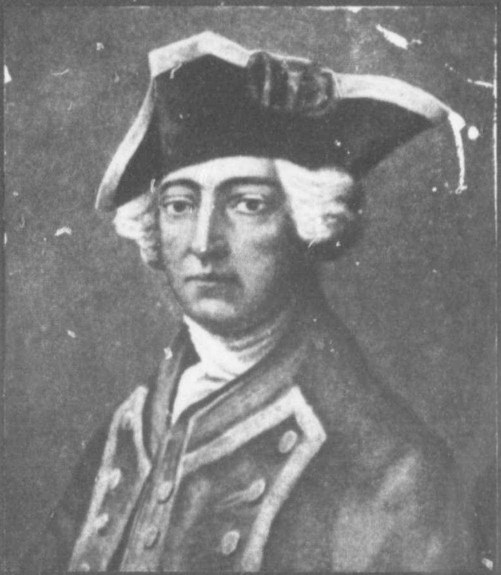
CHRONICLES OF CANADA FOR BOYS & GIRLS



WOLFE

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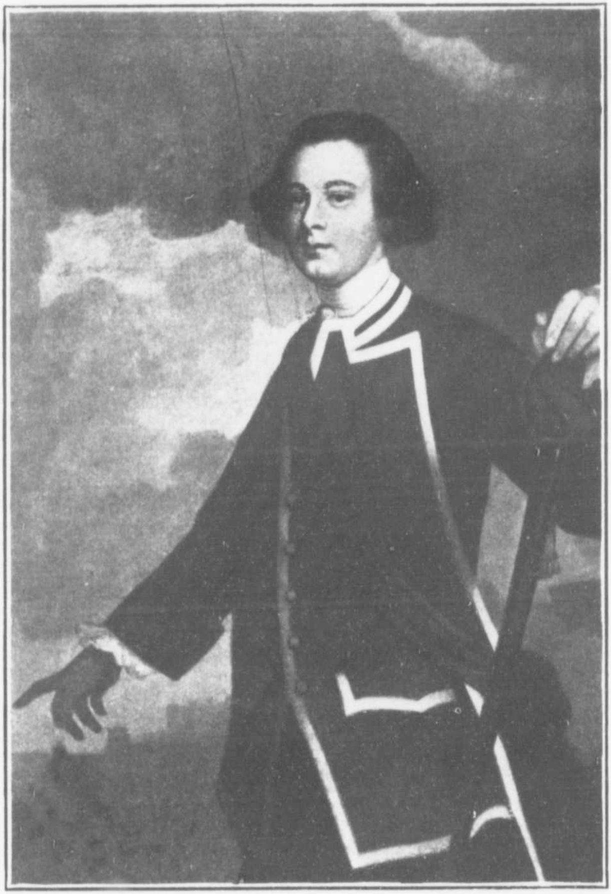
CHRONICLES OF CANADA FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
EDITED BY JOHN C. SAUL

WOLFE

TO MY MOTHER



WOLFE

CHRONICLES OF CANADA FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

WOLFE

THE HERO OF QUEBEC

BY
WILLIAM WOOD

TORONTO
MORANG & CO., LIMITED
1912

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WOLFE

CHAPTER I

THE BOY

1727–1741

Wolfe was a soldier born. Every man in his family had always been ready to fight for king and country at a moment's notice. His father was a General Wolfe before him, and had fought under the great Duke of Marlborough. His grandfather, his great-grandfather, his only uncle, and his only brother, like all the rest of the gallant Wolfes, were soldiers too. No one ever had to tell them what a man's first duty is when his country is in danger. They simply drew their swords and did it. And they do it now, just as they did it then. The present head of the family, who represented it at the celebration of the tercentenary of the founding of Quebec, fought in Egypt for Queen Victoria. And the member of it who, on that occasion, represented Wolfe in the pageant, is an officer in the Canadian army under George V.

The Wolfes are an old and honourable family. Many hundreds of years ago they lived first in England and then in Wales, which they left for Ireland in the fifteenth century, before America was discovered. But Wolfe's father was born in England in the seventeenth century, and settled there for good in the eighteenth; and, as the English Protestants who went to Ireland married among themselves, and as Wolfe's mother was also English, the conqueror of Canada was a pure-bred Englishman on both sides. Among his Anglo-Irish kinsmen were the Goldsmiths and the Seymours. Wolfe remembered one of the soldier Goldsmiths in his will; and the celebrated author, Oliver Goldsmith, was always very proud of being a cousin of the man who took Quebec. The most famous of the Seymour relations was Sir Henry Seymour of Wolfe Hall, who married Barbara Wolfe, and was brother-in-law to Henry VIII and uncle to Edward VI.

But we must not forget Wolfe's mother, from whom he had more of his genius than from his father. She was a descendant of two good families in Yorkshire, where Wolfe's father himself was born eighteen years before her. She was very tall and handsome, and Wolfe thought there was no one like her. When he was a colonel, and had been through the wars and at court, he still believed she was "a match for all the beauties." He was not lucky enough to take after her in looks, except in her one weak feature, a cutaway chin. His body, indeed, seems to have been made up of the bad points of both parents: he had his red hair and his rheumatism from his father. But his spirit was made up of all their good points; and no braver ever lived in any healthy body than in his own sickly, lanky six foot three.

Wolfe's parents went to live at Westerham in Kent shortly after they were married; and there, on January 2nd, 1727, he was born in the vicarage, where Mrs. Wolfe was staying while her husband was away on duty with his regiment. Two other houses in the little country town of Westerham are full of memories of Wolfe. One was his father's, a house more than two hundred years old when he was born. The loyal subject who built it had the arms of the reigning sovereign, Henry VII, carved over the big, stone fireplace, where Wolfe and his brother used to sit in the winter evenings with their mother, while their veteran father told them the story of his battles and sieges. So Wolfe, who conquered Canada, used to sit under the same coat of arms as Cabot, who discovered her. This house has been called Quebec House ever since the conquest. The other is Squerryes Court, belonging then and now to the Warde family, who were the Wolfes' greatest friends. Wolfe and young George Warde were chums from the first day they met till the day Wolfe died victorious. They both wished to go into the army; and they used to ride about together, playing they were charging cavalry. Warde lived to be an old man, and actually did become a famous leader of cavalry. Perhaps when he charged a real enemy, sword in hand, at the head of thundering squadrons, it may have flashed through his mind how he and Wolfe had waved their whips and had cheered like mad, when they galloped their ponies down the common with nothing but their barking dogs behind them.

Wolfe and his brother Edward were great favourites in the household. He, himself, was always very kind to his servants, and a third of his will is taken up with providing for those who were in his service when he died. He never forgot his nurse, Betty Hooper, whose sons were in his regiment. He wrote to his mother to tell Betty that her sons "are two of the finest soldiers in the camp." He was not noted as such a favourite with his first master, for his more studious brother, a year younger than himself, passed him in book work. But when he went to Swinden's at Greenwich, his master there soon found out that he was no ordinary boy. When he grew up, he was always regretting that he had not read and thought a great deal more when he was younger. Swinden had another pupil, by and by, who was destined to be a living link between the two great British warriors who were so much alike in battle. This was "Jacky" Jervis, afterwards the famous admiral, the Earl of St. Vincent. Jervis was at Quebec with the fleet, and, on the night before the Battle of the Plains, took charge of the will, note-book, and portrait of Katherine Lowther that Wolfe handed over to him for safe-keeping. Forty years later Jervis was Nelson's commander-in-chief.

Wolfe was thirteen, and doing his best to keep his mind fixed on his school work, when war broke out with Spain. The people went wild when the British fleet took Porto Bello, a Spanish port in Central America. The news was cried through the streets all night; and the noise of battle seemed to be sounding all round Swinden's school, which was made up chiefly of the sons of officers in the army and navy. Ships were fitting out. Soldiers were marching. Crowds were singing and cheering. First, one boy's father, and then another's, was under orders for the front; and, among them, Wolfe's father, who was made adjutant-general to the army assembling in the Isle of Wight.

What were history and geography and mathematics now, when a whole nation was afoot to fight! And who would not fight the Spaniards? Had they not seized an innocent British merchant skipper, Captain Jenkins, and cut off his ear? And was he not showing his cut-off ear everywhere in excited London?

Wolfe was determined to go and fight. Nothing could stop him. There was no commission for him as an officer. Never mind! He would go as a volunteer and win his commission in the field. So, one hot day in July, 1740, the lanky, red-haired boy of thirteen-and-a-half took his seat on the Portsmouth coach beside his father, the veteran soldier of fifty-five. Poor Mrs. Wolfe was dreadfully anxious, not so much about the war, because she was a woman of much too fine a spirit to grudge anything for the service of her country, but about the dangers of disease for a sickly boy in a far-off land of pestilence and fever. She had written to him the very day he left. But he, full of the stir and excitement of a big camp, carried the letter in his pocket for two or three days before answering it. Then he wrote her the first of many letters from different seats of war, the last one of all being written just before he won the victory that made him famous round the world.

Here are his very words, beginning with the address:

"To Mrs. Wolfe, at her House in Greenwich, Kent.

"Newport, Isle of Wight,
"August 6th, 1740.

"I received my dearest Mamma's letter on Monday last, but could not answer it then, by reason I was at camp to see the regiments off to go on board, and was too late for the post; but am very sorry, dear Mamma, that you doubt my love, which I'm sure is as sincere as ever any son's was to his mother.

"Papa and I are just going on board, but I believe shall not sail this fortnight; in which time, if I can get ashore at Portsmouth or any other town, I will certainly write to you, and, when we are gone, by every ship we meet, because I know it is my duty. Besides, if it is not, I would do it out of love, with pleasure.

"I am sorry to hear that your head is so bad, which I fear is caused by your being so melancholy; but pray, dear Mamma, if you love me, don't give yourself up to fears for us. I hope, if it please God, we shall soon see one another, which will be the happiest day that ever I shall see. I will, as sure as I live, if it is possible for me, let you know everything that has happened, by every ship; therefore pray, dearest Mamma, don't doubt about it. I am in a very good state of health, and am likely to continue so. Pray my love to my brother. Pray my service to Mr. Streton and his family, to Mr. and Mrs. Weston, and to George Warde when you see him; and pray believe me to be, my dearest Mamma,

"Your most dutiful, loving and affectionate son,

"J. Wolfe."

In spite of all he said about his health, it soon began to give way when he was on board ship, day after day and week after week, waiting for the order to sail off to the war. There had been a long peace, and the men in charge, who should have known better, let everything in the army and navy fall into a shameful state. They allowed the ships to rot in harbour for years, and then suddenly filled them with soldiers and sailors, who soon began to sicken and die. Luckily for Wolfe, he became so pale and weak that his father had to send him home in November. This certainly saved his life, as the men died off like flies when they reached the seat of war at Cartagena, in Spanish America, where nothing was done for them by the country for which they were laying down their lives.

Wolfe was happy to see his mother again, have his pony to ride and his dogs to play with. But though he tried his best to stick to his lessons, his heart was wild for the war. He and George Warde used to go every day during the Christmas holidays behind the pigeon-house at Squerryes Court and practise with their swords and pistols. One day they stopped when they heard the post-horn blowing at the gate; and both were tremendously excited when George's father came out himself with a big official envelope marked "On His Majesty's Service" and addressed to "James Wolfe, Esquire." Inside was a commission as second lieutenant in the marines signed by George II and dated at St. James's Palace, November 3rd, 1741. Eighteen years later, when the fame of the conquest of Canada was the talk of the kingdom, the Wardes had a stone monument built to mark the spot where Wolfe was standing when the squire handed him his first commission in the army. And there it is to-day, exactly where he stood more than a hundred and seventy years ago; and on it are the verses ending,

> "This spot so sacred will forever claim
> A proud alliance with its hero's name."

Wolfe was now an officer. But the marines were not the corps for him. The fact that they served on board ship and that he was terribly sea-sick every voyage would not have stopped him. But they were now five thousand miles away, and the war was breaking out nearer home. So what was his delight at receiving another commission on March 25th, 1742, as an ensign in the 12th Regiment of Foot! He was now as well as he ever was in his life. He was fifteen, an officer, a soldier born and bred, eager to serve his country, and just appointed to a regiment ordered to the front. Within a month, an army, such as no one had seen since the days of Marlborough, had been assembled at Blackheath. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers, they were all there when George II, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cumberland came down to review them. Little did anybody think that the tall, eager ensign carrying the colours of the 12th past His Majesty was the man who was to win Canada for the British crown, and thus add half a continent to its empire of the sea.

CHAPTER II

THE YOUNG SOLDIER

1741–1748

Wolfe's short life was divided into four periods, which are all easy to remember, because they are all connected with the same number — seven. He was fourteen years a boy at home, with one attempt to be a soldier. This period lasted from 1727 to 1741. Then he was seven years a young officer in time of war, from 1741 to 1748. Then he served seven years more in time of peace, from 1748 to 1755. And, lastly, he died in the middle, and at the very climax, of the world-famous Seven Years' War, in 1759.

After the royal review the army marched down to Deptford and embarked for Flanders. So here was Wolfe, off to the very places he had heard his father tell about, again and again. The surly Flemings were still the same, and hated the British almost as much as they hated their enemies. The long column of redcoats marched through a scowling mob of citizens, who grudged a night's lodging to the very men that were coming there to fight for them. You may be sure that Ensign Wolfe thought little of such mean people as he stepped out with the colours flying above his head. The army halted at Ghent, an ancient city, famous for its trade and wealth, and defended by walls which had once resisted Marlborough.

At first there was a good deal to do and see; and George Warde was there, too, as an officer in a cavalry regiment. But Warde had to march away; and Wolfe was left, without any companion of his own age, to pass his spare time the best way he could. Like another famous soldier, Frederick the Great, who first won his fame in this very war, he was fond of music and took lessons on the flute. He also did his best to improve his French. And when Warde came back, the two friends used to go to the French theatre as often as they could. But Wolfe put his French to other use as well, and read all the military books he could find time for. He kept his things ready to pack; so that he could have marched anywhere within two hours of receiving the order. And, though only a mere boy-officer, he began to learn the duties of an adjutant, so that he would be fit for promotion whenever he was offered the chance.

Months wore on and Wolfe was still at Ghent. He had made friends during his stay, and he tells his mother in September: "This place is full of officers, and we never want company. I go to the play once or twice a week, and talk a little with the ladies, who are very civil, and speak French." Before Christmas it had been decided at home, where the elder Wolfe now was, after his horrible campaign at Cartagena, that Edward was also to be allowed to join the army. Wolfe was delighted. "My brother is much to be commended for the pains he takes to improve himself. I hope to see him soon in Flanders, when, in all probability, before next year is over, we may know something of our trade." And so they did!

The two brothers marched for the Rhine

early in 1743, both in the same regiment, James now sixteen and Edward fifteen. The march was an awful one for such delicate boys. The roads were ankle-deep in mud; the weather was vile and the food and water were very bad. Even the dauntless Wolfe had to confess to his mother that he was "very much fatigued and out of order. I never come into quarters without aching hips and knees." Edward, still more delicate, was sent off on a foraging party to find something for the regiment to eat. He wrote home to his father from Bonn on April 7th: "We can get nothing upon our march but eggs and bacon and sour bread. I have no bedding, nor can get it anywhere. We had a sad march last Monday in the morning. I was obliged to walk up to my knees in snow, though my brother and I have a horse between us. I have often lain upon straw, and should oftener, had I not known some French, which I find very useful; though I was obliged the other day to speak *Latin* for a good dinner. We send for everything we want to the priest."

That summer the British and Hanoverian

army was reduced to 37,000 half-fed men when the king arrived with his son, the Duke of Cumberland, who was a good friend to Wolfe. Worse still, the old general, Lord Stair, had got it into a very bad place. All these men were cooped up on the narrow side of the valley of the river Main, while a much larger French army was on the better side, with bridges ready to cut them off and to attack them while they were all clumped together. Stair tried to slip away in the night. But the French, hearing of this attempt, sent 12,000 men across the river to hold the place the British general was marching from, and 30,000 more, under the Duc de Gramont, to block the road at the place towards which he was moving. At daylight the British and Hanoverians found themselves cut off in front and rear, and with a third French force waiting to pounce on them, from whichever direction they took. The King of England and Hanover would be a great prize, and the French were eager to capture him. This was the way the armies faced each other on the morning of June 27th, 1743, at Dettingen, the last battlefield for any king of England and the first for Wolfe.

The two young brothers were now about to see a big battle, like those of which their father used to tell them. Strangely enough, Amherst, the future commander-in-chief in America, under whom Wolfe served at Louisbourg, and the two men who succeeded Wolfe in command at Quebec — Monckton and Townshend — were also there. It is an awful moment for a young soldier, just before his first great fight. And here there were nearly a hundred thousand men, all in full view of each other, and all waiting for the word to begin. It was a beautiful day, and the sun shone down on a splendidly martial sight. There stood the British and their allies, with wooded hills on their right, the river and the French on their left, the French in their rear, and the French very strongly posted on the rising ground straight in their front. The redcoats were in dense columns, their bayonets flashing and colours waving defiance. Beside their own red cavalry were the black German cuirassiers, the blue German lancers, and the gaily dressed green and scarlet Hungarian hussars. The long, white lines of the three French armies, varied with blue and gold, encircled them on three sides. On the fourth were the leafy green hills.

Wolfe was acting as adjutant and helping the major. The 12th had neither colonel nor lieutenant-colonel with it that day; so he had plenty to do, riding up and down to see that all ranks understood the order that they were not to fire till they were close to the French and were given the word for a volley. He cast a glance at his brother, standing straight and proudly with the regimental colours that he himself had carried past the king at Blackheath the year before. But he was not anxious about "Ned." He knew how all the Wolfes could fight. And he could not have been anxious about himself, because he was only too eager for the fray. A first battle tries every man, and few have not dry lips, tense nerves, and beating hearts at its approach. But the great anxiety of an officer going into action for the first time with untried men is for them and not for himself. The agony of wondering whether they will do well or not is worse, a thousand times, than what he fears for his own safety.

Presently the French gunners, in the centre of their position across the Main, lit their matches and, at a given signal, discharged their guns into the British rear. Most of the baggage wagons were there; and, as the shot and shell began to knock them over, the drivers were taken with a panic, and, cutting the traces, galloped off up the hills and into the woods as hard as they could go. Then battery after battery thundered out, and the fire grew hot all round. The king had been in the rear, as he did not wish to change the command on the eve of the battle; but, seeing the panic, he galloped through the whole of his army to show that he was going to fight beside his men as a soldier. As he passed, and the men saw what he intended to do, they cheered and cheered, and took heart so boldly that it was hard work to keep them from rushing up the heights of Dettingen, where Gramont's 30,000 Frenchmen were waiting to shoot them down.

Across the river, Marshal Noailles, the French commander-in-chief, saw the sudden stir in the British ranks, heard the roaring hurrahs, and supposed that his enemies were going to be fairly caught against Gramont in front, when he could finish their defeat himself by an overwhelming attack in flank. Both his own and Gramont's artillery now redoubled their fire, till the British could hardly stand it. But, to his rage and despair, Gramont's men, thinking the day was theirs, suddenly left their strong position and charged down on to the same level as the British, who were only too pleased to meet them there. The king, seeing what a happy turn things were taking, galloped along the front of his army, waving his sword and calling out, "Now, boys, now for the honour of England!" His horse, maddened by the din, plunged and reared, and, had he not dismounted, would have carried him off the field. Then he put himself at the head of his troops, where he remained fighting, sword in hand, till the victory was won.

Wolfe and his major rode along the line

of their regiment for the last time. There was not a minute to lose. Down came the Royal Musketeers of France, full gallop, smash through the Scots Fusiliers and into the line in rear, where most of them were unhorsed and killed. Then the cavalry advanced on both sides without either gaining much advantage. Then, with a clear front once more, the main body of both the French and British infantry rushed together for a fight to a finish. Nearly all of the 12th were new to war and were too excited to hold their fire. When they were within range, and had halted for a moment to steady the ranks, they brought their muskets down to the "present." The French fell flat on their faces and the bullets whistled harmlessly over them. At once the French sprang to their feet and poured in a steady volley while the British were reloading. But the second British volley went home. When the two enemies closed on each other with the bayonet, like the meeting of two stormy seas, the British fought with such fury that the French ranks were broken. Soon the long, white waves rolled back and the long, red waves rolled forward. Dettingen was reached, and the desperate fight was won.

Both the boy-officers wrote home, Edward to his mother, Wolfe to his father. Here is some of Edward's letter:

" My brother and self escaped in the engagement and, thank God, are as well as ever we were in our lives, after not only being cannonaded two hours and three-quarters, and fighting with small arms [muskets and bayonets] two hours and one-quarter, but lay the two following nights upon our arms; whilst it rained for about twenty hours in the same time, yet are ready and as capable to do the same again. The Duke of Cumberland behaved charmingly. Our regiment has got a great deal of honour, for we were in the middle of the first line, and in the greatest danger. My brother has wrote to my father and I believe has given him a small account of the battle, so I hope you will excuse it me."

A manly and soldier-like letter for a boy of fifteen! Wolfe's own is much longer and full of touches that show how cool and observant he was, even in his first battle and at the age of only sixteen. Here is some of it:

"The Gens d'Armes, or Mousquetaires Gris, attacked the first line, composed of nine regiments of English foot, and four or five of Austrians, and some Hanoverians. But before they got to the second line, out of two hundred there were not forty living. These unhappy men were of the first families in France. Nothing, I believe, could be more rash than their undertaking. The third and last attack was made by the foot on both sides. We advanced towards one another; our men in high spirits, and very impatient for fighting, being elated with beating the French Horse, part of which advanced towards us; while the rest attacked our Horse, but were soon driven back by the great fire we gave them. The major and I (for we had neither colonel nor lieutenant-colonel), before they came near, were employed in begging and ordering the men not to fire at too great a distance, but to keep it till the enemy should come near us; but to little purpose. The whole fired when they thought they could reach them, which had like to have ruined us. However, we soon rallied again, and attacked them with great fury, which gained us a complete victory, and forced the enemy to retire in great haste. We got the sad news of the death of as good and brave a man as any amongst us, General Clayton. His death gave us all sorrow, so great was the opinion we had of him. He had, 'tis said, orders for pursuing the enemy, and if we had followed them, they would not have repassed the Main with half their number. Their loss is computed to be between six and seven thousand men, and ours three thousand. His Majesty was in the midst of the fight; and the duke behaved as bravely as a man could do. I had several times the honour of speaking with him just as the battle began and was often afraid of his being dashed to pieces by the cannon-balls. He gave his orders with a great deal of calmness and seemed quite unconcerned. The soldiers were in high delight to have him so near them. I sometimes thought I had lost poor Ned when I saw arms, legs, and heads beat off close by him. A horse I rid of the colonel's, at the first attack, was shot in one of his hinder legs and threw me; so I was obliged to do the duty of an adjutant all that and the next day on foot, in a pair of heavy boots. Three days after the battle I got the horse again, and he is almost well."

Shortly after Dettingen Wolfe was appointed adjutant and promoted to a lieutenancy. In the next year he was made a captain in the 4th Foot, and his brother became a lieutenant in the 12th. So now they had very few chances of meeting; and poor Ned, who had caught a deadly chill, died alone in October, not yet seventeen years old. Wolfe wrote home to his mother:

"Poor Ned wanted nothing but the satisfaction of seeing his dearest friends to leave the world with the greatest tranquillity. It gives me many uneasy hours when I reflect on the possibility there was of my being with him before he died. God knows it was not apprehending the danger the poor fellow was in; and even that would not have hindered it had I received the physician's first letter. I know you won't be able to read this without shedding tears, as I do writing it. Though it is the custom of the army to sell the deceased's effects I could not suffer it. We none of us want, and I thought the best way would be to bestow them on the deserving whom he had an esteem for in his lifetime. To his servant — the most honest and faithful man I ever knew — I gave all his clothes. I gave his horse to his friend Parry. I know he loved Parry, and for that reason the horse will be taken care of. His other horse I keep myself. I have his watch, sash, gorget, books, and maps, which I shall preserve to his memory. He was an honest and good lad, had lived very well, and always discharged his duty with the cheerfulness becoming a good officer. He lived and died as a son of you two should. There was no part of his life that makes him dearer to me than what you so often mentioned — *he pined after me*."

It was this pining to follow Wolfe to the wars that cost poor Ned his life. But did not Wolfe himself pine to follow his father? And was there ever a Wolfe who would not follow where another led, or would not lead himself?

The next year, 1745, "Bonnie Prince Charlie" raised the Highland clans on behalf of his father, won several battles, and invaded England, in the hope of putting the Hanoverian Georges off the throne of Great Britain, and regaining it for the exiled Stuarts. The Duke of Cumberland was sent to crush him; and with the duke went Wolfe. Prince Charlie's army retreated and was at last brought to bay on Culloden Moor, six miles from Inverness. The Highlanders were not in good spirits after their long retreat before the duke's army, which had an immense advantage in having a fleet following it along the coast with plenty of provisions, while the wretched army of the prince was half starved. You may be sure the lesson was not lost on Wolfe. Nobody understood better than he that the fleet is the first thing to think about in every British war. And nobody saw a better example of this than he did himself afterwards in Canada.

At daybreak on April 16th, 1746, the Highlanders found the duke's army marching towards Inverness, and drew up in order to prevent it. Then both armies halted, each hoping the other would make the mistake of charging. At last, about one o'clock, the Highlanders in the centre and right could be held back no longer. So eager were they to get at the redcoats that most of them threw their muskets down without even firing them, and then rushed on furiously, sword in hand. "'Twas for a time," said Wolfe, "a dispute between the swords and bayonets, but the latter was found by far the most destructable weapon." No quarter was given or taken, on either side, during an hour of desperate fighting hand-to-hand. By that time the steady ranks of the redcoats, aided by the cavalry, had killed five times as many as they had lost by the wild slashing of the claymores. The Highlanders turned and fled. The Stuart cause was lost for ever.

Again another year of fighting; this time in Holland, where the British, Dutch, and Austrians under the Duke of Cumberland met the French at the village of Laffeldt, on June

21st, 1747. Wolfe was now a brigade-major, the same thing for a brigade of three regiments as an adjutant is for a single one; that is, a smart junior officer picked out to help the brigadier in command by seeing that orders are obeyed. The fight was furious. As fast as the British infantry drove back one French brigade, another came forward and was victorious. The village was taken and lost, lost and taken, over and over again. Wolfe was wounded, but kept up the fight. At last a new French brigade charged in and swept the British out altogether. Then the duke ordered the Dutch and Austrians to advance. But the Dutch cavalry, right in the centre, were seized with a sudden panic and galloped back, knocking over their own men on the way. This made a gap that certainly looked fatal. But there was the right man ready to fill it. This was Sir John Ligonier, afterwards the commander-in-chief of the British army at the time of Wolfe's campaigns in Canada. He led the few British and Austrian cavalry, among them the famous Scots Greys, straight into the gap and on against the dense masses of the French beyond. The gallant horsemen were doomed; and of course they knew it when they dashed themselves to death against such overwhelming odds. But they gained the few precious moments that were needed. The gap was closed behind them. The army was saved, though they were lost.

During the day Wolfe was several times in great danger, and was thanked by the duke in person for the splendid way he did his duty. But even royal favour did not make him forget his faithful servant, Roland: "He came to me at the hazard of his life with offers of his service, took off my cloak and brought a fresh horse; and would have continued close by me had I not ordered him to retire. I believe he was slightly wounded just at that time. Many a time has he pitched my tent and made the bed ready to receive me, half-dead with fatigue." Nor did Wolfe forget his dumb friends: "I have sold my poor little gray mare. I lamed her by accident, and thought it better to dismiss her the service immediately. I grieved at parting with so faithful a servant, and have the comfort to know she is in good hands, will be very well fed, and taken care of in her latter days."

After recovering from a slight wound received at Laffeldt Wolfe was allowed to return to England, where he remained for the winter, and celebrated his coming of age at his father's town-house in old Burlington Street, London. In the spring, however, he was ordered to rejoin the army, and was stationed with the troops who were guarding the Dutch frontier. The war came to an end in the same year, and Wolfe went home. He was then only twenty-one; but a veteran soldier, a rising officer, and a marked man.

CHAPTER III

THE SEVEN YEARS' PEACE

1748–1755

Wolfe was made welcome wherever he went. His name was well known to the chief men in the army, and he was already a hero among the friends of his family. He was fond of ladies' society, and of course he fell in love. He had had a few flirtations before, like other gallant soldiers; but this time it was genuine. The difference was the same as between a sham fight and a battle. His choice fell on Elizabeth Lawson, who was a maid of honour to the Princess of Wales. The oftener he saw her the more he fell in love with her. But the course of true love did not, as we shall see, run any more smoothly for him than it has for many another hero.

In 1749, when he was only twenty-two, he was made major of the 20th Regiment of

Foot, and joined it in Scotland, where he served for the next few years. At first he was not very happy in Glasgow. On the whole, he did not like the people, as they were very different from the friends with whom he had grown up. But this only added to his zeal for study. He had left school so young that he found himself ignorant of much that he wished to know about, now that he was a man of the world and had found from experience how useful knowledge is. Writing to Captain Rickson, he says: "When a man leaves his studies at fifteen, he will never be justly called a man of letters. I am endeavouring to repair the damages of my education, and have a person to teach me Latin and mathematics." From his own profession, also, he had learned much. In a letter to his father he points out in a few words the chances that soldiers have to see some things worth studying: "That variety incident to a military life gives our profession some advantages over those of a more even nature. We have all our passions and affections aroused and exercised, many of which must have wanted their proper employment, had not suitable occasions obliged us to exert them. Few men know their own courage till danger proves them, or how far the love of honour or dread of shame are superior to the love of life. This is a knowledge to be best acquired in an army; our actions are there in presence of the world, to be fully censured or approved."

Great men are always keen to know everything that is really worth while. It is only the little men who find it a bore. But, of course, there are plenty of little men in a regiment, as there are everywhere else in the world. And some of the officers were afraid Wolfe would bother them to do as he did. But he did not. He just set the example, and those who had the sense could follow it. One of his captains wrote home: " Our acting commander here is a paragon. He neither drinks, curses, nor gambles. So we make him our pattern." After a year with him, the officers found him a " jolly good fellow " as well as a pattern. And when he became their lieutenant-colonel at twenty-three, they gave him a dinner that showed he was a prime favourite among them.

Moreover he certainly was at least as well liked by the men. Indeed, he soon became known by a name which speaks for itself — "the soldier's friend."

By and by, Wolfe's regiment marched into the Highlands, where, in 1745–46, he had fought against Prince Charlie. But he kept in touch with what was going on in the world outside. He wrote to Rickson, who had gone to Halifax, to find out for him all he could about the French and British colonies in America. In the same letter, written in 1751, he said he should like to see some Highland soldiers raised for the king's army and sent out there to fight. Eight years after, he was to have a Highland regiment among his own army at Quebec. Other themes filled the letters to his mother. Perhaps he was thinking of Miss Lawson when he wrote: "I have a certain turn of mind that favours matrimony prodigiously. I love children. Two or three manly sons are a present to the world, and the father that offers them sees with satisfaction that he is to live in his successors." And he certainly was thinking gravely of a still higher thing, religion, when he wrote on his twenty-fifth birthday, January 2nd, 1752, to reassure his mother, who was a deeply pious soul and who had asked him never to forget to ask for grace by going down on his knees to God.

Later on in the year Wolfe secured leave of absence, and wrote to his mother in the best of spirits. He asked her to look after all the little things he wished done. "Mr. Pattison sends a pointer to Blackheath; if you will order him to be tied up in your stable, it will oblige me much. If you hear of a servant who can dress a wig it will be a favour done me to engage him. I have another favour to beg of you and you'll think it an odd one: 'tis to order some currant jelly to be made in a crock for my use. It is the custom in Scotland to eat it in the morning with bread." Then he proposed to have a shooting-lodge in the Highlands, long before any other Englishman had ever thought of what is now so common there. "You know what a whimsical sort of person I am. Nothing pleases me now but hunting, shooting, and fishing. I have distant notions of taking a very little house, remote upon the edge of the forest, merely for sport."

In July he left the Highlands, which were then, in some ways, as wild as Labrador is now. About this time there was a map made by a Frenchman in Paris which gave all the chief places in the Lowlands quite rightly, but left the north of Scotland blank, with the words "Unknown land here, inhabited by the Iglandaires!" He went first to Dublin, — "dear, dirty Dublin," as it used to be called, — where his uncle, Major Walter Wolfe, was living. He wrote to his father: "The streets are crowded with people of a large size and well limbed, and the women very handsome. They have clearer skins and fairer complexions than the women in England or Scotland, and are exceeding straight and well made"; which shows that he had the proper soldier's eye for every pretty girl.

Then he went to London, and visited his parents in their new house at the corner of Greenwich Park which stands to-day very much the same as it was then. But he wished to go further still, and, after a great deal of trouble, he was given leave to go to Paris. Lord Bury was a friend of his, and Lord Bury's father, the Earl of Albemarle, was the British ambassador there. So he had a good chance of seeing the best of everything. Perhaps it would be almost as true to say that he had a good chance of seeing the worst of everything. For there were a great many bad men and women at the French court, and a great deal of misery in France; and both the badness and the misery were soon to trouble New France, as Canada was then called, even more than Old France at home.

Wolfe wished to travel about and see the French armies at work, and then go on to Prussia to see how Frederick the Great managed to make his Prussians such good soldiers. But though this was an excellent thing to do, it was then a very new thing for an officer to ask leave to study foreign armies. And the chief men in the British army did not like the idea of such a good colonel being away from his regiment for a year, though he was going only with the object of making himself a still better officer. Perhaps, too, his friends, and even his parents, were just a little afraid that he might join the Prussian or Austrian armies; for it was not, in those days, a very strange thing to join the army of a friendly foreign country. But, whatever the reason was, the long leave was refused, and he saw no more than Paris.

Louis XV was then at the height of his sham greatness. France was a great country, as it is still; but it was badly ruled. Wolfe saw this well enough, and remembered it when the next war broke out. But he was here to see "the capital of civilization," as the people of Paris proudly called their city; and there was a great deal to see, and not all of it bad, either. He wrote home two days after his arrival. "The packet [ferry] did not sail that night, but we embarked at half-an-hour after six in the morning and got into Calais at ten. I never suffered so much in so short a time at sea. The people [in Paris] seem to be very sprightly. The buildings are very magnificent, far surpassing any we have in London. Mr. Selwin has recommended a French master to me, and in a few days I begin to ride in the Academy, but must dance and fence in my own lodgings. Lord Albemarle is come from Fontainebleau. I have very good reason to be pleased with the reception I met with. The best amusement for strangers in Paris is the Opera, and the next is the playhouse. The theatre is a school to acquire the French language, for which reason I frequent it more than the other."

In Paris he met young Philip Stanhope, who was the boy to whom the Earl of Chesterfield wrote the celebrated letters; "but," says Wolfe, "I fancy he is infinitely inferior to his father." Keeping fit, as we call it nowadays, seems to have been Wolfe's first object. He took the same care of himself as the Japanese officers did in the Russo-Japanese War; and for the same reason, that he might be the better able to serve his country well the next time she needed him. Writing to his mother he says: "I am up every morning at or before seven and fully employed till twelve. Then I dress and visit, and dine at two. At five most people go to the public entertainments, which keep you till nine; and at eleven I am always in bed. This way of living is directly opposite to the practice of the place. But no constitution could go through all. Four or five days in the week I am up six hours before any other fine gentleman in Paris. I ride, fence, dance, and have a master to teach me French. I succeed much better in fencing and riding than in the art of dancing, for they suit my genius better; and I improve a little in French. I have no great acquaintance with the French women, nor am likely to have. It is almost impossible to introduce one's self among them without losing a great deal of money, which you know I can't afford; besides, these entertainments begin at the time I go to bed, and I have not health enough to sit up all night and work all day. The people here use umbrellas to defend them from the sun, and something of the same kind to secure them from the rain and snow. I wonder a practice so useful is not introduced into England."

While in Paris Wolfe was asked if he would care to be military tutor to the Duke of Richmond, or, if not, whether he knew of a good officer whom he could recommend. On this he named Guy Carleton, who became the young duke's tutor. Thus three names, afterwards well known in Canada, were all brought together in this way in Paris, long before any of them became celebrated. The Duke of Richmond went into Wolfe's regiment. The next duke became a governor-general of Canada, as did Guy Carleton. And Wolfe — well, he was Wolfe!

One day he was presented to King Louis, from whom, seven years later, he was to wrest Canada. "They were all very gracious as far as courtesies, bows, and smiles go, for the Bourbons seldom speak to anybody." Then he was presented to the clever Marquise de Pompadour, whom he found having her hair done up in the way by which her name is still known to every woman in the world. It was the strange custom of that time for great ladies to receive their friends while the barbers were at work on their hair. "She is extremely handsome and, by her conversation with the ambassador, I judge she must have a great deal of wit and understanding." But it must be remembered that it was the way she made the king waste his money that helped to ruin France and Canada. In the midst of all these gaieties Wolfe never forgot the mother whom he thought "a match for all the beauties." And he sent her "two black laced hoods and a *vestale* for the neck, such as the queen of France wears."

Nor did he forget the much humbler people who looked upon him as "the soldier's friend." He tells his mother that his letters from Scotland have just arrived, and that "the women of the regiment take it into their heads to write to me sometimes." Here is one of their letters, marked on the outside, "The Petition of Anne White":

"Collonnell, — Being a True Noble-hearted Pittyful gentleman and Officer your Worship will excuse these few Lines concerning ye husband of ye undersigned, Sergt. White, who not from his own fault is not behaving as Hee should towards me and his family, although good and faithfull till the middle of November last." You may be sure "Sergt. White" had to behave "as Hee should" when Wolfe returned!

In April, Wolfe, to his immense disgust, was again in Glasgow. "We are all sick, officers and soldiers. In two days we lost the skin off our faces with the sun, and the third were shivering in great coats. My cousin Goldsmith has sent me the finest young pointer that ever was seen; he eclipses Workie, and outdoes all. He sent me a fishing-rod and wheel at the same time, of his own workmanship. This, with a salmon-rod from my uncle Wat, your flies, and my own guns, put me in a condition to undertake the Highland sport. We have plays, we have concerts, we have balls, with dinners and suppers of the most execrable food upon earth, and wine that approaches to poison. The men of Glasgow drink till they are excessively drunk. The ladies are cold to everything but a bagpipe — I wrong them — there is not one that does not melt away at the sound of money."

By the end of this year, however, he had left Scotland for good. He did not relish the country as he saw it. But the times were greatly against his doing so. Glasgow was not at all a pleasant place in those days for any one who had seen much of the world. And the Highlands were full of angry Jacobites, who could never forgive the redcoats for defeating Prince Charlie. Yet Wolfe was not against the Scots as a whole; and we must never forget that he was the first to recommend the raising of those Highland regiments which have fought so nobly in every British war since the mighty one in which he fell.

The next year and part of the one following, 1754–1755, he was at Exeter, where the balls seem to have been more to his taste than those at Glasgow. A lady who knew him well at this time wrote: "He was generally ambitious to gain a tall, graceful woman to be his partner, as well as a good dancer. He seemed emulous to display every kind of virtue and gallantry that would render him amiable."

In 1755 the Seven Years' Peace was coming to an end in Europe, and the shadow of the Seven Years' War was already looming above the horizon in America. Though he did not leave for the front till 1757, Wolfe was constantly receiving orders to be ready, first for one place and then for another. So early as

February 18th, 1755, he wrote to his mother what he then thought might be a farewell letter. It is full of the great war and the personal affairs that were equally dear to his heart. "The success of our fleet in the beginning of the war is of the utmost importance." "It will be sufficient comfort to you both to reflect that the Power which has hitherto preserved me may, if it be His pleasure, continue to do so. If not, it is but a few days more or less, and those who perish in their duty and the service of their country die honourably."

The end of this letter is all about his dogs. "You are to have Flurry instead of Romp. The two puppies I must desire you to keep a little longer. I can't part with either of them, but must find good and secure quarters for them as well as for my friend Cæsar, who has great merit and much good humour. I have given Sancho to Lord Howe, so that I am reduced to two spaniels and one pointer." It is strange that in all the books about dogs which mention the great men who were fond of them — and most great men have been — none say a word about Wolfe. Yet, "my friend Cæsar, who has great merit and much good humour," deserves to be remembered with his kind master, just as much, in his way, as that other Cæsar, the friend of Edward VII, who followed his master to the grave, among the kings and emperors of a mourning world.

CHAPTER IV

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR

1756–1763

Wolfe's Quebec campaign was the very heart of the greatest war that the British Empire ever waged. It was, indeed, the heart of the war that made the Empire. This is the reason why Wolfe, Montcalm, and Quebec are three names so famous that they are known the whole world round, and will be known for ever. But, famous as they are, their real meaning to Canada, the Empire, and the world cannot be understood unless we also understand what the whole war was about, and why it was by far the greatest war Great Britain has ever waged.

Now, to get a good, clear view of anything so wonderfully great, we must first look at the whole of our long British history, to see how it was that France and England ever became such deadly rivals. This will also show us why they can be such good friends to-day, and why they often were friends before. It is quite wrong to suppose that the French and British were always enemies, though they have often been called "historic" and "hereditary" "foes," as if they never could make friends at all. As a matter of fact, they have had many more centuries of peace than war; and now they may, and we all hope they will, continue in perfect peace together. But this happy state of affairs is chiefly because, as the saying is among statesmen, their "vital interests no longer clash"; that is, they do not both desire the same thing so keenly that they have to fight for it.

Their interests do not clash now; but they did twice in the course of their history; and then the two crossed each other's path so often that one or the other had to give way. The first time was when they both wished to rule the same parts of the land of France. The second time was when they both wished to rule the same parts of the seas of the world. Each time there was one war after another, until the whole trouble had been settled by one side beating the other clear off the land or sea.

The first long series of wars took place in the fourteenth century, and for a short time before and quite a long time after. It is known in history as the Hundred Years' War. England held, and was determined to hold, certain parts of France. And France was determined never to rest till she had won them herself. Whatever other things the two nations were supposed to be fighting about at different times, this was always the one cause of strife that never changed and never could change till one side or other had triumphed. And France won. There were glorious English victories at Créçy and Agincourt. Edward III and Henry V were two of the greatest soldiers of any age. But, though the English often won the battles, the French won the war. The French had many more men, they fought near their own homes, and, most important of all, the war was waged chiefly on land. The English had fewer men, they fought far away from their homes, and their ships could not help them much in the middle of the land, except by bringing over soldiers and food to the nearest coast. The end of it all was that the English armies were worn out, and the French armies, always able to raise more and more fresh men, drove them, step by step, out of the land completely.

The second long series of wars took place in the eighteenth century, and for a short time before and after. These wars have never been given one general name; but they should be called the second Hundred Years' War, because that is what they really were. They were very different from the wars that made up the first Hundred Years' War, because this time the fight was for the sea, not for the land. Of course, the navies had a good deal to do with the first Hundred Years' War; and the armies with the second. But the navies were even more important in the second than the armies were in the first. The second Hundred Years' War, the one in which Wolfe did such mighty deeds, began with the fall of the Stuart kings of England in 1688 and went on till the battle of Waterloo in 1815. But the beginning and end that meant most to the Empire were the naval battles of La Hogue in 1692 and Trafalgar in 1805. Since Trafalgar the Empire has been able to keep what it won before, and to go on growing greater and greater, because all its different parts are joined together by the sea, and because the British navy has been, from that day to this, stronger than any other navy.

How the French and British armies and navies fought on opposite sides, either alone or with allies, all over the world, from time to time, for these hundred and twenty-seven years; how all the eight wars with different names formed one long second Hundred Years' War; and how the British navy was the principal force that won the whole of this war, made the Empire, and gave Canada safety then, as it gives her safety now — all this is much too long a story to tell here. But the gist of it may be told in a very few words, at least so far as it concerns the conquest of Canada and the deeds of Wolfe.

We often use the words " Greater Britain " to describe all the parts of the Empire, outside of the old mother country. But we are not by any means the first or the only people who thought of having their nation become an empire beyond the seas. At different times there was a greater Portugal, a greater Spain, a greater Holland, and a greater France. And, but for two things, some or all of these might be where Greater Britain and the United States are to-day; and Greater Britain and the United States might be simply nowhere. The two things that made all the difference in the world were freedom and sea-power. We cannot stop to discuss freedom, because that is more the affair of statesmen; but, at the same time, we must not forget that the side on which Wolfe fought was the side of freedom. The point for us to notice here is, that all the freedom, and all the statesmen, and all the soldiers put together, could never have made a greater Britain, especially against all those other rivals, unless Wolfe's side had also been the side of sea-power.

Now, sea-power means more than fighting power at sea; it means trading power as well. For you cannot trade across the sea against your rivals, if your own ships are taken prisoner and theirs are not. And long before the second Hundred Years' War with France, the other sea-trading empires had been dropping out of the race, because their ships were always in greater danger than those of the British. After the British navy defeated the Spanish Armada in 1588, the Spaniards began, slowly but surely, to lose their chance of making a permanent greater Spain. After the great Dutch War, when Blake defeated Van Tromp in 1653, there was no further chance of a permanent greater Holland. And, even before the Dutch War and the Armada, the Portuguese, who once ruled the Indian Ocean and who had conquered Brazil, were themselves conquered by Spain and shut out from all chance of continuing a greater Portugal.

So the one supreme point to be decided by the second Hundred Years' War lay between only two rivals, France and Britain. Was there to be a greater France or a greater Britain across the seas? And though it takes all sorts to make an empire, just as it takes all sorts to make a world, there is no doubt whatever that all the other sorts put together could never have made a greater Britain without the navy, first and last and always.

Everything that went to make a greater France or a greater Britain had to cross the sea — the men, women, and children; the horses and cattle; and all the various things a civilized people have to take with them when they settle in a new country. Now, every time there was war there were battles at sea, which were nearly always won by the British navy. Then, after each battle, every ship between France and greater France ran more and more risk of being taken, while every ship between Britain and Greater Britain ran a better and better chance of getting safely through. This affected everything on both sides in America. British business went on. French business almost stopped dead. Even the trade with the Indians living inland a thousand miles was changed in favour of the British and against the French, as all the guns and knives and beads and everything else that the white man offered the Indian in exchange for furs had to come across the sea. And the sea was just like an enemy's country to every French ship, and just like her own country to every British ship. When peace came, the French had only enough time to build new ships and start their trade once more before the next war set them back again; while the British had nearly all their old ships, all those they had taken from the French, and still more new ones, because their trade was safer and therefore greater.

But where did Wolfe come in? He came in at the most important time and place of all, and he did the most important deed of all, though he never could have done it without the navy. This brings us to the consideration of how the whole of the second Hundred Years' War was won, not by the navy alone, much less by the army alone, but by the united service of both, fighting like the two arms of one body, the navy being the right arm and the army the left. The heart of the whole second Hundred Years' War was the Seven Years' War; the British part of the Seven Years' War was then called the "Maritime

War," and the heart of the "Maritime War" was the conquest of Canada, in which the death-blow was given by Wolfe.

We shall see presently how navy and army worked together as a united service in "joint expeditions" by sea and land, how Wolfe took part in two joint expeditions before he commanded the land force of the one at Quebec, and how the mighty empire-making statesman, William Pitt, won the day for Britain and Greater Britain, with Lord Anson at the head of the whole navy to help him.

When we say a question is "settled by the sword," we mean a great deal more than that one sword—or any number of swords and guns and rifles—is used against another. We mean that each side sends out all the ships and men it can or will train, and can or will pay for. And the better side, by sea and land together, wins the war. Now, taking "the sword" to mean the whole force used,—in money, men, ships, and everything else,—we can see exactly where Wolfe comes into the conquest of Canada, right at the very heart of the second Hundred Years' War. The whole British Empire was the living body that drew the sword: but the head and hand were Pitt, the hilt was Anson, the blade was Saunders, and the point was Wolfe.

CHAPTER V

LOUISBOURG

1758

In 1755 Wolfe was already writing what he thought were farewell letters before going off to the war. And, that very year, the war did break out in America, and a British army under Braddock, with Washington as his aide-de-camp, was beaten in Ohio by the French and Indians. Next year the French, owing to the failure of Admiral Byng and the British fleet to assist the garrison, were able to capture Minorca in the Mediterranean, and their new general in Canada, Montcalm, Wolfe's great opponent, took Oswego. The triumph of the French fleet at Minorca made the British people furious. Byng was tried by court-martial, found guilty of failure to do his utmost during the engagement, and condemned to death. In spite of Pitt's efforts to save him, the sentence was carried out, and he was shot on the quarter-deck of his own flagship. Two other admirals, Hawke and Saunders, both of whom were soon to see service with Wolfe, were sent out as a " cargo of courage " to retrieve the British position at sea. War had been formally declared by both Great Britain and France. Fleets were fitting out. Armies were mustering. And, best of all, Pitt began to take charge of the war. But Wolfe had not yet received his marching orders.

The next year, 1757, Pitt was not yet in supreme control, and things still went badly for the British at the front. Montcalm took Fort William Henry, and a British fleet and army failed to accomplish anything against Louisbourg. In Europe another British fleet and army were fitted out to go on another joint expedition, this time against Rochefort, a great seaport in the west of France. The senior staff officer, next to the three generals in command, was Wolfe, now thirty years of age.

The admiral in charge of the fleet was

Hawke, as famous a fighter as Wolfe himself. A little later on, when both these great men were known throughout the whole united service, and among the millions in Britain and in Greater Britain too, their names were coupled in countless punning toasts, and patriots from India to Canada would stand up to drink a health to "the eye of a Hawke and the heart of a Wolfe." But Wolfe was not a general yet. And the three pottering old men who were generals at Rochefort could not make up their minds to do anything but talk.

The generals were ordered to take Rochefort by complete surprise. But after spending five days in front of it, so that every Frenchman could see what they had come for, they thought better of making the surprise attack at all, because the enemy had had such a good chance of getting ready to beat them off. However, they still waited and talked; and finally agreed to put the army ashore and make an attack, to save their honour, if for nothing else. But, after keeping their men in the boats for hours, their hearts failed them again, and they decided to sail home.

Wolfe was furious. But, though this joint expedition was a failure, he learned some useful lessons, which he was presently to turn to good account. He saw, at least, what such expeditions should not do; and that a general should act boldly, though wisely, with the fleet. More than this, he had made a plan himself, which his generals were too timid to carry out. And his plan was so good that Pitt, now back in supreme control for the next four years, made a note of it and marked him down for promotion and command.

Both came soon. Pitt was sick of fleets and armies that did nothing but hold councils of war and then come back to say that the enemy could not be safely attacked. He made up his mind to send out real fighters with the next joint expedition. And in 1758 he appointed Wolfe as the junior of the three brigadier-generals under Amherst, who was to join Admiral Boscawen — nicknamed "Old Dreadnought" — in a great expedition meant to take Louisbourg for good and all.

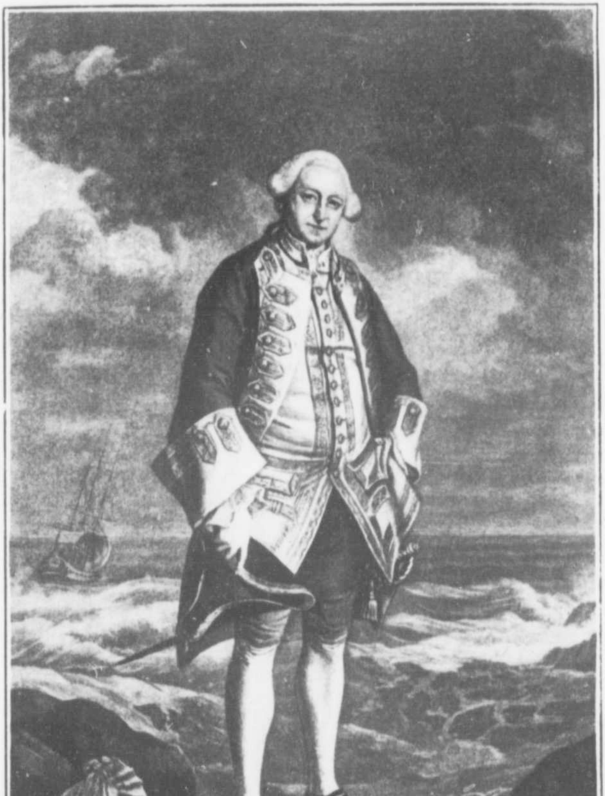
Louisbourg was in the extreme east of Canada, on the island of Cape Breton. It was near the great fishing-grounds and the ship channel into the St. Lawrence. So a fortress there, where French fleets could shelter safely, was like a shield for New France and a sword against New England. In 1745, just before the outbreak of the Jacobite rebellion, an army of New Englanders under Sir William Pepperrell, with the assistance of Commodore Warren's fleet, had taken the fortress. But at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, when Wolfe had just come of age, it was given back to France, partly to save Madras, but chiefly to get the French out of Holland, where they were much more dangerous to the Empire than they ever could have been in Louisbourg. So now, ten years after his first war, Wolfe was going out to America for the first time; and there he was to begin by earning the command of an army of his own, and end by leading that army to the victory that has made his name immortal.

Both French and British strained every nerve, the one to hold, the other to take, the greatest fortress in America. A French fleet sailed from Brest in the spring and arrived safely. But it was not nearly strong enough to attempt a sea-fight off Louisbourg. And the three smaller fleets that were meant to join it were all smashed up off the coast of France by the British, who thus knew, before beginning the siege, that Louisbourg could hardly expect any help from outside. Hawke was one of the British smashers this year. The next year, in Quiberon Bay, he smashed up a much greater force, and so made "the eye of a Hawke and the heart of a Wolfe" work together again, though they were thousands of miles apart, and one directed a fleet, while the other inspired an army.

The fortress of Louisbourg was built beside a fine harbour, with an entrance still further defended by an island. It was garrisoned by about 4,400 soldiers. But some of these were hired Germans, who cared nothing for the French; and the French-Canadians and Indians were not of much use at a regular siege. Boscawen had a large fleet and Amherst an army 12,000 strong. Taking everything into account, by land and sea, the British united service at the siege was quite three times as strong as the French united service. But the French ships, manned by 3,000 sailors, were in a good harbour, and they and the soldiers were defended by good walls with many guns. Besides, the whole defence was conducted by Drucour, as gallant a commander as ever drew sword.

Boscawen was chosen by Pitt much as Wolfe had been, because he was a fighter. He earned his nickname of "Old Dreadnought" from the answer he made one night in the English Channel when the officer of the watch called him to say that two big French ships were sailing down on his single British one. "What are we to do, Sir?" asked the officer. "Do?" shouted Boscawen, springing out of his berth, "Do? — Why, fight 'em, of course!" And they did. Amherst was the slow-and-sure kind of general; but he had the sense to know a good man when he saw one, and to give Wolfe the chance of trying his own quick-and-sure way instead.

A portion of the British fleet under Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Hardy had been cruising off Louisbourg for some time before Boscawen's



ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN

squadron hove in sight on June 2nd. This fleet was followed by more than twice its own number of ships carrying the army. All together, there were 157 British ships, besides Hardy's. Of course, the men could not be landed under the fire of the fortress. But two miles south of it, and running west away from it for miles more, there was an open beach. For several days the Atlantic waves dashed against this open beach so furiously that no boat could live through their breakers. But on the eighth the three brigades of infantry made for three different points, which were two, three, and four miles away from Louisbourg. The French had sent out half the garrison and were ready to shoot down the first boatloads that came in on the rollers. Some of Boscawen's ships moved in as close as they could and threw shells inshore; but without dislodging the enemy.

Each of the three brigades had its own flag, — red, white, or blue. Wolfe's brigade was the red, the one furthest west from Louisbourg, and Wolfe's did the fighting. While the boats bobbed up and down, and the cannon roared, and the waves broke in thunder on the beach, Wolfe was standing up and scanning every inch of the ground to see if there was no place where a few men could get a footing and keep it till the rest had landed. He had first-rate soldiers with him: grenadiers and Highlanders and light infantry.

The boats were now close in, and the French were firing cannon and muskets into them, right and left. One cannon-ball whizzed across Wolfe's own boat and smashed his flagstaff to splinters. Just then three young light infantry officers saw a high ledge of rocks, under shelter of which a few men could form up. Wolfe, directing every movement with a wave of his cane, like Gordon in China a century later, shouted to the others to follow them; and, amid the crashing of artillery and the wild welter of the surf, though many boats were smashed and others upset, and some men were shot and others drowned, the landing was made. "Who were the first ashore?" he asked, as the men were forming up under the ledge. Two Highlanders were pointed out. "Good fellows!" he said, as he went up to them and handed each a guinea.

While the ranks were forming, the French were firing into them, and men were dropping fast. But every gap was closed as fast as it was made; and when Wolfe saw he had enough men, and sprang to the front, the soldiers all charged after him, straight at the batteries on the crest of the rising shore. Here there was some wild work for a minute or two, swords, bayonets, and muskets, all hard at it. But the French now saw, to their dismay, that thousands of other redcoats were clambering ashore, nearer in to Louisbourg, and that these men would cut them off if they waited a moment longer. So they turned and ran, hotly pursued, till they were safe in under the guns of the fortress that now belched forth a deluge of shot and shell against the British, who wisely halted just out of range.

Amherst sat down to a regular siege. His guns, shot, shell, powder, stores, food, tents, and a thousand other things, had all to be landed on the surf-lashed, open beach. But it took more than that to stop the British sailors, who also helped in hauling the whole of this up to the camp by hand. At the camp the left flank of the British army was exposed to the fire of the seven French ships in the almost landlocked harbour. So naval gunners went to the military batteries, as they knew better than soldiers where the weak spots in a ship were, and how to reach them with a shell.

Meanwhile, Wolfe was the busiest man in the army. Louisbourg harbour faces east, runs in westward nearly a mile, and is over two miles from north to south. The north and south points, on either side of its entrance, are only a mile apart. On the south point stood Louisbourg; on the north the lighthouse; and between were several islands, rocks, and bars that narrowed the entrance for ships to only three cables, or a little more than six hundred yards. Wolfe, always quick to find out everything, saw that — as the French did not have men enough for their battery on the west, or inner, shore of the harbour — the north point, where the lighthouse stood, might be seized and used as a British battery to smash up the French batteries on the island at the harbour mouth. The fleet brought round his guns and stores and all other necessaries by sea; and after a tremendous bombardment he silenced every French gun on Goat Island. By carrying out this plan of his own, with Amherst's approval, he left the French nothing but the walls of Louisbourg itself.

Both French and British knew that the fall of Louisbourg was only a question of time. But time was everything to both. The British were anxious to take Louisbourg first and then sail up to Quebec, while Montcalm was engaged in fighting Abercromby's army on Lake Champlain. The French, of course, were anxious to hold out long enough to prevent this. And Drucour was just the man for their purpose, while his wife was as brave as he. She used to go round the batteries cheering up the gunners, and paying no more attention to the British shot and shell than if they had been only fireworks. On June 18th (Waterloo Day) just before Wolfe's lighthouse batteries were ready to open fire, Madame Drucour set sail in the venturesome *Echo*, a little French man-of-war that was making a dash for it, in the hope of carrying the news to Quebec. But, after a gallant fight the *Echo* had to haul down her colours to the *Juno* and the *Sutherland.* We shall hear more of the *Sutherland* at the supreme moment of Wolfe's career.

Nothing French, not even a single man, could now get into or out of Louisbourg. But Drucour still kept up the fight, and sent out parties at night to attack his attackers. One of these surprised a British post, killed Lord Dundonald who commanded it, and retired only after being almost cut off by British reinforcements. When Wolfe silenced the island batteries, he left the entrance open enough for Boscawen to sail in. But Boscawen thought he might lose too many ships by risking it; and the French promptly sank some of their own ships there to keep him out. Yet six hundred British sailors rowed in at night and boarded and took the only two remaining ships. The others had been blown up a month before by the British shells fired by the naval gunners from Amherst's batteries. Drucour was now in a terrible plight. With not a ship left, cut off by land and water, with many men lost by death and wounds, with all the townsfolk wanting to surrender, and with his foreigners and some of his French-Canadians grown downhearted, he had nothing else to do but give in. On July 27th he hauled down the Louisbourg *Fleur-de-lys* for ever. But he had gained his object. It was far too late in the year to begin a new campaign against Quebec.

Wolfe, like Nelson and Napoleon, was never content to "let well enough alone," if anything better could possibly be done. When the news came of Montcalm's great victory over Abercromby at Ticonderoga, he told Amherst he was ready to march inland at once with reinforcements. And after Louisbourg had surrendered, and Boscawen had said it was too late to start for Quebec, he again volunteered to do any further service that Amherst required. The service he was sent on was the soldier's most disgusting duty. But he did it thoroughly, though he would have preferred anything else. He went with Hardy's squadron to destroy the settlements along the Gulf of St. Lawrence, so as to cut off their supplies from the French in Quebec before the next campaign.

After Rochefort Wolfe became a marked man among statesmen, soldiers, and sailors. But after Louisbourg he became an imperial hero. The only other one the army had yet produced in this war was Lord Howe, who had been killed in a skirmish just before Ticonderoga. Wolfe knew Howe well, admired him immensely, and called him " the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the army." He would have served under him gladly. But Howe — young, ardent, gallant, yet profound — was gone; and the hopes of all were centred in Wolfe alone. The war had not been going well, and this was the first victory that the people could really enjoy with all their heart. Wolfe's plan, which was rejected by Amherst, was the best for the landing. Wolfe's brigade was the one that made Amherst's own plan successful. Wolfe's battery was the one that opened the harbour. Wolfe was the man who offered to march at once against the victorious Montcalm. And it was Wolfe who had cut off the Gulf farms and fisheries from Quebec. No wonder the toast was drunk standing, again and again, "Here's to the eye of a Hawke and the heart of a Wolfe!"

The British colonies went wild with delight. Halifax had a state ball, at which Wolfe danced to his heart's content; and you may be sure his partners thought themselves the luckiest girls in all America to be asked by the great, new hero. Boston and Philadelphia had large bonfires and many fireworks. All the chief people of New York attended a gala dinner. Every church had special thanksgivings.

In England the excitement was just as great, and Wolfe's name and fame flew from lip to lip, all over the country. Parliament passed special votes of thanks. Medals were struck to celebrate the event. The king stood on his palace steps to receive the eleven captured colours, which were carried through London in triumph by the Guards and the Household Brigade. And Pitt, the greatest — by far the greatest — of all statesmen who have ever managed people, Parliament, government, navy, and army, all together, in a worldwide imperial war — Pitt, the eagle-eyed, lion-hearted, wise-headed Pitt, at once marked Wolfe down again for higher promotion and, this time, for the command of an army of his own. And ever since the empire year of 1759 the whole world has known that Pitt was right.

CHAPTER VI

QUEBEC

1759

In October, 1758, Wolfe sailed for England with Boscawen, and very nearly saw a naval battle off Land's End with the French fleet returning to France from Quebec. But the enemy slipped away in the dark. On November 1st he landed at Portsmouth. He had been made full colonel of a new regiment, the 67th Foot (Hampshires), and before going home he set off to see it at Salisbury. Ten years later a Russian general saw it at Minorca, and was loud in his praise of its all-round excellence. But Wolfe's successor in command, Sir James Campbell, at once said: "The only merit due to me is the strictness with which I have followed the system introduced by the hero of Quebec." Wolfe's old regiment, the 20th (Lancaster Fusiliers), was now in Germany, fighting under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and was soon to win more laurels at Minden, the first of the three great British victories of 1759 — Minden, Quebec, and Quiberon.

Though far from well Wolfe was as keen as ever about anything that could possibly make him fit for command. He picked out all the best officers with a sure eye. He could have given a list of them off-hand at a moment's notice, not only generals and colonels, like Lord Howe and Carleton, but captains, like Delaune, whom he thought a man made for the campaigns in Canada, and to whom he gave the leadership of the "Forlorn Hope" up the Heights of Abraham. He had also noted in a third member of the great Howe family a born leader of light infantry for Quebec. He was very strong on light infantry, and trained them to make sudden dashes, with a very short but sharp surprise attack, followed by a quick retreat under cover. One day at Louisbourg an officer said this reminded him of what Xenophon wrote about the Carduchians who harassed the rear of the world-famous "Ten Thousand." "I had it from Xenophon" was Wolfe's reply.

Like all great commanders Wolfe knew what other great commanders did and thought, no matter to what age or nation they belonged: Greek, Roman, German, French, British, or any other. Years before this he had recommended a young officer to study the Prussian Army Regulations and Vauban's book on Sieges. And he did not forget to read the lives of men like Scanderbeg and Ziska, who could teach him many unusual lessons. He kept his eyes open everywhere, all his life long, on men and things and books. He recommended Rickson, who was then in Halifax, to read an afterwards famous book called "The Spirit of Laws," by Montesquieu, because it would be useful for the government of a new country. And, writing home to his mother from Louisbourg about this new country, before Canada was conquered, before there was much more than a single million of English-speaking people in the whole New World, and before most people on either side of the Atlantic understood what a great sea-empire meant at all, he said: "This will, sometime hence, be a vast empire, the seat of power and learning. Nature has refused them nothing, and there will grow a people out of our little spot, England, that will fill this vast space, and divide this great portion of the globe with the Spaniards, who are possessed of the other half of it."

On arriving in England Wolfe, of course, reported his presence to the commander-in-chief, Lord Ligonier, whose gallant charge had saved the army at Laffeldt, where Wolfe was wounded. Leave of absence was granted, and the Wolfe family met once more and for the last time. Mrs. Wolfe was now the mother of one General Wolfe and the wife of another. Within a year she was to lose them both. But their name and services remain for ever. Wolfe heartily approved of the help his father had given to his cousin Goldsmith, though it came out of his own inheritance. And he spent most of his scanty spare time in doing kindly acts for humbler friends, not forgetting his four-footed ones.

But, though he said little about it, he must have also snatched some time for Katherine

Lowther, his second love, to whom he was now engaged. All that happened between him and his first love, Miss Lawson, will probably never be known. We know his parents were opposed to his marrying her; and perhaps she may not have been so much in love as he was. But, for whatever reason, they parted. Then he fell in love with beautiful Katherine Lowther, sister to the Earl of Lonsdale and afterwards Duchess of Bolton.

Meanwhile Pitt was making his plans for this great empire year of 1759, the year of Ferdinand at Minden, Wolfe at Quebec, and Hawke in Quiberon Bay. And only a Pitt could carry them out. Before he took the war in hand, nearly everything had gone against the British. And even he could not change the whole course of events in one year's work. Though Clive was the British hero of India in 1757, and Wolfe was the British hero of Louisbourg in 1758, there had hitherto been more defeats than victories. In Europe the British lost Minorca in 1756. In America the French and Indians destroyed Braddock's army in 1755, while Montcalm won victories at Oswego in 1756, at Fort William Henry in 1757, and at Ticonderoga in 1758. More than this, in 1759, the French were preparing fleets and armies to invade England, Ireland, and Scotland; and the British people were thinking of their own defence at home rather than of attacking the French abroad.

But Pitt rightly thought that vigorous attacks from the sea were the best means of defence at home, as well as the best way of making and keeping a greater Britain for the future Empire. And, in spite of all doubts and fears, both Britain and Greater Britain felt so safe in his mighty hands that they allowed him to lead them to victory in his own right way. From London he looked out over the whole world: at France and her allies in the centre, at French India on his left and at French Canada on his right; with the sea dividing his enemies and uniting his friends, if only he could hold it with the British navy.

To carry out his plans Pitt sent a small army and a great deal of money to Frederick the Great, to help him in the middle of Europe against the Russians, Austrians, and French.

At the same time he let Anson put fleets round the coast of France, so that no strong French force could get at Britain or Greater Britain, or go to help greater France, without a sea fight. And then, having cut off Canada from France and taken her outpost at Louisbourg, he struck a death-blow at her heart by sending Saunders, with a quarter of the whole British navy, against Quebec, where the land attack was to be made by Wolfe's little army of 9,000 men. Even this was not the whole of his plan for the conquest of Canada. He also sent a smaller army against the French on the Great Lakes, and a larger one, under Amherst, along the line of Lake Champlain, which points at Montreal. But Quebec was the stronghold of New France, and the fleet and army sent against it formed a force five times as strong as Amherst's army by itself. Each side did its utmost for or against this heart of Canada. But there the sword of France was Montcalm alone; while Pitt fought with a British sword of which the hilt was Anson, the blade was Saunders, and the point was Wolfe.

Pitt did a bold thing when he took a young colonel and asked the king to make him a general and allow him to choose his own brigadiers and staff officers; because, whenever there is a position of honour to be given, the older men do not like being passed over, and all the politicians, who think of themselves first and their country afterwards, wish to put in their own favourites. Then, stupid people often think that men of genius are crazy, and some one told the king that Wolfe was mad. " Mad, is he ? " said the king, remembering all the recent British defeats on land; "then I hope he'll bite some of my other generals! " Wolfe was not able to give any of his seniors his own and Lord Howe's kind of divine " madness " during that war. But he did give a touch of it to many of his juniors; with the result that his Quebec army was better officered than any other British land force of the time.

The three brigadiers next in command to Wolfe—Monckton, Townshend, and Murray—were not chosen because they were all sons of peers, but because, like Howe and Boscawen, they were first-rate officers as well. Barré and Carleton were the two chief men on the staff. Each became celebrated in later days, Barré in Parliament and Carleton as the saviour of Canada from the Americans in 1775-76 and the first British governor-general. Williamson, the best gunnery expert in the whole army, commanded the artillery. The only trouble was Townshend, who thought himself, and whose family and political friends thought him, at least as good, if not a better general than Wolfe. But even Townshend did his duty well. The army at Halifax was supposed to be 12,000, but really it was only 9,000, because of the number of men who sickened and died during the winter, when rascally contractors, in spite of all the officers could do, kept on supplying them with bad food. Indeed, if it had not been for what the officers did for their men, in the way of buying better food, at great cost, out of their own not well-filled pockets, there might have been no army at all to greet Wolfe on his arrival.

The fleet was the greatest that had ever sailed across the seas. It included one-quarter of the whole Royal Navy. There were 49 men-of-war manned by 14,000 sailors and marines. As there were also more than 200 transports, store ships, provision ships, etc., manned by about 6,000 merchant seamen, there were at least twice as many sailors as soldiers at the taking of Quebec. Saunders was a splendid admiral. He had been flag-lieutenant during Anson's famous voyage round the world. Then he was Hawke's best fighting captain during the war in which Wolfe was learning his work at Dettingen and Laffeldt; and then Hawke's second-in-command of the "cargo of courage" sent out after Byng's disgrace at Minorca. After Quebec he crowned his fine career by being one of the best First Lords that ever ruled the navy. Durell, his next in command, was a slower kind of naval Amherst. But Holmes, the third admiral, was first-rate all round. Hood afterwards served under Holmes and Nelson under Hood. But a closer link with "mighty Nelson" was Jervis, who took charge of Wolfe's personal belongings at Quebec the night before the battle, and who was Nelson's commander-in-chief many years later. Another captain at Quebec, who afterwards became a great admiral, was Hughes, famous for his fights in India. And a man who became still more celebrated was Captain Cook, the circumnavigator.

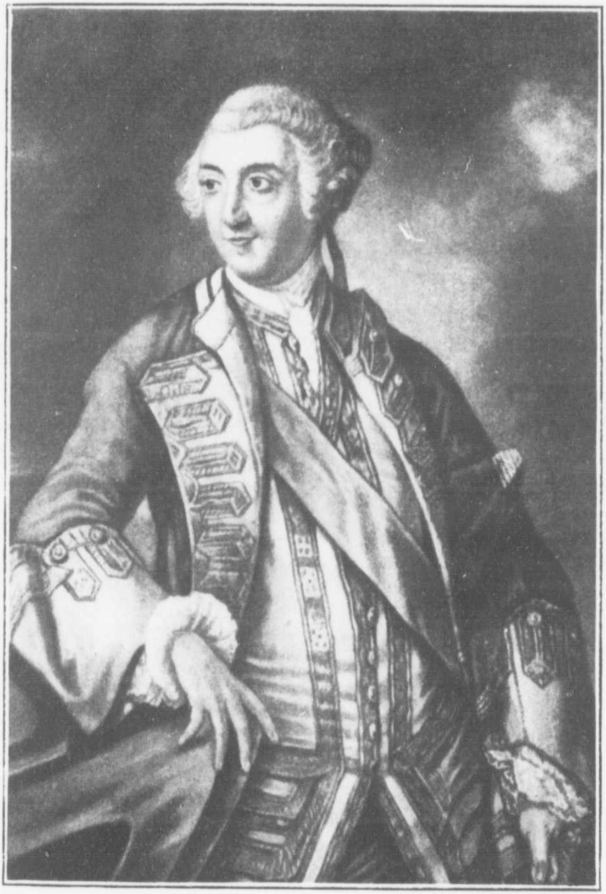
There was a busy scene at Portsmouth on February 17th, when Saunders and Wolfe sailed in the flagship, H. M. S. *Neptune*, of 90 guns and a crew of 750 men. She was one of the well-known old "three-deckers," those "wooden walls of England" that kept the Empire safe while it was growing up. The guard of redcoated marines presented arms, and the hundreds of bluejackets were all in their places as the two commanders stepped on board. The naval officers on the quarter-deck were very spick and span in their black three-cornered hats, white wigs, long, bright blue, gold-laced coats, white waistcoats and breeches and stockings, and buckled shoes. The idea of having naval uniforms of blue and white and gold — colours that are worn to-day — came from the king's seeing the pretty Duchess of Bedford in a blue-and-white riding-habit, which so charmed him that he swore he would make the officers wear the same for the uniforms just then being newly tried.

The sailors were also in blue and white; but not so spick and span as the officers. They were a very rough-and-ready-looking lot. They wore small, soft, three-cornered black hats, bright blue jackets, open enough to show their coarse white shirts, a pair of coarse white duck trousers, shoes but no stockings on shore and bare feet on board. They carried cutlasses and pistols, and wore their hair in pigtails. They would be a surprising sight to modern eyes. But not so much so as the women! Ships and regiments in those days always had a certain number of women for washing and mending the clothes. There was one to about every twenty men. They drew pay and were under regular orders, just like the soldiers and sailors. Sometimes they gave a willing hand in action, helping the " powder-monkeys " — boys who had to pass the powder from the barrels to the gunners — or even taking part in a siege, as at Louisbourg, where, according to Wolfe's letter to Lord George Sackville, they turned out, of their own free will, to help in dragging up the guns.

The voyage was long, rough, and cold, and Wolfe was as sea-sick as ever. Strangely enough, these ships coming out to the conquest of Canada under St. George's cross made land on St. George's Day near the place where Cabot had raised St. George's cross over Canadian soil before Columbus had set foot in North America. And you will remember that when Wolfe and his brother were boys, they used to listen to their father's tales of war beside the old fireplace at Westerham which bore the arms of Cabot's king, Henry VII, the father of the same Royal Navy now bearing Wolfe to his own campaign. But though April 23rd might be a day of good omen, it was a very bleak one that year off Cape Breton, where the ice was packed for miles and miles along the coast. On the thirtieth the fleet entered Halifax and found slow old Durell still there. He was hurried off on May 5th with eight men-of-war and 700 soldiers under Carleton. He had to try to stop any French ships from getting up to

Quebec, a thing he ought to have done before, in spite of the bad weather and his sick men. He also had to put Carleton ashore at Isle-aux-Coudres, an island commanding the channel sixty miles below Quebec, and mark out a passage for the fleet through the ' Traverse " at the lower end of the Island of Orleans, thirty miles below Quebec.

On the thirteenth Saunders sailed for Louisbourg, where the whole expedition was to meet and get ready. Here Wolfe spent the rest of May, working every day and all day. His army, with the exception of 900 American rangers, consisted of seasoned British regulars, with all the weaklings left behind; and it did his heart good to see them on parade. There was the 15th, whose officers still wear a line of black braid on their uniforms in mourning for his death. Then the 28th, 43rd, 47th, 48th, and 58th. All these were English regiments. The 35th had been forty years in Ireland, and was Irish to a man. The whole seven regiments were dressed very much alike: three-cornered, stiff, black hats with black cockades, white wigs, long-tailed red coats



SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS

turned back with blue or white in front, where they were fastened only at the neck, white breeches, and long, white gaiters coming over the knee. The Scottish regiment was the 78th, or "Fraser's," Highlanders, one of the regiments Wolfe first recommended and Pitt first raised. The Highlanders wore "bonnets" like a high Tam o' Shanter, with one white curly feather on the left side. Their red coats were faced with yellow, and they wore the Fraser plaid hung from the shoulders and caught up, loopwise, on both hips. Their kilts were very short and not pleated. Badger sporrans, showing the head in the middle, red-and-white-diced hose, and buckled brogues completed their wild but martial dress, which was well set off by the dirks and claymores that swung to the stride of the mountaineer.

Each regiment had one company of grenadiers, picked out for their size, strength, and steadiness, and one company of light infantry, picked out for their quickness and marksmanship. Sometimes all the grenadier companies would be put together in a separate battalion, and the same done with the light infantry companies, which were then led by Colonel Howe. But Wolfe also made up a small three-company battalion of picked grenadiers from the five regiments that were being left behind at Louisbourg to guard the Maritime Provinces; and this little battalion became famous at Quebec as the Louisbourg grenadiers. The grenadiers all wore red and white, like the rest, except that their coats were buttoned up the whole way, and instead of the three-cornered hats they wore high ones like a bishop's mitre. The artillery wore blue-gray coats turned back with red, yellow braid, and half-moon-shaped black hats, with the points outwards over the shoulders.

The only remaining regiment is of even greater interest to Canadians. It was the 60th Foot, then called the Royal Americans, and now the King's Royal Rifle Corps. It was the first regiment of regulars ever raised in Greater Britain, the first to have black colours and black facings, and the first to introduce the rifle green uniform, now known all over the Empire. Many of its officers and men, with their families, who returned from the conquest of Canada to what became the United States, came back again to Canada as United Empire Loyalists. This was their first war; and they did so well in it that Wolfe gave them the rifleman's motto they still bear, in token of their smartness and dash — *Celer et Audax*. Unfortunately, for the first ten years of their existence, 1755 to 1765, they did not wear the rifle green, which came from the green jackets of the backwoodsmen who used to enlist in their ranks. But, though they wore the same kind of red coats as the rest, these coats were turned back on the breast and at the wrists with black laced with silver. They also wore orange waistcoats, bright canary breeches, and black gaiters. So that, carrying their black flag — with St. George's cross and the Union Jack on it — and led by their buglers and drummers in scarlet and gold, like state trumpeters, they could not, even at a distance, be mistaken for any other regiment.

On June 6th Saunders and Wolfe sailed for Quebec with 141 ships. His work in getting his army safely off being over, Wolfe sat down alone in his cabin to make his will. His first thought was for Katherine Lowther, who was to have her own portrait, which he carried with him, set in jewels and given back to her. Warde, Howe, and Carleton were each remembered. He left all his residue to "my good mother," his father having died. And more than a third of the whole will was taken up with providing for his servants. No wonder he was called "the soldier's friend!"

There was a thrilling scene at Louisbourg as regiment after regiment marched down to the shore, with drums beating, bugles sounding, and colours flying. Every night, after drinking the king's health, they had drunk another toast — "British colours on every French fort, port, and garrison in North America" — and here they were, the pick of the army and navy, off with Wolfe to raise those colours over Quebec, which, by itself, was more important than all America besides. On they sailed, all together, till they reached the Saguenay, 120 miles below Quebec. And here, on the afternoon of the twentieth, the sun shone down on a sight such as the New

World had never seen before, and never has seen since. The river narrows afterwards and is full of shoals and islands; so this was the last day the whole 141 ships sailed together in their three divisions, under those three ensigns — " The Red, White, and Blue " — which have made the British navy loved, feared, and famous round the seven seas. What a sight it was! Thousands and thousands of soldiers and sailors crowded those scores and scores of high-decked ships; and hundreds and hundreds of swelling sails gleamed white against the sun, across the twenty miles of blue St. Lawrence.

But Wolfe was not there to see it. He had gone forward the day before. A despatch boat had come down from Durell to say that Bougainville, Montcalm's ablest brigadier, had slipped through with twenty-three ships from France, bringing out a few men and a good deal of ammunition, stores, and food. Besides, Montcalm had found out Pitt's plan; and nobody knew where the only free French fleet was now. It had wintered in the West Indies. But had it sailed for France or the

St. Lawrence? At the first streak of dawn on the twenty-third Durell's look-out at Isle-aux-Coudres reported many ships coming up the river under a press of sail. Could the French West Indian fleet have slipped in ahead of Saunders, as Bougainville had slipped in ahead of Durell himself? It was an exciting moment there, in Durell's squadron and Carleton's camp, in the pale, gray light of early morning, as the bugles sounded, the boatswains blew their whistles and roared their orders, and all hands came tumbling up from below and ran to their battle quarters with a rush of bare feet. But the incoming vanship made the private signal, and both sides knew that all was well.

For a whole week the 141 ships worked their way through the narrow channel between Isle-aux-Coudres and the north shore, and then dared the dangers of the Traverse, below the Island of Orleans, where the French had never passed more than one ship at a time, and that only with the greatest caution. But the British sailors took their whole fleet through quite easily, and without a single accident. In two days the great Captain Cook sounded and marked out the channel better than the French had in a hundred and fifty years; and the British officers handled their vessels in these French waters better without than with French pilots. Old Captain Killick took the *Goodwill* through himself, just next ahead of the *Richmond*, on board of which was Wolfe. The captured French pilot in the *Goodwill* was sure she would be lost if she did not go slow and take more care. But Killick laughed at him and said: "I'll convince you an Englishman can go where a Frenchman daren't show his nose!" And he did.

On June 26th Wolfe arrived at the Island of Orleans, in full view of Quebec. The twenty days' voyage from Louisbourg had ended and the twelve weeks' siege had begun.

At this point we must take the map and never put it aside till the battle is over. A whole book could not possibly make Wolfe's work plain to any one, even a second Wolfe-and-Montcalm together, without the map. But with the map we can easily follow every move in this, the greatest crisis in both Wolfe's career and Canada's history.

What Wolfe saw and found out was enough to daunt any general. He had a very good army, but it was small. He could count upon the help of a mighty fleet, but even British fleets cannot climb hills or make an enemy come down and fight. On the other hand, Montcalm was weakened by many things. The governor, Vaudreuil, was a vain, fussy, and spiteful fool. The intendant, Bigot, was the greatest knave ever seen in Canada, and the head of a gang of official thieves who robbed the country and the wretched French-Canadians right and left. The French army, all together, numbered nearly 17,000, almost twice Wolfe's own. But the French regulars formed hardly a quarter. The bulk of it was militia, half-starved and badly armed. And Vaudreuil and Bigot could and did interfere, at every turn, with the five different forces that should have been made into one army under Montcalm alone — the French regulars, the Canadian regulars, the Canadian militia, the French sailors ashore, and the Indians. But Montcalm's duty was not to drive Wolfe away, or even to keep Amherst out of Canada. All he had to do was to hold Quebec throughout the summer; after that the fleet would have to leave. Then, if only Quebec were held, a change in the fortunes of war, or a treaty of peace, might still leave Canada in French hands. So Wolfe had either to tempt Montcalm out of Quebec or get into it himself. And he soon saw that he would have to do this with the help of Saunders alone; for Amherst was crawling forward so slowly that he did not reach even the neighbourhood of Montreal.

Montcalm's position certainly looked secure for the summer. His left flank was guarded by the Montmorency, a swift river that could be forded only by a few men at a time in a narrow place, some miles up, where the dense bush would give every chance to the Indians and Canadians. His centre was guarded by entrenchments running from the Montmorency to the St. Charles, six miles of ground, rising higher and higher towards Montmorency, all of it defended by the best troops and the bulk of the army, and none of it having an inch of cover for an enemy in front. The mouth of the St. Charles was blocked by booms and batteries. Quebec is a natural fortress; and above Quebec the high, steep cliffs stretched for miles and miles. These cliffs could be climbed by a few men in several places; but nowhere by a whole army, if any defenders were there in force. And the British fleet could not land an army without being seen soon enough to draw plenty of defenders to the same spot. Forty miles above Quebec the St. Lawrence channel narrowed to only a quarter of a mile, and the down current became very swift indeed. Above this was the small French fleet, which could have stopped a much larger one trying to get up, or could even block most of the way by sinking some of its own ships. Besides all these defences of man and nature, the French had floating batteries along the north shore; and they also held the Levis Heights on the south shore, opposite Quebec, so that ships crowded with helpless infantry could not, without terrible risk, run through the Narrows between, barely a thousand yards wide.

A down-river gale was the first trouble for the British fleet. Many of the transports broke loose, and a good deal of damage was done to small vessels and boats. Next night the ebb-tide, running five miles an hour, brought down seven French fireships, which suddenly burst into flame as they rounded the Point of Levy. Then there was a display of devil's fireworks such as few men have ever seen or could imagine. Sizzling, crackling, and roaring, the blinding flames leaped into the jet-black sky, lighting up the camps of both armies, where thousands of soldiers watched these engines of death sweep down on the fleet. Each of the seven ships was full of mines, which kept blowing up and hurling shot and shell in all directions. The crowded mass of British vessels seemed doomed to destruction. But the first spurt of fire had hardly been noticed before the men in the guard boats began to row to the rescue. Swinging the grappling-hooks round at arm's length, as if they were heaving the lead, the bluejackets made the fireships fast, the officers shouted, "Give way!" and presently the whole infernal flotilla was safely stranded. But it was a close thing and very hot work, as one of the happy-go-lucky Jack tars said with more force than grace, when he called out to the boat beside him: "Hullo, mate! Did you ever take hell in tow before?"

Vaudreuil now made Montcalm, who was under his orders, withdraw the men from the Levis Heights. Wolfe, delighted, at once occupied the same place, with half his army and most of his guns. Then he seized the far side of the Montmorency and made his main camp there, without, however, removing his hospitals and stores from the island. So he now had three camps, not divided, but joined together, by the St. Lawrence, where the fleet could move about between them in spite of anything the French could do. He then marched up the Montmorency to the fords, to try the French strength there, and to find out if he could cross the river, march down the open ground behind Montcalm, and attack him from the rear. But he was repulsed at the first attempt, and saw that he could do no better at a second. Meanwhile his Levis batteries began a bombardment which lasted two months and reduced Quebec to ruins. But he seemed as far off from capturing the city as ever.

He felt he must try something decisive, even if desperate too. And so he planned an attack by land and water on the French left from the open beach. Both French and British were hard at work on July 31st. In the morning Wolfe sent one regiment marching up the Montmorency, as if to try the fords again, and another, also in full view of the French, up along the St. Lawrence from the Levis batteries, as if it were to be taken over by the ships to the north shore above Quebec. Meanwhile Monckton's brigade was starting from the Point of Levy in row-boats, the *Centurion* was sailing down to the mouth of the Montmorency, two armed transports were being purposely run ashore on the beach at the top of the tide, and the *Pembroke*, *Trent*, *Lowestoff*, and *Racehorse* were taking up positions to cover the boats.

The men-of-war and Wolfe's batteries at Montmorency then opened fire on the point he wished to attack; and both of them kept it up for eight hours, from ten till six. All this time the Levis batteries were doing their utmost against Quebec. But Montcalm was not to be fooled. He saw that Wolfe intended to storm the entrenchments at the point at which the cannon were firing, and he had the best of his army ready to defend it.

Wolfe and the Louisbourg grenadiers were in the transports when they grounded at ten o'clock. To his disgust and Captain Cook's surprise the two ships stuck fast in the mud nearly half a mile from shore. So the grenadiers' muskets were useless against the advanced French redoubt, which stood at high-water mark, and which overmatched the transports, because both of these had grounded in such a way that they could not bring their guns to bear in reply. Wolfe's cane was knocked out of his hand by a cannon ball. Shells were bursting over the deck, smashing the masts to pieces and sending splinters of wood and iron flying about among the helpless grenadiers and gunners. There was nothing to do but order the men back to the boats and wait. The tide was not low till four. The weather was scorchingly hot. A thunderstorm was brewing. The redoubt could not be taken. The transports were a failure. And every move had to be made in full view of the watchful Montcalm, whose entrenchments at this point were on the top of a grassy hill nearly two hundred feet above the muddy beach.

But Wolfe still thought he would try the main attack at low tide, although he had not been able to prepare for it at high. His Montmorency batteries seemed to be pitching their shells very thickly into the French, and his three brigades of infantry were all ready to act together at the right time. So, for the hottest hours of that scorching day, Monckton's men grilled in the boats and Townshend's and Murray's waited in camp. At four the tide was low and Wolfe ordered a landing.

The tidal flats ran out much farther than any one had supposed. The heavily laden boats stuck on an outer ledge and had to be cleared, shoved off, refilled with soldiers, and brought round to another place. It was now nearly six o'clock; and both sides were eager for the fray. Townshend's and Murray's brigades had forded the mouth of the Montmorency and were marching along to support the attack, when the grenadiers spoiled it all! Wolfe had ordered the Louisbourg grenadiers and the ten other grenadier companies of the army to form up and rush the redoubt. But, what with the cheering of the sailors as they landed the rest of Monckton's men, and their own eagerness to come to close quarters at once, the Louisbourg men suddenly charged before everything was ready, the rest followed them pell-mell, and in less than five minutes the redoubt was swarming with excited grenadiers, while the French who had held it were clambering up the grassy hill into the safer entrenchments.

But the redoubt was no place to stay in. It had no shelter towards its rear; and dozens of French cannon and thousands of French muskets were firing into it from the heights. There was no holding the men now. They broke into another mad charge, straight at the hill. As they reached it, amid a storm of musket balls and grape-shot, the heavens joined in with another terrific storm of their own. The rain burst in a perfect deluge; and the hill became almost too slippery to climb, even if there had been no enemy pouring death-showers of fire from the top. Wolfe had immediately sent officers running after the grenadiers to make them come back from the redoubt, and these now passed the word to retire at once. This time the grenadiers, all that were left of them, obeyed. Their two mad rushes had not lasted a quarter of an hour. But nearly half of the thousand men they started with were lying dead or wounded on that fatal ground.

Wolfe now saw he was hopelessly beaten and that there was not a minute to lose in getting away. The boats could take only Monckton's men; and the rising tide would soon cut off Townshend's and Murray's from their camp beyond the mouth of the Montmorency. The two stranded transports, from which Wolfe had hoped so much that morning, were set on fire; and under cover of their smoke and the curtain of torrential rain, Monckton's crestfallen men got into their boats once more. Townshend's and Murray's brigades, furious at not being brought into action, turned to march back the way they had come so eagerly only an hour before. They moved off in perfect order; but as they left the battlefield they waved their hats in defiance at the jeering Frenchmen, challenging them to come down and fight it out with bayonets, hand-to-hand.

Many gallant deeds were done that afternoon; but none more gallant than those of Captain Ochterloney and Lieutenant Peyton, both grenadier officers in the Royal Americans. Ochterloney had been wounded in a duel; but he said his country's honour came before his own, and, sick and wounded as he was, he spent all those hot hours in the boats without a murmur and did all he could to form his men up under fire. In the second charge he fell, shot through the lungs, and Peyton beside him, shot through the leg. When Wolfe called the grenadiers back, a rescue party wanted to carry both officers off, to save them from scalping. But Ochterloney said he would never leave the field after such a defeat; and Peyton said he would never leave his captain.

Presently a Canadian regular came up with two Indians, grabbed Ochterloney's watch, sword, and money, and left the Indians to finish him. One of these savages clubbed him with a musket, while the other shot him in the chest and dashed in with a scalping-knife. In the meantime, Peyton had crawled on his hands and knees to a double-barrelled musket, shot the first Indian dead and missed the second. This one now left Ochterloney, picked up a bayonet and rushed at Peyton, who drew his dagger. There was a terrible life-and-death fight in which Peyton at last got a good point well driven home, straight through the Indian's heart. But a whole scalping party was now in sight. Ochterloney was apparently dead, and Peyton was too exhausted to fight any more. Fortunately, just at this moment, another British party came back for the rest of the wounded and carried Peyton off to the boats.

Then the Indians came back to scalp Ochterloney. But by this time some French regulars had come down, and one of them, finding Ochterloney still alive, drove off the Indians at the point of the bayonet, secured help, and carried him up the hill. Montcalm had him carefully taken into the General Hospital, where he was tenderly nursed by the nuns. Two days after he was rescued, a French officer came out for his clothes and other things; and Wolfe sent in a hundred dollars for his rescuer, with a promise that the General Hospital would be specially protected if the British took Quebec. Towards the end of August Ochterloney died; and both sides ceased firing while a French captain came out to report his death and return his effects.

This was by no means the only time the two enemies treated each other like friends. A party of French ladies were among the prisoners brought in to Wolfe one day; and they certainly had no cause to complain of him. He gave them a dinner, at which he charmed them all by telling them about his visit to Paris; and the next morning he sent them into

Quebec with his aide-de-camp, under a flag of truce. Another time the French officers sent him some wine which could not be had in the British camp, and he sent them some which could not be had in their own.

But the stern work of war went on and on, though the weary month of August did not seem to bring victory any closer than disastrous July. Wolfe knew that September was to be the end of the campaign, the now-or-never of his whole career. And, knowing this, he set to work — head and heart and soul — on making it the now.

CHAPTER VII

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

September 13th, 1759

On August 19th an aide-de-camp came out of the farm house at Montmorency which served as the headquarters of the British army, to say that Wolfe was too ill to rise from his bed. The bad news spread like wildfire through the camp and fleet, and soon became known among the French. A week passed; but Wolfe was no better. Tossing about on his bed in a fever, he thought bitterly of his double defeat, of the fatal month of September, of the grim strength of Quebec, formed by nature for a stronghold, and then — worse still — of his own weak body, which made him most helpless just when he should have been most fit for his duty.

Feeling that he could no longer lead in person, he dictated a letter to the brigadiers, sent them the secret instructions he had received from Pitt and the king, and asked them to think over his three new plans for attacking Montcalm at Beauport. They wrote back to say they thought the defeats at the upper fords of the Montmorency and at the Heights facing the St. Lawrence showed that the French could not be beaten by attacking the Beauport lines again, no matter from what side the attack was made. They then gave him a plan of their own, which was, to convey the army up the St. Lawrence and fight their way ashore somewhere between Cap Rouge, nine miles above Quebec, and Pointe-aux-Trembles, twenty-two miles above. They argued that if a landing could be made there, then Montcalm could be cut off from Three Rivers and Montreal, from which his army drew its supplies. Wolfe's letter was dictated from his bed of sickness on the twenty-sixth. The brigadiers answered him on the twenty-ninth. And Saunders talked it all over with him on the thirty-first. Before this the fate of Canada was an affair of weeks. Now it was a matter of days; for the morrow would dawn on the very last possible month of the siege — September.

After his talk with Saunders Wolfe wrote his last letter to his mother, telling her of his desperate plight: "The enemy puts nothing to risk, and I can't in conscience put the whole army to risk. My antagonist has wisely shut himself up in inaccessible entrenchments, so that I can't get at him without spilling a torrent of blood, and that perhaps to little purpose. The Marquis de Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers and I am at the head of a small number of good ones, that wish for nothing so much as to fight him; but the wary old fellow avoids an action, doubtful of the behaviour of his army. People must be of the profession to understand the disadvantages and difficulties we labour under, arising from the uncommon natural strength of the country."

On September 2nd he wrote his last letter to Pitt. He had asked the doctors to "patch him up," saying that if they could make him fit for duty only for the next few days, they need not trouble about what happened to him after. Their "patching up" certainly cleared his fevered brain, for this letter was a most masterly account of the whole siege and the plans just laid to bring it to an end. The style was so good, indeed, that Charles Townshend said his brother George must have been the real author, and that Wolfe, whom he dubbed "a fiery-headed fellow, only fit for fighting," could not have done any more than sign his name. But when George Townshend's own official letter about the battle was also published, and was found to be nothing like so good as Wolfe's, Selwyn went up to Charles Townshend and said: "Look here, Charles, if your brother wrote Wolfe's letter, who wrote your brother's?"

Wolfe did not try to hide anything from Pitt. He told him plainly about the two defeats and the terrible difficulties in the way of winning any victory. The whole letter is too long for quotation, and odd scraps from it give no idea of how well Wolfe wrote. But here are a few which tell the gist of the story: "I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the generals to consult together.

They are all of opinion, that, as more ships and provisions are now got above the town, they should try, by conveying up five thousand men, to draw the enemy from his present position and bring him to an action. I have acquiesced in their proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution. The admiral will readily join in any measure for the public service. There is such a choice of difficulties that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain I know require the most vigorous measures. You may be sure that the small part of the campaign which remains shall be employed, as far as I am able, for the honour of His Majesty and the interest of the nation. I am sure of being well seconded by the admirals and generals; happy if our efforts here can contribute to the success of His Majesty's arms in any other part of America."

On the thirty-first, the day he wrote to his mother and had his long talk with Saunders, Wolfe began to send his guns and stores away from the Montmorency camp. Carleton managed the removal very cleverly; and on

September 3rd only the five thousand infantry that were to go up the St. Lawrence were left there. Wolfe was trying to tempt Montcalm to attack him. Montcalm knew better, and half suspected that Wolfe himself might make another attack on the Beauport lines. When everything was ready, all the men at the Point of Levy who could be spared put off in boats and rowed over, just as Monckton's men had done on the disastrous July 31st. At the same time the main division of the fleet, under Saunders, made as if to support the boats, while the Levis batteries thundered against Quebec. Carleton gave the signal from the beach when the tide was high; and the whole five thousand infantry marched down the hill, got into their boats, and rowed over to where the other boats were waiting. The French now prepared to defend themselves at once. But as the two divisions of boats came together, they both rowed off through the gaps between the men-of-war. Wolfe's army had broken camp and got safely away, right under the noses of the French, without the loss of a single man.

A whole week, from September 3rd to 10th, was then taken up with trying to see how the brigadiers' plan could be carried out.

The idea of this plan was a good one. An army is harder to supply than a town would be if taken up bodily and moved about the country. It makes no supplies itself, but uses up a great deal. It must have food, clothing, arms, ammunition, stores of all kinds, and everything it needs to keep it fit for action. So it must also have what are called "communications" with the places from which it gets these supplies. Now, Wolfe's and Montcalm's armies were both supplied along the St. Lawrence, Wolfe's from below and Montcalm's from above. But Wolfe had no trouble about the safety of his own "communications," which were managed and protected by the fleet. Even before he first saw Quebec, a convoy of supply ships had sailed from the Maritime Provinces for his army under the charge of a man-of-war. And so it went on all through the siege. Including forty-nine men-of-war, there were no less than 277 British vessels that sailed up to

Quebec during this campaign; and not one of them was lost on the way, though the St. Lawrence had then no lighthouses, buoys, and other things to show the channel, as it has now, and though the British officers themselves were compelled to take the ships through the worst places in these foreign and little-known waters. There were abundant supplies for the British army the whole time, thanks to the fleet.

But Montcalm was in a very different plight. Since Wolfe and Hardy had laid waste the coast of Gaspé the previous fall, the supply of sea-fish had almost failed. Now the whole country below Quebec was cut off by the fleet, while most of the country round Quebec was being laid waste by the army. Wolfe's orders were that no man, woman, or child, was to be touched, nor any house or other buildings burnt, if his own men were not attacked. But if the men of the country fired at his soldiers, they were to be shot down, and everything they had was to be destroyed. Of course, women and children were strictly protected, under all circumstances, and no just complaint was ever made against the British for hurting a single one. But as the men persisted in firing, the British fired back and destroyed the farms where the firing took place, on the fair-play principle that it is right to destroy whatever is used to destroy you.

So, except at a few little villages where the men did not fire on the soldiers, the country all round Quebec was like a desert, as far as supplies for the French were concerned. The only way anything could be had for their camp was by bringing it down the St. Lawrence from Montreal, Sorel, and Three Rivers. French vessels would come down as far as they dared and then send the supplies on in barges, which kept close in under the north shore above Quebec, where the French outposts and batteries protected them from the British men-of-war that were pushing higher and higher up the river. Supplies could also come down by being landed above where the British vessels were. But as a hundred tons came far more easily by water than one ton by land, it is not hard to see that Montcalm's men could not hold out long if the St. Lawrence was closed to supplies.

Wolfe, Montcalm, the brigadiers, and every one else on both sides knew this perfectly well. But, as it was now September, the fleet could not go far up the much harder channel towards Montreal. If it did, and took Wolfe's army with it, the few French men-of-war might dispute the passage, and some sunken ships might block the way, at all events for a time. Besides, the French were preparing to repulse any landing far up, and with good prospect of success, because the country favoured their irregulars. Then, if Wolfe did land many miles up, Montcalm might still hold out far down in Quebec for the few days remaining till October. If, on the other hand, the fleet went up and left Wolfe's men behind, Montcalm would be safer than ever at Beauport and Quebec; because, how could Wolfe reach him without a fleet when he had failed to do so with one?

The life-and-death question for Wolfe was how to land close enough above Quebec and soon enough in September to make Montcalm fight it out on even terms and in the open field.

The brigadiers' plan seemed all right till they tried to work it out. Then they found troubles in plenty.

There were several places for them to land between Cap Rouge, nine miles above Quebec, and Pointe-aux-Trembles, thirteen miles higher still. Ever since July 18th British vessels had been passing to and fro above Quebec; and in August Murray, under the guard of Holmes's squadron, had tried his brigade against Pointe-aux-Trembles, where he was beaten back, and at Deschambault, twenty miles farther up, where he took some prisoners and burnt some supplies. So Montcalm had been keeping Bougainville on the lookout, especially round Pointe-aux-Trembles, for several weeks before the brigadiers arranged their plan. Bougainville now had 2,000 infantry, all the mounted men, — nearly 300, — and all the best Indian and Canadian scouts, along the thirteen miles of shore between Cap Rouge and Pointe-aux-Trembles. His land and water batteries had also been made much stronger. And he and Montcalm could send messages to each other and have an answer back within four hours.

On the seventh Wolfe and the brigadiers had a good look at every spot round Pointe-aux-Trembles. On the eighth and ninth the brigadiers were still there; while five transports sailed past Quebec on the eighth to join Holmes, who commanded the up-river squadron. There were now two of Wolfe's brigades on board the transports with Holmes. But the whole three were needed. And here was another difficulty. Wolfe could not bring the third brigade, under cover of night, from the Island of Orleans and the Point of Levy, and land it with the rest twenty miles up the river before daylight. The tides ran up barely five hours and down more than seven. The winds were mostly down. And if the men marched twenty miles at night across very rough country on the south shore, they could not be ferried over to the north side before dawn. Then, only one brigade could be put ashore in boats at one time in one place, and Bougainville could collect enough men to hold it in check till reinforcements came at least as fast on the French as on the British side. Another thing was that the wooded country favoured the French defence and hindered the British attack. And, lastly, if Wolfe and Saunders had collected the whole 5,000 soldiers and a still larger squadron and convoy up there, Montcalm would have seen the men and ships being moved from their positions in front of his Beauport entrenchments, and would have hurried to the threatened shore between Cap Rouge and Pointe-aux-Trembles almost as soon as the British, and certainly in time to reinforce Bougainville and repulse Wolfe.

The ninth was Wolfe's last Sunday. It was a cheerless, rainy day; and he almost confessed himself beaten for good, as he sat writing his last official letter to one of Pitt's friends, the Earl of Holderness. He dated it, " On board the *Sutherland* at anchor off Cap Rouge, September 9th, 1759." And he ended it with gloomy news: " I am so far recovered as to be able to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it."

The very next day, the tenth, he saw his chance. Then the prospect brightened. He did the service; and won immortal fame — and Canada.

He stood at Etchemin, on the south shore, two miles above Quebec, and looked long and earnestly through his telescope at the Foulon road, a mile and a half away, running up to the Plains of Abraham from what has ever since been called Wolfe's Cove. Then he looked at the Plains themselves, especially at a spot only one mile from Quebec, where the flat and open ground formed a perfect field of battle for his well-drilled regulars. He knew the Foulon road must be fairly good, because it was the French line of communication between Wolfe's Cove and the Beauport camp. The Cove and camp were only two miles and a quarter apart, as the crow flies. But between them rose the tableland of the Plains, 300 feet above the river. Thus they were screened from each other, and a surprise at the Cove might not be found out too soon at the camp.

Now, Wolfe knew that the French expected to be attacked either above Cap Rouge (up towards Pointe-aux-Trembles) or below Quebec (down in their Beauport entrenchments). And he knew that his own army all thought the attack would be made above Cap Rouge. Thus the French were still very anxious about the six miles at Beauport, while both sides were keenly watching each other all over the thirteen miles above Cap Rouge. Nobody seemed to be thinking about the nine miles between Cap Rouge and Quebec, and especially about the part nearest Quebec.

Yes, one man was thinking about it, and never stopped thinking about it till he died. That man was Montcalm. On the fifth, when Wolfe began moving upstream, Montcalm had sent a whole regiment to the Plains. But on the seventh, when the British generals were all at Pointe-aux-Trembles, Vaudreuil, always ready to spite Montcalm, ordered this regiment back to camp, saying, "The British haven't got wings; they can't fly up to the Plains!" Wolfe, of course, saw that the regiment had been taken away, and soon found out why. Vaudreuil was a great talker and could never keep a secret. And Wolfe knew perfectly well that Vaudreuil and Bigot were constantly spoiling whatever Montcalm was doing, so he counted on this trouble in the French camp as he did on all the other facts and chances.

Then he gave up all idea of his old plans against Beauport as well as the new plan of the brigadiers, and decided on another plan of his own. It was new in one way, because he had never seen a chance of carrying it out before. But it was old in another way, because he wrote to his uncle from Louisbourg on May 19th and spoke of getting up the heights four or five miles above Quebec, if he could do so by surprise. And in a note to Saunders in August he spoke about a "desperate" plan which he could not trust his brigadiers to carry out, and which he was then too sick to carry out himself. Now that he was "patched up" enough for a few days and that the chance seemed to be within his grasp, he made up his mind to strike at once.

He knew that the little French post above Wolfe's Cove was commanded by one of

Bigot's blackguards, Vergor, whose Canadian militiamen were as slack as their commander. He knew that the Samos Battery, a little farther from Quebec, had too small a garrison, only five guns, and no means of firing them on the landward side; so that any of his men, once up the heights, could rush it from the rear. He knew the French had only a few weak posts the whole way down from Cap Rouge, and that these posts often let convoys of provision boats pass quietly at night into Wolfe's Cove. He knew that some of Montcalm's best regulars had gone to Montreal with Lévis, the excellent French second-in-command, to strengthen the defence against Amherst's slow advance from Lake Champlain. And he knew that although Montcalm still had 10,000 to his own 5,000, only a quarter of these were French regulars at Beauport, that all the French were only half-fed, and that those with Bougainville were getting worn out by having to march across country, in a fruitless effort to keep pace with the ships of Holmes's squadron and convoy, which floated up and down with the tide.

His plan was to keep the French alarmed more than ever at the two extreme ends of their line — Beauport below Quebec and Pointe-aux-Trembles above — and then strike home at their undefended centre, by a surprise landing at Wolfe's Cove. Once landed, well before daylight, he could rush Vergor's post and the Samos Battery, march across the Plains, and form his line of battle a mile from Quebec, before Montcalm could come up in force from Beauport. Probably he could also defeat him before Bougainville could march down from well above Cap Rouge.

There were chances to reckon with in this plan. But so there are in all plans. And to say Wolfe took Quebec by good luck is utter nonsense. He was one of the deepest thinkers on war that ever lived, especially on the British kind of war, by land and sea together. And he had the preparation of a lifetime to help him in using a fleet and army that worked together like the two arms of one body. He simply made a plan which took proper account of all the facts and all the chances, and suited every one of them to perfection. Fools make lucky hits, now and then, by the merest chance. But no one except a genius can make and carry out a plan like Wolfe's, which meant at least a hundred hits running, all in the selfsame spot.

The spot at which Wolfe was aiming, and which he hit so well, was of no account in history before. "The Plains of Abraham," since so world-renowned, were called after an old French pilot, Abraham Martin, who used to drive his cattle to pasture there in the days of Champlain, and who was by no means either good or great. Yet his mere Christian name is now a part of something both good and great enough to be remembered till the end of time.

No sooner had Wolfe made his wonderful plan that Monday morning than he set all the principal officers to work on it. But he kept the whole a secret. Nobody except himself knew more than one part, and how that one part was to be worked in at the proper time and place. Even the fact that Wolfe's Cove was to be the landing-place was kept secret till the last moment from everybody except Admiral Holmes, who made all the arrangements, and Captain Chads, the naval officer who was to lead the first boats down.

The great plot thickened fast. The siege that had been an affair of weeks, and the brigadiers' plan that had been an affair of days, both gave way to a plan in which every hour was made to tell. Wolfe's seventy hours of marvellous manœuvres, by land and water, over a front of thirty miles, were followed by a battle in which the fighting of only a few minutes settled the fate of Canada for hundreds of years.

For the whole of those momentous three days — Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, September 10th, 11th, and 12th, 1759—Wolfe, Saunders, and Holmes kept the French in constant alarm about the thirteen miles *above* Cap Rouge and the six miles *below* Quebec; but gave no sign by which any immediate danger could be suspected along the nine miles *between* Cap Rouge and Quebec.

Saunders stayed below Quebec. On the twelfth he never gave the French a minute's rest all day and night. He sent Cook and others close in to lay buoys, as if to mark out a landing-place for another attack like the one on July 31st. It is a curious thing that while Cook, the great British circumnavigator, was trying to get Wolfe *into* Quebec, Bougainville, the great French circumnavigator, was trying to keep him out. Towards evening Saunders formed his boats up and filled them with marines, whose own red coats looked just like the soldiers' at a distance. He moved his fleet in at high tide and fired furiously at the entrenchments. And all night long he had boatloads of men rowing up and down and keeping the French on the alert. This feint against Beauport was much helped by the men of Wolfe's third brigade, who remained at the Island and the Point of Levy till after dark, by a whole battalion of marines guarding the Levis batteries, and by these batteries themselves, which, meanwhile, were bombarding Quebec — again like the thirty-first of July. The bombardment was kept up all night and became most intense just before dawn, when Wolfe was landing two miles above.

At the other end of the French line, above Cap Rouge, Holmes had kept threatening Bougainville more and more towards Pointe-aux-Trembles, twenty miles above Wolfe's Cove. Wolfe's soldiers had kept landing on the south shore day after day; then drifting up with the tide on board the transports past Pointe-aux-Trembles; then drifting down towards Cap Rouge; and then coming back the next day to do the same thing over again. This had been going on, more or less, even before Wolfe made his plan, and it proved very useful to him. He knew that Bougainville's men were getting quite worn out by scrambling across country, day after day, to keep up with Holmes's squadron and transports. And he knew that men who threw themselves down, tired out, late at night could not be collected from different places, all over their thirteen-mile beat, and brought down in the morning, fit to fight on a battlefield eight miles from the nearest of them and twenty-one from the farthest.

Montcalm was greatly troubled. He saw redcoats with Saunders opposite Beauport, redcoats at the Island, redcoats at the Point of Levy, and redcoats guarding the Levis batteries. He had no means of finding out at once that the redcoats with Saunders and at the batteries were marines, and that the redcoats that really did belong to Wolfe were under orders to march off after dark that very night and join the other two brigades that were coming down the river from the squadron above Cap Rouge. He had no boats that could get through the perfect screen of the British fleet. But all that the greatest of mortal men could do against these odds he did on that fatal eve of battle, as he had done for three years past, with foes in front and false friends behind. He ordered the same regiment he had sent to the Plains on the fifth, and Vaudreuil had brought back on the seventh, "To go and camp at the Foulon"; that is, at the top of the road coming up from Wolfe's Cove. But Vaudreuil immediately gave a counter-order and said: "We'll see about that to-morrow." Vaudreuil's "to-morrow" never came.

That afternoon of the twelfth, while Montcalm and Vaudreuil were at cross-purposes near the mouth of the St. Charles, Wolfe was only four miles away, on the other side of the Plains, in a boat on the St. Lawrence, where he was taking his last look at what he then called the Foulon and what the world now calls Wolfe's Cove. His boat was just turning to drift up in midstream, off Sillery Point, which is only half a mile above Wolfe's Cove; for he wanted to examine the Cove well through his telescope at dead low tide, as he intended to land his army there at the next low tide. Close beside him sat young Robison, who was not an officer at all in either the army or navy, but who had come out to Canada as tutor to an admiral's son, and who was found to be so good at maps that he was employed with Wolfe's engineers in making surveys and sketches of the ground about Quebec. Shutting up his telescope Wolfe sat silent awhile; and then, turning towards his officers, repeated several stanzas of Gray's *Elegy* in a low tone, but with much feeling. "Gentlemen," he said as he ended, "I would sooner have written that poem than beat the French to-morrow." He did not know then that his own fame would far surpass the poet's, and that he would win it in the very way described in one of the lines he had quoted —

> "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

At half-past eight in the evening he was sitting in his cabin on board Holmes's flagship, the *Sutherland*, above Cap Rouge, with "Jacky Jervis"—the future Earl of St. Vincent, but now the youngest captain in the fleet, only twenty-four. Wolfe and Jervis had both been at the same school at Greenwich, Swinden's, though at different times, and they were great friends. Wolfe had made up a sealed parcel of his notebook, will, and the portrait of Katherine Lowther, and he now handed it over to Jervis for safekeeping.

But he had no chance of talking about old times at home, as just then a letter from the three brigadiers was handed in. It asked him if he would not give them "distinct orders" about "the place or places we are to attack." He wrote back to the senior, Monckton, telling him what he had arranged for the first and second brigades, and then separately, to Townshend, about the third, which was not with Holmes, but on the south shore. After dark the men from the Island and the Point of Levy had marched up to join this brigade at Etchemin, the very place where Wolfe made his plan on the tenth, as he stood and looked at the Foulon opposite.

His last general orders to his army had been read out some hours before; but, of course, the Foulon was not mentioned. These orders show how well he knew what an empire he was fighting for, and what men he had to count upon. Here are only three sentences; but how much they mean to all Canadians! — "The enemy's force is now divided. A vigorous blow struck by the army at this juncture may determine the fate of Canada. The officers and men will remember what their country expects of them." The watchword was "Coventry," as apt a word for this expectant night as "Gibraltar" was for the one on which Quebec surrendered.

Just before dark as many vessels as Holmes could spare made as big a show of force as possible opposite Pointe-aux-Trembles, to keep Bougainville there overnight. But after dark the main body of Holmes's squadron and all the boats and small transports came together opposite Cap Rouge. Just before ten a single lantern appeared in the *Sutherland's* main topmast shrouds, and Chads formed up the boats between the ships and the south shore, the side away from the French. In three hours every man was in his place. Not a sound was to be heard, except the murmur of the strong ebb-tide setting down towards Quebec, and a gentle south-west breeze blowing in the same direction. "All ready, Sir!"; and Wolfe took his own place in the leading boat with his friend Captain Delaune, the leader of the twenty-four men of the "Forlorn Hope," who were to be the first to scale the cliff. Then a second lantern appeared above the first; and the whole brigade of boats began to move off in succession. They had about eight miles to go. But the current ran that distance in two hours. As they went they could see the flashes from the Levis batteries growing brighter and more frequent; for both the land gunners there and the seamen gunners with Saunders farther down were increasing their fire as the hour for landing drew near.

A couple of miles above Wolfe's Cove the *Hunter* was anchored in midstream. As arranged, Chads left the south shore and steered straight for her. To his surprise he saw her crew training their guns on him. But they held their fire. Then Wolfe came alongside and found out that she had two French deserters on board who had mistaken his boats for the French provision convoy that was expected to creep down the north shore that very night and land at Wolfe's Cove. He had already planned to pass his boats off as this convoy; for he knew that the farthest up of Holmes's men-of-war had stopped it above Pointe-aux-Trembles. But he was glad to know that the French posts below Cap Rouge had not yet heard of the stoppage.

From the *Hunter* his boat led the way to Sillery Point, half a mile above Wolfe's Cove. "Halt! Who comes there!" A French sentry's voice rang out in the silence of the dark. "France!" answered young Fraser, who had been taken into Wolfe's boat because he spoke French like a native. "What's your regiment?" asked the sentry. "The Queen's," answered Fraser, who knew that this was the one supplying the escort for the provision boats the British had held up. "But why don't you speak out?" asked the sentry again. "Hush!" said Fraser, "the British will hear us if you make a noise." And there, sure enough, was the *Hunter*, drifting down, as arranged, not far outside the column of boats. Then the sentry let them all pass, and, in ten minutes more, exactly at four o'clock, the leading boat grounded in Wolfe's Cove and Wolfe jumped ashore.

He at once led the "Forlorn Hope" and 200 light infantry to the Quebec side of the Cove, saying to the officers, "I don't know if we shall all get up, but we must make the attempt." Then, while they were scrambling up, he went back to the middle of the Cove, where Howe had already formed the remaining 500 light infantry. Captain Macdonald, a very active climber, passed the "Forlorn Hope" and was the first man to reach the top and feel his way through the trees to the left, towards Vergor's tents. Presently he almost ran into the sleepy French-Canadian sentry, who heard only a voice speaking perfect French and telling him it was all right, — nothing but the reinforcements from the Beauport camp; for Wolfe knew that Montcalm had been trying to get a French regular officer to replace Vergor, who was as good a thief as Bigot and as bad a soldier as Vaudreuil. While this little parley was going on, the "Forlorn Hope" came up, and Macdonald then hit the sentry between the eyes with the hilt of his claymore and knocked him flat. The light infantry pressed on close behind. The dumbfounded French colonial troops coming out of their tents found themselves face to face with a whole woodful of fixed bayonets. They fired a few shots. The British charged with a loud cheer. The French scurried away through the trees. And Vergor ran for dear life in his nightshirt.

The ringing cheer with which Delaune charged home told Wolfe at the foot of the road that the actual top was clear. Then

Howe went up; and in fifteen minutes all the light infantry had joined their comrades above. Another battalion followed quickly, and Wolfe himself followed them.

By this time it was five o'clock and quite light. The boats that had landed the first brigade had already rowed through the gaps between the small transports which were landing the second brigade, and had reached the south shore, a mile and a half away, where the third brigade was waiting for them.

Meanwhile the suddenly roused gunners of the Samos Battery were firing wildly into the British vessels. But the men-of-war fired back with better aim, and Howe's light infantry, coming up at a run from behind, dashed in among the astonished gunners with the bayonet, cleared them all out, and spiked every gun. Howe left three companies there to hold the battery against Bougainville later in the day, and returned with the other seven to Wolfe. It was now six o'clock. The third brigade had landed, the whole of the ground at the top was clear; and Wolfe set off with 1,000 men to see what Montcalm was doing.

Quebec stands on the eastern end of a sort of promontory, or narrow tableland, between the St. Lawrence and the valley of the St. Charles. This tableland is less than a mile wide and narrows still more as it approaches Quebec. Its top is tilted over towards the St. Charles and Beauport, the cliffs being only 100 feet high there, instead of 300, as they are beside the St. Lawrence. So Wolfe, as he turned in towards Quebec, after marching straight across the tableland, could look out over the French camp. All seemed quiet there; so he made his left secure and sent for his main body to follow him at once. It was now seven. In another hour his line of battle was formed, his reserves had taken post in his rear, and a brigade of seamen from Saunders's fleet were landing guns, stores, blankets, tents, entrenching tools, and everything the British would need for besieging the walls after defeating Montcalm. The 3,000 sailors on the beach were anything but pleased with the tame work of waiting there while the soldiers were fighting up above; and one of their officers, in a letter home, said they could hardly stand still, and were perpetually swearing because they could not get into the heat of the action.

The whole of the complicated manœuvres, in face of an active enemy, for three days and three nights, by land and water, over a front of thirty miles, had now been crowned by complete success. The army of 5,000 men had been put ashore at the right time and in the right way; and it was now ready to fight one of the great immortal battles of all time.

"The thin red line!" The phrase was invented little more than fifty years ago. But Wolfe invented the fact a century before that. The six battalions which formed his front, that morning of September 13th, 1759, were drawn up in the first two-deep line that ever stood on any field of battle in the world since war began. And it was Wolfe alone who made this "thin red line," as surely as it was Wolfe alone who made the plan that conquered Canada.

Meanwhile Montcalm had not been idle,

though he was perplexed to the last, because one of the stupid rules in the French camp was that all news was to be told first to Vaudreuil, who, as governor-general, could pass it on or not, and interfere with the army as much as he liked. When it was light enough to see Saunders's fleet, the Island, and the Point of Levy, Montcalm at once noticed that Wolfe's men had gone. He galloped down to the bridge of boats, where he found that Vaudreuil had already heard of Wolfe's landing. At first the French thought the firing round Wolfe's Cove was caused by an exchange of shots between the Samos Battery and some British men-of-war that were trying to stop the French provision boats from getting in there. But Vergor's fugitives and the French patrols near Quebec soon told the real story. And then, just after six, Montcalm himself caught sight of Wolfe's first redcoats marching in along the Ste. Foy road. Well might he exclaim, after all he had done and Vaudreuil undone: "There they are, where they have no right to be!"

He at once sent orders, all along his six miles of entrenchments, to send up every French regular and all the rest except 2,000 militia. But Vaudreuil again interfered; and Montcalm got only the French and Canadian regulars, 2,500, and the same number of Canadian militia with a few Indians. The French and British totals, actually present on the field of battle, were, therefore, almost exactly equal, 5,000 each. Vaudreuil also forgot to order out the field guns, the horses for which the boodler Bigot had been using for himself. At nine Montcalm had formed up his French and colonial regulars between Quebec and the crest of rising ground across the Plains beyond which lay Wolfe. Riding forward till he could see the redcoats, he noticed how thin their line was on its left and in its centre, and that its right, near the St. Lawrence, had apparently not formed at all. But the men there were lying down, out of sight, behind a swell of ground. He galloped back and asked if any one had further news. Several officers declared they had heard that Wolfe was entrenching, but that his right brigade had not yet had time to march on to the field.

There was no possible way of finding out anything else at once. The chance seemed favourable. Montcalm knew he had to fight or starve, as he was completely cut off by land and water, except for one bad, swampy road in the valley of the St. Charles; and he ordered his line to advance.

At half-past nine the French reached the crest and halted. The two armies were now in full view of each other on the Plains and only a quarter of a mile apart. The French line of battle had eight small battalions, about 2,500 men, formed six deep. The colonial regulars, in three battalions, were on the flanks. The five battalions of French regulars were in the centre. Montcalm, wearing a green and gold uniform, with the brilliant cross of St. Louis over his cuirass, and mounted on a splendid black charger, rode the whole length of his line, to see if all were ready to attack. The French regulars — half-fed, sorely harassed, interfered with by Vaudreuil — were still the victors of Ticonderoga, against the British odds of four to one. Perhaps they might yet snatch victory once more! Certainly, all would follow whereever they were led by their beloved Montcalm, the greatest Frenchman of this New World. He said a few stirring words to each of his well-known regiments as he rode by; and when he laughingly asked the best of all, the Royal Roussillon, if they were not tired enough to take a little rest before the battle, they shouted back that they were never too tired to fight — " Forward, forward! " And their steady blue ranks, and those of the four white regiments beside them, with bayonets fixed and colours flying, did look fit and ready for the fray.

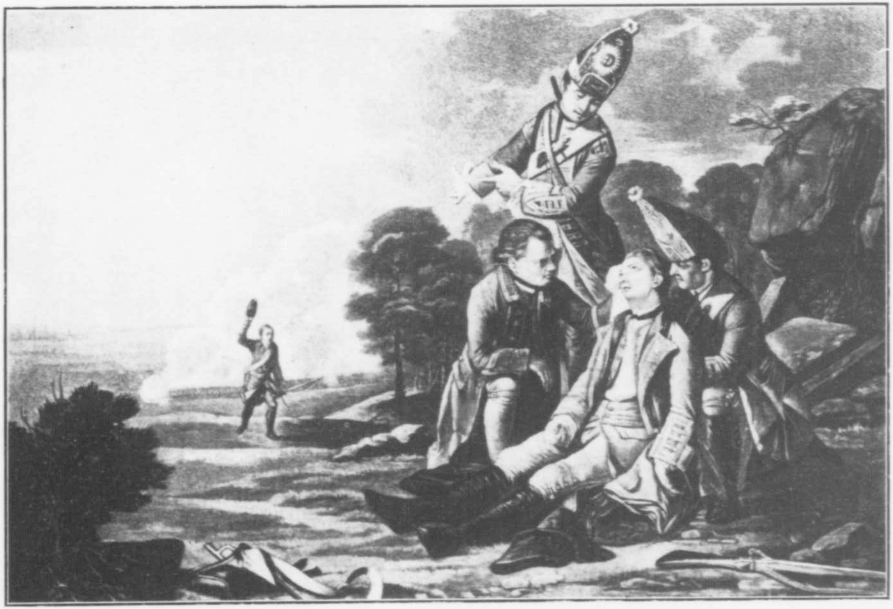
Wolfe also had gone along his line of battle, *the first of all two-deep thin red lines,* to make sure every officer understood the order that there was to be no firing until the French came close up, to within only forty paces. As soon as he saw Montcalm's line on the crest, he had moved his own a hundred paces forward, according to previous arrangement; and the two enemies were now only a long musket-shot apart. The Canadians and Indians were pressing round the flanks, under cover of the bushes, and firing hard. But they were easily held in check by the light infantry on the left rear of the line and the 35th on the right rear. The few French and British skirmishers in the centre now ran back to their own lines; and before ten the field was quite clear between the two opposing fronts.

Wolfe had been wounded twice when going along his line; first in the wrist and then in the groin. But he stood up so straight and looked so cool that, when he came back to take post on the right, the men did not know he had been hit at all. His spirit already soared in triumph over all the weakness of the flesh. Here he was, a sick and doubly wounded man; but a soldier, a hero, and a conqueror, with the key to half a continent almost within his eager grasp.

At a signal from Montcalm in the centre the French line advanced about a hundred yards in perfect formation. But then the Canadian regulars suddenly began firing without orders, and threw themselves flat on the ground to reload. By the time they had got up, the

French regulars had halted some way in front of them, fired a volley, and begun advancing again. This was too much for the Canadians. Though they were regulars, they were not used to fighting in the open, not trained for it, and not armed for it with bayonets. In a couple of minutes they had all slunk off to the flanks and joined the Indians and militia, who were attacking the British from under cover.

This left the French regulars face-to-face with Wolfe's front: five French battalions against the British six. And these two fronts were now, between them, to decide the fate of Canada. The French still came on bravely; but their six-deep line was much shorter than the British two-deep line, and they saw that both their flanks were about to be overlapped by fire and steel. They inclined outwards to save themselves from this fatal overlap on both right and left. But that made just as fatal a gap in their centre. Their whole line wavered, halted oftener to fire, and fired more and more wildly at each halt.



THE DEATH OF WOLFE

In the meantime Wolfe's front stood firm as a rock and silent as the grave, one long, straight, living wall of red, the double line of deadly, keen bayonets glittering above it. Nothing stirred along its whole length, except the men that were being killed or wounded, and the Union Jacks, waving defiance at the *Fleurs-de-lys*. Bayonet after bayonet would suddenly flash out of line and fall forward, as the stricken men, standing there with shouldered arms, quivered and sank to the ground.

Captain York had brought up a single gun in time for the battle, the sailors having dragged it up the cliff and run it the whole way across the Plains. And he had been handling it splendidly during the French advance, firing showers of grape-shot into their ranks from a position right out in the open in front of Wolfe's line. But now that the French were closing he had to retire. The sailors picked up the drag-ropes and romped in at full speed, as if they were having the greatest fun of their lives.

Wolfe was standing next to the Louisbourg grenadiers, who, this time, were determined not to begin before they were told. He was to give their colonel the signal to fire the first volley; and this volley was to be the signal for a volley from each of the other five regiments, one after another, all down the line. Every musket was loaded with two bullets, and the moment a regiment had fired it was to advance twenty paces, loading as it went, and then fire a "general," that is, each man for himself as hard as he could, till the bugles sounded the charge.

Wolfe now watched every step the French line made. Nearer and nearer it came. A hundred paces! — seventy-five! — fifty! — forty!! — *Fire!!!* Crash! came the volley from the grenadiers. Five volleys more rang out in quick succession, all so perfectly delivered that they sounded more like six great guns than six regiments with hundreds of muskets in each. Under cover of the smoke Wolfe's men advanced their twenty paces and halted to fire the "general." The dense, six-deep lines of Frenchmen reeled, staggered, and seemed to melt away under this awful deluge of lead. In five minutes their right was shaken out of all formation. All that remained of it turned and fled, a wild, mad mob of panic-stricken fugitives. The centre followed at once. But the Royal Roussillon stood fast a little longer; and when it turned also, it had only three unwounded officers left, and they were trying to rally it.

Montcalm, who had led the centre and had been wounded in the advance, galloped over to the Royal Roussillon as it was making this last stand. But even he could not stem the rush that followed and that carried him along with it. Over the crest and down to the valley of the St. Charles his army fled, the Canadians and Indians scurrying away through the bushes as hard as they could run. While making one more effort to rally enough men to cover the retreat he was struck again, this time by a dozen grape-shot from York's gun. He reeled in the saddle. But two of his grenadiers caught him and held him up while he rode into Quebec. As he passed through the St. Louis Gate, a terrified woman called out, "Oh! look at the marquis, he's killed, he's killed!" But Montcalm, by a supreme effort, sat up straight for a moment and said: "It is nothing at all, my kind friend; you must not be so much alarmed!" and, saying this, passed on to die, a hero to the very last.

In the thick of the short, fierce fire-fight the bagpipes began to skirl, the Highlanders dashed down their muskets, drew their claymores, and gave a yell that might have been heard across the river. In a moment every British bugle was sounding the "Charge" and the whole red, living wall was rushing forward with a roaring cheer.

But it charged without Wolfe. He had been mortally wounded just after giving the signal for those famous volleys. Two officers sprang to his side. "Hold me up!" he implored them; "don't let my gallant fellows see me fall!" With the help of a couple of men he was carried back to the far side of a little knoll and seated on a grenadier's folded coat, while the grenadier who had taken it off ran over to a spring to get some water.

Wolfe knew at once that he was dying. But he did not yet know how the battle had gone. His head had sunk on his breast, and his eyes were already glazing, when an officer on the knoll called out, "They run! They run! 'Egad, they give way everywhere!" Rousing himself, as if from sleep, Wolfe asked, "Who run?" — "The French, Sir!" — "Then I die content!" — and, almost as he said it, he breathed his last.

He was not buried on the field he won, nor even in the country that he conquered. All that was mortal of him — his poor, sick, wounded body — was borne back across the sea, and carried in mourning triumph through his native land. And there, in the family vault at Greenwich, near the school he had left for his first war half his short lifetime ago, he was laid to rest on November 20th — the very day on which his own great victory at Quebec was being confirmed by Hawke at Quiberon.

But though Canada has none of his mortality, could she have anything so sacred as the spot from which his soaring spirit took its last flight into immortal fame? And could this sacred spot be marked by any other words more winged than these:

HERE DIED

WOLFE

VICTORIOUS

WOLFE'S QUEBEC CAMPAIGN OF 1759

LEGEND

THE UPPER MAP (I) shows the SIEGE OF QUEBEC from the day the British landed on the Island of Orleans until the capitulation.

British works of attack in red : 〰 ○
British encampments in red thus : ▬
French works of defense in purple : 〰 ○
French encampments in purple thus : ▬
British regiments indicated by numbers.

A. - Artillery	M. - Marines
G. - Louisburg Grenadiers	R. A. - Royal Americans
L. I. - Light Infantry	h - Hospital
r - Redoubt	

THE LOWER MAPS (II & III) illustrate the Landing of the British, Advance to the Heights, and Battle on the Plains of Abraham.

The Battalions of the French Army are given their territorial names.

In the British Army names of "Colonels" as well as Regimental numbers are given.

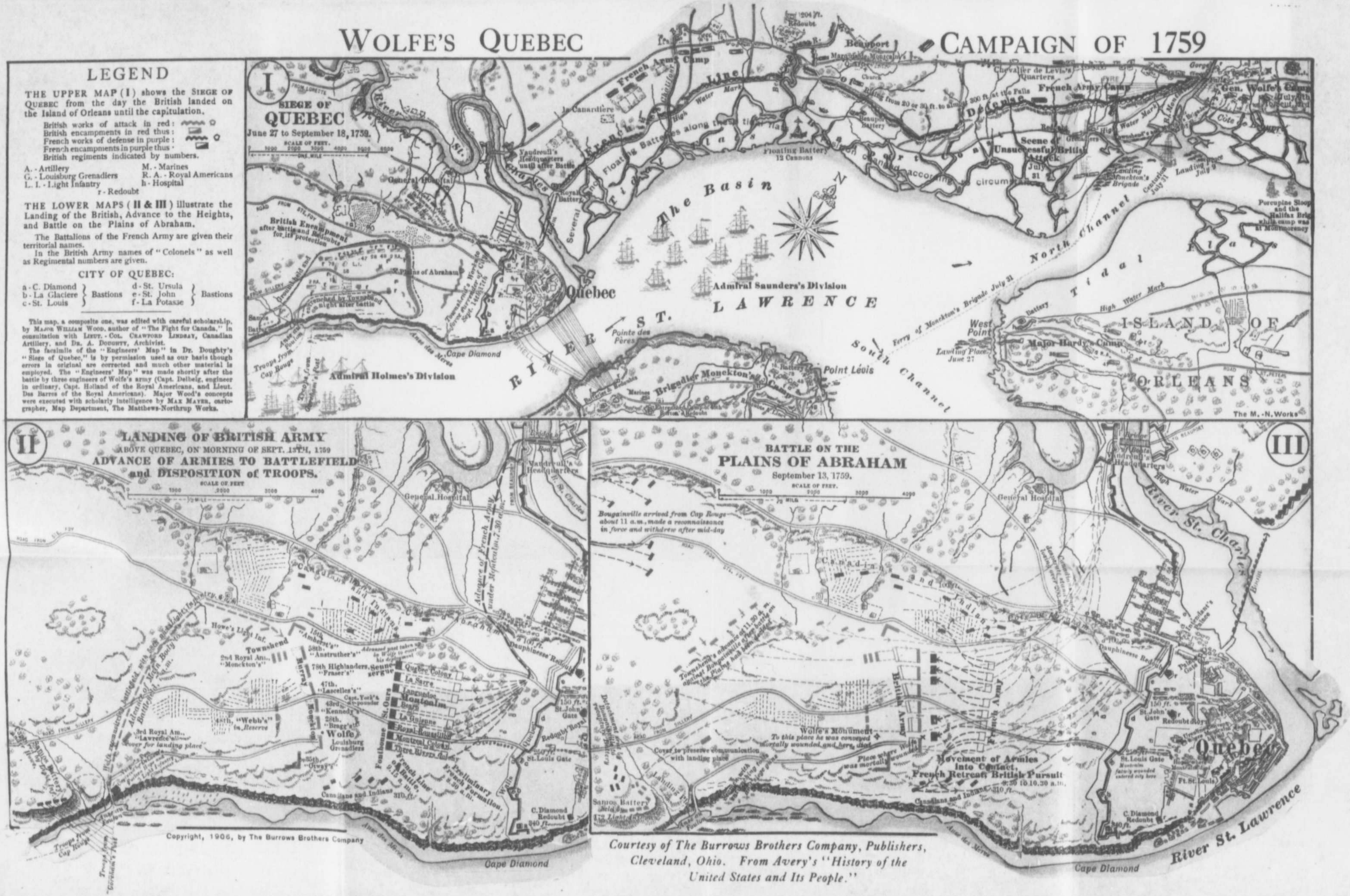
CITY OF QUEBEC:

a - C. Diamond
b - La Glaciere
c - St. Louis
} Bastions

d - St. Ursula
e - St. John
f - La Potasse
} Bastions

This map, a composite one, was edited with careful scholarship, by MAJOR WILLIAM WOOD, author of "The Fight for Canada," in consultation with LIEUT.-COL. CRAWFORD LINDSAY, Canadian Artillery, and DR. A. DOUGHTY, Archivist.

The facsimile of the "Engineers' Map" in Dr. Doughty's "Siege of Quebec," is by permission used as our basis though errors in original are corrected and much other material is employed. The "Engineers' Map" was made shortly after the battle by three engineers of Wolfe's army (Capt. Delbeig, engineer in ordinary, Capt. Holland of the Royal Americans, and Lieut. Des Barres of the Royal Americans). Major Wood's concepts were executed with scholarly intelligence by MAX MAYER, cartographer, Map Department, The Matthews-Northrup Works.


I
SIEGE OF QUEBEC
June 27 to September 18, 1759.
SCALE OF FEET.
ONE MILE
Beauport
French Army Camp
French Army Camp
Chevalier de Levis's Quarters
Gen. Wolfe's Camp
Scene of Unsuccessful British Attack July 31
Floating Battery 12 Cannons
The Basin
Admiral Saunders's Division
RIVER ST. LAWRENCE
Quebec
Pointe des Pères
Brigadier Monckton's Camp
Point Lévis
Admiral Holmes's Division
Cape Diamond
Anse des Mères
Troops from Cap Rouge
General Hospital
Vaudreuil's Headquarters until after Battle
Plains of Abraham
British Encampment after Battle and Redoubts for its protection
Landing Place June 27
West Point
Major Hardy's Camp
ISLAND OF ORLEANS
North Channel
South Channel
Tidal Flats
Ferry of Monckton's Brigade July 31
Porcupine Sloop and the Halifax Brig which came up to Montmorency
The M.-N. Works
II
LANDING OF BRITISH ARMY
ABOVE QUEBEC, ON MORNING OF SEPT. 13TH, 1759
ADVANCE OF ARMIES TO BATTLEFIELD and DISPOSITION of TROOPS.
SCALE OF FEET
1/2 MILE
Advance of French Army under Montcalm 7.30 a.m.
Townshend
Murray
Wolfe
Montcalm
Louisburg Grenadiers
48th. "Webb's" in Reserve
Canadians and Indians
Dauphiness' Redoubt
St. John's Gate
St. Louis Gate
C. Diamond Redoubt 340 ft.
Troops from Cap Rouge
Copyright, 1906, by The Burrows Brothers Company
III
BATTLE ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM
September 13, 1759.
SCALE OF FEET.
1/2 MILE
Bougainville arrived from Cap Rouge about 11 a.m., made a reconnaissance in force and withdrew after mid-day
Canadians and Indians
British Army
French Army
Wolfe's Monument
Movement of Armies into Contact, French Retreat, British Pursuit
Samos Battery
Anse au Foulon
River St. Charles
River St. Lawrence
Quebec
Cape Diamond

Courtesy of The Burrows Brothers Company, Publishers, Cleveland, Ohio. From Avery's "History of the United States and Its People."