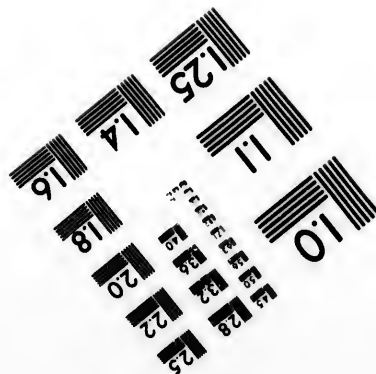
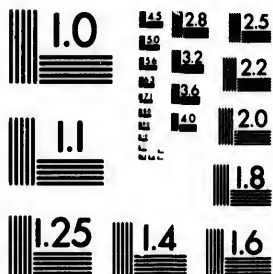


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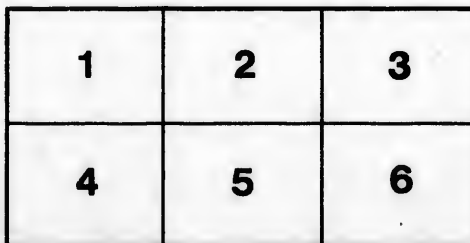
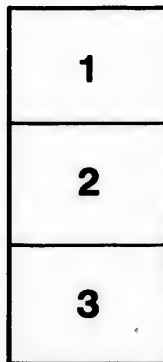
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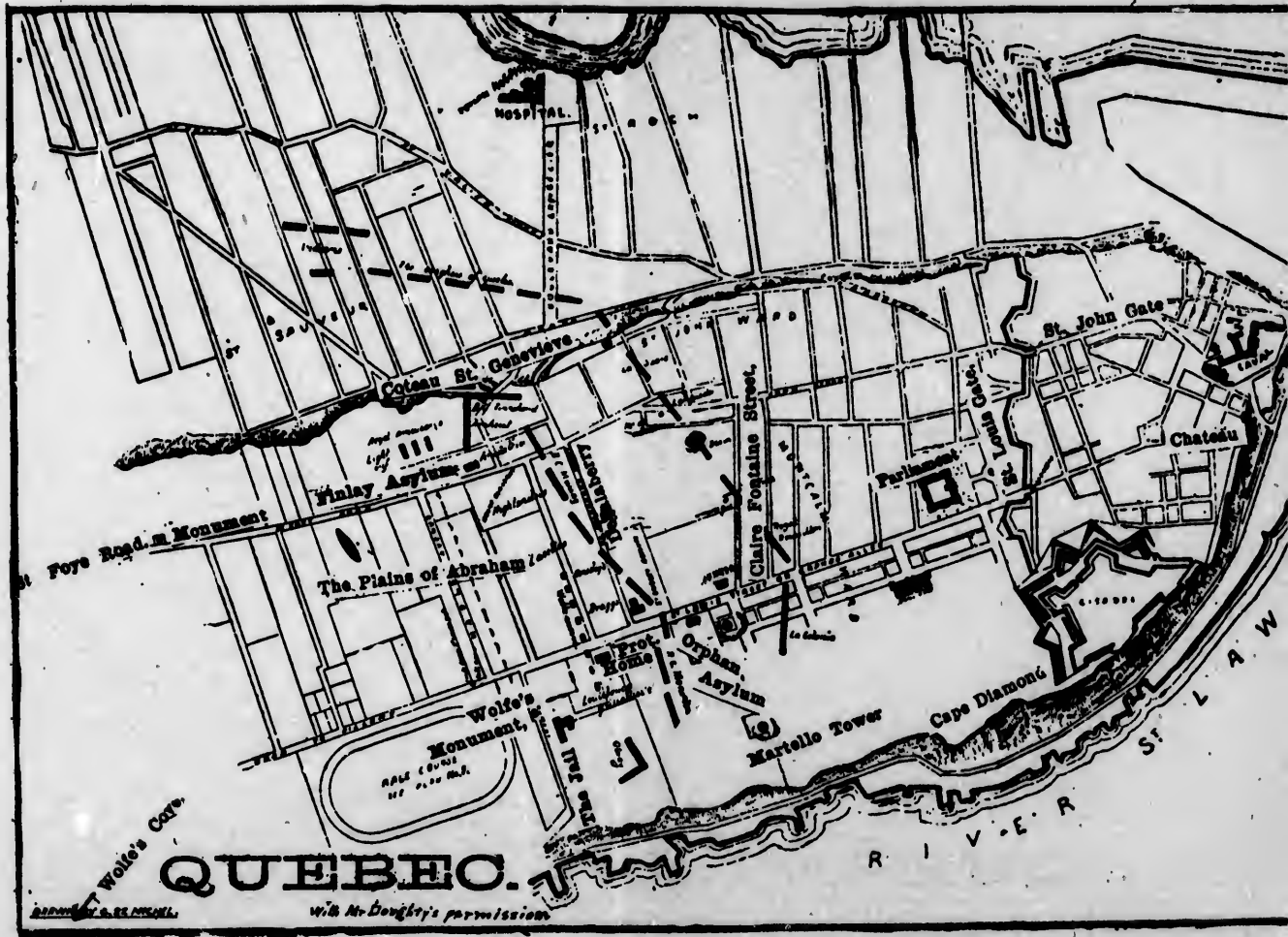
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EMPIRE DAY BOOKLETS

**THE
BATTLE OF THE PLAINS.**

**BY
J. M. HARPER.**

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By J. S. B. MICHOL

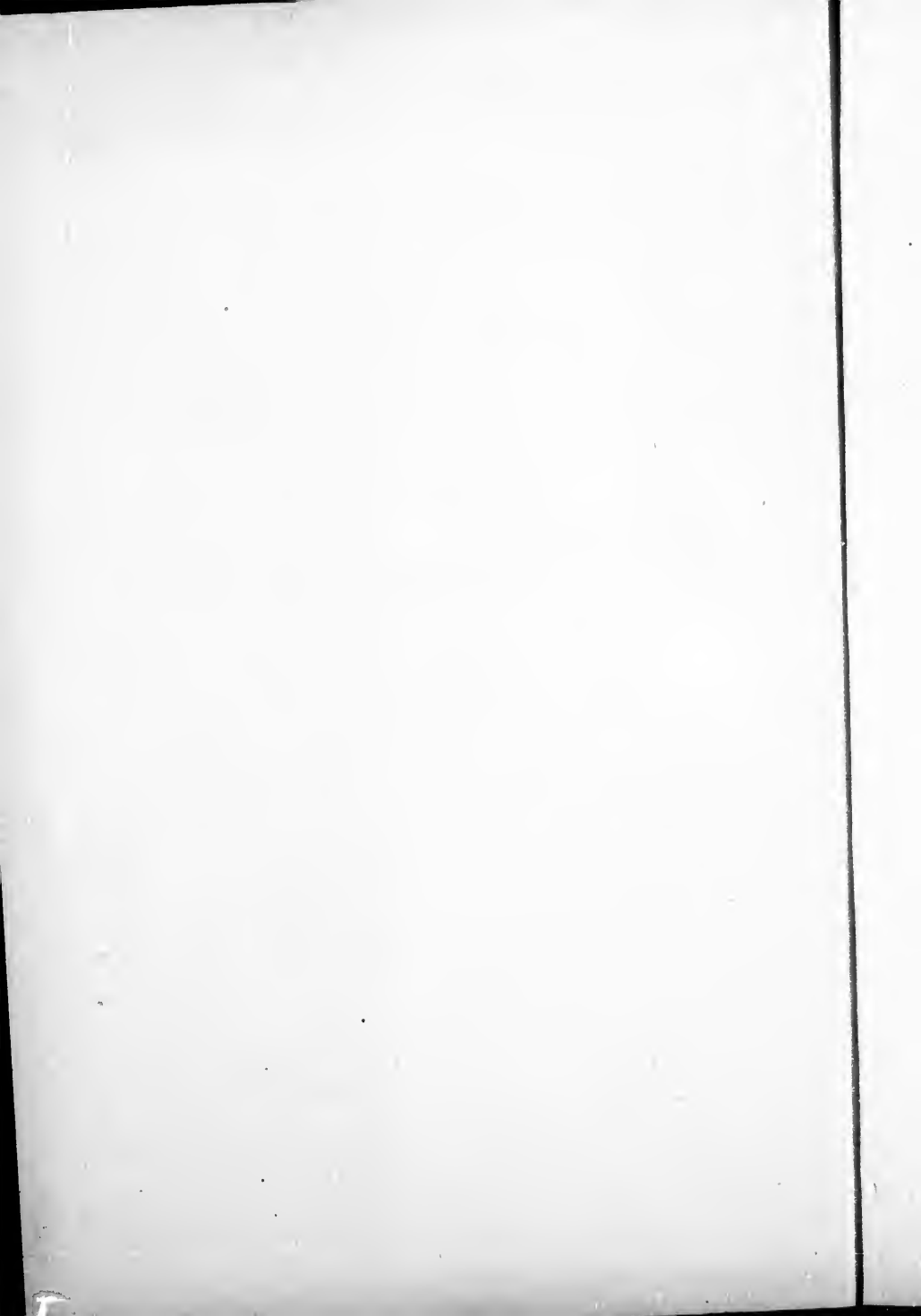
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THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS

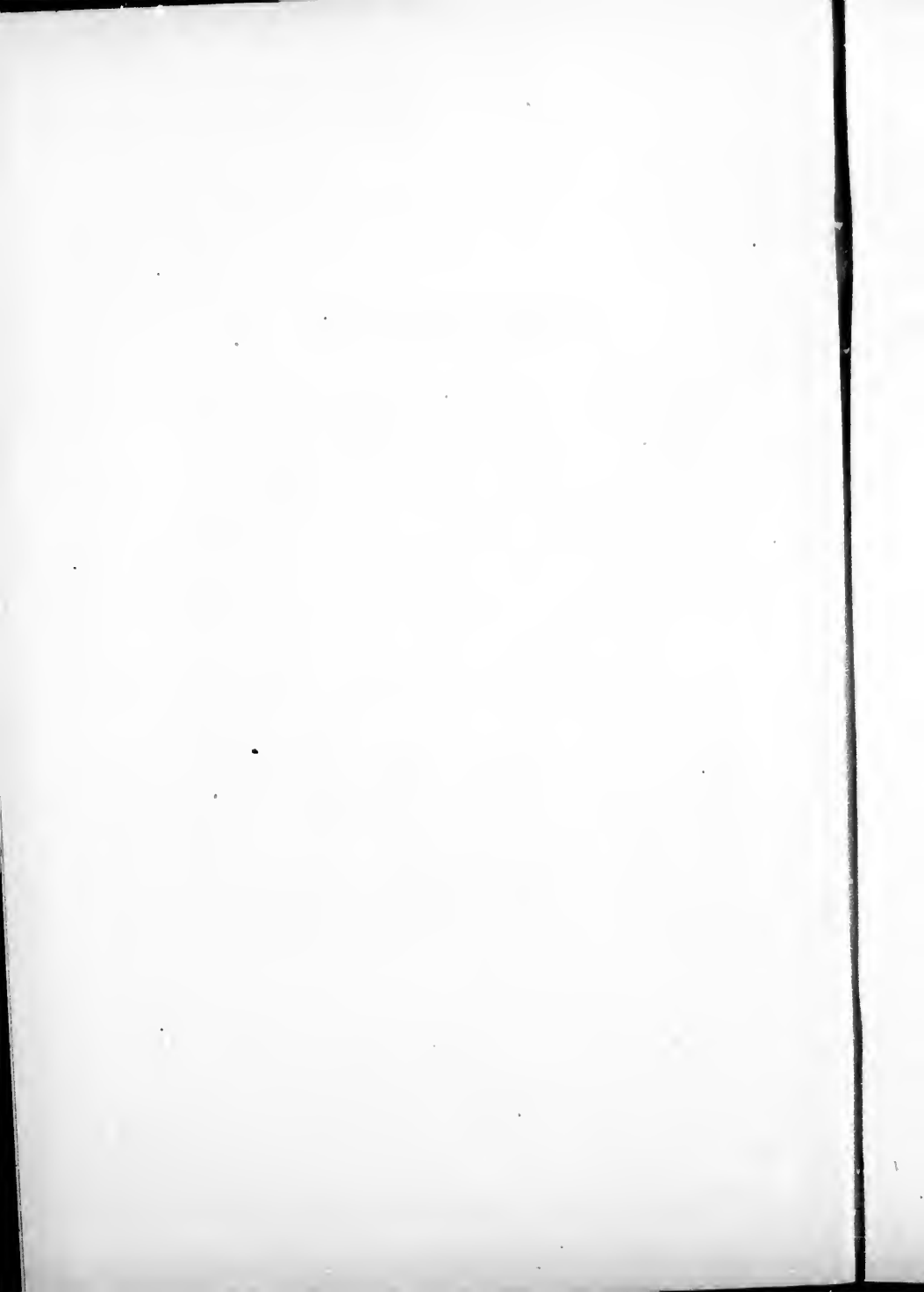
BY

J. M. HARPER,
Author of "Our Jeames."



PREFATORY NOTE.

The Battle of the Plains of Abraham, fought on the 13th of September, 1759—the most memorable date in the history of Canada—has been variously described by our many historians ; and it is no purpose of this *brochure* to enter into the causes which led to the engagement, or to give any continuous narrative of the whole of the fourth siege of Quebec. The introductory paragraphs are confined to the topography of the scene of the battle, providing the outlines of an observation lesson to the visitor or to the young student of Canadian history ; while the remaining pages contain a description in verse which has for its object the emphasizing of the heroic shock of the battle, and the romantic and immortal fate of the two opposing generals who took part in it.



THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE SITE OF THE BATTLE.

The Plains of Abraham lie to the west of the city of Quebec, and may be reached in a few minutes from the Chateau Frontenac by the electric cars that run as far as Maple Avenue. The street thus traversed slopes east and west from the highest point of land in the city, formerly known as Buttes-à-Neveu, and still called Perrault's Hill. The crest of this height runs from the Martello Tower overlooking the St. Lawrence, along the line of Claire Fontaine Street, and it was from this height of land that the troops of Montcalm, with the general himself stationed a hundred yards or so north of what is now the site of the Church and Convent of the Franciscan Nuns, first beheld the battalions of Wolfe, marshalled on the level ground, extending in a line north and south from a point not far from the corner of St. Louis Road and what is now

called Wolfe Avenue,—a spot which has been identified as the position held by the British general in person as he issued his orders to the right and left on the morning of the battle. The old citadel and French outworks were not to be seen from Wolfe's standpoint, being hidden behind the slopes on which the French army was marshalled ; and even Montcalm's left wing was only in part visible, especially the companies that held the ground in the hollow between the Buttes-à-Neveu, and the rising ground on which the jail now stands. According to the express orders of Wolfe this rising ground, on which were stationed at first the Louisbourg grenadiers, was taken possession of by these veterans before the main action of the battle began ; and from it as a vantage-ground,—from the tower of the jail or from its door-step—the plan of the battlefield and its topography can be most readily examined. Looking northward in the direction of the irregular sweep of the Laurentides, and the beautiful valley of the St. Charles, the beholder has on his right the spreading suburbs and the city proper lying beyond and enclosed within its walls ; on his left, Wolfe's Cove, known before the battle as l'Anse au Foulon, and now indi-

cated at its entrance by the spire of Sillery Church ; and behind him the majestic St. Lawrence itself.

When the news reached the city that the English had at last gained a footing on the plateau to the west of the city, Montcalm was with his army at Beauport. During several anxious months he had been able to keep Wolfe in check along the Beauport shore and at Montmorency ; and when Wolfe in despair brought his fleet up the river past the citadel, and kept on the move for several days between Sillery and Cap Rouge, Montcalm stationed Bougainville at the latter place with two thousand men and instructed him to set outposts at Sillery and l'Anse au Foulon to keep watch upon his adversary's movements. When the alarming news spread through the city to Montcalm's headquarters, the French regulars had a distance of six or seven miles to march before arriving at the plateau of the Plains, and it was nearly ten o'clock before they had reached the open spaces beyond the walls by way of St. John Gate and St. Louis Gate, to be finally drawn up in battle array along the line of the Buttes-à-Neveu.

The English had been in possession of the plateau from early dawn. They had left

Cap Rouge shortly after midnight, and arrived at Sillery Point about four o'clock in the morning, having deceived the sentinels of Bougainville's outposts at Sillery by passing themselves off in the darkness of early morning as an expected detachment taking supplies for Quebec. As chance would have it, the tide carried some of the boats containing the men beyond the more spacious inlet, now known as Wolfe's Cove, to a landing place further to the east; and it was by the Scottish infantry from these barges, that the first escalade of the disembarkment was made. So impossible of ascent had this place seemed to the French, that no guard was found blocking the way of the intrepid Scotsmen as they emerged from their perilous climb and took breath on the level ground above. The nearest outpost was several hundred yards away, immediately overlooking the partially blocked up pathway leading to l'Anse au Foulon; and it did not take long for the invaders to descend upon this post, and capture the heedless commander, whom they found asleep in his tent. Immediately the message was sent to their comrades, waiting below in the light transports at anchorage in the Cove, that the coast was

clear, as far as the French outpost was concerned. The general disembarkation began at once, and shortly after the dawn of day the whole British army was ready for the march towards Quebec.

On the way across the plateau there was some skirmishing on the part of bands of militia and Indians ; and to provide against any general movement on the exposed flank of the British army, Brigadier Townshend was placed in charge of a detachment to traverse the open spaces near the St. Foye Road. The first shock of the battle must have taken place a short distance from the present line of Wolfe Avenue, the companies extending across the whole level tract as far as the St. Foye Road. The marshalling was as follows :—Monckton in command of the right wing with the Louisbourg grenadiers, Murray in the centre, Townshend on the extreme left, and Burton behind with the reserves. Wolfe was leading in person when the first movement took place. Then he seems to have joined the grenadiers as they started from their vantage-ground of the jail-site. While leading this after-movement, he was first wounded in the wrist and then in the groin, and finally received his death-wound near what

are now the grounds of the Protestant Home. The hero's monument marks the spot where he expired, he having been carried thither by his men for shelter behind the grassy slope, and beyond the rush of the British onset against the retreating French lines. There was a thicket near by, where the old cemetery of DeSalaberry Street is now enclosed, and the fact that this was seized as a place of refuge by the fugitives, leads to the conclusion that the final rout took place between the high ground of the jail-site and DeSalaberry Street,—a stretch of ground well within the line of vision of those standing near the dying hero, when they exclaimed in his hearing that the opposing army was in flight. As has already been said, it is no purpose of this booklet to give a full account of the momentous contest. The topography of the historic ground is what will interest the tourist or the youthful student of history the most, and possibly the explanatory notes at the end of the work will be of further assistance when the various historians who have described the battle in detail come to be examined.

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THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS.

O Fate ! what shadows flit within the pale
Of memory's maze, as seeming near, the wail
Of heroes' hopes, spent in the rage of war,
Brings echo from the past a-seeming far !
How pause we on the verge of living joy
To scan the mirth and woe of life's alloy
Writ red on history's page,—a tale ungrate,
Of glory's prowess born of tribal hate !
Athwart these plains, where armies erst have
 fought
In short-timed strife, we still would glide in
 thought,
To read heroic day-dream in the forms
Of gathering clouds, arrayed for battle-storms,—
To watch the flash that livid gleams on death,
While roars its thunder o'er the torrid heath.

Is that the pibroch of the Celtic braves
 That calls contending kinsmen to their graves ?
 Are these the shouts of liberty that guide
 To slavery a budding nation's pride ?
 Adown the hollow there may still be found,
 Near by an obscure pillar, helmet-crowned,
 The spot revered, where Wolfe victorious fell,
 Within the sounds of Montcalm's dying knell :
 'Twas yonder near the slope, in full array,
 While yet the scene was one of doubtful fray,
 He saw, through haze of death, his trusty Celt
 Rush at the foe ; 'twas here his great heart felt
 At once the greatest mortal joy and pain,
 Soul-wrung with victory as he passed within.

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

Abreast the lines the hero fell,
 In the thickest of the fray,
 And he whispered near him not to tell,
 Till victory crowned the day :
 As he lay upon the greensward slope,
 With anguish in his eyes,
 His soul still bounded, winged with hope,
 To grasp ambition's prize.

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A patriot trained, his king he served :

His courage never paled :

Against his feeble body nerved,

His spirit never failed ;

If he felt his race its goal had found,

For him was glory's gain,

In the hopes that still dared hover round

His battle-field of pain.

A moment's thought for those he loved

In the dear old English home,

And then again his longings roved

To sift the cannon's boom :

Will he die before the victory

Assured is in his ears,

To sound the valedictory

Of his earthly hopes and fears ?

Ah ! no, for stands a messenger,

With tidings from the plain,

Whose troubled smile is harbinger

Of joy repressed by pain ;

For he knows his general's dying fast,

Whate'er the news he bears,

And his heart, with sadness overcast,

His zeal restrains with tears.

Yet stooping o'er the prostrate form
To catch the hero's eye,
He tells how fast before the storm,
They run the musketry :
" Who run ?" the general quickly said,
Though no fear was in his face,
For of nothing was he e'er afraid,
Unless it were disgrace :

Besides, he knew his men were brave
Tried veterans in the field,—
From Louisbourg victorious wave,
That seldom thought to yield :
And when the soldier knelt to tell
How the foe it was that ran,
" So soon !" was all that feebly fell
From the lips resisting pain.

" Send Burton," and he breathed again,
" To check them in retreat,
" To guard St. Charles's bridge and plain,
" And make secure defeat."

Alas ! 'twas duty's last behest,
In faintest whisper sighed,
For death his soldier-victim pressed
And would not be defied.

But now to him death had no sting,
Though his years had been but brief,
For he knew his deeds would joyous ring
To soothe a mother's grief.
"Now God be praised," his last words came,
"For happy do I die ;"
And those around him knew his fame
Was immortality.

And still the centuries love to tell
Of victory's glorious sheen,
That gilds the plain whereon he fell,
To keep his glory green ;
For his renown is England's might
That finds her own the fame
Of those who death have dared in fight
For the honour of her name.

* * * * *

With speed of light, as on the silvered plate
Of photographic art, the tints innate
On fancy's film, begrimed with battle-breath,
Group animate around the hero's death.

Across the thorn-clad plain, in dawn's faint
 light,
 We still would see the prelude of the fight,
 And breathless watch the panoramic view
 Of red array on battle-field anew.
 Behold the invader's columns press the edge
 Of slopes worn headlong near the river's sedge !
 With nature for defence on further side,
 The left battalion, steeled with veteran pride,
 Turns to the field, for no defeat prepared,
 Till fate and death its courage tried have dared.
 From neighbouring woods a galling fire declares
 The foe astir ; and then the message nears
 They're on the march,—a band to reach St.
 Foye,
 While three divisions o'er the plains deploy.
 At first, attack disturbs the British flank,
 As tribute-claims it draws from every rank ;
 But Townshend and his men, with speed of wind,
 The aid desired for comrades wavering find,
 While still their general's friendly voice rings
 out
 To re-assure brave men with valour's shout.

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And now we see as fancy's freaks behoove,
In lights phantasmic, French and British move,
To meet in middle shock, not far a-field.
Where prowess overpowered by fate must yield,
The French, yet heedless of the stern advance
Of kilted silence, soon the strife commence ;
Their fitful volleys on the British lines,
But mark the wounds which marching courage
tines,

By filling up the breach, at duty's call,
By daring death's demands as comrades fall,
The havoc 's great ; yet, never wavering led,
The British cohorts march with fearless tread,
Nor fire a shot, howe'er their wills rebel,
Till at command their every shot can tell.
But when the word goes forth, the vale is filled
With thunderous fire a nation's pride hath
drilled,
To time its volleys in one musket roll,
Against defeat that flouts its own control.

* * * * *

What strange éclat to us that volley brings
As through our souls becalmed it booming
rings !

We hear its echoes through the aisles of time
And hallow it with requiem-thoughts sublime;
While yet we see the stricken Frenchmen reel,
As Celtic cheers a British victory seal.
The dreadful rout three waves of fire complete,
Till o'er the glebe it moves with hurrying feet,
To crowd the wailing streets of old Quebec,
And breathe a moment from the battle's wreck.
'Twas then, with Wolfe and Montcalm
 stricken down,
A failing cause was fought by fate alone ;
'Twas then, when France o'ercome, the field
 forsook,
The empire of New France, decaying, shook.

DEATH OF GENERAL MONTCALM.

'Twas in the rear the hero fell,
 A victim of defeat
That weeps to sound a brave man's knell,
 A brave man in retreat ;
When he saw his wavering army fly
 Across the smoke-girt plain,
His great heart heaved a bitter sigh,
 Though his soul defied the pain.

There ran confusion like a tide
At full ebb down the slopes,
As the fragments of a soldier's pride
Lay shattered with his hopes,—
Those hopes, which, bright as early dawn,
Had cheered him in the morn,
Now draggled by defeat and drawn
Beneath the feet of scorn.

'Tis true his men had braved the storm
Of British musketry,
As, at his word, they dared re-form,
Before they turned to flee ;
But nothing could a victory urge
O'er lines that never swerved,
Whose front drove back the battle's surge
In face of death unnerved.

'Twas as he rode by panic's flank
To re-assure retreat,
That, pressed by death's chance bolt, he sank
At anxious duty's feet ;
Yet, stricken down, his only thought
Was how the tide to stem,
As from his steed he vainly sought
A lost cause to redeem.

Even when the rout found rest at last
 From the galling musketeers,
 His orders issued thick and fast,
 To calm his followers' fears :
 Though wounded sore he gave no heed
 To what betokened death,
 For he felt his country's fate had need
 Of a patriot's latest breath.

At last when told his end was near,
 'Twas then he found relief,
 "I shall not live the doom to hear
 "Of a city wrung with grief ;
 "'Tis God's hand presses on the town,
 "Perchance He 'll set it free,
 "Besides, the foe hath high renown
 "That claims the victory."

And when De Ramesay sought his couch
 To urge a last behest,
 No tremor throbb'd the hero's touch
 As the soldier's hand he pressed ;
 "To France the fair be ever leal,
 "Whatever may betide,
 "Soil not her lilies when you seal
 "A treaty with her pride ;

“ Our foe is generous as brave,
“ Nor will our faith betray,
“ He’ll never make New France a slave,
“ Though victor in the fray ;
“ This night I spend the last on earth,
“ Communing with my God,
“ The morning’s sun will bring me birth
“ Within His high abode.

“ So God be with you all,” he said,
As he chid his comrades’ tears,
And turned with pain upon his bed,
Still undisturbed by fears ;
And soon from earth there passed a soul
As brave as France hath seen,
And as the centuries onward roll,
His fame keeps fresh and green.

* * * * *

And now the knoll that deadly conflict saw
Is strangely crowned with emblem of the law
That curbs the human passions, finding vent,
Though not in war in ways unholy bent.

In summer from the tower the eye may rest
Upon the fields by war and nature pressed
Aloft in gravel-beds and grassy knowes,
Whereon the lowing kine the greensward
browse.

When winter comes with polar storms in train
To cover with its fleece the drowsy plain,
Beneath the wreathlets of the snow-flake sea
There sleeps the mingling peace of destiny,
While liberty assured has crystallized
The bitterness of strife in union prized.



BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL WOLFE.

JAMES WOLFE, the hero of the Plains of Abraham, was the son of Lieutenant-colonel, afterwards General Wolfe, who was also a distinguished officer. He was born at Westerham, in the county of Kent, England, on the 2nd of January, 1727, and received his earliest education at a small school in the vicinity of his home. At the age of fifteen he saw service as ensign in the 12th Regiment of Foot, and in 1743 took part in the battle of Dettingen, in Bavaria, where he filled the important office of adjutant. Three years later he had obtained a captaincy in the 4th Regiment, and between that year and 1747, acted as brigade-major in Scotland, taking part in the battles of Falkirk and Culloden. Shortly after, he was again serving on the Continent, being wounded in the battle of Laufeldt, where he distinguished himself by his signal bravery. At the age of twenty-two he received his

majority, being attached to the 20th Regiment, the command of which shortly afterwards was entrusted to him. He did much important and responsible work in Scotland during the years immediately following, till the close of 1753, when he returned to England with his regiment. He is said to have been the first to counsel the banding of the restless Highlanders of Scotland into loyal regiments, a policy which brought peace to the northern districts of that country and fame to the empire. In 1757 he accompanied the expedition against Rochefort as quartermaster-general, and although the failure of that enterprise was due to lack of management, it was generally believed that had Wolfe's counsels prevailed the result would have been different, a circumstance which tended to enhance his reputation as a brave and capable officer. So brilliant was his record that he was given the full rank of colonel, and a few months later was put in command of a brigade under Lord Amherst, who had charge of the operations against Cape Breton. The successful issue of the siege of Louisbourg was the almost direct result of Wolfe's daring skill, so much so that he became popularly known for a time as

"The Hero of Louisbourg." Just about this time plans were being matured for an invasion of French Canada, and the British authorities, recognizing the superior qualities of Wolfe, put him at the head of the expedition against Quebec, the capital of Canada, giving him the rank of major-general, with a following of over eight thousand men. With these he set sail from England on the 17th of February, 1759, and landed his forces on the Island of Orleans, in full view of the city of Quebec, on the 26th of June. He immediately prepared his plans of attack, which after nearly four months of active operations were at last crowned with success, though they cost him his life. On the 13th of September, as has been said, he succeeded in reaching the heights, and on the Plains of Abraham, outside the city walls, spread his battle array against the French forces under General Montcalm. The result of the day made history for Canada, and after a sharp struggle, in which both leaders lost their lives, victory was won for the British arms, and the British flag floated on the stronghold of Quebec. The life of Wolfe presents a striking picture. At the age of thirty-three he had risen to prominence in his profession, and that as an immediate

result of his own personal ability. To what eminence he might have risen had life been spared to him, is beyond conjecture. As it is, he occupies a conspicuous place in the history of his country. As soon as the story of his achievements crossed the ocean, he was acclaimed as a national hero, and Parliament, at its first session after his death, ordered a monument to be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. His body found a last resting place in the family vault under Greenwich Parish Church. His mother was still living when her son died, and it is said that on his return from Canada he was to have been married. Thackeray in his *Virginians*, has given us a picture of some of the social aspects of his life before he left England on his last expedition.



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BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL MONTCALM.

THE MARQUIS OF MONTCALM, Louis Joseph de St. Veran, was born near the town of Nîmes, in France, in the year 1712, and was thus General Wolfe's senior by five years. Like his celebrated rival, he entered the army when he was but a boy, and was found taking part in the campaign in Italy shortly after attaining his twenty-first year. He was forty-four years of age when he received his appointment from the King of France to take command of the forces in Canada. The activity of his generalship rallied for a time the courage of the colony, and the taking of Fort Oswego and Fort William Henry were the preludes to his crowning victory at Ticonderoga, in 1758. But his skill as a general was all but neutralized by the indifference of the French government, and the incompetency of those in charge of affairs at Quebec; and when he was preparing for his final campaign to

save that city, he is said to have prophetically remarked that he was only likely to find his grave eventually under the ruins of the colony. The resistance he offered to his rival at Montmorency and along the Beauport shore proved his military ingenuity and unremitting courage. The story forms a fascinating page in the history of our country ; and, as it is being read, the possibility of ultimate French success under more providently guarded resources ever recurs to the mind of the reader. The plight of the colony, brought about by the speculations of Bigot and others, was Montcalm's ever-present humiliation, as he bravely strove to do his best to keep his antagonists in check. His popularity among the soldiers who fought under him was a strong element in his successes, which, however, could not counteract the effects produced by the lack of energy on the part of those who had sent him to Canada, and the scarcity of provisions and military supplies in a country which had fallen a prey to unprincipled rulers. He had not only the British to contend with, but those who ought to have had, with him, the best interests of the French colony at heart. The closing scene of his eventful career was to be witnessed as he

entered St. Louis Gate, on the evening of the 13th of September, 1759, after he had vainly striven to reduce the retreat from the Plains of Abraham to a semblance of order.

"*Oh mon Dieu, mon Dieu, le Marquis est tué,*" cried the women as they saw the blood dripping from his saddle ; while he, holding up his hands, quietly replied, "*Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien ; ne vous affligez pas pour moi.*"

He is said to have breathed his last in the house of one of the city's physicians in Louis Street, while his remains were deposited within the precincts of the Ursuline Convent. The funeral, which took place on the day of his death, is thus described by Sir James LeMoine in his *Picturesque Quebec* :—

"At nine o'clock in the evening of the 14th of September, 1759, a funeral cortège, issuing from the castle, winds its way through the dark and obstructed streets to the little church of the Ursulines. With the heavy tread of the coffin-bearers, keeps time the measured footstep of the military escort, De Ramesay and the other officers of the garrison following to their resting place the lifeless remains of their illustrious commander-in-chief. No martial pomp was displayed around that humble bier, but the

hero who had afforded at his dying hour the sublime spectacle of a Christian yielding up his soul to God in the most admirable sentiments of faith and resignation, was not laid in unconsecrated ground. No burial rite could be more solemn than that hurried evening service performed by torchlight under the dilapidated roof of a sacred asylum, where the soil had been first laid bare by one of the rude engines of war—a bombshell. The grave tones of the priests murmuring the *Libera me Domine* were responded to by the sighs and tears of consecrated virgins, henceforth the guardians of the precious deposit, which, but for inevitable fate, would have been reserved to honour some proud mausoleum. With gloomy forebodings and bitter thoughts De Ramesay and his companions in arms withdrew in silence. A few citizens had gathered in, and among the rest one led by the hand his little daughter, who, looking into the grave, saw and remembered, more than three-fourths of a century later, the rough wooden box, which was all the ruined city could afford to enclose the remains of her defender.”

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

(1.) The name given to the battlefield arose from the fact that a part of the plateau was originally occupied by a settler of the name of Abraham Martin, said to have been a pilot of Scottish descent. The name remains in Cote d'Abraham, the connecting thoroughfare between the suburbs of St. John and St. Roch. The land owned by Maitre Abraham, as he was called by his neighbors, consisted of thirty-two acres immediately to the west of what afterwards became the wall line of the city, and the site of the suburbs of St. Louis and St. John; and the name seems to have been extended, by use and wont, to the sloping ground and plateau beyond, until finally it came to be applied to the whole tract as far as Sillery and Dumont's Windmill on the St. Foye Road. In early times the Ursulines came into possession of part of these lands, and naturally enough when they

gave to the Imperial authorities in 1802 a ninety-nine years' lease of their property, which extended southwards from the St. Louis Road, the name clung to that part, thus giving rise to the popular misconception of the original extent of the battlefield.

(2.) The size of the respective armies has been a disputed point among our historians, the numbers given of the French varying from three thousand five hundred to seven thousand. The British army numbered four thousand eight hundred men ; and the inequality between the armies was not so much in numbers as in training, Montcalm having had under him a mixed force of Imperial battalions, the militia of the colony, several troops of Indians, and bands of Canadian volunteers, who could hardly be expected as a whole to withstand an attack from the veterans of Louisbourg and the European battle-fields.

(3.) The two generals must have been nearly opposite each other when the first shock of the battle occurred. While still only in an opposing line of battle, the French stretching north and south along the slope of the Buttes-à-Neveu, and the English lines extending across the open plain also north and south, there was not

more than half a mile between the combatants. The coppice behind the site of St. Bridget's Asylum however must have hidden the generals from each other. During the rout Montcalm received his death-wound as he was approaching the St. Louis Gate, and was observed by the people on the street to be severely wounded as he rode to his head-quarters. He died next day and was buried in the court-yard of the Ursuline Convent.

(4.) The surface of the plateau at the time of the battle was for the most part covered with thickets of thorn-bearing shrubs and burr-bushes. There were three noteworthy coppices of varied tree-growth which marked the ground; first, one immediately outside the city walls a little to the east of the present site of the Parliament Buildings; second, the Coteau St. Genevieve woods traversed by the St. Foye Road and near what is now called Sauvageau Hill; and the third on what is now called DeSalaberry Street. Besides these there were several windmills to be seen in the landscape, notably the one which occupied the site of the Martello Tower on the Grande Allée, where there must have been some severe fighting, since many relics were dis-

covered near the spot some years ago, as if from the remains of soldiers hurriedly buried in their fighting gear. The main highways were then as now the St. Foye and St. Louis Roads, though the latter was not in 1759 the straight highway it is at present. Its course was somewhat winding after it left the line of what is now St. Amable Street, and it had an offshoot that extended across the present race-course and the Marchmont lands to Wolfe's Cove. Cape Diamond reveals the rock formation of the district. It belongs to what is called the Quebec Group of the Silurian Period, consisting for the most part of argillaceous schists. On more than one melancholy occasion the crevices, weathering in the high embankments, and having become filled with the slaty detritus, have expanded, and, throwing the peeling rocky surface outwards, have caused several disastrous landslides. The height of the rock near Cape Diamond is a little over three hundred feet, while the highest point of the Buttes-à-Neveu or Perrault's Hill is over four hundred feet from the level of the river.

(6.) It is mentioned in Colonel Bouchette's *Topography* that one of the four meridian stones, put in place at Quebec in 1790, stood

in the angle of a field-redoubt where General Wolfe breathed his last, thus verifying the exact position where the hero lay when the rout took place. This redoubt, whose ruins were removed when the jail was being built, was one of two redoubts which must have been erected by the British later than 1759, the other being situated a little beyond Maple Avenue on the St. Louis Road, near the spot where Wolfe had directed his forces.

(7.) As the identification of the prominent buildings which have been erected from time to time on the battle-field may be of some interest, the following notes may also be here given.

a. **The Jail of Quebec** which forms such a conspicuous piece of architecture, as seen from the St. Lawrence or from any high point of land near the city, was finished in 1867. Its enclosures cover an area of thirty-two acres, while the building itself is spacious and fitted up with all the healthful appliances that are now to be found as adjuncts to the mode of punishing crime by incarceration. There are in all seventy single cells, twenty-seven double cells, and forty-one for female prisoners. The build-

ing, which cost \$138,000, is maintained by the provincial authorities.

b. The Ladies' Protestant Home which is situated on Grande Allée beyond St. Bridget's Asylum and DeSalaberry Street, was opened in 1863. Eight years previously, there had been organized in Quebec the Ladies' Protestant Relief Society, and a successful appeal to the public led to the society's incorporation and the erection of the present attractive looking edifice. The institution is under the supervision of a matron and a committee of ladies selected from all the Protestant denominations in Quebec. The finances have been greatly relieved by donations from the Senator Ross bequest. The function of the institution is the safe keeping of indigent old women and the up-bringing of female orphans.

c. The St. Bridget Asylum had its origin in 1856, in a small building near St. Patrick's Church, under whose auspices it was opened. It is now located in the spacious buildings at the corner of Grand Allée and DeSalaberry Street, its precincts including what is still called the "Old Cholera Burying Ground." The function of the institution is to educate orphans and give a shelter to the aged and indigent of St.

Patrick's Parish. The institution is under the management of nuns, acting with the St. Patrick's Ladies' Charitable Association. The endowment is small, and consequently its grant from government has to be largely supplemented by donations from the charitably inclined. There is a neatly arranged chapel in connection with this institution and this is attended on the Thursdays and Sundays by the parishioners in the vicinity. The singing of the children of a summer's morning or evening has a very grateful effect on the listener outside, and gives a charm to the whole historic neighborhood.

d. **The Church of England Female Orphan Asylum** is a large gaunt-looking building of gray stone, standing on Grande Allée on the outer slope of the historic Buttes-à-Neveu. It was originally a military home for discharged soldiers' widows and orphans, and when the troops left Quebec the premises became vacant, and being purchased in 1873, were utilized as the present Female Orphan Asylum. It has an ample endowment drawn from the sum left to the charities of Quebec by the liquidation trust of the Quebec Savings Bank. The institution is in the hands of a matron and preceptress

under the authority of a committee of ladies of the Church of England.

e. **The Finlay Asylum** is an institution on the St. Foye Road between DeSalaberry Street and Maple Avenue, which sprang from humble circumstances. The first donation towards its organization was eight hundred dollars—the orphan's mite possibly given by a Miss Finlay to the Anglican Bishop of Quebec. The money was expended by the Bishop in the purchase of a cottage on Sutherland Street near Mount Pleasant, and in 1861 a further donation of two thousand dollars, given by another lady, induced the Anglicans of Quebec to assist the Bishop in putting up the present building. The place, as at present organized, is a home for male orphans and indigent old men. It has a large endowment received from the Ross bequest, and is conducted under the auspices of the rector and churchwardens of the English Cathedral.

f. **The Martello Towers** which command the approaches to the city by way of the plateau across which Wolfe's army made its approach in 1759, were completed in 1812, having taken six years in their erection and having cost sixty thousand dollars. It is said that Sir Isaac Brock, afterwards the

hero of Queenston Heights, supervised their construction, assisted by Colonel By, afterwards engineer of the Rideau Canal and founder of Bytown (Ottawa). To examine one of these is to examine any of the four of them. Though not all of the same size they are of the same plan. The sides facing towards the west are thirteen feet thick, diminishing in thickness until they come to be only seven feet on the side facing the city. The lower flat of the structure is set apart for tanks and storage ; the second for the accommodation of the men of the garrison in charge ; and what might be considered the roof, protected only by a wooden awning or covering, is intended as the place for the heavier guns. Since the departure of the British troops, these outposts have not been garrisoned, but are merely in the hands of tenant-keepers.

g. **The St. Foye Road** is one of the two highway-threads that intersect the plateau all the way to Cap Rouge. It begins at Mount Pleasant, being built up on either side by many of the "stately homes" or manor houses of Quebec. About five miles from the city is the church and hamlet of the parish of St. Foye, with a pleasant cross road running southward to join the

St. Louis Road. In 1673 the Huron Indians took refuge here, and in 1760 the British soldiers took possession of the church, which, established as the church of Notre Dame de Foye (of good faith), gave its name to the whole district. The Battle of St. Foye, which was fought between Generals Murray and De Levis, and which the monument near the Belvidere Road commemorates, took place six months after the battle on the Plains of Abraham. The severest shock of the battle took place near the brook beyond the monument, into the basin of which hundreds of dead and dying were hurled, until the valley below ran red with blood. The issue of the contest was the retreat of the British into the city, though not before thousands of those in the rear had been massacred by the Indians who had flocked under the French standard. The scene of the contest has been the haunt of relic hunters for years. The St. Foye Monument was erected in 1860, under the auspices of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, the figure of Bellona surmounting the pillar having been presented by Louis Napoleon. Buried beneath are the collected bones of those who fell in the fight, there having been over four thousand in all slain between

St. Foye and the city walls. The carnage around Dumont's Mill is represented on one of the bas-reliefs. In connection with the term St. Foye, it may be said that it was one of the surnames of Louis XIII., and was the title given to Louis de St. Foye, the son of the so-called king of Canada, whose arrival in a Quebec ship in 1627 created such a furore in France.

h. The St. Louis Road, which is a continuation of the Grande Allée, just as the Grande Allée is a continuation of Louis Street, is the highway of the plateau which runs through Bergerville to Cap Rouge, where it meets the St. Foye Road. It received its name in honor of Louis XIII., and in token of the loyalty of his subjects of New France. There is no more pleasant drive for the visitor than this beautifully shaded macadamized roadway, the places of interest on either side being the scene of the battle of 1759, the steep incline of Wolfe's Cove, the little vale of the Ruisseau St. Denis, the charming avenues of Spencer Wood, the sylvan recesses of the Gomin Road, with its periodical gipsy-encampments, the approaches to Sillery, and the numerous manor-houses and *plaisirs*. Connected with the history of this highway,

there linger many memories of the old coaching days, when the journey from Quebec to Montreal in the winter time was a matter of four or five days.

i. **The Old Cholera Graveyard**, once covered with the thick coppice of willow and thorn behind which many of the French rushed after the rout of the battle of 1759 began, stands behind the St. Bridget Asylum, the victims of the dread disease which visited Quebec in 1832, 1849, and 1854, having been buried hurriedly there. It is now closed, being used as a recreation ground for the inmates of the asylum.

j. **Wolfe's Monument**, which is situated on the Plains of Abraham, was, as the inscription placed upon it says, preceded by one that had fallen into decay. The preceding one was erected in 1832 by Lord Aylmer, and the present one in 1849 by the British army in Canada.

Mr. P. R. Casgrain, the brother of Abbé Casgrain, has lately issued two lectures in French, one on the momentous event of 1759, and the other on what he calls the Second Battle of the Plains of Abraham. Mr. Doughty has also in preparation a volume upon the first event, which promises to be a very exhaustive treatise. In the

writings of these gentlemen, the minutest details of the first contest have been collected after careful research, and the conclusion one draws from their respective attitudes is, that while Wolfe's first general movement started near what is called at the present time the Plains of Abraham, the contest and final rout actually took place on the ground now intersected by the line of DeSalaberry Street.



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OUR FLAG AND EMPIRE.

Respectfully inscribed to the Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D.

We raise our flag on high,
To celebrate the day,
To consecrate a nation's cry—
“For God and country aye.”
Here is our home, far may we roam,
With kinship for our guide ;
God bless our land, its weal extend
O'er empire ocean-wide.

CHORUS :

Ho, ho ; ho, ho ! the breezes blow ;
Dip the flag and let it go !
Flap and flutter, glorious sight,
Emblem of a people's might !
Ho, ho ; ho, ho ! the breezes blow ;
Dip it again and let it go !

Our standard floating free,
We greet thee with our song,—
The safe hurrah of liberty,
The challenge of the strong !
Joy to each nation's lifting ken,
Baptized a mother's pride :
God save our Queen, long may she reign
O'er empire ocean-wide.

CHORUS :

Ho, ho ; ho, ho ! the breezes blow ;
Dip the flag and let it go !
Flap and flutter, glorious sight,
Emblem of a people's might !
Ho, ho ; ho, ho ! the breezes blow :
Dip it again and let it go !

The Music for "Our Flag and Empire" may be obtained from
P. J. Evoy, Bookseller, Quebec and Selby & Co., Toronto.

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EMPIRE DAY.

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The many one, our own in ours, sing we;
A progress born of prowess tempest-tried:
An empire fringed with nations, one and free,
Weaves yet another wreath to crown our
pride.

'Tis Empire Day: God bless us all as one!
There is no duty like the joy that calls,
No truer worship than the love that thralls,
No faith assured until our task's begun:
And since the faith, and love, and joy are
ours,
The loyalty that points the patriot's goal,
Where aye the higher worth rewards its
powers,
Is surely also ours. Then let us play the role
Of kindred, worth to worth, in theirs our
own,
The many one, the many one but free, an
empire's crown.

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