

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWSSIGNIFICANCE OF BATTLEFIELDS  
SCHEME.Committee Issues an Eloquent Appeal  
in Explanation of Earl Grey's  
Proposal.

The following appeal is a verbatim reprint from the special advance press edition, printed in French and English by the King's Printer at Ottawa, and issued by the Headquarters of the Quebec Battlefields Association. It is the only authorized general appeal to the French and English-speaking world; it will not conflict with any local appeals for subscriptions; and its sole object is to explain, as shortly and simply as possible, the reason why every one speaking either language should take a pride in helping to found a Battle-field Park. The reprints in the Canadian Press ensure an immediate circulation of between three and four millions. Besides this, the Appeal will be sent to the French and English Press in every part of the world, and a very large edition in pamphlet form will be struck off for the use of all branches of the Association.

A Battlefield Park Commission, composed of men who will command the confidence of the whole country, will take charge of the work, and all efforts will be co-ordinated under their direction. The cause is one far above all questions of party, race, locality, or other sectional division; and it has already enlisted the ardent sympathy of both leaders in the Dominion, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. R. L. Borden, of the prime mover in the whole undertaking, His Excellency Lord Grey, of the French Ambassador in London, and of the Royal Family, headed by His Majesty the King.

The different branches of the Quebec Battlefields Association will attend to the work of local collection; and every cent of every private subscription will go straight into the permanent work of Battlefield Park.

Subscriptions not paid to local treasurers may be sent direct to Colonel J. F. Turnbull, the Hon. General Treasurer, Quebec, or to the Controller of His Excellency the Governor-General's Household, Government House, Ottawa.

I.—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 own the day under Frontenac, under Montcalm at Montmorency, and under Levis at Ste. 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, take them for all in all, the fields of battle at Quebec are quite unique in universal history.

And is not to-day also unique as an opportunity to take 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 the ten; for it marks the 300th birthday of the Canada which has become the senior of all the oversea self-governing dominions of the King—and under what king could we more fitly celebrate this imperishable entente cordiale d'honneur?

II.—The secret instructions sent out from France in 1759 were the death-warrant of Montcalm: *La guerre est le tombeau des Montcalm*. . . . it is indispensable to keep a foothold. . . . The King counts upon your zeal, courage and tenacity.' Montcalm replied: . . . I shall do everything to save this unhappy colony, or die.' And he kept his word. He had already done splendid service in a losing cause; stemming the enemy's advance by three desperate rearguard victories in three successive years. Now he stood at bay for the last time. The country was starving. The corrupt Intendant and his myrmidons were still preying on 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 separated by a thousand leagues of hostile sea, in whose invisible, constricting 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 several more 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 9,000 soldiers, it held the river eastward with one hand, while, with the other, it made the besiegers an amphibious force.

Wolfe, worn out, half despairing, twice repulsed, 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 battlefield knows of another scene and settling like this one on the 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 northern theatre, 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 theatre; 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 mountaining complete. While, east and 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, ebbed 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 checkmated 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 as he passed. 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 towered aloft and alone—the last great Frenchman of the Western World. . . . he never stood higher in all manly minds than on that fatal day. And, as he rode before his men there, his presence seemed to call them on like a drapeau vivant 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, on the victorious side, the young commander was killed in the forefront of the fight; 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, till each of the four British generals had 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 these brave men laid down his life to save the day for France; and, above 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