

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,
 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!
 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.

410

415

420

THUS