



THE EARL OF ELGIN.



CHEVALIER DE LEVIS.



SIR JAS. H. CRAIG.



LE MARQUIS DE DUQUESNE.

CHARLEVOIX,
the Historian of New France.

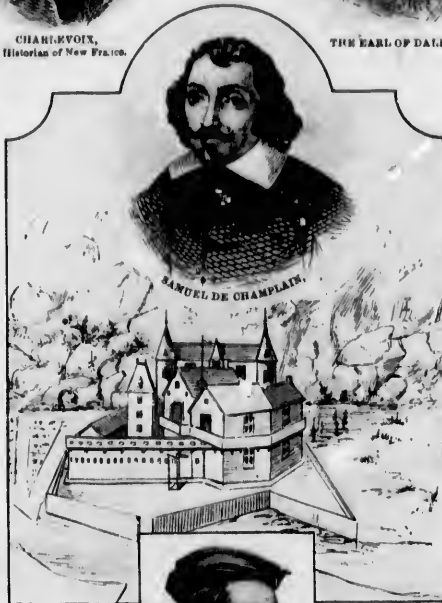
THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE.



LORD SYDENHAM.



SIR JOHN COPE SHERBROOKE.



SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD.



INTENDANT TALON.



JACQUES CARTIER.



BISHOP LAVAL DE MONTMORENCY.

COL. DE SALABERRY,
the Hero of Châteauguay.

SIR GEO. PREVOST.

LE MARQUIS
DE LA OALLISSONNIERE.

LE COMTE DE FRONTENAC.

INTENDANT HOQUART.

General Montcalm, encamped near the Beauport Church, by some mismanagement, heard of the ascent of his enemy, only about six in the morning, though Wolfe had begun to land his troops at least six hours previously. Leaving a body of men to guard his lines, which extended from Rivière de la Puce to the falls, with the Marine Hospital, on the Beauport beach, as far as the Falls of Montmorency, he took all his available force with him, except his choice corps, the Grenadiers, which had accompanied Longueville, past St. Augustin, and rushed over the ferry and bridge of boats, hoping to overpower the English before they could have time to establish themselves in the force on the crest of the hill at Metchmont. But he arrived too late; at eight a.m., the English legions were encamped on the hill summit, above what is now styled Wolfe's Cove, and at ten they were deploying one mile closer to the city, with the two strong pieces of artillery they had been able to haul with ropes, up the dizzy height, through the bed of the St. Charles stream, *versant St. Denis*. Montcalm, mounted on a dark charger, was conspicuous in front of the left wing of his line, and Wolfe, on foot, at the head of the 28th Regiment, and the Louisbourg Grenadiers, towards the right of the British line, must have been acutely opposite to each other at the commencement of the battle, which

was most severe in that part of the field; and by a singular coincidence each of these heroic leaders had been twice wounded during the brief conflict before he received his last and fatal wound. But the valiant Montcalm, regardless of pain, relaxed not his efforts to rally his broken battalions on their hurried retreat towards their camp at Beauport and towards the city, until he received a shot in the loins, when near St. Louis (St. Charles), and so invincible was his fortitude that not even the severity of this mortal stroke could abate his gallant spirit or alter his intrepid bearing. Supported by two grenadiers, one on each side of his horse, he re-entered the city, and in reply to some women who on seeing blood flow from his wounds as he rode down St. Louis street, exclaimed: *Où, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le martyr est-il, courtoisement assuré them that he was not seriously hurt, and begged them not to distress themselves on his account. Ce n'est rien! Ce n'est rien! Ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes sœurs.* The last words of Wolfe, imperiously enshrined in history, excited, after the lapse of a century, the liveliest admiration and sympathy, and similar interest may, perhaps, be awakened by the narrative of the closing scene, in the eventful career of his great opponent. The light scarcely lasted an hour;

at twelve the whole French force was in full retreat, seeking to cross the St. Charles, at the ford where there was a bridge of boats and hornwork with palisades to protect that portion of the camp located inside of the extensive earthworks, the contour and remains of which are quite visible to this day, in rear of G. H. Parke's residence, on the St. Charles road; a party of Canadian militia concealed in the brushwood which fringed a portion of St. John's suburb, towards the *Ostee St. Germain*, kept the fierce 78th Highlanders in check a short time, but they were soon dislodged, and then the daymores did their merciless work. Having reached their white tents, visible from the city, the French squadrons, dispersed, and without leaders, waited until the shadows of night should conceal them, and at eight o'clock that evening, leaving their tents, standing, to mislead the enemy, the retreat or rather rout commenced. The broken squadrons hurried helter skelter towards Charlesbourg, where the road branches off towards Lorette, running parallel to the river, and reached, about four o'clock morning, Cap Rouge, where they halted for a short time, and then continued their disorderly march until the howling fort Jacques Cartier, on the high bluff of the river of that name, gave them shelter.

J. M. L.