

regard to Wolfe himself, while his attitude was one of grim determination, it can hardly be said to have been hopeful. The expedient was one from which success might come, and was therefore preferable to a confession of failure. One circumstance upon which he rested some hope was the fact that boats now and then succeeded in stealing down under the black shadow of the lofty bank with provisions for the French army below. On the 12th of September all was in readiness, and Wolfe made such demonstrations below the city that Montcalm began to think that a landing at the mouth of the St. Charles might be intended, and that thus the Lord was delivering his enemy into his hands. At the

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same time, the demonstrations against Bougainville were redoubled, and English ships kept moving from point to point in such wise as to strain every nerve of the watchful and bewildered French. In the course of the day Wolfe called to him his friend Jervis, afterward celebrated as an admiral, and told him that he had a presentiment of impending death; and taking from about his neck a small chain with the miniature of the lady to whom he was betrothed, he gave it to Jervis to be returned to her in case he should not survive the anticipated battle. As midnight approached, all was silence at Cap Rouge, but such demonstrations were made below the city that Montcalm was