

which he opened fire on the defences of the city, and partly on the left or east bank of the river Montmorenci. From the right bank of this river to the river St. Charles, which empties itself into the St. Lawrence at the north side of Quebec, Montcalm had entrenched the whole shore line, a distance of some eight miles. His main army was on the Beauport flats, near Quebec, and a strong advanced post connected with the chief body of the army commanded the only ford by which the enemy might hope to turn his flank at Montmorenci.

Wolfe, having reconnoitred the positions, resolved on what a more accurate knowledge than he probably possessed of the localities would determine as a most unwise course of action. The river Montmorenci, at the spot where it joins the St. Lawrence, pours the whole volume of its flood in one magnificent cataract to the bed of the St. Lawrence, some one hundred and eighty feet lower than that of the tributary stream. At low water the waters of the Montmorenci, precipitated over the falls, meander in shallow channels over flat rocks to unite with the receding waters of the main flood, which ebbs and flows with a mean of twelve feet difference from the foot of the cataract, leaves a broad rocky shore, partly dry at low water. Across this flood Wolfe determined to march the two brigades which he had landed at the eastern mouth of the Montmorenci river, and at the same time to attack the entrenchments in front by transporting in boats the troops which he had quartered at Levis, the march and the landing being simultaneously attempted. Now it was evident that the conditions of tide which were favourable to the fording of the Montmorenci, viz., the period of dead low water, were unfavourable in the extreme to landing the troops from the boats, which grounded half a mile from shore, a distance which had to be traversed under a heavy fire of musketry, which occasioned a loss of over five hundred men to the attacking party. Hardly had the troops effected their landing when it was found that the advancing waters were likely to cut off communication between the columns that forded the Montmorenci and their camp. These, therefore, hastily recrossed the channel of the river, and the other brigade returned to their boats. The only result of this preliminary and what cannot be considered but as most ill-judged attempt was to create a dispiriting effect on the British forces and seriously to deplete their effective strength. Wolfe, however, if he did not display in his primary assault on Montcalm any qualities which would entitle him to the rank of a great general, conceived an enterprise which must be admitted as qualifying for that of a bold and dashing leader. He then removed the whole of the force to the south side of the river, to Levis, and made dispositions for the plan which he executed as follows:—He marched the whole of his available army, with the exception of a few artillerymen,

who occupied the enemy and distracted their attention from this movement, up the south shore to a point some ten miles above Quebec. To this place, under cover of night, he directed the course of the whole of his light transports and boats. On the night of the 12th of September, the whole British force embarked, to the number of about 5,000, and dropped silently, with muffled oars, down the ebbing river. Along the northern shore of the river, (from Cap Rouge to Quebec Wolfe had carefully reconnoitred the nature of the banks, which precipitously descend into the river,) there was only one spot where the English General judged that he could advantageously endeavour to gain the higher ground and attack the landward defences of Quebec. This point, now known as Wolfe's Cove, is a little bay or indentation in the shore of the river, where the banks, sloping rather less precipitously than to the right or left, form a narrow strand at their base, and offer a steep but practicable path to the Plains of Abraham above. Here in the darkness and silence of an autumnal night, the fleet of frail skiffs moved noiselessly to a landing, which all knew to be the first step to a combat which would lead to glory or the grave. Of that night passage down the stream we have precise accounts. The men, urged to absolute silence, obeyed the command. Though hearts beat high with soldier-like expectancy, the interval of silence, darkness and uncertainty must have proved the self-command of more than one tried warrior.—Wolfe himself was calm and resolute. Though he accompanied and led the foremost brigade, his converse in a whisper to a trusted friend who sat beside him in a boat was of far different scenes and topics than the dread uncertainty which awaited his enterprise: his talk was of home, of literature; and, strange to say, in the very moment of anticipation of a battle which might and did seal his name with the signet of a warrior's undying glory, his expressed sentiment in speaking of Gray's "Elegy" was, "I may be conqueror of Quebec to-morrow, but I would relinquish my anticipated laurels to have been the author of that poem." The tide swiftly and noiselessly aided the flotilla: sentries, deceived and imagining it to be a convoy of provisions, allowed it to pass unchallenged, until, the goal being reached, the foremost brigade sprang to the shore, ascended the heights, and carried a picket and a redoubt placed to guard this landing point. The following brigades toiled up the steep ascent, and the morning rays found the British army drawn up in line of battle on the Plains of Abraham, facing the virgin fortress of Quebec. But the work was not complete. The gallant Montcalm was not the man to yield without a struggle; neither were the brave veterans of France, nor the stalwart Canadian militia likely to succumb without appeal to battle. Montcalm decided, apparently rashly (but at this distance it is hard to judge his

reasons), that instead of fighting behind the walls of Quebec he would boldly sally forth against the enemy and give them battle on the plain. He crossed the St. Charles over a bridge of boats and passing up the slopes which lead to the plateau to the westward of Quebec, formed his main line of battle opposite the British forces. Their left he threatened and attacked with battalions of militia and a swarm of Indian skirmishers. The British leader, throwing back the three outermost battalions of his left wing, thus checked the attack of these undisciplined levies, and with his main line moved full against the French. These, nothing loth, opposed their movement by a counter attack, and at once the battle raged furiously. Crushed by a fire of musketry at point-blank range, and by furious charges from the stalwart Highlanders and Genadiers who formed the right of Wolfe's line, the French left gave way and fled; the centre followed, though in good order, and with one wild cheer the British line dashed on both to the front and left, and bore the fugitive army to the portals of Quebec and to the passage of the St. Charles river. The loss for the number engaged was heavy—607 of the British and 1,500 of the French, of killed and wounded, fell in that brief action. The dashing leader, Wolfe, the able General, Montcalm, were both among the slain. A wreath of history's brightest garlands equally hallows the names of the conquered and the conqueror, and entwines their names in its pages. Quebec capitulated a few days later, and with the capture of the stronghold which controlled the navigation of the St. Lawrence the fate of French ascendancy in Canada was sealed. The battle of Quebec is worthy of much notice. Contended for by comparatively few numbers, the palm of victory carried with it the virtual dominion of a continent. It was fought without artillery, and was, in the opinion of the lecturer, the only decisive battle on record fought without cavalry.

The consequences of the battle were no less strange. The sons of the dwellers in the conquered lands became the loyal allies and fellow-subjects of the descendants of the conquerors, and now that a century has passed and gone we have still here the types of two antagonistic races dwelling together in unity and peace, and conjointly working to establish a Dominion whose power and vastness at a future day may be such as our wildest visions can scarce realize.

BATTALION CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM TORONTO.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The concert in aid of the Band Fund of the 4th Battalion, Grand Trunk Brigade of Garrison Artillery, took place in the Music Hall, on Friday last. The Hall was well filled and the varied uniforms of the "Queen's Own," 10th &c., assisted in the decorations and re-