

While the rescued of the Grenadiers creep for shelter near the shore,
Where the faithful plead for rallying, as misfortune they deplore;
Ay, even while Montcalm's keen *qui vive* keeps up a fierce reply,
From the thickets that o'erlook the strand, in blasts of musketry.

And still the cataract evolves, supreme in such a scene,
As if 'twere Godhead looking on, at the stridency of men.
Is there glory in such slaughter? Is this defiance sane?
Bears this masterpiece of courage the forehead mark of Cain?
"Were it not humane to counsel pause," the turmoil seems to say,
"Since nature maketh laughter of all this war-array?"

"'Since nature maketh laughter!' What mean you by the phrase?
"Laughter at man and courage, the pride of glory's days?"
Nay, then, 'tis but the cataract enhancing war's demand,
As General Wolfe, with prudence, sounds retreat on every hand:
"The foe is worthy of our steel, with advantage on his side,
"And spare we must the lives of men, whatever may betide."