

France to Britain has been often told, but will, perhaps, bear repeating.

On the early moonless morning of September 13th, 1759, before day, the British fleet dropped silently down the river with the ebbing tide, accompanied by thirty barges containing sixteen hundred men, which, with muffled oars, closely hugged the shadows of the shore. Pale and weak with recent illness, Wolfe reclined among his officers, and, in a low tone, blending with the rippling of the river, recited several stanzas of the recent poem, Gray's "*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.*" Perhaps the shadow of his own approaching fate stole upon his mind, as in mournful cadence, he whispered the strangely-prophetic words,—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Alike await the inexorable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

With a prescience of the hollowness of military renown, he exclaimed, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

Challenged by an alert sentry, an officer gave the counter-sign, which had been learned from a French deserter, and the little flotilla was mistaken for a convoy of provisions expected from Montreal. Landing in the deeply-shadowed cove, the agile Highlanders climbed lightly up the steep and narrow path leading to the summit. "Qui vive?" demanded the watchful sentinel. "La France," replied Captain McDonald, the Highland officer in command, and, in a moment, the guard was overpowered. The troops swarmed rapidly up the rugged precipice, aiding themselves by the roots and branches of the stunted spruces and savias; the barges meanwhile promptly transferring fresh reinforcements from the fleet. With much difficulty, a single field-piece was dragged up the rugged steep.

When the sun rose, the plain was glittering with the arms of plaided Highlanders, and English red-coats, forming for battle. The redoubled fire from Point Levi and a portion of the fleet, upon Quebec and the lines of Beauport, detained Montcalm below the city, and completely deceived him as to the main point of attack. A breathless horseman conveyed the intelligence at early dawn. At first incredulous, the gallant commander was soon convinced of the fact, and exclaimed, "Then they have got