

Mr Printer

I have often wondered that none of your Parnassian
Favorites have made an Essay upon an Event of such importance
to the British Empire in America, as the Reduction of the famous
Isle of Louisbourg. I hope your Readers will at least not be
displeas'd with this little Attempt, but candidly impute any
impropriety in the Performance or incorrectness of Measure to
the unskillfulness of a Lyre touch'd by unexperienc'd Youth
Louisburgh taken —

Hear Apollo & Neptune join'd,
Upon that Brow of Craggy Rocks,
That out braves the boisterous Wind,
To build with proud menacing Looks
Those hostile Walls? Thine fatal Side
The old Atlantic's foaming Tide
Defends,

While from an hundred Mouths streams Death,
In Flakes of Flame, sulphurous Breath,
And loud Discharge the Althæa rends. —

2—

See! o'er the purple color'd Main
With bloody Streamers, slow, thine moves
A formidable Train
Of War! They bow the Waves,

65
With sullen Course, all turn to Shore,
And now their hidden Thunders roar
Unanswer'd!

It's Britannia's awful Voice,
The sporting Whales around, & Floods rejoice
To own the Trident of the Seas. —

3^d

Now intrepid Legions stand,
On Iron Horses on the Wave,
With noisy Car they urge to Land,
Danger & Death they Brave!
Keraxins! What Magazines of Flame
Burst in an Instant! How the infernal Steam
Lightens the distant Clouds! With vast Discharge,
As when loud Aetna's all at once diverge,
And dash the Skies; the Skies return the roar,
While Mountains tumble on the rocky Shore.

4th

Not mortal Hail that cuts the Surge,
Nor Hoar-frost most congealing Form,
Retard the Heroes; On they Urge,
And force the deadly Storm.
See! See! They climb the Steeps
All craggy! From the Deep

Emerging; How gleams the Northern Star!
A dead Blaze! Hush'd the thundering rage grows still,
And quick succeeds a clam'rous Shout, they fly!
While Thousands echo to the martial Cry.

5th

Victory now with Clarion High,
Mounts, & proclaims the gallant Deed,
And (streaming thro' the Sky,
Bears Amhurst's Name aloft:

Bids Gallick Bands with Terror read.

They read; — they tremble; from afar,
To see the dreadful Pomp of War,
With hoarse Trumpet-Land,

On Galois's Strand:

While Crimson Ensigns formidably play,
And glittering Armour Wave a hoar'd Day

6th

In vain, far from the frozen North,
Beneath the Honours of the Pole;

The savage Tawm, to aid, steps forth,
With Arts that fit a savage Soul.

Er twice more Cynthia, in faint-bean,
Shall fill with Tame her Silver Hair;

Louis-Burgh is sur-dea

Beneath the Blast of British Thunder
Shall fall: for Heavens propitious seems to smile
And Blessings awful crown the glorious Toil.

7[#]

Not is the Muse's passage vain;
Her lab'ring Walls begin to slide,
Thick strew'd with Gallick Slain
See! Fragments drag on every Side,
A downward Ruin! Iron War
Belches from every Line his Fire,
Night in her torn spreads o'er her frightful Plume,
To blood on honour, while attendant the gloom
Swift thro' mid-Heav'n, sulphur-pregnant Bombs
Stream, - Drag down - & tear Earths lowest Tombs.

8[#]

Now Honor thickens all around,
And Clangor beats the cleaving Air;
New Albion knows the distant Sound,
And burns to join her parent War.
To swell, its Height, the Scene, at once conspire
Advancing Cohorts, & a Town on Fire.
High Altar floating with a pitchy Cloud,
Obstructs the wanted Ray;
But still beneath their beams a hard Day,

And Trenches were with Gallick Blood.

9th

What means that Halt of gathering Arms!
They march! But in a thick jag'd Wedge,
With dire Implements, — new fresh Alarms
From the shrill Trumpet, Mount the Ridge!
Hoarse Sounds redouble! Jar unto Jar!

And Fate waits, pregnant with the Event of War.

The Din subsides! Each martial Clanger falls!

And a firm Phalanx, mounts the crumbled Walls.

Her Tower surrendered, Bethon sees once more

The British Flag wave on her rugged Shore.

Jersey August 1st 1759.

The above was written by Rev^d William Tomment then about 19 years
old. He was born in Freshford East Jersey on Feb^y 3rd 1740, Graduated
1758, ordained 1763, Married July 12th 1764. — H