



COAL WHARVES, SYDNEY, C.B.

entrenched as the Frenchmen were, there happened the self-same thing as happened then. From every out-work west of the town they fled, glad to get whole-skinned away.

By the 20th, the heaviest of the munitions of war were ashore, and the army waited orders to advance. But Amherst was other than Pepperell, and trained in all the arts and tactics of war. Beside, less reckless daring, and more masterful movement of the chess playing kind was needed now. And this was Amherst's forte. Where a hazardous onset had to be risked, or a touch-and-go stroke would tell, there the young brigadier Wolfe would be.

To the surprised delight of the General word quickly came that the Royal Battery had been again abandoned. This time, though, not having even smoke to fly from, the gunners had left more leisurely and done some dismantling.

Wolfe, with two hundred men,

was sent in the track of Vaughan around the North East Arm of the harbour to assault the battery at the lighthouse, which the men of '45 had taught the Frenchmen how to use. To Wolfe's amazement, this, too, had been abandoned. Securing them by sea and land communications with the main body, he opened fire on the Island Battery. By the 25th every gun therein was silenced, and there was nothing to prevent the British Admiral getting at the French. But in the darkness, the governor, having eye to every advantage, sunk six ships in the harbour mouth and managed thus a little longer to hold the British at bay.

Surely, though, with scientific precision and almost incredible labour, the besiegers on the landward side crept closer and closer.

Within the walls the gallant governor, Drucourt, bravely fought against his fate. And, among all who held up his hands, not one was