

stated to have attended Wolfe dying." Each of the above may have had a share in the coveted privilege; let us consult a standard authority on Canadian history on this disputed point.

Few writers in America or elsewhere, have devoted to the study of our annals a whole life-time; few have had access to such masses of documents, siege narratives, etc., as Francis Parkman — the conscientious and brilliant historiographer of MONTCALM and WOLFE. Not confining himself to books, Mr. Parkman made special visits to Quebec, to study every inch of the battlefield of 1759, and of the sites adjoining. I am in a position to testify to the fact, by personal experience, having among other occasions a recollection of a prolonged and minute survey he and I made in 1878, at his request, of the historic *locale*, at Wolfe's cove where the English troops disembarked at early dawn on the 13th September, 1759, in furtherance of his great work, "MONTCALM--WOLFE," which he was then preparing, and which appeared in 1884. Parkman's description of the death scene is as follows: "Wolfe himself led the charge at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery, who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. 'There's no need,' he answered; 'it's all over with me.' A moment one of them cried out: 'They run; see how they run.' 'Who run?' Wolfe demanded like a man roused from sleep. 'The enemy, sir. Egad they give way everywhere!' 'Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton,' returned the dying man; 'tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River to cut off their retreat from