

ed the hill, and were formed on the high ground at the back of the town, scarcely credited the intelligence. But he was soon, and fatally for him, undeceived. He saw clearly that the English fleet and army were in such a situation, that the upper and lower town might be attacked in concert, and that nothing but a battle could possibly save it. Accordingly he determined to give them battle, and quitting Beauport, passed the river St. Charles, and formed his troops opposite to the English.

The events and the issue of this important battle are well known. Both commanders fell in the field. The death of Wolfe was indeed grievous to his country; but to himself the most happy that can be imagined. That of Montcalm, the severest loss which France could possibly experience at so critical a juncture.

Five days after the action, the enemy seeing the communication between the town and the army cut off; and that the English fleet and troops were preparing with all vigour for a siege, surrendered the City of Quebec upon terms of honour to the garrison and advantage to the inhabitants. A garrison of 5000 men, under General Murray, were put into the place, with plenty of provisions and ammunition for the winter; and the fleet sailed to England in a few days. After the battle of Quebec the French army retired, under the command of the Chevalier de Lévy, up the banks of the river, and hastily completed some entrenchments that had been begun ten leagues above the city. There they left troops sufficient to stop the progress of the enemy; and proceeded to Montreal, to concert measures to retrieve their disgrace. It was here agreed, that in the spring they should march with an armed force against Québec, to retake it by surprise, or if that should fail to besiege it in form. They had nothing in readiness for that purpose, but the plan was so concerted, that they should enter upon the undertaking just at the instant when the succours expected from France must necessarily arrive. How they succeeded, we shall find in our next number.

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SONG.

FAREWELL then, loved and lovely one,  
And welcome pain or sorrow now,  
For thou canst smile, and smile upon  
A blighted heart, a burning brow.  
I deem'd not one so fair and bright  
Could be like hail in summer skies,  
Which scarcely leaves the world of light  
But all its purer essence dies.

I send one sigh before we part,  
And bless it, as it is the last:  
But, oh! it breathes not from my heart—  
'Tis but the memory of the past.  
In future, should some sunny beam  
Come fitting o'er my gloomy way,  
I'll say "'tis like my early dream,  
And weep not when it fades away.

C. H.