



WOLFE'S COVE.

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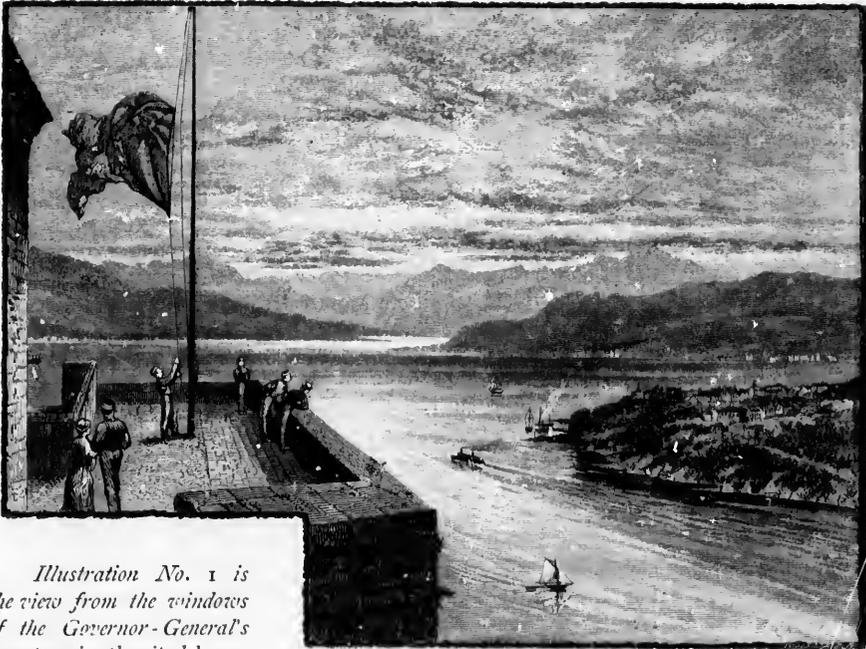
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QUEBEC.

Pictures from My Portfolio.

By H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

EQUAL gallantry, and very unequal fortune, characterized the contest between the French and the English for the New World. Had the French Court sufficiently backed their gallant general, who was fighting against long odds, the French language might have been spoken now over regions more extensive than the Province of Quebec or the State of Louisiana. Two fruitless victories crowned their arms, and two defeats brought about



View from the Windows of the Governor-General's Quarters.

Illustration No. 1 is the view from the windows of the Governor-General's quarters in the citadel overlooking the great St. Lawrence River. It is always understood to be one of the finest views in the world, an ever-varying scene of beauty. On the right bank of the river is Point Levis (named after the gallant French general Marquis de Levis). At this place the Royal Engineers erected wooden huts some years ago, and these are now used by the Canadian Artillery Militia in the summer time. To the left is the Island of Orleans, situated almost midstream six miles below the town of Quebec. The hills beyond rise over St. Anne's, a favourite place for pilgrimages.

the treaty, the results of which were so loyally accepted by the French Canadians that there is no population more attached than is theirs to the British Constitution.

High as were the hopes of the gallant commanders of the English in 1758, they could hardly have expected that, within a brief period, the sons of the brave men who confronted them would be fighting side by side with the redcoats to repel the invasion which threatened to absorb Canada in the neighbouring Republic. But the armament equipped against the French colonists was imposing enough in number of ships and troops to justify confidence that resistance could not be prolonged. The first remarkable action was that at Louisburg. It was one of the two decisive British successes. The place shows no striking natural features. Low rocky shores almost encircle a wide bay. Dominating the recesses of this bay, and to the left as the fleet entered, rose the strong ramparts of a citadel, garrisoned by some of the best regiments of the Royal army of France.

The fleet advances, a cloud of small boats cover the waters between the ships and the shore. The surf is heavy, and the position of the garrison looks most formidable. A slight figure in the leading boat stands up amid a storm of shot, and is seen to wave his hat. Some said afterwards that he waved his men back, thinking the attempt to land too perilous. But his gallant followers think it is the signal for a dash—on they row amid the splash of balls and roar of artillery, and, as each boat touches land, the crews leap out, and slipping, struggling through the surf, form amid the terrible fire, and rush to the assault. The capture of the place was an extraordinary feat of arms, and the slightly-built man who waved his cocked hat in the leading boat that day, was soon afterwards nominated chief of the British forces in North America. Wolfe's next chance was given him in the summer of 1759, when Montcalm, calmly watching his enemy's movements from the ridges near the Falls of Montmorenci, was enabled to crush a brigade too hastily thrown on shore, and compelled it to retreat, leaving many killed and wounded. But the hold gained by the invader was not to be easily shaken off. Already masters of the Island of Orleans, with the banks of the river below the Falls, and also those opposite

to Quebec in his hands, Wolfe waited until the autumn. His able opponent lay in the lines he had successfully defended. They stretched along the left side of the St. Lawrence as far as the Isle of Orleans, and encircled the city, which on its commanding cape presented one steep front to the great river and another to the wide valley of a small stream named the St. Charles. On the third side the citadel batteries looked across the so-called Plains of Abraham, a plateau, the walls of which rise steeply two hundred feet above the water. The position was a difficult one to take, and it was held by soldiers who, if they had been properly supported by the Government at Versailles, would have rendered it impregnable. Joined with a few of the finest regiments composed of the Veterans of the wars of King Louis, were gallant bands of hardy Provincials, who had proved that they could render most efficient aid to the Regulars. But there was a chance for the English to place themselves near the town and on a level with its garrison, before the French reinforcements, expected from Montreal, should arrive. Wolfe had an overwhelming superiority in his fleet, both of men-of-war and of transports. These he well employed. Making as though he would again attempt to force the lines he had vainly attacked in the summer, he caused the mass of his enemy's forces to remain one autumn afternoon on the Beauport shore, and then under cover of night, swept up with the tide above the city. Quickly scaling the high bank, he drew up his men without meeting with resistance. Montcalm in the grey of morning hurried over the St. Charles and poured his troops through the town on to the plateau. Impetuously attacking, he was driven back and mortally wounded, almost at the same moment that Wolfe also fell, happier than his rival, who lived long enough to feel that the desertion of himself and of his army by the French Court, must cause the surrender of the town. But its possession was again stoutly contested the next year, and the Marquis de Levis revenged in 1760, too late and uselessly, the disaster of the previous year.

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View
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Platform
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Town
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Illustration No. 2 is almost the same view as in No. 1 (given on a preceding page), but taken from the platform and more extensive, looking down upon the town and the harbour, with the King's Bastion overhanging them.

QUEBEC.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

O FORTRESS City, bathed by streams
Majestic as thy memories great,
Where mountains, floods, and forests mate
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,
Born of the hero hearts, who died
In founding here an Empire's pride ;
Prosperity attend thy fate,
And happiness in thee abide,
Fair Canada's strong tower and gate !

May Envy that against thy might
Dashed hostile hosts to surge and break,
Bring Commerce, emulous to make
Thy people share her fruitful fight,
In filling argosies with store
Of grain and timber, and each ore,
And all a Continent can shake
Into thy lap, till more and more
Thy praise in distant worlds awake.

For all must drink delight whose feet
Have paced thy streets, or terrace way ;
From rampart sod, or bastion grey,
Have marked thy sea-like river greet
The bright and peopled banks that shine
In front of the far mountain's line ;
Thy glittering roofs below, the play
Of currents where the ships entwine
Their spars, or laden pass away.

As we who joyously once rode
So often forth to trumpet sound
Past guarded gates, by ways that wound
O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed
The vast St. Lawrence flowing, belt
The Orleans Isle, and sea-ward melt ;
Then past old walls by cannon crowned,
Down stair-like streets, to where we felt
The salt winds blown o'er meadow ground.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
And Learning from Laval looks down,
And quiet convents grace the town,
There swift to meet the battle shock
Montcalm rushed on ; and eddying back,
Red slaughter marked the bridge's track :
See now the shores with lumber brown,
And girt with happy lands that lack
No loveliness of Summer's crown.

Illustration No. 3 shows some of the old poplars which adorn the lower ramparts, built on the site of those which defended the city in 1759. The walls have been neglected, but are now being restored to their original condition by the Dominion Government.

The former head-quarters of the British Royal Artillery Officers is just beyond the poplars, in a pretty garden commanding a lovely



Part of the lower Ramparts.

view of the St. Charles valley. After the British troops left, the buildings were used as a school, and now as a factory for small arm cartridges.

Quaint hamlet-alleys, border-filled
 With purple lilacs, poplars tall,
 Where flits the yellow bird, and fall
 The deep cave shadows. There when tilled
 The peasant's field or garden bed,
 He rests content if o'er his head
 From silver spires the Church bells call
 To gorgeous shrines, and prayers that gild
 The simple hopes and lives of all.

Winter is mocked by garbs of green,
 Worn by the copses flaked with snow,—
 White spikes and balls of bloom, that blow
 In hedgerows deep; and cattle seen
 In meadows spangled thick with gold,
 And globes where lovers' fates are told
 Around the red-doored houses low;
 While rising o'er them, fold on fold,
 The distant hills in azure glow.

Oft in the woods we long delayed,
 When hours were minutes all too brief,
 For Nature knew no sound of grief;
 But overhead the breezes played,
 And in the dank grass at our knee,
 Shone pearls of our green forest sea,
 The star-white flowers of triple leaf
 Which love around the brooks to be,
 Within the birch and maple shade.

At times we passed some fairy mere,
 Embosomed in the leafy screen,
 And streaked with tints of heaven's sheen,
 Where'er the water's surface clear
 Bore not the hues of verdant light
 From myriad boughs on mountain height,
 Or near the shadowed banks were seen
 The sparkles that in circlets bright
 Told where the fishes' feast had been.

And when afar the forests flushed
 In falling swathes of fire, there soared
 Dark clouds where muttering thunder roared,
 And mounting vapours lurid rushed,
 While a metallic lustre flew
 Upon the vivid verdure's hue,
 Before the blasts and rain forth poured,
 And slow o'er mighty landscapes drew
 The grandest pageant of the Lord:

The threatening march of flashing cloud,
 With tumults of embattled air,
 Blest conflicts for the good they bear!

A century has God allowed
 None other, since the days He gave
 Unequal fortune to the brave.
 Comrades in death! you live to share
 An equal honour, for your grave
 Bade Enmity take Love as heir!



Ditch and Ramparts.

Illustration No. 4 shows one of the ditches, with its ramparts on either side. The low wall at the end near the small house closes the ditch, at a place where the cliff drops steeply down in a rocky escarpment to the river.

We watched, when gone day's quivering haze,
 The loops of plunging foam that beat
 The rocks at Montmorenci's feet
 Stab the deep gloom with moon-lit rays;
 Or from the fortress saw the streams
 Sweep swiftly o'er the pillared beams;
 White shone the roofs, and anchored fleet,
 And grassy slopes where nod in dreams
 Pale hosts of sleeping Marguerite.



Interior of the Citadel.

Illustration No. 5 shows the interior of the citadel plateau, looking over the St. Charles valley, with part of the Laurentian range in the distance, as seen from the Governor-General's windows.

The present citadel was built in the early part of this century. The old French fortifications extended rather farther than the present works, and their lines can be most distinctly traced. Large military stores are kept in the citadel.

Illustration No. 6 (facing page 217) is Wolfe's Cove, now filled with timber stores belonging to the lumber merchants. Under the steep cliffs are picturesque small villages along the river-side, inhabited mostly by lumbermen and fishermen. The road passing through these villages, having on the one side the great river, and on the other the deep-caved houses, is one of the prettiest in the immediate neighbourhood of Quebec.