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THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

By way of introduction to the inauguration of the monument to the fallen brave of 1760, an event which has lately been celebrated in Quebec on the site of their glorious death, and which will be fully illustrated in subsequent numbers of this paper, we now present our readers with a view from the battle-ground in question, the memorable plains of Abraham. This place, immortalized alike by poet and painter, derives its name from its original holder, one Abraham Martin, an ancient trader of Canada. At the time of the Conquest it was dotted with bushes and strewn with boulders. With the exception of a wind-mill, the miller's house, and several small redoubts facing the St. Lawrence, there were no buildings to be seen;—but now two large suburbs,—the St. Louis and St. John's, oc-

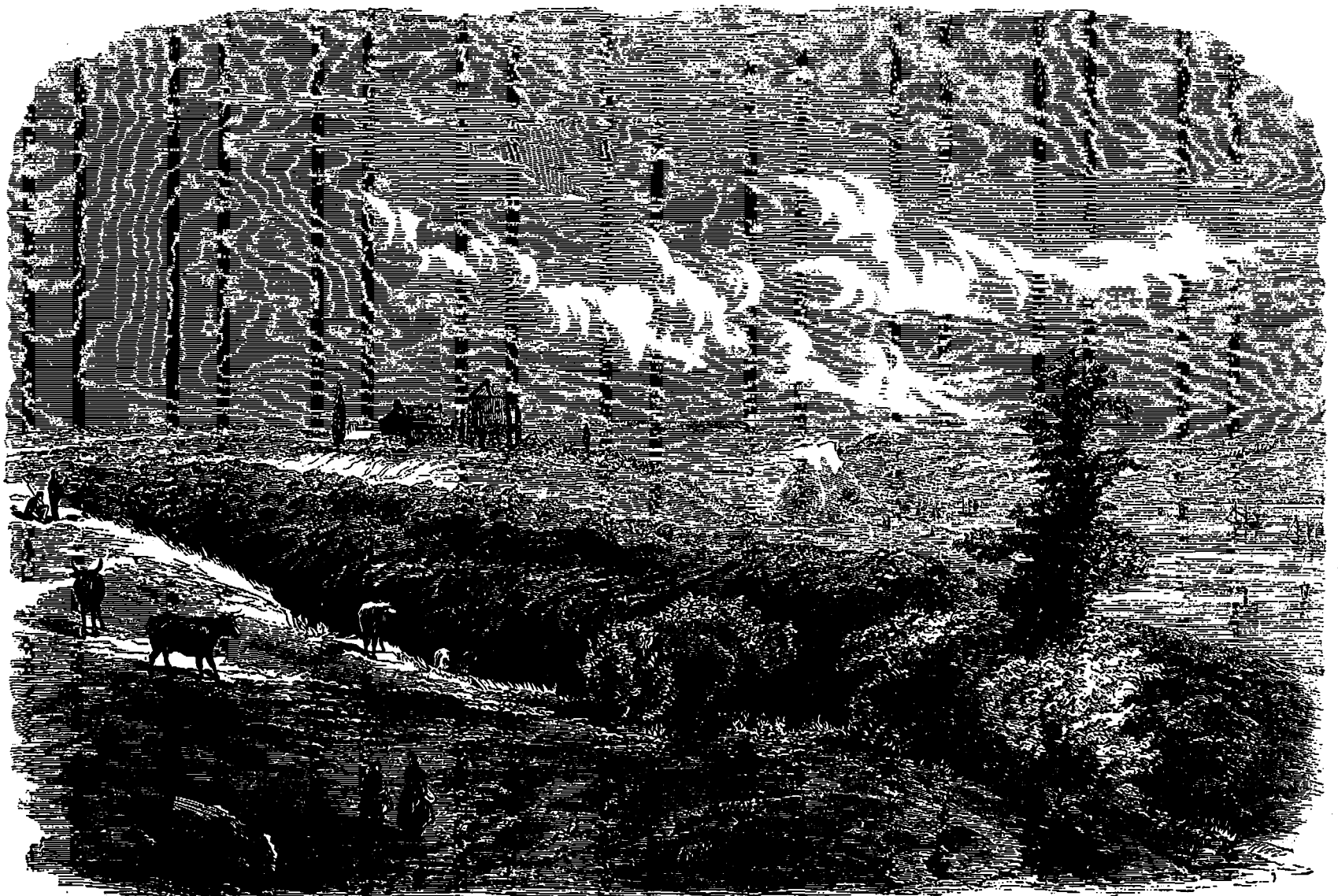
cupy the greater part of what was formerly the field of fight. Thousands of people now live on a spot which only a hundred years ago, gave refuge to the keen marksmen of Montcalm's army. Still, on the side of the river St. Lawrence there remains a considerable portion under grass, and though the boulders and brambles have disappeared, the foundations of the old forts may yet be traced. It was on this portion too, that the toughest of the fight took place, and as time has not yet obliterated all indications of the sanguinary struggles of former days, there is much to interest or inform all whom chance or inclination may lead thither.

While busy reviving the memories of the past, it may not be uninteresting to those acquainted with the place, (and in this age of steam, there are few, we believe, in the

Upper Province who have not seen Quebec,) to notice the general appearance of the city as it stood in the days of Wolfe, the inhabited portion of which was confined chiefly to the lower town, a place now devoted entirely to trade.

As year after year the old buildings are pulled down to make room for the new, we occasionally meet among them some relic of early days in Canada. Oh, how we sigh for a David Wilkie or a Walter Scott, as we witness these touches of ancient grandeur consigned to oblivion for ever; the curiously carved cornices, the antique mantel-pieces, the strangely panelled doors, all relics which will at some future day be anxiously sought after by the historical painters and novelists of this country, who are destined to depict to our descendants the manners and habits, the graces and failings, the bridal and the burials of the people

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VIEW OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.