

And all the rest, like geese upon the wing,  
 Follow'd their leader—not a wedge, but string ;  
 The whole eight miles, his *lengthy* squadron strung,  
 Tottering and rolling by the eddies flung,  
 But gain'd at last, the Salmon River's flood,  
 And stuck their shallops in protecting mud ;  
 The General *teas'd*, *scratch'd*, tortur'd quite enough,  
 Behold, his visage once so red and bluff ;  
 Shrivell'd, and blue, and thin, he left his boat,  
 His chin all hanging like a turkey's throat,  
 A large cock'd hat flapp'd down upon his head,  
 By soldiers twain his tottering body led.

He wonder'd much he said, poor tender heart,  
 That in his grief Canadia took no part ;  
 Her men were loyal, nothing he could gain,  
 No traitor to assist—or ease his pain.

In future Wilkinson this lesson learn,  
 A loyal heart will base connexions spurn ;  
 If dogs affinity with men would trace,  
 The whip repels—and shews the cur his place.

Now when the General paus'd and knew his fate,  
 Paus'd to bewail his pitiful estate,  
 His men in scatter'd parties coming o'er,  
 Naught but dead bodies left on t'other shore,  
 Rage seiz'd his soul, that Hampton was not there,  
 Who of his troubles ought to have a share,  
 To him he wrote in such ungentle strain,  
 That Hampton could not long his wrath restrain.