

on horseback all night, expecting an attack at the St. Charles. Meanwhile, at the gleaming of a lantern at the masthead of one of the ships, sixteen hundred men dropped into their boats and waited for the ebb of the tide. Then, at the momentary flash of another lantern, all began rowing down-stream in the <sup>The start</sup> dark shadow of the cliff. Twice they were challenged by sentinels above, but an officer who spoke French fluently replied that they were boats with provisions for Montcalm.

Wolfe sat buried in thought, occasionally repeating aloud verses from Gray's "Elegy," which had been published a few years before, and one line,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

betrayed what was passing in his mind. "Gentlemen," he said to the officers with him, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." When they reached the landing-place, the head of the column <sup>The ascent</sup> went ashore, under the lead of William Howe, youngest brother of the general who had been killed at Ticonderoga. As the sixteen hundred landed, the zigzag path was overcrowded, but there were so many bushes as to afford an abundance of handles and footholds on that steep precipice. The height of the climb was a little over two hundred feet,