

But the answer to the message runs along the Beau-
port shore,

By a measuring of distance and a threatening in
its roar:

"We are ready for your coming,"⁶ that answer
seems to say,

"So gird your loins, *mes braves anglais*, with no
lingering for the fray:

"We seek no king of England as master in New
France,

"Proud Louis is our sovereign, our fealty no mis-
chance."

"This land is his and ours, assured by deed of prior
claim:

"Thrice have you sought to wrest it, and thrice
have suffered shame:

"If our rulers have been profligate, to bring on us
disgrace,

"We may not stain our loyalty, to stultify the base.

"Our Montcalm and De Lévis, defiant as the tide,

"Can hurl reprisal at your king, however he may
chide."

And the gage of war is soon ta'en up by the ad-
miral of the fleet,⁷

While the General still weighs counsel with a sol-
dier's skill discreet:

A cloud of expectation lies a-brooding o'er the bay,
As foresight plans its cautions from ominous day
to day,

With camps located, three in turn,⁸ to watch Mont-
calm's defence,⁹

Until the moment calls alarm to compass war's
advance.