

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

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

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