

commander. At ten o'clock a cannonade opened which lasted for an hour. Montcalm, having despatched messengers for De Bougainville and De Vaudreuil, advanced at the head of his troops against the left wing of the British and endeavoured to drive them down the declivity. Outmanœuvred by Wolfe, Montcalm ordered the general charge. The British received the shock with calmness reserving their fire till the enemy was within forty yards, the line began a regular, rapid and exact discharge of musketry. The Canadians were already wavering; when Wolfe, charging with the 28th and the Louisburg grenadiers, forced them to give way. While at the head of his men Wolfe received three balls, the first in the wrist, the second in the upper part of the abdomen, and the third inflicted a mortal wound in the breast. "Support me, he cried to an officer near him, let not my brave fellows see me drop." He was carried to the rear, and they brought him water to quench his thirst. "They run, they run," spoke the officer on whom he leaned; "Who run," asked Wolfe, as his life was fast ebbing. "The French, replied the officer, give way every where." "What, cried the expiring hero, do they run already? Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton, bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles river to cut off the fugitives. Now, God be praised, I die happy."—(Bancroft.)

The defeat of the French was complete; they hastily retreated within the walls of the city, in despair of ever retrieving their defeat.

The English army was victorious, but its triumph was saddened by the death of its general.

The spot where Wolfe died, is now marked by a handsome monument, a few steps from the St. Louis road and within a mile of the gates of the town. He was snatched away just at the budding of his fame, at the early age of thirty-three. He left a widowed mother whom he always obeyed and loved with a filial piety, and who, a few days before, had wept over the remains of his father; a maiden whom he had betrothed and whom he intended to espouse after the conquest of Canada.

Wolfe entered the army at the early age of fifteen, as second lieutenant in his father's regiment. He was born on the 2d January, 1727, (of Irish descent on the paternal side,) at Westerham, in Kent. It is surprising that, Wolfe thus brought up in a camp, and not particularly distinguished while at school, acquired that love for letters, and that exquisite sensibility to the charms of poetry, which render him remarkable. Some think poetry a trivial study, and consider it little better than a toy for the infancy of a nation, unworthy of its consideration when grown to manhood. Now, was it not the high thoughts breathed in song, which inspired Wolfe with that disinterestedness and romantic love of country, which sheds a new lustre on his deeds? Had the fires of poetry never awakened him, perhaps Canada would not have been conquered. Of a delicate frame and refined taste, he found, even amid the turmoil of the camp, moments when he would picture to himself the joys of domestic happiness, and sigh for the tranquillity of retirement. The following lines, addressed to Miss Lowther, on the eve of his departure from England, show that he was a poet in soul, and fully susceptible of the emotions of the gentler passions.

"At length, too soon, dear creature,
Receive my fond adieu;
Thy pangs, oh! love, how bitter,
The joys, how short, how few!

"I go where glory leads me,
And dangers point the way;
Though coward love upbraids me,
Stern honour bids obey.

"Two passions vainly pleading,
My beating heart divide;
Lo! there my country bleeding,
And here my weeping bride.

"But, ah, thy faithful soldier
Can true to either prove;
Fame fires my soul all over,
While every pulse beats love.

"Then think, where'er I wander,
The sport of seas and wind,
No distance hearts can sunder
Whom mutual truth has joined," &c. &c.

Wolfe commenced his military career on the continent. He carried the colors of the 12th regiment at the battle of Dettingen. He served under the Duke of Cumberland, at the defeat of Fonte-

noy. Sent to Scotland with his regiment to help in suppressing the second scotch rebellion, he was present at the battle of Falkirk, and there distinguished himself by his coolness and intrepidity. At Culloden, Wolfe acted as aide-de-camp to General Hawley. After the pacification of Scotland, he rejoined the British army in the Netherlands, and at the battle of Lanfildt was wounded. After the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle he again returned to Scotland and remained there till 1753. In 1749 at the early age of twenty three he was appointed to a lieutenant colonelcy (1). In 1758 he sailed from England with General Amherst. His distinguished conduct at the siege of Louisburg, attracted the notice of Pitt. This great statesman, quick to discern merit, gave Wolfe the command of the expedition against Quebec, with the rank of Major-General.

The expedition left England on the 17th February 1759. It was eminently successful and the ability which Wolfe displayed merits for him a place among England's greatest Generals.

On hearing of the conquest of Canada, "America, says Bancroft, rung with exultation; the towns were bright with illuminations, the hills with bonfires; legislature, the pulpit, the press echoed the general joy; provinces and fam. . . gave thanks to God."

England rejoiced also; but she mourned the death of the victor, and shed the tear of affliction and sympathy with the bereaved mother. Happy mother! with whom a nation weeps the loss of her child and perpetuates its name by raising a monument to its memory among the sepulchres of her kings.

While gladness reigned throughout Britain and while America rung with exultation, grief at the sight of the bleeding Montcalm afflicted the colonists. In losing Montcalm they had lost their last defender; they must renounce allegiance to France, and bow their heads beneath a foreign yoke.

Wolfe died on the field of victory, in the arms of his brother officers and under the shade of the British colors. Montcalm died in his bed. In his last moments he showed that greatness of soul, which he had ever displayed during life. Being apprised that he could not count a day's existence; "So much the better," was his answer. "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." When de Ramezay asked his advice about defending the city.—"To your keeping," he replied, "I commend the honor of France. As for me, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare myself for death." Then abandoning all thoughts of temporal concerns, he passed the remaining few hours of his existence with his confessor, and calmly passed, towards five o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth of September, to a better world.

Louis Joseph de St. Veran, marquis de Montcalm, was born on the 28 of February 1712, descended from an honorable and distinguished family of Rouergue, at the château of Candiac, near Nismes. In his youth he applied himself with great zeal to the study of the dead languages; and the hope which he entertained, when commanding an army, of being one day received member of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, is a proof of the estimation in which he held letters. In the army he rose step by step, having been successively Ensign, Lieutenant and Captain. The command of the French troops in America was given to him in 1756. While in the inferior grades, he was unremitting in the study of all the branches of the military art. He received three wounds at the battle of Placencia. During his short career in Canada he gave many proofs of generalship, and secured by his affability the love of the inhabitants. The Indians always considered him as their father; he was one of the few who could restrain their impetuosity within the limits of discipline, and soften their cruel mode of warfare. He was buried on the evening of the 14th September 1759, within the chapel of the Ursuline Convent (2).

The descendants of the seventy thousand colonists, who at the period of the conquest were, with a few tribes of Indians, the only inhabitants of the soil, celebrated the centenary of his death by a religious ceremony performed in the chapel attached to the Ursu-

(1) Bell's lecture.

(2) But the valiant Frenchman regardless of pain relaxed not his efforts to rally his broken battalions in their hurried retreat towards the city until he was shot through the loins, when within a few hundred yards of St. Louis Gate. And so invincible was his fortitude that not even the severity of this mortal stroke could abate his gallant spirit or alter his intrepid bearing. Supported by two grenadiers—one at each side of his horse—he re-entered the city: and in reply to some women who, on seeing blood flow from his wounds as he rode down St. Louis' street, on his way to the Château, exclaimed *Oh mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué!* courteously assured them that he was not seriously hurt, and begged of them not to distress themselves on his account.—*Ce n'est rien! Ce n'est rien! Ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.*—Bealson.