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THE KING'S BOOK



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THE KING'S BOOK OF QUEBEC

SECOND VOLUME



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VOLUME II
PART IV

PART IV.
THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS

An Appeal to History

I

The Plains of Abraham stand alone among the world's immortal battlefields, as the place where an empire was lost and won in the first clash of arms, the balance of victory was redressed in the second, and the honour of each army was heightened in both.

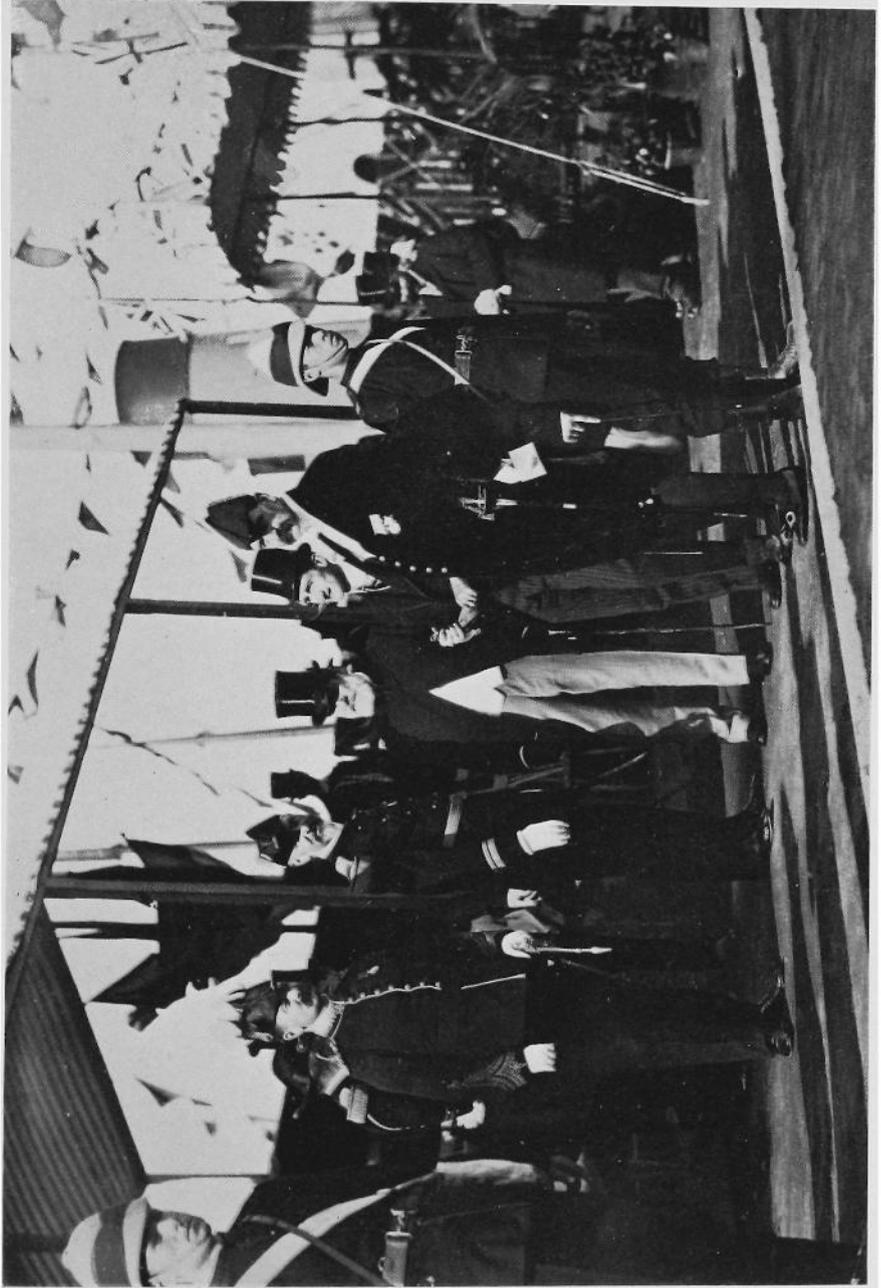
Famous as they are, however, the Plains are not the only battlefield at Quebec, nor even the only one that is a source of pride to the French- and English-speaking peoples. In less than a century Americans, British, French and French-Canadians took part in four sieges and five battles. There were decisive actions; but the losing side was never disgraced, and the winning side was always composed of allied forces who shared the triumph among them. American Rangers accompanied Wolfe, and French-Canadians helped Carleton to save the future Dominion; while French and French-Canadians together won the day under Frontenac, under Montcalm at Montmorency, and under Lévis at Ste. Foy.

There is no record known—nor even any legend in tradition—of so many momentous feats of arms performed, on land and water, by fleets and armies of so many different peoples, with so much alternate victory and such honour in defeat; and all within a single scene. And so it is no exaggeration of this commemorative hour, but the lasting, well-authenticated truth to say, that, take them for all in all, the fields of battle at Quebec are quite unique in universal history.

And is it not true that the year 1908 offers a unique opportunity of taking occasion by the hand to set this priceless ground apart from the catalogue of common things, and to preserve it as an Anglo-French heirloom for all time to come? An appeal to history would be most appropriate to any year within the final decade of the Hundred Years' Peace between the once-contending powers of France, the British Empire, and the United States. But 1908 is by far the best year among the ten; for it marks the 300th birthday of the Canada which has become the senior of all the oversea self-governing Dominions of the King—and under what king could we more fitly celebrate this imperishable *entente cordiale d'honneur*?

..

Levis, Montcalm, Wolfe.



II.

The secret instructions sent out from France in 1759 were the death-warrant of Montcalm: *La guerre est le tombeau des Montcalm* “. . . it is indispensable to keep a foothold. . . The King counts upon your zeal, courage and tenacity.” Montcalm replied: “. . . I shall do everything to save this unhappy colony, or die.” And he kept his word. He had already done splendid service in a losing cause; stemming the enemy's advance by three desperate rear-guard victories in three successive years. Now he stood at bay for the last time.

In June Admiral Saunders led up the St. Lawrence the greatest fleet then concentrated in any part of the world. Saunders was a star of the service even among the galaxy then renowned at sea. With him were the future Lord St. Vincent, the future Captain Cook, who made the first British chart of the River, and several more who rose to high distinction. His fleet comprised a quarter of the whole Royal Navy; and, with its convoy, numbered 277 sail of every kind. Splendidly navigated by twice as many seamen as Wolfe's 9,000 soldiers the fleet and convoy made the besiegers an amphibious force at Quebec, while also holding the River eastward against all comers.

Wolfe, worn out, half despairing, twice repulsed, at last saw his chance, the only one he might ever have. He knew that disease was wasting him away, and that he was about to stake his whole reputation on a most daring venture. And he must have felt the full poignancy of the now famous line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," when he repeated Gray's *Elegy* to the officers in his reconnoitring boat off Sillery Point the day before the battle. But he was a profoundly apt master of the art of war; and his undauntable spirit soared with the hope of death in victory. Planning and acting entirely on his own initiative, he crowned three nights and days of finely combined manœuvres, on land and water, over a front of thirty miles, by the consummate stratagem which placed the first of all *two-deep thin red lines* across the Plains of Abraham exactly at the favourable moment. And who that knows battle and battlefield knows of another scene and setting like this one on that 13th morning of September?

"All Nature contains no scene more fit for mighty deeds than the stupendous amphitheatre in the midst of which Wolfe was waiting to play the hero's part. For the top of the promontory made a giant stage, where his army now stood between the stronghold of New France and the whole dominion of the West. Immediately before him lay

his chosen battlefield; beyond that, Quebec. To his left lay the northern theatre, gradually rising and widening, throughout all its magnificent expanse, until the far-ranging Laurentians closed in the view with their rampart-like blue semi-circle of eighty miles. To his right, the southern theatre; where league upon league of undulating upland rolled outward to a still farther-off horizon, whose wider semi-circle, curving in to overlap its northern counterpart, made the vast mountain-ring complete. While, east and west, across the arena where he was about to contend for the prize of half a continent, the majestic River, full-charged with the right-hand force of Britain, ebbcd and flowed, through gates of empire, on its uniting course between Earth's greatest Lakes and greatest Ocean. And here, too, at these Narrows of Quebec, lay the fit meeting place of the Old World with the New. For the westward river gate led on to the labyrinthine waterways of all America, while the eastward stood more open still—flung wide to all the Seven Seas.”

III.

There's the call of the blood—of the best of our living, pulsing, quickening blood to-day—a call to every French and English ear—from this one ground alone; and therefore an irresistible appeal

from all the Battlefields together. The causes of strife are long since outworn and cast aside; only its chivalry remains. The meaner passions, jealousies and schemes, arose and flourished most in courts, and parliaments, and mobs, of different countries, far asunder. But the finer essence of the fatherlands was in the men who actually met in arms. And here, now and forever, are the field, the memory and the inspiration of all that is most heroic in the contending races.

From Champlain to Carleton, in many troublous times during 167 years, Quebec was the scene of fateful action for Iroquois and Huron; for French of every quarter, from Normandy and Brittany to Languedoc and Roussillon; for French-Canadians of the whole long waterway from the Lakes and Mississippi to the St. Lawrence and Atlantic; for Americans from their thirteen colonies; for all the kindred of the British Isles—English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, Channel Islanders and Orcadians; and for Newfoundlanders, the first Anglo-Canadians, and the forerunners of the United Empire Loyalists
This is our true wonder-tale of war; *and we have nothing to fear from the truth.*

Is it to be thought of that we should fail to dedicate what our forefathers have so consecrated as the one field of glory common to us all? There is

no question of barring modern progress—the energy for which we inherit from these very ancestors; and no town should ever be made a mere “show place,” devoted to the pettier kinds of touristry and dilettante antiquarian delights. But Quebec has room to set aside the most typical spots for commemoration, and this on the sound business principle of putting every site to its most efficient use. So there remains nothing beyond the time and trouble and expense of making what will become *The Quebec Battlefields Park*

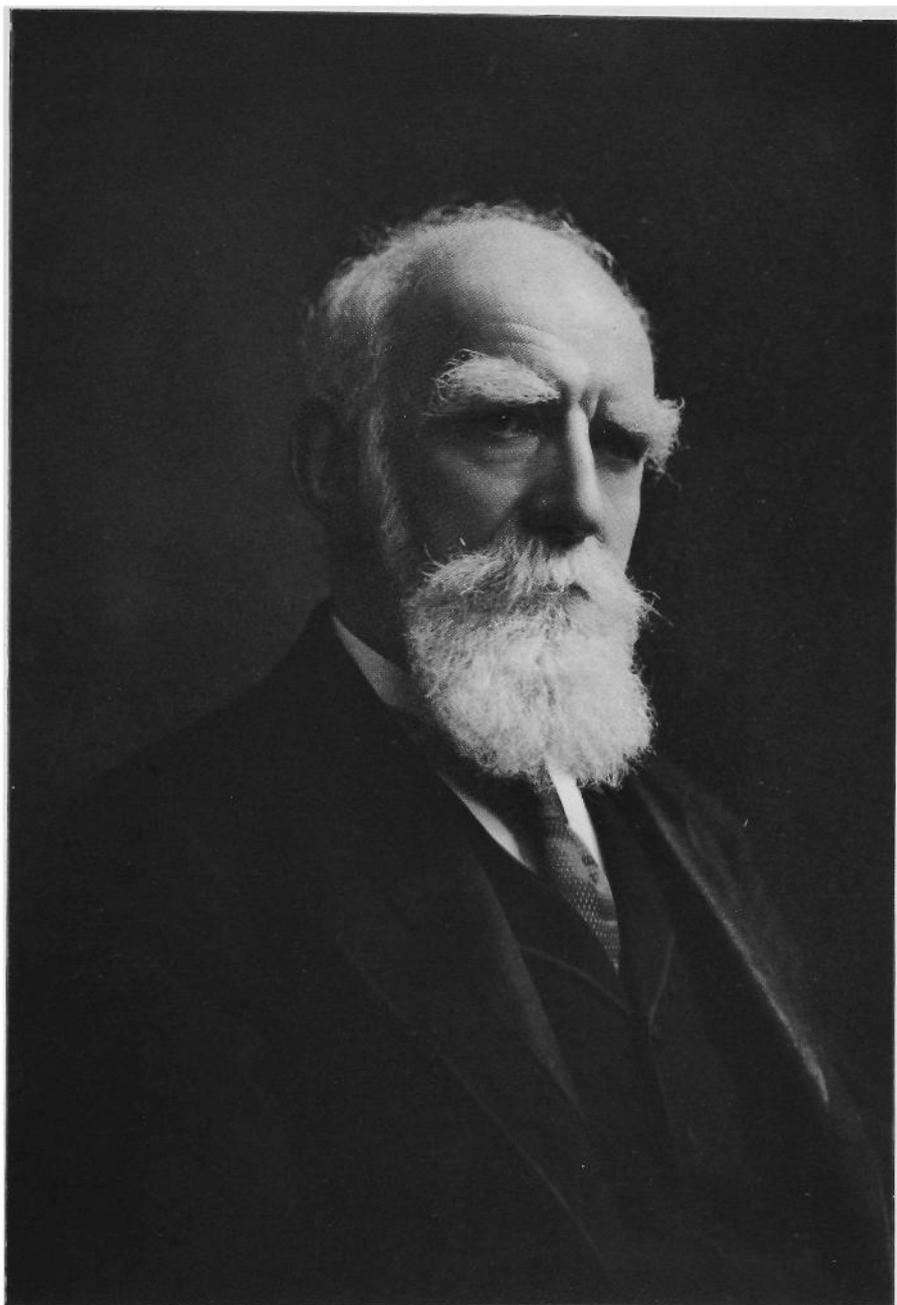
But no historic sites will be obscured, much less obliterated; and no incongruous features of a park will mar the appeal which the battlefields make to the historic imagination. One distinctive name is required to include the Plains and every other great war-landmark round Quebec. Wolfe's quarters were seven miles below the Plains, the point where Vauquelin made his last stand is twenty miles above. What other single name could cover all three, except *The Quebec Battlefields*, which is both self-explaining and unique? The word *Park* is a mere official designation of an administrative entity: it will never live in history or literature or everyday talk. And *The Plains of Abraham* will no more lose their name and identity in a Battlefields Park than Quebec has lost either name or identity in a Dominion of Canada

High above all, on a calm central summit of that field of double victory and fourfold glory, the Angel of Peace will stand in benediction of the scene. In her blest presence the heirs of a fame told round the world in French and English speech can dwell upon a bounteous view that has long forgotten the strange, grim face of war. But remember. She rests on a field of battle, and our own peace rests on ancestral prowess. The very ground reminds us of supreme ordeals. And though, in mere size, it is no more, to the whole vast bulk of Canada, than the flag is to a man-of-war, yet, like the flag, it is the sign and symbol of a people's soul.

This *Appeal* was first issued to the Canadian press in a special advance edition on Montcalm's birthday, the 29th of February. The movement of public opinion everywhere was carefully watched and noted during March, and the final edition, specially revised in order to clear up all possible misunderstandings, was issued on the 11th of April.

The actual movement had, as we have said, been started more than two years before, when

' The Right Hon. Lord Strathcona



Lord Grey, standing beside Wolfe's monument, had declared his intention of never resting till the Battlefields were safe. This was in 1905. In 1906 Lord Grey secured the preservation of Louisburg. And at the end of 1907 he began the continuous effort on behalf of Quebec which was so ably seconded all over Canada, all over the rest of the Empire, and in France and the United States.

Interesting as it is to follow the spread of the movement through this enormous public, it must be remembered that only a comparatively small proportion of the whole mass ever takes much intelligent interest in such matters, and that, even among those who were really interested, only a very few were conversant with the final results of technical research. In the absence of conclusive evidence the Canadians of French descent would naturally be disposed to think well of Vaudreuil, who was a Canadian born, and to exalt Lévis, who won the single and barren victory of Ste. Foy, at the expense of Montcalm. Montcalm's four previous victories would go for nothing compared with the one crowning defeat, which he owed quite as much to false friends as to his foes. On the British side, most people were inclined to think of Wolfe rather as the desperate leader of a forlorn hope than as the consummate general

who planned and carried out on his own initiative a magnificent scheme of complex strategy. Very few, indeed, understood either the principles or details of the all-important co-operation of the Navy. In fact there was very general ignorance as to many of the most important considerations which made the scheme feasible. Ignorance involved misunderstanding, yet in spite of this the response of the public to the movement was sincere and widespread. Those who were interested in it had every reason to be satisfied.

The first great public meeting in Ottawa was that of the 15th January, which is referred to at the beginning of the *Appeal*. A general committee of 600 members was formed and divided into sections, all of which did good work for the Quebec Battlefields Association. The movement then spread quickly. It was taken up by the Canadian Clubs, which constituted themselves a most valuable Intelligence Department to disseminate information. The joint dinner of the representatives of all these clubs throughout the country was held in Montreal and addressed by Mr. James Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington, whose apt words on citizenship were turned to advantage by subsequent speakers, to press home the cause of the Battlefields. All patriotic societies lent a

willing hand. Meetings were held everywhere, and branches of the Battlefields Association formed. Lectures and pamphlets were employed freely; and though some of them might have lost a little from inexactitude about the strongest points of appeal, yet they gained something through being made by local enthusiasts, who knew best how to approach their own people. The work done by the women was by no means the least effectual; in fact, they got a far greater number of ordinary private subscriptions than did the men. The good offices of all the Dominion, Provincial and Municipal governments were placed at the service of the Committees; and the Post Office conferred a very real service by carrying the regular mail of all the Branches without charge.

No agency was more generous and more useful than the press, which gave of its best in all respects. Editors opened their columns freely to the Association, and set their best men to work on writing up the subject from every point of view. A special word of praise is due to the way in which the French-Canadian papers sought to bring out the truth and dispel long-standing prejudice, which was all the more tenacious, because it was based on a travesty of the real evidence. Their collaboration was, of course, quite invaluable.

Here is an extract from *La Presse*, of Montreal, which has the largest circulation among its own people.

“L’appel fait par Lord Grey en faveur de la consécration nationale des Plaines d’Abraham a soulevé un puissant écho en Angleterre. C’est ainsi, par exemple, que le roi Edouard y est allé d’une souscription de £100 pour la réalisation du projet de Son Excellence, et que les grands journaux du Royaume-Uni n’ont qu’une voix pour acclamer le geste royal de sa Majesté.

Le nom de Wolfe n’a laissé aucune rancune sur les bords du Saint-Laurent, et au surplus, dans le projet même de Lord Grey, son exaltation ne va pas sans un égal honneur au nom de Montcalm. La consécration nationale des plaines d’Abraham n’a rien donc qui puisse froisser le sentiment français; car la revanche subséquente prise par Lévis dans la dernière bataille sous les murs de Québec amena les préliminaires du traité de cession signés sur le champ de bataille même, préliminaires stipulant la sauvegarde de nos institutions, de notre langue et de nos lois.

Les Plaines d’Abraham ont été le suprême théâtre d’une lutte épique entre deux races qui se disputaient l’Amérique. Leur consécration nationale s’impose comme suprême cimetièrre de ces haines vivaces qui, trop longtemps divisèrent les

Anglais et les Français. Mais, que dans ses bronzes, dans ses inscriptions et jusque dans ses rites politiques, cette consécration dise bien, avec la solennité du serment, la vérité."

The following is from *Le Soleil*, the Liberal paper with the largest circulation in Quebec, the French-Canadian town, *par excellence*.

"La population de Québec toute entière applaudira avec enthousiasme, le magnifique projet dont le Gouverneur Général vient de se faire l'actif promoteur: créer, à l'occasion du troisième centenaire de la fondation de Québec, un parc national englobant les champs de bataille des plaines d'Abraham et de Ste-Foy.

Il saute aux yeux de tout le monde que la réalisation de ce magnifique projet serait pour notre ville un nouveau fleuron à sa couronne et ferait de Québec un lieu de pèlerinage historique d'un attrait exceptionnel.

.....

Il ne saurait y avoir de discussion possible sur l'excellence de ce projet, d'une portée si nationale et dont Québec doit être la première à profiter.

.....

L'exemple donné par le Roi Edouard est une garantie certaine de succès."

The Anglo-Canadian press took up the scheme in a spirit of equal generosity, and showed the greatest enthusiasm in carrying it through. Papers which are generally as far apart as is the *Montreal Star* from the *Toronto News* now vied with each other on the same side. As Quebec and Montreal are rival ports, and differ in politics and many other things, the exceptionally whole-hearted way in which the *Star* threw itself into the work is deserving of more than an ordinary share of the general thanks.

Like everything else worth having, this project was indeed not free from all criticism. There were even wilful misrepresentations, recriminations and backbitings. But they had no solid public support, and were decidedly the exceptions that proved the rule.

There was another power in the land that could have done much to make or mar the whole undertaking. In a country like Canada, in which there are many English-speaking Roman Catholics, and in which there is scarcely a handful of French-Canadian Protestants, the support of the Pope was of great importance. Consequently, the following open letter from Mgr. Sbaretti, the Apostolic Delegate, to the Governor-General produced an excellent effect:

“The project which Your Excellency has conceived and the work you have undertaken of converting the two famous battlefields of the Plains of Abraham and of Ste. Foy into a national park, appeals to my heartiest commendation and support,—appeals to me both as an admirer of the Canadian people and as a Bishop of the Catholic Church and the representative of the Holy See in this country

“The events which these battlefields recall have for us Catholics a deeper and even more important meaning. In the all-wise designs of Divine Providence they were destined for the protection of our Church against the persecution and tyranny of oppressors old and new, and for the maintenance of her sacred rights under the beneficent folds of the English flag. The Canadian Hierarchy and the Catholic people have on many solemn occasions and in no equivocal manner by word and deed, shown how much they appreciate this recognition and guarantee of their rights. The National Park will be a perpetual reminder to future generations of their debt of gratitude and loyalty to the British Crown.”

The Anglicans, Presbyterians and other religious bodies were all equally full of sympathy, Some of the Canadian Bishops going to the Pan-Anglican

Conference at Lambeth took care to post themselves on the subject before sailing. With other leaders they felt, and rightly, that the dedication of the Battlefields was a recognition of national worth and service, of something which, like religion, lifted a people above the merely material point of view. And even those among them who would be least inclined to advocate anything which savoured of the

Heathen heart which puts its trust
In reeking tube and iron shard

would willingly have subscribed to the sentiments of an article, called "The Sending of Peace," which appeared in one of Ontario's most Protestant papers:

"One reason why the nationalization of the Quebec battlefields should be undertaken is to provide the country with a place of national remembrance. Canada can scarcely exist as a country without national monuments. A period of transportation, agriculture, and commercial development does not give much time to the discussion of art and national ideals. As a consequence, Canadians are sometimes described as money-mad, as interested in trivial things, and as caring neither for the past nor the future, if only the pres-

ent will give them a place in business near the top and the finest house in the neighborhood.
But while material things must bulk largely in Canada for many years to come, if the foundations of the country are to be well laid, it is just as certain that no loyal Canadian is willing to see Canada other than a country animated by the highest national spirit. A people may be rich in material things and yet poor in everything worth having. The greatest possessions which Canada has are her history and the traditions inherited from two of the foremost countries of the world. To consecrate the Plains of Abraham and the battlefield of Ste. Foy as a national memorial is an act which would fittingly symbolize the value placed by Canada on heroism, the genius of colonization, and on national life. The ideal needs space and opportunity to grow in Canada.

“While this generation of Canadians has been busy about material things, building railways and seeding land, we can depend on the story of Wolfe and Montcalm, and on the plateau above the St. Lawrence, to soften our reputation as a nation of materialists. Therefore let Canada consecrate the Quebec battlefields in the name of peace.”

The result of the appeal to Canada was, all things considered, a triumphant success. The

many obstacles—shortness of time, ignorance of some of the strongest points, prejudice in certain quarters, apathy in others, and the all-pervading hurry of business life, which so engrosses men in mere motion that they get impatient with anything which reminds them of the whence or whither—all these had to be reckoned with. But, in spite of such drawbacks, a good start was made with about half a million dollars. The two Provinces of Quebec and Ontario headed the list with a hundred thousand each, and appointed their Commissioners. Sir James Whitney performed a splendid public service, and one which required equal courage and insight, when he led Ontario (and Ontario led all her sister Provinces—even Quebec), in voting her \$100,000. The other Provinces each contributed, and were followed by several towns and large business institutions. The general public did its share and the collectors, naturally, did double service, and did it well. The Canadian Club of Edmonton deserves to be remembered as the first club of the kind to give its fellows a lead.

The other contributors were the Mother Countries of France and the British Isles, the rest of Greater Britain, and the United States. As was only natural, the two foreign Powers did not send government subscriptions to the Battle-

The Premier of Ontario and the Premier of Quebec



fields, but Special Envoys and Naval contingents to the Tercentenary. Many of their citizens, however, subscribed as individuals. New Zealand, ever to the front in Imperial patriotism, sent a generous contribution from no less than 46,922 school children. Other amounts came in from every quarter of the Empire; though, as might have been expected, the British Isles were next to Canada herself, the most deeply interested of all. The King led the subscription list with the gift of £100, followed every development with close attention, and set the stamp of his approval on the whole scheme by sending the Prince of Wales to represent him at Quebec. The other members of the Royal Family took great interest in forwarding the work of enlisting public support; and while two of them were active Vice-Patrons, a third joined the Committee of the Battlefields Association. Quite apart from the spirit of public service, which is the main motive of their lives, and apart from the intrinsic value of a scene of action where a third of the Empire was brought under the British Crown, it was quite natural that the Royal Family should take an exceptional personal interest in Quebec. Eleven of their number have been there, some of them more than once. Among them are three sovereigns, William IV, Edward VII, and George V. Queen Victoria's

father, the Duke of Kent, passed three happy years there. Her son, the Duke of Connaught, paid several visits there during his tour of Canadian service. Her daughter, the Princess Louise, made her favourite vice-regal residence there during her husband's whole term of office. Then, too, George III did a great deal for the Anglican Cathedral; and George II had been, with William Pitt, a real moving spirit in planning Wolfe's campaign. Then again, had not Quebec been another, and much more curious, cause of strife between the crowns of France and England, in a previous century, when Charles I held it three years in pledge for the dowry of his Queen, Henrietta Maria, who was the French King's sister?

Vice-Royalty came forward as freely as Royalty itself. A circular letter, asking many leading men to form a committee, was sent out over the signatures of all the living ex-Governors-General of Canada. The five names were:—Argyll, Lansdowne, Derby, Aberdeen and Minto. The gist of the letter is contained in the two following paragraphs:—

“The ‘Plains of Abraham,’ where Wolfe and Montcalm fell on the same day, are at present disfigured by buildings totally unworthy of one of the finest sites in the world. It is proposed to

purchase the land comprised in this battlefield, and to convert it into a great public park.

“It appears to us that the present occasion offers a unique opportunity to England of participating in the Canadian tercentenary celebrations. We would suggest that this participation should take the shape of a gift to Canada of a national memorial to Wolfe and Montcalm, the two heroes of the two races which make up the Canadian people. Such a gift might appropriately be handed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the Governor-General of Canada on behalf of Great Britain on the occasion of his visit to Quebec to open the park in July next.”

A few days later there was a great meeting at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, supported by H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was intimately acquainted with the Battlefields, Lord Crewe, Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Roberts, Lord Strathcona, Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas (an old Quebecker), le Comte de Lastours (representing the French Ambassador) the Bishop of London, and many other influential people. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour and Lord Wolseley, being unable to attend, sent letters of regret, expressing the strongest sympathy with the scheme, which thus

enjoyed the goodwill of the two most recent leaders of the Imperial Parliament and the two most recent Commanders-in-chief of the Imperial Army.

LORD CREWE, who was cordially received, moved the first resolution, which was in the following terms:—"That this meeting expresses its hearty concurrence with the Canadian movement to dedicate the Heights of Abraham at Quebec as a national park, in memory of the great leaders who fell there, and heartily supports the proposal to present, on behalf of the people of Britain, a memorial to Wolfe and Montcalm as a birthday gift to Canada."

LORD ROBERTS, who was received with loud cheers, seconded the resolution. He said:—I cannot imagine a memorial better calculated to stir the public mind to a sense of true patriotism than that which is being organized in memory of those gallant spirits, Wolfe and Montcalm. (Cheers). . . . Looked at from the purely military point of view, the Quebec campaign is of absorbing interest. It is almost unsurpassed as an example of a combined naval and military operation, though I doubt whether it is commonly realized what a vitally important part the Fleet played, and how nobly they played it. (Cheers). Think also of the moral courage with which Wolfe, whose force

had known severe defeats at Montmorency barely six weeks before, trusted those same troops in one of the most daring throws for victory recorded in history. (Cheers). Then again, when Wolfe found himself at last with his small force, some 5,000 strong, on the Plains of Abraham, he did not hesitate to try an absolute innovation in military formations on the actual battlefield itself; for, finding it necessary to occupy a certain extent of ground, so as to prevent any danger of an enveloping attack, he formed up his infantry for the first time in history, so far as I know, only two deep—the prototype of “the thin red line” that was to become so famous in the Peninsula under Wellington. (Cheers). Think also of the splendid discipline with which that thin line obeyed Wolfe’s orders to delay opening fire, and stood in the open, immovable in spite of the losses they were suffering, until finally, when the French columns were only 40 yards distant, Wolfe himself gave the word to fire. The single volley that followed shattered the French formation and decided the destiny of Canada. (Cheers). The whole sequence of events makes a page in history which cannot fail to stir one’s feelings and make one proud to be of the same nationality as the actors in that scene. (Cheers). On the other side we see the dauntless spirit of Montcalm, determined

to obey the instructions of his King, and to defend the colony to the last, although he had failed, thanks to the machinations of his fellow-countrymen in Canada, to convince that King of the urgent necessity for sending him reinforcements. Surely, I am not wrong in saying that the closing scenes of these two men's lives is a perpetual reminder to us of the true value of patriotism. (Cheers). I cannot help thinking that modern Canada, born, so to speak, on September 13th, 1759, has consciously or unconsciously inherited that same spirit of patriotism."

H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught then moved, seconded by the Bishop of London:—"That it is desirable that local committees should be formed to co-operate with the central committee in collecting subscriptions towards the present to be handed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales from Great Britain to the Canadian people on the occasion of the dedication of the Heights of Abraham."

Both resolutions were carried unanimously; and the sum of ten thousand pounds raised by this means was presented to Canada by the Prince of Wales on the Plains of Abraham in July.

This great meeting at once brought the Motherland into direct touch with the kindred work in Canada. Fortunately for both countries, the

Canadian High Commissioner was Lord Strathcona, who is distinguished as being not a single, nor even a double, but actually a triple link—and an historical link which is yet most efficiently alive—between such different times, places and affairs of Imperial significance to Canada: between the long-established Hudson Bay Company and the young Confederation, between the full-grown Dominion and the British Isles, and between three generations of Old- and New-World men. He gave the movement the full benefit of his close personal attention. He threw his office open to all its correspondence in London. He came out to the Celebration in Quebec, where he was a distinguished figure among even the most distinguished leaders of to-day, and where he was acknowledged first among those whose still unfinished careers have been longest at work in shaping the destinies of Canadian history.

Meanwhile, the work of arousing public interest and informing public opinion had been steadily proceeding since the beginning of the year. The press, society, patriotic institutions, universities, colleges, schools, corporations, firms, and the Army and Navy, had all taken up the project in the right spirit. Harrow was first among the great schools—every single boy subscribed, and Eton followed the lead with a still heavier sub-

scription. The Victoria League was particularly active, both at headquarters and throughout all its many branches. The "laureate of Empire," Mr. Rudyard Kipling, wrote this short but vigorous appeal:—

"In every nation's life there comes a breathing-space, when it is allowed to look back discerningly across the years that went to its making; to behold, in orderly perspective, the impetuous march of events which baffled or beat down the men who moved against them; to draw, it may be, fresh hope and resolute faith for the future from such a vision. Canada has reached this experience first among the new nations within the Empire. Time now shows the meaning of the struggle for the northern continent which her two races fought out so long, so brilliantly and with such changing fortune. Those who realize her destiny realize how great and tried a soul was needed to fill and carry forward the great land: nor could such a soul have been brought into life by any easier road than that between the sword's edge and the wilderness. It was tempered by equal strife and privation, proven by allied valour and combined statecraft that, after these tests, it might stand forth one in purpose as in service.

"Recognizing this, Canada proposes to match the

tercentenary of the great French explorer Champlain by beautifying and dedicating to national use, in perpetuity, those historic battlefields above Quebec where French and English arms met, though they knew it not, for a common end.

“The Governor-General’s appeal shows that much must be done before the battlefields are returned to their fitting dignity. When this has been made possible the intention is to create there a public park which, from its position, will be of wonderful beauty, and will be charged, moreover, with significance and inspiration beyond almost any spot in the Empire so profoundly affected by the issue it commemorates. The story of Montcalm and Wolfe is known and taught in all our lands. It was not for Canada alone that Wolfe fell, or for the British Isles only that Captain Cook charted the shoals of the St. Lawrence in advance of the waiting fleet. Australia’s fate, New Zealand’s and, to some extent, India’s, were determined on the Heights of Abraham. Quebec, the mother-city of the North, held the keys both to the new South and the old East.

“At the time, men ever seemed to strive singly and piecemeal for little more than barren possession of scattered outposts and factories. The years which hide their graves reveal to us what earth-girdling designs they really undertook; what sure

foundations of new States they raised out of the ruins that buried them: above all, what tradition of ungrudged effort and unswerving aim they imposed upon their children. Surely we who succeed to their labours the world over and work not for any remote dream but for a living and present empire should join with Canada to honour the dead through whose prevision and sacrifices we are helped to live nationally and imperially; [from whose example we, as men and women, may take strength for the coming day and for whatever burden that day shall require.”

The London press were early in the field, heading the subscription lists themselves, urging the public to follow the King's generous example, instructing it on the significance of the celebration, and keeping it well informed of every move on either side of the water. Mr. Garvin's stirring leader in *The Daily Telegraph* was the first and perhaps the most eloquent expression of English sympathy. The provincial, Scotch and Irish press did their share. *The Times* may be taken as typical of the higher journalistic treatment of the subject. It began with an excellent leader, in December, on the singular coincidence that Lord Curzon should have been unveiling a memorial to Clive

in London at the very time that Lord Grey was appealing for a memorial to Wolfe in Canada. This article concluded with a reference to Pitt, which was repeated in other articles in *The Times* and many other papers later on. "Next year, the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Pitt—master and greatest of all this band of heroes whom he inspired—we shall be paying but a small part of a just debt, if we help to commemorate more permanently his two greatest coadjutors, Clive and Wolfe." That was imperially said. Perhaps Pitt was kept in the background lest his dominating figure might seem too much like the re-incarnation of the spirit of Franco-British strife. But certainly no unworthy idea of British self-assertiveness ever entered the heads of the many in the Mother Country and the few in Canada and the United States who thought of Pitt as the really supreme genius of the scene, and who would have liked his name, at all events, more intimately associated with the commemoration. Nor could anything have better expressed the hearty British admiration really felt for French prowess than *The Times* leader of the 16th of May on the Mansion House meeting of the day before.

In this leader *The Times* also referred to a couple of able and very sympathetic articles it was then

publishing on the Battlefields by the Hon. John Fortescue, the historian of the British Army, and to the following letter, by a member of the Headquarters Committee in Quebec, which it had published on the eve of the meeting:—

THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS : L'ENTENTE
CORDIALE D'HONNEUR.

In view of the Mansion-house meeting on the 15th, generous-minded Britons might like to be reminded that the Quebec battlefields are a much stronger—though a more misunderstood—factor in the *entente cordiale* than they are commonly supposed to be.

Wolfe's famous victory was decisive only because he was the consummate leader of a great landing-party in the world-wide "Maritime War." And France lost Canada, not because Montcalm was an inferior general, but because grandpater-nalism was unworkable at a distance of 3000 miles of sea, because the Canadian Government was rotten to the core, and because a good French army had no effective fleet to back it. There is a very different tale to tell when we come to soldier-ship pure and simple. Frontenac, the hero of many other fights, beat Phips and his New England armada in 1690. Montcalm won his fourth Canadian victory when he repulsed Wolfe at Mont-

morency; and he might have been spared defeat on the Plains of Abraham if he had not been so thwarted in command by a spiteful Governor and so drained of resources by a knavish Intendant. Lévis made a splendid forced march from Montreal next year, and redressed the balance of victory on the Plains by beating Murray; while Vauquelin covered his ultimate retreat by an equally gallant naval action on the St. Lawrence. And in 1775, when Carleton saved Canada from the second American invasion, there were French-Canadians doing as good service, and in the same cause, under this Englishman, as they did under the Frenchman, Frontenac, or under the French-Canadian, de Salaberry, at Châteauguay in the war of 1812, when repulsing the third American invasion. Altogether, in the five battles round Quebec, the Britons have two victories to their credit and the French three, while the French-Canadians shared the glory of no less than four.

It is thus quite clear that there is nothing to gloss over, that no inter-racial amenities are needed, except full and frank recognition of the good soldiery displayed on both sides, and that the whole question of the Quebec Battlefields is emphatically one in which there is nothing to fear from the truth."

This letter, like *The Times* leader and many other articles in the press of the Mother Country, was quoted with strong approval by the principal French-Canadian papers.

There were also a good many special articles dealing with various points of the subject. *The Navy League Journal* reviewed the *Appeal* most appreciatively. *The Morning Post*, under the heading of *The Conquest of Canada: Difficulties of Historians*, laid due stress on the Naval part of the Quebec campaign, and showed how grossly it had been neglected:—"Few of the more significant episodes in the world's annals have been so inaccurately described by historians who are popularly regarded as standard authorities." *The Times* gave an interesting note on *The Quebec Medals*:—"In the long and extensive series of medals, in gold, silver and bronze, struck in this country to commemorate important events in English history, none exceeds in interest at the present moment, when the celebrations at Quebec are so prominently before the public, the medal issued in celebration of the surrender of that historic Canadian city on September 18, 1759. This medal was executed in silver and bronze by Thomas Pingo—an Italian who came to England in or about 1745, and was appointed assistant engraver to the Mint—under the direction of the

Society for Promoting Arts and Commerce. On the front of the medal, which, it may be noted in passing, is somewhat rare, is a figure of Britannia, with the name of the commander of the British Fleet, Sir Charles Saunders, inscribed under the trident, and that of Wolfe under the standard. On the back is a figure of Victory, with conventional attributes, in the act of crowning a trophy of captured French arms, below which is a seated captive. The medal is inscribed, "Quebec taken, MDCCLIX."

The second medal connected with the same historical event is that struck immediately after the death of General Wolfe, whose portrait fills the obverse. A monument crowned with a laurel wreath, its base appropriately inscribed "Pro Patria," and erected amidst a large group of arms and standards, forms the suitable device on the reverse of the medal. It is also engraved with a Latin inscription signifying "Slain in the moment of victory," and the date. It was produced jointly by Isaac Gosset, a descendant of a French Huguenot family, and the inventor of a composition of wax in which he modelled portraits of members of the Royal Family of England and many prominent persons of the time, and by the medalist John Kirk, a pupil of Dassier. This medal unlike that executed by Pingo, is fairly common.

A brief reference must not be omitted to the interesting silver and bronze medal, issued by the French Government in 1690 as a memorial of the "attack on Quebec" in October, 1690, when the small-pox compelled the withdrawal of the English troops before the actual attack was made. This medal, which was executed by the Paris medallist, Jean Mauger, depicts on the obverse a bust of Louis XIV., and on the reverse a symbolical figure of Quebec seated on a rock, surrounded by the captured standards of England, with emblems of Canada. The Latin inscriptions signify, "France victorious in the New World," and "Quebec delivered, 1690."

These historic medals are naturally the most interesting of those connected with Quebec. Such they always will be, unless Quebec again becomes a world's field of battle. A feat of arms is always greater than any commemoration of it. But the celebration of 1908 well deserved souvenirs of its own, and collectors of the future will be eager to get the Tercentenary medal. It is a well-designed one, three inches in diameter, of which there are only six in gold, only one in silver, and a limited number in bronze. All were for presentation. The design is by Mr. E. E. Taché, I.S.O.; the engraving by M. Henri Dubois. The obverse shows Champlain landing, with his sword so held, hilt upward,

that it appears cruciform. On the other side is a maple tree, with two female figures underneath, to represent the French and British *régimes*. The main legend is in the centre, *Dieu aidant l'œuvre de Champlain*; on the left, *Née sous les Lis*, and on the right, *A grandi sous les Roses*.

Canada did not forget to commemorate the celebration in its stamps as well as in this special medal. The following "Circular to Postmasters" was issued from the Post Office Department, Canada, Postage Stamp Branch, Ottawa, July 10, 1908:—"1608-1908. *Tercentenary Series of Postage Stamps*. The Postmaster-General, desirous of meeting what appears to be a popular wish, has made arrangements for a special series of postage stamps wherewith to mark the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec by Champlain. The stamps of this special series, which will be known as the Tercentenary Series, and the issue of which will begin about the 15th July inst., consist of eight denominations, which, with their respective subjects, are as follows:— $\frac{1}{2}$ c., Prince-Princess of Wales; 1c., Cartier-Champlain; 2c., King-Queen; 5c., "L'Abitation de Quebecq"; 7c., Montcalm-Wolfe; 10c., Quebec in 1700; 15c., "Partement pour l'ouest" (Champlain setting out for the West); 20c., Arrivée de Cartier-Québec, 1535 (Arrival of Cartier-Quebec, 1535). The

stamps of the Tercentenary Series will be available for all postage purposes, and are, therefore, unless the ordinary postage stamps are specially asked for, to be sold instead of the latter." This was a graceful and effective act on the part of the Postmaster-General, the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, well known as the joint author of what he so happily called the "intellectual preference" in postage between Canada and the mother country.

In England it was only natural that local commemorations should be devoted almost entirely to Wolfe; and, vying with the press, the civil and military public delighted in doing him honour. His own regiment remembered him to good purpose:—

"In the 'History of the Lancashire Fusiliers' (XXth Regiment), by Major B. Smyth, M.V.O., it is stated that Wolfe was gazetted on January 5, 1749, and joined the regiment at Stirling early in February. At that time his pay as a major was only £15 a month; whereas his ordinary weekly expenses for horses, servants, washing, lodging, and diet were not less than £3 10s. a week. He reckoned that he had 1s. 1d. a day for what is termed pocket-money—not a munificent sum for a field officer to spend upon himself and to make liberal subscriptions to local charities. He justly stated that 'without extravagance, he

could easily find use for more.' The XXth was the only regiment which Wolfe commanded. . . .

"At a meeting of officers representing all the battalions of the Lancashire Fusiliers, and including Major H. V. S. Ormond commanding the depôt at Bury, and Major B. Smyth, M.V.O., held in Manchester on July 22nd, 1908 (the day on which the Prince of Wales landed in Quebec), it was resolved to send a subscription to the 'Wolfe and Montcalm Memorial Fund.'

A tablet bearing the inscription, *Here lived General Wolfe, b. 1727, d. 1759*, was unveiled at No. 5, Trim Street, Bath, where Wolfe was living with his mother when he received the King's orders to "attack and reduce Quebec." And the same day that the Prince of Wales was dedicating the Battlefields at Quebec a most representative congregation assembled for a memorial service in the parish church of St. Alphege at Greenwich, where Wolfe was buried on the same day that Hawke was winning, in Quiberon Bay, the naval counterpart to the Battle of the Plains. His Majesty the King was represented by Field Marshal Sir George White, the hero of Ladysmith. The Army, the Navy, the Canadian Militia and the Civil Service were all represented by distinguished members; and, sitting together in the

centre of the church, were representative officers from every regiment that had served under Wolfe at Quebec. Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces, read the special lesson from Ecclesiasticus XLIV:—*Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us.* The *Recessional* was sung to the tune of *Eternal Father, strong to save.* How significantly the full import of the fourth line must have come home to those who thought of Pitt and Clive and Wolfe together!

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—

The Archbishop of Toronto preached the memorial sermon from the text:—*I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith.* Then, after the singing of the National Anthem, came what was perhaps the most moving incident in the whole of that profoundly moving scene. The Union Jack had been laid over the spot where Wolfe lies buried, and on the flag a wreath of laurel, as befitted a hero's fame. There, drawn up round this sacred spot, stood the massed buglers of the Brigade of Guards. Just when the final hush was at its depth, they suddenly thrilled it through and through with

the long-drawn, lamenting clarion of the *Last Post*—that last, parting call, which has sounded over the graves of so many soldiers of the Empire, far and near, during all these centuries of a Service faithful unto death.

Now, to return to Canada, Quebec, and the preparations for the Tercentenary. At the beginning of March Sir Wilfrid Laurier announced to Parliament that the Prince of Wales would land at Quebec on the 22nd of July and spend a week there as the personal representative of His Majesty the King. Instantly, all the preparations sprang into new life. The time had been alarmingly shortened; for the general expectation was that, once the celebration had been deferred beyond Champlain's own day, the 3rd of July, it would probably be postponed till September. But the change was unavoidable, owing to the other Royal engagements; and it was accepted at Quebec in the proper spirit. All the managing committees hastened on their work with a right good will at once, and the fact of their feeling that every move they made now must be a decisive one was, on the whole, rather a gain than a loss.

The Tercentenary was not open to quite the same misunderstanding as the Battlefields; but it was intricate enough. Two foreign powers, France and the United States; eleven Canadian governing

bodies—the Dominion, the nine Provinces, and the City of Quebec, and the whole of the rest of the self-governing Empire were to be duly represented. There were many bi-lingual committees—general, special and executive—which sat continually to deal with a multiplicity of vexed questions. The outcome of their labours speaks volumes for the harmony which prevailed in their councils. More than this, provision had to be made for three fleets of three Great Powers, for the first approximation to a complete Canadian army ever brought together in time of peace, for an influx of visitors outnumbering the entire native population, for the representatives of the three historic empires, of all the great historic families, of the historic places connected with Quebec, of the British Army, of many other interested bodies and, finally, of the King himself. Everything to be completed in four short months of intense preparation, where a single mistake might ruin all!

The Governor-General, the National Battlefields Commission and the Quebec Committees were, however, equal to the task.

At last, Lord Grey had the satisfaction of seeing the fruit of all his strenuous labour actually ripening under his eye. For those who saw the actual working out of the whole scheme no words can be too strong to express what is due to Lord Grey

for the unremitting and strenuous work which he devoted to it. A year before he and Sir Wilfrid Laurier had united the Tercentenary with the Battlefields, no short or easy thing to do. Two years before he had taken up the Tercentenary as heartily as any Quebecker. Three years before he had formed the determination to save the Battlefields. There was no detail too small for him, no great result too difficult to strive for. It was the same with the actual preparations on the spot. The Vice-Regal party was out on the Pageant grounds for every rehearsal, as visibly anxious for success as any participant could be. Quebecers could not help feeling the strain which the celebration imposed on their time and attention, and the consequent self-sacrifice it demanded from them. But to counterbalance this was the fact that the Governor-General, always a busy man in many other directions—a man bound to give of his best to all the different provinces, cities, classes, races, creeds and publics of this vast Dominion, was busy, too, day after day, as he had been for years in the same cause, speaking, writing, persuading, counselling, urging, and always forwarding the various elements of success towards the one goal. Some people, who were too much in the thick of these very diverse preparations to be able to see the wood for the trees, could not

believe that he would succeed in producing order out of such chaos; yet order out of chaos he did produce. Sympathetic driving-power was what was needed, and it was this which he supplied. He was the heart of the whole undertaking and kept the life-blood pulsing through it from first to last.

Not that any disparagement is meant to his predecessors, who would gladly have worked in the same cause. Lord Dufferin saved the walls of Quebec from some of her heedless sons who were ready to sell their birthright in her glory for any mess of pottage. The Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll felt and made others feel what the spell of an historic city might mean to Canada. Lord Minto, as we have seen, was always a convinced and convincing advocate of the nationalisation of the Battlefields. But the great opportunity never came till 1908, when, happily for Canada, she had two other men who were fit to take it greatly. Lord Grey and Sir Wilfrid Laurier undoubtedly had the power, both singly and together, of making or marring the conservation project, the Tercentenary and the combination of the two; and, to their lasting honour, they made them, and they made them well.

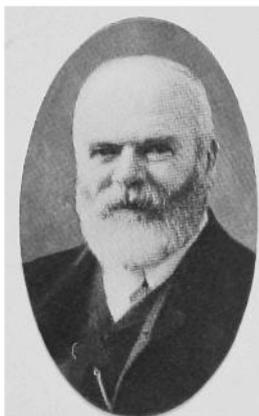
Next to Lord Grey and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, credit is due to the National Battlefields Commis-

The National Battlefields Commission

Sir Edmund Walker	Hon. A. Turgeon	Lieut.-Col. Denison
Sir George Drummond	Sir George Garneau	Col. Hendrie
Hon. Alexandre Taschereau	J. M. Courtney	H. J. J. B. Chouinard

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sion and the Executive and General Committees in Quebec. These bodies had distinct functions; but all worked together and all had the same chairman, Sir George Garneau, the Mayor of Quebec. The Commission was composed of five members nominated by the Governor-General-in-Council, under the authority of the Act of Parliament already noticed, and of two additional members, one from each of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, which had subscribed the requisite \$100,000 to the Battlefields. This Commission was the body responsible to the Dominion and, as we have seen already, was constituted to care for the Quebec and all the other National Battlefields in perpetuity. While keeping the respective finances entirely distinct, it managed the Tercentenary, as being the temporary celebration during which the Battlefields scheme was to be inaugurated. In doing so it depended chiefly on the General Committee in Quebec, which decentralised the work in special committees, or combined it in its executive, according to circumstances. There were a few paid secretaries; but all the rest of the work was done gratis, and all of it ungrudgingly and well. It should not be forgotten that 1908 was not the first but the third year of continual session, in general, special and executive committee.

The multifarious nature of the preparations

might be gauged by the different subjects that would come up in a single day:—What sort of designs should we have for the special set of Tercentenary stamps to be issued by the Dominion? What part should the Royal Society of Canada play in the celebration? How were we to entertain two thousand officers and twenty-five thousand men? Should there be an industrial exhibition—many urged this point, absurdly incongruous as it was—or an art exhibition, or an aviation meeting? How could the population be housed when it was suddenly to be doubled or trebled for a fortnight? How was an army to be concentrated and dispersed again within a few days, without congesting civilian traffic? Were we to try to get some authentic costumes made by the Handicrafts Guild—a most desirable thing? What were we to do if the London Pageant was going to take place the same year and monopolise the greatest experts, whom we needed so badly for Quebec? In this last connexion it was fortunate indeed that the London Pageant was postponed till 1909, when it was postponed again till 1911 and developed into a Festival of Empire, which, by-the-by, included two Canadian features never thought of before the Quebec Tercentenary. The first was the inclusion of the Cabots among the great discoverers at the end of the fifteenth

century. The second was a whole special scene of "Mourning Triumph" for the death and deeds of Wolfe. Then, it goes without saying, there were the dull, the timid, the unimaginaive, the prejudiced, the fanciful and the quixotic—all to be dealt with. Everyone had to be satisfactorily answered, even the farmer's son from the furthest back concession, who wanted to know how much extra it would be to see the Prince of Wales, and the enterprising Yankee showman, who, for a guarantee of only ten thousand dollars, would show the whole purpose of Creation in an Educational Panorama, beginning with Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden and ending with the inauguration of President Roosevelt.

On the other hand, much help was given by patriotic and learned societies all over the Dominion and elsewhere, especially in London, Paris, and Boston. The Historic Landmarks Association, which has already been referred to, as having been suggested in 1905 and founded in 1907 under the patronage of Lord Grey and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, seized the opportunity of beginning its work by issuing an appeal to all kindred bodies. As this appeal was held to express the sentiments of those to whom the higher life of their country was the consummation of her destiny, and as it was very short, it may be quoted here:—

“Canada to-day, exultant over a heritage of lands outstretching any other in our world-wide Empire, exultant over their illimitable riches, above ground and below; exultant, too, and with better cause, over the abounding vigour of her home-grown breed of pioneers, and over her native strength of dike and channel, to turn the inrushing human tide into many fructifying streams before it floods her waiting wilderness—this Canada, even to-day, can only draw the full depth of inspiration for her future from the glories of that past which is the very source of all her being.

“And what a past is ours! Measured by mere lapse of time it is the longest in the experience of any of the self-governing dominions oversea; measured by its years of crowded life the most intensely interesting; and by its moving incidents the most romantic of them all. Through both *régimes* fortune has led us to be always first: in discovery, in settlement, in mighty wars, in parliaments, and in confederation. We are no new-transplanted stock; but scions of deep-rooted generations, each working out its own well-wrought career, yet all of them inevitably tending to unite free parts within a growing nation, and, in its turn, this, with other free and equal nations, within a free and guardian Empire.

“And, wherever we go, some landmark reminds

us who preceded or begat us. Norseman and Basque; Indian of mountain, wood or plain; French of the old *régime*; French-Canadian as *coureur des bois* and *voyageur*, *seigneur* or simple *habitant*; British Islander of every kin, United Empire Loyalist, and Anglo-Canadian born and bred; explorer, trader, missionary, priest; soldier and sailor; statesman and orator; and the first promise of author, artist, and the man of science—each has left landmarks to tell their story to all who listen understandingly.

“What is a landmark? *A landmark is anything preservable, essentially connected with great acts or persons that once stirred our life and still stir our memory.* It may be a monument set up by pious hands; a building, a ruin, or a site; a battlefield or fort; a rostrum or a poet's walk; any natural object; any handiwork of man; or even the mere local habitation of a legend or a name. But, whatever the form, its spirit makes every true landmark a talismanic heirloom, only to be lost to our peril and our shame.

“And now, as we begin our work, in this tercentennial year of Canada's foundation, we find our first opportunity in the proposed dedication of the greatest of all of our landmarks, that world-famous one where form and spirit, heirloom and talisman, are blent, in complete perfection, on

the fields of battle at Quebec. Here stood seven undauntable champions: Champlain, Frontenac, Montcalm, Wolfe, Murray, Lévis, Carleton. Here—unique in universal history—lies the one scene of so many mighty conflicts, which changed the destinies of empires, but ever maintained the honour of all who met in arms. Here Americans shared the triumph of one victory, British-born of two, French of three, and French-Canadians of no less than four. And here and now is the time and place for “Landmarkers,” all over the Dominion, to unite in spreading knowledge, arousing enthusiasm, concentrating interest, and increasing the Battlefields Fund started by our Visitor, the Governor-General, supported by our Honorary President, the Prime Minister, and approved by His Majesty the King.

“On the third day of this July we enter the fourth century of Canadian life. Most have the overmastering desire to make our country rich: and rightly—just so far as riches make strength. But remember that our business depends on energy inherited and transformed; that warriors, statesmen and divines made Canada Canadian; that all nations decay who fail in arms and art; and that we are now particularly apt to mistake comfort for civilisation. We want no dead hand's constricting grip, no landmark's bar to real progress—

for landmarks themselves are signs of progress. But our Canada does need the exalting touch of every landmark that bears a living message, and that she can keep either in substance or in souvenir; lest, seeking the whole mere world of riches, she lose her own soul."

Now to hark back once more, and for the last time, in order to gather up all the threads of this rather complex subject. We saw how the Battlefields and Tercentenary had been successfully united at the end of 1907, and a great celebration planned for the appropriate year, 1908. But everyone felt that something more was needed, some central feature to strike the imagination and bring the historical significance of this celebration home to the public in a tangible and attractive form.

Then, by a natural but happy inspiration, it was decided to have a Pageant—the first of its kind ever held in the New World and the greatest ever held anywhere. It took a full year to prepare the Oxford Pageant. The Quebec one was planned and organized in four months. Let anyone who has ever managed amateur theatricals imagine what it meant to raise and train 5000 amateurs for a performance the like of which had never been seen before in Canada. Fortunately, very fortun-

ately, the London Pageant having been postponed, Quebec secured the originator and greatest master of the modern Pageant, Mr. Frank Lascelles. In the sense that he gave his services free he was an amateur, as was his secretary, Mr. Ernan Denis. The body of devoted public men in the National Battlefields Commission, under the chairmanship of Quebec's upright and indefatigable Mayor, Sir George Garneau, like those on the Tercentenary Committee, also gave their services freely and saw to it that the funds at their disposal under the charge of Mr. Courtney, an ideal treasurer, were honestly spent to the best advantage. Sir Edmund Walker, a man of Medicean versatility in his equal interest in finance and the intellectual life, and his zealous coadjutor Colonel Denison, never missed a single meeting, although their attendance as members of the commission necessitated long journeys.

The example of devoted and ungrudging co-operation in this national enterprise given by these able and distinguished gentlemen was reflected in the spirit shown by the rank and file of ready helpers, and thus secured for the celebration on the appointed day a complete success.

Not unnaturally the Pageant gave occasion for some French-and-English misunderstanding; but the truth emerged in time to save the situation.

When it was found that a Pageant managed by an Englishman, and at first performed by an unduly large proportion of Anglo-Canadians, was yet so French and French-Canadian that not a word of English was spoken in it, from first to last, except by Phips's discomfited envoy, no reasonable suspicion could any longer be kept alive. The French-Canadians saw the matter in its true light and joined *en masse*. And when they did join they easily took the honours of the scene. They caught the spirit of it at once, and excelled in the dramatic parts, both individually and collectively; for they were naturally quite at home playing the favourite rôles of their own heroic history.

Their priesthood was at first disposed to look somewhat askance at the religious scenes in the Pageant. A visit to the grounds with Mr. Lascelles, however, soon convinced them that his setting and the resultant "atmosphere" would be everything for which they could wish. Indeed, they at once saw the wisdom of taking part themselves, with their own choirs and other assistants. And, in the end, the ecclesiastical scenes were acted with more verisimilitude than any others.

In this connexion it is interesting to note a very different religious scene which took place on Sunday, the 19th of July, the eve of the Tercen-

tenary, when *L'Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne-Française* paraded the streets, five thousand strong, to do homage to Champlain at the foot of his statue. Here modern French Canada, in thoroughly distinctive fashion, held the stage in its own person before giving way to its historical counterpart. Still, in its kindred spirit of devotion to the staunch and pious founder of Canada, it carried one back to the historic times so well represented by Mr. Lascelles in that part of the Pageant which showed the arrival of the Ursulines and Laval's reception of de Tracy. Thanks, also, to the respectful demeanour of the crowds looking on, it enjoyed an almost equally sympathetic audience.

Since all ended so happily, and since every critical question only served to strengthen the growing friendship of the two races, thus brought into such intimate contact, there is no need to disguise the fact that the fate of the historic armies and, with it, the fate of the Pageant and whole celebration, hung in the balance for several anxious days. The argument in favour of introducing these armies was simply unanswerable. Some timid folk asked why we should have a Pageant with a celebration on a world-wide scale at all. On the other hand, two years before, the exclusively French-Canadian St.-Jean-Baptiste Society of Quebec had, of its own

free will, invited the whole Dominion to take part; and a meeting of Quebec citizens, in which French-Canadians greatly preponderated, had unanimously asked that the invitation should be extended to include the whole British Empire, France and the United States; while, within a couple of months, the French-Canadian Prime Minister of Canada had brought in an Act of Parliament to nationalise the very fields on which the original armies met in alternate victory and defeat. In these circumstances, no Pageant could stop short of, much less omit, the heroes of both battles of the Plains. All the world knew of Wolfe and Montcalm. If they were left out, would not the world think that there was something that had to be hidden? To the obvious objection, that the world might only notice the first battle, the obvious answer was that here was the one golden opportunity to teach it about the second, and to draw its willing attention to all the other French and French-Canadian glories of Quebec. To the final objection, that the ultimate result was a French defeat, the answer was that the French-Canadians and the British never fought each other alone, that, on the contrary, when they were alone together in Quebec they fought and conquered, side by side, and that nothing could be more insulting to French-Canadians than to suppose that all their professed

contentment with this ultimate result was mere lip-service to curry favour with a conqueror.

The historic armies were accordingly incorporated as the crowning scene of the Pageant. It took another week, however, to decide how they were to march on and manœuvre. Some knave had started, and some fools had believed, an idiotic newspaper nonsense-tale about a sham battle. The leaders of both races of course knew better; but that portion of the public, French- and English-speaking alike, which is always ready to believe false news out of which a scandal may be created, showed a good deal of restlessness. However, quite apart from the temporary mischief caused by this unfortunate incident, the problem was sufficiently difficult. The French army could not march on from the Quebec side and the British from the opposite, without suggesting the first battle and Wolfe's victory. Nor could the position be reversed, without suggesting the French victory of the following campaign. At last an idea struck one of the four nonplussed survivors of an interminable sitting, that both armies should march on, side by side, and at right angles to the lines of advance and retreat of each army in either battle. This suggestion was immediately adopted; and two friendlier forces never met, continued, or parted on better terms.

The French-and-English question is well worth dwelling on, because the whole Celebration, in spite of minor drawbacks, did really bring the two races into better mutual relations, because the French-Canadians deserve more credit for this than they were accorded, and because there really is nothing to fear from telling the truth. We must remember how naturally the mass of any people shrinks from being merged in constantly increasing bodies different from itself. It is not easy for minorities to be generous. Is it always so easy for the Anglo-Canadian minority in the Province of Quebec to be generous to the French-Canadian majority? Should we, then, be so ready to resent an occasional narrowness among the French-Canadian minority in the Dominion or in the Empire? On the whole, it may be truly said that while there was a genuine and hearty desire, in all responsible English-speaking quarters, to give French-Canadians the fairest field and fullest favour, the French-Canadians, on their part, were at least the equals of the Anglo-Canadians, and under more difficult conditions, in losing prejudice and gaining generosity, throughout the trying periods of the tercentennial year.

To complete the significance of this crowning scene of the historic armies, Carleton and his French- and English-speaking defenders of 1775

stood on one flank, while, on the other, stood de Salaberry, the French-speaking hero of 1812, with his Voltigeurs de Châteauguay, among whom was a Quebec contingent, and Brock, the English-speaking hero of the same war, who was long in garrison at Quebec, before he left to die in victory on Queenston Heights.

By this no unfriendliness to the Americans was, of course, intended; and certainly none of them who knew Canadian history ever took offence at it. The Canadian historian who advised Mr. Lascelles on the subject was bound to point out that the three wars could not have suited the purpose of the Pageant better if they had been made to order for it: 1759 saw a British victory over the French; 1760 saw a French victory over the British; while 1775 and 1812 saw the French- and English-speaking subjects of the Crown uniting to keep Canada a French- and Anglo-Canadian part of the British Empire. Moreover, this welcome addition drew attention to the sublime devotion of the United Empire Loyalists, who gave up their all for the cause they had at heart, and were faithful through utter destitution and unto death itself. Surely it would have been both weak and wrong to have left out 1775 and 1812. The whole significance of these wars is that all the determining elements of Canadian life—and the

Indians, too, for who can forget Tecumseh?—resolved to fight for a Canadian life lived under British conditions. Being content with what our fathers did then, we should have been worse than degenerate if we had not approved their deeds in the eyes of the world to-day. There can be no doubt whatever about the best-informed French-Canadian feeling on the question:—

“C'est encore le rampart inexpugnable, dont la résistance, en 1775 et en 1812, conserva à l'Angleterre un domaine vraiment royal dans le Nouveau-Monde. C'est le Gibraltar, dont l'érection signifia plus tard aux Etats-Unis l'intention formelle des hommes d'Etat de la métropole de garder envers et contre tous, ce qu'elle détient ici: *What we have we hold*; et de nos jours, Québec, c'est encore la forteresse qui garde la route la plus directe et la plus courte entre la métropole et l'Empire des Indes.”

This is a quotation from the official summary of the proceedings of the Tercentenary committees in Quebec. The French-speaking Canadians are, indeed, no more unfriendly to the Americans than are the English-speaking Canadians. The fact is that the best Canadian attitude towards the United States is a friendly though foreign one; emphasizing the friendly to the utmost, but never

forgetting the foreign. This attitude is certainly the one that makes most for respect and self-respect all round.

As for the historic aspect, there is simply nothing more to be said about commemorating the French- and English-speaking heroes who saved Canada from the Americans, after stating the four historic facts which, in themselves, constitute four good and sufficient reasons. Of these four reasons the first is that history has nothing to do with anything except historic truth, and the defeat of the three American invasions is certainly true. The second is that any complimentary perversion of historic truth would be a studied insult to intelligent Americans, who, of course, know better. The third is that Americans can bear the record of a few defeats quite as well as the British, French or French-Canadians, none of whose own defeats are either hidden or glossed over. And the fourth will surely appeal to all good tourists from beyond the line. For why, after all, do they come to Quebec? Of course, to see what they cannot see at home. They say they love Quebec because it is so unique. Then, what could be more assuredly unique, and what more flattering because unique, than the only place in the world where Americans have been twice defeated on the spot, and whence men have twice set out to defeat them elsewhere?

This account of the Tercentenary is nothing if not critical; it is intended to be honest and plain-spoken, and it can be neither critical nor honest nor yet plain-spoken if it makes no confession of failures. Now, there were failures, plenty of them; but, fortunately, none of a disabling nature. There were failures in organization, all from neglect of the invariable rule that the only way to organize any victory is to give strong experts time and means to discipline enthusiasts and lead them to the desired end. Wherever there are crowds of amateurs there ought to be professional assistants to keep the touch between leaders and followers, between the different co-operating parts, and between each part and the whole. In Quebec we had generals and regiments enough; but we lacked an adequate staff. This, however, was through no fault of the organizers; but rather from the exigencies of unformed public opinion, which can so rarely be brought to see the necessity for adequate preparation in good time. In the same way, other failures occurred, mostly by force of circumstances, which could not have been overcome by the means placed at the disposal of the executants. Perhaps the worst of all the failures was the Pageant Book. To produce such a book properly the co-operation of several experts for several

months was an absolute necessity. This Quebec book was "got up" and published within less than one month. Worse still, the history, literature, music and illustrations were all "cut up" to fit the Procrustean bed of mechanical exigency. Bad as the result was, however, neither the contributors, editors nor publishers have any reason to be ashamed of what they were forced to produce under impossible conditions.

But why continue such a chronicle of small beer? All the failures together did not equal one of the great successes. There were, too, some successes which the general public never realised at all—such as the marvellously efficient detective service, which kept strangers, guests and townsfolk alike as safe as they would have been in their own private houses. And looked at from the highest point of view, and taken for all in all, the Tercentenary was an unchallengeable triumph—brilliant to the eye, moving to the heart, deep to the understanding, and fraught throughout with untold significance.



PART II

The Celebration

The First Two Days

WITH the opening of the Tercentenary Quebec once more took her place in the full current of world history. She is not, and never has been, a large town. She still has less than 100,000 inhabitants. She is no longer the capital of more than a single province, and her ordinary life is that of a provincial town. Yet she has been the scene of more than one crisis of supreme importance to the world. It is quite possible that she may one day be the scene of another. Always, at any rate, she belongs to that small group of truly distinctive cities which are illustrious at once for the heroic deeds of their history and for the setting of scenic beauty in which that history is enshrined. It is impossible not to feel the incongruity of coupling together even the most famous of the cities of the New World with the great historic sites of Europe or of Asia. Quebec alone is a possible exception. She has been called the Edinburgh of Canada, and Edinburgh is worthy of a place even with Jerusalem, Rome,

Athens or Constantinople, among the beautiful cities of the world. In her history, too, Quebec draws a real touch of distinction from the fact that she has been the meeting place, in a series of military engagements, of three great world powers. Nowhere else in the world perhaps could these three have met together with equal appropriateness to celebrate their common history.

For twelve splendid days all Quebec was actually the stage for a play, of which the action covered nearly four centuries of multiform life. Much of this was represented with peculiar vividness by the Pageant. But Quebec herself as she appeared to the discerning eye, represented much more. Her streets were full of courtiers, gallants, and *grandes dames* from the Field of the Cloth of Gold and the Court of Henri Quatre; of Champlain's and Jacques Cartier's sailors; of Frontenac's, Wolfe's and Montcalm's soldiers; of *habitants* and *habitantes* dressed in *étouffe du pays*; of Jesuit missionaries and of the Indians who sometimes scalped them, and sometimes were converted; of fawns and satyrs for the entertainment of François Premier; of nuns and priests who served under the militant Laval; of *coureurs des bois* come into town like modern shantymen—in short, every class of men, women and children belonging to every generation between the end of the Middle

Wolfe

Carleton

Montcalm

Lévis

Murray



Ages and the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. Nothing seemed more natural than to see the soldiers, sailors, priests and all the other characters of the past, walking about in a place crowned by a citadel, girdled with battlemented walls, crested with church spires, and overlooking a harbour covered with every sort of craft, from a birch-bark canoe to a first-class battleship. The past and present, too, were linked together by old inhabitants and by many younger ones belonging to old families. The *Association des Anciennes Familles*, though it would admit no family that was not still living on a concession granted during the first century of the French *régime*, soon had hundreds on its roll. To these must be added the many descendants of those United Empire Loyalists who left the Stars and Stripes and all worldly goods for the Union Jack and poverty, at the call of patriotic loyalty, the greatest of all earthly ideals. And next among the strongest Anglo-Canadians came the descendants of the many a val and military veterans who have married and settled down in Canada.

It is a curious thing that there should be so much talk about the "old French families" and so much ignorance about the old British families—to use the word family in its social sense. As a matter of fact, there are very few old French

families represented in Canada. Nearly the whole *noblesse* returned to France after the Conquest, and hardly any have settled in Canada since. On the other hand, there are a good many descendants of old British families. The leading United Empire Loyalists were often descendants of younger sons who had become "British Americans" in the 17th and 18th centuries, and therefore had several generations of gentility behind them more than a hundred years ago. Those Anglo-Canadians who are descendants of officers—many of whom married U. E. Loyalist wives in Canada—are in the same case. The point is perhaps worth making, both as being historically correct, and as one of which visitors are, as a rule, entirely ignorant. Outside of the *noblesse*, however, the French-speaking Canadians have an ancestral pride to which there is nothing to correspond among English-speaking Canadians. Most *habitants* have Canadian pedigrees going back to the 17th century, and some of them can trace French descent beyond that. But neither they nor their priests, to whose admirable registers these pedigrees are due, ever pretend that the overwhelming mass of the people sprang from any other class than *habitants*. They are the finest type of Nature's gentlemen; and nearly all the townsfolk come originally from them.

Other living links with the past were supplied by the representatives of the historic families formerly connected with Quebec.

In this connexion it is worth while quoting the words of M. le Marquis de Lévis as showing how the heads of historic families still feel for Canada the warm admiration she feels for them. "Bien des liens me rattachent au Canada: mon nom, qui est celui du dernier défenseur de la France en cette contrée, le souvenir du premier Evêque de Québec, de la maison de Montmorency-Laval, à laquelle appartenait la mère de mon père; et je ne saurais oublier l'accueil qui m'a été fait lorsqu'il y a quelques années j'ai été à l'inauguration de la statue du Maréchal de Lévis au Palais du Parlement de Québec. Ma gratitude vivra autant que moi, et je resterai fidèle à la devise de Québec: *Je me souviens.*"

Next come the modern soldiers and sailors, looking as much at home in Quebec as if they had grown up there. There were plenty of them to enliven the appearance of the monotonous drab crowds of the present day. There must have been about 25,000 of all ranks, afloat and ashore. Fifteen thousand of these were Canadian Militia; and of these fifteen thousand only some three thousand belonged to the Permanent Corps. It was a strange surprise for visitors when they

happened to meet a British red-coat speaking French. Another surprise was that, with all these thousands—half of whom were ordinary Militia—there was not one single serious disturbance of any kind at all; though the surprise on this point was, of course, mostly confined to people who knew little or nothing of the modern Army or Navy. A particularly gratifying point was the excellent terms on which the Ontario Orangemen in the Militia lived side by side with the French-Canadian Roman Catholics in Quebec. Doubtless, the presence of such men as Colonel Denison on the Battlefields Commission and Colonel Bertram in the camp contributed greatly to this happy result.

Finally, to complete the character of the whole celebration, came the representatives of Champlain's birthplace, of France, of the United States, of the British Dominions, of the British Army and of His Majesty the King.

While all these visitors were assembling it can easily be imagined that the effect was positively kaleidoscopic. Every hour a regiment would come marching into this home of arms, where the bugle has marked every duty of the military day, without a break, for at least two hundred and thirty-five years. Or ships would come into the harbour, the furthest inland tidal harbour in the

world, where the British, French and American squadrons were already lying at anchor in mid-stream, but without obstructing the channel, even opposite the Citadel, the narrowest part of the whole St. Lawrence. Some of these ships brought out swarms of emigrants, who gazed a wondering moment at this strangely unexpected glimpse of a New World looking back at its past before they were whisked away by the Colonist trains into the home of their own future. But it was not only the emigrants who gazed in wonder at Quebec. "The discovery of Quebec by Canadians' might well be the most striking news headline for this Tercentenary Celebration." This was the opening sentence of the admirable series of special articles written for the *Boston Transcript* by Mr. Tracy, who, as the author of the *Tercentenary History of Canada*, was probably the best-informed journalist present in Quebec. It was a true saying. To most Canadian eyes, Quebec had been a walled rock above a railway station and a wharf; and to most Canadian minds the scene of a single battle between the dare-devil Wolfe and the befooled Montcalm. Now they were to learn better, and to see Quebec once more as the point of contact between two Worlds, and the scene of such a gathering of really distinguished men as had never yet been brought together in the New. They

were to learn their stimulating lesson, moreover, among the most good-natured and well-mannered crowds to be found anywhere. People who, for the first time, saw the French-Canadians making holiday during the bi-centennial *fêtes* at the inauguration of the Laval monument, the month before, might have thought their demeanour then was due to special restraining influences; but their conduct was just the same at the Tercentenary.

The lesson was all the more interesting by reason of the way in which the wise saws were mixed with modern instances. In nothing was this fact better emphasized than in relation to questions of Imperial Defence. Here was the first attempt at anything at all like a Canadian Army, brought together from every part of the Dominion, smoothly, quickly and, on the whole, efficiently. Here, too, was a British squadron, only a week from its base in England, and in perfect touch with every other part of a Navy which is the best guardian of all the different parts of the Empire, because it is essentially one, as the sea itself is one. Another, but much less obvious point, was that so many members of the Canadian Militia were descended from military ancestors, officers and men alike. It must be remembered in this connexion that the men who saved Canada in 1775

and 1812 were nearly all old soldiers or the sons of such. Those who revel in the peace and plenty of Canada to-day forget, or do not know, that there would be no Canada at all if it had not been for Imperial fleets and armies, backed by a soldier-bred Militia.

During these kaleidoscopic days before the Prince arrived, many interesting events took place that would have been central features in any other *fête*. First among them was the visit paid by the greatest living soldier to the scenes immortalized by the mighty dead.

There was little anyone could tell Lord Roberts about the Battlefields. Very few Canadians know them half so well, after seeing them, as many a recent distinguished visitor has known them before. We, who are on the spot, might well do more to learn our great history. When King Edward's Garter Mission was in Japan some of its members, who made a genuine "surprise visit" to an historic site, were astonished at the ready answers given by any casual inhabitant. Would it be too much to say that surprise visitors might possibly find less local information in certain spots in Canada? Students of military history might like to know that Lord Roberts accepts as final the evidence which proves the victory to have been due to Wolfe's own initiative, secrecy and skill, working

out a consummate plan based on British sea-power. There is a fine touch in Lord Roberts' getting out of the carriage to walk up the hill in Wolfe's footsteps, and a still finer when he stood for some time all alone in the Ursuline Chapel, under the Lamp of Repentigny, and half-way between the grave of Montcalm and the pulpit from which Wolfe's funeral sermon was preached by the Chaplain of the British flagship a fortnight after the Battle. It is interesting to know that an Ursuline, then perfectly clear-minded at ninety-three, spent several of her early years in the Convent with Mother St. Ignace, who, as a girl, stood beside the grave when Montcalm's shattered body was lowered into it, that dreadful midnight, a hundred and fifty years ago.

Then, there was the arrival of the U. S. S. *New Hampshire*, looking remarkably beautiful in her gleaming coat of white paint. She was probably one of the last white ships ever seen in any Navy. Modern warfare requires neutral tints; and the British Navy has been in slate grey, the colour of many a day in the North Sea, for some years past. The beauty of mast and sail and colour has all departed. But the beauty of line remains; and no one could fail to see how much greater it is in the best modern cruisers than in the tubby hulls of the old three-deckers. The French

flagship—not, alas, the *Montcalm*, but the *Gambetta*—sent her band to play on the Terrace. French bluejackets were in evidence all over the town, and were on the most friendly terms with their British fellow-tars and with all Quebecers. The French-speaking Physicians of America opened their fourth Congress in Laval University, and commemorated their *confrère*, Bonherme, who was Surgeon aboard Champlain's little *Don de Dieu*. They were followed by the Royal Society of Canada, which held a special session in honour of Champlain himself, at which the greatest experts in Canada told appreciative audiences the gist of all that is known about him. Lord Roberts was indefatigable in visiting the camps, where he must have been pleased to see how much the Militia has managed to do with the indifferent means supplied by an unheeding public. The Cavalry Brigade, in particular, under the best of Brigadiers, Colonel Turner, V.C., was a fine example of comparative efficiency reached against heart-breaking odds. There were sports for soldiers and sailors, tattoos for the crowd, the first performances of the Pageant, concerts, dinners, and a capital dance given by the British Naval officers in the Parliament Buildings. The Buildings, it may be added, were also the scene of the

immense State Ball given by the Province to the Prince of Wales on the following Friday.

Through all this, however, there was an underlying order, gradually shaping the different parts into the single whole which was to greet the King's Representative. Then, for a week after his arrival, there would be one common centre round which everything would be grouped; and that one centre would, of course, be the Prince. After that, the Celebration would again divide into several parts, each with a centre of its own and each with a special appeal to some section or another of the public.

A feature common to all the twelve days, and one which set and kept the sympathetic spectator in tune with the spirit of the Champlain *fête*, was the march of the Heralds-at-Arms and Men-of-the-Watch through the City, proclaiming the events of the past day and those which were to take place on the morrow. These men also sang the old Parisian curfew every night. The Heralds wore a long purple mantle embroidered with golden *fleur-de-lys*, green trunks, purple hose, buckled shoes, and a broad-brimmed hat with long white and purple plumes. They carried big gilt *bâtons* as symbols of the authority which the Men-of-the-Watch were prepared to maintain for

them against all contumacious citizens, with helmet, sword and cuirass.

*Oyez ! Oyez ! Oyez !
Habitants de Québec !*

Then they proclaimed the items of news for that day and the next. Every night they ended with the good advice of the *couvre-feu*:—

Rentrez, habitants de Québec,
Tenez-vous clos en vos logis ;
Que tout bruit meure.
Quittez ces lieux,
Car voici l'heure,
L'heure du couvre-feu !



Another and much stronger musical feature was the constant playing of *O Canada!* by every band at the celebration, as the Canadian national anthem, *par excellence*.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first staff is labeled 'Soprano' and begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking. The second staff is labeled 'Alto' and begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic marking. The music is written in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and phrasing slurs.

The Third Day

By Wednesday, the 22nd of July, Quebec was astir with the concentrated life of a whole people. The meeting of the scions of her mighty past with the international representatives of a mighty present had already quickened her to many-sided interest. Wolfe and Montcalm, Lévis and Murray and Carleton, once more trod her streets, in the persons of their living next-of-kin. The Mayor of Brouage, the old French town which gave birth to Champlain, now looked on the capital of a New France to which Champlain himself gave birth. Admiral Jauréguiberry was as worthy a representative of France and her Navy to-day as his distinguished family had been of both in historic times; and, for this double reason, he was *persona*



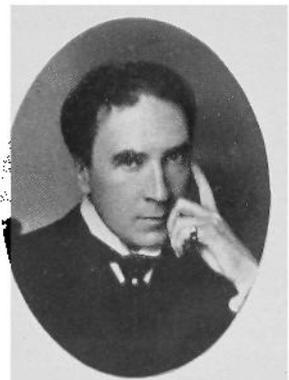
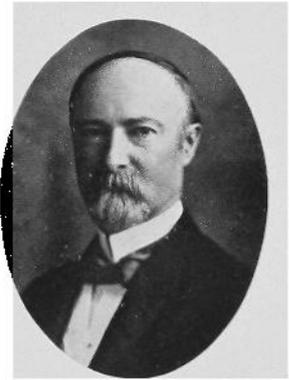
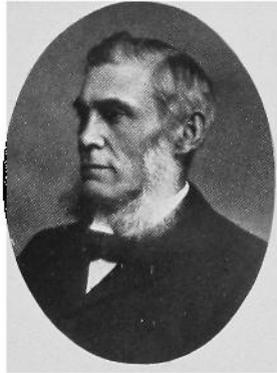
gratissima in Quebec. Mr. Fairbanks, as Vice-President of the United States, had the official *status* of a Crown Prince. Clan Fraser, so justly noted for its soldiers and settlers, had sent its Chief; and as Lord Lovat may be called the Scotch representative so the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Ranfurly, both personal guests of Lord Grey, might be called the English and Irish. There was much that was significant in all this. The representatives of the two Protestant countries were Roman Catholics. The name and the blood of the Frasers are current among the French-Canadians. The Duke of Norfolk is the premier Peer of the British nobility. Both he and Lord Lovat served in the Boer War. Lord Ranfurly was a popular Governor-General among the ultra-democratic New Zealanders; and he was one of the three British Proconsuls present, the other two being the Earl of Dudley, once Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, now Governor-General of Australia and, of course, Canada's own good friend and Governor, Lord Grey. Newfoundland, eldest of all the British Colonies, was represented beside United South Africa, youngest of all aspirants to Confederation. Here, then, were representatives of the whole self-ruling Empire; while the turbans of some Indian Officers reminded us of that other Empire, where more than three times as many people

as there are in the United States were governed by Lord Minto. Lord Minto, himself, Canadians remembered as one who served with distinction against the North West Rebellion, in the first purely Canadian campaign, and who was our Viceroy when the first Canadian Contingents were sent to fight for the Empire beyond the sea. To crown everything, the Fleet and Army, which the Mother Country still maintained almost alone for the defence of all, were represented by a squadron of her battleships and cruisers, and by her greatest living soldier, Lord Roberts, the only man who has ever commanded forces from every part of the Empire, united for a single war.

Though thousands of visitors had been flocking in for a week, though fleets had been entering the harbour, though troops had been marching into camp without a break by night or day, though from the Heights you could see ships, tents and Pageant grounds, and though every street and open space was swarming with eager crowds, Quebec was still vibrant with expectation. Was not the Heir to the Ruler of an Empire as large and thrice as populous as the whole New World coming to honour the founder of a country the size of Europe, and to dedicate the most sacred and historic spot within it?

He came in the full splendour of a perfect sum-

The Duke of Norfolk, Lord de Villiers, Vice-President Fairbanks
Admiral Jauréguiberry, Lord Roberts, Earl Dudley,
Mr. Pitts, Lord Ranfurly, Mr. Lascelles,
Master of the Pageants



mer day; and his arrival befitted the occasion. He came by sea, as British rulers should. His ship, for which all were waiting, was the *Indomitable*, the latest model of combined strength and speed in the oldest and greatest navy in the world; and therefore the best to fly the Royal Standard of a sailor Prince. On the greatest of all tidal rivers the British, French, and American Squadrons lay at anchor to receive him. On the wharf where he was to land, and on and up from there to the topmost heights of walled and citadelled Quebec, stood double lines of Canadian soldiers, still immature as an organized army, but having a long and very honourable military past, and standing on ground made immortal by the two races from which they were descended. Suddenly, over the low foreshore of Point Lévis, the tops of the escorting cruiser *Minotaur* appeared, and the next minute her long, clean-cut hull glided swiftly into view. As suddenly the immense crowds, clustering round every point of vantage, stirred a moment, swayed intently forward, and changed from a concourse of individuals to a single expectant mass of humanity. One minute more, and the *Indomitable* herself moved steadily into view, the very embodiment of tense force held in leash. Immediately the fleet in the harbour manned and dressed ship from stem to stern. The British,

French, and American flagships led the thunderous salute, which was instantly repeated by every vessel present, and by the grey fastness of the Citadel, crowning the heights more than three hundred feet above. Into this magnificence of welcome the *Indomitable* advanced, stateliest of all; her crew on deck and her multitudinous flutter of flags aloft making her a sea-throne fit for a Prince with a title called The Lord of the Isles. She reached her berth: there was a heavy plunge and splash, as her huge anchor was let go; then the loud roar of her chain cable rushing through the hawse-hole, and, almost before this ceased, the first strains of the National Anthem, rising from ship after ship. Thus, in the person of his Heir and special envoy, the King's Majesty arrived in Tercentennial Quebec.

As the Prince set foot on Canadian soil he was received by the Governor-General and presented with an address by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His reply was happily worded and admirably delivered. The following passage was a notable part of it:—

“I am fully sensible of the honour and responsibility of my position as the representative of your Sovereign, who, ever mindful of the unswerving loyalty of his Canadian subjects, follows with affectionate interest everything which concerns the

welfare and development of the Dominion. My privilege is therefore twofold; for I join with you, both as the representative of the King and on my own behalf, in celebrating the 300th anniversary of the founding of your famous city by Samuel de Champlain. I look forward with keen interest to the impressive ceremonies of the next few days, during which the past and present will appear before us upon a stage of unsurpassed natural beauty. And here, in Quebec, I recall with much pleasure the no uncertain proofs which I have received, on my several visits to Canada, of the loyalty of the King's French-Canadian subjects. Their proved fidelity in times of difficulty and danger, happily long past, is one of the greatest tributes to the political genius of England's rule, and the knowledge that they and their fellow Canadians of British origin are working hand in hand in the upbuilding of the Dominion is a source of deep satisfaction to the King, as well as to all those who take pride in British institutions.

I cordially agree with you in the propriety of setting apart, as a memorial for present and future generations, the battle ground of the Plains of Abraham, hallowed by the association of past years, and I heartily congratulate all concerned in this noble undertaking upon the success which has attended their patriotic efforts."

The Prince was received with marked cordiality and respect. Canadian crowds are not, as a rule, very demonstrative, unless at general elections, or over championship matches at football, hockey or lacrosse. And French-Canadian crowds are naturally not in very close touch with the emotional centres of British interest. But the crowds in Quebec were always kindly disposed, imbued with real respect, and more cordial than a stranger would be inclined to think them at first sight. The addresses and replies were in both languages, and the Prince's hearty way of speaking French in easy alternation with English won him a great deal of affectionate personal regard. As the dense crowds melted away they were evidently in high good humour at having the King's Representative safely housed in the Citadel as the chief of all their guests.

The Fourth Day

Thursday was devoted to Champlain. It was, indeed, much more than officially appropriate that the Prince should lead the ceremonies in honour of the founder of Quebec. Both have Norman blood and both are known as good seamen afloat and statesmen ashore. Champlain, personified by the Hon. Charles Langelier, Sheriff of Quebec, sailed

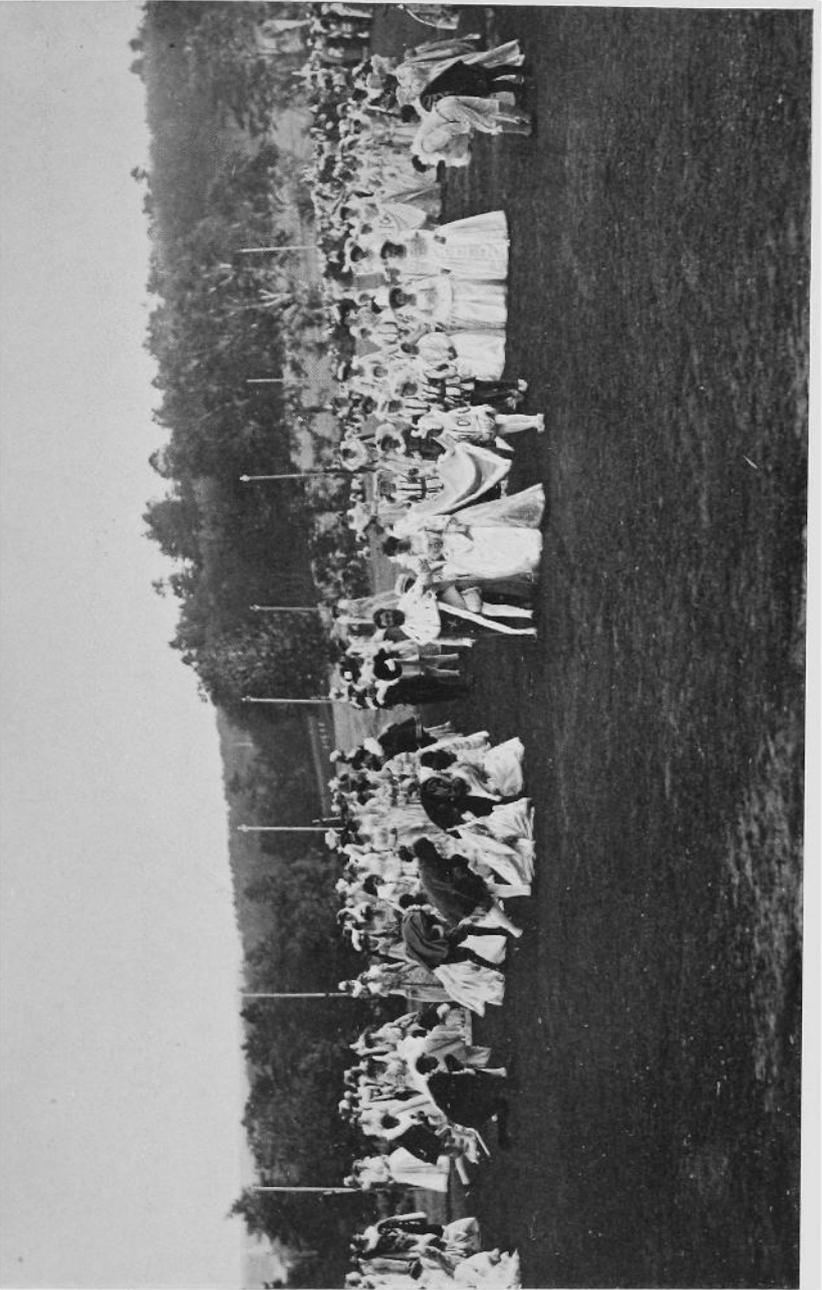
up the harbour in his famous *Don de Dieu*, with the flood tide flowing, a favouring breeze, and every stitch of canvas drawing. This little vessel of only 120 tons, was as nearly a facsimile of Champlain's as human wit could make her; and the crew was also the same in numbers, in dress, and even in blood, as that of three hundred years ago. There was a curious contrast when she berthed next the gigantic *Indomitable*, which, being of 18,000 tons, was just one hundred and fifty times her size. But there was an equally interesting coincidence in the fact that both vessels held the transatlantic record of their day. Champlain made the quickest passage then known, when he went from Honfleur to Tadousac in 18 days. And the *Indomitable* holds the present record, for having covered the distance from land to land in 67 hours. Incidentally it may be added that another link between Champlain and our own day is that he was the first to propose a Panama Canal.

The Indians were on the look-out. They put off in their war canoes, and a parley ensued over-side. Then they paddled the strange, kind Pale-faces ashore. Unfortunately, not many people saw the Indians in their canoes close enough to appreciate the scene. Nothing could have been finer in its way. These Indians were no suburban human curios; but the genuine, full-blooded red

men, two hundred strong, brought down from the far North and West, both to learn and to teach at the Tercentenary. Whoever loves canoes and the strength and beauty of the human form—and what Canadian worth his salt does not love both?—would have seen at least one perfect crew here. Crested with waving war-plumes, and stark naked to the waist, every one of its eight six-footers was straight as an arrow and full of supple vigour as a bow. No sculptor could have wished for better models than these sinewy living bronzes, driving their canoe ahead with perfect harmony of rhythm between the craft and crew.

On landing, Champlain first went into an exact reproduction of the *Abitacion de Québec*, which stood near the spot where the original had been built in 1608. When he came out he took his place in the long historical procession, which immediately began to file off. As it mounted the hill and marched past his statue—one of the very few public works of art in Canada—the spectator could see the whole line of our history in five centuries. First came the Heralds-at-Arms and Men-of-the-Watch, exactly as in mediæval times. Then Jacques Cartier and his three crews, 110 strong, just as they were when he discovered Quebec in 1535. Then a gay, many-coloured cavalcade, the mounted court renowned in the annals of

Court Scene



historic pageantry at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. At their head rode Jacques Cartier's King, Francis I, with his Queen and his bewitching sister, Marguerite of Angoulême. Next came Champlain's King, the equally famous Henry of Navarre. Everyone knows the old refrain:—

Vive Henri Quatre!
Vive ce roi vaillant!
Ce diable à quatre
A le triple talent
De boire et de battre
Et d'être un vert galant!

He excelled in arms and arts, as every national hero should excel; and was admired and loved by women, as men who excel in arms and arts deserve to be.

Then came Champlain himself, de Monts, Pontgravé, and their men, the founders of the country and its pioneers, greater even than the first discoverers. Next, Dollard and his sixteen heroes of the Long Sault, who, as every Canadian knows, saved the infant Colony by an act of self-sacrifice which can never be surpassed, because they foreknew their earthly doom from the very moment

they set forth to stay the furious invasion of the Iroquois. These were succeeded by explorers and founders of towns. All this was an enlightening reminder that the Anglo-Saxon is not the only adventurous race of modern history. The French as every student knows were often original in their ideas and brilliant in their first moves into the unknown world. The pathos of their daring lives is that they were leaders without a national following, without the security of sea-power behind them, and without a free-growing colony beside them. But, take them for what they were themselves, and they well deserve our lasting admiration. One could wish their names were better known in English-speaking Canada—La Violette, de Maisonneuve, Bienville, Iberville, La Salle, Marquette, La Vérendrye. If you would see the spirit of exploration shining through the veil of the flesh, look at the portrait of La Salle. The Procession took note of a new era beginning in 1665 with the arrival of the Marquis de Tracy and the Régiment de Carignan-Salières, fresh from its victorious campaign against the Turks. These, like their predecessors and their successors—except Duluth, Saint Luson and Mlle. de Verchères—will be met again in the Pageant. Duluth headed some *Cour-eurs des Bois*, those adventurous spirits whose vagaries used to make their paternal government

as anxious as a hen who has hatched a brood of ducklings. Not that the government was wrong in objecting to their real excesses and the unsettling effect of their example. Then came Saint Luson and the men who took possession of the illimitable West in 1671. It was beside the Great Lakes, those suzerain waterways of all America, that this great captain of France raised the Cross of Christ and the 'scutcheon of the King in the presence of the Fourteen Tribes. Then followed Frontenac, whose striking personality dominates one of the best scenes in the Pageant. Then the female counterpart of him and Dollard, Mlle de Verchères, who held the Iroquois at bay with a courage as undaunted as that shown at Rorke's Drift against an equally pitiless foe. Finally, there came the historic armies of Wolfe and Montcalm, Lévis and Murray, Carleton, de Salaberry, and Brock. As there were a few old people who could remember the Canadian Rebellion, and many more who could remember the proclamation of the Dominion, on the ground at the head of Mountain Hill which the procession passed on the way up, it was literally true that every single great phase of our history was present to the eye or to the living memory, from the sixteenth century to the twentieth. One can say the twentieth advisedly, because the Tercenten-

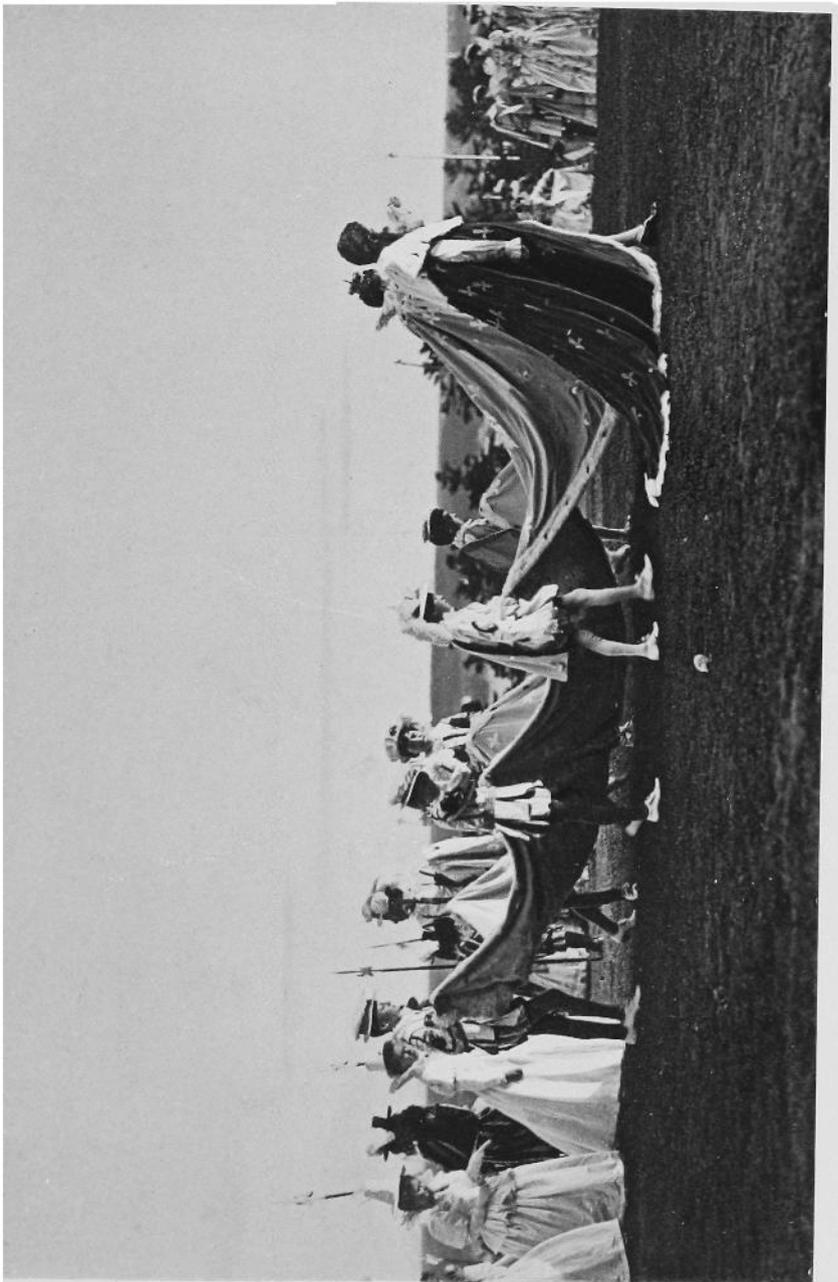
ary was not only commemorating history but actually making it as well.

At the base of the Champlain statue the Hon. Charles Langelier, Sheriff of Quebec, who acted the part of Champlain in this procession and in the Pageant, was presented to the Prince, who also received the official address of welcome from the City. In his well turned speech the Mayor, Sir George Garneau, said:—

“Assembled round the monument of the glorious founder of Canada, our hearts filled with the heroic memories of three centuries, the story of which seems more like an epic than a history, the French-Canadians cannot suppress an inexpressible feeling of patriotic pride and of gratitude towards the two great nations which have, in turn, presided over their destinies; to their ever-beloved France, to whom they are indebted for their being and their grand traditions, and to England, which has left them free to expand in full enjoyment of their faith, their language, and their institutions, and has given them a political constitution which is based upon the greatest possible extent of liberty, and is undeniably the finest and most perfect in the world.

“During the modest festivities of the time of Champlain, the few people of the colony, assembled

The Entry of King Henri IV.



round their leader, were accustomed to crown their rejoicings by the loyal cries: '*Vive le Roi! Vive Monseigneur le Dauphin!*'

"To-day, three centuries later, the citizens of Quebec and the whole Canadian people, faithful to their new allegiance, as were our forefathers to the old *régime*, welcome Your Royal Highness with the heartfelt acclaim: '*God Save the King! God Bless the Prince of Wales!*' "

In the course of his reply the Prince said:—

"The history of New France is singularly attractive, as much by the moving events recorded on its pages as by the heroic personages who have made that history, amongst whom the commanding figure of the chivalrous Samuel de Champlain stands out with great brilliance. It is owing to his pen that the recital of his adventures has reached us to-day, and this story, with the modesty and sincerity which distinguish it, stamps each page with the sign manual of truth.

"From the bottom of my heart I congratulate you on possessing such a hero. May his statue for ever ornament your historic capital to recall—should that be necessary—to the citizens of Quebec the high qualities of piety and courage, of humanity and strength of spirit which distinguished this faithful servant of his God and his King."

The Governor-General had sent a message to His Majesty expressing the profound loyalty of the Canadian People, with special reference to those then assembled round the Champlain statue at Quebec, and he now received the following reply from the King:—

“Please convey to the Mayor and the citizens of Quebec my congratulations and good wishes on the joyous celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the foundation of their city by Samuel de Champlain. I am much gratified to learn of their cordial reception of the Prince of Wales, whom I have sent to represent me on this great occasion. I received with pleasure the renewed assurances of loyalty on the part of my Canadian subjects, in whose welfare I am deeply interested, and to whom I wish an ever-increasing measure of progress and prosperity.”

His Excellency then proceeded to read other messages:—

Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, to Governor-General:—

LONDON, 22nd July.

Sincerest congratulations on the occasion of the Tercentenary celebrations in dear old Quebec, and on the great gathering your happy inspiration has

called together. The enthusiasm this interesting event has evoked is fully shared by me.

LOUISE.

The Prime Minister of the United Kingdom to the Governor-General:—

LONDON, July 22.

On the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec I send the warm congratulations and hearty good wishes of His Majesty's Government to our colleagues and fellow subjects the Government and the people of the great Dominion of Canada. The Dominion, as it stands to-day, is living evidence of the foresight and endurance of Samuel Champlain, and it bears witness to the world that peace and prosperity are the fruits of freedom and self-government.

H. H. ASQUITH.

The Viceroy of India to the Governor-General of Canada:—

SIMLA, 20th July.

Hearty congratulations on Champlain Tercentenary, and my very best wishes to the Canadian descendants of the two great races who have together built up their magnificent Dominion.

MINTO.

The Governor-General of Australia to the Governor-General of Canada:—

MELBOURNE, 21st July.

Australia, greeting Canada, the sister and senior of all Dominions of the Empire, welcomes the celebration of your third century of adventurous advance.

NORTHCOTE.

The Governor of New Zealand to the Governor-General of Canada:—

Across Pacific, New Zealand echoes Empire's congratulations upon object-lesson Canada gives to-day of pride in her glorious past, solidarity of her people and growth of her nation. May I add personal congratulations on the splendid response to your proposals ?

PLUNKET.

The Prime Minister of New Zealand to the Governor-General of Canada:—

. To you, the greatest daughter of our parent land, New Zealand sends her joyous greetings, feeling more and more as the years roll on that we share with you one life, one flag, one fleet, one throne.

JOSEPH GEORGE WARD.

The Governor of the Transvaal to the Governor-General:—

PRETORIA, July 22nd.

The Government and the people of the Transvaal desire to convey their hearty sympathy and cordial good will to the Government and the people of the Dominion on the occasion of Canada's 300th birthday. The Transvaal Government hopes that the celebrations will be a great success, and that they will be the means of strengthening further the bonds with which we are all united under the flag of the British Empire.

GOVERNOR.

After some other cordial greetings from different parts of the British Empire had been read, Vice-President Fairbanks presented the good wishes of the President and People of the United States:—

“The eyes of the western world are upon this historic city. The celebration of the tercentenary of Champlain's founding of Quebec is altogether admirable both in the comprehensiveness of its conception and in the excellence of its execution, and is an event which awakens interest not only in the Dominion of Canada but in the United States also. From this point as a base, intrepid explorers blazed the pathway of civilization through trackless

forests and explored lakes and rivers in territory which is now within the jurisdiction of the United States. Names associated with the early history of Quebec are landmarks in our geography and are indelibly impressed upon our civilization”

Then Vice-Admiral Jauréguiberry expressed the congratulations of France:—

“In the name of France I render the most respectful homage to the glorious dead who have founded Quebec, who have contributed to its grandeur and who have developed the strong virtues which win its Canadians universal esteem.

“From the other side of the Atlantic we applaud with ardent sympathy the union that has been realized in Canada between two races so well in a position to understand each other, each contributing to the common work the qualities which are its own”

The speeches closed with an eloquent peroration by the Hon. Adelard Turgeon, on behalf of the French-Canadian race:—

“What hour, what place, could be more solemn and more propitious for evoking the memory of him whom the voice of history and the gratitude of peoples have honoured with the two-fold title of

founder of Quebec and of the Canadian nation. And—as if the setting back of the hand of Time and the majestic decorations were not sufficient for such an apotheosis—through concerted kindness, for which we are indebted to the generous initiative of our well-beloved Sovereign, the three countries that have in turn, and at times concurrently, mingled in our national life, bring him the tribute of their respect and admiration.

“As to France, she could not help being here. Without her this celebration would have been incomplete, as when in family gatherings an empty chair tells of mourning for one who has gone away. It was right that she should once more bend over the cradle of the colony which for a century and a half lived its life as a scion of France, watered by the purest of her blood, and wherein, despite political storms, her language, her traditions, her mode of thought, all the flowers of her national originality, still flourish.

“The glory of France lies in the fact that, through Cartier and Champlain, she stands at the head of those captains, discoverers and missionaries who—roaming under every latitude and penetrating into the remotest solitudes of the North and West, into the forests full of mystery and dread legends—were the pioneers of civilization and Christianity, and left on their surroundings everywhere the

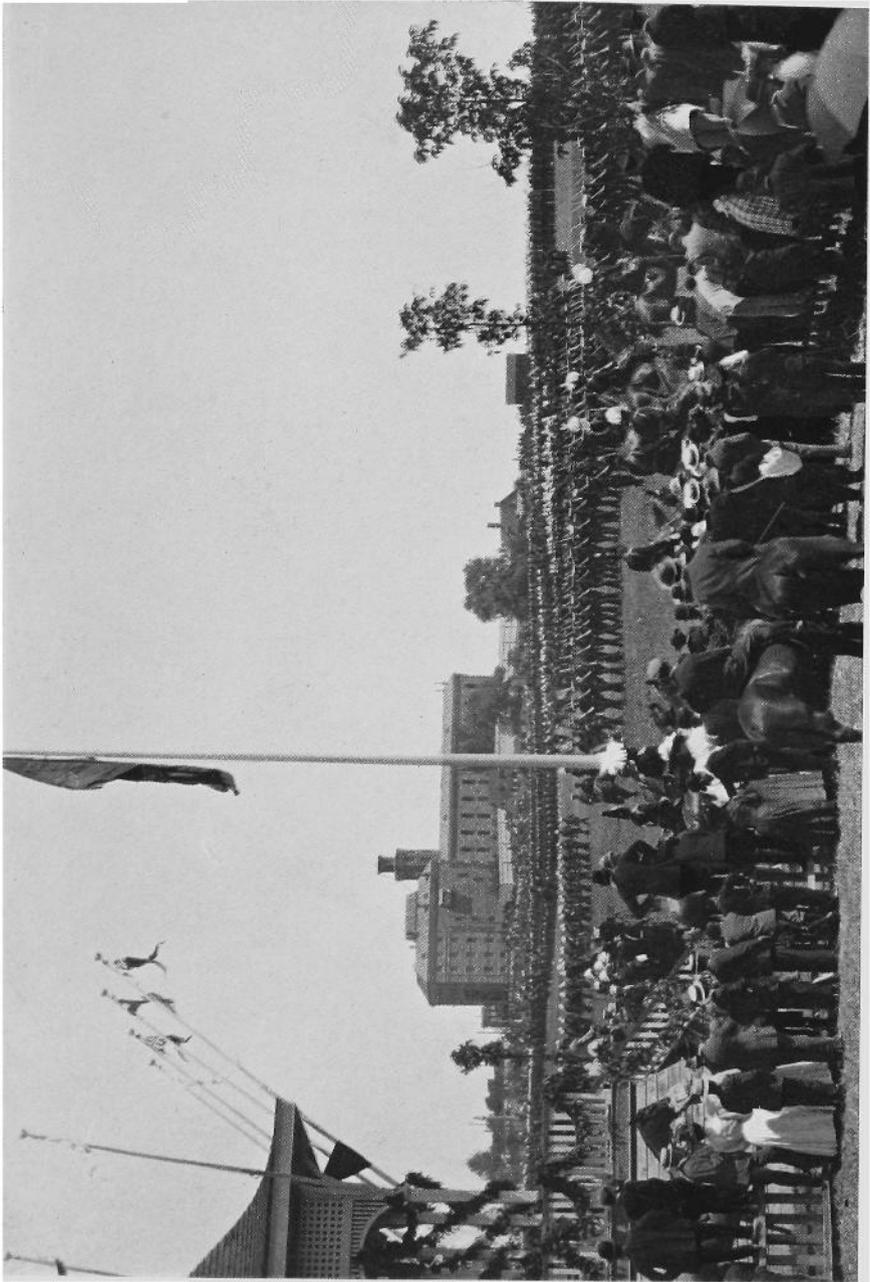
impression of the manners, customs, tastes and ideas of their native land.....”

That evening the illuminations blent all the works of Nature and of Man into one vivid picture traced in fire. Against the intense darkness the characteristic contours of Quebec stood out in bold relief—heights, slopes and levels—with the emphasis of concentrated brilliance on every salient feature. The outline of the Levis shore was revealed, in the same way, by tier upon tier, cluster after cluster, and many sinuous connecting lines of lights. Meanwhile between the sheer black of its banks, from which these latticed myriads of diamonds were flashing, the dark St. Lawrence gleamed with a fleet so phantom-like in all but its mere brightness that you would have thought the dread leviathans of day had been replaced at night by ships from fairyland.

The Fifth Day

On Friday morning all roads led out to the Plains of Abraham, where an international force of twenty thousand men was drawn up for the Royal Review. It was an inspiring sight in more than met the eye; though the sight itself was surely inspiring enough: that disciplined human

The March Past



strength, trained for the noble duty of national defence, standing on part of the stage of universal history, and in the midst of a vast natural amphitheatre which is one of the scenic wonders of the world. Here were three Great Powers, once more represented in arms on their old field of honour; but this time in the rivalry of peace, and side by side with Canada's new army. An army it is, and not a militia; for the transformation of our national forces is indeed taking place, none too soon and far too slowly, from a mere collection of isolated units to something more nearly approaching a cohesive whole. The old militia had not even the isolated units for many necessary branches of an army; and an army is a living organism, continually undergoing waste and needing repair. An excellent object lesson it was, then, to have the medical, transport, commissariat and other necessary non-combatant departments represented on parade.

The troops just filled the ground, drawn up, as they were, in two lines of quarter columns, infantry in front and mounted men in rear. The contour of the Plains made every man visible to the spectator; and, as one looked at the parade, one saw something of all the forces which have made, and which must maintain, the Empire. The Heir to the Throne represented the King, from

whom all officers receive their commissions, and to whom all who take arms swear allegiance by land or sea. The British Navy, which still protected Canada without receiving any support from Canadian resources, was represented by a Naval Brigade, some thousands strong, under Sir John Jellicoe, the hero of the relief of the Pekin Legations. The British Army was represented by the last soldier to hold the office of Commander-in-Chief and the first to appear in Canada as a Field Marshal, Earl Roberts of Kandahar, Pretoria and Waterford. Every rank was also represented, from his down to the junior subaltern's, as well as every great part of the Empire, East and West, North and South, Old World and New. The Naval Brigade, as belonging to the Senior Service, took, of course, the right of the line. Next to it, mass upon mass, came the Canadian infantry, so drawn up, according to its territorial districts, that, as you ran your eye down the dense ranks of red, khaki, or Rifle green, you saw Canada in arms from every quarter of the land between the Atlantic and Pacific.

Lord Roberts, no mean judge, gave the review warm but discriminating praise: "What attracted me was the fact of a Review being held on the actual site of Wolfe's and Montcalm's historic battle; and I was struck by the ease with which

a fairly large number of troops was brought on and manœuvred on a very narrow strip of ground. There was no noise, no confusion. The regularity with which everything was done would have been creditable to an experienced staff and highly trained troops."

Having gone down the line, the Prince returned to the stand, where he dismounted and ascended the stairs leading to the pavilion over the entrance to the grounds. Here took place the short and simple ceremony which represented the result of the labours and contributions of so many loyal British subjects and their French and American friends. The deed transferring the property covering a part of the Battlefields was formally transferred to the Canadian people, as represented by their Governor-General. In handing it over with a cheque for \$450,000, the Prince said:—

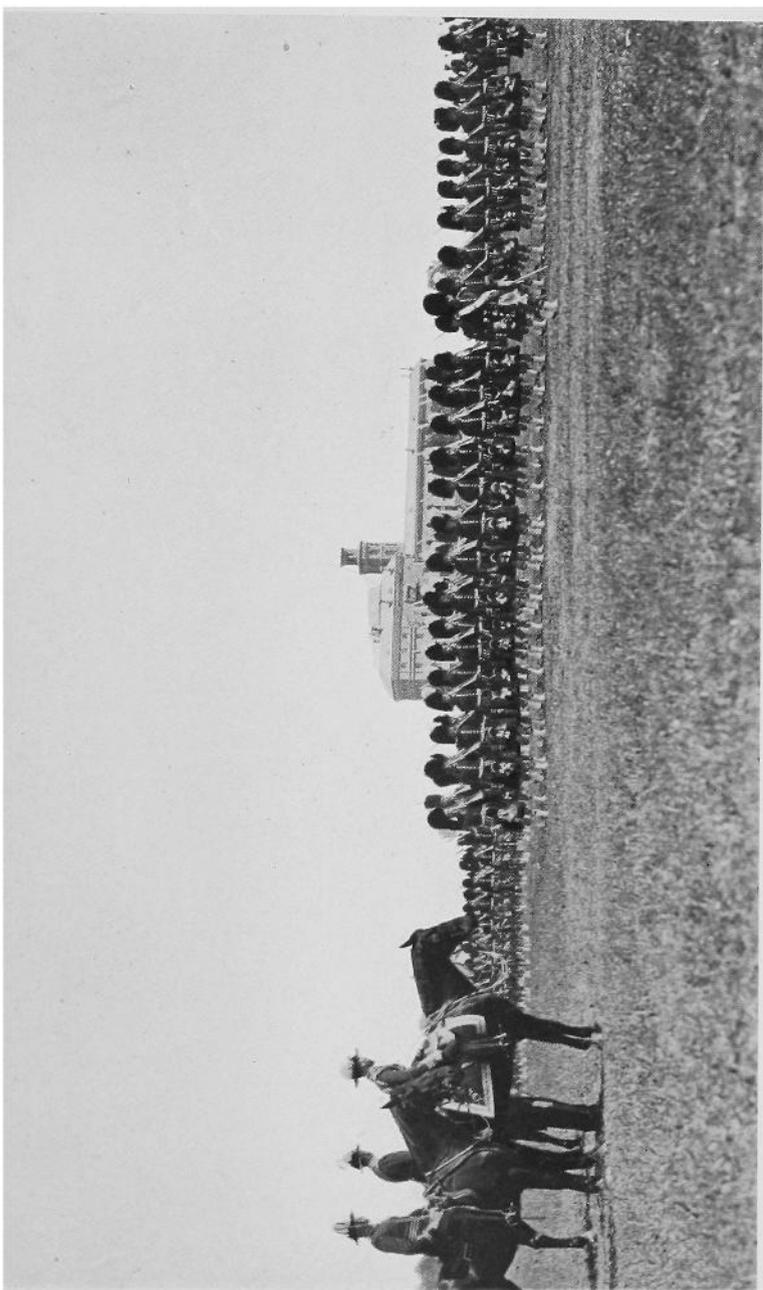
"It affords me the greatest pleasure to hand over to Your Excellency, the representative of the Crown in Canada, the sum of \$450,000, which, through the patriotism of British citizens in all parts of Canada and of the Empire and the generosity of French and American sympathizers, has been entrusted to me in order that the historic Battlefields of Quebec, on which the two contending races won equal and imperishable glory, may be acquired for the people

of the Dominion and preserved under the special supervision of the Sovereign, as a permanent shrine of union and peace. I place in your hands, as representative of the Sovereign, the charge of the sacred ground which it is my pleasure to be able to present to you on the 300th birthday of Quebec as a gift to the people of Canada and the Crown."

Lord Grey, in replying, said:—"As Governor-General of Canada, and in the names of the Government and the people of the Dominion, I accept this sacred trust which Your Royal Highness the Heir to the Throne has graciously placed in my hands."

The march past was managed with an almost German or Japanese exactitude. The three Naval Brigades went by first, marked by all that distinction of appearance and bearing which is the legacy of centuries to the British Navy. First on their own element, they were a good second on the soldier's, as they passed with just that well-balanced sway which distinguishes men who have to use their sea-legs. The best march-past of all was decidedly that of the Royal Canadians, who constitute the Infantry arm of our Permanent Force. Their step, swing, dressing, distances, and general precision left little to be desired. The Highlanders naturally excited the greatest sartorial

The Prince of Wales Reviewing the Highlanders on the Plains



interest and drew a hot and continuous fire of snap-shots from hundreds of cameras. After all, there is something in the philosophy of clothes, and a touch of distinction in garb, with a great tradition behind it, is by no means to be despised in its proper place. There was not much to choose between the best of the red, of the green or of the kilted corps; and there was little indeed that would not have passed muster on parade as at least second best. The mounted troops of militia naturally labour under disadvantages as compared with infantry; and the Quebec Cavalry Brigade suffered from many disabilities at the Tercentenary through faults for which they were not to blame. Their appearance was certainly less smart than that of the infantry, but, on even terms, they would at the very least have held their own. The Royal Canadian Dragoons, who are regulars, were different; and the turnout of their Escort for the Prince was practically perfect. The three men who most deserved the well-earned honours of this great occasion were the Minister of Militia—Sir Frederick Borden, the Inspector-General—Sir Percy Lake, and the Chief of the Staff—General Otter.

The great personal feature was, of course, Lord Roberts. He rode past early in the Review as Honorary Colonel of the Royal Canadian Artillery

—he is an old gunner officer himself—and later again as Honorary Colonel of the Queen's Own Rifles, to the great delight of the immense concourse of spectators. Both his Canadian corps did well for him, particularly the gunners. His stately salute to the Prince took all the people with its knightliness. For here was the greatest of living soldiers paying the tribute of his own honours to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm within sight of the ground they consecrated by their death; paying it, too, through the person of the Heir to the Throne, and the destined successor of Edward VII, who did more than anyone to bring the two Motherlands of Canada together, and so gave to the celebrations their unique international character. Whoever was present at this ceremony could not fail to appreciate the equal knightliness of George V, when, on assuming the rank of Field Marshal after his accession, he asked Lord Roberts himself to bestow the *bâton* on him.

When the last troops had cleared the front, after passing the saluting base, the two regular batteries of Horse Artillery formed up at the extreme end of the Plains; and then came down at full gallop, as hard as the horses could lay hoof to the turf, and swept past the Prince in faultless order, from the first line of guns to the last flying limber.

The Review on the Plains, showing the Quebec Gaol



Immediately after the Royal Review the Prince drove across the fields of both battles of the Plains and laid one wreath at the foot of the monument with the inscription:—

HERE DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS

13TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1759.

and another at the foot of the monument inscribed

AUX BRAVES

who redressed the balance of victory in favour of France, under Lévis, on the 28th of April, 1760.

The Sixth Day

Saturday was the day of the Naval Review in the morning, the State Pageant in the afternoon, and the Empire Dinner in the evening.

The Prince's flag was flown from H.M.S. *Arrogant*, in which he passed down the long line of the combined squadrons. The French ships were visited first. A Naval display is always impressive; but it is particularly so in Quebec, where the surrounding heights offer each one of a million spectators a perfect view of everything that is taking place in the magnificent harbour below. All the great men-of-war were fully manned and

dressed, and as the cheers and the National Anthem ceased on board one they were taken up by the next to greet the Prince's approach.

The State Pageant was the same, as regards the performance, as all the others held during the twelve days' festivity—and the whole of the Pageant is described elsewhere—but the audience was by far the most distinguished of all, including as it did, every Canadian, Imperial, and International representative present in Quebec.

The Governor-General's Empire Dinner at the Citadel gathered round one table, as never before in Canada or in all Greater Britain, a Prince of Wales, three great Proconsuls, several Prime Ministers, and many other leaders in the five main pursuits of man—religion, statesmanship, war, the intellectual life and business. Lord Grey, who has done more than anyone else to promote personal and social intercourse across the North Atlantic, made a shrewd remark, in the same connection, when proposing the Prince's health. "Sir, in making yourself acquainted with every portion of the Empire, you have given an example which it would be well if those subjects of the Crown who have the time and money would increasingly follow." The Prince's reply was short and happy, with good points well driven home. It was a pity that the Tercentenary hardly gave him full scope

for his power as a public speaker. There is a prevalent idea that Kings and other Royalties never compose their own speeches, and could not if they would. If Sir Thomas Browne were collecting *Vulgar Errors* to-day, here would be one ready to his hand. The man who composed and delivered the "Wake up, John Bull!" speech at the Guildhall in 1901 is much fitter to compose other people's speeches than they are to compose his.

There was an effective Imperial moment when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in proposing the health of self-ruling Greater Britain, drew out of his pocket a letter from General Botha, who, after expressing great regret at not being able to attend, said, in allusion to the Conference of the Fathers of Confederation in South Africa, "it is our intention to follow in the footsteps of Canada as soon as possible." Here were two British Prime Ministers, one a French-Canadian, wearing, like the Prince's uncle, a medal won in defence of Canada, the other a Boer, who, only six years before, had been Commander-in-Chief of the hostile forces which Lord Roberts went to fight.

This dinner was a purely Imperial one, no foreigners being present. It was, in fact, the one British family gathering of the *fête*. The first toast, after the King's health had been loyally drunk, was that to the Prince, proposed by the Governor-

General. In the course of his excellent speech Lord Grey said:—

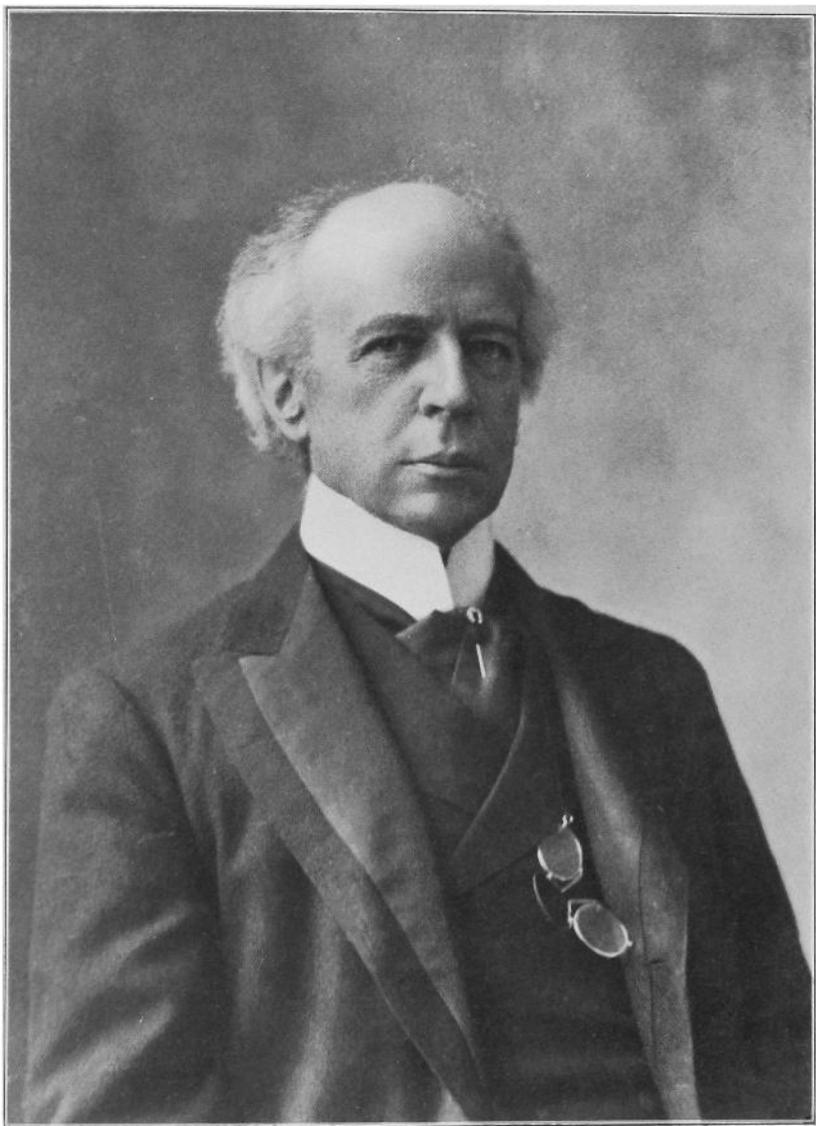
“By coming to Canada at this season of the year, when your presence is so urgently desired in England, you have given to the British race a standing lesson as to the way in which it should be the duty of every subject of the King to subordinate his personal interests and convenience to the higher interests of the Empire and the Crown.

“Further, Your Royal Highness, in putting yourself to so much trouble and inconvenience in order that you might pay homage to Champlain, and do honour to Quebec, you have associated yourself for all time with Champlain, the hero of Quebec, in the hearts of the people.

“Sir, the fact that this is the sixth occasion on which you have visited Canada is in itself sufficient to show how well qualified you are in heart and action to be the heir to the throne of not only Great but Greater Britain.

“The motto which has decorated this city by day and illuminated it by night, “Si nous nous connaissons mieux, nous nous aimerons plus,” represents a great truth of which this week has been an eloquent illustration, and which ought to be carved in imperishable letters on the doorstep of every Briton.

The Right Honourable Sir Wilfrid Laurier,
Prime Minister of Canada



“Sir, the speech which you made at the foot of the Champlain statue, and the words with which you dedicated to race fusion and peace the sacred ground on which the two races won equal and imperishable glory, will long be remembered

“Thanks, Sir, to the deep interest which you have taken from the bottom of your heart in this National and Imperial Celebration; thanks to Your Royal Highness's presence, for which we shall never cease to be deeply grateful, this Quebec Tercentenary is proving itself to be an instrument for fusing the two great races of the Dominion into a more united people; for welding the provinces of the Dominion into a more consolidated nation; for strengthening the ties between Canada, the Motherland and the Sister States, so well and worthily represented on this occasion; for uniting the whole French- and English-speaking world in a point of common interest at Quebec; and for strengthening the *entente cordiale* between the British Crown and our ancient ally France and our friendly and powerful neighbour, the United States of America.

“Sir, it is in the belief that history will record that the Quebec Tercentenary was a blessed instrument for achieving these high results, and that it was owing to your presence among us that this Tercentenary has been able to secure this high

distinction, that I venture, with feelings of deepest gratitude, most respectfully to propose the toast of Your Royal Highness's health."

The Prince, who was received with warm cheers, the whole audience rising to its feet, then replied:—

"Your Excellency, My Lords and Gentlemen:—

"I thank you all most sincerely; Your Excellency, for proposing this toast, and my other friends here for the manner in which they have received it. . . .

Your Excellency has referred to the fact that this is my sixth visit to Canada. I cannot, I regret to say, hope to rival the hero of these celebrations, the founder of Quebec, who crossed the Atlantic no less than twenty times in the interests of his infant settlement.

There is one difference, however, on which I cannot but congratulate myself and my companions on the voyage. Champlain's vessels were from sixty to eighty tons; our ship was nearer 20,000, and, I suspect, rather more comfortable. (Laughter and applause). But the navigators of those days disregarded the dangers or discomforts of their voyages. Their minds were fixed on great discoveries, and in speculations upon the benefits which would be thus conferred upon mankind. I am confident

that Champlain, and others like him, thought less of present success or failure, than of the results which he and they foresaw would follow their energy and enterprise.....

“We in the *Indomitable*—that splendid ship, the largest and most modern of cruisers, which has been so kindly placed at my disposal—tossed about in a North Atlantic gale, thought much of Champlain and his little craft, and of the many great men, soldiers and sailors, who had crossed the ocean to visit Canada on errands of peace and war; of the heroic Montcalm, never to return to his beloved France, and of Wolfe, borne home to his last resting place. Even if our voyage had in any way entailed the discomfort suggested by Your Excellency, it would certainly have been more than compensated by the welcome which awaited me on my arrival. On each occasion when I have been to Canada I have found and made friends—friends whom neither I nor the Princess of Wales, who accompanied me on the last occasion, will ever forget. (Cheers). I delight to see old friends again, and to make new ones; but, apart from such personal feelings, there is the wider satisfaction of realizing how enormously Canada has prospered during recent years, thanks to the fostering care of successive governments and the wonderful enterprise of its

people. I can assure you that everything which conduces to the prosperity and well-being of the Dominion is watched with the keenest interest by the Mother Country. (Cheers).

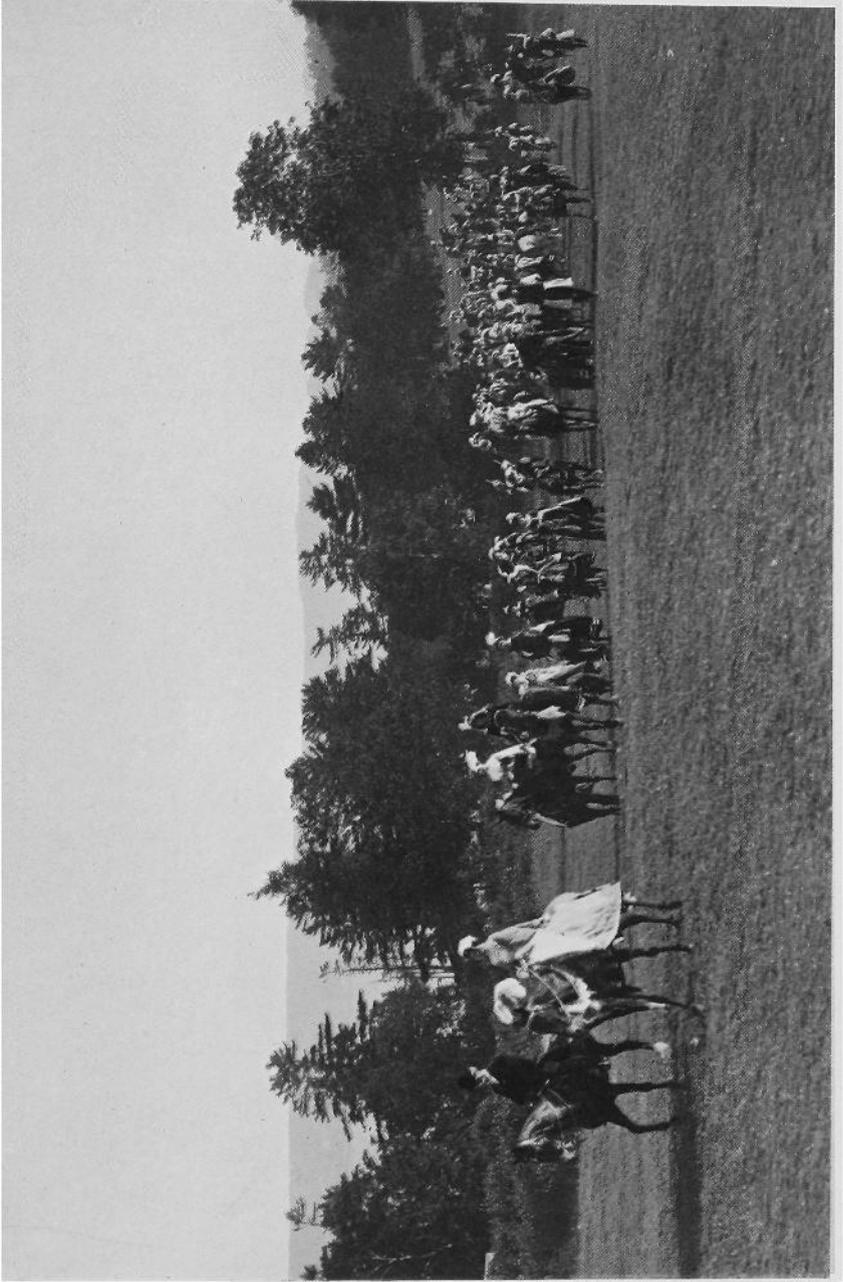
“As the representative of our King, I knew that an enthusiastic greeting awaited me in Quebec; but the marked affection of that greeting has touched me most deeply. Indeed, it is not possible to express all I feel. The three hundredth birthday of Quebec has been made the occasion not of parochial or provincial, but of National and Imperial importance. (Cheers). We rejoice that from all quarters of the globe, from the great self-governing dominions, from Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, a warm interest has been taken in Quebec's Tercentenary.

“In its celebration Canada undertook a magnificent work. Success could not have been achieved without considerable self-sacrifice, individually and by the State itself.

“If, as Your Excellency has so kindly said, my presence here has contributed to the success of this great celebration, I shall feel as fully rewarded as I am heartily pleased.”

Sir Wilfrid Laurier then proposed the toast of the sister self-governing Dominions of Greater Britain.

Rehearsal on the Plains



“The toast that I am privileged to propose is one that must appeal to all. As I advance in years I appreciate the more the wisdom of that British constitution under which I was born and brought up, and under which I have grown old, which has given to the various portions of the Empire their separate free governments. It is our proud boast that Canada is the freest country in the world. It is our boast that in this country liberty of all kinds, civil and religious liberty, flourish to the highest degree. (Cheers.) To those who look only on the surface of things this may not be apparent. The fact that we are a colony does not alter the truth of the statement which I have made before you. The inferiority which may be implied in the word colony no longer exists. We acknowledge the authority of the British Crown, but no other authority. (Cheers.) This privilege, however, is not ours alone; it is shared by the other great self-governing colonies which are represented here to-night, who have sent their envoys to aid us in celebrating the glorious deeds of the founders of this country, as well as the exploits of Wolfe and Montcalm, Murray and Lévis. I have reason to believe that His Royal Highness made much sacrifice to come here to attend this celebration; but it must be a source of some satisfaction to him to

be able to report to his father, the King, that he found in Canada a loyal and contented people."

After a sympathetic reference to Newfoundland, with a little good-natured banter about her coyness with regard to entering the Dominion, he continued :

"Next comes Australia, represented here by the Earl of Dudley. We will watch her career with the deepest interest. Seven years ago she undertook to do what we did over forty years ago. She established a federation of the various states. Australia chose, in establishing her constitution, to imitate the United States to a greater extent than Canada. I am not at all sure that she was wise in proceeding in this manner.....

"I had hoped to see here, besides the distinguished Chief Justice, the Premier of the latest British self-governing dominion. With the approval of His Excellency, I endeavoured to induce General Botha to come to Canada to attend this tercentenary celebration. Premier Botha could not come, however; but he wrote me a letter which I think it well to communicate to you here this evening, and to the whole country as well. In reply to my letter he wrote as follows :

"My dear Sir Wilfrid Laurier:—

"I was indeed very pleased to receive your letter of the 8th ultimo, with your good wishes. I feel

honoured at your invitation to represent South Africa at the Quebec celebrations and I assure you that it would have afforded me the greatest pleasure if I could have been present there; but I am sorry to say that it is impossible for me to go away now.

“After consultation with the other Prime Ministers, we agreed that South Africa could not be more suitably represented than by the Chief Justice of the Cape Colony—Sir Henry de Villiers—South Africa’s most prominent juriconsult and a man of whom every true South African is proud. He does not represent any political party and, what we considered especially appropriate, he is of French descent.

“It is a great pleasure to me to see that you are following events in South Africa with interest. It is our intention to follow in the footsteps of Canada as soon as possible.

“Believe me, yours very sincerely,

“LOUIS BOTHA.’”

“It is to be remembered that the man who wrote this letter was, from the Dutch point of view, the hero of the war, as we have here with us to-night Field Marshal Lord Roberts, who was the real hero of the war from the British standpoint. (Cheers.)

Only five years after the war, that gentleman has become a most loyal British subject. (Cheers.) The war was only five years old when the British nation took the somewhat doubtful alternative of granting South Africa self-government. I am tempted to use an expression which has been used elsewhere in a far different sense, and to say that England staggered the world by her magnanimity. General Botha's own reply to the foreigner who said that nothing could exceed the bravery of the Boers was, 'No, nothing but the magnanimity of the British.' (Cheers.) Here we find the people who were at war with England a few years ago preparing to establish a confederation. 'It is our intention to follow in the footsteps of Canada,' declared General Botha. This means that in South Africa, as in Canada, we shall find two nations working together for the common weal, in building up a free country under the British flag, in peace, liberty and good will.

"I will therefore ask you to stand and drink to the self-governing dominions, to Newfoundland, Australia, and New Zealand, and last, but not least, and perhaps in some respects the foremost in our thoughts, South Africa."

The Hon. J. Stewart Pitts then replied for Newfoundland. He was full of sympathy with the

Tercentenary, and admired the work of Confederation; but he declined the invitation to enter it which Sir Wilfrid had so kindly held out to him. Perhaps the fact that Newfoundland is the senior member of all Greater Britain, may possibly have something to do with her reluctance to enter the Dominion; but the principal reason undoubtedly is that she does not yet realize how advantageous such a union would be to most of her own interests.

The next reply came from H. E. the Earl of Dudley, Governor-General of Australia.

After returning his thanks, he proceeded:—

“No one, I imagine, could witness the vivid pageantry, the imposing ceremonies which are daily enacted before our eyes, without experiencing a feeling of boundless admiration for the man and for the deeds which these celebrations recall. No one, as His Royal Highness has so truly said, could watch the great warships lying at anchor beneath Quebec, or still less have a passage in one of them, without comparing the conditions of navigation to-day with those which existed in the time of Champlain and Cartier. When one pictures to one's-self the difficulties with which these men were confronted, when one thinks of their indomitable courage, their skilful seamanship, and their un-

flinching determination, one is filled, I think, with a great sense of humbleness. We bow to the memory of these mighty men with a feeling of anxious wonder in our hearts, whether we, of our day, are still made of the same tough fibre, and whether we, too, are capable of performing deeds as great as those which they accomplished. God grant that it is so; but in any case the contemplation of their lives and achievements, such as this celebration affords, cannot but have a most stimulating and inspiring effect upon our actions.”

Then came New Zealand's turn. Lord Ranfurly did not forget her greatest statesman, Richard Seddon, a democratic Imperialist of the finest type, to whom he paid a tribute even warmer than that which Sir Wilfrid Laurier had paid him when lamenting that death had carried off this “stalwart” to an untimely grave. Lord Ranfurly then continued:—

“It is strange that here you are celebrating the Tercentenary of the foundation of the country, while I had the privilege of being present at the fiftieth celebration of the raising of the British flag in the southern colony, New Zealand.”

“Now to-day, as their representative, I have the honour of handing to His Excellency the Governor-General, a cheque for £1,000, as a small