

Engraved by Robert White

Engraved & Published

REMINISCENCES

OF

QUEBEC,

DERIVED FROM RELIABLE SOURCES ;

FOR

The use of Travellers.

BY AN OLD INHABITANT.

QUEBEC :
PRINTED AT THE MERCURY OFFICE.

1858.

REMINISCENCES

OF

QUEBEC.

IT is to be regretted that our American friends generally visit Quebec as the last "lion" in their tour, and commonly embark in the steamboat from Montreal, remain twenty-four hours, and then return, without seeing any thing except a cursory view of the city; whereas Quebec and the environs abound in the most romantic and charming views, certainly not equalled in Canada, and to all admirers of the beauties of nature affording a rich treat. From the Citadel the view of the opposite banks of the Saint Lawrence, crowned by extensive plains, terminated by ærial mountains, the distant shores of Beauport, the chains of mountains extending to Cape Tourment, with the island of Orleans between the shores, forming the magnificent basin of Quebec, offers a coup-d'œil hardly surpassed on earth. From this spot the splendid panorama of the city and country needs no remark—it is unrivalled; indeed the boasted Bay of Naples will not gain much in the comparison. The ramparts above the Esplanade afford a delightful and extensive view; the eye rests with a peculiar feeling on the small group of hills which forms the portal to the wilderness, untrod by any human being except the Indian hunter, as far as Hudson's Bay. We must not overlook that modern addition to the agreeable walks of Quebec, Durham Terrace. It is constructed upon the site of the old Chateau St. Louis, and presents a splendid view of the harbour. In the upper garden attached to the Chateau stands an obelisk, erected by subscription,

to Montcalm and Wolfe.* Near this garden is Mount Carmel street, at the head of which, when Quebec was first settled by the French, there stood a guard house and a battery, to protect them against the Indians. Passing towards the Lower Town, a large building, occupied as a Post office, will be observed; over one of the windows, formerly the main entrance, is a Gold Dog; the following curious history attaches to this Dog:

The house was built by Monsr. Phillibert, a merchant residing in Quebec, in the time of Mons. Bigot, the last Intendant under the French government, and whose drafts upon the treasury, for the expenses of this country, were so enormous that one of the queens of that kingdom archly enquired "whether the walls of Quebec were built of gold." But to return to the *chien d'or*—M. Phillibert and the Intendant were on bad terms, but under the system then existing, the merchant knew that it was in vain for him to seek redress in the colony, and determining at some future period to prefer his complaint in France, he contented himself with placing the figure of a sleeping dog in front of his house, with the following lines beneath it, in allusion to his situation with his powerful enemy:

JE SUIS UN CHIEN QUI RONGE L'OS,
 EN LE RONGEANT JE PRENDS MON REPOS—
 UN TEMS VIENDRA QUI N'EST PAS VENU—
 QUE JE MORDRAI QUI M'AURA MORDU.

This allegorical language was however too plain for Mons. Bigot to misunderstand it. A man so powerful easily found an instrument to avenge insult, and Mr. Phillibert received, as the reward of his verse, the sword of an officer of the garrison through his back,

* See the end of this work for an account of the erection of the Monument.

when descending the Lower Town hill. The murderer was permitted to leave the colony unmolested, and was transferred to a regiment stationed in the East Indies. Thither he was pursued by the brother of the deceased, who had first sought him in Canada, when he arrived here to settle his brother's affairs. The parties, it is related, met in the public street of Pondicherry, drew their swords, and, after a severe conflict, the assassin met a more honorable fate than his crime deserved, and died by the hand of his antagonist.

The figure of the dog is rudely sculptured, in relief; but, as well as the letters, is still distinct, and even in good preservation.

In the Lower Town market-place, the chapel 'Suirsaie,' i. e. not parochial but in aid of the parish church, was built at the expense of the merchants of Quebec, as a votive offering to the Virgin Mary, on the occasion of the loss of Admiral Phipps's fleet, destined against Quebec. The denomination of that chapel is l'Eglise de Notre Dame de la Victoire.

A short walk beyond St. Louis-gate, leads to the celebrated plains of Abraham, where general Wolfe fell; a neat column, lately erected, marks the spot where he expired. On the highest ground, surrounded by fences, the traveller can clearly trace out the redoubt where Wolfe received the fatal wound. It is supposed that he was urging on the attack of this position when he fell. From this redoubt an excellent panoramic view might be taken of the plains of Abraham and surrounding country. It may be well to observe here, that the English right nearly faced this redoubt, and that on this position rested the French left. The French arrived on the plains from the right of this position, as they came from Beauport, and not from Quebec; and when defeated, retired down the

heights which they had ascended, and not into Quebec. The plains are now used as a review ground for the troops in garrison; and here has also been established a race course, at which annual meetings are held.

At Point à Piseau, above Sillery cove, from a spot on the left, partially cleared, the view of Cape Diamond, with the St. Lawrence and shipping, is as perfect a composition as any landscape painter could desire; at this place the road leads down to Sillery cove, the ride to which is varied and interesting.— Before reaching the ascent leading to the villa of the late Mr. MacNider, is an old stone house, formerly inhabited by the heroine of Emily Montague, a house well known to those conversant in Canadian story, as related in a novel, furnishing a faithful picture of the manners and situation of the colonists at the time when Canada first became a British colony.

On ascending to the high road and proceeding to the left you arrive at the road to St. Foy, which leads also to Quebec. From St. Foy church a lovely vale is seen below, with the St. Charles gliding smoothly through it; the grounds rise gradually to the mountains, and are literally covered with habitations. The villages of Lorette and Charlesbourg are conspicuous objects in the view. Before entering the suburb of St. John, on the left is one of the Martello towers, and below it is the General Hospital and Convent, on the banks of the St. Charles. This Convent and Hospital was a scene of great interest and distress, about the close of the siege by Gen. Wolfe. It happened to be very near the scene of action, and the wounded of both armies were conveyed in great numbers to the hospital. Their groans and shrieks, added to the din of battle, produced, as may well be imagined, the utmost alarm and horror in the minds of the religious

ladies ; they, notwithstanding, summoned fortitude enough to render material aid to the surgeons, attending on the wounded night and day.

Bigot, of whom some notice has already been taken, was the last of the Intendants ; his profligacy and expenditure previous to the conquest are notorious ; for the year 1759 his estimate for the annual expenses was 3,300,000 livres, of which sum he had drawn 2,400,000. It sometimes happened, in those days, when a gentleman possessed a very handsome wife, that the husband was sent to take charge of a distant post, where he was sure to make his fortune. Bigot's chère amie was Madame P——, in consequence of which, as a matter of course, Mr. P. became prodigiously wealthy. Bigot had a house that stood where the officers' barrack in St. Louis street now stands ; one new-year's day he presented this house to Mad. P——, as a new-year's-gift—such was the munificence of this gentleman. On Montcalm's widow landing in France, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who was supposed to be deeply implicated in these nefarious transactions, but who was too high in rank to be brought to an account for them, fearing unpleasant disclosures from Madam de Montcalm, had a *lettre de cachet* ready, and threw her into prison. She being conversant in all the iniquities of the times, which she had learnt from her honorable husband, who reprobated the conduct, that he had not the power to remedy, drew up, when in jail, a memorial to her sovereign, and had it conveyed, with feminine address, to the hands of the King. This led to the disclosure of the whole scene of the iniquities by which this country had been ruined. Mons. Bigot was thrown into prison, and Madam Montcalm released. Bigot, after disgorging his plunder, had difficulty to escape from jail with his life. He retired to Bordeaux, where he

lived in great poverty, and supported by a small pension from Madam P——.

Indian Lorette, on the north side of the St. Charles, commands a fine view of Quebec and the surrounding country. The inhabitants of this village are part of the melancholy remains of one of the most warlike tribes among the aborigines of this continent. In the wars between the French and English, the Hurons contributed much to the success of the former; at the present moment they are a harmless quiet people, who still draw a chief part of their subsistence from the chase. Lake St. Charles, in this vicinity, is well worthy of a visit; it is a sweetly retired spot—it is divided into an inner and an outer lake; the mountainous forests by which it is surrounded are both romantic and highly picturesque—the abundance of trout in the lake renders a visit to this place doubly inviting.—The picturesque tourist should not fail to visit Montmorency and St. Ann's. The route to these places is by the Beauport road. Leaving Quebec the road passes over Dorchester bridge which crosses the river St. Charles, from which spot the views up and down the river St. Charles and of the St. Lawrence and of Quebec are striking. The whole of this road to Montmorency is pleasingly diversified. Before reaching the mills of Beauport, a road on the left leads to the hamlet of Bourg Royale, at the foot of the mountains; through this, a ride of two miles into the forest, will conduct the traveller by a turn on his left, to the Hermitage; it is the remains of an old French chateau, with a small clearance round it, the walks and currant bushes may still be seen. This spot has a shade of romance resembling the story of the "Fair Rosamond," which renders a visit to it interesting. It was built by one of the French Governors or Intendants as a residence for his mistress;

situated as it then was in a wilderness, he thought the lady was secure from all intrusion ; but alas, the wife of the said Governor discovered the secret, and found means to have her rival poisoned. The spot has increased in interest by being supposed to be haunted by the departed spirit of the unfortunate lady.*—During the siege, by Gen. Wolfe, the ladies of Quebec took shelter in this retreat, and were undiscovered.

After passing the village, and close to the falls of Montmorenci, stands a house which was the residence of the late Duke of Kent, but now in the possession of G. B. Hall, Esq. the proprietor of the extensive saw-mills at the foot of the falls. It was near this place that Gen. Wolfe made his first attempt, and was repulsed with the loss of seven hundred Hessians. The lover of picturesque scenery will easily be induced to loitre on the road between Montmorenci and St. Ann ; in the course of which many pretty studies may be made. In the fall of the year the beauty of this road, on a clear sunny day, is quite dazzling ; the variety and brilliancy of our American foliage must be seen to be appreciated—nothing in Europe can vie with it. The first sight of an American forest in all its splendor, can only be compared to what the mind, in her most poetic vein, would depict an eastern scene to be, or to the tint in which Martin, the celebrated painter of Belshazzar's feast, would be likely to colour a scene in Paradise.—The environs of Chateau Richer, as the favorite resort of snipe-shooters, are much celebrated, few places in the country affording a greater abundance of that game. If the traveller should pass this road on a fine Sunday, he will have an excellent opportunity of seeing the population in their best attire ; if he arrives

* See Note in next page.

at the pretty village church of St. Ann, under the lofty banks, about the time of morning service, when he will find the environs crowded with one-horse *ca-lêches*, the horse fastened to one of the posts that for this purpose are always planted near the church.—The church is generally so crowded, that groups of the habitants are to be seen outside and covering the steps on their knees ; every person is respectably dressed, the men mostly in grey cloth, the manufacture of their own fireside. This agreeable scene alone bespeaks not only of the wants of life being amply supplied, but the numerous carriages clearly show that the substantial comforts are not scantily enjoyed by this happy race. The village churches are generally six miles asunder, and the Canadians, who are extremely zealous in their religious duties, are sure to attend from the most remote cottage in the parish.

Above the village St. Ann there are several interesting and romantic falls, which will richly reward the lover of romantic scenery.

NOTE.—A visitor of the Hermitage, of a poetical turn, gave the following versification of the tale :

THE HERMITAGE.

The sun had shed his last red ray
 O'er mountain, vale and flood ;
 The night-clouds gathered fast around
 The high and hoary wood.

The evening breeze began to tinge
 The leaves with balmy dew ;
 The merry songsters of the grove
 To rest in coveys flew.

The humming bee, with mellow freight,
 The tinted flower forsook ;
 No sound disturbed the woodland scene,
 Save Tössiere's winding brook.

Fond nature, with indulgent care,
 Unrolled her drowsy veil,
 And spread her gentle robes of rest
 Far over hill and dale.

My wanderings ceased : by stream or brake
 No longer I dare roam ;
 Impatient of a sportsman's toils,
 I sought my humble home.

Amid the wild wood's gloomy path
 I traced my lonely way ;
 Drear was each scene, and strewed around
 The wreck of whirlwinds lay.

And, O! it is a gorgeous sight,
 To view the "cloud-capt" trees
 Pierce high in air their spiral tops,
 And wave amid the breeze :—

And, when the spirit of the storm
 Invades their dark domain,
 They rush, with torrent force and sound,
 In eddies o'er the plain.

But, joy of joys! a "clearance" fair--
 That *oasis* of the wood—
 Burst looming on my grateful view ;
 Inwrapt, I o'er it stood!

It seemed a paradise of love,
 Where peace and rural joy,
 In pure and doting ecstacy,
 A lifetime might employ.

Deep buried in a vale it lay,
 Remote from human strife ;
 It seemed as if some anchorite
 Here dropt the load of life.

Trim were the walks that once had served
 To while the tenant's care ;
 The mossy flowers unheeded shed
 Their fragrance through the air.

A little brook meandering ran
 Amidst the placid scene ;
 A stinted thicket rudely grew
 Where once a bower had been.

And, near, a weeping cypress stood,
 That sadly mourned the lot
 Of some unhappy sojourner
 Of this secluded spot.

High, dark, and steep, and gloomily,
 In awful, sullen mood,
 Around in rampart attitude,
 The forest frowning stood :—

As if to shield from scrutiny
 The hope, the weal, and woe,
 Of this, its fairest colony,
 Alike from friend and foe.

And, yet, no home nor hearth was here,
 No board, or festive halls :
 The traveller could only trace
 A chateau's mouldering walls.

It was, in sooth, a sorry sight
 Their fragments to explore ;
 And deem that joys of bygone days
 Should revel here no more.

'Tis ever thus vain man's sad fate
 On fortune's wave to ride :
 Then heedless, helpless, sink a wreck
 Beneath her fickle tide !

But, oh ! amidst those ruins wild,
 I heard a dismal shriek :
 And saw move o'er their pinnacles
 A form as fair as meek !

It stood upon a crumbling tower,
 With arms outstretching far ;
 And, lowly beckoning, it cried—
 “ Stranger ! behold yon star !

- “ Fair, pure, and innocent, like it,
 “ Among gay maids she shone,
 “ Whose troubled spirit you behold
 “ Surmount this toppling stone.
- “ But, as yon mirk and lowering cloud
 “ Bedims its sparkling ray,
 “ A darker and more blighting blast
 “ Her judgment led astray.
- “ The tale is old ; but yet ’tis true,
 “ That, from her father’s home,
 “ In bridal joy and tire she fled,
 “ Among these bowers to roam.
- “ It was, in truth, a fairy scene,
 “ And meet for lovers true ;
 “ Fair, bland, and gay, and pleasantly,
 “ Each shrub and floweret grew.
- “ The air was sweet—the sky was clear—
 “ The woodland rich and sheen ;
 “ The forest birds in chorus vied
 “ To greet a sylvan queen.
- “ Ensconced mid trees this chateau stood—
 “ Mid flowers each aisle and porch ;
 “ At eve soft music charmed the ear—
 “ High blazed the festive torch,
- “ And thus, a round of years flew past
 “ On wings of love and joy ;
 “ Nor care, nor grief, nor worldly strife,
 “ Intruded to annoy.
- “ But, ah ! a sad and mournful tale
 “ Was her’s who so enjoyed
 “ The transient bliss of these fair shades—
 “ By youth and love decoyed.
- “ Her lord was true—yet he was false—
 “ False—false—as sin and hell—
 “ To former plights and vows he gave
 “ To one that loved him well.

- “ I knew it not—I heard it not—
 “ That far in foreign land,
 “ Long years had past since he was bound
 “ In wedlock’s holy band :
- “ Or that another home and wife
 “ Partook his cares and pains ;
 “ Whilst here, remote from friend and guide,
 “ I wore a traitor’s chains.
- “ Say ! was it not a cruel deed,
 “ To wrong my youthful years ?
 “ And thus betray my artless love
 “ To sorrow, shame, and tears ?
- “ But still more cruel was the hate
 “ With which my rival strove.
 “ T’ unravel that gay web of hope
 “ My ardent fancy wove.
- “ At last, a base and hireling wretch,
 “ In guise my menial maid,
 “ Gave me a potion that, in sooth,
 “ Would cure my ills, she said.

[Here the MS. is obliterated and illegible.]

THE
SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

THE siege and capture of Quebec took place in September, 1759. The British army was commanded by Major-General James Wolfe, with Brigadiers Murray, Monckton, and Townshend; with eight thousand men—the navy were under Admirals Saunders, Durrel and Holmes. The French army and Canadian Militia, with a large body of Indians, were under the command of General De Montcalm, an officer of great experience and energy; they were entrenched along the heights of Beauport, towards the Falls of Montmorenci. General Wolfe, after an unsuccessful attempt to land his forces on the Beauport shore, where he lost upwards of five hundred men, sailed up the river; and before day-light, on the 13th September, landed a considerable portion of his army in a Cove (at present bearing his name) about two miles above Quebec. With much difficulty they ascended the precipice, and having disarmed a guard of the enemy, the British formed their line on the Heights of Abraham, to the west of the city. General De Montcalm no sooner heard that the English had gained the Heights of Abraham, which in a manner commands the city on its weakest part, than he resolved to hazard a battle, and immediately commenced his march from Beauport. Gen. Wolfe perceiving the enemy crossing the river St. Charles, placed his army in a suitable position to receive them. Both armies were destitute of artillery except two small pieces on the side of the French and a single gun, which the English seamen made

shift to draw up from the landing place. This was very well served and galled the enemy severely. At nine o'clock the French advanced to the charge with great order and vivacity, though their fire was irregular and ineffectual. On the contrary, the British reserved their shot until the French had approached within forty yards of their line, then they poured in a terrible discharge, and continued to fire with such deliberation and spirit, as could not fail to produce considerable effect. General Wolfe standing conspicuous in front of the line, became a mark for the enemy, and soon received a shot in the wrist; he continued giving his orders and advancing at the head of the grenadiers, with their bayonets fixed, when unfortunately another ball pierced his breast, just as the enemy gave way and fled. Wolfe was conveyed to the rear, and had the satisfaction, in dying, to learn that the enemy were defeated; when he declared that he died happy. General Townshend assumed the command and completed the defeat of the enemy. Montcalm fell mortally wounded; his second in command was also mortally wounded. The remains of the French army retired to Point au Trembles, and finally to Three Rivers and Montreal. A few days after the garrison capitulated and became prisoners.

The following narrative on the part of the French, by a Nun of the General Hospital, may be considered as genuine, and a true and faithful account of such occurrences during the siege, as came to the knowledge of the ladies of that convent; which was situated in the immediate vicinity of the field of action. It was first published, in French, by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

SIEGE OF QUEBEC

IN

1759.

Translated from the French.

NARRATIVE of the doings during the SIEGE OF QUEBEC, and the conquest of CANADA; by a NUN of the General Hospital of Quebec, transmitted to a religious Community of the same order, in France.

My very reverend Mothers,

As our constitution requires us to consult the other establishments of our Congregation, in any difficulties that may occur, tending to impede the progress of our holy Institution, it must also give you the same power, I imagine, when necessary to promote our edification. The simple narration, which I am about to give you, of what passed since the year 1755, when the English determined to use every effort to acquire this colony; the part we took, by the immense labours which were consequently imposed upon us, will be the subject.

The General Hospital is situated in the outer limits of Quebec, about half a mile from the walls.

The fire, * from which our Sisters in Quebec have lately suffered, having rendered it impossible for them to continue their charge of the sick, Mr. Bigot, the *Intendant* (or Governor) of the country, proposed that we should receive them in our hospital. We

* The Hotel Dieu (nunnery) had been recently destroyed by fire, communicated by an incendiary.

readily agreed so to do ; being desirous of rendering service, and zealously fulfilling the duties of our calling, the Sisters lost no time in entering upon the sacred work. His Majesty, attentive to the wants of his subjects, and being informed of the preparations making by the English, did not fail to forward succour to the country, consisting in numerous vessels, laden with munitions of war and provisions, of which we were entirely destitute ; and several regiments, who landed in a deplorable state, unfit for service, a great many men having died soon after. They were suffering from malignant fever. All the sick, officers and privates, were conveyed to our hospital, which was insufficient to contain them ; we were therefore compelled to fill most parts of the building, even to the church, having obtained the permission of the late bishop Pontbriand, our illustrious prelate. He whose zeal and charity, all must readily acknowledge, being desirous of partaking in the labours of the Almoners, passed days and nights in ministering to the sick and dying ; exposing his life in the midst of infection, which contributed materially to affect his health and to abridge his days. He had the misfortune to lose four of his Almoners, who perished in a few days from the pestilential infection they inhaled in their attendance upon the sick. He ministered to them himself, and his charitable attentions were readily bestowed upon his flock generally. The heavy duties with which we were charged, seemed to touch his noble heart ; the loss of ten of our youngest Nuns affected him most sensibly. In their last moments they were not without consolation, conscious of having done their duty. They prayed that God would be pleased to receive them as acceptable victims in appeasing his wrath ; but this was only a small portion of the bitter cup of affliction prepared

for us. The loss deprived us of the power to attend to all the calls upon us, arising from our numerous patients. The bishop caused ten Nuns to come to our assistance from the Hotel Dieu of Quebec ; who, full of a sense of their duty, really edified us by their exertions, and indefatigable zeal, in attending day and night upon the sick. Our gratitude towards their community increased from day to day. The poverty of our establishment did not admit of our assisting them in their distress as we desired, their house having been destroyed by fire.

Let us now, dear Mothers, endeavor to give you some details of a war and captivity, which our sins have drawn upon us. Heaven, so far favorable to our supplications, preserved us on several occasions. The most holy Virgin, patroness of this country, having baffled the efforts of the enemy enabled our vessels to escape their vigilance, and the tempests and storms of the ocean. But alas ! want of sufficient gratitude, deprived us of a continuation of her protection. Still, during the first attacks of our enemy, we continued to enjoy it ; every where they appeared, they were beaten and repulsed with considerable loss. The taking of ———— † of Fort St. George and several others, of which they were deprived, are proofs. The victories we obtained at Belle Rivière and at Carillon, were most glorious ; our warriors returned crowned with laurels. They probably, did not return thanks to the God of armies, to whom they were indebted for success, as it was miraculous ; their small numbers, without heavenly aid, could not so completely have accomplished it. Thereupon, the enemy, despairing of vanquishing us,

† Fort Chouagen probably.

ashamed to retreat, determined to fit out a formidable fleet, armed with all the artillery that the infernal regions could supply for the destruction of human kind. They displayed the British flag in the harbour of Quebec on the 26th June, 1759. On the receipt of intelligence of their arrival, our troops and militia came down from above. Our Generals left garrisons in the advanced posts, of which there is a great number above Montreal, in order to prevent the junction of their land forces, which it was understood were on the march, Our Generals did not fail to occupy most points where the enemy might land ; but they could not guard them all. The sickness suffered by our troops, lately from France, and the losses they sustained in two or three recent actions with the enemy, though victorious, weakened us considerably ; and it became necessary to abandon Point Levi, directly opposite to and commanding Quebec. The enemy soon occupied it and constructed their batteries ; which commenced firing on the 24th July, in a manner to excite the greatest alarm in our unfortunate Communities of religious ladies.

The reverend Mother Saint Helen, Superior of the Hospital, wrote to us the same day, supplicating admission into our House, for herself and her Sisters. Although we could not doubt that our building would be speedily filled with with wounded from the siege, we received our dear Sisters with open arms. The tears which we shed and the tenderness exhibited towards them made it evident that we were happy to share with them the little comfort that remained to us. We surrendered the rooms to them, and confined ourselves to our dormitories. We were not long before another dislodgement took place. Next day at six o'clock in the evening, we beheld

in our meadows the reverend ladies of the Ursuline Convent, who seized with fright, occasioned by the shot and shells, which had penetrated the walls of their dwelling, were hurrying towards our asylum. It became necessary to find place for upwards of thirty Sisters, who were received with no less tenderness and affection than was exhibited to the ladies of the Hospital.

It now became necessary to ascertain how we should accommodate ourselves. On the arrival of the English fleet, all the families of distinction, merchants, &c. capable of maintaining themselves, were removed to Three Rivers and Montreal, thereby relieving the garrison during the seige. Several members of our families and others whom we could not refuse, sought shelter with us, being at hand to succour their husbands and sons who might be wounded. As our house was beyond the range of the enemy's artillery, the poor people of the city did not fail to seek refuge there. All the out-houses, stables, barns, garrets, &c. were well filled.

The only consolation we enjoyed was that of daily seeing our Bishop, tho' in a dying state, exhorting and encouraging us not to relax in our good works. He was induced to retire from his capital, his palace and cathedral being reduced to ashes. He would not quit his flock while any hope remained of saving them; he lived with the curate of Charlesbourgh, three miles from Quebec. He permitted the several Almoners to celebrate Mass in our Choir, the Church being occupied by the wounded. Most people of the neighbourhood assisted at Mass, so that we were extremely crowded. It was consolatory to us, that we were enabled to have divine service during the

siege, without interfering with the attentions to the sick and wounded. The only rest we partook of, was during prayers, and still it was not without interruption from the noise of shells and shot, dreading every moment that they would be directed towards us. The red-hot shot and carcasses terrified those who attended the sick during the night. They had the affliction of witnessing the destruction of the houses of the citizens, many of our connexions being immediately interested therein. During one night, upwards of fifty of the best houses in the Lower Town were destroyed. The vaults containing merchandise and many precious articles, did not escape the effects of the artillery. During this dreadful conflagration, we could offer nothing but our tears and prayers at the foot of the altar at such moments as could be snatched from the necessary attention to the wounded.

In addition to these misfortunes, we had to contend with more than one enemy ; famine, at all times inseparable from war, threatened to reduce us to the last extremity ; upwards of six hundred persons in our building and vicinity, partaking of our small means of subsistence, supplied from the government stores, which were likely soon to be short of what was required for the troops. In the midst of this desolation, the Almighty, disposed to humble us, and to deprive us of our substance, which we had probably amassed contrary to his will, and with too great avidity, still mercifully preserved our lives, which were daily periled, from the present state of the country.

Our enemy, informed of our destitute condition, was satisfied with battering our walls, despairing of vanquishing us, except by starvation. The river

was the only obstruction we could oppose to the enemy ; it likewise interfered to prevent our attacking them. They remained long under our eyes, meditating a descent ; finally they determined upon landing at Beauport. Our army, always on the alert, being apprised by the advanced guard, immediately rushed to the spot, with that ardour natural to the French nation, without calculating upon the many causes likely to wrest the victory from their grasp.

The enemy, more cautious in their proceedings, on observing our army, hesitated in landing all their forces. We drove them from our redoubts, of which they had obtained possession. They became overwhelmed, and left the field strewed with killed and wounded. This action alone, had it been properly managed, would have finally relieved us from their invasion. We must not, however, attribute the mismanagement solely to our Generals ; the Indian tribes, often essential to our support, became prejudicial to us on this occasion. Their hideous yells of defiance tended to intimidate our foes, who instead of meeting the onset, to which they had exposed themselves, precipitately retreated to their boats, and left us masters of the field. We charitably conveyed their wounded to our hospital, notwithstanding the fury and rage of the indians, who, according their cruel custom, sought to scalp them. Our army continued constantly ready to oppose the enemy. They dared not attempt a second landing ; but ashamed of inaction, they took to burning the country places. Under shelter of darkness, they moved their vessels about seven or eight leagues above Quebec. There they captured a great number of prisoners, including women and children, who had taken refuge in that quarter. There again they experienced the valour

of a small garrison of invalides, commanded by an officer, having one arm only, placed there in charge of military stores. The enemy, after a severe struggle, succeeded in capturing them.

After remaining in vain nearly three months at anchor in the Port, they appeared disposed to retire, despairing of success ; but the Almighty, whose intentions are beyond our penetration, and always just, having resolved to subdue us, inspired the English Commander with the idea of making another attempt before his departure, which was done by surprise during the night. It was the intention, that night, to send supplies to a body of our troops forming an outpost on the heights near Quebec. A miserable deserter gave the information to the enemy, and persuaded them that it would be easy to surprise us, and pass their boats by using our countersign. They profited by the information, and the treasonable scheme succeeded. They landed on giving the password ; our officer detected the deceit, but too late. He defended his post bravely with his small band, and was wounded. By this plan the enemy found themselves on the heights near the city. General De Montcalm, without loss of time, marched at the head of his army ; but having to proceed about half a league, the enemy, had time to bring up their artillery, and to form for the reception of the French. Our leading battalions did not wait the arrival and formation of the other forces to support them, they rushed with their usual impetuosity on their enemies and killed a great number ; but they were soon overcome by the artillery. They lost their General and a great number of officers. Our loss was not equal to that of the enemy ; but it was not the less serious. General

De Montcalm and his principal officers fell on the occasion. §

Several officers of the Canadian Militia, fathers of families, shared the same fate. We witnessed the carnage from our windows. It was in such a scene that charity triumphed, and caused us to forget self-preservation and the danger we were exposed to, in the immediate presence of the enemy. We were in the midst of the dead and the dying, who were brought in to us by hundreds, many of them our close connexions ; it was necessary to smother our griefs and exert ourselves to relieve them. Loaded with the inmates of three convents, and all the inhabitants of the neighbouring suburbs, which the approach of the enemy caused to fly in this direction, you may judge of our terror and confusion. The enemy masters of the field, and within a few paces of our house ; exposed to the fury of the soldiers, we had reason to dread the worst. It was then that we experienced the truth of the words of holy writ : “ he who places his trust in the Lord has nothing to fear.”

But tho' not wanting in faith or hope, the approach of night greatly added to our fears. The three sisterhoods with the exception of those who were dispersed over the house, prostrated themselves at

§ It is the memorable battle of the 13th September, 1759, which took place on the Plains of Abraham, that is alluded to. The Official account of the English loss on this occasion, is as follows :

Officers, Serjeants and privates killed.....	61
Officers, Serjeants, Drummers and privates wounded.....	598
Soldiers missing.....	5

Total.... 664

After the battle, several French officers admitted their loss amounted to nearly 1500 men, killed, wounded and prisoners.

the foot of the altar, to implore Divine mercy. The silence and consternation which prevailed, was suddenly interrupted by loud and repeated knocks at our doors. Two young Nuns, who were carrying broth to the sick, unavoidably happened to be near when the door was opened. The palor and fright which overcame them, touched the officer, and he prevented the guard from entering; he demanded the appearance of the Superiors, and desired them to assure us of protection; he said that part of the English force would entour and take possession of the house, apprehending that our army, which was not distant, might return and attack them, in their intrenchments;—which would certainly have taken place had our troops been enabled to reassemble before the capitulation. Soon after we saw their army drawn up under our windows. The loss we had sustained the day before led us to fear, with reason, that our fate was decided, our people being unable to rally. General De Lévi, second in command, who became chief on the death of De Montcalm, had set out, some days previous, with about 3000 men, to re-inforce the upper posts, which were daily harassed by the enemy.

The loss we had just sustained, and the departure of that force, determined the Marquis De Vaudreuil, Governor General of the Colony, to abandon Quebec, being no longer able to retain it. The enemy having formed their entrenchments and their Camp, near the principal gate; their fleet commanding the Port, it was impossible to convey succour to the garrison. Mr. De Ramsay, who commanded, with a feeble garrison, without provisions or munitions, held out to the last extremity.

The principal inhabitants represented to him that they had readily sacrificed their property; but with regard to their wives and children, they could not make up their minds to witness their massacre, in the event of the place being stormed; it was therefore necessary to determine on capitulation.

The English readily accorded the articles demanded, religious toleration and civil advantages for the inhabitants. Happy in having acquired possession of a country, in which they had on several previous occasions failed, they were the most moderate of conquerors. We could not, without injustice, complain of the manner in which they treated us. However, their good treatment has not yet dried our tears. We do not shed them as did the good Hebrews near the waters of Babylon, we are still in the land of promise; but our canticles will not again be heard until we can shake off this medley of nations, and until our temples are re-established; then we will celebrate, with the utmost gratitude, the merciful bounty of the Lord.

After the capitulation of Quebec, all that remained of the families of distinction followed the French army to Montreal. His lordship the Bishop, having no place to dwell in, was compelled to follow their example. Before his departure, he made all necessary arrangements in his Diocese; he appointed Mr. Briand Vicar General, who is justly considered a godly man, and of such established merit, that our enemies could not withhold their approbation, and, I may say, their veneration of him. He maintained his rights and those of his curates, in such a manner as to meet with no obstacles from the English. The Vicar selected our house for his resi-

dence ; beholding us charged with an infinite number of people, without resources, exposed to many evils, —he did not consider us safe but under his own eyes. He was not mistaken; and, in the end, we were much indebted to him.

The reduction of Quebec, on the 18th September, 1759, produced no tranquillity for us, but rather increased our labours. The English Generals came to our Hospital and assured us of their protection, and at the same time, required us to take charge of their wounded and sick.

Although we were near the seat of war, our establishment had nothing to fear, as the well understood rights of nations protected Hospitals so situated, still they obliged us to lodge a guard of thirty men, and it was necessary to prepare food and bedding for them. On being relieved they carried off many of the blankets, &c. the officer taking no measures to prevent them. Our greatest misfortune was to hear their talking during divine service.

The Sisters from the other Convents determined to return to their former dwellings. It was very painful for us to part with them. Their long residence with us, and the esteem and affection created thereby caused our separation to be most sensibly felt. The Revd. Mother St. Helen, Superior, observing us overwhelmed with work, which was daily augmenting, left us twelve of her dear Sisters, who were a great relief to us. Two of the Ursuline Sisters were too weak to be removed, and they terminated their days with us. The fatigues and sickness they endured, with much patience and resignation, merited I trust, an eternal reward. The departure of

the dear Sisters, gave us no additional space, as it became necessary to place the sick of the English army in the same apartments.

Let us now return to the French. Our Generals not finding their force sufficient to undertake the recovery of their losses, proceeded to the construction of a Fort, about five leagues above Quebec, and left a garrison therein, capable of checking the enemy from penetrating into the country. They did not remain inactive, but were constantly on the alert, harassing the enemy. The English were not safe beyond the gates of Quebec. General Murray the commander of the place, on several occasions was near being made a prisoner ; and would not have escaped if our people had been faithful. Prisoners were frequently made, which so irritated the Commander, that he sent out detachments to pillage and burn the habitations of the country people.

The desire to recover the country and to acquire glory, was attended with great loss to our citizens. We heard of nothing but combats throughout the winter ; the severity of the season had not the effect of making them lay down their arms. Wherever the enemy was observed, they were pursued without relaxation ; which caused them to remark, “ that they had never known a people more attached and faithful to their sovereign than the Canadians.”

The English did not fail to require the oath of allegiance to their King ; but, notwithstanding this forced obligation, which our people did not consider themselves bound to observe, they joined the flying camps of the French, whenever an opportunity offered.

The French forces did not spare the inhabitants of the country; they lived freely at the expense of those unfortunate people. We suffered considerable loss in a Seigneurie which we possessed below Quebec. The officer commanding seized on all our cattle, which were numerous, and wheat to subsist his troops. The purveyor rendered us no account of such seizures. Notwithstanding this loss, we were compelled to maintain upwards of three hundred wounded, sent to us after the battle of the 13th September.

The stores of the French government, now in the possession of the English, being exhausted, we were therefore obliged to have recourse to the enemy. They gave us flour and clothing. But how little suited was it for our unfortunate wounded! We had no wine nor other comforts to afford them, Drained long since by the great numbers, nothing remained but good will. This however did not satisfy them. Our officers represented to the English commander that they were not accustomed to be treated in that manner by the King of France. The Commander, piqued by this reproach, attached the blame to us, and required us to make a statement of what was necessary for the relief of these gentlemen, and then caused us to pay for it. We flattered ourselves that the French government, more just, would be proud to reimburse all our extra expenses, which were unavoidable at this time. The desire to obtain our rights and recover the country, induced us to do our utmost in support of the cause.

As we had in our Hospital many French soldiers of the garrison of Quebec, and of the sufferers in the action of the 13th, they implored us, when their

strength was re-established, to allow them to fly and join the army ; we readily agreed to it, and furnished them with clothing and provisions, to enable them to accomplish their object, which drew upon us the most severe reproaches and menaces from the enemy. They threatened to allow us to die from starvation.

As our house was still full of sick, the Grand Vicar, who attended closely to our welfare, removed several of the Almoners, who contributed to embarrass us, from the scarcity of provisions. He and the reverend Mr. De Rigauville, our Chaplain, administered to the sick, and attended them in their last moments, night and day.

We have at this time upwards of two hundred English, who occupy our dining rooms and dormitories ; and as many French, in our infirmaries, leaving us merely one small room to retire into. There assembled, and left to our reflections, we anticipated the worst. All communication with our friends being interrupted, we knew not what was passing in the upper parts. Our enemies, better informed, announced the approach of our army ; the measures they adopted, and the additional fortifications they constructed in Quebec, supported by a strong garrison, caused us to dread the result of the struggle. On our side we had false prophets ; women painting in their imaginations sieges, without mortars or cannon ; the town taken by assault. Nothing more was required to stir and animate those who were eager for the fray.

As soon as the season appeared suitable for campaigning, our army followed the ice, scantily provided with provisions, and still less with artillery suited for

a siege. Our Generals did not doubt the valour of the troops ; but they only flattered themselves with the prospect of success, in the event of the arrival of succour from France. In the expectation of their arrival, our army commenced their march ; they arrived near Quebec on the 26th April. The 27th was employed in landing the few guns brought from Montreal. An artilleryman in landing, fell on a loose piece of ice, which floated him directly opposite to the city. The extraordinary conveyance attracted the attention of the sentinels ; they notified the Commander, who immediately sent relief to the artilleryman. He was brought before the Commander, and questioned. The poor man, seized with fright, after his dangerous escape, was quite unprepared for evasion ; he candidly acknowledged that he was one of the French army, who were within two leagues of Quebec. He related how he had been transported down the river against his will. So far the march of the army had been secret. The secret being now developed, it appeared to us a bad omen ; an event governed by a power beyond our reach or opposition. The English Commander, General Murray, informed by this means, lost not a moment. He immediately withdrew a strong advanced post, stationed about a league from Quebec, with their cannon, and blew up the Church of St. Foy, which had served as a shelter for the troops ; after which he summoned a council of war, and appeared to be alone of opinion that it was expedient to march out with a considerable portion of the garrison, and take up a strong position, establish his batteries, and there meet the enemy. This proposal did not meet with the sanction of the majority ; but, notwithstanding, he carried it into execution.

Our army, ignorant of the information accidentally obtained by the garrison, continued their march. During the night of the 27th and 28th it rained incessantly. The heavens appeared to contend against us. The thunder and lightning, very rare at this season, seemed to be the forerunner of the shock to which our forces were about to be exposed. The rain falling in torrents, and the roads rendered impracticable by the melting of the snow, prevented their marching in good order. General De Bourglamarque, second in command, at the head of the leading battalions, came in sight of the enemy before forming his men. The enemy's artillery lost no time in opening a destructive fire upon them, which placed many hors de combat. The General was wounded and forced to retire. The main body of our troops, marines and militia, better acquainted with the roads, arrived in time to support a regiment, which was near being cut to pieces, rather than retreat. The action then became most furious and general. The English having had the choice of position, possessed considerable advantage. Our army did not expect to find their foes drawn up in order of battle; they were consequently compelled to halt, and not finding the ground suitable for extending their lines, the first divisions had to bear the brunt of the fire. The main struggle took place near Quebec, on a height opposite our house. Not a shot was fired which did not resound in our ears. Judge, if possible, what must have been our situation; the interest of our country, and our close connections were amongst the combatants, producing a state of anguish it is impossible to paint. The Grand Vicar, at present our Bishop, who suffered equally with us, exhorted us to bear the shock with resignation and submission to the decrees of the Almighty; after which he retired to the church,

penetrated with the deepest affliction, and threw himself at the foot of the altar, where he poured forth his prayers, imploring with confidence that the divine ruler of events would be pleased to stay the deadly conflict, and spare the flock confided to his care. He then arose full of hope, in order to proceed to the field of battle, notwithstanding our remonstrances, which were not urged without reason, as he must be exposed to great danger. He was induced to proceed to the field, because he apprehended that there were not a sufficient number of clergy on the spot to minister to the dying, who he believed were very numerous.

Mr. De Rigauville, our Chaplain, full of zeal, was desirous of following the Grand Vicar. He was not without anxiety, his only brother, and several of his nearest connections being in the army. He had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy turn their backs and fly. The engagement lasted two hours. The intrepidity and valour of the French and Canadians drove the enemy from their strong position, and followed them up under the guns of the city. We remained masters of the field, and of their cannon, and made many prisoners. The enemy retired within the walls, and dared not again venture out. The victory, however, was dearly bought, and caused many tears to flow.

M. De Lévi, on approaching Quebec, assembled a council; it was proposed to blow up our house, fearing that it might be a rallying point for the enemy. But God was pleased to spare us and them; he opened their eyes, and convinced them that it was most essential to their purposes. The French commander directed us to dismiss all persons who had

taken refuge in our establishment, as he looked to us as the only persons capable of taking charge of the wounded during the siege, about to be commenced. We did not fail to answer, that we would proceed to empty our house, with the exception of two hundred English sick, which it was not in our power to remove ; but in other respects we were always ready to second his intentions, and to render all the service in our power.

After the battle he sent us an officer with a French guard, which however, did not free us from the English guard. It became necessary to find room for them. But this was but the prelude to what was yet to happen. It would require another pen than mine to depict the horrors which we were compelled to witness, during twenty-four hours, which were occupied in the reception of the wounded ; their cries and the lamentations of their friends were truly heart-rending. It required supernatural strength to bear such scenes.

After having prepared upwards of five hundred beds, which were procured from the public stores, as many more were required.—Our stables and barns, were filled with these unfortunate men. It was very difficult to find time to attend to all. We had in our Infirmaries seventy-two officers, thirty-three of whom died. We saw nothing but amputation of legs and arms. To crown our distress there was a deficiency of linen ; we were under the necessity of giving our sheets and our body-linen. The French army did not fail to provide that article, but unfortunately, the vessel conveying their stores from Montreal was captured by the English.

In this instance we were differently situated from what we were after the battle of the 13th September; we could not expect assistance from the religious ladies of the city; the English had taken possession of their establishments for the reception of their wounded, who were more numerous than the French. About twenty officers of the English army, who were left wounded on the field, were also brought to us.

Reverend Mothers,—as I give you this account, merely from memory, of what passed under our eyes, and with a view to afford you the satisfaction of knowing that we sustained with fortitude and in an edifying manner the painful duties, imposed upon us by our vocation; I will not undertake to relate to you all the particulars of the surrender of the country. I could do it but imperfectly, and from hearsay. I will merely say that the majority of the Canadians were disposed to perish rather than surrender; and that the small number of troops remaining were deficient of ammunition and provisions, and only surrendered in order to save the lives of the women and children, who are likely to be exposed to the greatest peril where towns are carried by assault.

Alas! Dear Mothers, it was a great misfortune for us that France could not send, in the spring, some yessels with provisions and munitions; we should still be under her dominion. She has lost a vast country and a faithful people, sincerely attached to their sovereign; a loss we must greatly deplore, on account of our religion, and the difference of the laws to which we must submit. We vainly flatter ourselves that peace may restore us to our rights; and that the Almighty will treat us in a fatherly manner, and soon cease to humble us; we still continue to

experience his wrath. Our sins, doubtless, are very great, which leads us to apprehend that we are doomed to suffer long ; the spirit of repentance is not general with the people, and God is still offended. We, however, yet entertain the hope of again coming under the dominion of our former masters.

You must, no doubt, have learnt that the English, moved by our importunities, have granted us a Bishop for this unfortunate colony. The choice of both governments has fallen upon the reverend Jean Olivier Briand. It is unnecessary that I should dwell upon his merits ; they are well known. Without his protection and intercession our convent and property would have been sold to satisfy the debts, contracted to support the French troops ; our creditors were compelled by order of the English Governor, to desist from their prosecutions. To him our establishment is indebted for its present existence. The French government is indebted to us in the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand livres, for expenses incurred in the maintenance of French troops. We look for no compensation for our services, He to whom we devote ourselves will recompence us amply. It is said that we will have to depend upon the public for support : we cannot believe it, as the English government, having witnessed the expenses we have incurred, will plead our cause with France, and not allow us to suffer such serious loss.





Wolfe's and Montcalm's Monument.

THE MONUMENT.

*Ceremony of Laying the First Stone of the
MONUMENT to WOLFE and MONTCALM, on
the 20th November, 1827.*

On the promenade between the upper and lower gardens attached to the Castle, stands an obelisk, erected by subscription, to Montcalm and Wolfe. The proposal of erecting a monument to these celebrated men originated with Lord Dalhousie, who munificently contributed to the subscription. Captain Young, of the 79th Highlanders, composed the design. In the morning troops in garrison marched from their respective barracks, and formed a line on the street which separates the upper and lower garden of the Chateau, they then opened their ranks, and formed a lane.

The Grand Lodge of Masons, the Merchants and Frères du Canada, the Sussex, and the St. Andrew's Lodges, the officers composing the Grand Lodge and the Brethren being in full Masonic Costume, walked in procession to the Chateau, preceded by the band of the 66th regiment, entered the garden, and lined the avenues to the spot where preparations had been made for the purpose which called their attendance.

* The obelisk has since been enclosed within the upper garden.

The Countess of Dalhousie shortly after made her appearance in the garden, with the Hon. Lady Hill, the Hon. Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Sewell, and a large party of fashionables, and passed through the lines of Masons to the Platform of the battery ; almost at the same moment His Excellency the Governor in Chief, accompanied by the Lord Bishop of Quebec, and the Chief Justice, the Committee of Superintendence, and many other gentlemen, and attended by the Officers of the General and Personal Staff, having passed through the lane formed by the troops, entered the garden by the gate facing the spot selected for the site of the Monument, and descending the steps, joined the Countess of Dalhousie, whom he conducted, accompanied by her Ladyship's friends to a situation commanding a view of the ceremonies to take place.

Every thing being now in readiness, His Excellency placed himself in front of the Stone and spoke as follows :

Gentlemen of the Committee, we are assembled upon an occasion most interesting to this country—if possible more so to this city.—We are met to lay the Foundation of a Column in honor of two illustrious men, whose deeds and whose fall have immortalized their own names, and placed Quebec in the rank of cities famous in the history of the world.

Before, however, we touch the first stone, let us implore the Blessing of Almighty God upon our intended work.

The prayer concluded—His Lordship thus addressed the Masonic Brethren :—

“ Right Worshipful Grand Master and Worshipful Brethren of the Grand Lodge, I crave your assistance in performing Masonic Ceremonies and honors on this occasion.”

The R. W. Grand Master, supported by the R. W. D. G. M. Oliva on his right, and P. D. G. M. Thompson on his left, with two Grand Deacons, took his station on the east side of the foundation. The R. W. the Grand Masters and R. W. the Grand Chaplain placed themselves on the opposite sides, then the Corner Stone was lowered and laid with the usual Masonic ceremony—the Grand Master supported as above described, advanced towards His Lordship to give the Three Mystic strokes, on the Stone. During this part of the ceremony, the R. W. Grand Master repeated the following short prayer :

“ May this undertaking prosper, with the Blessing of Almighty God.”

The part of the ceremony which now followed derived peculiar interest from the presence of Mr. James Thompson, one of the few survivors (supposed to be the only man in Canada) of that gallant army which served under Wolfe on the memorable 13th of September, 1759. This venerable Mason, in the 95th year of his age, walked with the party which accompanied the Earl, and stood near his Lordship, leaning on the arm of Captain Young, of the 79th Highlanders, the officer whose pencil produced the chaste and appropriate design, which has been adopted for the Monument. His Lordship called upon the patriarch to assist in the ceremony in these words :

Mr. Thompson—we honour you here as the companion in arms and a venerable living witness of the fall of Wolfe ; do us also the favour to bear witness on this occasion by the mallet in your hand.—Mr. Thompson then, with a firm hand, gave the three Mystic strokes with the mallet on the stone. An appropriate prayer was then pronounced by Dr. Harkness, the Provincial Grand Chaplain.

Then Captain Melhuish, of the Royal Engineers, having deposited Gold, Silver, and Copper Coins of the present Reign, in a cavity prepared on the face of the stone for their reception, the pieces were covered by a brass plate, bearing the following inscription, which was rivetted to the stone :

HUNC LAPIDEM
 MONUMENTI IN MEMORIAM
 VIRORUM ILLUSTRUM
 WOLFE ET MONTCALM,
 FUNDAMENTUM
 P. C.
GEORGIUS COMES DE DALHOUSIE,
 IN SEPTENTRIONALIS AMERICÆ PARTIBUS
 AD BRITANNOS PERTINENTIBUS
 SUMMAM RERUM ADMINISTRANS ;
 OPUS PER MULTOS ANNOS PRÆTERMISSUM,
 (QUID DUCI EGREGIO CONVENIENTIUS ?)
 AUCTORITATE PROMOVENS, EXEMPLO STIMULANS,
 MUNIFICENTIÂ FOVENS.
 Die Novembris XVâ.
 A. D. MDCCCXXVII,
 GEORGE IV BRITANNIORUM REGE.

The plan and elevation of the monument were then presented to the Countess of Dalhousie.

For the information of the Ladies, and of those who do not understand the Latin language, translations of the two inscriptions are subjoined.

The first may be thus translated into English :—

THIS FOUNDATION STONE
OF A MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF
THE ILLUSTRIOUS MEN,
WOLFE AND MONTCALM,
WAS LAID BY
GEORGE EARL OF DALHOUSIE,
GOVERNOR IN CHIEF OVER ALL THE BRITISH
PROVINCES IN NORTH AMERICA,
A WORK NEGLECTED FOR MANY YEARS.
(WHAT IS THERE MORE WORTHY OF A GALLANT GENERAL ?)
HE PROMOTED BY HIS INFLUENCE, ENCOURAGED BY HIS
EXAMPLE, AND FAVORED BY HIS MUNIFICENCE.
15th November, 1827.
GEORGE IV. REIGNING KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.


And the following may be taken as a translation of that by Dr. Fisher, the word "Communem" signifying "common to both," being rendered by the word "common."

MILITARY VIRTUE GAVE THEM A COMMON DEATH,
HISTORY A COMMON FAME,
POSTERITY A COMMON MONUMENT.

The ceremony concluded by the troops, under the command of Colonel Nicol, firing a *feu de joie*, after which they presented arms, the bands playing God save the King. After the third volley, three hearty British cheers were given, and the troops in returning to the barracks passed his Lordship in review order on the Place d'Armes.

The inscription on the brass plate, has been since engraved on a Marble Tablet, but from some mistake the person employed has neglected to make the alterations necessary to adapt it to its new situation, and the stone has, in consequence, not been put up.

At the time the Monument was first set on foot, a Gold Medal, offered as a prize to the person who should produce the best inscription, was awarded to J. C. Fisher, Esq. L. L. D. Editor of the Quebec Gazette by Authority, whose composition was generally admired by scholars, for the Classic purity of its style.—It is as follows:—

WOLFE.  MONTCALM.

MORTEM. VIRTUS. COMMUNEM.

FAMAM. HISTORIA.

MONUMENTUM. POSTERITAS.

DEDIT.

A. D. 1827.