

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

THESE were thy mean, ungen'rous Arts, O, *France!*
The poor, unknowing *Indian*, by Thee deceiv'd, 410
Fed with false Hopes, gay Shews, and empty Dreams;
Or, by the Sophistry of subtle Priests,
Led far astray; to ev'ry base Intent,
Thou dexterously form'd; the fatal Tools
Of thy Ambition. Nation perfidious! 415
How well art thou repaid with Blood for Blood?
Captiv'd *Quebec*, and *Canada* subdued,
In Tears lament; whilst, stript of half his Realms,
Imperious *Louis* views, with Eye askance,
Great *Brunswick*, Lord of all the western World. 420

THUS