

## CHAPTER II.

Canada—Quebec—Montmorenci Falls—Montreal—Ottawa—  
Rideau Hall—Toronto.

AT 6.30 a.m., on October 3rd, we found ourselves at Quebec, and drove straight to the sumptuous *château* rather than hotel of "Frontenac," magnificently situated on the top of a perpendicular precipice, the citadel to the right, and the grand St. Lawrence in front, with its further picturesque shore, beyond which again it winds in divers wide channels to the ocean.

We looked down upon the almost perpendicular path up which Wolfe's twenty-four volunteers silently scrambled during the night of September 12th, 1759, driving off the French guard at the top; whilst the remainder of the English troops stealthily followed in their footsteps, holding on by the scanty bushes till they were all drawn up on the Heights of Abraham, where, next morning, the great battle was fought in which Wolfe was struck down at the moment the French were flying—his last words: "Now, God be praised, I die in peace!" whilst his antagonist, Montcalm, mortally wounded at the same moment, was carried into Quebec rejoicing that he "should not live to see its surrender," which took place on the 18th, after his death.

It is sad to remember that the very next year saw the defeat of our forces on these same plains of Abraham by