

General, who must not live to reap the Fruits of Victory, to compleat his Conquest, and wear the Laurels of that Day, to whose Glory, his Wisdom and Valour so greatly contributed; the Tears of Sorrow burst from the Eye that sparkles with Joy.—Might he have lived to feel the Joys of Victory, to reap the Fruits of his arduous Undertakings, to receive the Approbation of his Prince, and the Acknowledgments of a greatful People? But Heaven forbids..... 'Tis not my Province to give the Character of this young Hero: His rare Military Accomplishments; his prudent Zeal and the glorious Success that has crowned his bold, but not rash or unadvised Attempt, will transmit his Name dear to our Childrens Children.

THE *Canadians* have long been a Scourge to *New-England*. The History of our Wars will abundantly discover the inhuman Cruelty of that People in abetting, encouraging and assisting the barbarous Natives in their unheard of Cruelties committed upon the People in this Land. GOD is now revenging upon them the Ocean of innocent Blood, which has long cried from the Ground for Vengeance against them. Our Fathers long since found the Necessity of reducing that Country, that this was the only Means of the peaceful Possession of this Land, and twice, alas, they attempted it without Success. The first Expedition was commanded by Sir *William Phips*, who sailed from hence with Two Thousand Men, on the Ninth Day of *August*, in the Year 1690, and landed near *Quebec* on the fifth Day of *October* following. He landed his Troops at some Distance from the City, and twice attempting to penetrate a Wood that led to the City, he was repulsed: and having re-imbarked his Army, his Ships were dispersed in a Storm, and by a Train of Disasters not more than half his Army ever returned. A dreadful Blow to this, then infant State. The other successless Attempt was in the Year 1711, a Year fresh in the Memory of some of my Hearers. But the Mercy that Heaven denied to our Fathers was

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