



QUEBEC HILL.

PART I.

SUMMER.

MY Doric reed for laurels would contend,
Where fam'd Quebec's aspiring heights ascend:
The native scenes that scatter'd round them lie,
Engage the mind, and charm the gazing eye;
Here, woods and waters, wilds and vales conspire
To swell the cadence of the rustic lyre.

The lawns of Virgil, and his silvan shade,
Tho' in the poet's choicest colours clad,
Should here confess description more sublime,
Could my weak numbers emulate the clime.

On