will come: Thou, to whom Choice, guided by Reason, pointed out WOLFE as the deserving Object of thy Affections. The innate Worth of his manly Soul kindled in thee the tenderest Sentiments. He gave and thou didst catch the Flame: Conscious Love cannot smother its Fires; the Glow bursts out, and each Heart burns alike, and each Heart collects its Heat into the warmest Wishes for completing a lasting Union. The Decorum of Life and Virgin-Modesty postpone the happy Day. In the mean Time, his Country's Cause calls WOLFE away. Love may bid him decline its Support; may paint with Horrors to him the Aspect of War; but he, mindful of the Dictates of Honour, and, above all, of the Duty he owes to his Country, removes, without Reluctance, from his Sight the Blandishments of Love, and all the alluring Sweets of domestic Ease and Felicity; and, though he fondly may desire to embrace and enjoy them, for the Sake of her,

* Miss L—th—r.

and with her, who generously makes a Tender of them; yet they ought not, in his Opinion, to take Place of the Pleasures that will arise from the Consciousness of having done well in the Service and for the Love of our Country. The Way to these Pleasures is beset with Hardships, Difficulties, and Dangers; to the other smooth, easy, and secure: Yet it seemed not so eligible to WOLFE, who knew the inestimable Value of the pure Satisfaction of the Mind, and, at the same Time, did not slight the Gratification of Sense, if it was in his Circumstances immediately consistent with his Honour. Thou also, illustrious Maid, Mirrour of thy Sex! thou couldest not delight in the Man in whose Honour thy discerning Eye did perceive the least Stain. Thou wast as tender of WOLFE's Honour as he could be himself: He flew with thy Approbation and good Wishes to the Field of Glory, and fancied himself sufficiently happy, if he could at his Return lay at thy Feet his Harvest of Laurels. Alas! thou art too sensible how he was prevented; thy Sorrows need not be renewed; for the dear Image of his Virtues is so often present to thy Mind, that every Time thou wouldest gladly drop a Tear into his Urn.

EVEN so, as Britons now their WOLFE, the Jews formerly lamented their Judas Maccabeus. They * bewailed him, and all Israel made great Lamentations for him, and mourned many Days, saying, how is the valiant Man fallen that delivered Israel! Just was the Cause of their Lamentation; for he fought † with Chearfulness the Battle of Israel. He got his People great Honour, and put on a Breastplate as a Giant, and girt his warlike Harness about him, and he made Battles, protecting the Host with his Sword. In his A&T's he was like a Lion, and like a Lion's Whelp roaring for his Prey: For he pursued the Wicked, and burnt up those that vexed his People. Wherefore the Wicked shrunk for Fear of him, and all the Workers of Iniquity were troubled, because Salvation prospered in his Hand. His Memorial is blessed for ever. Cannot we say, after a close Examination of the Features of this Pourtrait, but that WOLFE exhibits a very striking Resemblance of them? His moral Character shewed the Judas Maccabeus in him; his military Character is only clouded by the Number of Judas's signal Victories; but his Exit was as glorious.

* Maccab. c. ix. ver. 20, 21.

† Ibid. c. iii. ver. 3, 4, 5, 6.

EPAMINONDAS, the great *Theban* Captain, (whom WOLFE also resembles, as dying, like him, victorious over his Enemy) being asked, which of his Friends he loved best; answered, that they must all die before he could be positive in deciding the Degree they held in his Esteem. The same Thought has been adopted and improved by others, but by all with the Intention of inculcating, that none can be deemed truly good and happy before they die, Death alone being the Test of their Actions, so far as it points out, by a just Measure, the Depravity and Rectitude discoverable in them. If *Britons* were now asked the Question, which of their Generals they love best; they would answer, without Hesitation, WOLFE; because the Conduct of his whole Life was invariably the same, great and good, and Death authenticated and ratified this Greatness and Goodness, by affixing her Seal to it with an indelible Impression. Other Generals, renowned in History for being great Masters in the Art of War, appear in a very contemptible Light, when divested of the external Pageantry that obscures the Deformity of their Actions in private Life: They are then the mere Man, and not the Hero. The Success of their Enterprises, however obtrusive of the Ideas of Pomp and Grandeur on weak Minds, cannot extenuate the pernicious Effects of their Ambition, or Avarice, or Lust, or Cruelties, or Oppression. To gratify these inordinate Passions, they waded through a Sea of Blood; they led Armies into a Field of Slaughter; they taught them the Way and Manner of butchering one another; and, in the End, instead of fighting the Battles of their Country in Support of its own Independency, or the Rights and Liberties of Mankind, they proved the merciless Destroyers of God's Creatures, and the Violators of the most sacred Laws of human Society. Death often seized upon them in the Midst of their Havock and Outrages, and transmitted them, as they deserved, deeply branded with the Ignominy of their enormous Guilt, to the Horror and Detestation of Posterity. Not so with WOLFE: Without Ambition, Avarice, or any other Vice, his Talents were employed in Defence of the Independence of his Country, with which the Rights and Liberties of *Europe* are intimately connected: As another *Judas Maccabeus*, he fought with *Cheerfulness* its Battle; his People by it got great Honour; he burnt up those

that vexed his People ; Salvation prospered in his Hand, and his Memorial is blessed for ever.

GREAT GOD! just and terrible in thy Judgments, with what an humbling Blow to Humanity hast thou struck us, by the Death of our beloved General JAMES WOLFE! But, Lord, if thou dost unsheath thy Sword, it is not to destroy, but to mend; it is not to blast our Hopes, but to make them spring with a fuller Bloom; it is not to crush us under the Weight of thy Vengeance, but to teach us to rise superior to all Disasters. Thou hast in JAMES WOLFE set an Example to our Generals and Officers, that, by faithfully copying after it, they may learn to relinquish voluptuous Ease, despise Dangers and Difficulties, and, when necessary, fall gloriously, like him, for their Country. Stung and quickened by noble Emulation, behold they make ready to run for the Prize in the same Course of Glory. It is PITT, who, with thy divine Providence, was appointed the tutelary Genius of this Nation, that leads the Way with Precept. Thy Wisdom has replenished him with the good Gifts of deliberating maturely, judging soundly, counselling securely, ordaining exactly, and executing effectually. He has introduced the Blessings of Harmony and good Understanding between our Commanders both by Sea and Land; they now no longer obstruct the Nation's Welfare by Contradictions, Dissensions, and Disobedience. Oh! may the Blessing continue! And may we never want a PITT, under the auspicious Influence of his Majesty, to find for us another WOLFE; whose Loss, though we are sincerely afflicted for it, thy all-gracious Care, O God, has abundantly compensated, by preserving to us his Like in *Amberst, Monckton, Townshend, Hawke, and Saunders!*

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION,
 LATIN and ENGLISH,
 To perpetuate the Memory of General WOLFE.

L A T I N.

Siste Viator,
 Et hinc contemplare,
 Quicquid nobile excelsumque concipi potest,
 Conferre in elogium
 JACOBI WOLFE.

Excultus omni virtute heroicâ,
 Tum verbo, tum exemplo, sub tutelâ patris ejus
 EDWARDI WOLFE, Tribuni Militum;
 Jam vix adultâ ætate, indolis in obsequium pronus,
 Militaris vitæ munia amplexus est.

Bellatorem summâ diligentia effingens
 Se, inter prælia cum hostibus commissa, animosum,
 Inter pericula interritum, inter angustias providum,
 Præstitit.

Ob præclarum ad res bellicas ingenium,
 Faventibus celeberrimis Ducibus,
 Sub quibus stipendia fecit;
 Ad amplissimos in exercitu honorum gradus,
 Continuatâ serie, evehctus est.

Nativus ejus vigor, cum disciplina
 Quam ipse secundum leges præfinitas observandam instituit,
 Maximâ laude in Cohorte, quam arte bellicâ erudiit,
 Enituerunt:

Quum in Campis juxta MINDAM,
 Suo exemplo quinque aliarum studia accendens,
 Impetu unâ facto, fulminis instar,
 Ab eis, Gallicus Equitatus fusus, fugatusque fuit.
 Credite, Posteris!

Totius Europæ Annales rem factam declarant.

Martius

A Monumental Inscription.

Martius ejus ardor et solertia apud ROCHFORDAM,
Abnuente Professionis militaris Præposito, coercita ;
Clarè in subversione LUDOVICI-BURGI,
Emicuerunt.

Planè illum dixeris cum AMHERSTIO
Expugnatorem PROMONTORII-BRITANNICI :
Fortes non invident Fortibus ;
Generoso animi sui instituto eum obsequi passus est.

Nunc dignus habitus summo imperio præesse ;
QUEBECUM,
Urbs primaria imperii Gallici in AMERICA Septentrionali,
Designatur tanquam optabilis victoria,
Quam eximie illius dotes promittunt.

Ars cum Naturâ conjurârat
Castellum inexpugnabile efficere ;
Sed ille inter tot res arduas, et discrimina impavidus,
Scandit rupes, et præcipitia ;
Urbem inferiorem in cineres redigit ;
Contra se ingentes CANADÆ copias educit ;
Easque parvâ manu, (militum vix quinque millibus)
At strenuâ, vegetâ, et in pugnam alacri,
Profigat, fugat, magnâque cum strage prostermit.

Victoria, proh dolor !
Vix ei triumphantibus lucis radiis illuxit ;
Jam jam eum CANADÆ Debellatorem denunciatura,
Quum oppletus vulneribus adverso pectore receptis
Gloriosè ante aciem dimicans cecidit.

Gaudete, et lugete, Britanni !
Gaudete ob sælicitatem rerum vestrarum.
Sub tanti Ducis auspiciis :
Ast mortem lugete tam boni viri
Cujus mores Evangelicæ puritatis exemplar
Eum mortem oppetere æquo animo paratoque pro patriâ,
Edocuerunt.

In perpetuam ejus Memoriam,
Hocce Monumentum speciali jussu
SENATUS, POPULIQUE BRITANNICI
Positum fuit
Anno reparatæ Salutis
Milefimo, Septingentesimo, Sexagesimo, &c.
Natus fuit, &c.

ENGLISH.

E N G L I S H.

Stop, Passenger !
And here view whatever is Grand and Noble,
Summed up in the Character

of
J A M E S W O L F E.

His Mind being adorned with all heroic Virtues,
Both by the Precept and Example of his illustrious Father,
Colonel EDWARD WOLFE ;
He, early in Life, as the Choice of his natural Disposition,
Embraced the Profession of Arms.

With indefatigable Industry forming the Military Man,
He shewed himself
Gallant in Action, intrepid in Danger, circumspect in Difficulties ;
And being soon singled out as a true Genius for the Art of War,
With the Approbation and Applause
Of the great Officers he served under,
Was honoured, in a constant Succession,
With the most distinguished Posts in the Army.

His innate Courage, his Regularity and Exactness of Discipline,
Shone conspicuous in the Corps he had himself trained up,
When animating five others by its Example in the Plains of MINDEN ;
The *French* Cavalry, by the Impetuosity of their Efforts,
Were broken, routed, and discomfited.
Posterity ! believe it :
The Annals of all *Europe* attest the Fact.

His martial Ardour and Capacity,
Restrained by superior Command at ROCHFORT ;
Were signal in the Overthrow of LOUISBURG.
You may stile him, with AMHERST, the CONQUEROR of CAPE-BRETON ;
The Brave do not envy the Brave ;
He let him act according to the generous Purpose of his Soul.

Now

A Monumental Inscription.

Now thought worthy of a Command in Chief;
QUÉBEC,
 The Capital of the *French* Empire in *North America*,
 Is made the Object of the important Conquest,
 Expected from his great Abilities.

Art had conspired with Nature
 To render the Place impregnable:
 But he, undaunted amidst such a Scene of Difficulties,
 Climbs over Rocks and Precipices,
 Lays the Lower Town in Ashes,
 Draws out the numerous Force of CANADA against him,
 And with less than five thousand Men,
 But stout, vigorous, and ardent for Battle,
 Routs and defeats them with great Slaughter.

VICTORY, alas!
 Had scarce dawned upon him with triumphant Rays of Light,
 Ready to salute him,
 The CONQUEROR of CANADA,
 When he fell gloriously,
 Covered with honourable Wounds.

BRITONS! rejoice and mourn:
 Rejoice that your Arms have prospered
 Under the Conduct of so great a General;
 But mourn for the Loss
 Of so good a Man,
 Whose Morals, a Copy of Gospel-Purity,
 Taught him to die contented for his Country.

To perpetuate his Memory,
 This Monument was erected by the special Command
 Of the BRITISH SENATE and PEOPLE.

In the Year of our Lord,
 One Thousand, Seven Hundred, and Sixty.

