

Admiral Holmes' squadron during the night, and on the 7th, 8th and 9th, these vessels sailed up the river, anchoring opposite Cape Rouge, where the troops were landed and encamped on the South shore. Meanwhile preparations were carried on by the fleet occupying the basin in front of Montcalm's intrenchments, so as to completely deceive that General, who, fearful of an attack in the weakened state of his forces, withdrew a battalion of regular troops he had placed at the L'Anse du Foulon, so that it was completely unguarded. Ever since the 18th of July when the squadron passed above the city the French army had to trust to land transport from Batiscan for their supply of provisions, but owing to the necessities of the country, the number of people employed in its defence, and in endeavoring to save such crops as the English troops had spared, or were inaccessible to them, and the unavoidable wear and tear of waggons and carts which could not be replaced, it was determined to risk a convoy of provisions in batteaux, for the use of the starving troops and garrison. This latter fact was communicated to General Wolfe by a French deserter from the Royal Rousillon, who also informed him that de Levi had marched with a large detachment to Montreal, and Bougianville was busily engaged watching the movements of the fleet at Cape Rouge, afraid of an attack on the French shipping; he also gave the countersign which was to be used by the crews of the expected batteaux.

All the necessary arrangements being made the troops were put quietly on board the boats of the fleet and batteaux, and at two o'clock on the morning of the 13th of September, the first division, consisting of Light Infantry—the General's barge leading, dropped down with the tide, from the *Sutherland*, man-of-war, in whose main top a light had been shown, indicating the rendezvous. Passing closely under the dark shadows of the cliffs so soon to reverberate with the echoes of battle, the flotilla dropped swiftly and noiselessly down the river. Professor Robinson, then serving as a midshipman in Admiral Sanders' fleet, is accountable for the following story: He states that seated in the stern sheets of his barge, Wolfe conversed with his officers in a low tone of voice on literary subjects, and recited Gray's celebrated "elegy," the last stanzas with especial emphasis.

"The boast of hearty, the pomp of power,  
"And all that beauty, all that wealth o'er gave,  
"Await alike the inevitable hour,  
"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"And now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that piece than take Quebec," were his concluding words. The advance was composed of twenty four men and officers of the Light Infantry, under Captain Delaune—all volunteers as a forlorn hope—the French outposts extended along the beach for some distance—the Volunteers passed two of their videttes, but as they were about to land were challenged, and answered *La France*; the sentinel inquired what regiment, was told *La Reine—Ne faites pas de bruit sont les Vives*. As the *Hunter*, sloop of war, lay out in the river, and the convoy of provisions was expected, they were allowed to pass. A little lower down, the landing place since immortalized as Wolfe's Cove, was reached, and a portion of the troops were rapidly ascending the face of the cliff, encountering no greater obstacles than that afforded by the difficulties of ascent. Just as the top was attained the sentries on duty fired on the advance, but were driven off, and after a smart skirmish the guard-house was captured, and as day

dawned Wolfe found himself with hardly the shade of opposition on the Heights of Abraham. As fast as the troops were landed the boats were dispatched for reinforcements, the fleet having dropped down with the tide about an hour after the boats started, so that before six o'clock 4,826 British soldiers and officers were drawn up in order of battle.

The fortifications of Quebec are covered on the West face by a line of small eminences, known as the *Battes-a-Neveu*. From the first of these the ground gradually slopes away to the top of the cliff, over Wolfe's cove. The British army was drawn up fronting these eminences; its right rested on the wood of Samos, its left on the *Borgia* Mansion, overlooking the valley of the *St. Charles*. His order of battle was in two lines, and a reserve. The first line consisted of the 35th Regiment, *Louisburg Grenadiers*, and the 28th formed the right; the 43rd and 47th formed the centre; the 78th and 52nd Regiments formed the left. The second line comprised the 15th and the two battalions of the 60th, while the 48th in eight subdivisions with large intervals, formed the reserve; the Light Infantry under Col. Howe, covered the rear. The field of battle presented nearly a level surface without fence or inclosure, occasionally covered with patches of brushwood, and flanked by woods which afforded shelter to the enemy's marksmen—the *Grande Allee* or road to Cape Rouge, ran through its centre.

It has been positively asserted that the British army had only one piece of artillery—a six pounder in action, but immediately after landing they were obliged to capture a battery of three 24 pounders and one 13 inch mortar, which commanded the road from the landing place to its junction with the *Grande Allee* on their left; and a "journal of the expedition up the *St. Lawrence*, containing a true and particular account of the transactions of the fleet and army from the time of their embarkation at *Louisburg* until after the surrender of *Quebec*," first contributed to the *New York Mercury*, 31st December, 1759 by the Hon. John Fraser de *Berry*, of *Torrebone*, distinctly states "we got two six pounders to fire against the enemy; very soon six more, besides two *Royal Howitzers*, came up while the enemy were making haste to attack before our artillery should be got up, as they dreaded our quick firing." During the night *Montcalm* had taken every precaution against what appeared to be an attack in force on his lines from the ships in the basin, and was not a little startled by the intelligence his dislodged piquets brought him of the landing above the city. At first he was incredulous, thinking it only a feint, but going out to reconnoitre with the Governor General, who reproved him for his obstinacy and want of caution. "Yes, I see them where they ought not to be, but since they have got to the weak side of this miserable garrison we must give battle, and crush them before mid-day. Leaving 1,500 militia troops under the *Marquis Vaudreuil* to guard the lines he hurried the remainder as fast as they could be collected across the *St. Charles* and along the northern face of the ramparts to face the British troops and decide for the time being the Empire of North America.

The whole French force numbered 7,500 men with three field pieces; it is said his order of battle was in one line without reserves, and his first attempt was to turn the British left, but this was frustrated by *Brigadier Townshend* forming the 15th Regiment *enpotence* and probably by the fire of the captured battery. This repulse appears to

have disordered his line, as it is stated it broke into something like three columns by wheeling back from the centre which marched obliquely from their right with the intention of attacking the British right, and occupied the ground between the latter and the western ramparts. At eight o'clock their guns opened, but the English suffered more from the fire of a band of *Savages* concealed in a cornfield opposite the right wing, until *Colonel Howe* by *Monkton's* order sent some platoons to drive them away. Wolfe then desired his men to lie down—they remained in this position until nine o'clock, when *Montcalm* moved his column a little forward on which the whole line stood to their arms. At 10 o'clock, a. m., the French with loud cheers advanced rapidly, while they fired obliquely towards the British right—owing to their formation this was a platoon fire and from its distance not very effective, as they closed the latter made a half face to the right and when the distance between the opposing lines was reduced to 40 paces poured in a single volley so destructive and fatal in its effects that it may have been said to decide the battle; the French columns reeled from the shock, and when the wind blew away the dense clouds of smoke they stood reduced to single groups among heaps of slain—the veteran battalions of *Bearne* and *Guenne* were shattered to pieces, the *Royal Rousillon* reduced to a skeleton; profiting by the confusion Wolfe ordered his line to advance, while *Montcalm* undismayed rode through his broken ranks encouraging them by his voice and bearing, and aided by a small redoubt rallied them again, presenting a front to the British, who now sweeping over all obstructions at a run, carried all before them. Early in the action Wolfe had been wounded in the left wrist by a musket ball, but wrapping his handkerchief around it continued to discharge his duty. At the advance he was again hit, but acting up to his own maxim that "whit a man is able to do his duty, and can stand and hold his own, it is infamous to retire." He dissembled his pain, and still led the 28th Regt. As the lines again closed a ball struck him on the breast, he reeled and would have fallen but was caught by *Lieut. Brown*, of the *Louisburg Grenadiers*, who with *Mr. Henderson*, a Volunteer in the same company, and a soldier, were the three persons who carried him to the rear of the redoubt captured in the morning. His words as he was borne from the field were: "The day is ours, keep it." During the brief struggle which took place before the final rout of the French, an officer proposed to send for a Surgeon, but he said "It is needless, it is all over with me." He desired them to lay him down, as he was "suffocating." Nothing was said for several minutes but heavy breathing and an occasional groan, and the mourning group thought he was already lifeless, when a cry was heard "they run—they run," as if aroused from heavy sleep, Wolfe asked who—who run. He was answered "the enemy, sir, they give away everywhere." He then said "Go one of you, my lads to *Colonel Burton*, tell him to march *Webb's* (48th) Regt., with all speed down to the *Charles River*, to cut off the retreat of the fugitives from the bridge." He then turned on his side, and his last words were "Now, God be praised; I die in peace," and thus in his three and thirtieth year died Wolfe victorious.

While the life of the gallant General was passing away his troops pressed the retreat of the flying French, who still led by the heroic *Montcalm*, showed a resolute front, and endeavored to secure a regular retro-