

nation, as well he may have been. To a man who had more than once won victories against great odds the situation was humiliating enough. Never in their darkest days of inexperience, indiscipline and bad leadership, had the British in America behaved so badly. Bougainville's force, which had retired again upon Cap Rouge, had increased, according to French writers, to 3,000 men. There had been, moreover, 1,500 good militia inactive on the Beauport lines, to say nothing of the garrison of the city, while in Vaudreuil's fugitive army there could not have been much less than another 3,000 soldiers, and in great part good ones. The British army before the city walls was reduced by casualties to under 4,000. Wolfe's total losses, prior to the battle, in killed and wounded and sick, had been 1,500. There were probably 2,000 efficient men on guard at the camps, hospitals and batteries below Quebec, which were liable to attack at any moment from bands of guerillas. Townshend could hardly have drawn seriously on this reserve, and we may therefore picture him, with his small army and a few sailors who had assisted in hauling up his guns and stores, busy for the moment with pick and shovel upon the Plains of Abraham. The desertion of many thousand militia is allowed for in the above estimate of the French, which is, in fact, their own. Comment is needless. Panic is spelled in every line of it, but it must always be remembered that the author of the panic was the young hero now lying dead in the cabin of the *Sutherland*.

Lévis, when he reached Jacques Cartier, breathed some heart into Vaudreuil's demoralised army. A hundred mounted men with sacks of meal were despatched in haste by a circuitous route to Quebec, with instructions to Ramezay to hold out, for help was coming. The troops themselves marched upon the 18th. They were to pick up Bougainville at Cap Rouge, and would then far outnumber the British. But that night, when still fifteen miles from

the city, the news reached them that it had fallen.

There is not much to be said of the four days which Townshend and his troops spent upon the heights before Quebec. He extended his lines down to the St. Charles, and pushed his trenches close up to the walls. Within the city all was wretchedness, recrimination and despair, save for a small body of gunners, who pounded the British trenches with commendable spirit, but with little effect. On the evening of the 17th some threatening movements of the English ships and troops put a finishing touch to the futile and vanishing courage of the feeble garrison. Their officers, and small blame to them, refused to fight, and told Ramezay, a gallant old gentleman with a good record, that it was not fair to expect them to sustain the assault of a disciplined army from which their own, though far superior in numbers, had fled. There was a doughty, if unreasonable, town Major, however, one Johannès, who waxed indignant at such sentiments, and emphasised his indignation with the flat of his sword. But it was of no avail. Ramezay had no choice but to hoist the white flag, though the devoted Johannès, who surely deserves to be remembered at such a moment, instantly hauled it down again. He was alone in his protests, but eventually consented to go himself to Townshend with an offer of capitulation. It seems that, by making subtle efforts to spin out the negotiations, he defeated thereby his own object by wearing out Townshend's limited stock of patience, since all the satisfaction he could bring to Ramezay was that if the place were not delivered up by eleven o'clock it would be carried by storm. Ramezay signed the articles submitted to him, and they were in Townshend's hands by the time agreed upon. He had scarcely received them when Lévis' light horse with the meal bags rode in to say that succour was coming. Ramezay, however, with an honour that does him credit, refused to cancel an agreement on which the ink had