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What a strange interest attaches itself to the memory of Wolfe! A youthful hero, who, under less happy auspices, might have been known only as the competent drill-mas? ter of regiments, elevated by the sagacity of England's wisest statesman to a promin? ent position of command; there to exhibit his generalship; there to retrieve the long list of disasters which followed Brad- dock's defeat; there to annihilate forever every vestige of French dominion in the A- mericas; to fulfill gloriously each point of his mission; to achieve, not by long de? lays, but by rapid movements, the conquest of two of the greatest fortresses in the possession of the rival crown; to pass from the world amid the shouts of victory-- content in the fullness of his fame, with? out outliving it! His was a noble, gener? ous nature; brave without cruelty; ardent and warlike, yet not insensible to the ten- derest impulses of humanity. To die be? trothed and beloved, yet wedded only to im? mortal honor; to leave a mother, with a na? tion weeping at her feet; to serve his country, without having his patriotism con? taminated by titles, crosses, and ribbons; this was the most fortunate fate of Eng? land's greatest commander in the colonies! No wonder, then, that with a grateful sjmi- pathy the laurels of his mother country were woven with the cypress of her chival- ric son; that hundreds of pens were in? spired to pay some tribute to his memory; that every branch of representative art, from stone to ink, essayed to portray his living likeness; that parliament and pul? pit, with words of eloquence and gratitude, uttered the universal sentiment! "Brave Wolfe," I continued, "whose memory is linked with his no less youthful rival, Montcalm"--here I was interrupted by the voice of the mate of the Balaklava-- "I'll be dommed," isn't afire!" said he, "if some person Then I unclasped my hands, opened my eyes, and looked around me. The scene was a striking one. Right before me, with his grey head on the table, bur? ied in his piscatorial paws, lay the mas? ter of the hutch, fast asleep. On a settle, one of the fishermen, who had been a de? vout listener to all the legends of the grandson of the veteran of Louisburgh, was in a similar condition; Bruce, our jolly first mate, with the pertinacity of his race, was wide awake, to be sure, but there were unmistakable signs of drowsi? ness in the droop of his eyelids; and Pic? ton? That gentleman, buried in moose and cariboo skins, prostrate on a broad bench, drawn up close by the fireplace, was dream? ing, probably, of sculpins, flounders, fish-pugh, and dingledekooch! "I say! wake up here!" said the jolly mate of the Balaklava; bringing his fist down upon the table with an emphatic blow, that roused all the sleepers except the travel? ler. "I say, wake up!" reiterated Bruce, shaking Picton by the shoulder. Then Pic? ton raised himself from his couch, and yawned twice; walked to the table, seated himself on a bench, thrust his fingers through his black hair, and instantly fell asleep again, after shaking out into the close atmosphere of the hutch a stifling o- dor of animal charcoal. "A little straw makes a great reek," said Bruce, laughing, "and when a mon gives out before his pipe, he is like to be burnet," and he pointed to a long black and brown singe on the worsted comforter of the trav? eller, by which we understood that Picton had fallen asleep, pipe in mouth, and then dropped his



lighted dudeen just on the saf? est part of his neck. Once again we roused the sleeper; and so, shaking hands with our hospitable host, we left the comfortable hutch at Wolfe's Land? ing, and were soon on our way to the jolly little schooner. CONTINUED NEXT PAGE Stores To Serve You CAPE BRETON SHOPPING PLAZA SYDNEYRIVER mH' Featuring 'Wo *' OCrAnTMENT STORES Opei Till OCrARTMENT STORES The Crossroads of Cape Breton' Sobey's & Shopper's Drug Mart "'9'''' * '' ' 10 p.m. r 1(2'