

watching the curling smoke as it drifted cityward, and hid the Royal Battery from view. Little dreamt he that those clouds were to terrify the gunners there till, barely taking time to spike their guns, they fled.

In the morning, making his way back to the main body, he found, to his amazement, the pride of France forsaken. Less by powder than by prayer this key to the whole situation came into the hands of the colonials, and with it guns for the largest ammunition they had brought!

Equally fortunate were they a fortnight later when the "Vigilant," a French line-of-battle ship, bringing the town's spring supplies, was seized.

Still there stood untouched the Island Battery, the key to the harbour. If only another battery could be planted on the high land by the lighthouse (see map), perhaps even it might be answered, and the harbour entrance opened. But it was next to impossible to get guns up there. Again the unexpected happened. Not far from where they wished them placed the besiegers found some thirty cannon sunk for reserve by the French in shallow water some ten years before. These they got into position, and with them, helped out by a few from the fleet, they silenced the island guns and played havoc with the French shipping in the harbour.

To crown all, British reinforcements came at the opportune moment, and covering the troops as these worked on the land, enabled them to push their batteries close up to the walls of the town.

Day after day the siege dragged on, the exultant courage of those without answered by defiance from within. Scarcely a building stood untouched. Only in the bomb-proofs was there safety from the

flying missiles. And, in these crowded underground chambers, the stoutest-hearted quailed at sight of torn and wounded men more than skilled hands could tend. Busy as any were the buriers of the dead. Still the place held out. Duchambon, with that stubbornness characteristic of certain forms of inefficiency, could no more note the time for honourable capitulation than he had been able earlier to prepare for a successful defence.

Warren himself was getting uneasy, fearing the arrival of a fleet from France. But the New Englanders knew no fear. This very buoyancy, together with the irregularity of their ways of warfare, fretting as it sometimes did the punctilious English commodore, put to confusion all the calculations of the enemy.

Only one unfortunate accident damped their ardour. Four hundred of them attempted the taking of the Island Battery by night. Sixty of these were shot as they scrambled up the rocky shores of the place. A hundred and sixteen more were made prisoners. Even from this defeat they rallied quickly, and it served only to settle them to more serious work and brace them to the building of the Lighthouse Battery.

By the 8th of June a breach was made in the walls, and it was decided to end the siege by a general onset. Warren went ashore on the 10th to make final arrangements with the commander-in-chief. But, before the two men had parted to carry out their plans, a flag of truce came from Duchambon. A little dilly-dallying, then all was over. On the 17th the New England men were marched in at the West Gate. The impossible had been accomplished and the Dunkirk of America was in British hands. As they beheld the extent of the