

The Storm menaces, and prepares the War :

But one short Moment now attends thy Fate ;

Nor can the dubious Flag of Truce deceive

The wary Chiefs : What Art ! what Stratagem !

Ah ! what Resource remains—of all bereft,

And stript of ev'ry Hope, short Terms are thine ;

Bleed, or Surrender, is the bitter Choice ;

Quick must that Choice be made—Terror prevails !

And on those Walls, where late the *Gallic* Flag

Superbly wav'd ; *Britannia's* double Cross,

Triumphant streaming, sports in ev'ry Breeze.

For Liberty secur'd, and Peace restor'd,

With choicest Song, ye Provinces rejoice !

Nor skulking, in his woody Haunts, dread more

The lawless Savage ; that with hideous Yell

Line 396, 397. *Nor skulking, in his woody Haunts, dread more
The lawless Savage ; &c.*]

In this Place, where the Barbarity of the *Indians* to their unhappy Prisoners is described ; it may be some Entertainment to my Reader, should I give him a brief

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