

to her safety. In 1745 she decided to undertake its capture. The expedition she sent out was commanded by Colonel William Pepperell, who was supported by Commodore Warren and the West India squadron of the British fleet. The New England forces, raw troops, commanded by untrained officers, astonished the world by capturing the supposed impregnable fortress. Though the British fleet lent valuable aid and support, the main credit for the splendid achievement is indisputably due to the New England militia and to their sagacious and capable commander. When Pepperell found himself within the walls, and saw the tremendous casemates and bastions and bomb-proofs which his guns had shattered, and realized from the shot-torn walls of the citadel, the convent, the hospital, and the stately cathedral, the wealth and importance of the situation, he was overwhelmed with a sense of the magnitude of his accomplished task. This feat of the New-Englanders settled the contest in Europe. With the Peace of 1749 Louisbourg was restored to France in return for concessions nearer home; and all that seemed to remain to New England for her enterprise was the title conferred on Pepperell. But in truth the country had manifested her power, not only to herself but to the world.

In 1755, when war again broke out between France and England, the English attempted to surprise Louisbourg; but France had not forgotten her lesson, and was found alert. In the spring of 1758 England gathered her forces for an effort that should be final; and early in June Wolfe appeared before Louisbourg, support by a vast fleet. This trained commander followed almost minutely in the footsteps of Pepperell, rightly appreciating the old New-Englander's insight. Louisbourg had been immensely strengthened for just such an emergency, but the result was the same as before, and upon the destruction of the harbor defenses, and of almost all the French fleet at refuge in the harbor, the city surrendered, giving up a force of nearly 6,000 men and 230 guns. After the capture, England spent months in the effort to thoroughly erase the fortifications. Of the proud city itself there is left not one stone upon another, but the mighty lines of the earthworks yet remain, with the grand slope of the glacis, and the enduring arches of the casemates and magazines. The scene recalls with an almost poignant appropriateness the lines of Browning:

Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles,  
Miles and miles,  
On the solitary pastures where our sheep,  
Half asleep,