

Montcalm was buried in a grave which had been partially excavated by a shell from one of the British batteries. On the right of the view of the chapel may be seen the marble tablet to his memory.

The chapel has recently been demolished, but it is being rebuilt at present upon the same site.

A page from an album kept by the community is reproduced in this work as it records the burial of the Marquis.

WOLFE'S WILL AND CODICIL.

The danger of placing too much reliance upon family traditions is strikingly exemplified in the case of General Wolfe's will.

Reference is made in several well known works to the executor's named by Wolfe as being his particular friends, and also to those who were beneficiaries under his will. With the hope of facilitating research a copy of the will and probate was obtained from Somerset House, but unfortunately for tradition, no executor was named by the General, and in consequence the will was administered by his mother.

In the extract made from the will it was observed that no punctuation was observed, which it appears was the legal custom of the time, if it is not also at the present.

Permission was therefore obtained from the Registrar to have a photograph taken of the original documents, and we are therefore able to give an excellent fac-simile of a late example of Wolfe's hand writing, and also of the signatures of some of his intimate friends who signed as witnesses.

Wolfe made his will at sea immediately after he embarked from Louisbourg on the expedition against Quebec, and the codicil was added thereto on the eve of the Battle of Montmorency.

This document contains the sole reference to Miss Lowther we have been able to find, in Wolfe's handwriting.

THE HOUSE OF SURGEON ARNOUX.

To Mr. Wurtele, the Librarian of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, we are indebted for this interesting souvenir of the last hours of Montcalm.

After the wounded general had been greeted by his sorrowing friends at St. Louis gate, he was conducted to the house of the surgeon Arnoux where his wounds were dressed, and the few remaining hours of his life