The Tale of Two Old Cannon.

A REMINDER OF THE SECOND SEIGE OF LOUISBOURG,

If the two rusty, battered old cannon, recently placed in position in the University grounds, had the power of speech, they could tell a tale as thrilling and romantic as it is pathetic. They could relate a strange story of vicissitudes, of an old-time sea fight, of a grave at the bottom of the ocean for a century and a half, ending with an unexpected resurrection and transportation from Cape Breton's harbor of Louisbourg to Toronto.

They would take one back in point of time to the 2nd of June, 1758, and in point of location to the great French fortress at Louisbourg. Within the spacious harbor there lay at anchor, 142 years ago, fourteen French men-of-war, with a total of 562 guns and crews numbering nearly 3,000 men. Within the fortress—that took thirty years to build and cost the French king millions of money—Chevalier Drucour, the Governor and commandant, had a force of 4,400 men, composed of 3,400 regulars, 700 militia and

under the command of General Amherst, with an accompanying force of 1,200 men, divided into three brigades under Whitmore, Lawrence and Wolfe. Thus a great army and navy menaced the power of France in one of its greatest new-world strongholds.

Though this great fleet arrived on the 2nd of June, the roaring surf on the long stretch of beach prevented a landing until the 8th. A little band of a hundred men under Wolfe succeeded in landing in the face of a furious fire, the French batteries near by were taken and the first success lay with the English. Soon the majority of the troops were also landed, the camp forming a quarter-circle of about two miles in length. Then commenced the memorable seige that was to last for fifty-two days, a contest that raged incessantly day after day and that showed the courage and fighting qualities of beseiged and beseigers.
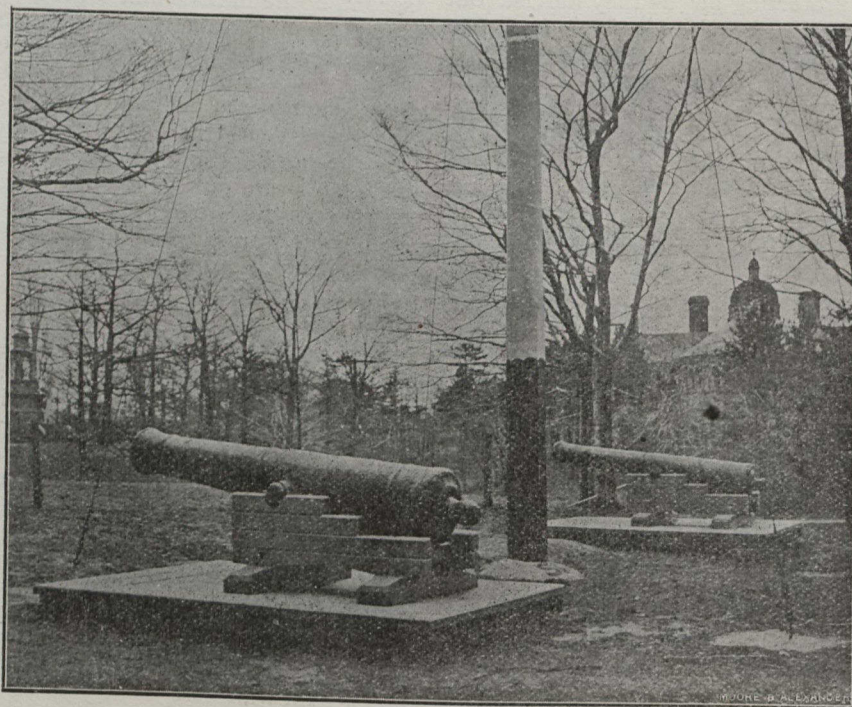
300 Indians. He was governor too of a population of 4,000 men, women and children in Louisbourg town and its vicinity. The great walls of the citadel alone mounted 218 cannon and 17 mortars, with 44 large cannon in reserve for a time of need. Thus defiantly stood the French stronghold, seemingly impregnable against all the assaults of marines.

The time of need came on the 2nd of June, 1758. Off the Bay of Gabarus there suddenly appeared like an apparition a mighty English fleet—the most formidable in ships, men and armament that had ever appeared on the high seas in this part of the world. The sentries hastened with the news to the commandant and soon the whole garrison was seething with the excitement. The foe of France had sent 41 ships of the line and frigates, mounting 1,800 guns, while no less than 120 transports followed in their wake, making a marine procession of 161 vessels

The old cannon, from their vantage point on the French War vessel, La Prudente, could tell a book of tales of the stirring incidents of the great seige and especially of the part the fleets played in the contest. We will let them tell the story now.

After the attack had lasted for some days, the island battery was captured by the English. Drucour then recognized the danger of the ships of the foe coming up the harbor, and in order to prevent it, sank six of his largest ships across the narrowest part of the entrance, fastening their masts together by a strong chain, thus forming a sunken barrier most difficult to pass. Three others of the French fleet escaped, leaving only five of the original fleet intact. Three of these were soon after destroyed by fire, originating from a bomb thrown from an English battery. Thus only two vessels remained—La Prudente and the Bienfaisant. We were among the 74