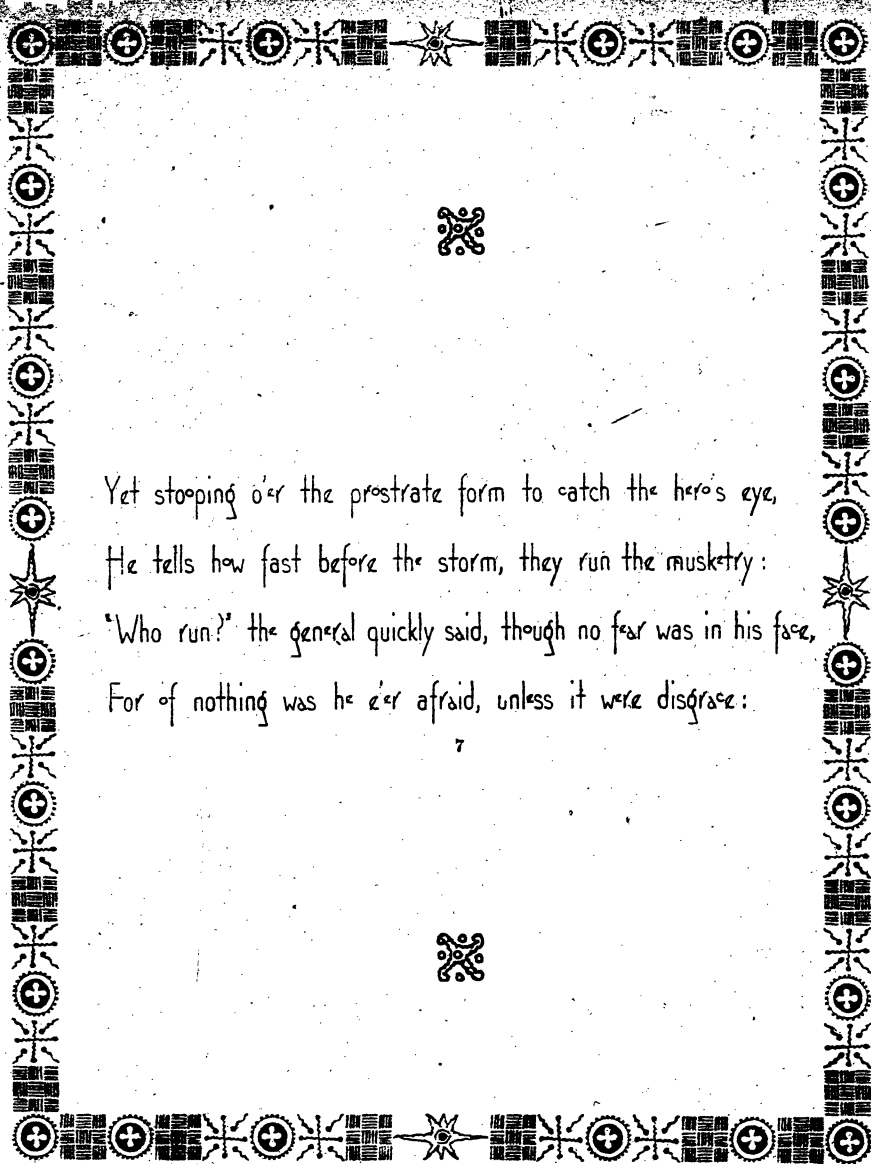




Yet stooping o'er the prostrate form to catch the hero's eye,
He tells how fast before the storm, they run the musketry:
"Who run?" the general quickly said, though no fear was in his face,
For of nothing was he e'er afraid, unless it were disgrace:

