

1756. lished --- Delenda est Carthago --- or we are undone. Strength sufficient have we left, with proper assistance, for a decisive struggle: but a lingering consumption will infallibly enervate and destroy. France has been, ever can, and will be annually, throwing over fresh troops into her colony, in defiance of our great maritime force: and should peace ensue, even before our ruin is compleated, what will be the state of these provinces upon the next rupture between the two crowns, when the inland country is filled with our enemies? --- As you therefore value, my noble Lord, the cause of liberty; the glory of the British name; the honour and dignity of the best of Kings; and the preservation of these colonies from bloody carnage and total ruin; exert, I beseech you, exert your influence, to extirpate this brood of French savages from the face of the continent. In a scheme so decisive, and in no other, will the provinces heartily unite; and if well concerted, and our unfortified sea-coasts at the same time sufficiently protected; it will doubtless succeed --- humble the pride of France --- and close the present war with a lasting and honourable peace. I am,

My LORD,

New York, Sept. 20, 1756. With the profoundest respect,
Your Lordship's most obliged
and obedient servant.