

of their northern neighbours. But the inevitable consequences of a state of things such as existed in new France were becoming apparent; gradually the dominion of the House of Bourbon was becoming narrower and narrower, as the resources of their indefatigable assailants became more fully developed. Post after post fell into the hands of the English, and every succeeding year saw the French flag torn down from another of that line of forts with which the magnificent genius of Richelieu designed to ensure the empire of his country on the American Continent, by hemming in the British possessions in a gigantic string of garrisons from Quebec to New Orleans. Occasionally, a transitory gleam of success lighted the Gallic banners when the fiery valour of some intrepid soldier of fortune, like Montcalm, made a successful dash into the Provinces, but it was only to leave in blacker gloom their after prospects—the expiring flash of the exhausted lamp. The year 1759 saw the French lilies lowered from the ramparts of the Gibraltar of the north, and the echoes of the trumpets of the victors as they rang through the bold rocks of Cape Diamond, or died away in the distant thunders of Montmorenci, told to the world that the Royalty of France had ceased to reign over the forests of Canada. Honour to the memory of the vanquished—peace to the ashes of Montcalm; right nobly and manfully did he strive for his sinking cause, and the grave hath seldom closed over a braver or more gallant soldier of that nation of heroes.

It mattered but little to the *permanency* of French dominion in America whether Wolfe triumphed or had been repulsed on the Heights of Abraham. Sooner or later the same result must have happened—a mighty effort, a vast expense of blood and treasure on the part of the Cabinet of Versailles, might have preserved for perhaps a few years longer their Canadian empire. But even a superficial glance at the subsequent history of the world will suffice to show the impossibility of her retaining such distant Colonies against a power like England, who was constantly chasing her navy from the seas, capturing her ships almost as fast as they were built, and rapidly obtaining the undisputed sovereignty of the ocean. Look at the repeated victories of England, from Howe and the 1st of June, down to the closing triumph of Trafalgar, where the darkest cloud passed over the bloody

star of the most successful soldier that had ever led the armies of France to victory.—That day left England without a rival on the four oceans, and France without even the shadow of a fleet. Almost every foreign possession of France passed one by one into her mighty antagonist's hands. She could not protect them by those life-strings of Colonial existence, powerful vessels, and perpetual naval protection, and they fell. Her fair West Indian islands, the bright vales of the Mauritius, all surrendered either to the thunder of Britain's floating castles, or the slow but certain advances of blockade and famine. Look at France at the brightest hour of her unparalleled prosperity. The victor of Marengo, absolutely the dictator of Europe, gathering a mighty army for the avowed purpose of conquering Britain, and haranguing his legions, almost within sight of her white cliffs, while at that very moment the English flag was floating in undisputed triumph outside every one of his harbours, and not a single vessel bearing the redoubted tri-color durst shew itself a mile beyond the protection of the land batteries of Brest, Boulogne, or Cherbourg. Could France *then* have held the Canadas? The idea is preposterous. Jean Baptiste could not and would not, with all his tried affection for La Belle France, afford to pay 500 per cent over cost, for his wine and other luxuries and necessities, even if not actually bombarded by a hostile fleet in the St. Lawrence, or an army on the Heights of Abraham. The command of the sea in the hands of her great rival rendered it perfectly impossible for her to hold possessions to which constant supplies of even the necessities of life in that rude age had to be forwarded across an ocean. It mattered not that her flag waved over the almost impregnable Quebec, or that gallant soldiers were around, ready to die in its defence. Malta, at a much later period, possessing double the strength of Quebec in its then state, defended with indomitable courage, and within a few days' sail of the coast of Provence, had to lower the tri-color to an English squadron: and why?—Not the smallest vessel loaded with provisions or ammunition could be sent from the mighty Kingdom of the First Consul, to relieve the starving garrison of one of his most important fortresses. Such was the vigilance of England's naval heroes, who had swept his fleets and commerce from all seas and shores, and *one by*