

Montcalm heard the outburst of firing at the Côte d'Abraham. But he knew that all was over now, and Canada was lost; all he had fought for so nobly, so wisely, and so well; all he had suffered for so keenly and so long. As he rode through the St. Louis Gate, with the two grenadiers holding him up in his saddle, a terrified woman shrieked out, "Oh! look at the marquis, he's killed, he's killed!" "It is nothing at all, my kind friend," answered Montcalm, trying to sit up straight, "you must not be so much alarmed!" Five minutes later the doctor told him he had only a few hours to live. "So much the better," he replied, "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec."

On hearing he had such a short time before him, his first thought was to leave no possible duty undone. He told the commandant of Quebec that he had no advice to give about the surrender. He told Vaudreuil's messenger that there were only three courses for the army to follow: to fight again, surrender, or retreat towards Montreal; and that he would advise a retreat. And he dictated this letter