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WOLFE AND OLD QUEBEC.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

**A**MONG the thousands who yearly enter the St. Lawrence, and for the first time gaze on its noble landscape, few can fail to be impressed with the quaint picturesqueness of the ancient capital, enthroned amid its fine amphitheatre of hills, and crowned with the embattled heights of Cape Diamond. The landscape is one upon which the duller eye can scarcely gaze unmoved; and presented, as it so often is, to the ocean-tossed emigrant, in search of a home in the wilderness, its beauty is like the first gleam of sunshine on a land of promise. But Quebec has other charms, in which it has no rival on this continent. It greets the voyager from the old world with proud historic memories, linking Cape Diamond and the heights of Abraham with the triumphs of the great Frederick, and the discomfiture of Louis XV; with the statesmanship of Chatham, the gallant rivalry of Wolfe and Montcalm, and all the old memories of the Seven Years' War.

Time has in store for our young Dominion

a future which, we doubt not, will make for it many historic scenes, but no change can rob that landscape of its grand memories, or divorce the name of Wolfe from the embattled heights which are the monuments of his fame. Nevertheless, while, next after England's greatest leaders in arms,—her Marlborough and Wellington, her Blake and Nelson,—none claims a more honoured place than Wolfe, no biography worthy of him has been written; and his name lives only in the memory of younger generations associated with that life-bought triumph which gave a new bias to the destinies of this continent. Southey, to whom we owe the life of Nelson, contemplated writing that of Wolfe; Gleig has published selections from his letters; and Earl Stanhope has turned others of them to account in his "History of England;" but no adequate review of his personal life has yet been written; and the blaze of triumph in which it closed seems to have obscured all other incidents of his brief career. But that