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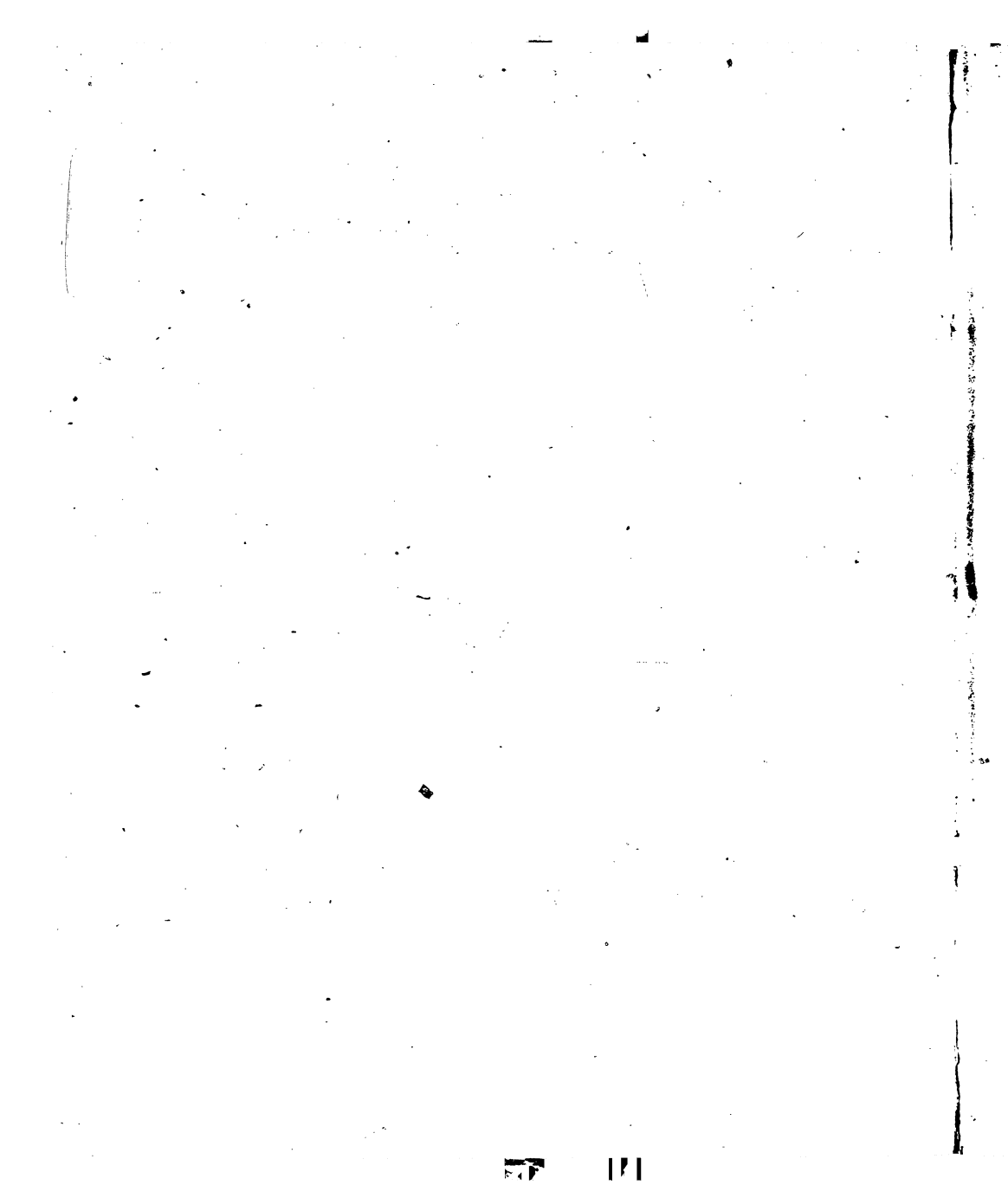
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WOLFE

— AND —

MONTCALM

from "The Battle of the Plains"

BY

J. M. HARPER

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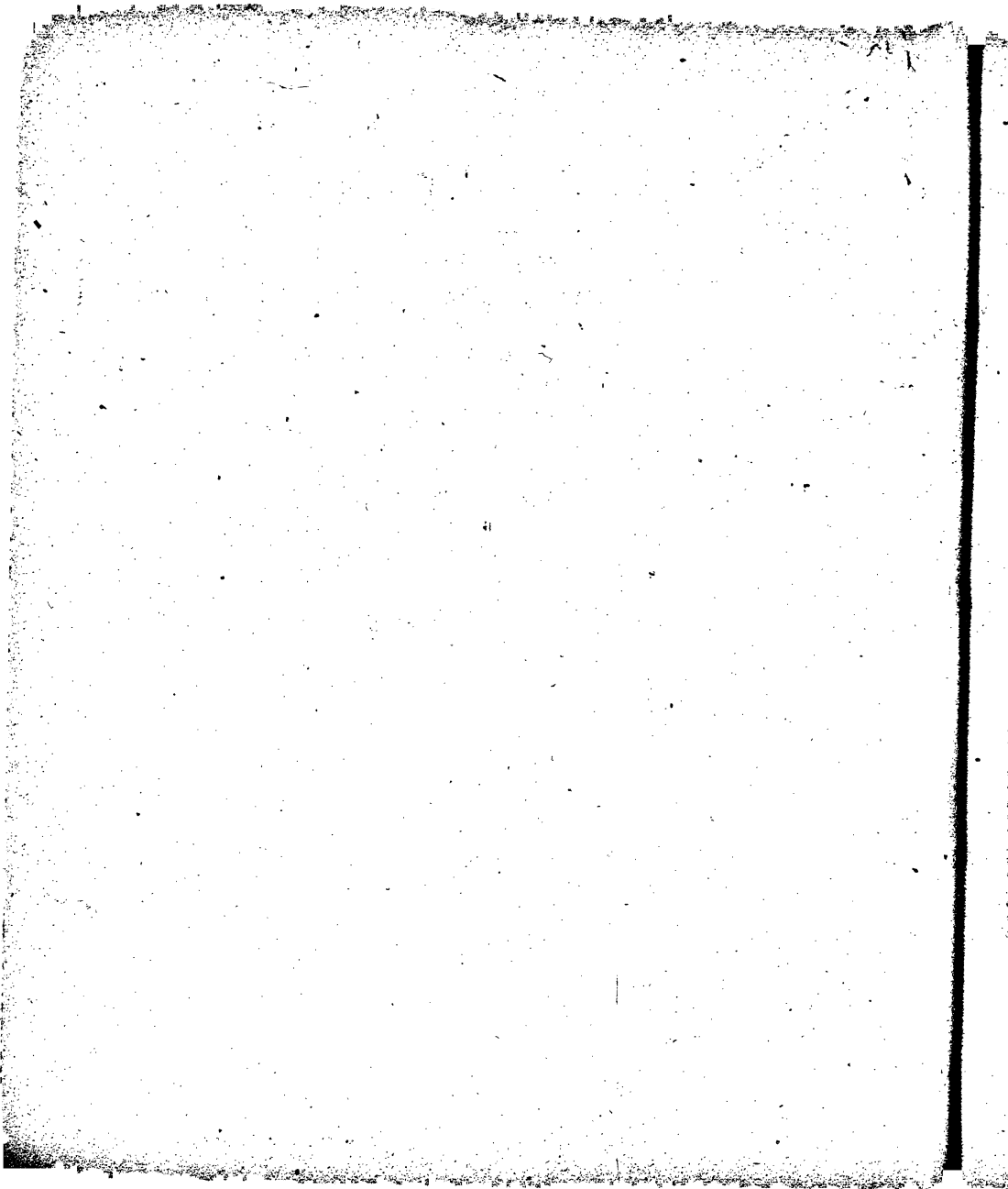


With the Compliments of the Season

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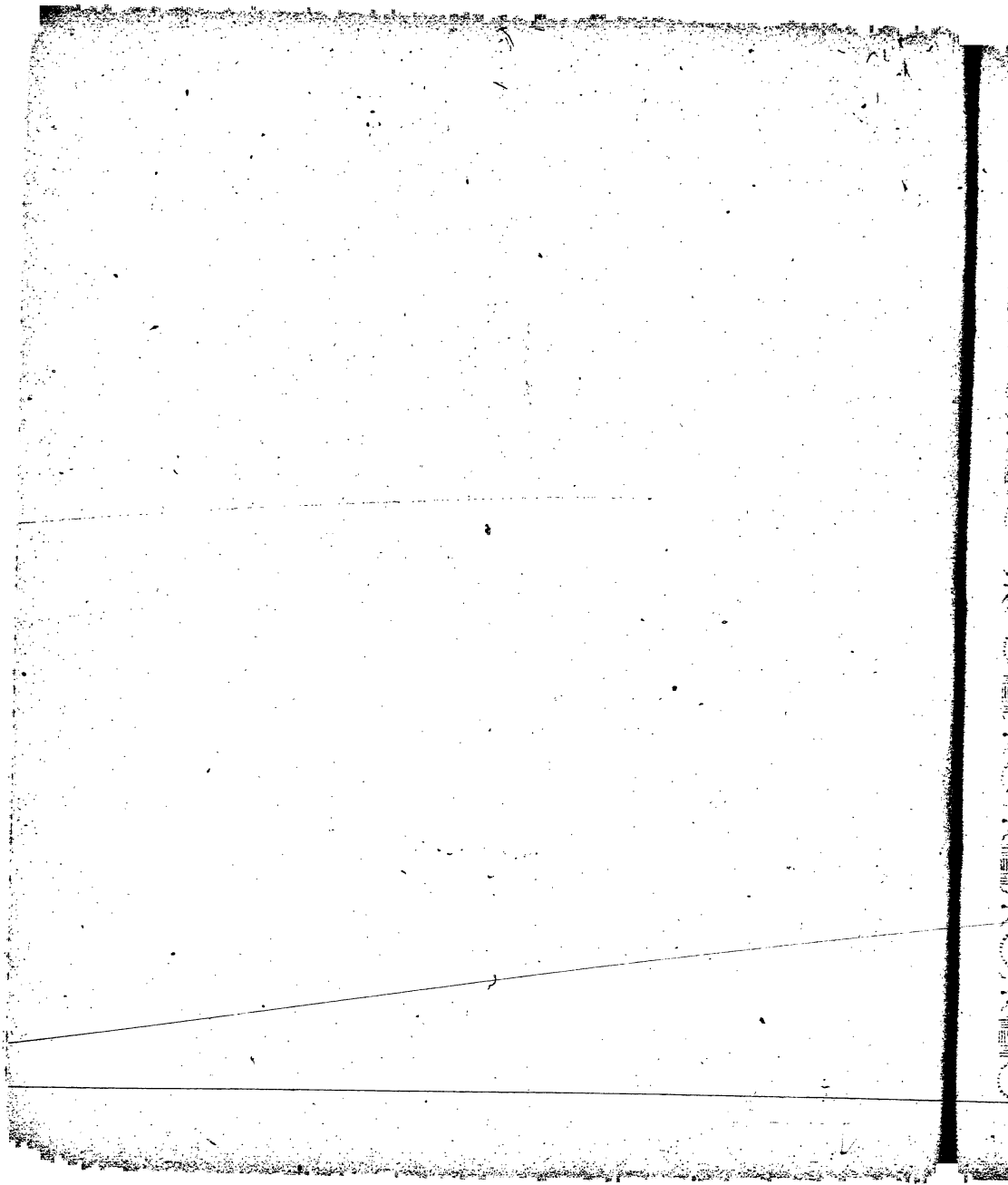


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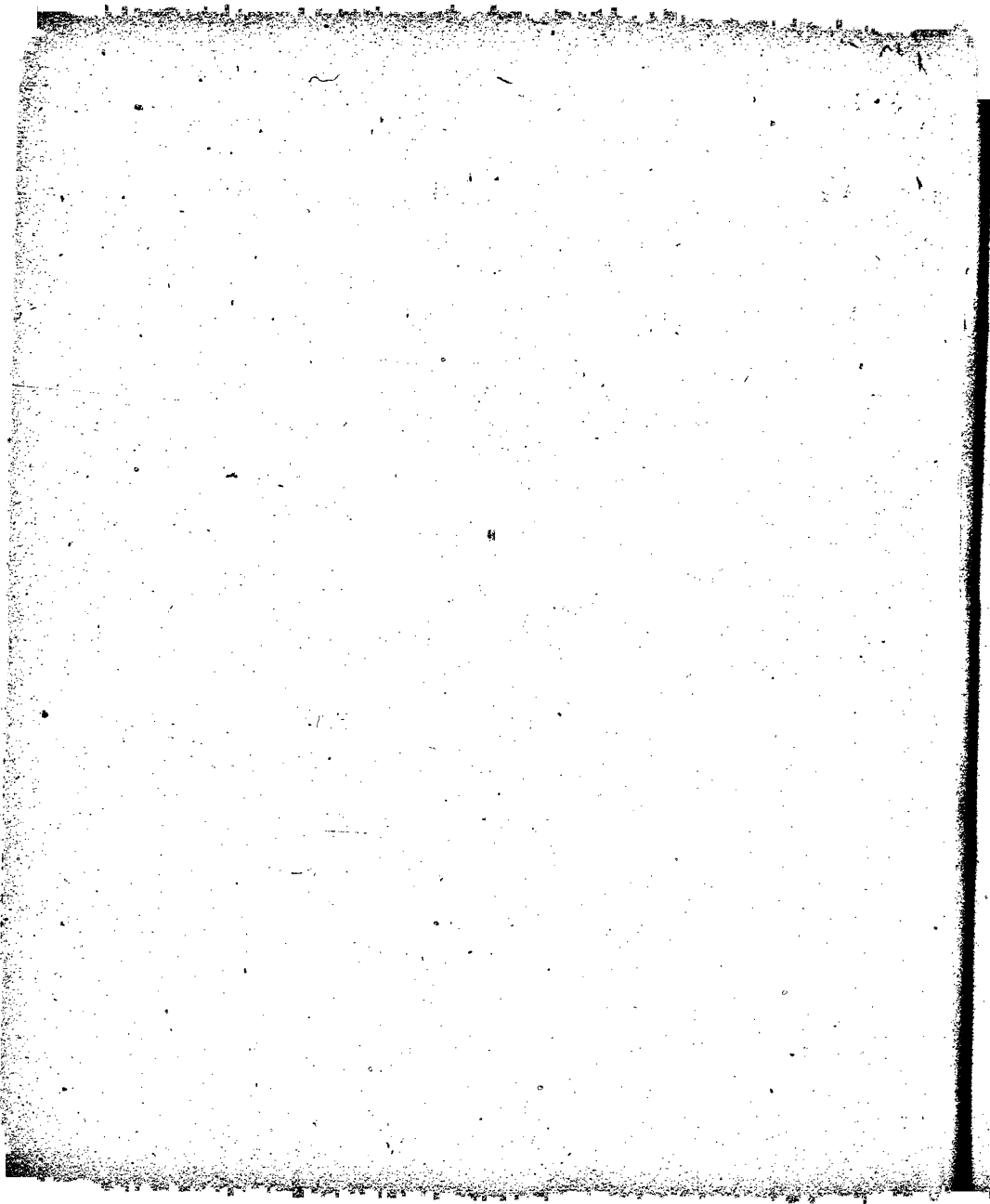
::: WOLFE :::

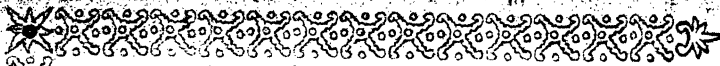
5  breast the lines the hero fell, in the thickest of the fray,

And he whispered near him not to teli, till victory
crowned the day:

As he lay upon the greensward slope, with anguish in his eyes,
His soul still bounded, winged with hope, to grasp ambition's prize.







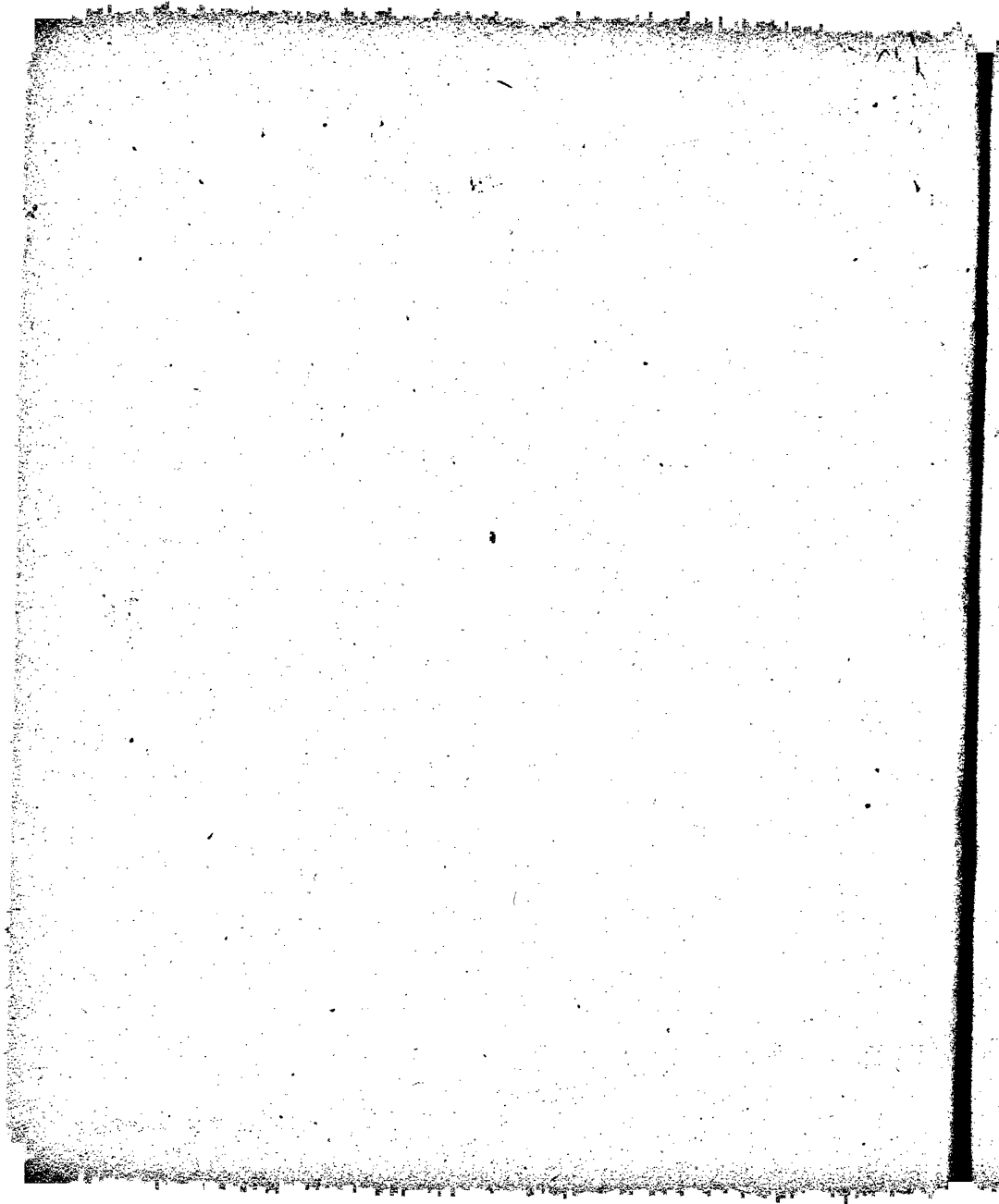
A patriot trained, his king he served: his courage never failed:

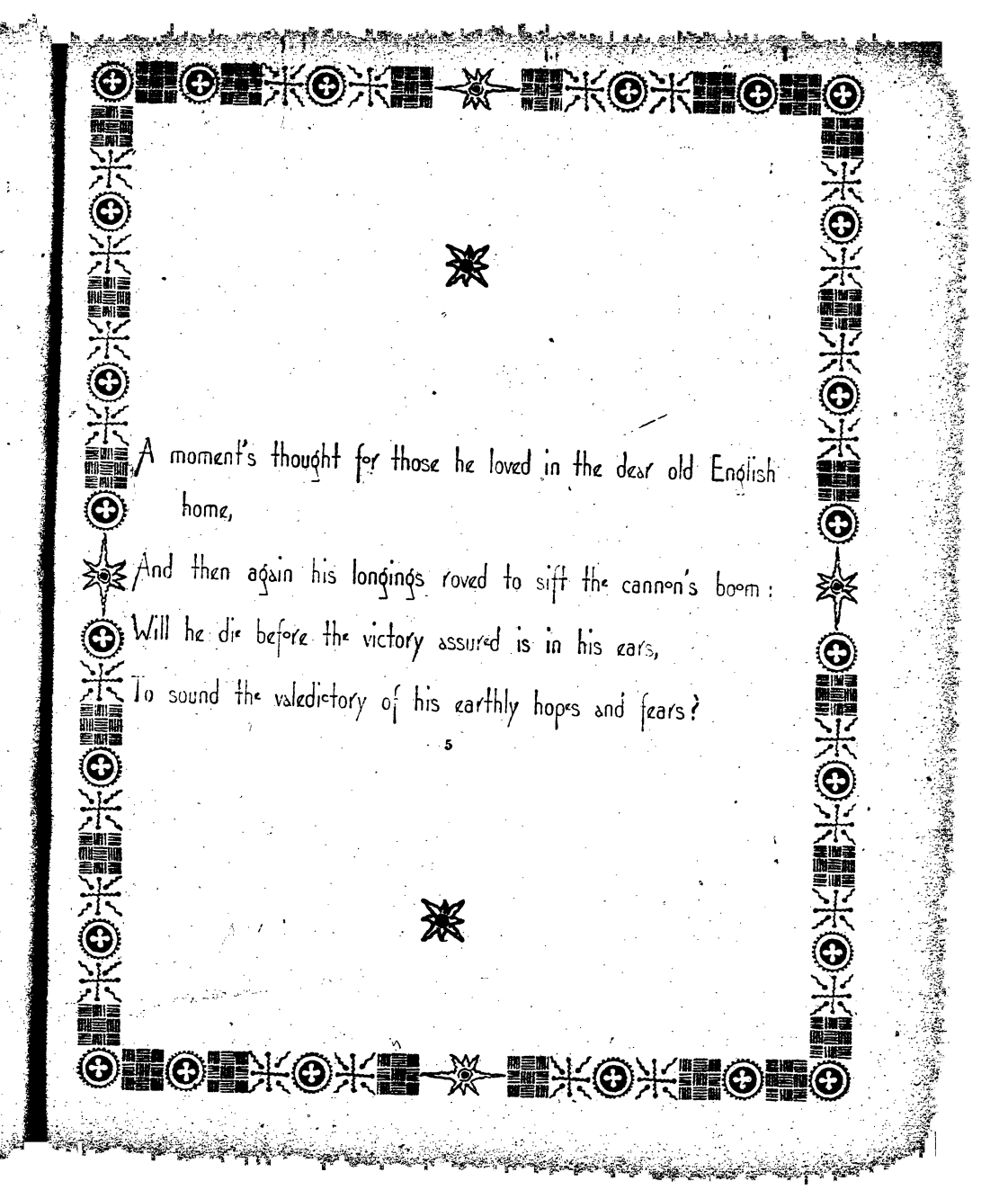
Against his wearied body nerved, his spirit never failed:

If he felt his race its goal had found, for him was glory's gain

In the hopes that still dared hover round his battlefield of pain.







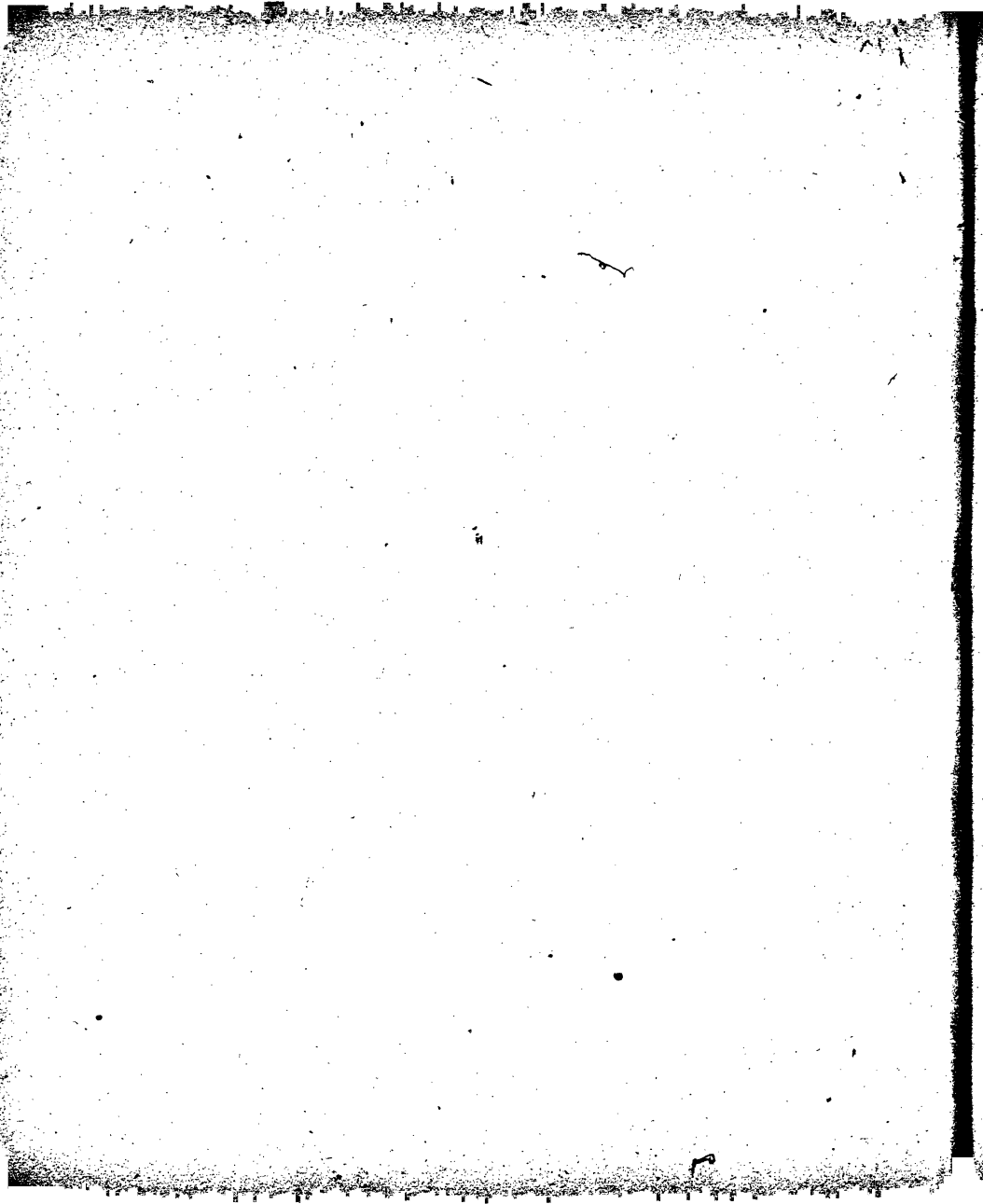
A moment's thought for those he loved in the dear old English
home,

And then again his longings roved to sift the cannon's boom :

Will he die before the victory assured is in his ears,

To sound the valedictory of his earthly hopes and fears?

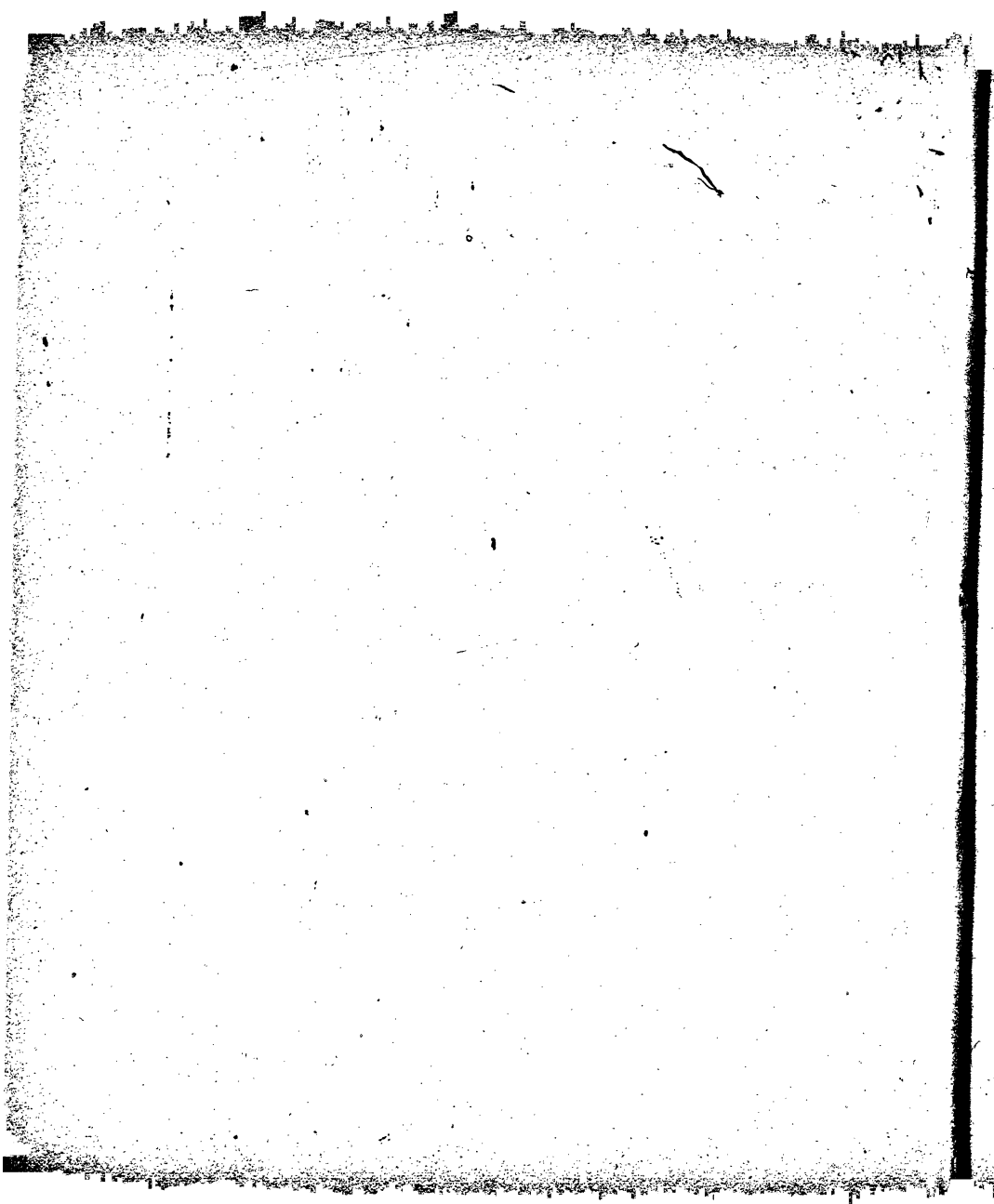
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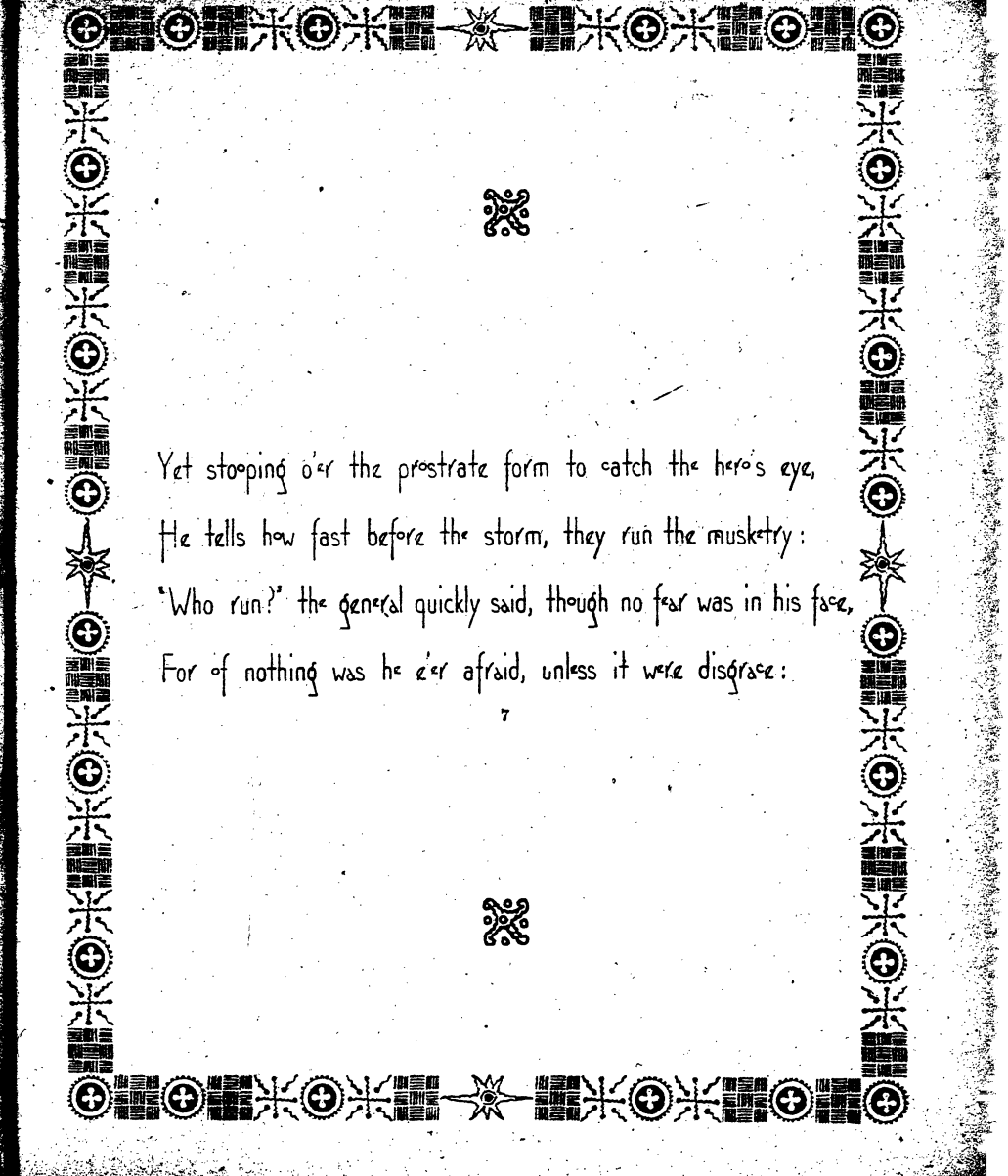





Ah! no, for stands a messenger with tidings from the plain,
Whose troubled smile is harbinger of joy repressed by pain;
For he knows his general's dying fast, whatever the news he bears,
And his heart, with sadness overcast, his zeal restrains with tears.

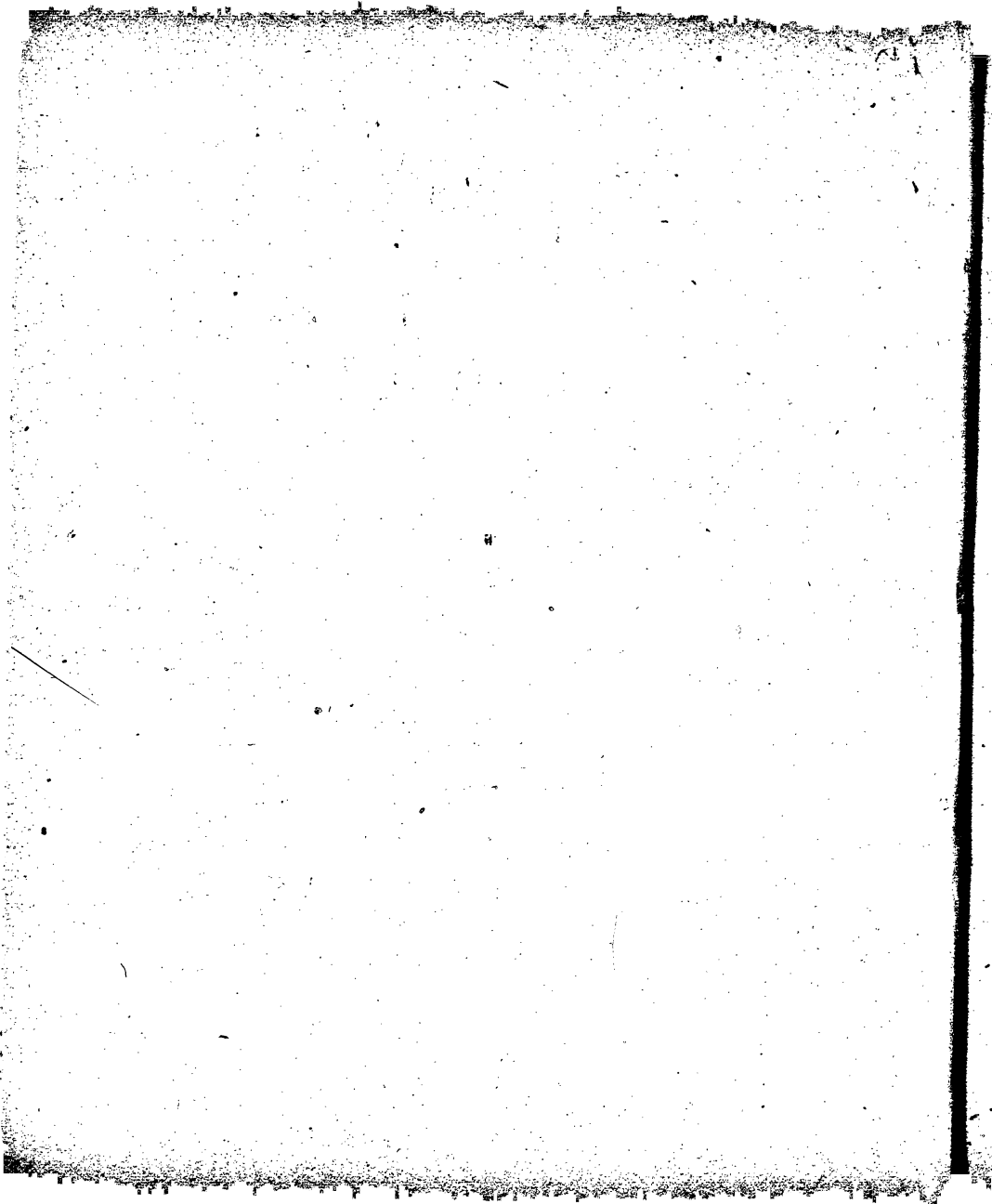









Yet stooping o'er the prostrate form to catch the hero's eye,
He tells how fast before the storm, they run the musketry:
"Who run?" the general quickly said, though no fear was in his face,
For of nothing was he e'er afraid, unless it were disgrace:

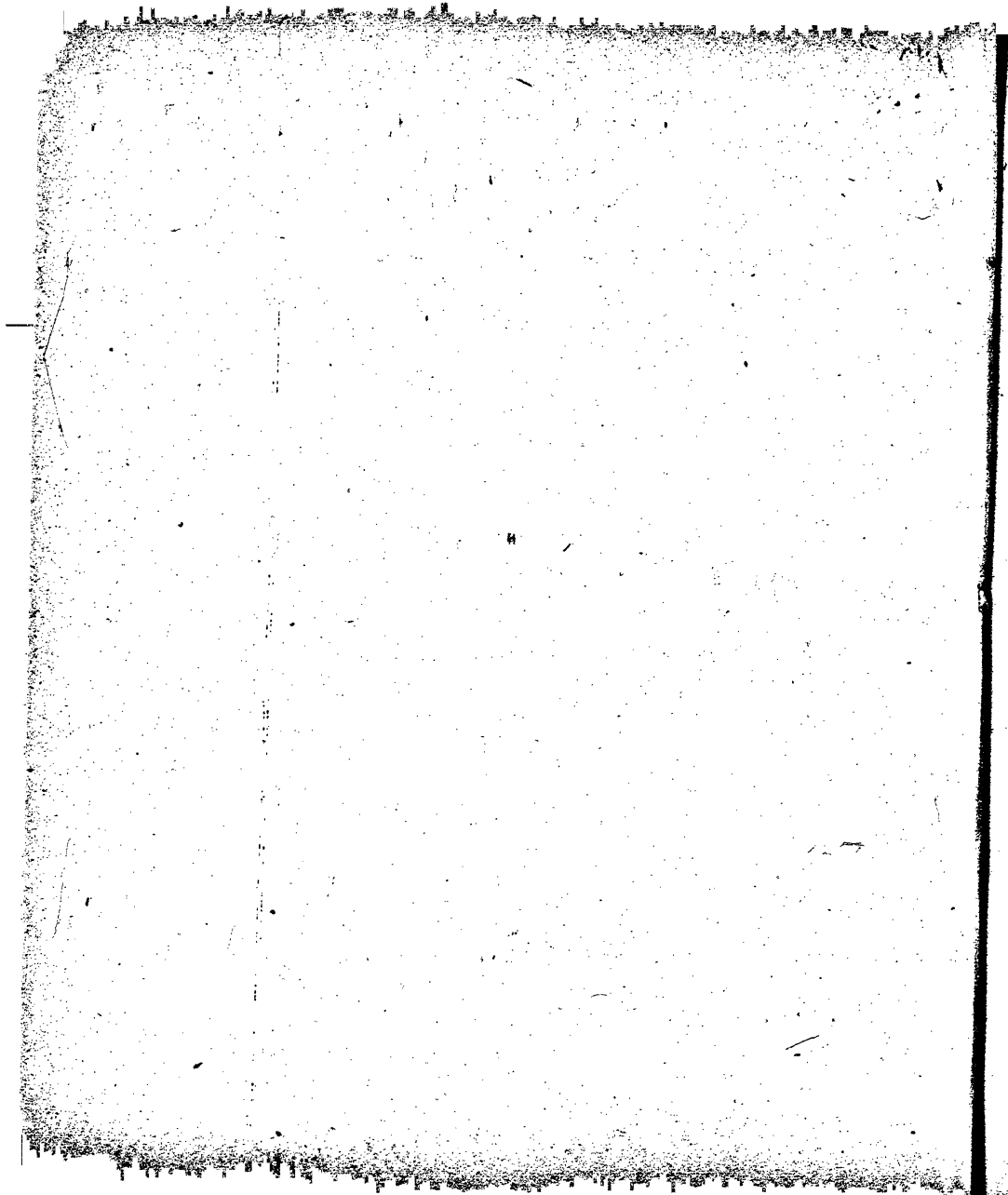



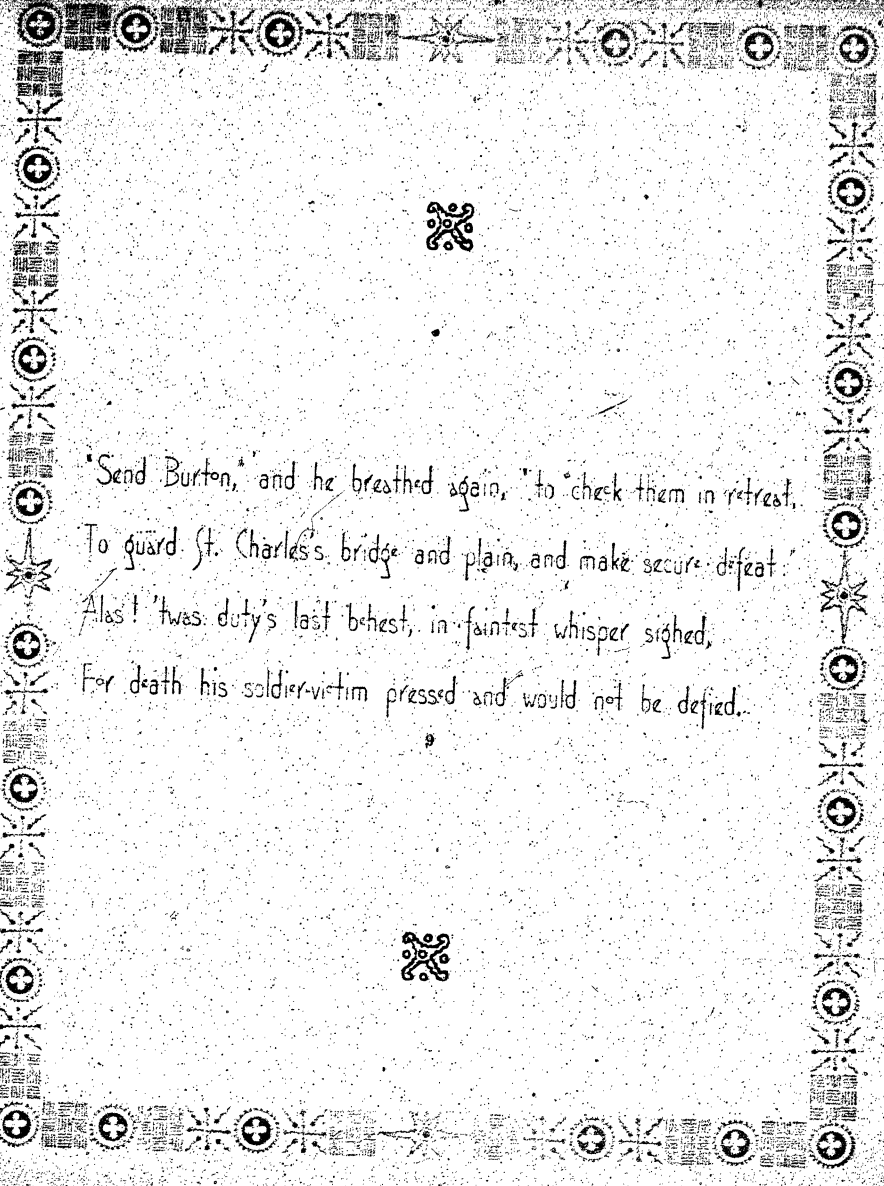





Besides he knew his men were brave, tried veterans in the field,—
From Louisbourg victorious wave that seldom thought to yield:
And when the soldier knelt to tell how the foe it was that ran,
"So soon!" was all that feebly fell from the lips resisting pain.

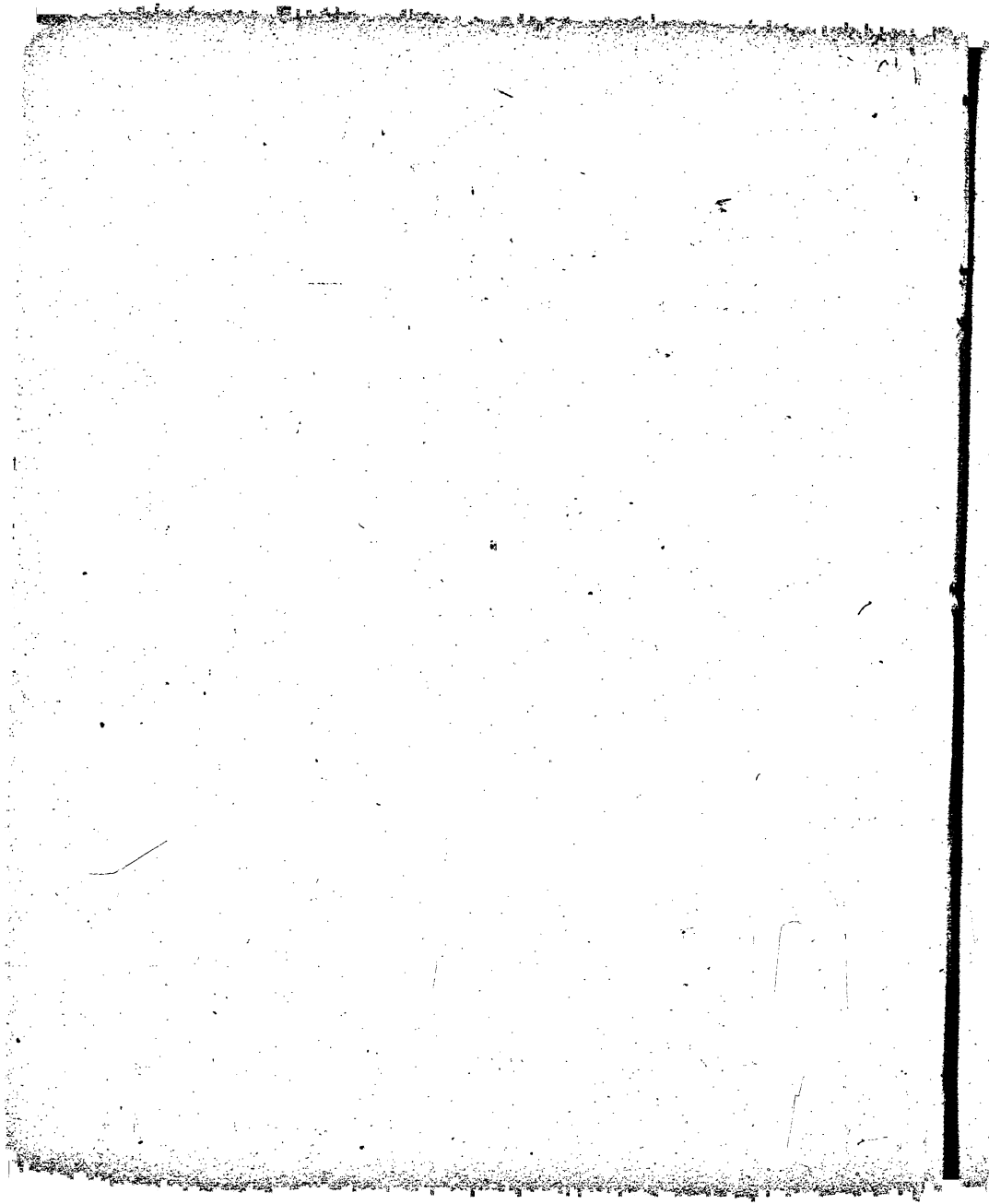


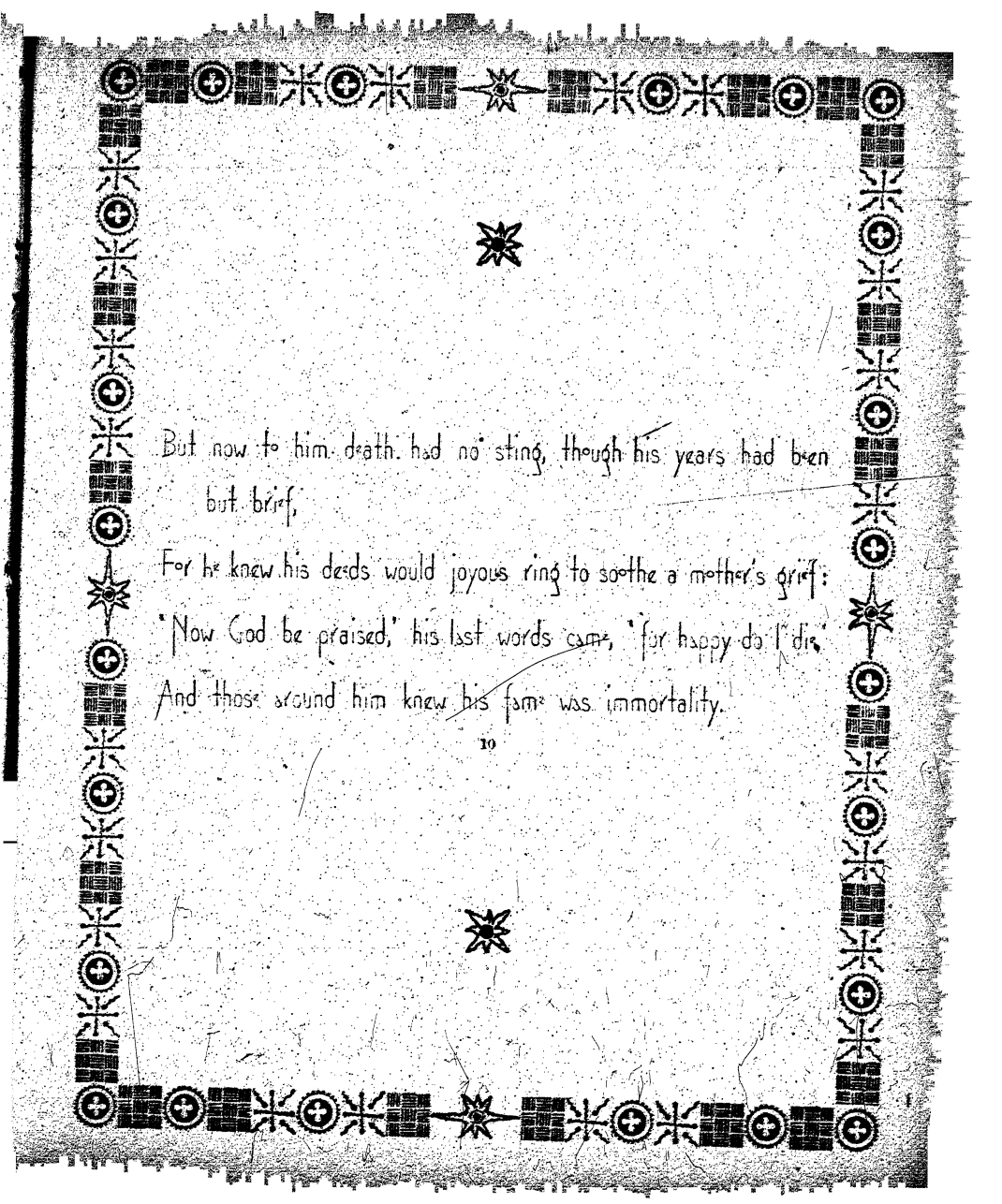




"Send Burton," and he breathed again, "to check them in retreat,
To guard St. Charles's bridge and plain, and make secure defeat."
Alas! 'twas duty's last behest, in faintest whisper sighed,
For death his soldier-victim pressed and would not be defied.

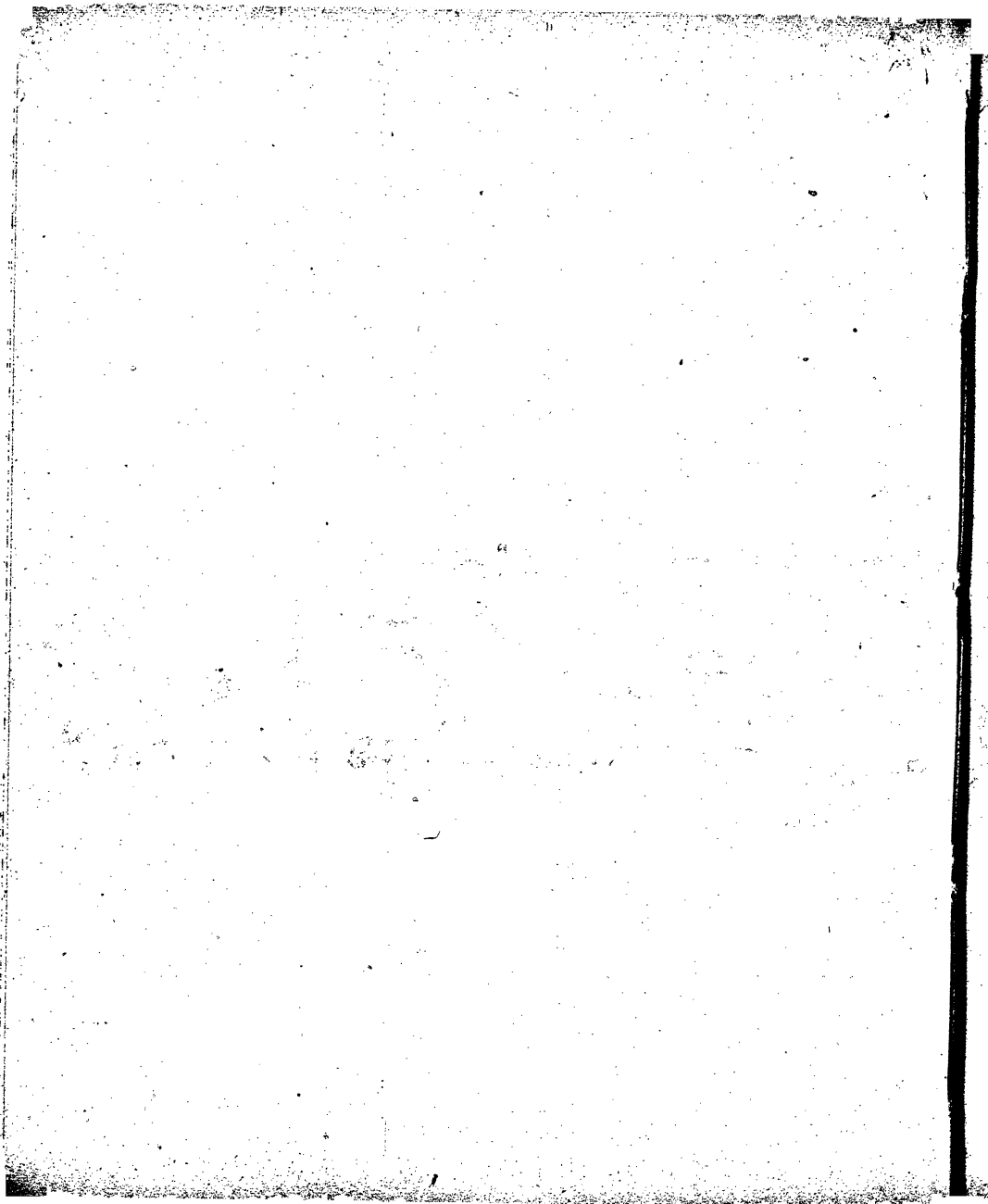



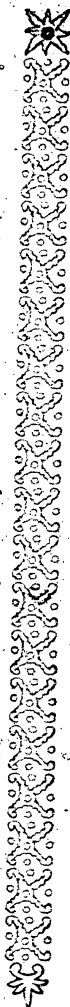




But now to him death had no sting, though his years had been
but brief,

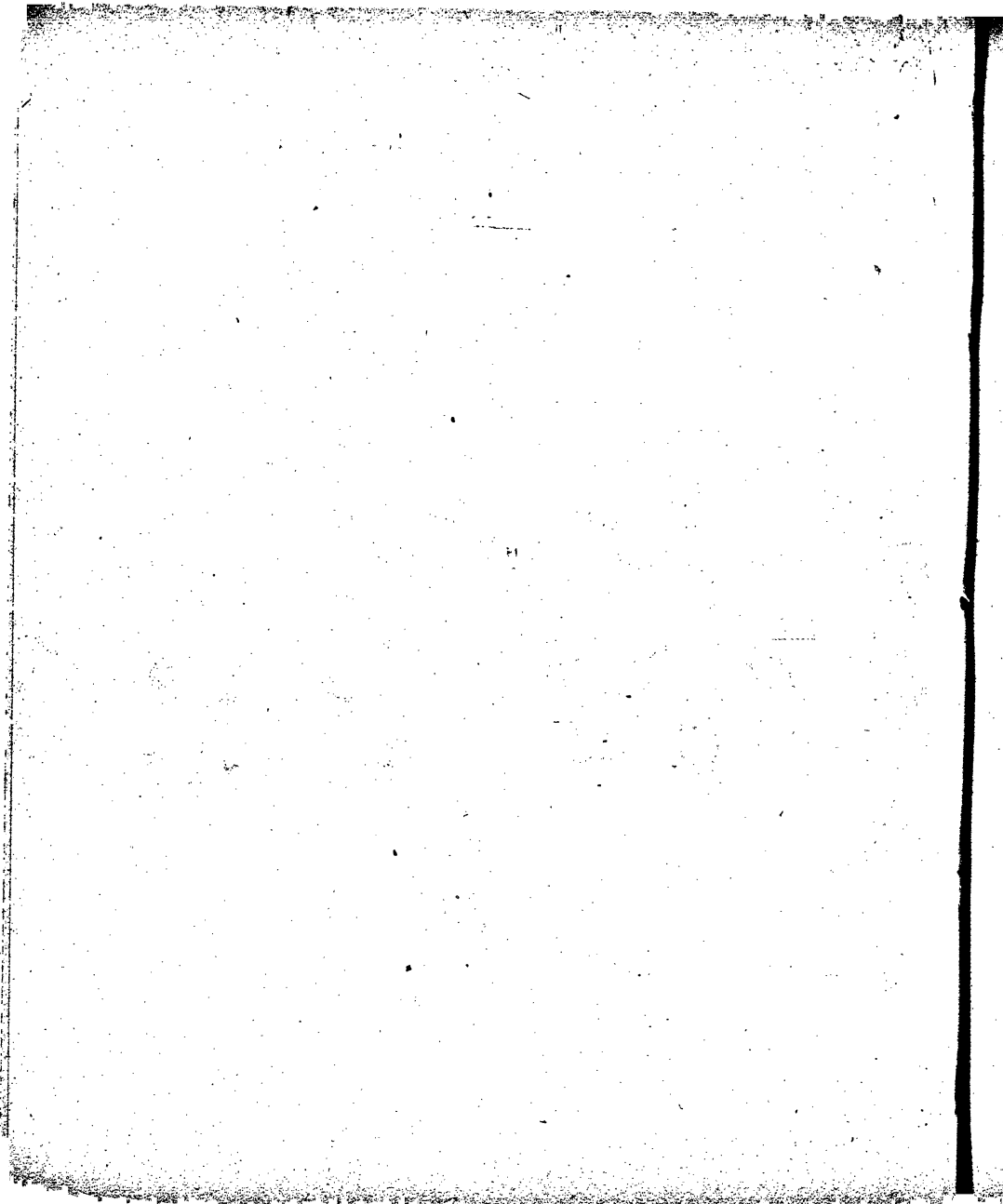
For he knew his deeds would joyous ring to soothe a mother's grief:
"Now God be praised," his last words came, "for happy do I die."
And those around him knew his fame was immortality.






And still the centuries love to tell of victory's glorious sheen,
That gilds the plain whereon he fell, to keep his glory green:
For his renown is England's might that finds her own the fame
Of those who death have dared in fight, for the honour of her
name.







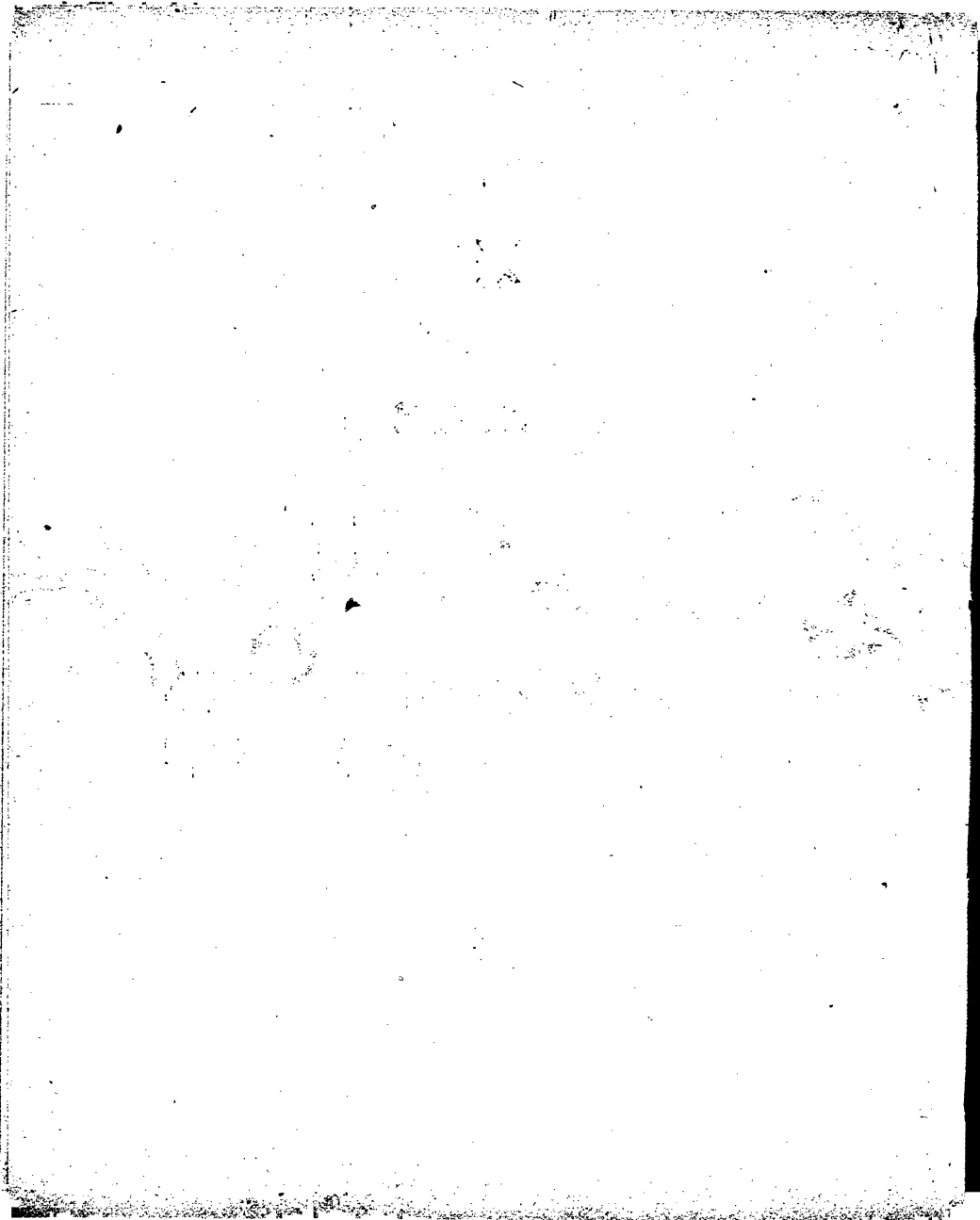
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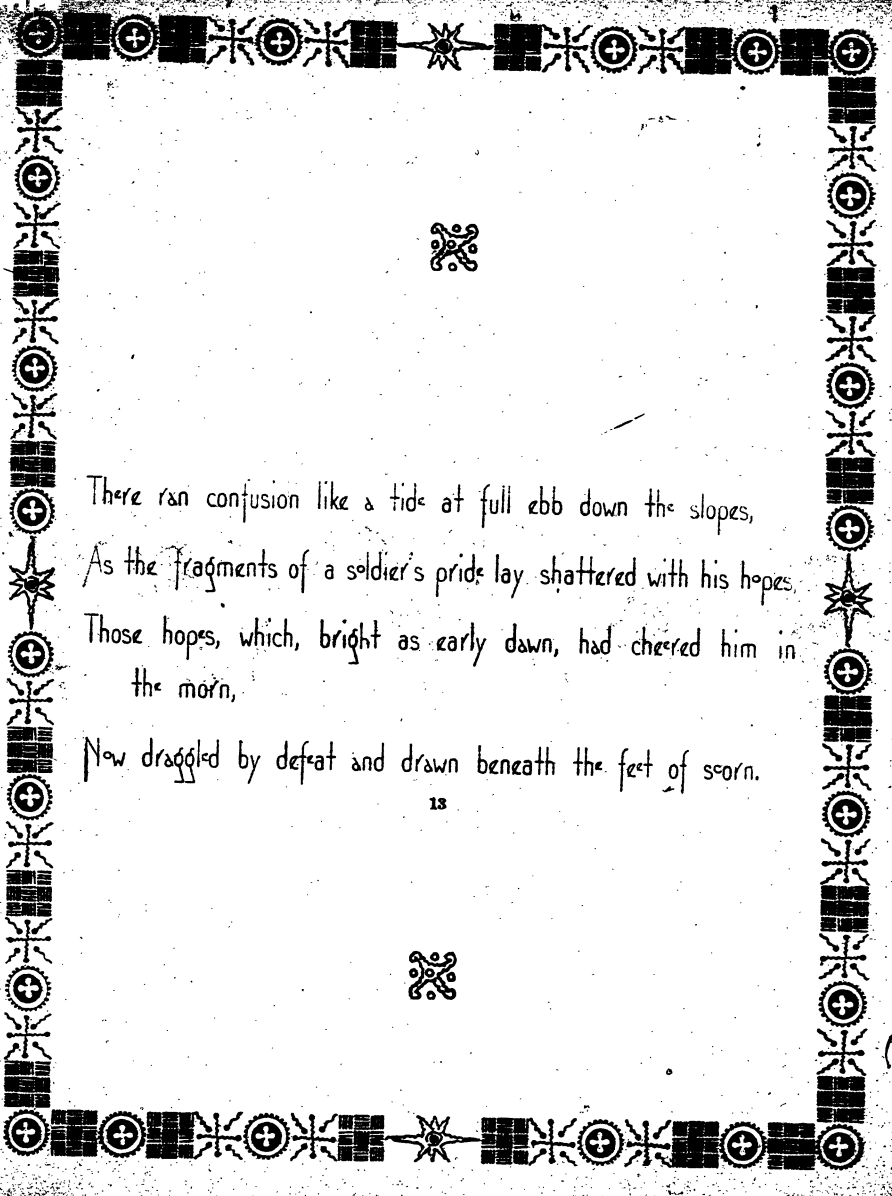
 was in the rear the hero fell, a victim of defeat

That weeps to sound a brave man's knell, a brave man
in retreat.

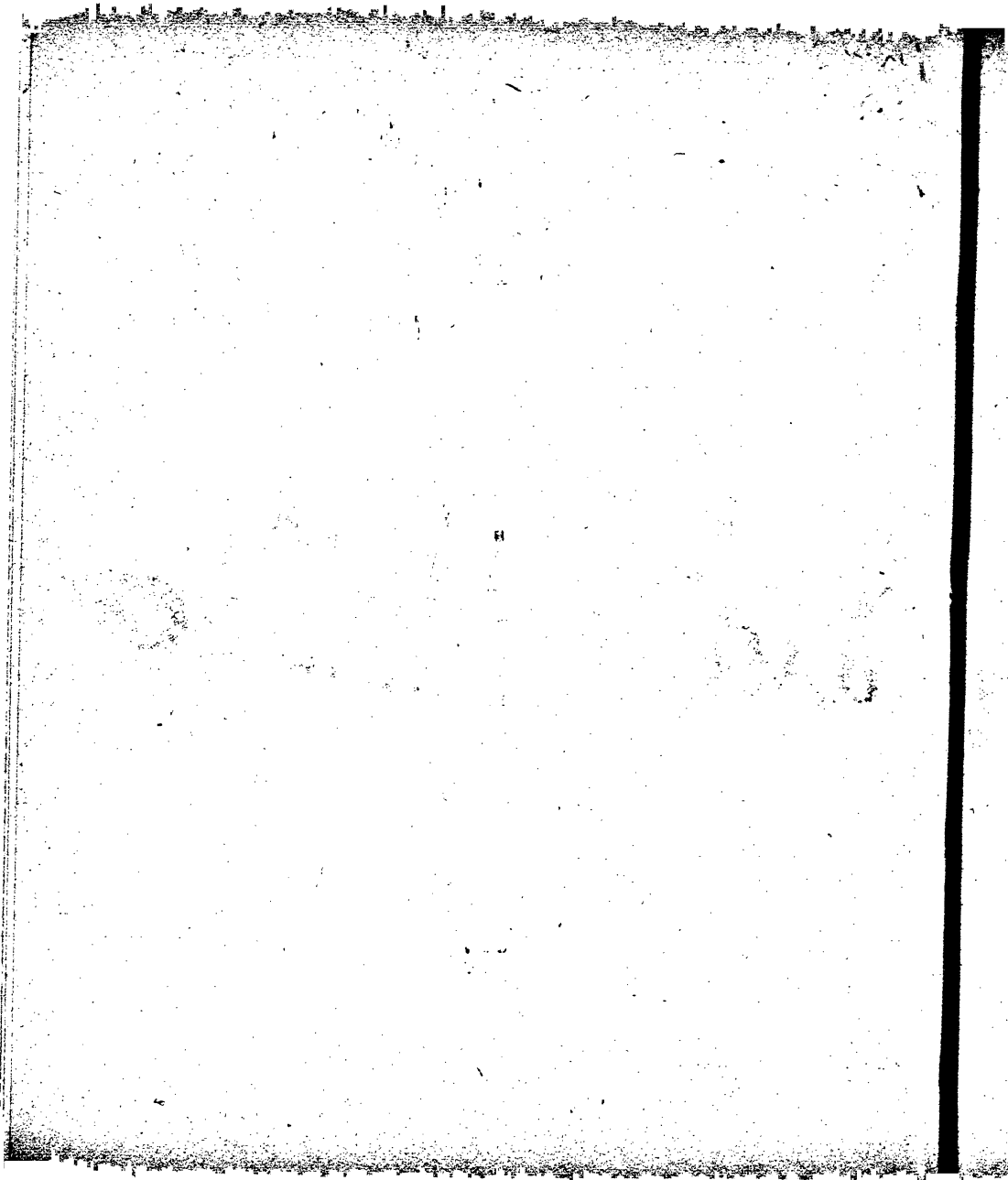
When he saw his wavering army fly across the smoke-girt plain,
His great heart heaved a bitter sigh, though his soul defied
the pain.







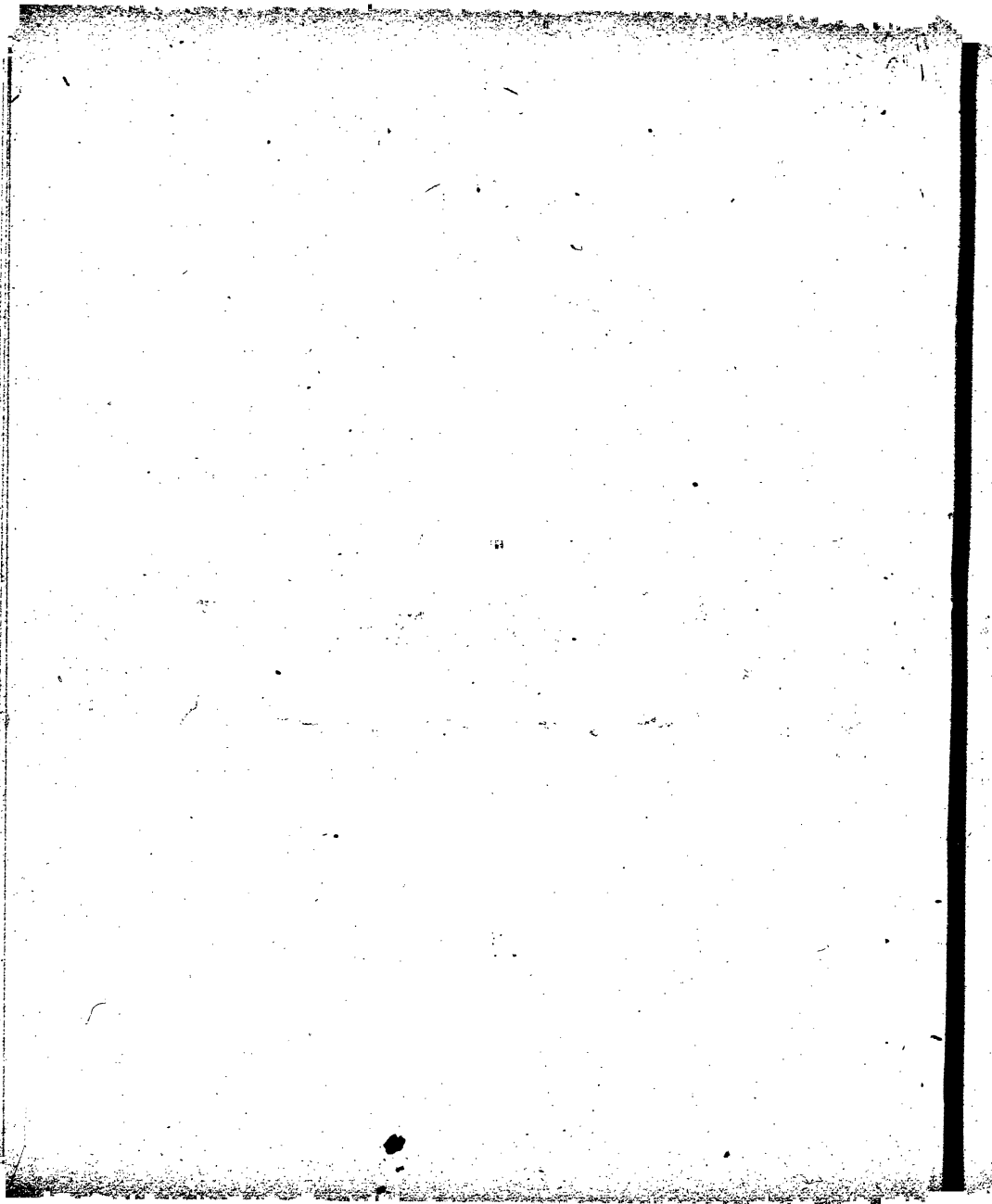
There ran confusion like a tide at full ebb down the slopes,
As the fragments of a soldier's pride lay shattered with his hopes,
Those hopes, which, bright as early dawn, had cheered him in
the morn,
Now dragged by defeat and drawn beneath the feet of scorn.


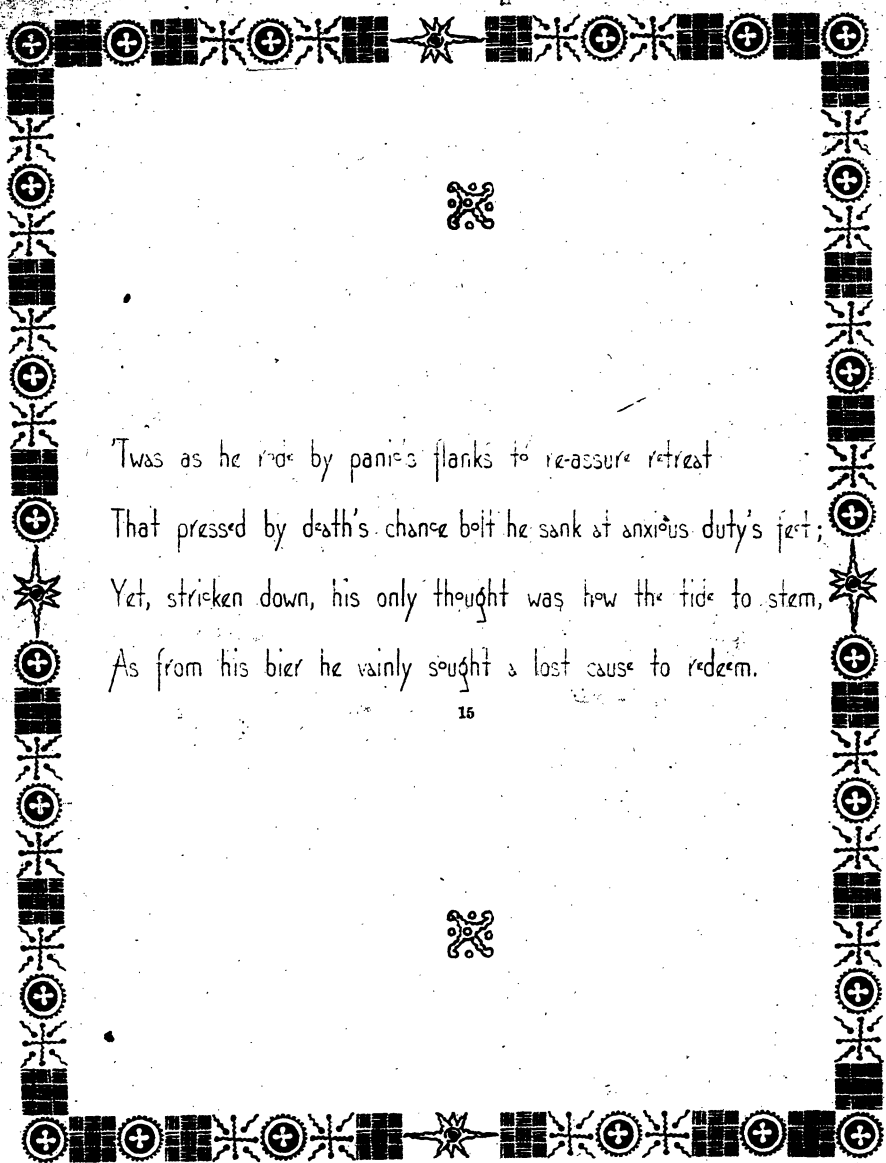





'Tis true his men had braved the storm of British musketry,
As, at his word, they dared re-form, before they turned to flee,
But nothing could a victory urge o'er lines that never swerved,
Whose front drove back the battle's surge in face of death
unnerved.

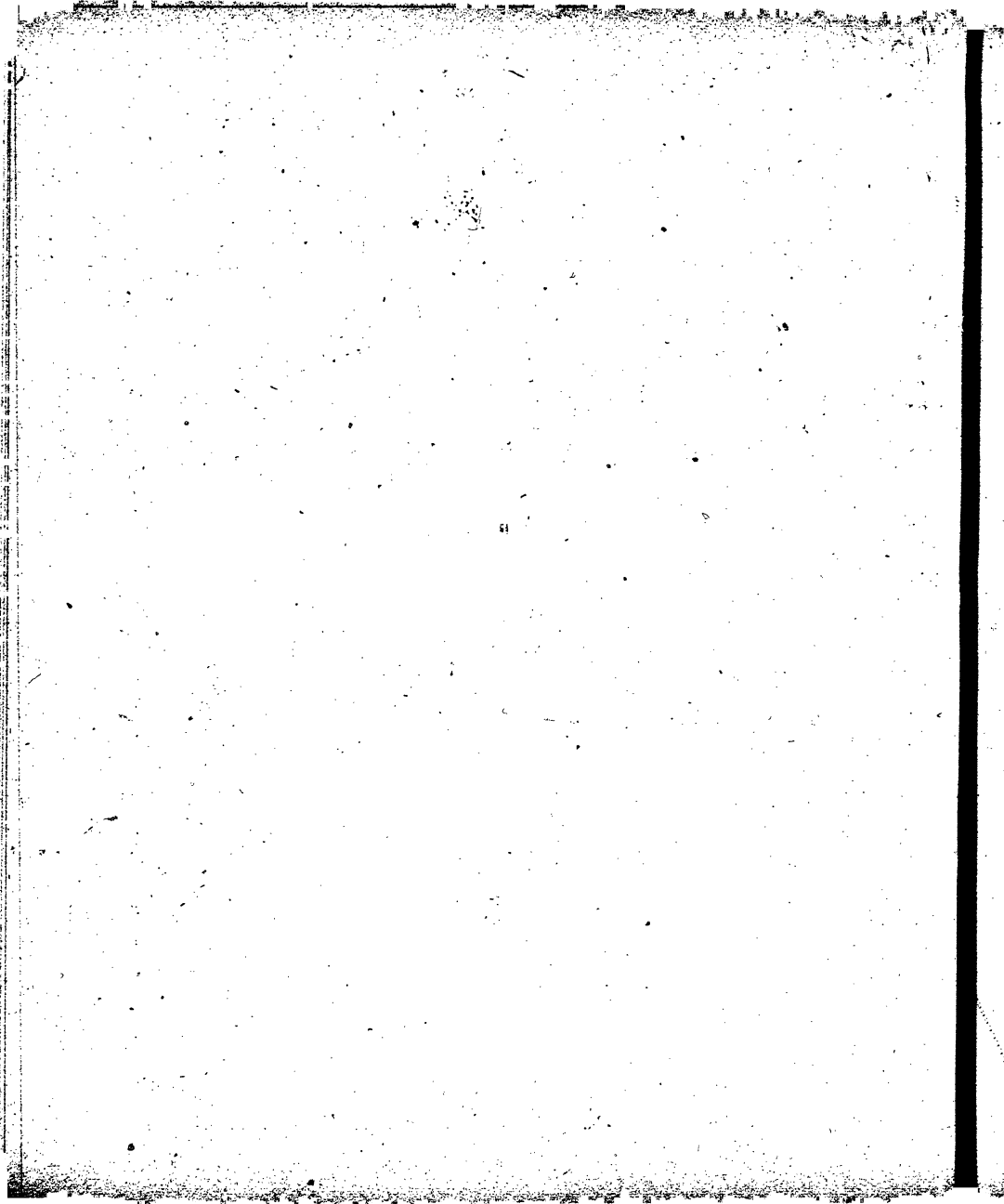


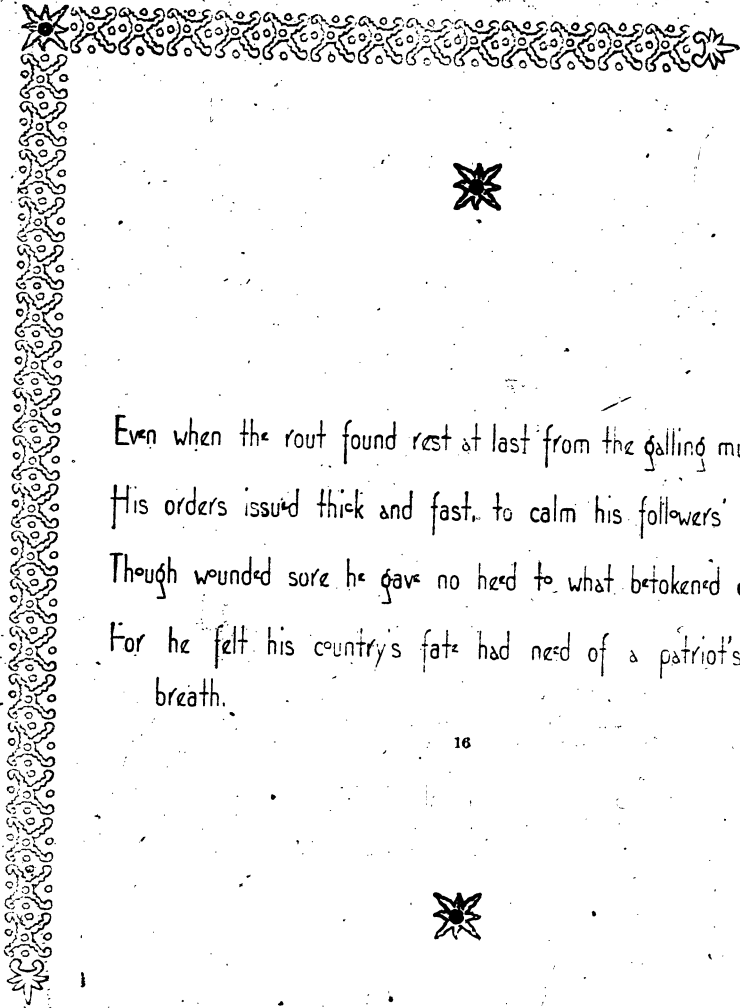




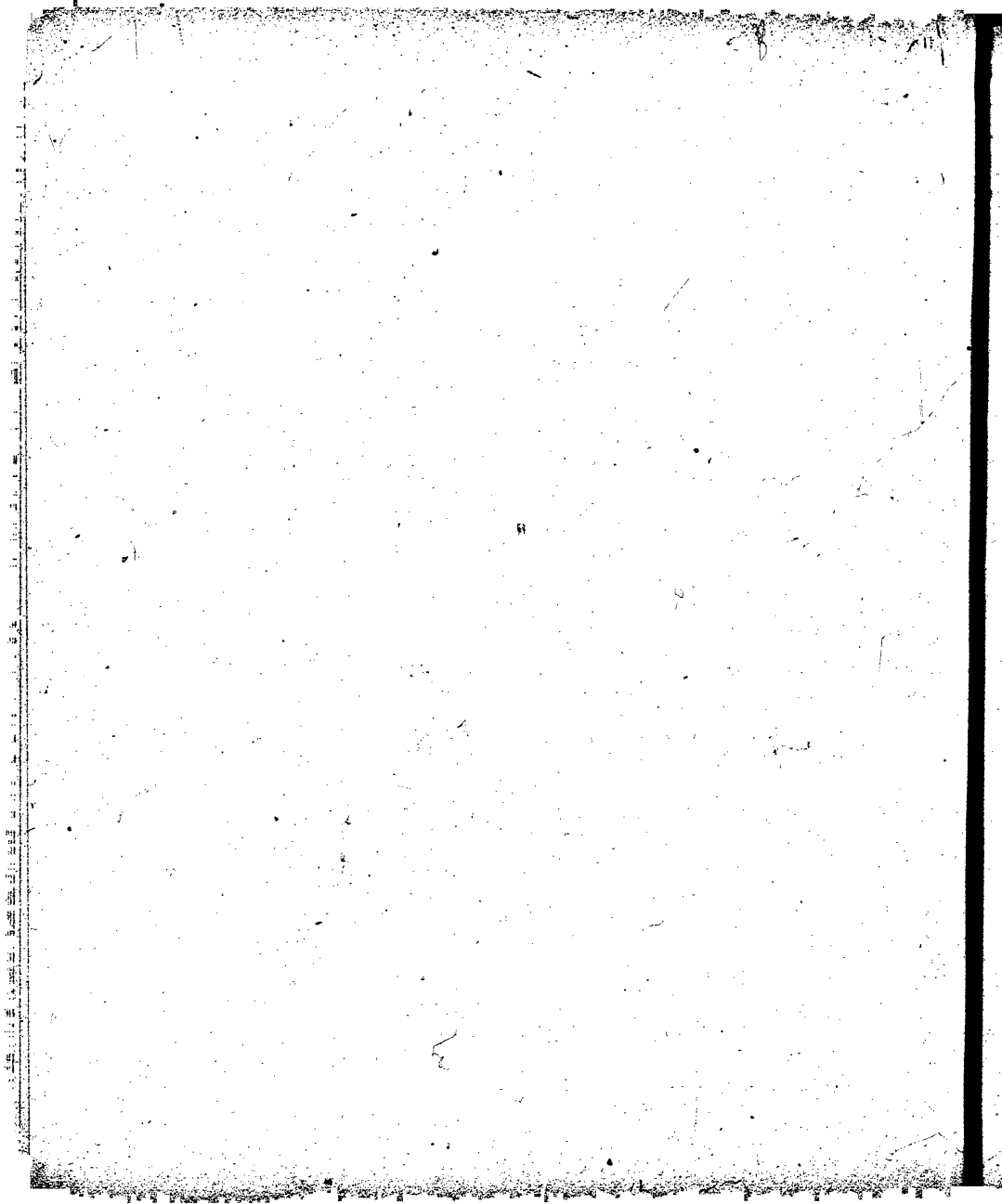
'Twas as he rode by panic's flanks to reassure retreat
That pressed by death's chance bolt he sank at anxious duty's feet;
Yet, stricken down, his only thought was how the tide to stem,
As from his bier he vainly sought a lost cause to redeem.


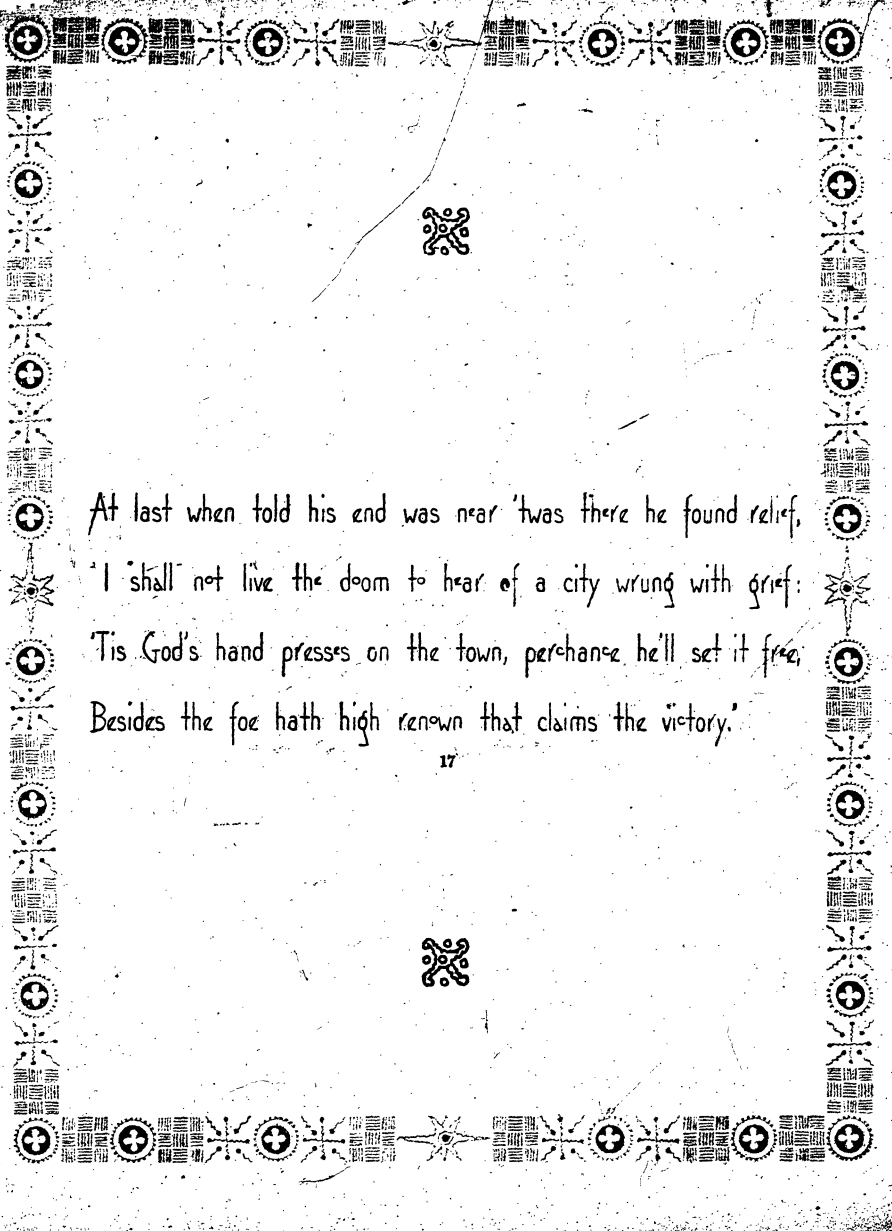







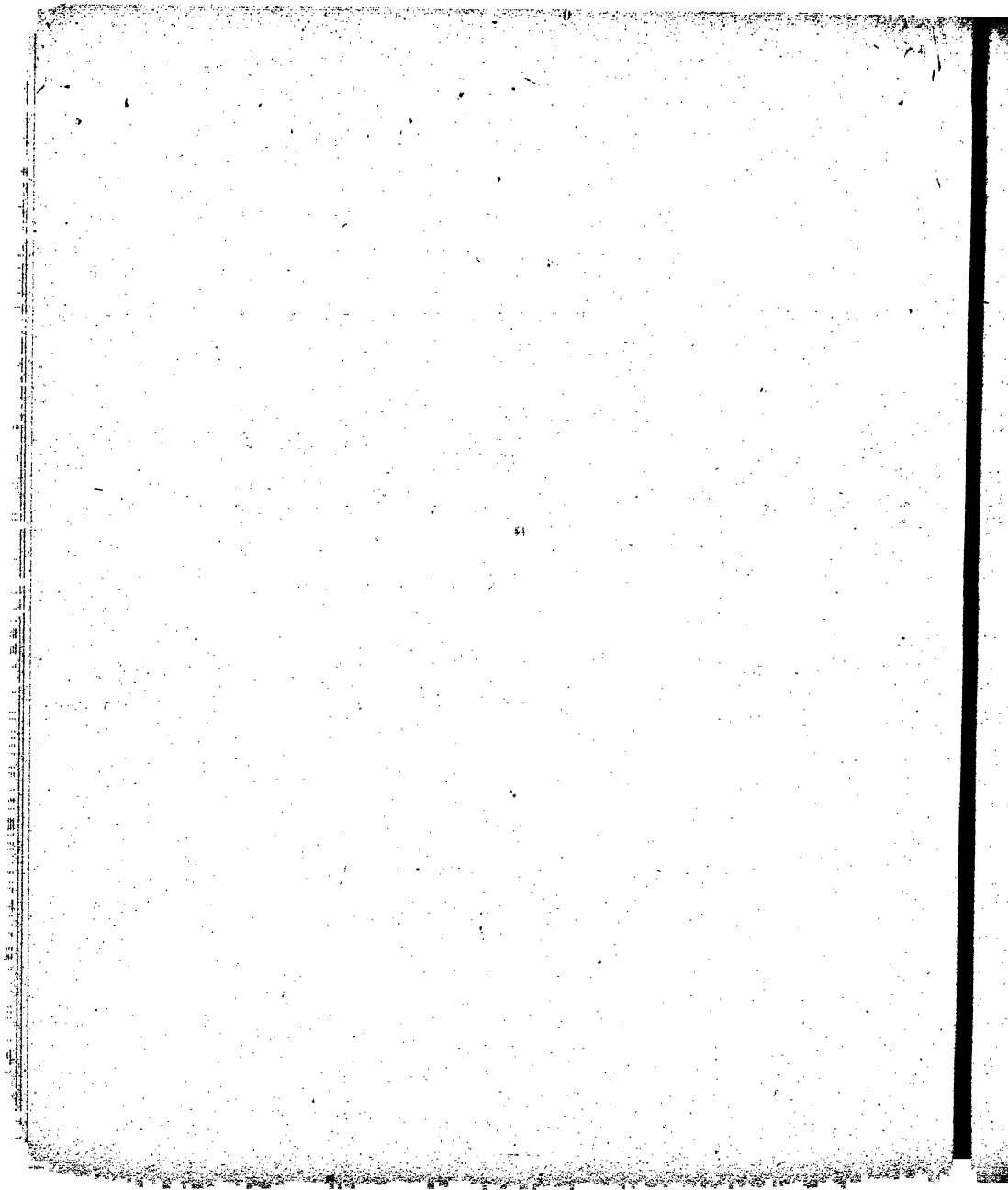
Even when the rout found rest at last from the galling musketeers,
His orders issued thick and fast, to calm his followers' fears!
Though wounded sore he gave no heed to what betokened death,
For he felt his country's fate had need of a patriot's latest
breath.


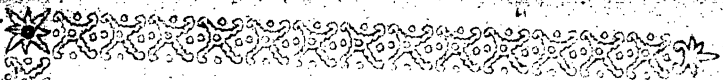





At last when told his end was near 'twas there he found relief,
'I shall not live the doom to hear of a city wrung with grief:
'Tis God's hand presses on the town, perchance he'll set it free;
Besides the foe hath high renown that claims the victory.'

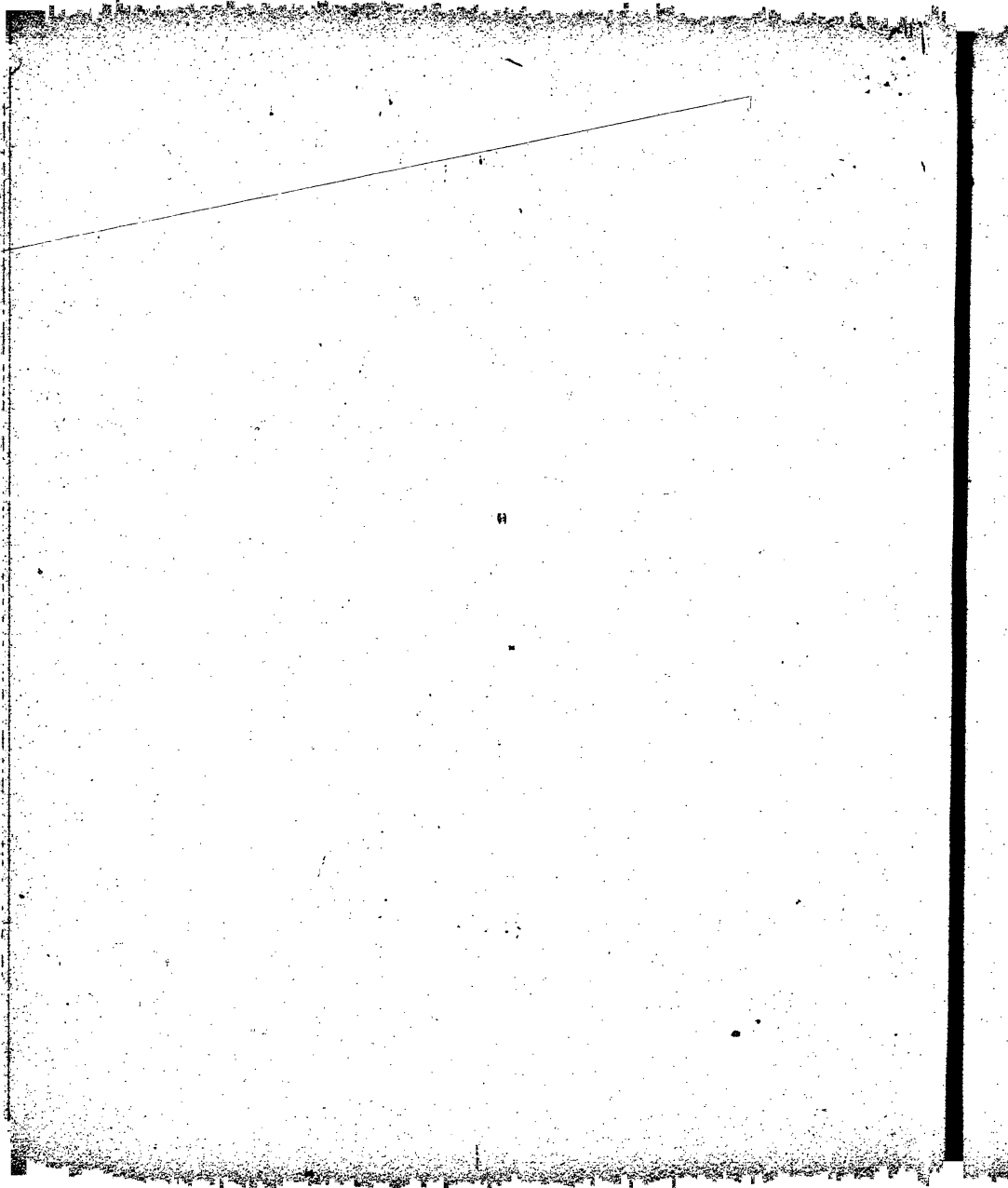



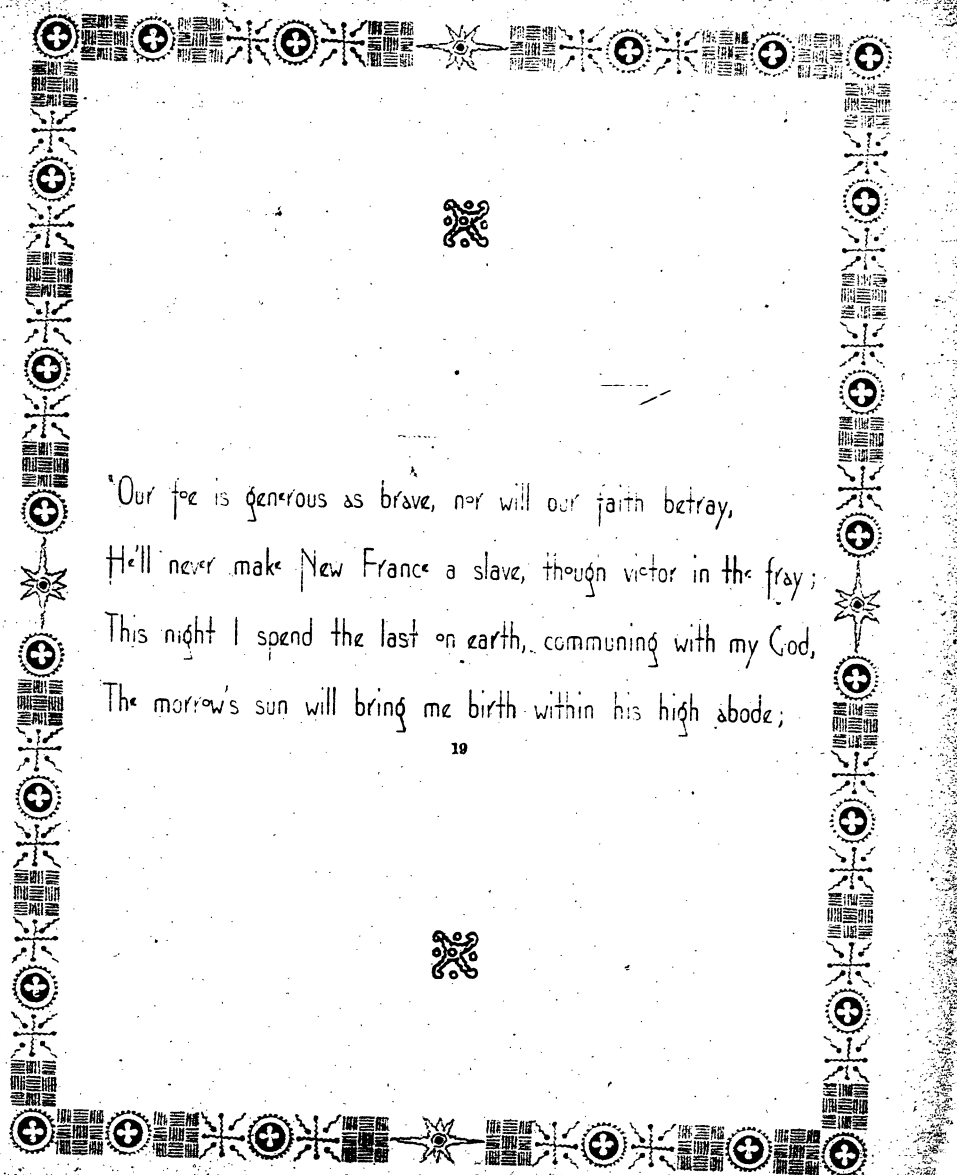




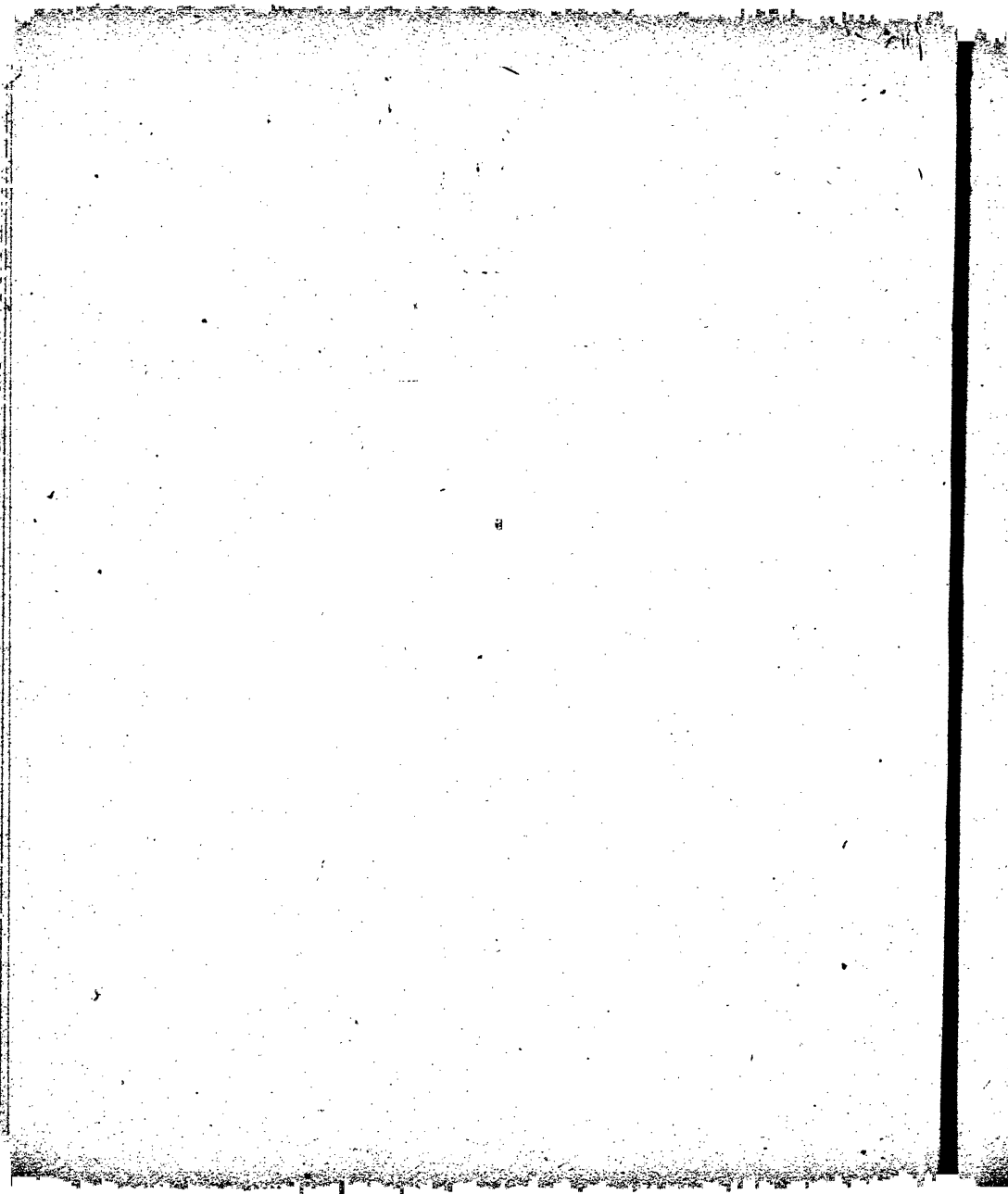
And when De Ramesay sought his coun to urge a last behest,
No tremor throbb'd the hero's touch as the soldier's hand he
pressed:


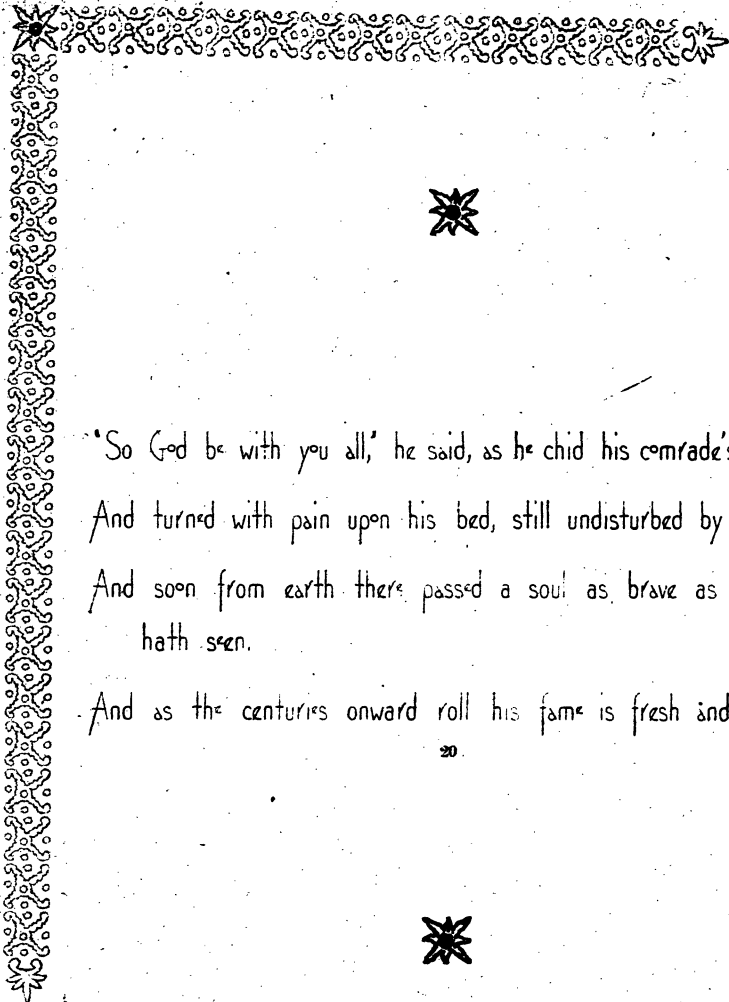
"To France the pair be ever leal, whatever may betide,
Soil not her lilies when you seal a treaty with her pride.





'Our foe is generous as brave, nor will our faith betray,
He'll never make New France a slave, though victor in the fray;
This night I spend the last on earth, communing with my God,
The morrow's sun will bring me birth within his high abode;





"So God be with you all," he said, as he chid his comrade's tears,
And turned with pain upon his bed, still undisturbed by fears;
And soon from earth there passed a soul as brave as France
hath seen.

And as the centuries onward roll his fame is fresh and green.

