

for their inferiority in discipline and equipment compared with the smaller English force. His expectations were never realized. In a few minutes the French were piled in heaps on the plains as they met the deadly fire of the English lines, and Montcalm was forced to retreat with the beaten remnant of his army. Wolfe received several wounds, and died on the battlefield, but not before he was conscious of his victory. "God be praised," were his dying words, "I now die in peace." His brave adversary was mortally wounded while seeking the protection of Quebec, and was buried in a cavity which a shell had made in the floor of the chapel of the Ursuline convent. A few days later Quebec capitulated. Had Lévis been on the scene of battle and able to assume command when Montcalm was wounded, perhaps the demoralized army might have been rallied and able with the aid of Bougainville to give battle again to the English, and delay the fall of the Capital. But Lévis was at Montreal, then believed to be in danger from Amherst, who held possession of the French forts on Lakes George and Champlain; and when he did arrive it was too late. Vaudreuil had failed to support Ramsay at Quebec, which was given up five days after the English victory. Wolfe's body was taken to England, where it was received with all the honours due to his great achievement. General Murray was left in command at Quebec, and was defeated in the following spring by Lévis in the battle of Ste. Foye, which raised the hopes of the French until the appearance of English ships in the river relieved the beleaguered garrison and decided for ever the fate of Quebec. A few weeks later Montreal capitulated to Amherst, whose extreme caution throughout the campaign was in remarkable contrast with the dash and energy of the hero of Quebec. The war in Canada was now at an end, and in 1763 the Treaty of Paris closed the interesting chapter of French dominion on the banks of the St. Lawrence and in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi.

History has done full justice to the character and services of Wolfe. His victory at Quebec—his one great exploit—was the result of his energy, courage and boldness. Canadians and Englishmen have placed him among their heroes. Had he lived he would have probably continued to do honour to his name and race. Still, who can say he was not happy in the manner of his death, since it occurred in the moment of victory, and Fate could have for him no misfortune or defeat or humiliation in store—"No slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune." A modern writer* has well said of him, and of another Englishman still greater in achievement: "Happiest of all, viewed from the standpoint of fame, are those whose departure is as well timed as their appearance; who do not survive the instant of perfected success, to linger on subjected to the searching tests of common life, but pass from our ken in a blaze of glory, which thenceforth forever encircles their names. In that evening twilight break away and vanish the crimson clouds wherewith human frailties and tyrant passions had threatened to darken their renown; and their sun goes down with a lustre which the lapse of time is powerless to dim. Such was the privilege of the stainless Wolfe; such, beyond all others, was that of Nelson."

Wolfe was animated by the noblest ambition that can impel a man to exertion—that of winning honours for his country and race. A soldier, he recognized the mutability of human fortune and the uncertainty of human life. It was quite in harmony with the melancholy strain of thought, to which he often yielded, that he should have reflected on the lesson taught in those beautiful verses of Gray's *Elegy*, which he repeated in the silence and solemnity of that summer night when he and his comrades were about to make a bold stroke for England and fame. We are also told that there was found on his person, when he fell on the battle-field, a piece of paper on which he had written the following lines which had been

* Captain Mahan in his *Life of Nelson* (1897).