

or the Ohio (July 9th, 1755). On Lake Champlain fortune was less favourable to us. The operations in this quarter were directed by the Commander-in-Chief of the French troops in Canada, Baron Dieskau. He was a friend of Marshall Saxe, but, as for military talents, he had learned nothing in his intercourse with that great captain. September 11th, 1755, he allowed himself to be defeated, wounded and taken prisoner, near Lake Saint-Sacrament, by the militia of New England.

## Red Pencil and Scissors.

### THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC.

BY MRS. A. D. MACLEOD.

**O**UT over the quiet waters in sheen of the starry night,  
With sword, and gun, and bayonet, equipped for fervent  
fight,

On, on by the towering headlands, in shade of frowning steep,  
Ere flickering day-dreams banished sweet dreams of friendly sleep.  
Ere lingering morn had oped its eyes to greet the orient sun,  
They moored beneath a rugged cliff they scaled it one by one.  
Up over moss-hid precipice, with tangled growth o'erhead;  
Well was it he who led the van was of the mountain bred.

Up went the hardy Highlanders, with eye and footing clear,  
As when, in their own mountain land, they chased the nimble deer,  
O'er broken boughs, through network green, the bright-hued tartan  
wends

In single file, a living streak with darksome foliage blends.  
When, hark! midway the sentry's ear had caught the muffled  
sound;

He halted the approaching step ere paced his further round.  
"Qui vive?" he queried, quick response dispelled all fear of wrong;  
"La France" came back assuringly, he heard and passed along.

Before the darker hue of night gave place to morning grey,  
A force well-nigh five thousand strong stood firm in war's array.  
They climb the heights, they choose the ground upon the rearward  
plain,

Prepared to fight for Britain's might, no worthless prize to gain.  
A land of nature's lavish gifts, a store of boundless wealth;  
Rare land where pestilence ne'er stills the bounding pulse of health,  
Where, over richly-yielding plains majestic rivers roll;  
Where tyranny may forge no chains to bind the freeborn soul.

Though Britain's war-blast sounded forth its warning loud and  
shrill,

Though Britain's daring rank and file be-crowned the rock-bound  
hill,

Montcalm, undaunted of surprise, showed never sign of fear;  
He and his gallant countrymen would sell their trust full dear.  
With prompt and steadiest action he ranged his battle plan,  
Inspiring with his ardent will the will of lesser man.  
Clear ran along the listening lines the order to "Advance."  
And golden eagles waved aloft and shouts went up for France.

Alas for prudent reckoning! sole valor led the way,  
And hastened on to conflict dire, whose only succor lay  
In calm, reluctant rallying within their fortress walls,  
Till compassed of invading tide, till neared the bugle calls.

Unbroken columns moved ahead; with firm, free step they trod  
The plain where many a hero's blood would early damp the sod.  
Upon their well-matched foe they oped with rain of deadly fire;  
The British stirred not from their post, but hailed their presence  
nigher.

Ho, courage of the mariner who dares the fiercest storm!  
Ho, valor of the warrior who fears no hostile form!  
Yet braver he who stands erect nor bows the craven head,  
Though murderous fire is laying low the living with the dead.  
Not theirs to flinch, though comrades fell, theirs only to obey;  
Their brave young general had said, and who might say him nay.  
As manfully, in face of death, he hastened to and fro:—  
"Reserve your fire till forty yards divide you from the foe".

See Europe's proudest martial powers with rival flag unfurled;  
Intent in blood to seal the fate of this fair, western world.  
To plant upon those echoing heights that standard which would  
gleam

O'er sea-wide lakes, o'er prairies vast, o'er forest, mount and stream.  
The ancient feuds, the after-curse of many a needless fray,  
The jealousies of race and creed revive their wonted sway,  
Impart a zest to willing minds, a force to vigorous hand,  
And nerve the soldier's arm to fight for king, and fatherland.

On came brave Gallia's war-like sons, shone helm, and sword, and  
plume;

On like a mountain cataract which rushes to its doom  
Of loss amid the foaming surge that sweeps o'er ocean bed;  
So mote the surge of battle sweep o'er many a noble head.  
No further halt! the voice is raised, the expectant order given,  
When, loud as if a thunder bolt had rent the vaulted heaven,  
Out belched from thousand iron throats a thousand tongues of fire;  
Out flashed the British musketry as torch for funeral pyre.

The blow, long pending, did its work among the assailing host;  
Who stood the shock, through blinding smoke, could see that all  
was lost.

Still Montcalm strove, with voice of cheer, due order to retain;  
His veterans, with a small redoubt, he marshalled once again.  
But vain! ah vain, his arduous task! the stronghold of Quebec  
Was doomed to pass from Gallia's hand;—yet rise from out the  
wreck

A queenly city on the wave, a beacon on the sea,  
Fair monument of Britain's might in Canada the free!

Short space the balance wavered—one fierce and final blow,  
And the flower of Europe's chivalry on foreign field lay low.  
Ere golden beams of noontide spread their glory o'er the sky,  
The plain was sodden, far and near, with streams of crimson dye,  
And din of battle slackened, save tread of flying feet—  
Pursuers hurrying onward to intercept retreat;  
Whilst on the field of carnage, of groans and shattered spear,  
The Chief of either army lay, each on his bloody bier.

Serene of soul in youth's bright dawn, Wolfe laid him down to die;  
From strife profound, from mortal pain, peace gently closed his eye.  
Whilst Montcalm, loyal to the core, avowed with parting breath  
His greatest guerdon in defeat, to die a soldier's death.  
True brotherhood of heroism! in God's eternal laws,  
One equal spirit ruled their course, how'er adverse their cause.  
And high on pedestal of Fame, where victors bear the palm,  
Beside the British General there stands the brave Montcalm.

—The Examiner, Charlottetown.

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