

not be advised by backwoodsmen. He moved in three columns straight on the centre of the French works. Braver men never rushed upon their fate; never was defence more successful. For three full hours, the grenadiers and the Highlanders hurled themselves against the wall of fire, only to be beaten back, and again to dash forward. Every point in the intrenchments was assaulted. Now they sought to turn the French left. The omnipresent Montcalm met them with his best men. They crowded around his right,—Montcalm was there to face them! Did an officer fall in the centre,—Montcalm was in presence until his place was supplied! The English did not make an impression even on the exterior line. The work was too close for artillery, but swivels and small arms condensed their discharges into a continuous roar, pouring a shower of leaden hail into an enemy at times not fifteen paces from their muzzles. But human energy could not achieve impossibilities. At length, beaten back at every point; entangled in the brushwood and fallen timber; melting, like a snow in June, before the withering fire; the English became so bewildered as to fire into each other. Abercrombie had hidden away where he could not be found. It was six o'clock in the evening, when two thousand men, the flower of the army, lay dead or wounded in front of the intrenchments, that the order was given for retreat, which, in a few moments, became flight in promiscuous disorder.

Had Howe lived, or Stark commanded, the English might have been rallied at the landing; their artillery have been placed on Mount Defiance, which they still held, and the French have been shelled out of their works. But Abercrombie was thoroughly beaten; and he gave no rest to his feet until he had placed the length of Lake George between himself and an enemy not strong enough to pursue him. He did not feel entirely safe until he had sent his artillery and ammunition to Albany.