

The Quebec Battlefields—An Appeal To History

The following appeal has been issued in French and English, under the authority of the Quebec Battlefields Association:

The Plains of Abraham stand alone among the world's immortal battlefields, as the place where an empire was lost and won in the first clash of arms, the balance of victory was redressed in the second, and the honor of each army was heightened in both. Famous as they are, however, the Plains are not the only battlefield at Quebec, nor even the only one that is a source of pride to the French and English-speaking peoples. In less than a century Americans, British, French and French-Canadians took part in four sieges and five battles. There were decisive actions; but the losing side was never disgraced, and the winning side was always composed of allied forces who shared the triumph among them. American Rangers accompanied Wolfe, and French-Canadians helped Carleton to save the future Dominion; while French and French-Canadians together won the day under Frontenac, under Montcalm at Montmorency, and under Levis at St. Foy.

There is no record known—nor even any legend in tradition—of so many such momentous feats of arms performed, on land and water, by fleets and armies of so many different peoples, with so much alternate victory and such honor in defeat, and all within a single scene. And so it is no exaggeration of this commemorative hour, but the lasting, well-authenticated truth to say that the battle at Quebec are quite unique in universal history.

And is not today also unique as an opportunity to the occasion by the hand, to set this priceless ground apart from the catalogue of common things, and preserve it as an Anglo-French heirloom for all time to come? An appeal to history would be most appropriate to any year within the final decade of the hundred years peace between the once-contending powers of France, the British Empire, and the United States. But 1908 is by far the best year among them; for it marks the 300th birthday of the Canada which has become the senior of all the overseas self-governing dominions of the King—and it celebrates this imperishable entente cordiale d'honneur.

The secret instructions sent out from France in 1759 were the death-warrant of Montcalm: La guerre est le tombeau des Montcalms. . . . It is indispensable to keep a foothold The King counts upon your zeal, courage and tenacity. . . . I shall do everything to save this unhappy color of die. . . . He kept his word. He had already done splendid service in a losing cause; stemming the enemy's advance by three desperate rear-guard victories in three successive years. Now he stood at bay for the last time. The country was starving. The corrupt intendants and his myrmidons were still preying on all that was left of its resources. The army had numbers enough, and French and Canadian gallantry to spare. But the Governor added spiteful interference to the other distractions of a divided command. The mail that brought the final orders was the first for eight months. And Old France and New were completely severed by a thousand leagues of hostile sea, in whose invisible, constraining grasp Quebec had long been held.

In June, Admiral Saunders led up the St. Lawrence the greatest fleet then afloat in the world. Saunders was a star of the service even among the galaxy then renowned at sea. With him were the future Lord St. Vincent, the future Captain Cook, who made the first British chart of the river, and a host of other men who rose to high distinction. His fleet comprised a quarter of the whole royal navy; and with its convoy, numbered 277 sail of every kind. Splendidly navigated by twice as many seamen as Wolfe's war with one hand, while, with the other, it made the besiegers an amphibious force.

Wolfe, worn out, half despairing, twice routed, at last saw his chance. Planning and acting entirely on his own initiative he crowned three days of finely combined manoeuvres, on land and water, over a front of thirty miles, by the consummate stratagem which placed the first of all two-deep thin red lines across the Plains of Abraham exactly at the favorable moment. And who that knows battle and battlefields know of another scene setting like this one on that 13th morning of September? "All nature contains no scene more fit for mighty deeds than the stupendous amphitheatre in the midst of which Wolfe was waiting to play the hero's part. For the top of the promontory made a giant stage, where his army now stood between the stronghold of New France and the whole Dominion of the West. Immediately before him lay his chosen battlefield; beyond that, Quebec. To his left lay the modern theater, gradually rising and widening throughout all its magnificent expanse, until the far-ranging Laurentians closed in the view with their rampart-like blue semi-circle of eighty miles. To his right, the southern theater; where league upon league of undulating upland rolled outward to a still farther-off horizon, whose wider semi-circle, curving in to overlap its northern counterpart, made the vast mountain-ringing country, the whole of which, from the sea to the west, across the arena where he was about to contend for the prize of half a continent, the majestic river, full-charged with the right hand force of Britain, abated and flowed, through gates of empire, on its uniting course between earth's greatest lakes and greatest ocean. And here, too, at these narrows of Quebec, lay the fit meeting place of the Old World with the New. For the westward river gate led on to the labyrinthine waterways of all America, while the eastward stood more open still—flung wide to all the seven seas."

Meanwhile, Montcalm had done all he could against false friends and

open enemies. He had repulsed Wolfe's assault at Montmorency and checked every move he could divine through the nearly impenetrable screen of the British fleet. A week before the battle he had sent a regiment to guard the Heights of Abraham; and on the very eve of it, had ordered back the same regiment to watch the path up which Wolfe came next morning. But the governor again counter-ordered. "There they are where they have no right to be!"—and Montcalm spurred on to reconnoitre the red wall that had so suddenly sprung up across the plains. He had no choice but instant action. . . . he rode down the front of his line of battle, stopping to say a few stirring words to each regiment. Whenever he asked the men if they were tired, they said they were never tired before a battle; and all ranks showed as much eagerness to come to close quarters as the British did themselves. . . . Montcalm fought Frenchman and alone—the last great Frenchman—and Vaquelin, who never stood higher in all many minds than on that fatal day. And, as he rode before his men, there seemed to call them on like a dragoon vivand of France herself! He fought like a general and died like a hero.

Never were stancher champions than those two leaders and their six brigadiers. "Let us remember how, when the young comrade, who was killed in the night, how his successor was wounded at the head of his brigade; and how the command-in-chief passed from hand to hand, with bewildering rapidity, all of the four British generals held it in turn during the space of one short half-hour; then, how the devotion of the four generals on the other side was even more conspicuous, since every single one of them died before his life was over. All let us remember how lasting the twin renown of Wolfe and Montcalm themselves should be; when the one was so consummate in his victory, and

the other so truly glorious in defeat." The next year saw the second battle of the Plains, when Levis marched down from Montreal, over the almost impassable spring roads, and beat back Murray within the walls, after a very desperate and bloody fight. At the propitious moment Levis rode along his line, with his hat on the point of his sword, as the signal for a general charge, in which the French-Canadians greatly distinguished themselves. He quickly invested the town and drove the siege home to the utmost. "At nine o'clock on the night of the 15th of May three men-of-war came in together. The officer commanding at Beauport immediately sent Levis a dispatch to say the French ships had just arrived. But the messenger was stopped by Murray's outposts. Levis himself was meanwhile preparing to advance on Quebec in force; when a prisoner, who had just been taken, told him these vessels were the vanguard of the British fleet." Of course he raised the siege at once. But he retired, unconquered, and Vaquelin covered his line of retreat by water as gallantly as he had made his own advance by land. Thus France left Quebec with all the honors of war.

There's the call of the blood—of the blood of our living, pulsing, quickening blood today—a call to every French and English ear—from this one ground alone—and therefore an irresistible appeal from all the battlefields to the cause of strife are long since outworn and cast aside, only its chivalry remains. The manner passions, jealousies and schemes, arise and flourish most in courts, and Parliaments, and mobs, of different countries, or aspirers to the essence of the fatherlands was in the men who actually met in arms. And here, now and forever, are the field, the memory and the inspiration of all that was most heroic in the contending races.

From Champlain to Carleton, in many troublous times during 167 years, Quebec was the scene of fateful action for Iroquois and Huron; for French of

every quarter, from Normandy and Brittany to Languedoc and Roussillon; for French-Canadians of the whole long waterway from the Lakes and Mississippi to the St. Lawrence and Atlantic; for Americans from their thirteen colonies; for all the kindred of the British Isles—English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, Channel Islanders and Orcadians; and for Newfoundlanders, the first Anglo-Canadians, the forerunners of the United Empire Loyalists.

Champlain, in 1608, first built his Abitacoe against the menace of the wilderness. In 1629 the Kirkes sailed up and took his Fort St. Louis in the name of Charles I, who granted the unconsidered title of The Lordship and County of Canada to his good friend Sir William Alexander! But in 1690 the summons of Sir William Phips was victoriously answered by Frontenac—"from the mouth of my cannon."

In 1759 Montcalm won his fourth victory by repulsing Wolfe at Montmorency; then both died on the Plains, where Levis and Murray fought again, next year. Finally, on the last day of 1776, French and English first stood together as the British defense of Canada, under Carleton, against Montgomery and Arnold. This is our true wonder-tale of war; and to have nothing to fear from the truth.

It is to be thought of that we should fail to dedicate what our forefathers have so consecrated as the one field of quarrel common to us all? Remember, there is no question of baring modern progress—the energy for which we are heir from these very ancestors. No town should ever be made a mere "show place," devoted to the pettier kinds of turpitude and dilettante antiquarian delight. But Quebec has room to set aside the most typical spots for commemoration, and this on the sound business principle of putting every site to its most efficient use. So there remains nothing beyond the time and trouble and expense of making what will become, in fact and name, Battle-field Park. This will make the best of what must always be known as the

Plain of Abraham, and the best of every other center of action that can be preserved in whole, or part, or only in souvenir by means of a tablet. Appropriate place, within these limits could be chosen to commemorate the names of eleven historic characters: Champlain, who founded Canada; Montcalm, Wolfe, Levis, Murray, Maunders and Vaquelin, who fought for her; Cook and Bougainville, the circumnavigators, who did her yeoman service; and Frontenac and Carleton, who saved her in different ways, but to the same end.

High above all, on the calm central summit, the Angel of Peace, folding her wings to rest, will stand in benediction of the scene. In her best presence the heirs of a fame old round the world in French and English speech can dwell upon a bounteous view that has long forgotten the strange, grim face of war. And yet . . . the statue rests on a field of battle, and their own peace, a field of battle, and the very ground reminds of the supreme ordeals. And though, in mere size, it is no more, to the whole vast bulk of Canada, than the flag is to a man-of-war, yet, like the flag, it is the sign and symbol of a people's soul.

In 1908 the quantity of coal consumed in Germany was, for the first time, greater than the quantity consumed in Great Britain.

Statistics of the Chicago municipal baths for 1897 show that 57,684 baths were taken in that year, as against 67,104 in 1906, a decrease of over 90,000. Of course, it will be argued that Chicago is growing dirty.

The Government of Chile during 1906 vaccinated 408,128 persons free of charge, of whom 7,145 had never been vaccinated before. There was no serious epidemic of smallpox during the year.

President Eliot, of Harvard, is rarely seen at the Stadium, and is little interested in intercollegiate football contests. The same thing may be said of the other members of the Harvard corporation.

On June 15 a Pan-Anglican congress will assemble in Albert Hall, London, and will last a week. It will be the first congress representing the whole Anglican communion which has been convened since 1897. The dioceses that are expected to send spokesmen will number no fewer than 250, comprising not only those belonging to the British Isles, but 27 in Australia and New Zealand, 24 in India and the rest of Asia, 23 in Canada, 18 in Africa, 8 in the West Indies and South America, and one in Gibraltar. Also included are the 91 dioceses of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. We add that each diocese outside of the United Kingdom will be permitted to name six delegates.

When we think of it, these figures bear witness to an astonishing expansion of a form of the Christian religion which so far as it is differentiated from the Catholic is considerably less than 400 years old. As late, indeed as the accession of Elizabeth to the English throne there is reason to believe that in England itself the Catholics outnumbered the Protestants, and on the death of that Queen some 40 years afterward Anglicanism had no more to prosper from the East land, and next to none in Ireland. The seventeenth century had begun before a single Anglican parish had been organized outside of the British Isles, and as the English colonies on the North American mainland were concerned, the Anglican communion found it hard to root itself even in the most favored land, and until near the close of the century last named it was barred out of Massachusetts. It certainly is a proof of remarkable vitality that this religion, long to the Church of England or in communion with that ecclesiastical body could now number 13 in the British Empire, including the British Isles, and 91 in the American Republic, the great daughter state of Britain. By far the greater part of this extraordinary growth has taken place within a century. Today, curiously enough, the only section of the world in which the Anglican communion has distinctly lost ground is one of the British Isles themselves, namely, Ireland, where, since the Anglican Church was disestablished by Mr. Gladstone 40 years ago, its influence has been steadily declining. What subjects will be discussed in a gathering wherein there will be spokesmen not only of the Church of England, as defined by law, but also of the whole Anglican communion, composed of corporate bodies scattered all over the globe? Obviously the topics must be ecclesiastical and not of a general nature. For the purpose of fruitful deliberation the great assembly will be divided into sections, to each of which will be referred a special theme. One section, for example, will consider the relation of the Christian Church to human society, and special attention will be given to industrial problems and to such matters as marriage and divorce. By another section the relation of the Christian Church to human thought will be examined. Still other sections will discuss the scope, functions and aims of the church's missions in Christian and non-Christian lands. To the sixth and last section is allotted a subject of extraordinary comprehensiveness, namely, the Anglican communion, a subject which involves an inquiry into the nature and limits of the relation of the Church of England as it exists in England and Wales, to the colonial and American Protestant Episcopal Churches. Many of these questions are of great practical as well as theoretical importance not only to Episcopalians, but to believers in other forms of Christianity. Those who have convened this Pan-Anglican congress believe it to be the mission of the Church of England to carry its compelling and teaching influence, by every possible means, over the whole world. To what extent she has already succeeded or has some prospect of success in the fulfilling of that mission we shall be better able to estimate when the congress shall have done its work.—New York Sun.

Chile has appropriated \$29,200 United States gold for the purpose of establishing 11 sismographic stations, scattered over the republic, under the supervision of the Government University at Santiago.

There will be 922 delegates in the Republican National Convention of 1908, with 49 votes necessary to a choice. Of these 922 delegates 232 will come from the Southern States.

Curtis Guild, Jr., who, at forty-seven, has just been elected for a third term Governor of Massachusetts, is sole owner of the Boston Commercial Bulletin, on which he has served in every capacity from his collector to editor, as his father had done before him.

A man who is a born fool would seem to have a natural right to go into the business of fooling people.

Paul Bourget—For me alcohol, in however small a quantity and no matter in what form, is an absolute hindrance to work.

Jules Breton—I believe there is no worse stimulant than alcohol for work in literature and the arts.

Jules Claretie—I drink but little alcohol—at times some sweet liqueur. The green and yellow muses are deadly and tragic counselors.

Carous Duran—I drink little besides water. A sunset, a forest, a handsome child, a pretty woman, stimulates me more healthily than would the smallest or the most copious dose of alcohol.

Camille Flammarion—I have never drunk water, and esteem it only for external use. I drink burgundy, claret or champagne, when good, and on this point I am somewhat difficult to please. My grandfather was a wine-dresser and died at the age of ninety.

Jules Lemaitre—I have ceased to take wine and alcoholic liquors, because they gave me a red face, which I found most objectionable. . . . I do not mind the difference between the things I wrote when I took alcohol and those I have written since I confined myself to water—at least no difference as regards the facility and difficulty of work.

Pierre Loti—I am three-fourths Mussulman. I never drink, and I have never drunk alcohol in any form.

F. Mistral—At my meals I drink wine of my own growth, mixed with two parts water. . . . I consider the consumption of any alcohol whatever detrimental to human work.

Victorien Sardou—I regard alcohol as a poison. I cannot tolerate a half-glass of brandy. I can say that never in my work have I had recourse to this stimulant. But I am a drinker of coffee—three times a day—and I do not sleep without a glass of brandy after dinner.

those whom he carries, however skilful and warlike they may be? Never does God appear so great and powerful as when the works of his hands stand in contrast with the labors of men. Survey the Escorial! It is a proud work, but wonderful how it has been made. It is a work of man, survey Granada from its plain, and wonder if you can, for you see the Alhambra mocked it from below. Oh, what are the works of man compared with those of the Lord? Even plain, in comparison with his Creator, Man builds pyramids, and God builds pyramids; the pyramids of man are heaps of shingles, tiny hillocks on a sandy plain; the pyramids of the Lord are as defined by law, but also of the law, climbed, can be broken by the wave, or shattered by the lightning or the powder blast. Would man display his power and grandeur, let him stand on the base of the hills; for the broad pennants of God, even his clouds, float upon the tops of the hills, and the majesty of God is more manifest among the hills. Call Gibraltar the hill of Tarik or Hercules, or you will; but gaze upon it for a moment, and you will call it the hill of God. Tarik and Hercules have been there for centuries, but not the dark rock of whom Tarik was one, nor all the giants of old renown of which the rock was one, could have built up its crags or chiseled the enormous mass to its present shape.

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those whom he carries, however skilful and warlike they may be? Never does God appear so great and powerful as when the works of his hands stand in contrast with the labors of men. Survey the Escorial! It is a proud work, but wonderful how it has been made. It is a work of man, survey Granada from its plain, and wonder if you can, for you see the Alhambra mocked it from below. Oh, what are the works of man compared with those of the Lord? Even plain, in comparison with his Creator, Man builds pyramids, and God builds pyramids; the pyramids of man are heaps of shingles, tiny hillocks on a sandy plain; the pyramids of the Lord are as defined by law, but also of the law, climbed, can be broken by the wave, or shattered by the lightning or the powder blast. Would man display his power and grandeur, let him stand on the base of the hills; for the broad pennants of God, even his clouds, float upon the tops of the hills, and the majesty of God is more manifest among the hills. Call Gibraltar the hill of Tarik or Hercules, or you will; but gaze upon it for a moment, and you will call it the hill of God. Tarik and Hercules have been there for centuries, but not the dark rock of whom Tarik was one, nor all the giants of old renown of which the rock was one, could have built up its crags or chiseled the enormous mass to its present shape.

There will be 922 delegates in the Republican National Convention of 1908, with 49 votes necessary to a choice. Of these 922 delegates 232 will come from the Southern States.

Curtis Guild, Jr., who, at forty-seven, has just been elected for a third term Governor of Massachusetts, is sole owner of the Boston Commercial Bulletin, on which he has served in every capacity from his collector to editor, as his father had done before him.

A man who is a born fool would seem to have a natural right to go into the business of fooling people.

Paul Bourget—For me alcohol, in however small a quantity and no matter in what form, is an absolute hindrance to work.

Jules Breton—I believe there is no worse stimulant than alcohol for work in literature and the arts.

Jules Claretie—I drink but little alcohol—at times some sweet liqueur. The green and yellow muses are deadly and tragic counselors.

Carous Duran—I drink little besides water. A sunset, a forest, a handsome child, a pretty woman, stimulates me more healthily than would the smallest or the most copious dose of alcohol.

Camille Flammarion—I have never drunk water, and esteem it only for external use. I drink burgundy, claret or champagne, when good, and on this point I am somewhat difficult to please. My grandfather was a wine-dresser and died at the age of ninety.

Jules Lemaitre—I have ceased to take wine and alcoholic liquors, because they gave me a red face, which I found most objectionable. . . . I do not mind the difference between the things I wrote when I took alcohol and those I have written since I confined myself to water—at least no difference as regards the facility and difficulty of work.

Pierre Loti—I am three-fourths Mussulman. I never drink, and I have never drunk alcohol in any form.

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