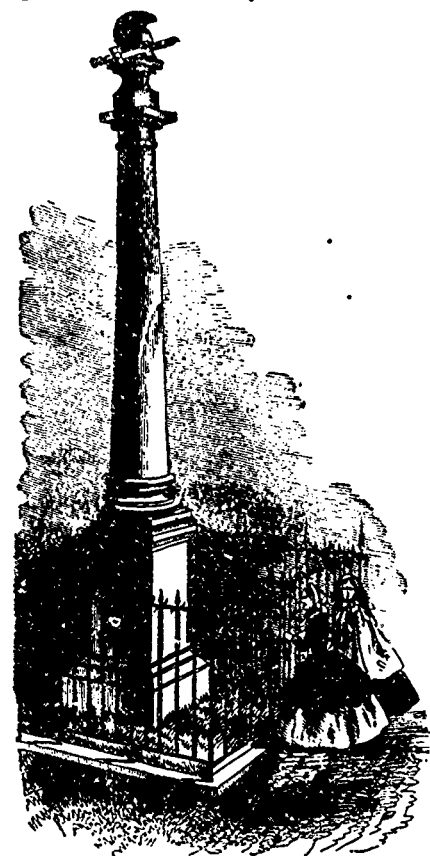


pierced his side, but he still cheered on his men. Soon a third shot lodged deep in his breast. Staggering into the arms of an officer, he exclaimed, "Support me! Let not my brave fellows see me fall." He was borne to the rear, and gently laid upon the ground. "See! they run!" exclaimed one of the officers stand-

ing by. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, arousing as from a swoon. "The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere," was the reply. "What! already?" said the dying man, and he gave orders to cut off their retreat. "Now, God be praised," he murmured, "I die content," and he gently breathed his last.*

His brave adversary, Montcalm, also fell mortally wounded, and was borne from the field. "How long shall I live?" he asked the surgeon. "Not many hours," was the reply. "I am glad of it," he said; "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." He refused to occupy his mind longer with earthly concerns. To De Ramsay, who commanded the garrison, and who sought his advice as to the defence of the



WOLFE'S NEW MONUMENT, QUEBEC.

city, he said: "My time is short, so pray leave me. To your keeping I commend the honour of France. I wish you all comfort and a happy deliverance from your perplexities. As for me, I would be alone with God, and prepare for death." To another

* On the spot where Wolfe fell, a simple monument was erected. This was superseded, 1849, by the more tasteful memorial shown in the larger engraving. It bears the simple but eloquent inscription:—"HERE DIED WOLFE, VICTORIOUS."