

Near the scene of their death a grateful people have erected a common monument to the rival commanders, who generously recognized each other's merit in life, and now keep for evermore the solemn truce of death. The two races that met in the shock of battle dwell together in loving fealty, beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.

England had never known a year of such triumphs as this. In all parts of the world her arms were victorious. At Lagos, at Quiberon, at Minden, at Quebec, her fleets or armies won new renown. "We must ask every morning," said Horace Walpole, "what new victory there is." Nevertheless, France was not to surrender her fairest 1760 possession without another struggle. M. De Levi, early in the spring, collected ten thousand men at Montreal, and toward the end of April attempted the recapture of Quebec. The winter had been one of intense severity, and to the French one of unexampled dearth and distress. The garrison of General Murray was worn down by the labor of procuring fuel and maintaining a defence against frequent harassing assaults. Its effective strength was reduced by deaths, scurvy, frost-bites, and other casualties, from seven thousand to less than half that number.

On the twenty-seventh of April, De Levi's

van appeared, and drove in the British outposts. The following day, with more valor than prudence, Murray marched out to give battle against overwhelming odds. He attacked the French with spirit on the Ste. Foye road, but was outflanked and outnumbered. After a hot contest of two hours, he was compelled to retreat, with the loss of a thousand men, killed or wounded. The French loss in this fruitless battle was still greater.

De Levi pressed the siege for eighteen days, maintaining a feeble fire from fifteen guns. The garrison, reduced to two thousand effective men, speedily got a hundred and thirty guns in position, and kept up a vigorous reply, the women and wounded making sand bags and gun wads. Besiegers and besieged both looked for aid from an expected fleet. Eager eyes were strained continually toward Point Levi for signs of its approach. At length a strange frigate rounded the headland, amid the anxious suspense of the beholders. As the Union Jack was run up to the peak, cheer on cheer rang from the ramparts, and deep chagrin filled the hearts of the besiegers in the trenches. Soon two other vessels arrived, the French shipping was attacked and destroyed, and De Levi made a hasty retreat, abandoning tents, baggage, and siege train in his flight.

