

1758] INACTION ON LAKE GEORGE

an irresistible invader of Canada to that of the defender of a threatened frontier. His army, no doubt, thanks only to himself, was greatly shaken in morale, but it was still enormously superior to that of Montcalm, who could not believe that he would be left unmolested. As time passed on, however, and it became evident to the French that no attack on Quebec by Amherst was likely, men were crowded down to Ticonderoga, and before the commander-in-chief was free to support Abercromby, Montcalm had troops enough and intrenchments enough to make his eviction a matter of such serious difficulty that all thoughts of it were given up. The doings of Abercromby and his disheartened men this autumn need not detain us. They occupied the old lines of defence and communication from Lake George across the fourteen mile carrying-place to Fort Edward, and thence down the scattered forts upon the banks of the Hudson. A single sloop, flying the British flag, and carrying six of the guns which had made that incompleated pilgrimage to Ticonderoga, cruised about Lake George undisputed mistress of that mimic sea.

The passing of provision convoys from port to port, for the use of Abercromby's inactive army, gave Montcalm's Rangers, slipping up Wood Creek from Lake Champlain into the British country, fine scope for their energies, while Rogers and Putnam, with their equally hardy and daring followers, were as active as their rivals, both in defence and attack. But the military machine as a whole remained immovable upon the lakes. Amherst's men, to the number of 3,000, landed at Boston from Louisbourg in September, and made a long march across the grain of a rough country to Fort Edward. It was too late, however, even

in Amherst's opinion, seeing the great strength of the French, to make another attempt on Ticonderoga; and we may now leave the camps on the New York frontier to an autumn season of discontent. Gathering snowstorms and freezing waters in due course put an end to their unprofitable labours, and sent them into winter quarters to glean what consolation they might from the better fortune of their comrades at Louisbourg, and in two other quarters which must now be dealt with.

Before consigning poor Abercromby to the oblivion which ensued upon his recall—the best fate, indeed, he could have hoped for—it should be said to his credit that he consented to a scheme, and supplied the troops for it, which was entirely successful, and materially helped the triumph at Louisbourg to counterbalance the disaster on Lake George. Bradstreet, whose acquaintance we have already made, was the hero of the enterprise. He was a New Englander, had served as a captain in the former war, and as lieutenant-colonel of provincials had done yeoman's service in this one. In the management of batteaux, whaleboats, and canoes, and of the men who manned them—a vital department of these campaigns—he had no rival. He was, moreover, a brave and enterprising soldier equally at home in the forest, in the open plain, or on the surging rapid. He was somewhat contemptuous of European generals and their deliberate tactics, but was on good terms with all the British commanders, and greatly valued by them, as indeed he may well have been, for he was of infinite service to the British cause. He received a royal commission, and died eventually a Major-General in the English army. If the gratitude of a country is

to be estimated by its biographical literature, it has forgotten Bradstreet, as it has forgotten many another man, who laid his country and his race under a lasting debt in the wild woods of eighteenth century America.

Bradstreet had for a long time kept his eye on Frontenac, that important half-way station between Montreal and the remoter western forts. It was a depôt of supply, too, for these, as well as for the new garrisons in the Ohio valley. He had urged Loudon in the preceding autumn, when his operations had all failed, to let him make a dash upon this vital French position, but Loudon was nothing if not cautious, and had refused. Poor Abercromby, however, grasping at anything which promised some mitigation of his affairs, listened readily to the renewed applications of Bradstreet, after the failure at Ticonderoga, and gave him 3,000 men, all of them from the provincial militia except 200 regulars, and 300 batteau men, and 70 Indians. Bradstreet had got word that Frontenac was denuded of its usually strong garrison, which had been withdrawn by Vaudreuil to strengthen the only part of Canada now supposed to be in danger, namely, that threatened by Abercromby's army.

Bradstreet's only line of attack was of course up the old western route, by the Mohawk valley, to the site of the vanished Oswego, on Lake Ontario. Up this long toilsome track by lake, rapid and portage, the New England colonel and his batteau men pressed their way with ready and familiar steps, the colonial soldiers marching none the less cheerfully, though suffering much from sickness, that they were under one of their own leaders. They passed General

Stanwix, who was busy erecting the great fort at the Oneida watershed that was to bear his name, and on the 22nd of August stood beside the ruins of Oswego, looking out over the blue waves of Lake Ontario, to the shoreless horizon, behind which lay the still virgin forests of Western Canada. Great numbers of Bradstreet's soldiers had dropped behind from sickness, but he had written Abercromby that if he had only a thousand left he would carry out his venture. He had much more than a thousand, though, as it turned out, he hardly needed so many. Launching his batteaux and whaleboats upon the lake, he had, in four days, landed his men and guns within sight of Fort Frontenac, and on the following morning had a battery mounted within point blank range of the enemy's walls, and the garrison at his mercy. The great French station, key of the west, master of Lake Ontario, and feeder of the Ohio forts that had been for so long decimating the English frontier, had indeed been caught napping. Resistance was hopeless, as a few discharges of artillery soon made evident. There were only a hundred men in the fort, with their women and children, and they promptly surrendered; but it was crammed with stores. The prisoners were allowed to go to Montreal on parole, on the understanding that their equivalent in British captives should be forwarded to Albany. The Commandant was one Payan de Noyan, an aged gentleman of family and considerable culture, but of greatly impaired means, the recuperation of which was indeed the immediate cause of his exile in the backwoods; for it will be remembered that a Canadian fort was given to favourites, or deserving officers, for this dubious purpose.

This gallant old versifier and scientist, for he was both, heard of Bradstreet's intentions, at an early date, from friendly Indians, and resented being thus caught like a rat in a trap. Vaudreuil, in answer to his earnest solicitation for troops, sent him one man as an adviser, and he with but one arm! Upon which de Noyan, for there was yet plenty of time, begged to be relieved of his honours. Vaudreuil put him off, insinuating, at the same time, that his nerve must be failing. After the inevitable surrender, Vaudreuil bade him be of good cheer, and neither to worry himself, nor take the trouble to draw up formal reports, for that he would explain the whole matter to the court of France. Vaudreuil, who was, in fact, wholly responsible for the fall of Frontenac, did explain matters, but after his own characteristic fashion, giving the king to understand that age had impaired de Noyan's energies; in short, that he had played the coward. The poor old gentleman, who, if he did plunder his king, could not rest under the imputation, certainly an unjust one, of being backward in fighting for him, went to France and craved for a hearing, but to no purpose. Perhaps it was a just judgment on his speculations, though Vaudreuil seems hardly a fitting instrument for Providential chastisement. Thus was Canada governed in her hour of need, and indeed for a very long time previous to it.

The booty taken and destroyed at Frontenac was very great, and the loss to the French, they themselves declared, was worse than that of a battle. There were nine vessels, carrying over a hundred guns, most of which were burned, together with the fort itself, and everything inside it that could not be moved. Sixty pieces of artillery were carried

away, besides an immense amount of valuable furs, stores, and provisions, valued at nearly a million livres. Bradstreet, to crown the honour of his achievement, refused any share in the booty, his portion being divided among his troops.

It should be remembered that the base, or the Canadian side, of the triangle, on which the whole conduct of this war necessarily ran, was a line along which movement was, for the most part, easy, namely, the St. Lawrence river. The two routes of attack, diverging from Albany, on the other hand, were, as we know, full of obstacles. The French could move comparatively swiftly and without fear of molestation along their line of defence. Hence the prestige earned by Bradstreet in traversing the Mohawk route with such destructive expedition and taking them by surprise. Three thousand Frenchmen had started from Montreal at the last moment, but had only reached the Lachine rapids when they heard that Frontenac, like its old rival Oswego, was no more. Later on there was some slight attempt made to restore it, but misfortunes soon crowded thick on the French, and the spot was ultimately abandoned to the wilderness, which for a generation held its tangled fields and blackened ruins in its grip. Thirty years later a band of refugee loyalists, expelled by force, or urged by patriotic fervour, from the new republic of the United States, gathered at the old Fort of Frontenac, drew lots for the newly surveyed lands around it, and founded the province of Upper Canada, better known to-day as Ontario. The important lakeside town of Kingston now covers the site both of the old French warehouses and batteries, and the fresh wheat and turnip fields of the United

Empire loyalists ; it has always been, and appropriately so, the headquarters of Canadian military life. Oswego, its old opponent across the lake, has gone through no less of a transformation. Covered with streets and squares, and flanked with leafy villas, it is a place of much repute, and in addition to its attractions, which are considerable, is famous throughout the world wherever men eat biscuits.

“Frontenac is a great stroke,” wrote Wolfe with much enthusiasm when he heard of it. “An offensive, daring kind of war will awe the Indians and ruin the French.”

Bradstreet had, as a matter of fact, struck awe into the Indians in the very nick of time, had Wolfe, far away at Cape Breton, only known it. The fall of Louisbourg had influenced them but little ; it was too remote. Ticonderoga, on the other hand, had shaken the fidelity of the Six Nations so seriously that Bradstreet found evidence to show that they had never before been so near a wholesale defection to the French. The capture of Frontenac had effectually put a stop to this. It had also destroyed the source whence Fort Duquesne, whither we are now bound, drew its stores and ammunition, and greatly contributed to its fall.

Abercromby was recalled in November, and Amherst took his place as commander-in-chief in America. It was some twenty years later, in the gloomy period of the Revolutionary War, that North uttered his memorable wail, “I don’t know whether the enemy are afraid of my generals, I only know that the very sound of their names makes me shiver.” George the Second up till now might well have anticipated the sentiment of his grandson’s minister ; but

a change was coming. The Loudons, the Abercrombys, the Webbs, and the Sackvilles, disappeared for a time to crop up again, in another generation and in a slightly altered form, upon this very ground. In the meantime, we must turn south and see how Forbes fared in his arduous march across the Alleghanies to Fort Duquesne.

John Forbes was a Scotsman, of Petincrief in Fife. He received his first commission in the year 1710, and must therefore have been some sixty-four years of age. He had been colonel both of the Scots Greys and the 17th foot, and was now, with the rank of brigadier, eminently qualified in all respects but age perhaps and health to justify Pitt's choice. He had been a year in America, and in April arrived at Philadelphia with much the same task before him, though better equipped for it, as had confronted Braddock three years previously when bound for the same goal. Of regular troops he was to have the 62nd, or Montgomery's, Highlanders, 1,260 strong, a battalion of Royal Americans (60th), 363, and 4,350 provincials. He had not, however, got them yet. Indeed, Forbes had not only to play the soldier and the organizer, but the diplomatist as well, having to haggle and wrangle with the Pennsylvania burgesses, while they, on their part, seized the opportunity of military requirements to re-open the old congenial squabble touching the taxation of the Penns.

Now Forbes was a man of liberal and enlightened views. It is admitted on all sides that he had none of the hauteur and superciliousness in his treatment of the provincial officers that distinguished so many of his contemporaries, and worked such infinite and

far-reaching mischief; he was regarded, moreover, by all classes with profound respect. His comments, therefore, on the fashion in which the middle and southern colonies went about releasing themselves from the clutch of the enemy and provided for their future development, will be above suspicion. Pennsylvania made a really heroic effort, and out of a population of 260,000 provided 2,500 men. Maryland, which was in the line of attack, with a population of near a hundred thousand, and a social order based on the ownership of slaves and land, contributed 270 very indifferent soldiers. Virginia surpassed herself, and gave Forbes two regiments, comprising in all some 1,400 men.

Forbes, admittedly a cool and impartial judge, was extremely dissatisfied with these levies. Of discipline they were all impatient, and only a portion of them had any qualities wherewith to make up the deficiency. Numbers of them came with damaged firelocks bound up with string; some had not even this much, but walking sticks only with which to oppose the French! "Their officers," said Forbes, "except a few in the higher ranks, are an extremely bad collection of broken inn-keepers, horse-jockeys, and Indian traders." Where, again may be pertinently asked, was the southern chivalry, the sons of the better-class planters and squires? Washington had, no doubt, been vainly asking this question for the last two years on the war-torn borders of Virginia. Now, when he joined Forbes with his increased regiments, he may well have asked it again. Virginia and Maryland had been far more cruelly scourged in their western districts than Natal, within recent memory, and by a still ruder and incomparably more cruel

foe. The supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon in North America was as clearly the issue of the struggle as it is to-day in South Africa. Yet scarcely a dozen men of birth and character came forward to fight out of two whole colonies, whose numerous gentry was their pride and is still the chief burden of their reminiscent literature. Even if two or three or four dozen such just men could be produced, in the face of the social statistics of these provinces, it would scarcely modify the situation. As I remarked in a former chapter, —and the strangeness of the matter must be my excuse for mentioning it again, —neither love of country, nor thoughts of their murdered countrymen, nor the ordinary martial ardour of youth, nor the prospect of a well-organized and well-led campaign against their two implacable enemies, seem to have had the least effect in drawing the Virginians and Marylanders from their comfortable homes. With such men as we are told formed the bulk of the fifty or sixty commissioned officers from these colonies, it is not surprising that Washington stood a little on his dignity, and intimated at headquarters that he would “gladly be distinguished from the common run of provincial officer,” whom he goes on to characterize as “a motley herd.” The rank and file were poor men, more lawless and less tolerant of discipline and of a lower social stamp than the men of the New England regiments. Some of them were admirable bush fighters, but others were of no use at all, which was natural enough, seeing the varied districts and occupations from which they came, and the various motives which caused them to enlist.

Forbes had for his chief colleagues : Bouquet, the able Swiss officer who commanded the Royal

Americans: and Sir John Sinclair, who had been with Braddock as quartermaster-general and was to be so again, though generally disliked and not overcapable. Montgomery was in command of the Highlanders, while Washington and two experienced and tried Virginia soldiers, Colonel Byrd and Major Lewis, the latter then and afterwards a famous Indian fighter, represented the provincials.

Now arose a sharp controversy as to the best route to Fort Duquesne. Braddock's road started, it will be remembered, from Fort Cumberland on the Potomac, and here Washington with his Virginians was now quartered. But the Pennsylvanians and the whole interest of that colony were in favour of cutting a new road which would make the actual wilderness part of the march only 90 miles instead of 122 as before. This difference of opinion was heavily biassed, too, by other considerations. Braddock's road, rough as it had been at the best, had fallen into disrepair, but it was the outlet of Virginia trade to the West, or was expected to be, and the gorge of intercolonial jealousy rose at the notion of the Pennsylvanians having a direct route cut for their traders at the expense of the British Government. This, I need hardly say, was not one of the arguments openly put forward upon either side. These were, indeed, numerous and admirable, and to their respective advocates seemed conclusive, though we need not enlarge upon them. It will be sufficient to remark that Washington, probably from sincere conviction, strongly championed the Virginian side of the question, and predicted disaster if the alternative route was followed; while Forbes and Bouquet inclined to, and ultimately adopted, the Pennsyl-

vania scheme. In justice to Washington, it should be added that he promised to render all the assistance in his power whether his advice were taken or rejected.

The dispute and ill-feeling, however, between the two colonies ran very high, and added greatly to Forbes' troubles in providing transport, guns, and provisions. Philadelphia was a far different kind of base from the plantation villages upon which poor Braddock had to lean, and Pennsylvania, though as a colony conspicuously pacific, was eminently business-like, and comparatively well supplied with the necessities of life and industry. Lastly, it was urged that a new road might spring a surprise on the French at Fort Duquesne, as indeed de Lévis tells us it actually did, though the surprise was not effective.

Bedford, then called Reastown, was the advanced base of action. Thence by the new route, which crossed no large rivers as did the other one, it was ninety miles to Duquesne. But every yard of it was rough, and it climbed the same ranges as Braddock's road, somewhat to the northward, and if anything at more difficult points. Advanced parties were sent forward to make the road under cover of redoubts, and Forbes' plan was to erect these at intervals, so that he could strike his final blow with a permanent chain of posts in his rear, and obviate all risk of that unparalleled stampede of over a hundred miles which made Braddock's disaster so memorable.

It was not till the end of July that the route was definitely decided upon, and Bouquet then went forward to superintend the road-making.

But with all his energy the progress of the Swiss officer was abnormally slow, for there were 6,000

men this time to convey across the Alleghanies, with guns and ammunition, and an immense transport. Virginia, too, though incapable of furnishing supplies and whose better people would not fight, was nevertheless raging at the favours supposed to be shown to Pennsylvania. The latter certainly exhibited little gratitude for them, according to Forbes, who thus writes to Bouquet:—

“I have seen with regret this some time past a jealousy and suspicion subsisting on the part of the Virginians, which they can have no reason for, as I believe neither you nor I value one farthing where we get provisions from, provided we are supplied, or interest ourselves either with Virginia or Pennsylvania; which last I hope will be damned for their treatment of us in the matter of wagons and every other thing where they could profit by us, as from these impositions, although at the risk of our perdition.”

Carlisle was the village to which the Indian war of the last three years had thrust back the Pennsylvania frontier. Here Forbes remained during August, prostrate with the illness that was soon to kill him, and managing matters in the rear to the best of his ability, while Bouquet, far in advance, hewed his slow way over mountain and through swamp. Matters progressed wearily, but surely. First came the news of Louisbourg, and shortly after that of Frontenac, to cheer the workers. It only now remained for them to achieve a third triumph on the Ohio, but the country offered great difficulties to the engineers, while at the same time, an idea of permanency for the road and its defences had always to be kept in view. A post called Loyalhannon, nearly fifty miles short of Fort Duquesne, was the halfway station

around which events now circulated for many weeks. The French Indians in front began, at this point, to get troublesome and aggressive, and Major Grant of Montgomery's Highlanders made a proposition to Bouquet that was unfortunately accepted, though the gallant and impetuous officer's experience of backwoods warfare was of the slightest.

The whole method of Forbes' advance through the wilderness was to make such progress only as was consistent with security. The object for which Grant was running this risk is not very obvious, and one is only surprised that Bouquet allowed him to take it. His idea was to make a reconnaissance of the fort and ascertain by capturing stragglers or other means what force there was inside it. But Forbes' plans, if once he got there, supported as he was by so large a following, were calculated to succeed in the face of any force at all likely to be present, and the British had provisions for three months.

However that may be, Grant started from the advanced camp at Loyalhannon early in September with 750 men—Highlanders, Royal Americans, and a picked body of provincials under Lewis. They reached the high ridge looking immediately down upon the fort upon the 13th without adventure, after night had fallen. From the same spot to-day a vast arena of belching flame, the smoke, the tumult, and the din of a second Birmingham, would greet the eyes of the spectator; but Grant and his men looked dimly down through forest trees and saw only the feeble lights of a lonely fortress, the broad sheen of the Monongahela, and elsewhere a wide world of shadowy woodland beneath a moonless but starlit sky.

So far there was great uncertainty as to the strength of the garrison. Indians had told Bouquet that it was at least equal to that of the British. Grant, however, had conceived the notion that it was a mere handful of five or six hundred men. Grant, as it so happened, was nearer the truth, and a week or two sooner would have been nearer still; but reinforcements had quite recently arrived, and there seem to have been now some fifteen hundred men within the ramparts, besides Indians encamped without them.

De Ligneris, whom we have met before, was in command, and de Vaudreuil seems to have imagined, thanks, of course, to his personal exertions, that the fort was secure from all attack. About two in the morning, Lewis, with a detachment of Virginians and Highlanders, was ordered down into the plain to attack the Indians, supposed to be encamped before the fort, and then feigning a retreat, to draw them out to an ambush where Grant and the rest of the party were to give them a warm reception.

Lewis was an accomplished frontiersman and belonged to a well-known fighting family of the Virginia border, one of the few men after Washington's own heart; but on this occasion he got into sad trouble. Grant and his men waited in vain for the sound of his attack, and at last, as the first streak of day was showing, the Highland officer was thrown into a state of rage and consternation at the return of the whole party, who had lost their way amid the woods and fenced enclosures which surrounded the fort and fallen into hopeless confusion. Half Lewis' force were Highlanders new to bush fighting. If Grant had sent the pick of the provincials with him, the

result perhaps might have been otherwise; but it is not likely in any case to have been substantial, for Grant had underestimated the garrison, and still continued to do so. One object of the expedition was to sketch the fort, but the fog at dawn was so thick as to disconcert for a time plans of any kind. Presently, however, it began to clear, and Grant, still under the impression that the French were too weak to venture a serious sortie, made his dispositions.

From the ridge where the British were posted they could see the Alleghany on their right and the Monongahela on their left, sweeping to their confluence immediately below and in front of them. In the angle of the meeting rivers, whose mingling waters thenceforth became the Ohio, stood the famous fort and the numerous rude buildings within and without its lines. The half-mile or so of flat land on the hither side was cleared, fenced, and partly cultivated to the edge of the descending ridges, which were clothed with forest. It was now about seven o'clock, and Grant, retaining a few of his own regiment with him, despatched his Highlanders under Captain Macdonald to take post in the open on the left front of the fort, and a hundred Pennsylvanians on the right. Lewis he sent back with some Royal Americans and Virginians to reinforce Captain Bullitt of the latter, who, with fifty men, was guarding the baggage about a mile to the rear. Lewis had orders to stay there as a support for the attacking party in case of need.

The French all this time appeared to be unaware of the presence of an enemy; so Grant, by way of stirring them up to the reality of the fact, proceeded to blow lively airs upon his bugles. He soon found that he had aroused them to some purpose; for while the

Highland officers were busy sketching the fort, French and Indians, to the number of seven or eight hundred, came pouring out of it, some of the former in their hurry not having even stopped to dress. Their attack was directed against the Highlanders, who, reinforced by Grant, made for a time a gallant stand, the Pennsylvanians having retired with some precipitancy into the woods. Fresh bodies of French came crowding out of the fort, till Grant's vanguard was in great distress, being attacked upon all sides. Captain Macdonald and other officers were killed, and the soldiers were forced back into the forest, where for nearly an hour they maintained the unequal fight. At last they could hold out no longer; it was their first fight in woods ringing with the horrid clamour of Indian warfare, and when they did give way it was in a wild panic, as Grant himself admits. His only hope now lay in Lewis, who was stationed, as he thought, with Bullitt behind the wooded ridge. But Lewis had heard the battle raging, and on his own responsibility had pressed forward to Grant's aid. Unhappily he took a different route in his advance over the ridge to that which Grant followed in his quick retreat, so when the latter reached his base, hotly pursued by the enemy, he found to his horror no support there but Bullitt and his fifty Virginians. Here they were surrounded, and made a final and gallant stand. Grant refused to retire. "My heart is broke," he cried; "I will not survive this day." He was recognised by the French, who called to him repeatedly by name to give himself up; but the rash and luckless officer continued to fight till he was almost alone, when he was disarmed and captured alive. The small band of Virginians with Bullitt fought

GRANT'S FORCE OVERWHELMED [1758

heroically, and were all killed except such as escaped by swimming the Alleghany river. Lewis had in the meantime run into the very jaws of the French, and he was also made prisoner. Nearly three hundred men were killed, drowned, or taken. The remaining four hundred and fifty straggled back to Loyalhannon with a precipitancy that after all, when once they had started, was the only sensible course, since fifty miles of shaggy wilderness lay between them and their next meal.

Forbes, stretched upon a bed of sickness at Reastown, and with troubles enough already on hand, received the news like the chivalrous gentleman he was, and called no names, when many and hard ones might well have been looked for by Grant, who was solely responsible. In a private letter to Bouquet, however, he permitted himself some little indulgence this respect. "My friend Grant most certainly lost his wits, and by his thirst of fame brought on his own perdition and ran great risk of ours."

In October, while the British column still lay at Loyalhannon, de Ligneris advanced against it in considerable force. He was not strong enough to actually face the British guns and intrenchments, but he caught several stragglers and destroyed numbers of cattle, and caused Bouquet infinite annoyance. Washington, who had been at Fort Cumberland, at the other end of Braddock's road, all this time, with the other Virginia regiment, now joined the army and took command of the provincials.

Autumn on the Atlantic slope of North America is of all seasons the most stimulating and delightful. Rain, as a rule, falls sparingly or in short spells, and nature, decked in a raiment gorgeous beyond dreams,

and rarely ruffled by storm or tempest, slumbers in balmy silence beneath an azure sky. Poor Forbes, like Washington, upon nearly the same ground four years earlier, encountered, and in an even worse degree, one of those climatic exceptions that prove the rule. Rain fell persistently, and fell in torrents, while premature snow-storms filled his cup of misery to the brim. On the lower grounds the new-made road was impassable with liquid mud; on the mountain slopes the torrents swept it away as fast as it was made. Forage began to get scarce and the horses became poor and weak. The prospect, lately so hopeful, seemed now well-nigh desperate. Bouquet laboured hard, against the warring elements, the miry swamps, the torrent-riven mountains, and with transport horses growing daily weaker. Forbes, whose indomitable will, rather than improving health, had forced him on to the soaking misery of Loyalhannon, still gave his orders in person. Tortured with pain, and scarce able to stand, he would listen to no suggestions of abandoning the attempt or of himself returning to those comforts which were his only chance of life. It was now well on in November, and some of the Virginian officers, presumably the best authorities, declared further progress to be impossible, and showed such strong feeling that Forbes, unsupported by any following to speak of, called a council of war. The officers who composed this were good and tried men, and they were practically unanimous against any further advance. But Forbes, though a sobered and middle-aged soldier, had something of that inspired obstinacy which distinguished another and a greater, but a younger invalid, whom we have met at Louisbourg, and shall meet again at Quebec. Happily for

FORBES' UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT [1758

the country and for the dying general's reputation—though posterity has cared little enough for that—he got news at this moment of a reduction in the garrison of the fort and that the Indians were deserting it. This settled the matter so far as Forbes was concerned, and he gave orders for twenty-five hundred men to be quickly picked from the army for a rapid march, each man to carry a blanket and a few days' provisions.

Forbes' courage in urging a forward advance when men like Bouquet and Washington were against it, thoroughly deserved this piece of fortunate news, which made success so much more probable; nor was it by any means mere good luck, for oddly enough the causes that were thinning the defenders of Fort Duquesne were due in great part to this indomitable officer's precautions in the preceding summer. He had then strongly urged that the western Indians, who had so long been ravaging the frontiers of Pennsylvania and her Southern neighbours, under French instigation, should be approached by diplomacy as well as arms. The Indian was a good deal influenced by his stomach; the side that fed him best scored at least one very strong point, and the French were even thus early finding it necessary to husband their supplies. Spies and scouts brought news that discontent was already showing in the French camps on the Ohio. Forbes had a notion that these savage warriors, who ate bullocks by the hundred and drank brandy by the bucketful, might be detached from their patrons, now that the bullocks and the brandy were getting scarce, and that hints of British beef and perhaps British rum might save much bloodshed both in the army and on the frontier. The provincial authorities

thought lightly of the scheme, and moreover grudged the expenditure. They regarded such suggestions as the theories of an Englishman without experience of savages. Nor, indeed, was it easy to find an ambassador to cross the Alleghanies, and run the gravest risk of death, and that by horrible torture, in the Indian villages, where English scalps were hanging by hundreds on the wigwam walls. Forbes, however, gained his point, and a man was found who would face the fate that seemed inevitable, and that, too, without reward. This hero was a Moravian missionary, and a German, Post by name, a simple, pious person, but intimate with Indian ways and languages and married moreover to a converted squaw.

Post reached the Ohio villages in safety, and was received with tolerable civility; but his hosts insisted on taking him to Duquesne, that the French might also hear what he had to say. As his ostensible mission was to wean the Indians from the French alliance to those peaceful paths of which his order, the Moravians, were the chief exponents, it was not doubtful what the French would say, and little less so what they would do. As he was the guest of their allies, they had to listen to Post, and did not venture to kill him openly; but behind every thicket they had an agent waiting to take his life, a large reward being privately offered for his scalp. With indomitable courage Post braved the whole thing out, and, wonderful to relate, with impunity. He had succeeded in persuading the Indians to send some delegates, at any rate, to a grand conference near Philadelphia, had shaken their allegiance to the French, and withal, though not without many hair-breadth escapes, got safe back again to civilization. A great meeting was

APPROACH TO FORT DUQUESNE [1758

held during the early autumn, presided over by the Governor of Pennsylvania, to which Johnson brought delegates of the Six Nations from the Mohawk and whither also went some of the chiefs of the hostile Indians of the West. With much ceremony and a prodigious wealth of oratory, it was resolved that the Ohio tribes should bury the hatchet with the Six Nations, which was a step at least in the desired direction. Once more the brave Moravian faced the Alleghanies, and again harangued the Indian allies of France under the very eyes of the French themselves, and with such effect that the latter had to submit to the open insults of barbarians they could not afford to offend. Post again escaped safely, having done most valuable work, which was greatly aided by the scarcity of provisions, a condition due to Bradstreet's brilliant stroke at Frontenac, the source of their supplies. So after an alliance of three years, a record of hideous and ceaseless slaughter, the Ohio Indians fell away from the French at the very moment when the gallant Forbes was pushing forward to reap the fruits of his earlier policy, that unknown to him had succeeded almost beyond hope. Swung on a rude litter between two horses, he was led in the van of his flying column through the snow and rain and falling leaves. The army moved in three divisions with caution and in open order, guided through the thick forest by the monotonous tapping of their own drums, which were beat without ceasing at the head of each company. Thinly clad, and with a single blanket to cover them at nights, the men pressed cheerily forward through the mysterious mazes of the woods, till on the 23rd of November the guides had brought them within twelve miles of the fort.

Here the unexpected news was received that it had been abandoned. They halted a day to confirm the report, and on the 25th moved forward to find the backwoods fortress, so long the curse of British America, standing, silent and deserted amid a fringe of fire-scorched ruins, and the unburied corpses of their own Highlanders who had fallen in Grant's attack. Thus fell, without a protest from rifle or cannon, the very stronghold and hope of French empire in the West, and the scourge of the British frontier.

It seems that de Ligneris, the French commander, had, some time before this, formed the opinion that an attack upon him was impossible before the following spring. His Indians, as we know, had deserted, and, fearful of his provisions running short, he had furthermore dismissed all his troops but three or four hundred, who would suffice for the winter garrison. But he had not long taken this step when he heard that Forbes was in truth coming, and no great way off. He had then no choice but to abandon the post, doing what damage he could do it before leaving, and throwing its guns into the river.

It now only remained to make the fort good for the reception of a winter garrison, and to re-name it. The heroic Forbes had entirely collapsed from the fatigue of the march, and for some days his life was hanging in the balance. Once again, however, the strong will conquered, and he was carried out among his men to superintend their operations. A new and suitable name for the conquered fortress was not hard to find, and Duquesne became Fort Pitt, after the great minister, whose spirit had here, as everywhere, been the source of British triumph. Colonel

Mercer, with some Virginians and Pennsylvanians, was left in charge of the fort, and, towards the close of December, Forbes, stretched upon his litter, was borne feet foremost in the midst of his remaining troops on the weary homeward journey through the freezing forests. Though his weakness and his sufferings grew worse rather than better, his mind at least, was now at ease. His task was accomplished, and Ticonderoga was the only failure of the year. The French were driven from the West, their connections between Canada and Louisiana severed, their prestige with the Indians broken, and the demon of Indian warfare on the Alleghany frontier apparently laid. That all this might have been achieved the next year or the year after, is no answer to the decisive nature of Forbes' work. There might have been no next year or year after for military achievements in America. Peace in Europe was at any moment possible. Events there might take a sudden turn that would make boundary lines in the American wilderness appear to most men a secondary matter. Pitt cherished no such illusions now; his intentions to drive the French from America were fixed and clear. But circumstances at home might weaken his arm; or he might die, for his life was none of the best, and it was of vital import that every stroke should be driven home before a general peace was made. A French garrison anywhere in America would have been hard to move by diplomatic means, when once the sword was sheathed.

There was great rejoicing in the middle colonies at the fall of Fort Duquesne, as there had been in New England at the fall of Louisbourg, and for much the same reason, since each had been relieved of a

neighbour whose chief mission had been to scourge them. In England the news was received with profound satisfaction. There was no bell-ringing and there were no bonfires. There had been nothing showy in the achievement, and its import was hardly realized. The glory belonged to two men, and their patient heroism was not of a kind to make a stir in the limited press of the period. But the cool fearlessness of Post was a rarer quality than the valour which faced the surf and batteries of Louisbourg, and the unselfish patriotism of the invalid brigadier was at least as noble a spectacle as that of the Highlanders who flung themselves across the fiery parapet at Ticonderoga.

It was nearly 300 miles from Fort Duquesne to Philadelphia, and Forbes did not arrive there till January 14th. Through all the wilderness part of the march, men had been sent on each day to build a rude hut with a stone fireplace for the dying general. One night, says an officer, some muddle had been made, and the unfortunate Forbes was reduced to insensibility by waiting in the bitter cold for fire and shelter to be provided. It took some time, says the writer, to bring him back to life again with the aid of cordials. He lingered a short time after reaching Philadelphia, where he expired early in March and was buried in Christ Church with military honours. The place of his grave has been obscured by alterations and lost sight of, as may with equal truth be said of his services and his unselfish valour in the memory of his fellow-countrymen.

A melancholy incident occurred while the troops were engaged in repairing the fort. No Englishmen had stood on the scene of Braddock's defeat since its

SCENE OF BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT [1758

occurrence three and a half years previously, so a party now proceeded up the Monongahela to visit it, among them being the brigade major, Halkett, whose father and brother, it will be remembered, fell dead together at the same moment. The victims had of course never been buried, and the ground was found plentifully strewn with bones, picked clean by wolves and buzzards and partly hidden by the withered leaves of four successive autumns. Halkett's immediate object was the faint hope of finding and identifying the remains of his relatives, with the details of whose death he was familiar from the report of those who had seen it. Two skeletons were found close together under a tree, at the spot where Sir Peter and his son had fallen, one of which Halkett identified beyond a doubt as that of his father, from a peculiarity of the teeth, while the well-known manner of their death practically marked out the other one as his brother. It was a gruesome spectacle for the survivor, and it is no discredit to the young officer, nerved though he was to bloody scenes, that he broke down at the contemplation of it and, as we are told, "swooned away."

Pitt had good reason to be satisfied with the results of the year's fighting in America. The attack on the French centre had failed, but that upon both flanks, which Louisbourg and Duquesne may fairly be called, had been crowned with victory, while the destruction of Frontenac went to swell the triumph. French prestige with the Indians outside their own missions had been destroyed, the formidable alliance shattered, and all thoughts of further aggression from Canada laid at rest. It now remained to strike at the heart of Canada a deadly blow, which would wither and

dry up those distant sources of wealth and influence to herself and annoyance to her foes, which stretched far away beyond the northern lakes and to the verge of the distant prairies.

CHAPTER X

MATTERS had gone well, too, for Pitt in Europe, where he had shrewdly fed the senseless strife of nations with money rather than with men. France, with over 100,000 troops in the field, was playing the somewhat inglorious part of an ally to her hereditary foe Austria, and with the further aid of Russia, was engaged in a fruitless attempt to crush the heroic Frederick. She had now been driven back across the Rhine, after a short occupation of Hanover, by Prince Ferdinand acting with Pitt's direct support. Both her troops and her generals in this reckless war fell far short in skill and spirit of their handful of compatriots struggling for a weightier issue across the sea. The King of Prussia held out against his legion of foes, and was performing prodigies of valour, amid fearful scenes of carnage. At Zorndorp, where with 35,000 men he encountered and repulsed 50,000 Russians, no quarter was asked or given, and 31,000 men fell; while at Hochkirchen Frederick himself lost 9,000 in a single day against the Austrians. In odd hours snatched from the fury of the strife, this extraordinary man still wrote verses and lampoons; but Madame de Pompadour and her miserable Louis were now smarting under something worse at the hands of the Prussian than his caustic pen. England rang with his triumphs, and, by a perversion pecu-

liarly British, the scoffing freethinker became the "Protestant hero" in both church and taproom. Pitt was omnipotent in Parliament; only a single insignificant member ever ventured to oppose him. "Our unanimity is prodigious," wrote Walpole. "You would as soon hear a 'No' from an old maid as from the House of Commons." Newcastle was supremely happy among jobbers and cringing place-hunters under the full understanding that neither he nor his kind trespassed within the sphere of foreign politics. The estimates had exceeded all former limits, and reached for those days the enormous sum of $12\frac{1}{2}$ millions. The struggle with France was vigorously waged too upon the ocean, warships, privateers, and merchant men grappling to the death with one another in many a distant sea, while the main fleets of the enemy were, for the most part, blockaded in their ports by vigilant British armaments. Everywhere was exhilaration and a superb feeling of confidence, engendered by incipient successes, and by the consciousness that the nation was united in purpose, and that the leaders of its enterprises were no longer chosen because they were "rich in votes or were related to a Duke."

James Wolfe had certainly neither of these qualifications, and he it was who Pitt designed to act the leading part in the coming year, "a greater part," he modestly wrote after receiving his appointment, "than I wished or desired. The backwardness of some of the older officers has in some measure forced the Government to come down so low. I shall do my best and leave the rest to fortune, as perforce we must when there are not the most commanding abilities. A London life and little exercise disagrees with

me entirely, but the sea still more. If I have health and constitution enough for the campaign, I shall think myself a lucky man ; what happens afterwards is of no great consequence."

Wolfe had returned from Nova Scotia the previous October in the same ship, strangely enough, with the hapless Abercromby. As the chief hero of an exploit which had sent all England into transports of joy, it is significant that he went quietly from Portsmouth to his regiment at Salisbury, and encountered some difficulty in getting leave of absence on urgent family matters. Even yet a brilliant soldier without backstair influence got scant consideration in his private concerns, while a military cypher with friends at Court could do almost what he pleased. Wolfe, however, eventually got away, and hurried to Bath to "patch up his wretched constitution" for any service he might be called upon. It was here in December that he received and accepted Pitt's offer of the command of an expedition against Quebec. He had just become engaged to a Miss Lowther, sister of the first Lord Lonsdale. Wolfe's earlier love affair had affected him so deeply and for so long a period, it is doubtful if there was much romance about this one. But he had in any case scant time for improving the occasion, his hands being now full with the great enterprise on which he was bound in the early spring.

Pitt's plan for the coming season in America was to strike two great blows at Canada and a lesser one, which, if successful, would involve the conquest of that country. Wolfe, aided by a fleet, was to attack Quebec; Amherst with another force was to push through by the Lake Champlain route and unite with him if possible. A further expedition was to

be sent against Niagara under Prideaux : but for the present we are concerned only with the first and by far the most memorable of the three.

Wolfe at this time was colonel of the 67th regiment. He was to have local rank only of major-general while in America, since more substantial elevation would, in the eyes of Newcastle and his friends, have been almost an outrage on the British Constitution as by them interpreted. Pitt and his young officers, however, were well content to waive such trifles for the present, and concede so much of consolation to the long list of rejected incapables, in return for such honour and glory as might perchance be theirs. Wolfe's brigadiers in the forthcoming enterprise were to be Monckton, Townshend, and Murray. The first, whom we have already met in Nova Scotia, and the last were men after Wolfe's own heart. Townshend, though not a bad soldier, was inclined, on the strength of his connection, to give himself airs, was of a queer disposition, and was jealous of his young chief. Wolfe nominated his friend Carleton, of whose efficiency he was well assured, as quartermaster-general ; but the King passed his pen through the name, as Carleton was credited with certain uncomplimentary remarks concerning Hanoverians. Wolfe, however, remonstrated with much spirit, insisting that if a general was to have grave responsibility, it was only logical and fair that he should choose his own subordinates. Pitt good-naturedly went back to the King, who, after some grumbling, at last yielded the point.

The land force was to consist of 12,000 men, a few of whom were to sail from England, but the bulk were to be drawn from the American and West Indian

ARMY COLLECTS AT LOUISBOURG [1759

garrisons. The latter, however, were counter-ordered: the former proved to be below the estimated strength, and the actual number that gathered in Louisbourg, the point of rendezvous, was only about 8,500. The command of the fleet was given to Admiral Saunders, and this appointment demanded great discretion, as the sailor in this instance had not only to be efficient on his own element, but to be a man of tact, and one who at the same time would put patriotism above professional jealousy, and could be trusted to work heartily with the land forces.

It was late in February when Saunders' fleet conveying Wolfe, his stores and a few troops sailed from Spithead. The winds being adverse and the seas running high, May had opened before the wild coast of Nova Scotia was dimly seen through whirling wreaths of fog. It was a late season, and Louisbourg harbour was still choked with ice, so the fleet had to make southwards for Halifax at the cost of much of that time which three years' experience had at length taught the British was so precious in all North American enterprises. At Halifax Wolfe found the troops from the American garrisons awaiting him. Among them was the 43rd regiment, with the gallant Major Knox, our invaluable diarist, filled with joy at the prospect of active service after twenty months' confinement in a backwoods fort, and ready with his sword as happily for us he was with his pen. In a fortnight Louisbourg was open, and both fleet and transports were grinding amidst the still drifting ice in its harbour. Here again the army was landed, and its numbers completed from the Louisbourg garrison.

There was naturally much to be done with an army brought together from so many various quarters.

1759] HIGH STATE OF DISCIPLINE

The force, too, proved, as I have said, far short of the estimate, being considerably under 9,000 men; but, on the other hand, these were all good troops and mostly veterans. Though the benefits of Bath waters had been more than neutralized by nearly three months of buffeting on the element he so loathed, Wolfe spared himself no effort. He was not only a fighting but to the highest degree an organizing general. Every sickly and unlikely man, small as was his force, was weeded out. Every commissariat detail down to the last gaiter button was carefully scrutinized. Seldom had England sent out a body of men so perfect in discipline, spirit, and material of war, and assuredly none so well commanded since the days of Marlborough. It was well it was so, seeing that they were destined to attack one of the strongest posts in the world, defended by an army nearly twice as numerous as themselves, and fighting, moreover, in defence of its home and country, and, as it fully believed, of its religion.

Wolfe's force was made up of the following regiments and corps. Under Monckton in the first brigade were the 15th, 43rd, 58th, and 78th regiments, usually known then as Amherst's, Kennedy's, Anstruther's, and Fraser's (Highlanders) respectively. The second brigade, under Townshend, comprised the 28th and the 47th or Bragg's and Lascelles', with the second battalion of the 60th or Royal Americans. With Murray in the third brigade were the 35th and 48th or Otway's and Webb's, and the third battalion of the 60th. Besides these were three companies of Grenadiers from the 22nd, 40th, and 45th regiments, and a corps of light infantry, all from the Louisbourg garrison. Of colonial troops there were only five companies of rangers.

The young general was thoroughly alive to the numerical weakness of his force, but that he rejoiced in its efficiency is evident from his letters, and he was hard to please. "If valour can make amends for want of numbers," he wrote to Pitt, "we shall succeed."

Admiral Durell, with ten ships, had been sent forward early in May to stop French supply or warships from ascending the St. Lawrence when navigation opened. It was the 1st of June when Wolfe and Saunders with the main army followed him, owing to fog and ice and contrary winds, in somewhat straggling fashion. The bands played the time-honoured air of "The girl I left behind me," and the men cheered lustily as the ships cleared the bar, while at the mess tables, says Knox, there was only one toast among the officers—"British colours on every French fort, post, and garrison in America." With Saunders went twenty-two ships of the line—five frigates and seventeen sloops of war—besides the transports. By the 7th of June all were sailing well together along the gloomy shores of Newfoundland, whose desolate russet uplands were thickly powdered with a belated snowstorm. A week later they had left behind that hundred miles of shaggy forest which to this day envelopes the desert island of Anticosti, and were forging more cautiously along the lower reaches of the St. Lawrence. All went smoothly till the 20th, when, the wind dropping, they were caught in the cross-currents caused by the outpouring waters of the Saguenay, which, draining a vast mountain wilderness to the northward, would be accounted a mighty river if it were not for the still mightier one that absorbs it. Here

the ships ran some risk of fouling, but escaped any serious damage, and in three days were at the Ile aux Coudres, where the real dangers of the navigation began. It must be remembered that such a venture was unprecedented, and regarded hitherto as an impossibility for large ships without local pilots. The very presence of the first made the second possible, for some of the vessels approaching the shore ran up French flags, whereupon numbers of the country people, in response to an invitation, came on board, little guessing the visitors could be their enemies.

Pilots were by this ruse secured, and their services impressed under pain of death. Durell, too, was waiting here, ignorant of the fact that several French provision ships had slipped past him in the fog. Three of his midshipmen, larking on the shore, had been captured and carried to Quebec, but had found much consolation and caused no little anxiety in the city by doubling the strength of the British force, when interrogated by Montcalm. Knox, who understood French, tells us that the poor unwilling pilot who took his ship up the tortuous channel made use of the most frightful imprecations, swearing that most of the fleet and the whole army would find their graves in Canada. An old British tar, on the other hand, master of a transport and possessed of an immense scorn for foreigners, would not allow a French pilot to interfere, and insisted, in the teeth of all remonstrance, on navigating his own ship. "D——n me," he roared, "I'll convince you that an Englishman shall go where a Frenchman daren't show his nose," and he took it through in safety. "The enemy," wrote Vaudreuil soon after this to his Government, "have passed sixty ships of war where we dare not

risk a vessel of a hundred tons by night or day." The British navy has not been sufficiently remembered in the story of Quebec.

Let us now turn for a moment to Montcalm, and see what he has been doing all this time to prepare for the attack. It was an accepted axiom in Canada that no armament strong enough to seriously threaten Quebec could navigate the St. Lawrence. In the face of expected invasion it was the Lake George and Champlain route that mostly filled the public mind. Bougainville, however, had returned from France early in May with the startling news that a large expedition destined for Quebec was already on the sea. A former opinion of this able officer's declared that three or four thousand men could hold the city against all comers. There was now four times that strength waiting for Wolfe, while his own, so far as numbers went, we know already. Eighteen transport ships, carrying supplies and some slight reinforcements, had slipped past the English cruisers in the fogs, and brought some comfort to Montcalm. The question now was how best to defend Quebec, as well as make good the two land approaches at Ticonderoga and Lake Ontario respectively.

For the defence of the city, when every able-bodied militiaman had been called out, nearly 16,000 troops of all arms would be available. About the disposition of these and the plan of defence there was much discussion. Montcalm himself was for a long time undecided. The alternative plans do not concern us here; the one finally adopted is alone to the point. Every one knows that the ancient capital of Canada is one of the most proudly placed among the cities of the earth. But it may be well to remind

those who have not seen it, that it occupies the point of a lofty ridge, forming the apex of the angle made by the confluence of the St. Charles River and the St. Lawrence. Westward from the city this ridge falls so nearly sheer into the St. Lawrence for several miles, that, watched by a mere handful of men, it was impregnable. Moreover, the river suddenly narrows to a breadth of three-quarters of a mile opposite the town, whose batteries were regarded as being fatal to any attempt of an enemy to run past them. On the other side of the town the St. Charles River, coming in from the north-west immediately below its walls, formed a secure protection. Montcalm, however, decided to leave only a small garrison in the city itself, and go outside it for his main defence. Now, from the eastern bank of the mouth of the St. Charles, just below the city, there extends in an almost straight line along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence a continuous ridge, the brink, in fact, of a plateau, at no point far removed from the water's edge. Six miles away this abruptly terminates in the gorge of the Montmorency River, which, rushing tumultuously towards the St. Lawrence, makes that final plunge on to its shore level which is one of the most beautiful objects in a landscape teeming with natural and human interest. Along the crown of this six-mile ridge, known in history as "the Beauport lines," Montcalm decided to make his stand. So, throughout the long days of May and June the French devoted themselves to rendering impregnable from the front a position singularly strong in itself, while the Montmorency and its rugged valley protected the only flank which was exposed to attack.

At Beauport, the village which occupied the centre

of the ridge, Montcalm took up his headquarters with considerable confidence in the result of his preparations. In the city away upon his right he had left De Ramezy in command, who has given us a journal of the siege; but the city, though not safe from bombardment, was impregnable as things were now to assault. In his own embattled lines Montcalm had nearly fourteen thousand men as strongly intrenched as nature and art could make them. Below him spread the river, here over two miles in width from shore to shore, with the western point of the island of Orleans overlapping his left flank. Above the woods of this long, fertile island, then the garden of Canada, the French, upon the 27th of June, first caught sight of the pennons flying from the topmasts of the English battleships, and before evening they witnessed the strange sight of red-coated infantry swarming over its well-tilled fields. It was, indeed, some days since the bonfires announcing the actual approach of the British had flared upon the mountain tops along the northern shore of the St. Lawrence, and the excitement in and around Quebec had grown to fever-heat. Wolfe himself, with Mackellar, his chief engineer, who had been both with Forbes and Braddock, was among the first to land upon the island, and, taking his stand upon its western point, scanned the noble outlook with eager gaze, and tried to realize the task that Pitt had set him.

Westward, across four miles of yet smooth and sunlit water, the great and virgin stronghold of French power clung to its rocky throne. From the river's edge to the summit of Cape Diamond rose a city that proclaimed its character at a glance, and abjured all fellowship at once with the great trading marts of

brick and wood that greeted the visitor to the English colonies. Trade, indeed, there was of a sort ; but, mounting one above the other, tier above tier, spire and belfry, church and monastery, barrack and battery, proclaimed rather the stronghold of the soldier and the priest. As the gaze of Wolfe and his officers travelled backward to their right along the northern shore, they could see the long intrenched lines of Beauport extending past them to where the mighty cataract of Montmorency flashed against its background of green woods. The young general, however, had not much time that evening to consider the situation, which may well have appalled a less stout heart than his, for the troops had scarcely landed when a sudden summer storm burst upon the scene, churned the river into angry waves, broke some of the smaller ships from their moorings, casting them upon the rocks, and staving in many of the boats and rafts. The people of Quebec, who for weeks had been urging upon the Divinity in their peculiar way that they His chosen people were in danger, would not have been Canadian Catholics of their generation had they not been jubilant at this undoubted sign of Divine intervention. But Montcalm was the last man to presume on such favour by any lack of energy. The very next night, the British having in the meantime pitched their camp upon the isle of Orleans, they were thrown into no small alarm by the descent of a fleet of fire ships. The only men awake were the guards and sentries at the point, and as the matches were not applied to the drifting hulks till they were close at hand, the sudden effect in the darkness of the night upon the soldiers' nerves was more than they could stand, having be-

held nothing like it in their lives, and they rushed in much confusion on the sleeping camp, causing still more there. For it was not alone the flames and the explosives that were a cause of perturbation, but a hail of grape-shot and bullets from the igniting guns poured hurtling through the trees. The chief object of the fire-ships, however, was, the fleet which lay in the channel between the isle of Orleans and the shore, and towards it they came steadily drifting. Knox describes the pandemonium as awful, and the sight as inconceivably superb of these large burning ships, crammed with every imaginable explosive and soaked from their mastheads to their waterline in pitch and tar. It was no new thing, however, to the gallant sailors, who treated the matter as a joke, grappling fearlessly with the hissing, spitting demons, and towing them ashore. "Damme, Jack," they shouted, "didst ever take h—ll in tow before?"

This exploit seems to have been a venture of Vaudreuil's, and its failure, an extremely expensive one, cost that lively egotist and his friends a severe pang. The next day Wolfe published his first manifesto to the Canadian people. "We are sent by the English king," it ran, "to conquer this province, but not to make war upon women and children, the ministers of religion, or industrious peasants. We lament the sufferings which our invasion may inflict upon you; but if you remain neutral, we proffer you safety in person and property and freedom in religion. We are masters of the river; no succour can reach you from France. General Amherst, with a large army, assails your southern frontier. Your cause is hopeless, your valour useless. Your nation have been

guilty of great cruelties to our unprotected settlers, but we seek not revenge. We offer you the sweets of peace amid the horrors of war. England, in her strength, will befriend you; France, in her weakness, leaves you to your fate."

Wolfe could hardly have felt the confidence he here expressed. The longer he looked upon the French position, the less he must have liked it, and the larger must Amherst and his eventual co-operation have loomed in his mind as a necessary factor to success. But would Amherst get through to Montreal and down the St. Lawrence in time to be of use before the short season had fled? Those who were familiar with the difficulties would certainly have discouraged the hope which Wolfe for a time allowed himself to cherish; and Wolfe, though he admired his friend and chief, did not regard celerity of movement as his strongest point.

About the first move, however, in the game Wolfe had to play, there could be no possible doubt, and that was the occupation of Point Lévis. This was the high ground immediately facing Quebec, where the river, narrowing to a width of 1,200 yards, brought the city within cannon-shot from the southern bank. It was the only place, in fact, from which it could be reached. It is said Montcalm had been anxious to occupy it, and intrench it with 4,000 men, but was overruled on the supposition that the upper town, about which official Quebec felt most concern, would be outside its range of fire. If this was so, they were soon to be undeceived.

The occupation of Point Lévis by Monckton's brigade, which Wolfe now ordered on that service, need not detain us. They crossed from the camp of Orleans

to the village of Beaumont, which was seized with slight resistance. Thence moving on along the high road to Point Lévis, they found the church and village occupied by what Knox, who was there, estimates at a thousand riflemen and Indians. The Grenadiers charging the position in front, and the Highlanders and light infantry taking it in the rear, it was stormed with a loss of thirty men, and Monckton then occupied a position which, so far as artillery fire was concerned, had Quebec at its mercy. The brigadier, who had fully expected to find French guns there, at once began to intrench himself on this conspicuous spot, while floating batteries now pushed out from Quebec and began throwing shot and shell up at his working parties, till Saunders sent a frigate forward to put an end to what threatened to be a serious annoyance.

The French had changed their minds about the danger of Monckton's guns, though not a shot had yet been fired, and agitated loudly for a sortie across the river. Montcalm thought poorly of the plan; but a miscellaneous force of 1,500 Canadians, possessed of more ardour than cohesion, insisted on attempting a night assault. They landed some way up the river, but did not so much as reach the British position. The difficulties of a combined midnight movement were altogether too great for such irregulars, and they ended by firing upon one another in the dark and stampeding for their boats, with a loss of seventy killed and wounded.

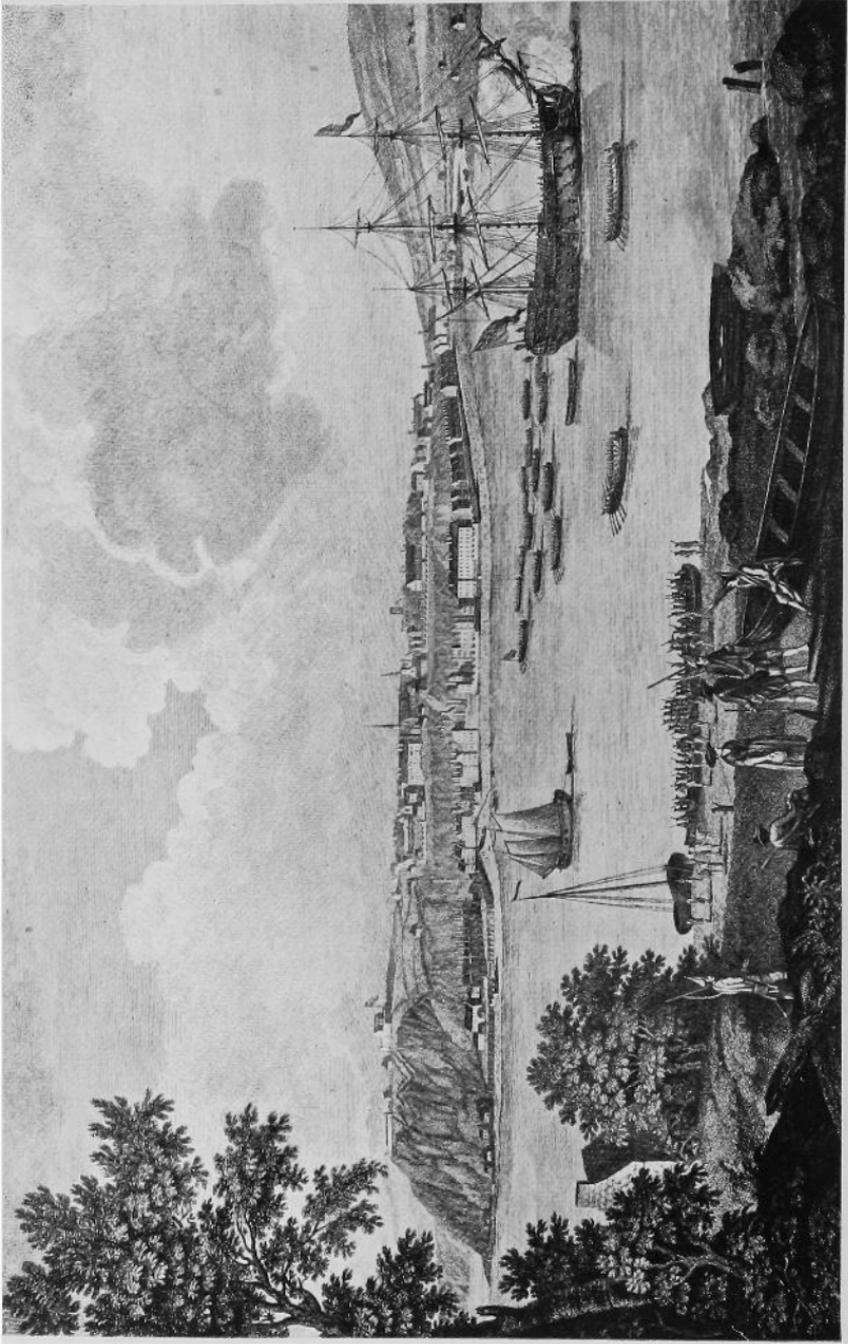
Two brigades were now in mid-stream on the Isle of Orleans, and one on Point Lévis. Landing artillery and stores, intrenching both positions, and mounting siege guns at the last-named one, consumed the

first few days of July. Wolfe's skill in erecting and firing batteries had been abundantly demonstrated at Louisbourg; and though his headquarters were on the island, he went frequently to superintend the preparations for the bombardment of Quebec. On July 12th a rocket leapt into the sky from Wolfe's camp. It was the signal for the forty guns and mortars that had been mounted on Point Lévis to open on the city that Vaudreuil and his friends had fondly thought was out of range. The first few shots may have encouraged the delusion, as they fell short; but the gunners quickly got their distance, and then began that storm of shot and shell which rained upon the doomed city, with scarce a respite, for upwards of eight weeks. Wolfe's New England rangers, under Starke and other well-known dare-devils, trained by Rogers in the Lake George region, scoured the surrounding country, fighting Indians or stray parties of Canadians like themselves, capturing arms and stores, seizing prisoners for information, and posting up Wolfe's proclamations on the neighbouring church doors. These last assured every peasant who remained at home of good treatment; while any injuries to women or children by his own men Wolfe swore he would punish by death. He was in an enemy's country; he had double his own number of armed men before him, and a hostile population on his rear and flanks, and could do no more.

The day before the batteries of Point Lévis opened on the city Wolfe made another move. The eastern extremity of the Beauport lines pressed close upon the Montmorency gorge. If he could establish batteries upon the other bank, it would be easy not only to annoy the enemy but to investigate the course of the

THE CAMP AT MONTMORENCY [1759

stream above the cataract, and see if perchance there might not be some way round to the back of the Beauport lines. He ordered Monckton, therefore, to make a feint up the river above the town, as if intending some mischief in that direction, while he himself brought several frigates up to the front of the Montmorency end of the Beauport lines, which kept Lévis and his militia brigade there stationed sufficiently occupied, if not seriously damaged. Under cover of these distractions he moved 3,000 men across to the mouth of the Montmorency. Landing on the eastern side, his men clambered up the wooded heights in the face of some desultory resistance. They were now upon the same ridge as Montcalm's army, whose extreme left was but a musket-shot from them. But between the combatants was the mighty gorge down which the Montmorency plunged 250 feet on to the flats below. Here Wolfe at once began to erect an intrenched camp and batteries. Parties were sent up the wooded valley of the impetuous little river to clear it of enemies, to cut timber for fascines, and to hunt for a ford. They found no ford, but encountered 400 Indians, whom they finally repulsed, though not without loss. Wolfe was somewhat higher than the French left, and could now bombard it with considerable effect. But this was of little use, as the position was apparently impregnable to attack, and there seemed no way round it; for the only ford they did eventually find was three miles up, and that faced a steep cliff and was strongly fortified. The French lines, too, were only vulnerable in their rear, when compared to the inaccessible front with which Nature had provided them. Upon their left they were protected by a mass of woods, while along them ran a



QUEBEC FROM POINT LEVVIS, 1759.

1759] DESTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS

continuous line of stone farmhouses and other buildings and enclosures, which, Knox tells us, were all prepared for holding garrisons. Even if Wolfe could have brought 5,000 men round the upper waters of the Montmorency and through the big woods, for the delivery of a rear attack, what a loss and what a fearful risk would have attended such an enterprise! Canadian militia—and, be it remembered, there were over 3,000 veteran regulars here as well—were not very formidable in the open, but behind cover they were as good as grenadiers, and, loose in the woods, a great deal better. Lévis, who had command of the position, which was now engaged in an artillery duel and some outpost skirmishing with the British, was anxious to attack. Montcalm, whose only fear was Amherst, would not hear of it. "If we move them," he said, "they will be more mischievous elsewhere. Let them stay there and amuse themselves."

The rain of shot and shell continued to pour upon Quebec. Houses, churches, and monasteries, crashed and crumbled beneath the pitiless discharge. The great cathedral, where the memories and the trophies of a century's defiance of the accursed heretic had so thickly gathered, was gradually reduced to a skeleton of charred walls. The church of Notre Dame de la Victoire, erected in gratitude for the delivery of the city from the last and only previous attack upon it sixty years before, was one of the first buildings to suffer from the far more serious punishment of this one. Wolfe, though already suffering from more than his chronic ill-health, was ubiquitous and indefatigable; now behind Monckton's guns at Point Lévis, now with Townshend's batteries at Montmorency, now up the river, ranging with his glass those miles of

forbidding cliffs which he may already have begun to think he should one day have to climb. Some of Saunders' ships were in the Basin, between Orleans and Quebec, and frequently engaged with Montcalm's floating batteries; while in the meantime, the roar of artillery from a dozen different quarters filled the simmering July days, and lit the short summer nights with fiery shapes, and drew in fitful floods the roving thunder clouds that at this season of the year in North America are apt to lurk behind the serenest sky.

Fighting at close quarters there was, too, in plenty, though of an outpost and backwoods kind, Bois Herbert, with his painted Canadians and Abernakis Indians, and Stark and young Rogers with their colonial rangers—Greek against Greek—scalped each other with an hereditary ferocity that English and French regulars knew nothing of. In bringing a fleet up to Quebec, British sailors had already performed one feat pronounced impossible by Canadian tradition. They now still further upset their enemies' calculations by running the gauntlet of the batteries of Quebec and placing the *Sutherland*, with several smaller ships, at some distance up the river. This cost Montcalm 600 men, whom he had to send under Dumas to watch the squadron. But all this brought the end no nearer. Time was exceeding precious, and July was almost out. Necessary messages were continually passing under flags of truce, and superfluous notes of defiance sometimes accompanied them. "You may destroy the town," said De Ramezay to Wolfe, "but you will never get inside it." "I will take Quebec," replied the fiery stripling, "if I stay here till November."

Wolfe, however, was chafing sorely under a sense of impotence.¹ Montcalm would not stir. Why should he? And there seemed no single point at which he was even reasonably vulnerable to a far inferior force. Only one man in the army knew the enemy's ground, and that was Stobo, who was Washington's brother officer in the very first blow struck in this war, at Fort Necessity in 1754. He had been left at Fort Duquesne, it may be remembered, as a hostage on that occasion, whence he was forwarded to Quebec. A plan of Duquesne, drawn by him, however, had been found in Braddock's baggage, and he was sentenced to death, but managed to escape, and was now at Wolfe's side with a local knowledge that must have been acceptable.

Wolfe had now decided that some forward action was necessary, and he proceeded to select what seemed to him the only spot that offered the barest justification for the risk.

This was close to the Montmorency end of the Beauport lines, and July 31st was the date fixed for the enterprise, into which he purposed to bring four thousand men. Now in the short space between the foot of the falls and the St. Lawrence, the Montmorency was fordable at low tide, and Townshend, with 2,000 men from the British camp was to ford it here, and advance along the shore. Wolfe, with an equal number from Monckton's brigade at Point Lévis and the Isle of Orleans, was, at the same time, to approach in flat-bottomed boats over the shallows and land upon the narrow flats beneath the high embattled

¹ He was short of money too; and, in a former despatch to his Government, had somewhat quaintly remarked "this is, perhaps, the first siege that has been undertaken without it."

ATTACK ON THE BEAUPORT LINES

ridge which overlooked them. A frigate was brought up to make play on the French lines, and all the batteries of the Montmorency camp were to help sustain the attack, while a "cat," a kind of sailing raft, armed with several guns, was to be imbedded on the muddy shore.

At about ten in the morning the movement began from Point Lévis to the Isle of Orleans, and de Lévis and Montcalm from their high perch on the French redoubts had a clear view of everything that passed. They were puzzled what to make of it, and thinking a rear attack by the upper reaches of the Montmorency might be intended, sent 500 men to watch the ford. As the day went on, it became evident to Lévis that his own intrenchments were at one point or another the object of attack; but concentration for the French at any point on the Beauport lines was an easy matter. Wolfe had to await the ebbing tide for Townshend's corps to ford the mouth of the Montmorency, during which his own men were concentrated on the Point of Orleans. In the afternoon the *Centurion* frigate, the armed "cat," and the batteries across the falls opened on the French ridges. As the day waned Wolfe and his small force pushed out and rowed towards the flats, while Townshend awaited at the ford the signal to advance. The general, always in the front, soon came within the range of the French batteries, which opened with a brisk fire. He was three times struck by splinters, and his cane was knocked from his hand by a round shot. Worse still, the water at this point proved too shallow, and some of the boats ran upon ledges of rock or mud. A deeper passage, however, was quickly found, and the leading files, Grenadiers and Royal

MADNESS OF THE GRENADIERS

Americans, were, in due course, landed on the wet sand. A musket-shot in front, where dry ground and tide limit touched, was an outlying redoubt, which was at once rushed and cleared without difficulty. Now, however, comes the moment when Wolfe's plan of action would have developed. This has never yet been quite clear, in spite of his own despatches, but what immediately happened was of all things the least expected.

Beyond the captured redoubt were about 200 yards of flat ground, behind which abruptly rose the high ridge, where the French army lay intrenched. Wolfe may have intended a mere reconnoissance in force over the Flat, though he told Pitt he hoped to tempt the French down on to it. Townshend was nearing him, having just crossed the ford, while Monckton was in the very act of landing with a thousand men. Somewhat less than that number stood round Wolfe at the captured redoubt. But even with this respectable force, it seems incredible that he would have faced that steep hill, which by this time was lined by a great part of the French army. What was passing in that nimble mind just then, or what Wolfe would have done,—and he was not a man, with all his ardour, to throw his men's lives away,—no one will ever know. The Grenadiers and Royal Americans, under a thousand men in all, saved him the trouble of deciding. Seized with a sudden and unaccountable insanity, these veteran soldiers, without orders and without formation, without waiting for their companions, and in utter disregard of the invectives of their officers, who had nothing for it but to go with them, rushed with a wild shout upon the fatal slope. Slippery with recent rains, its summits bristling with

cannon and packed with 3,000 riflemen, half of whom were regulars, with other 10,000 men at ready call; never, surely, was there so pitiable a piece of madness. But it was long, too long, ere the hail of lead that swept down that steep and slippery slope up which these insubordinate heroes vainly and wildly struggled, could stop them. Black clouds had been gathering over head. A thunderstorm was mutely raging beneath the roar of over a hundred cannon and the din of countless rifles, and now at the most dramatic moment down fell the rain in sheets so fast and thick as to hide the combatants from each other, and effectually quench both their ardour and their fire. To support such an escapade would have been madness, and the survivors soon enough came straggling back through the storm, which quickly cleared and showed a streaming hillside covered with British dead and wounded. The 78th Highlanders were instantly sent forward to bring off the latter, already in imminent danger from Indian scalping-knives. Either from damp powder or a worthier cause the effort was allowed to pass with impunity, and the British retired despondently, some by land and some by water, bearing the wounded with them to their several camps. The mad and brief exploit, for which no officer high or low was responsible, cost Wolfe 443 men, including 33 officers. There we will leave it as one of the most unaccountable incidents in our military history, for the Grenadiers were picked men from three regiments at Louisbourg. Wolfe, with his usual consideration, went out of his way to show their officers that he wholly exonerated them from blame. In his orders the next morning, however, he soundly rated the men themselves for their "im-

petuous, irregular, and unsoldierlike proceeding," reminding them of the difficulty in which they had placed their comrades, and ironically asking if they supposed that they alone could beat the whole French army. He also wrote a despatch to Pitt, which remains as notable for the abilities it displays as for the disappointment it caused at the time.

Through the whole weary month of August little occurred that the exigencies of our space would justify recording. Montcalm, after the late affair, considered himself safe, and he even allowed two thousand Canadians to leave for the harvest. Wolfe had a thousand men of his small force sick or wounded in hospital. Amherst, it was reported, had taken Ticonderoga, but there was little likelihood of his getting through to their assistance. Prideaux, in the far West, as it then was, had captured Niagara. It was a great success, but it in no way helped Wolfe. In an army distinguished for its spirit the conviction was growing that the task set it was impossible. Montcalm would not stir out of his defences. "The old fox," writes Wolfe to his mother, "has a large army of bad troops, while I have a small army of good ones." But three parts of Montcalm's large army, like that of the Boers, were habitual riflemen, formidable behind cover, though comparatively useless in the open. People in England, too, who knew about as much of Quebec as of the mountains in the moon, had begun to grumble and to misdoubt this young general of Pitt's, though the coffee-houses could not show him the right road to glory, as their equivalents are apt to show his successors at the present day, for they had not the printed materials necessary for such a campaign. Worry, anxiety, and

hard work, too, had long been telling on Wolfe's feeble frame. "Don't talk to me of constitution," he had said, referring to a brother officer's case; "spirit will carry a man through anything." But human endurance has its limits, and on the 20th of August it was known through the army that the general, who had made himself the object of its entire devotion, could not rise from his bed. For nearly a week Wolfe lay prostrated with fever, and tortured with a despair that under the circumstances was inevitable to his physical prostration. The four walls of his sick-chamber in the farmhouse at Montmorency may well have typified to his fevered fancy the inaccessible barriers which upon every side in the larger arena without doors checked his advance to victory. He regarded himself, we know, as a ruined man, and had dread visions of his return to England, another unsuccessful general to be pelted by a public opinion which in truth, as regards military matters, he held in infinite scorn. On the 25th, however, "to the inconceivable joy," says honest Knox, "of the whole army," its beloved commander was reported out of danger, and he at once set his busy mind to work and called his brigadiers in council to see if anything could be done to utilize the short season that remained. When, on the 1st of September, Wolfe rose from his sick-bed, he had made up his mind to attempt the enterprise which cost him his frail life and gave immortality to himself, and a great colony to England.

It must not be supposed, however, that August had passed away in humdrum fashion. The guns had roared with tireless throats, and the lower town was a heap of ruins. Far away down both banks of

the St. Lawrence, the dogs of war had raged through seigneuries and hamlets. Between the upper and the nether millstone of Wolfe's proclamations and Montcalm's vengeance, the wretched peasantry were in a sore plight. Raided through and through by the fierce guerillas of North American warfare, swept bare of grain and cattle for Wolfe's army, the fugitives from smoking farms and hamlets were glad to seek refuge in the English lines, where the soldiers generously shared with them their meagre rations. More than one expedition had been sent up the river. Admiral Holmes, with over twenty ships, was already above the town, and had driven the French vessels, which had originally taken refuge there, to discharge their crews and run up shallow tributaries. Murray, with twelve hundred men, had been carried up as far as Deschambault, and had there done some successful but unprofitable fighting. The shore was strongly fortified at every accessible point. Montcalm depended wholly on that side for his supplies, for the lower country was entirely closed to him by the British. He lost Lévis, too, at this time, and 1,500 men, who, owing to Prideaux's victory and Amherst's steady advance, were required at Montreal. Another 1,500 men he had despatched under Bougainville to Cap Rouge, where the seven miles of cliff which made the north shore west of Quebec impregnable, ceased; and here that able officer intrenched himself at the mouth of a small stream.

Wolfe's intention now was to place every man that he could spare on board the ships in the upper river, and his entire force was reduced by death, wounds, and sickness to under 7,000 men. On September 3rd, with slight annoyance from an ill-directed cannon

fire, he removed the whole force at Montmorency across the water to the camps of Orleans or Point Lévis. On the following day all the troops at both these stations which were not necessary for their protection were paraded; for what purpose no one knew, least of all the French, who from their lofty lines could mark every movement in the wide panorama below, and were sorely puzzled and perturbed. Some great endeavour was in the wind, beyond a doubt; but both Wolfe and his faithful ally, the admiral, did their utmost to disguise its import. And for this very reason it would be futile, even if necessary, to follow the fluctuating manœuvres that for the next few days kept the enemy in constant agitation: the sudden rage of batteries here, the threatening demonstrations of troop-laden boats there, the constant and bewildering movement of armed ships at every point. It was well designed and industriously maintained, for the sole purpose of harassing the French and covering Wolfe's real intention. On the night of September 4th the general was well enough to dine with Monckton's officers at Point Lévis, but the next day he was again prostrate with illness, to the great anxiety of his army. He implored the doctor to "patch him up sufficiently for the work in hand; after that nothing mattered." Chronic gravel and rheumatism, with a sharp low fever, aggravated by a mental strain of the severest kind, all preying on a sickly frame, were what the indomitable spirit therein imprisoned had to wrestle with. On the 6th, however, Wolfe struggled up, and during that day and the next superintended the march of his picked column, numbering some 4,000 men, up the south bank of the

1759] TROOPS ASCEND THE RIVER

river. Forging, near waist-deep, the Etchemain river, they were received beyond its mouth by the boats of the fleet, and as each detachment arrived conveyed on board. The 48th, however, 700 strong, were left, under Colonel Burton, near Point Lévis to await orders.

The fleet, with Wolfe and some 3,600 men on board, now moved up to Cap Rouge, behind which, at the first dip in the high barrier of cliffs, was Bougainville with 1,500 men (soon afterwards increased), exclusive of 300 serviceable light cavalry. The cove here was intrenched, and the French commander was so harried with feigned attacks that he and his people had no rest. At the same time, so well was the universal activity maintained that Montcalm, eight miles below, was led to expect a general attack at the mouth of the Charles river, under the city. Throughout the 8th and 9th the weather was dark and rainy and the wind from the east, an unfavourable combination for a movement requiring the utmost precision. On the 10th the troops from the crowded ships were landed to dry their clothes and accoutrements. Wolfe and his brigadiers now finally surveyed that line of cliffs which Montcalm had declared a hundred men could hold against the whole British army. It was defended here and there by small posts. Below one of these, a mile and a half above the city, the traces of a zigzag path up the bush-covered precipice could be made out, though Wolfe could not see that even this was barricaded. Here, at the now famous Anse du Foulon, he decided to make his attempt.

The ships, however, kept drifting up and down between Cap Rouge and the city, with a view to maintaining the suspense of the French. Each morning

Wolfe's general orders to the soldiers were to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action, with as full directions for their conduct as was compatible with the suppression of the spot at which they were to fight. On the night of the 11th the troops were reimbarbed, and instructions sent to Burton to post the 48th on the south shore opposite the Anse du Foulon. On the following day, Wolfe published his last orders, and they contained a notable sentence: "A vigorous blow struck by the army at this juncture may determine the fate of Canada." Almost at the same moment his gallant opponent from his headquarters at Beauport was writing to Bourlamaque at Montreal that he gave the enemy a month or less to stay, but that he himself had no rest night or day, and had not had his boots or clothes off for a fortnight. Another Frenchman was informing his friends that what they knew of that "impetuous, bold, and intrepid warrior, Monsieur Wolfe," gave them reason to suppose he would not leave them without another attack.

A suspicious calm brooded over the British squadron off Cap Rouge as Bougainville watched it from the shore throughout the whole of the 12th. The men were under orders to drop into their boats at nine, and were doubtless busy looking to their arms and accoutrements. Wolfe had sent for his old schoolfellow, "Jacky" Jervis, afterwards the famous admiral, who was commanding a sloop in the river. It was a matter of private business, and as the two sat together in the cabin of the *Sutherland* the general took a miniature of Miss Lowther,¹ his *fiancée*, from

¹ It is a curious coincidence that the heroines of both Wolfe's love affairs should have come, and that through no connection with

around his neck, and remarking that he did not expect to survive the battle he hoped to fight upon the following day, requested Jervis in such case to deliver the portrait to the lady, who, it may be added became, six years later, the last Duchess of Bolton, and lived to be seventy-five.

By a preconcerted arrangement the day was spent after a very different fashion in the basin of Quebec. Constant artillery fire and the continual movement of troops against various parts of the Beauport lines engaged the whole attention of Montcalm, who had, in fact, little notion what a number of men had gone up the river with Wolfe. When night fell upon the ruined city and the flickering camp fires of the long French lines, the tumult grew louder and the anxiety greater. The batteries of Point Lévis and the guns of Saunders' ships redoubled their efforts. Amid the roar of the fierce artillery, served with an activity not surpassed during the whole siege, Montcalm, booted and spurred, with his black charger saddled at the door, awaited some night attack. The horse would be wanted yet, but for a longer ride than his master anticipated, and, as it so turned out, for his last one. Up the river at Cap Rouge all was silence, a strange contrast to the din below. The night was fine, but each other, but quite fortuitously, from the same group of families as it were, in a remote corner of England, which Wolfe in a social sense never even visited. Isell Hall, whence came Miss Lawson, is still a residence of the family; a beautiful specimen of the border Peel tower enlarged during the Tudor period into a mansion; romantically situated on the banks of the Derwent between Cockermouth and Bassenthwaite. Meaburn Hall, Kate Lowther's early home, though now a somewhat inaccessible farmhouse, between Shap and Appleby, on the Lowther estates, remains a most interesting and picturesque specimen, both inside and out, of the Tudor manor house of the border country.

dark, and was some three hours old when a single light gleamed of a sudden from the *Sutherland's* mainmast. It was the signal for 1,600 men to drop quietly into their boats. A long interval of silence and suspense then followed, till at two o'clock the tide began to ebb, when a second lantern glimmered from Wolfe's ship. The boats now pushed off and drifted quietly down in long procession under the deep shadow of the high northern shore.

The ships followed at some distance with the remainder of the force under Townshend, the 48th, it will be remembered, awaiting them below. The distance to be traversed was six miles, and there were two posts on the cliffs to be passed. French provision boats had been in the habit of stealing down in the night, and to this fact, coupled with the darkness, it seems Wolfe trusted much. He was himself in one of the leading boats, and the story of his reciting "Gray's Elegy," in solemn tones while he drifted down, as he hoped, to victory and, as he believed, to death, rests on good authority.¹ The tide was running fast, so that the rowers could ply their oars with a minimum of disturbance. From both posts upon the cliff their presence was noticed, and the challenge of a sentry rang out clear upon the silent night. On each occasion a Highland officer who spoke French perfectly replied that they were a provision convoy, to the satisfaction of the challengers. But the risk was undeniable, and illustrates the hazardous nature of the enterprise. Wolfe's friend, Captain Howe, brother of the popular young nobleman who fell at Ticonderoga, with a small body of picked

¹ That of Professor Robison of Edinburgh University, who was present as a midshipman.

soldiers, was to lead the ascent, and as the boats touched the narrow beach of the Anse du Foulon he and his volunteers leaped rapidly on shore. Some of the boats accidentally overran the spot, but it made little difference, as the narrow path was, in any case, found to be blocked, and the eager soldiers were forced to throw themselves upon the rough face of the cliff, which was here over 200 feet high, but fortunately sprinkled thick with stunted bushes. Swiftly and silently Howe and his men scrambled up its steep face. No less eagerly the men behind, as boat after boat discharged its load of redcoats under Wolfe's eye on the narrow shore, followed in their precarious steps. Day was just beginning to glimmer as the leading files leaped out on to the summit and rushed upon the handful of astonished Frenchmen before them, who fired a futile volley and fled. They captured, however, the officer of the guard. It was De Vergor, who, it will be remembered, made such a poor defence at Beausejour, in Nova Scotia, whither Bigot had sent him to improve his fortunes. He was really in bad luck this time, though he has been made a scapegoat of by French writers. An attack at such a point may well have seemed improbable. "The difficulty of the ascent," wrote Admiral Saunders to the Ministry, "was scarcely credible." The single narrow path, too, the only presumable approach, had been blocked; but Wolfe's men were dragging themselves up all along the cliff, and even if De Vergor's small guard had been more wide awake, it is doubtful if they could have stopped such determined men. But the shots and cries had alarmed other posts at some distance off, yet near enough to fire in the direction of the landing boats.

ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM [1759

It was too late, however; the path had now been cleared of obstacles, and the British were swarming on to the plateau. The first sixteen hundred men had been rapidly disembarked, and the boats were already dashing back for Townshend's brigade, who were approaching in the ships, and for the 48th, who awaited them on the opposite shore.

The scattered French posts along the summit were easily dispersed. while the main army at Beauport, some miles away, on the far side of the city, were as yet unconscious of danger. Bougainville and his force back at Cap Rouge were as far off and as yet no wiser. Quebec had just caught the alarm, but its weak and heterogeneous garrison had no power for combined mobility. By six o'clock Wolfe had his whole force of 4,300 men drawn up on the plateau, with their backs to the river and their faces to the north. Leaving the Royal Americans, 540 strong, to guard the landing-place, and with a force thus reduced to under 4,000, he now marched towards the city, bringing his left round at the same time in such fashion as to face the western walls scarcely a mile distant. As Wolfe drew up his line of battle on that historic ridge of tableland known as the Plains of Abraham, his right rested on the cliff above the river, while his left approached the then brushy slope which led down towards the St. Charles Valley. He had outmanœuvred Montcalm; it now remained only to crush him. Of this Wolfe had not much doubt, though such confidence may seem sufficiently audacious for the leader of 4,000 men, with twice that number in front of him and half as many in his rear, both forces commanded by brave and skilful generals. But Wolfe counted on quality,

not on numbers, which Montcalm himself realized were of doubtful efficacy at this crucial moment.

The French general, in the meantime, had been expecting an attack all night at Beauport, and his troops had been lying on their arms. It was about six o'clock when the astounding news was brought him that the British were on the plateau behind the city. The Scotch Jacobite, the Chevalier Johnstone, who has left us an account of the affair, was with him at the time, and they leaped on their horses—he to give the alarm towards Montmorency, the general to hasten westwards by Vaudreuil's quarters to the city. "This is a serious business," said Montcalm to Johnstone as he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks. Vaudreuil, who in his braggart, amateur fashion had been "crushing the English" with pen and ink and verbal eloquence this last six weeks, now collapsed, and Montcalm, who knew what a fight in the open with Wolfe meant, hastened himself to hurry forward every man that could be spared. Fifteen hundred militia were left to guard the Beauport lines, while the bulk of the army poured in a steady stream along the road to Quebec, over the bridge of the St. Charles, some up the slopes beyond, others through the tortuous streets of the city, on to the Plains of Abraham. Montcalm, by some at the time, and by many since, has been blamed for precipitating the conflict, but surely not with justice! He had every reason to count on Bougainville and his 2,300 men, who were no further from Wolfe's rear than he himself was from the English front. The British held the entire water. Wolfe once entrenched on the plateau, the rest of his army, guns and stores could be brought up at will, and the city defences on that

side were almost worthless. Lastly, provisions with the French were woefully scarce; the lower country had been swept absolutely bare. Montcalm depended on Montreal for every mouthful of food, and Wolfe was now between him and his source of supply.

By nine o'clock Montcalm had all his men in front of the western walls of the city and was face to face with Wolfe, only half a mile separating them. His old veterans of William Henry, Oswego, and Ticonderoga were with him, the reduced regiments of Béarn, Royal Rousillon, Languedoc, La Sarre and La Guienne, some 1,300 strong, with 700 colony regulars and a cloud of militia and Indians. Numbers of these latter had been pushed forward as skirmishers into the thickets, woods, and cornfields which fringed the battlefield, and had caused great annoyance and some loss to the British, who were lying down in their ranks, reserving their strength and their ammunition for a supreme effort. Three pieces of cannon, too, had been brought to play on them—no small trial to their steadiness; for, confident of victory, it was not to Wolfe's interest to join issue till Montcalm had enough of his men upon the ridge to give finality to such a blow. At the same time the expected approach of Bougainville in the rear had to be watched for and anticipated. It was indeed a critical and anxious moment. The 48th regiment were stationed as a reserve of Wolfe's line, though to act as a check rather to danger from Bougainville than as a support to the front attacks in which they took no part. Part, too, of Townshend's brigade, who occupied the left of the line nearest to the wooded slopes in which the plain terminated, were drawn up *en potence*, or at right

angles to the main column, in case of attacks from flank or rear. The Bougainville incident is, in fact a feature of this critical struggle that has been too generally ignored, but in such a fashion that inferences might be drawn, and have been drawn, detrimental to that able officer's sagacity. Theoretically he should have burst on the rear of Wolfe's small army, as it attacked Montcalm, with more than 2,300 tolerable troops. He was but six miles off, and it was now almost as many hours since the British scaled the cliff. Pickets and a small battery or two between himself and Wolfe had been early in the morning actually engaged. The simple answer is that Bougainville remained ignorant of what was happening. Nothing but an actual messenger coming through with the news would have enlightened him, and in the confusion none came till eight o'clock. The sound of desultory firing borne faintly against the wind from the neighbourhood of the city had little significance for him. It was a chronic condition of affairs, and Bougainville's business was to watch the upper river, where an attack was really expected. It was a rare piece of good fortune for Wolfe that the confusion among the French was so great as to cause this strange omission. But then it was Wolfe's daring that had thus robbed a brave enemy of their presence of mind and created so pardonable a confusion.

The constituents of that ever-memorable line of battle which Wolfe drew up on the Plains of Abraham must of a surety not be grudged space in this chapter. On the right towards the cliffs of the St. Lawrence were the 28th, the 35th, the 43rd, and the Louisbourg Grenadiers under Monckton. In the centre, under Murray, were the 47th, 58th, and the

78th Highlanders. With Townshend on the left were the 15th (*en potence*) and the 2nd battalion of the 60th or Royal Americans—in all somewhat over 3,000 men. In reserve, as already stated, was Burton with the 48th, while Howe with some light infantry occupied the woods still farther back, and the 3rd battalion of the 60th guarded the landing-place. None of these last corps joined in the actual attack.

When Montcalm, towards ten o'clock, under a cloudy but fast-clearing sky, gave the order to advance, he had, at the lowest estimate from French sources, about 3,500 men, exclusive of Indians and flanking skirmishers, who may be rated at a further 1,500. The armies were but half a mile apart, and the French regulars and militia, being carefully but perhaps injudiciously blended along their whole line, went forward with loud shouts to the attack.

The British, formed in a triple line, now sprang to their feet and moved steadily forward to receive the onset of the French. Wolfe had been hit on the wrist, but hastily binding up the shattered limb with his handkerchief, he now placed himself at the head of the Louisbourg Grenadiers, whose temerity against the heights of Beauport, in July, he had so soundly rated. He had issued strict orders that his troops were to load with two bullets, and to reserve their fire till the enemy were at close quarters. He was nobly obeyed, though the French columns came on firing wildly and rapidly at long range, the militia throwing themselves down, after their backwoods custom, to reload, to the disadvantage of the regular regiments among whom they were mixed. The British fire, in spite of considerable punishment, was admir-

ably restrained, and when delivered it was terrible. Knox tells us the French received it at forty paces, that the volleys sounded like single cannon shots, so great was the precision, and French officers subsequently declared they had never known anything like it. Whole gaps were rent in the French ranks, and in the confusion which followed, the British reloaded with deliberation, poured in yet another deadly volley, and with a wild cheer rushed upon the foe. They were the pick of a picked army, and the shattered French, inured to arms in various ways though was every man of them, had not a chance. Montcalm's 2,000 regulars were ill supported by the still larger number of their comrades, who, unsurpassed behind breastworks or in forest warfare, were of little use before such an onslaught. The rush of steel, of bayonet on the right and centre, of broadsword on the left, swept everything before it and soon broke the French into a flying mob, checked here and there by brave bands of white-coated regulars, who offered a brief but futile resistance. Wolfe, in the meantime, was eagerly pressing forward at the head of his Grenadiers, while behind him were the 28th and the 35th, of Lake George renown. One may not pause here to speculate on the triumph that must at such a moment have fired the bright eyes that redeemed his homely face and galvanised the sickly frame into a very Paladin of old as sword in hand he led his charging troops. Such inevitable reflections belong rather to his own story than to that of the long war which he so signally influenced, and it was now, in the very moment of victory, as all the world well knows, that he fell. He was twice hit in rapid succession—a ball in the groin which did not stop

him, and a second through the lungs, against which his high courage fought in vain. He was seen to stagger by Lieutenant Browne of the Grenadiers and 2nd regiment, who rushed forward to his assistance. "Support me," exclaimed Wolfe, "lest my gallant fellows should see me fall." But the lieutenant was just too late, and the wounded hero sank to the ground; not, however, before he was also seen by Mr. Henderson, a volunteer, and almost immediately afterwards by an officer of artillery, Col. Williamson, and a private soldier whose name has not been preserved. The accurate Knox himself was not far off, and this is the account given him by Browne that same evening, and seems worthy to hold the field against the innumerable claims that have been set up in the erratic interests of "family tradition":—

These four men carried the dying general to the rear, and by his own request, being in great pain, laid him upon the ground. He refused to see a surgeon, declared it was all over with him, and sank into a state of torpor. "They run! see how they run!" cried out one of the officers. "Who run?" asked Wolfe, suddenly rousing himself. "The enemy, sir; egad, they give way everywhere." "Go one of you, my lads," said the dying general, "with all speed to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march down to the St. Charles River and cut off the retreat of the fugitives to the bridge." He then turned on his side, and exclaiming, "God be praised, I now die in peace," sank into insensibility, and in a short time, on the ground of his victory which for all time was to influence the destinies of mankind, gave up his life contentedly at the very moment, to quote Pitt's stirring eulogy, "when his fame began."

CHAPTER XI

WITH the fall of Wolfe, the chief command devolved on Monckton; but that gallant officer, like his chief, was stretched upon the ground with a ball through his lungs, though the wound in this case was happily not a fatal one. It then fell upon Townshend to clinch the victory won by the man whom he alone of all the army had been inclined to belittle, and no fault can be found with the fashion in which he did it.

The main part of the battle was over in twenty minutes. Montcalm's army was swept in such headlong rout and confusion from the field that isolated efforts to stem the tide were futile, and the brave French general, who, mounted on his black horse, had done his utmost to rally the broken troops, was now in this bitter hour himself struck down with a mortal wound. But on either flank of the actual battlefield there had been resistance of a most effective kind. Large bodies of Canadian irregulars and Indians had thrown themselves into the bordering woods, and poured a hot fire into the victorious British. There were no Rangers on the spot, and it had fallen to the lot of the Highlanders and light infantry to clear the woods as they advanced. The former, rashly trusting to their broadswords only, lost 160 out of 600 men, mostly in this perilous performance.

After a time, however, these flanking sharpshooters of the enemy were driven from their cover to swell the panic-stricken mob of fugitives who were choking the gates of Quebec and the approaches to the bridge over the St. Charles. The guns of the city, however, had no immediate reason to share in the general paralysis, and Townshend sounded the recall as they began to play upon his pursuing troops. Trenching tools and guns were being rapidly brought up from the Anse du Foulon, and no time was lost in strengthening the position. An advanced party of Bougainville's force had actually attacked the rear during the battle, but the troops left in reserve had repulsed them without difficulty. The main column now arrived, but it was too late, for Montcalm's army had vanished, and 4,000 veterans flushed with victory barred the way.

The loss of the French during the action was about 1,500, including 250 prisoners. Of the British, 58 were killed and 597 wounded. Knox tells us that many of the French officers who were taken were still haunted with fears of vengeance for Fort William Henry, and with bared heads protested earnestly that they had taken no part in that lamentable massacre. Montcalm, shot through the abdomen, lay dying within the ruined town. When told that he had only twelve hours to live, he professed satisfaction, since he would not in that case be a witness of the surrender of the city. He declared that as he was fated to be beaten, he was glad it was by so brave an enemy. He refused to issue any more orders, saying his time was too short, and he would fain be left alone. He did not, however, forget his soldiers, and dictated a generous note

to Townshend, on behalf of his prisoners and the Canadians generally, assuring him at the same time of his confidence in the humanity of the English.

"Be their protector," he winds up with touching quaintness, "as I have been their father."

The brave gentleman and able soldier died before the dawn. In the confusion no coffin was forthcoming. His remains were placed in a deal box, and, escorted by a few officers of the garrison and a troop of women and children, were borne to the chapel of the Ursulines, and deposited in a grave made by the bursting of a British shell.

Vaudreuil, in the meantime, met the fugitives from the battlefield at the bridge over the St. Charles, where there was a scene of indescribable confusion. Every one had lost their heads, and veteran officers were clamouring for a surrender, crying out that the British were upon them, and that they would be cut to pieces.

The British, as a matter of fact, had ceased from the pursuit, and were concentrating on their lines, worn out with exhaustion and fatigue. Nothing, however, could allay the panic of the French, which indeed passed all reason. A council of war was called. Vaudreuil loudly blamed Montcalm for precipitating a conflict which he himself carefully shirked, and then proceeded to give a taste of his courage and generalship by urging a retreat up the river of the whole army. In the demoralized state of the French his suggestions met with an only too ready response. The whole position of Beauport was abandoned, just as it stood, tents and all, to be looted by country people and the Indians. Bougainville was notified of the movement, and at dark

FLIGHT OF THE FRENCH ARMY [1759

that same evening the entire French force, except the militiamen who deserted to their homes and the feeble garrison within the city, were hurrying round the British position at a pace which the Chevalier Johnstone, who was with them, calls a disgraceful rout. Not only Montcalm, but Senezergue and De L'Ours, his second and third in command, had been mortally wounded. De Ramezay, with a thousand quite inefficient men, mere citizens for the most part, was left in the city with instructions to surrender if an assault should be threatened. This remnant were not lacking in spirit, and had endured the siege without murmur, but to expect more of them at this moment was ridiculous. If the French army, they justly urged, was afraid to again face Wolfe's victorious battalions, what could be expected of a few hundred half-starved old men and boys, with only a score or two sailors and soldiers to stiffen them?

The French army, in the meantime, did not stay their rapid flight till they had placed thirty miles behind them and reached Jacques Cartier on the St. Lawrence. A message had been sent on the day of battle to Lévis at Montreal, who was now in chief command, and Vaudreuil's expectations that he would descend the river and meet them at Jacques Cartier were well founded. When that brave and vigorous soldier reached the camp of the fugitive army he was filled with indignation, 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 demoralized 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 emphasized 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 scarcely dried. The terms were favourable, for Townshend's position was none too secure, and without loss of time he marched his army into the ruined town, which had yet another siege to endure, though its details have been hopelessly obscured by the glamour of the first one. It will be our duty in the succeeding chapter to say something of an episode in British history that is not without honour, but, for the reason, no doubt, just mentioned, is utterly without fame.

In regard to this memorable 18th of September it only remains to tell how the re-invigorated French army learnt that night at St. Augustin that they were too late, and that the British flag was already floating over the ruins of the proud city which for a century and a half had been almost more French than France herself.

Of the still more famous 13th of the same month what more can be said? It is my business to follow out the campaign to its termination, and in so doing to seem, perhaps, a destroyer of landmarks, a disturber of time-honoured traditions. I should like, however, so far as my own study of these wars teaches me, to endorse rather than to disturb ancient landmarks. The fight upon the Plains of Abraham, beyond all doubt or question, settled the fate of Canada, and eliminated the Frenchman as a governing factor in the life of the western continent. It did yet more, for if the republic of the United States was born at Yorktown, its seeds were surely sown

on the plateau of Quebec. In all history there is no more dramatic episode; at the same time it would be hard to name one that had more influence on the future of the world.

The infinite significance of the achievement was, of course, in great part hidden from the eyes of those who shared in or applauded it. But the immediate value of the victory was patent enough to the meanest intelligence. When the news arrived in England, following so closely as it did on tidings of a disheartening kind, there was an outburst of enthusiasm that, though tempered in one sense, was in another stimulated to an even greater excess of emotion by the victor's glorious death. All England blazed with bonfires and resounded with pealing bells, but the grief for Wolfe, mingled with the sounds of triumph, Burke tells us was most noticeable. "The loss of a genius in war is a loss that we know not how to repair." "The people," says Walpole, "triumphed and wept; for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, curiosity, astonishment were painted on every countenance. Not an incident but was heroic and affecting!" The recent doubters abased themselves, the tongues of envy which had freely wagged were silenced. Townshend, who failed significantly to do full honour in his despatches to his dead rival, was driven amid much obloquy to defend himself in print, which he did but tamely. The affection with which the army he commanded regarded their fallen chief could be instanced by a flood of written testimony: "Our joy is inexpressibly damped," wrote Knox on the evening of the 13th, "by the loss of one of the greatest heroes that this or any age can boast of."

But all further eulogy on Wolfe must be resisted. Though the crucial blow of the war had been struck and the striker was dead, there was yet much to be done and much even to be suffered before the end came. For the present, seeing we must return later to Quebec, it will be sufficient to state that Murray was left in command of the shattered city with almost all the troops that survived the campaign, and that on October 17th Admiral Saunders and his ships sailed for England, carrying with them the embalmed body of the dead soldier whose endeavours they had from first to last so loyally seconded.

The *Royal William*, bearing the remains, arrived at Portsmouth on November the 17th. Amid the firing of minute guns from the fleet, the tolling of muffled bells, and the hushed silence of a vast concourse of spectators, the funeral cortége wound its way through the town on the long road to London.

Wolfe was laid by his father's side in the family vault at Greenwich church, while the bulky monument in Westminster Abbey commemorates a nation's gratitude if it does no great credit to its taste.

While, with 8,000 men, Wolfe had gone to encounter Montcalm and Lévis, and take Quebec, Amherst, with almost as many good troops and 5,000 provincials in addition, had proceeded against Bourlamaque, who, with what forces could be spared from the main army, was to defend the Champlain route to Canada. That Wolfe succeeded and his chief failed is a fact of history that, reduced to bare figures, creates an unfair inference. The former won success by genius and dash which we may almost fancy compelled the assistance which an admiring fortune gave

him. The latter failed from the lack of such inspiration as is heaven-born and given to but a few. He was thorough, and careful, and made almost no mistakes; but he had great difficulties to contend with, and did not succeed, this year at least, in attracting the smiles of fortune.

Amherst was, in truth, a good soldier and a man of tact as well. He was well liked in America, though he had to face the bad odour which the hapless Abercromby had left behind him. This, however, in the provinces which had reason to complain, he had no difficulty in surmounting. It was in those rather who had none, but on the contrary owed their deliverance from three years of frontier war, and misery and massacre, to the self-sacrifice of Forbes, that obstruction and discontent met his friendly overtures.

In Philadelphia, where the brave Scotchman had just laid down his life, and whither Amherst went early in the year to talk about reinforcements and Indian affairs, he found no gratitude whatever for the routing of the French and Indian upon the long-harried Pennsylvania border. There was much grumbling at having to shelter the troops who had fought and bled for them, and still more because government had not yet met the claims of team-owners and hucksters, whose impositions the honest Forbes, it will be remembered, had denounced in unmeasured terms. The fact was, that every one in government employ in America, from Amherst and Wolfe down to the meanest private, had to wait for their money. It was a time of supreme effort and self-denial, and a moment well worth it, if ever there was one. Still it was aggravated by scandalous

negligence on the part of Barrington, the English Secretary for War. Amherst was immensely hampered, and had to occupy himself in urging the provincial governments to temporary financial expedients, which was not easy, as the credit of the imperial government had suffered greatly.

After finding the garrison for Fort Pitt, as Duquesne was now called, and that of a few smaller posts, the southern colonies, freed at length from all fear of French or Indian, relapsed into their wonted calm of tobacco-planting, visit-paying, fox-hunting and mild wrangling with their governors. They appear no more in this war, in which they had indeed figured somewhat poorly, while their borderers, who were for the most part a race unto themselves, set to work to re-occupy the ravaged districts along the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. Washington, with no further prospect of active service, now retired to matrimony and country life. He had gone straight to Virginia off the long and arduous return march with the dying Forbes, accompanied, by several of his friends among the British officers, and married in their presence the handsome and well-dowered widow, Mrs. Custis. He was personally thanked for his past services by the House of Burgesses, and his inability to reply to the Speaker's eulogistic address drew from that gentleman a happy remark, which, together with the incident, has become historic: "Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty equals your valour." Remembering Washington's outspoken criticisms of his legislature and the feeble support it had given him, one might well imagine that his heart was too full for words, and as a simple, straightforward man, he considered that the less said the better.

Pennsylvania in the meantime was so backward in voting the troops Amherst asked for that he threatened to remove all the garrisons from her frontier, a threat which brought matters to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion. For it must not be forgotten that there was a sturdy minority, even in Philadelphia, who had felt bitterly the part played by the Legislature, while the Western Counties had on one occasion threatened to march upon the city and compel the House to take military action. The Northern Colonies, on the other hand, swallowed the memory of Abercromby, made the best of financial difficulties, and came forward handsomely. New York found 3,000 men, and even little Jersey, almost the only province without an exposed frontier, supplied a regiment a thousand strong, while New England, as usual, was in no way backward.

Colonel and Brigadier Prideaux, who had just landed, was to lead a force up the Mohawk route, rebuild Oswego and attack Niagara. Amherst himself, as we know, was for the Northern road. Albany was the starting-point for both armies, and once again when the ice melted and the spring opened it resounded with the din of arms, and the thrifty Dutch traders reaped the harvest that of necessity accrued from the prolonged presence of nearly 20,000 armed men. Once more the rough forest road from Fort Edward on the Hudson to Lake George was beaten hard by a steady stream of marching troops, of guns and wagons, and the old trysting place at the lake head was again gay with tents and varied uniforms, and the bay itself dark with boats. Amherst had collected here 6,000 regulars and nearly 5,000 provincials. There were 2,000 Highlanders. with the

17th, 27th, 53rd regiments, and 1st battalion of the 60th, besides light infantry under Gage; Rangers, who now ranked as regulars, as well they may have, and the usual small complement of artillerymen.

The inevitable delays in mustering and provisioning the colonial troops had occurred, and it was the 20th of July when another pageant, no less gorgeous than that of Abercromby in the previous year, and with more hopeful prospects, floated down the lake. The troops landed without opposition on the east bank of the river outlet, and marched without hindrance across to the saw-mills whence Abercromby had delivered his ill-timed and ill-fated assault. Crossing the stream, the scouts found the famous redoubt of Ticonderoga stronger than ever, but to their surprise unoccupied. Bourtoulamaque was stationed here with nearly 4,000 men—more, in fact, than Montcalm had used on the same spot with such deadly effect. But Amherst was not Abercromby, as Bourtoulamaque knew very well, and would have knocked those wooden walls to pieces in an hour. The French were in the stone fortress on the point. The preliminary operation of a siege, with some little skirmishing in the woods which were full of French Indians, went on. Bourtoulamaque, however, was under orders from Vaudreuil to make his stand at another point. So on the night of the 26th, he and his garrison embarked quietly on the lake, abandoning the fort. After the last man had left, a dull roar, followed by a tremendous explosion, burst on the summer night as part of the masonry of the fort was hurled skywards. Sheets of flame flared from the débris making a grand and awful spectacle, while against the light of the flames the abandoned French

flag was seen streaming in the wind. A sergeant of Gage's corps, with four privates, rushed forward and achieved the perilous task of snatching the trophy from the blazing buildings. Thus, in dramatic fashion, fell Ticonderoga, for years the armed gate of Canada, the barrier to invading armies, and the scourge of the Northern frontiers, as Duquesne had been to those of the lower colonies.

The French had temporarily retired to their second fort at Crown Point, ten miles down the lake, and Amherst in his deliberate fashion followed them, but only to find this also gutted and abandoned. Bourlamaque had carried his army to the extreme end of Lake Champlain, and, according to his instructions, prepared to resist Amherst at the île-aux-Noix. This last was an island in the centre of the Richelieu River, the waterway to Canada and a position of great natural strength. But in spite of the numbers and spirit of his force, and his own skill, Amherst was now stopped by an obstacle, small enough in itself, but insuperable. This was the presence on the lake of four vicious little French vessels, armed with cannon and manned with sailors. Amherst had nothing to cope with them. It is often said that as their existence was no secret, he should have provided himself with a superior armament, building it on Wood Creek early in the season. But it was too late for regrets; he had now to sit down and create his little fleet with the sole assistance of the historic but inefficient saw-mill near Ticonderoga.

It was now only the beginning of August, and his ships were not finished till the middle of October, by which time there was little hope of reaching Canada, and none whatever of assisting Wolfe, of whom no

news had come. Three messengers had been sent to him: one of them had got through, but the others were caught and sent to Montcalm. Amherst had a passion for fort building, and having patched up Ticonderoga, he decided to restore and enlarge Crown Point, which, standing out on a promontory at the narrowest part of the lake, was eminently the key to the whole situation. Three thousand men were now set to work upon the fortress. Others worked upon the ships. The remainder practised their manœuvres or fished in the lake, while the Rangers, under Rogers, scoured the woods.

Our invaluable traveller, Dr. Kalm, had been staying at Crown Point a few years earlier in the piping times of peace, as a guest of the commandant, M. Lusignan. He gives a delightful account of the almost idyllic life led by the garrison at this romantic spot. The fort, he tells us, was a quadrangle with high stone walls, rendered still more formidable in some parts by the steep rocks over the lake on which they stood. At one end was a high stone tower mounted with guns from base to summit while in the enclosure were excellent stone houses for the men and officers and a chapel. On the shore adjoining the fort were cleared fields, where the garrison cows wandered and where every private soldier had his garden. The commandant was a man of culture and varied information. The soldiers, though in no way disrespectful, seemed on the friendliest terms with their officers. They were sufficiently paid and admirably fed, for the woods were full of game, the lake of fish, and a holiday could always be had for the asking. The men served till they were forty or fifty years old, when, as we know, the king presented them with a

farm and provided them with food for the first two or three years, and sometimes even with a wife. The learned Professor gazed with admiration at the lofty wood-clad masses of the Adirondacks behind the fort, and marked across the lake the long, level plain of then virgin forest, backed by the swelling ridges of the green mountains, from which the State of Vermont took its name. He rambled everywhere, noting birds and flowers and trees and rocks, these things being his immediate business. He also tells us of a stone windmill, mounted with cannon—so placed as to command a splendid view of the water towards Ticonderoga—whence the hostile barks of the British or their Iroquois allies could be seen approaching. All this was in 1749, and though blood enough had been shed even then along these lakes, neither the Doctor nor his host could have guessed what warlike pageants and stirring scenes they were yet to witness.

News came to Amherst in August of the capture of Niagara and the death of Prideaux, upon which he at once despatched Gage to take command. The two months at Crown Point were not wholly inactive ones. They were marked, at any rate, by one of the most sensational pieces of dare-devil enterprise that even Robert Rogers ever achieved.

Now there was a large settlement of Abernakis Indians on the St. Francis River about 180 miles north of Crown Point, near Montreal, and far in Bourlamiague's rear. They had been settled there for several generations under the protection of the French, and were what the Canadian Church was pleased to call Christians, observing, that is to say, in ignorant fashion, the mere outward forms of the Roman Church,

but in practical Christianity being no better than the darkest western savage. Perhaps they were even worse as inter-tribal obligations had been cast off, and they had no limitations to their lust of blood. They were invaluable, however, to the Canadians, and the scourge of the New England frontier. Rogers set out on September 13th with 230 picked men, to read them a lesson. "Take your revenge," Amherst told him; "but though these villains have promiscuously murdered our women and children of all ages, it is my orders that none of theirs are killed or hurt."

Rogers and his party stole along the western shore of Lake Champlain in whale boats, unobserved by the French cruisers, as far as Missisquoi Bay, 90 miles to the northward. There he hid his boats, leaving some friendly Indians to watch if they were discovered, and bring him word. He had now another 90 miles to march through the trackless forest, overlapped upon every side by enemies. His Indian watchers soon overtook him with the information that his boats were destroyed, and that a large force of French were in hot pursuit. With this crushing blow the courage of Rogers and his men rose rather than fell. They determined to press on, keep ahead of their pursuers, destroy the Indian hornets' nest at St. Francis, and then, sweeping to the eastward, make for the frontier of New England. Perhaps a closer knowledge of local topography, and of the then state of the country, than could be expected of the general reader is required to quite grasp the daring of Rogers' exploit and the woodcraft that made it possible. He sent a message back to Amherst to forward provisions to a certain spot on the Connecticut River, and then he and his men toiled on for ten days through some of the

ABERNAKIS SETTLEMENT DESTROYED

densest swamps and forests in North America. When they reached the St. Francis River the current was swift and chin deep. All of them, however, but a few British officers, volunteers, were hardened backwoodsmen, and linking arms, they reached the further bank in safety, though with great difficulty. Soon afterwards, Rogers climbed to the top of a tree, and espied the Indian village three miles away, nestling amid the woods in supreme unconsciousness of its impending fate. Secreting his men, he himself crept to the edge of the settlement, and found the whole population absorbed in one of their characteristic festivals, a mad orgie of dancing and clamour. Creeping back to his force, which by sickness, death, and hardship had been reduced to 142, he lay with them in hiding till the dark hours of the morning. Then in a half-circle they silently advanced upon the town, now wrapt in sleep more profound than common from the exertions of the previous evening. At a given signal from Rogers the whole band rushed upon the cabins and wigwams. The surprise was complete. There were about 200 men in the place, nearly as many unfortunately, from Rogers' point of view, being absent on an expedition. Every one of them was killed. A few got away upon the river, but were followed up and slaughtered; though no women or children were touched. Five English captives were released, and 600 English scalps, torn from the heads of both sexes and all ages beyond the New England frontier, were found nailed to the doors of the houses as trophies. The Catholic Church, with amazing incongruity, rose in the midst of these unredeemed barbarians, three generations of whom its bell had rung to mass with laborious regularity. Such

was the Christianity which satisfied the ethics of the French-Canadian priesthood of that day. Rogers burnt the whole village to the ground, including the church, and one can scarcely profess much compunction that the priest perished inside it. Only one man of the British force was killed and three or four wounded. It was now past sunrise, and the famous backwoods' leader learnt that there were 400 Frenchmen just in front of him, and 200 more on his flank. The whole army of Bourslamaque lay between him and Crown Point, 190 miles away, and he was half that distance over the Canadian frontier. If his boats on Lake Champlain had escaped notice, he would have got back without difficulty. As it was, however, the circuitous route to the Connecticut River, whither Amherst had promised to send food in case of accidents, was Rogers' only choice. Carrying such corn as they were able for their subsistence, these intrepid men eluded their swarming foes by a forced march of eight days through tangled swamps and wooded ridges. They traversed through blinding forests, what is now a fair and famous country, "the Eastern townships" of Canada, an old and highly developed settlement of purely British blood and origin, sandwiched between French Canada and the United States. Ultimately they reached the broad waters of Lake Memphremagog, so familiar now to the tourist and the sportsman. Here, running out of food, they separated into small parties, so as better to kill the game they stood in need of, but which proved woefully scarce. The adventures and sufferings of the various groups before the survivors reached the British lines, are among the thousand thrilling tales of border warfare. Many were killed, many taken

TO WINTER QUARTERS AGAIN [1759

prisoners and carried off to the torture and the stake in Indian villages. The officer Amherst had sent with food to the Connecticut River miserably failed, for which failure he was cashiered. The despair of the ninety odd survivors at this moment was at its height, for a vast distance of wilderness had yet to be travelled. By Rogers' heroism and fertility of resource, however, the half-starved band were in one way and another got back to camp early in November. They had traversed over 400 miles, destroyed more than their own number of the foulest Indians in the north, and struck a blow that resounded through Canada. Amherst thanked them warmly. One does not hear that they received or expected anything more. It was all in the Rangers' day's work, and Rogers himself has left an account of the expedition.

Amherst, in the meantime, had completed his ships, and on the first venture they destroyed their French rivals. But it was now the middle of October, and the weather had broken: sleet-laden storms were lashing the surface of Lake Champlain into a fury, and winter was looming near.

Lévis, who had long since come from Montcalm, had helped Bouchbouché to make the passage of the Richelieu, to Canada impregnable under a long siege—and for that there was no time, since 100 guns securely entrenched defended the passage. Quebec, too, had fallen, which lessened the urgency, and lastly the service period of the provincial troops expired on November 1st. So the army, still shivering in its summer clothing, retired up the lakes, leaving strong garrisons at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, who sent salvoes of artillery echoing through the surrounding

mountains in honour of the birthday, and as it so happened the last one, of George the Second.

Prideaux, the brigadier, whose mission it was to rebuild Oswego, take Niagara and ruin the French interest in those north-western regions over which their sway had been so long undisputed, was early in the field. He was at Schenectady on the Mohawk route late in May, and was joined by his Division. This consisted of the 44th and 46th regiments and 2,600 New York provincials. There were forts now at intervals the whole way from the Hudson to Lake Ontario, and his communications were thus secured against the cross-country raids from Canada, that had been the terror of those who travelled and those who lived upon this forest highway. Johnson was commissioned to seize this favourable moment of the waning of French prestige to stir up the Six Nations to their old enthusiasm for the British cause. The ever-vigilant backwoods baronet needed no pressing, but held in his lavish fashion a grand council, celebrated with meat and drink and eloquence at Fort Johnson. Five hundred Indians attended; not only representatives of the faithful nations, but of several others formerly hostile, who, wise in their generation, had read the writing on the wall. This time they sang the war song on the banks of the Mohawk with serious intent, and 900 warriors, at the response of their chiefs painted and be-feathered themselves for battle.

Prideaux and his men were upon the site of Oswego by the middle of June. Haldimand, the second in command, was given the task of rebuilding the fort. Like Bouquet he was a faithful and able Swiss officer, who had been imported to assist in the formation of that motley but now efficient corps, the Royal

Americans. "He had helped to recruit it among Oglethorpe's Highlanders of Georgia, the Germans and Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania, and the indented servants, poor whites and Huguenots of the two Carolinas. He has a threefold claim on England, but she has forgotten him. He was an indefatigable collector, and has left 232 volumes of contemporary papers bearing on this period to the British Museum, as well as the Bouquet papers, which were his property. His military services were considerable, and above all, he was Governor of Canada during the Revolutionary war from 1778 to 1784—a sufficiently critical and conspicuous post at that time, which he admirably filled. Canadians complain, and justly so, that his memory is at least as worthy of preservation as that of provincial preachers and forgotten novelists, but that they look in vain through works devoted to cataloguing the illustrious dead for the name of this trusty servant of the British crown.

Prideaux left Oswego on July 1st. He had not been long gone when Saint-Luc de la Corne, the well-known French partisan leader, seized the opportunity to attack Haldimand. He brought with him 1,200 men, mostly Canadian irregulars, and the notorious Abbé Picquet, with some of his so-called Christian Indians, whom he exhorted to give no quarter to the British heretics. They did not have a chance, for though Haldimand's parties were wood-cutting outside the temporary entrenchment of pork barrels, they soon rallied to their lines. De la Corne's troops were not of the kind to assault redoubts. They confined themselves for some twenty-four hours to desultory rifle fire from the bordering woods, and when the guns which had been brought to bear on

them opened from the entrenchments, they were seized with a panic and raced helter-skelter for their boats, knocking over the reverend Abbé in their haste. Some thirty of them were killed and wounded, among the latter being La Corne himself. Haldimand was henceforward left in peace, and in due course a new fort arose upon the site of Montcalm's first Canadian victory by Lake Ontario, which in after years became the familiar quarters of many British regiments.

Prideaux, in the meantime, with Sir William Johnson and his Indians, was hugging the southern shores of Lake Ontario in boats and batteaux mounted with guns. The coast line to the outlet of the Niagara River, where the fort stood, was over seventy miles. There was a French warship cruising on the lake, which is here about the breadth of the English Channel at Brighton, so it was slowly, and with due caution, that the unseaworthy flotilla crept along the low shores, in these days so instinct with vigorous humanity, in those presenting to the restless lake a continuous background of silent and sombre woodland.

Captain Pouchot, of the regiment of Béarn, was in command at Fort Niagara, an excellent officer, and one of the many combatants in this war who has left memoirs of it. The Indians for once—a sign of the change of times—had failed the French as newsbearers, and Pouchot was taken by surprise. Some of his men were absent, and his garrison reduced to less than 600 all told. At the very head of the Ohio watershed, near Lake Erie, there were still some small French posts, and Pouchot now sent to these for assistance. Many of the French guerilla leaders, with

wild, miscellaneous bands of followers, were yet stirring in this dark country, in vain hopes of dashing down and catching Fort Pitt, now garrisoned with Provincials, unawares. It was to some of these that Pouchot now sent, and they hastened to his succour.

The old fort at Niagara stood on much the same site as the present one, in the angle, that is to say, where the river meets Lake Ontario. It was large, substantial, and well armed, as became the portal and defence of the illimitable trading country behind. Prideaux had over 2,000 men with him, besides Johnson's 900 Indians. One-half of his force guarded the boats, the other was free for the attack. The Engineers, like Abercromby's, proved incompetent, and their first trenches were untenable. "Fools and blockheads G—d d—n them," was the written criticism of an indignant Highland officer. When fresh approaches were constructed and the British guns opened fire a still worse thing happened, for a shell burst on leaving the mouth of a coehorn and instantly killed Prideaux, who was standing near. Johnson now took command, and the batteries were actively served. In a fortnight the walls were badly shattered, over a hundred of the small garrison were killed or wounded, and Pouchot realized that nothing but immediate succour from the West could save him. On the 24th Johnson's scouts reported that a French force was approaching from above Niagara Falls. He therefore pushed forward during the night some light infantry, Grenadiers, and part of the 46th regiment. They took up their position in the immediate path of the approaching French, just below the mighty cataract. In the cool of the morning De Ligneris, Aubry Marin, de Répentigny, the cream, in

short, of the Canadian backwoods leaders, with a wild following of 1,200 men, came down the portage road from above the Falls. The force included the small garrisons at Venango and Presqu'île, with a horde of fighting traders from Detroit, the Illinois, and the West, truculent, ill-favoured men who lived among the Indians, and, like them, went to battle, strung with beads and quills, and smeared with paint and grease. They were brave enough, but the banks of the river above the rapids had been cleared. It was an open, not a woodland fight, though, indeed, long years of practice had made even the British linesmen no mean performer among the trees. Here, however, he was in the open and flanked by a band of the Iroquois, the finest of savage warriors. The French threw themselves with undisciplined courage and loud yells upon the British front. The linesmen received them as Wolfe's troops on the Plains of Abraham six weeks later received Montcalm's assault with a steady, withering fire. They had enough men here, however, for a flank attack, which was carried out by the Indians and light infantry with deadly effect. In an hour the broken column of white savages and bush-rangers was flying back in wild disorder past the Falls, and the long stretch of rapids above them, to where their canoes were waiting, in smooth water, to bear them back into Lake Erie, whence they came.

Two hundred and fifty of the Ohio garrison troops alone had been killed or wounded in this affair, besides numbers of their regulars. All the chief officers were taken prisoners—de Ligneris, Marin, Aubry, de Montigny, and de Répentigny, with many more.

While the fight was in progress up the river a French officer thought the British trenches were un-

SURRENDER OF FORT NIAGARA [1759

guarded, and a sortie was attempted. It was led by de Villars, the captor of Washington, in his youthful essay at Fort Necessity. But as the French approached what had seemed empty trenches, a line of bayonets, those of the 44th, under Col. Farquhar, suddenly flashed in their faces, and de Villars fell back, according to his orders rather than to his inclinations, for though he belonged to a type whose failings were many, lack of courage was certainly not one of them.

There was nothing now for Pouchot but capitulation. Major Hervey, of the Bristol family, was sent by Johnson to demand it, and from him the Frenchman learnt for the first time the full extent of the recent defeat. He would scarcely believe that all these redoubtable partisans were prisoners in Johnson's camp till, at Hervey's request, he sent a witness to verify the fact. This settled the matter. Johnson practically made his own terms, though the "honours of war" were conceded in recognition of the gallantry of the defence. Over 600 prisoners were sent to New York, the women and children to Canada. Fort William Henry was again in the minds of the garrison, and most urgent appeals were made to Johnson for sufficient safeguard against the Indians. This, it need hardly be said, was given, a matter of course, but a weaker man than Johnson would have found difficulty in controlling the plundering instincts of his fierce allies. Everything, however, went smoothly, and the fort, with its forty guns, ammunition and stores, was quietly occupied by the British.

When Johnson returned to Oswego a little friction arose between Haldimand and himself as to the chief command. It was effectually settled, however, by the

arrival of Gage from Crown Point, who superseded both. Gage's instructions were to attack the French posted above the first rapids of the St. Lawrence on the way from Lake Ontario to Montreal. He effected, however, nothing of any practical value in that direction. It was reserved for Amherst himself, in the following season, to make the descent of the St. Lawrence, and with it the final move in the long game. With the British in possession of Niagara and Oswego, the French flag finally disappeared from Lake Ontario and its shores. Their western posts at Detroit and the Illinois, as well as the smaller and remoter ones, were isolated by this severance of the main artery, and could only be approached by the tortuous water-ways, even now only known to the sportsman and the lumberman of the far back country of Ontario. General Stanwix, in the meantime operating from his base at Fort Pitt, with 4,000 men, had not been idle. He had clinched the new relations with the Ohio tribes, and had eventually occupied every fort to Presqu'île on the shore of Lake Erie. The main trunk of French Dominion was being girdled by the British axe, and its far-spreading limbs, which brushed the distant prairies of the North and crossed the sources of the Mississippi, must now perish from lack of nourishment. One more stroke, and the hardy growth of empire would shrivel up and die, and this was to be aimed by Amherst at Montreal.

In a letter written on the field of battle at two o'clock by an officer, the duration of the fight is estimated at half an hour. The writer is Colonel de Ruvigny, R.E., grandson of the Count de la Caillemotte, killed at the Boyne, and great grandson of the celebrated Huguenot statesman, the Marquis de Ruvigny, and himself subsequently fifth Marquis de Ruvigny (*de jure*), and a naturalized English subject. The writer speaks of the fury of the French attack, and the confusion of their retreat.

CHAPTER XII

MURRAY, when he sat down with his small army to face the fierce Canadian winter amid the ruins of Quebec, had no light task before him. He had the certain prospect of seven months' complete isolation from everything but a vigilant and hardy enemy, smarting under the bitterness of defeat. But he was a good soldier, a son of Lord Elibank, young and tough, brave and generous, and better fitted for the work in hand than Townshend, who gave it over to him and returned to England, we may well believe, without a pang. Murray was left with a little over 7,000 men; but the strength was regulated rather by the number he could feed than the number he could muster. The surrounding country had been swept nearly bare by the needs of Montcalm's army, and Murray had to depend almost wholly on his own stock of provisions and the little that was found in Quebec. No relief of any kind from any quarter could reach him until May.

Such of the French garrison as were prisoners of war had been sent to England with the fleet, while all the militiamen who chose to give up their arms and swear allegiance to King George were allowed to return to their homes. The civil population of the city had been scattered over the country by the siege. There was little temptation, or indeed encouragement, for those who could avoid it to return now, and

Murray had perhaps some 3,000 citizens all told upon his hands. During the moderate weather of October and November there was an enormous amount of work to be done. There was no money nor any winter clothing, thanks to Lord Barrington, nor could either be now obtained. Murray was compelled to borrow money from the officers and men of the army, who responded generously; Fraser's Highlanders, we are told, being enabled by their "sobriety and frugality" to be especially forward in this matter. Quarters had to be rigged up out of the shattered houses, churches and convents, in preparation for a fiercer winter than even those troops inured to American winters had ever yet faced, while the officers put up with such accommodation as they could find. Knox tells us that he was fortunate in getting part of a stable where, with the help of a Canadian stove—even then a universal necessity—he contrived to keep himself warm. He was detailed on duty for a time to the general hospital in the suburbs, where French and English wounded were lying in great numbers under the charge of the nuns of the Augustine order. He writes with rapture of this fine building, and waxes enthusiastic on the perfect order and cleanliness he found there, and the devotion of the Sisters, who were as untiring in their care of their late foes as of their own people. Each wounded officer had a room to himself, while the men had clean, comfortable beds in sweet and well-aired dormitories. It was no wonder, he tells us, that the poor English soldiers were glad to be transferred from the wretched regimental hospitals of the army to such a haven of rest. Knox dined every night with the French officers and merchants who, from various causes,

SPIRITS OF THE FRENCH WOMEN [1759

were attached to the hospital. Many ladies, too, enlivened these social occasions with their presence, and amazed him with their cheerfulness at a moment so disastrous for their country and fortunes. When, however, the subject was touched on they fell into a spasm of melancholy, "uttering deep sighs and expressions of heartfelt sorrow." As Knox understood French, the gentlemen, not, as our author remarks, in keeping with their "boasted politesse," conversed frequently in Latin. The gallant major, however, was quite equal even to this emergency, and one day dropped a bombshell among the dismayed Frenchmen in the shape of a pertinent quotation from the *Georgics*, taking care to pronounce it as well as he could after their fashion.

Not only Knox, but an officer of a Highland regiment wrote in surprise at the buoyant tempers of the Canadian ladies. "Families whom the calamities of war have reduced from the height of luxury to the want of common necessaries, laugh, dance and sing, comforting themselves with the reflection, *Fortune de guerre*. Their young ladies take the utmost pains to teach our officers French; with what view I know not, unless that they may hear themselves flattered and courted without loss of time."

The rage against Vaudreuil was very great among the citizens of Quebec, especially the women, and found vehement expression in the wish, "That he may suffer as miserable and barbarous a death as ever European suffered from the savages."

Murray issued a proclamation to the Canadians, which was posted on the door of every parish church. He pointed out to them that he had a veteran army in the heart of their country, that the sea was closed

to them, and that their cause was hopeless. He begged them to think of the welfare of their country, and not of useless glory. The English people were ready to embrace them as brothers, and give them a freedom which they had never known under the despotism which hitherto distinguished the government of the country. He was prepared to protect them against the savages who Vaudreuil, having himself fled before the British arms, now incited to murder the people he had abandoned because they wished for peace. The Canadians must now see how false were those who told them that the British were devoid of clemency and humanity, and how grossly they had been imposed upon. Having, therefore, no more hope in arms and no further excuse for taking them up, the British would visit those who did so with the just vengeance that was the right of victorious soldiers who had held out to them the hand of peace and friendship. The oath of allegiance was administered to the whole country east of Quebec. Those parishes that deliberately broke it were liable to severe punishment, and a few examples had unhappily to be made.

Lévis, in the meantime, kept a considerable army in garrison between Jacques Cartier and Montreal, while his Indians and Rangers lurked continually in the actual neighbourhood of Quebec. Occasional stragglers were cut off, and wood-cutting, one of the most vital operations of the winter, had to be carried on under armed escorts. There were no horses left, and continual processions of sleighs, dragged by soldiers and loaded with cord wood, went backwards and forwards over the four miles between the city and the forest of Saint Foy.

The defences of Quebec on the west side were feeble, and the frozen ground effectually prevented any intrenching work being done outside the walls. Murray fortified and occupied with a strong guard, constantly relieved, the churches of Saint Foy, three miles, and Lorette, twelve miles distant, in the direction of Montreal. This prevented all danger of a surprise at any rate, and the air was thick with rumours that Lévis, with 10,000 to 15,000 men, was meditating an assault. The French commander had, indeed, plenty of men, but very little food for them, and it taxed all the resources of Bigot, who was at Montreal, to find them a bare sustenance.

The chill of October gave way to the cold of November, and as Christmas approached the full rigour of the Canadian winter struck the thinly clad, ill-fed troops with dire effect. Frost-bitten hands and cheeks and feet was the common lot of the sentries on the numerous guards which it was necessary to post in every quarter of the city and its outskirts. The officers, says Knox, who could, of course, procure wraps, became unrecognisable to each other, as, buried in rugs and furs, they went about their business at a run, and too fast to admit of the ordinary salutation that courtesy demands. But frost-bite gave way to even yet more serious evils, and the sick list lengthened with formidable rapidity. Exposure and an unalleviated diet of salt meat played havoc with the men of all ranks. On Christmas Day the garrison had sunk, from the various drains upon it, to 6,400 men, 1,400 of whom were in hospital, and it became infinitely worse later on. The spirits of the troops were excellent, but discipline relaxed under the continual privation without the stimulus of

fighting, and aided somewhat by the fact that liquor was the only thing in the city that was not scarce. Beleaguered as effectually by nature as if hemmed in by armed hosts, and perched on its white throne, all glittering in the bright but impotent sunshine of a Canadian winter, the captured city, with its roofless churches and shattered houses, was in a sorry plight. The inhabitants, whose hours of going out and of coming in, Murray, in his critical position, was compelled to regulate, suffered even more than the soldiers, for most of them had lost their all. Punishments of British soldiers for theft or outrage or infringement of rules were prompt and seem savage enough too, for one reads again and again of 1,000 lashes sometimes "reduced to 300 on account of the severity of the weather." Now we hear of a Frenchman executed for inciting to desertion, and now of two British soldiers condemned to death for robbery: but the sentence is mitigated to one only, upon which we are shown a grim spectacle of the culprits throwing dice for death or freedom, and learn that eleven was the winning throw. Two women are flogged through the town for selling liquor without leave, and an officer and forty men blown up in an abandoned French ship which they were scuttling. Occasional skirmishes between New England Rangers under Captain Hazen and French guerillas on the south shore of the frozen river break the monotony of suffering and sickness. Vaudreuil surpasses himself in the reports he sends down the river. "The Grand Monarch," he assures the credulous Canadians, "has sunk, burned and destroyed the greatest fleet that ever England put to sea; made an entire conquest of Ireland, and put all the troops and natives who were in arms to the sword; so that

the next ship will certainly bring us an account of a peace being concluded. Quebec will be restored, and Canada once more flourish under a French government."

But the incidents of this somewhat unique experience of a British army, isolated in the interior of a hostile country under a semi-arctic winter, excellent reading as they are in the letters of those who suffered or laughed at them, must be treated with scant notice here. Sickness and suffering, though cheerfully borne, was unhappily the chief feature of this bitter winter, and that most of it was due to the neglect of a department which, with the experience of Louisbourg and Halifax, had no excuse, is sad to think of. By Christmas 150 soldiers had died; in the next two months 200 more succumbed, and by the end of April the grand total was no less than 650, nearly all victims of scurvy, dysentery, and fever. Most of the bodies lay above ground, and frozen stiff, awaiting burial till graves could be dug. Murray's effective force dropped to about 3,000 men, while the strangest part of the whole business is, that out of 600 British women attached to the army, not a single one died, and scarcely any sickened!

Point Lévis church, now only a mile across the frozen river, had been fortified and garrisoned, and had already once repulsed the French advanced parties. St. Foy and Lorette too had been strengthened, and Lévis' rangers, skirmishing for food and intelligence, had been punished there on more than one occasion. Spies and news-bearers went freely backwards and forwards. As the winter waned, Murray heard that Lévis was of a certainty coming to assault the city, that his army had been supplied with scaling ladders,

and was being exercised in their use upon the church walls of Montreal, to the great injury of the men's limbs and the great diversion of the ladies, who, from all accounts, were even less depressed than their sisters of Quebec. Every one, however, felt that the crisis would be solved by sea, rather than by land, and the fleet which first ascended the St. Lawrence in the spring would be the determining factor in the possession of Quebec. February passed away, and with March the fierce cold of midwinter relaxed. But it was not till April that the melting ice and snows in the milder regions of Upper Canada began the great upheaval of the frozen surface of the St. Lawrence which marks the close of winter.

Lévis now began to move. Difficulties of transport without horses had compelled him to relinquish all thoughts of a winter attack upon the town. There were still the French ships in the upper river, which, it will be remembered, had retired up the tributaries the preceding summer before Saunders' fleet, and upon these he depended when the ice had broken to descend upon Quebec. Full accounts of the sickness of the British garrison and its dwindling numbers had been brought to Montreal. And Vaudreuil, whose arithmetic always tallied with his wishes or his vanity, subjected the English forces to the process of division, weak as they truly were, instead of multiplying them by three, which was his usual custom after either victory or defeat. He was naturally anxious that every effort should be made to recover the capital, and it was not his part to lead the troops into the deadly breach.

On the 18th of April the British learnt definitely that they were to be attacked, with "the whole force

of Canada"—that two months' provisions and a supply of brandy for the regular troops had been especially stored for this supreme effort, and that the French ships were to co-operate. On the 21st, Murray ordered all Canadians, except nuns, out of the town at three days' notice, giving them facilities, however, for storing and guarding their property. Full sympathy was felt for these poor people, but 3,000 British soldiers, with as many invalids behind them, stood face to face with such strength as all Canada, with a brave and resourceful general, could command, and there was no room for sentiment. The fugitives, as they left the city, upbraided the English for breaking the conditions of the capitulation, assuring them that the approach of Lévis was a false alarm which, if their information had been trusted instead of that of scouts, deserters and spies, would be readily recognised. The sequel showed the value and the justice of such worthless recriminations. Six days afterwards, Lévis, with an army of over 7,000 men, arrived in front of the British outposts at Lorette. He had reached Pointe aux Trembles, close to Jacques Cartier, on the 26th, with his ships, supplies and troops. Thence, despatching his vessels down the river, he had marched by an inland route, crossed the stream of Cap Rouge some miles above its mouth, and appeared before Lorette, the English outposts at the same time falling back upon St. Foy.

This night the most appalling thunderstorm that had been known for years lit up a gloomy prospect of melting snow and thawing ice-fields and dripping woods. Above it all, in the glare of the lightning flashes, the battered towers and gables of the long-harassed city rose above the surging river, still gurg-

ling and choking with the fragments of its wintry load. When the thunder ceased, a tempest of unusual fury burst from the south-west. Waves, winds and ice-floes raged together in furious combat from Cap Rouge to Point Lévis, and from Point Lévis across to the island of Orleans and the shallow strands of Beauport, while the Montmorency flung over its dark cliff into the chaos below the foaming waters of a hundred fresh-loosened streams. In the dark hours of this wild night a French soldier was drifting down the St. Lawrence upon an ice-floe, expecting every moment to be his last. He was whirled along past the cliffs which Wolfe had climbed, past Cape Diamond and Point Lévis, and onwards to the island of Orleans. Then the swift tide turned and washed him back, by a piece of good fortune, to where the only British ship, the *Racehorse* sloop, that had wintered in the river, was anchored in the slacker water below the town. Here, by almost a miracle, he was seen and rescued, more dead than alive. It was two hours before the exhausted Frenchman could give an account of himself, which was to the effect that he belonged to Lévis' army, had been upset with others in a boat, and had succeeded with infinite difficulty in scrambling on to the ice-floe on which he was found. He then informed his rescuers that Lévis was at that moment coming on with 12,000 men against the city. It was about four o'clock in the morning, but the rescued man was carried without delay in a hammock up the steep streets to Murray's quarters, where he repeated his story. Murray was anticipating an attack, but hardly so soon, and the information so strangely fished up from the flood and darkness, proved of vital import.

It was, moreover, entirely correct. All through that night the brave Lévis, amid storm and darkness, through melting snow wreaths and swollen rivulets, was leading the gathered remnants of the French forces to strike one last blow for the colony. Indeed, had it not been for the lightning, he himself declares, all progress would have been impossible. He had not 12,000 men, but he had nearly 8,000 by his own statement, some 4,000 of whom were regulars of the veteran battalions that had done such yeoman service for Canada during the five years of war. They were smarting from the defeat of September, though not all had been in it, and thirsting for revenge. Vaudreuil, whose imagination was invaluable to his cause, had assured them that the British garrison were destroyed by disease, and that a French fleet would assuredly sail up the St. Lawrence the moment navigation opened. Deliberate fabrication seems to be as valuable to-day with a brave and ignorant army to work upon as it was in the days of Vaudreuil.

As regards the British garrison, he was not so wide of the mark as usual, and on the morning of the 27th, Murray mustered them. There were rather over 3,000 men fit for duty, and Sergeant Johnson, whose account of the siege is a notable if rough-and-ready contribution, describes them as "scorbutic skeletons."

For the last few days Murray had been trying to raise intrenchments on the Plains of Abraham, before the city walls, without much avail. But though a vast quantity of fascines and piquets had been cut and the ubiquitous and invaluable MacKellar was there as chief engineer, the still frozen ground defeated their best efforts. MacKellar, from the early

days of Braddock, seems to have represented in his own person everything that was trustworthy in the scientific branch. Generals came and went, but MacKellar was always there. Whether a fort was to be built, or trenches to be opened, or a scientific opinion wanted, so far as one man could supply the need in so many quarters, it was always MacKellar, and it may be noted as significant that he was still only a major. On the 27th, Murray marched out half his army to feel the enemy and cover the retreat of his outposts. He proceeded to St. Foy, where the plateau, extending westward from the Plains of Abraham, terminates in a slope, and there, from the ridge indicated, where stood the church and several houses, he saw the French clustering thick beyond the marshes and at the edge of the woods. This movement was only intended as a reconnaissance in force, so, having achieved what he wanted, he returned to Quebec, and prepared for more serious action. There has been much discussion as to what Murray should now have done. Theoretically, 3,000 men, supported by a number of semi-invalids who could only contribute some assistance behind walls, ought not to leave a fortified town, whose retention was vital, to attack much more than twice their number in the open field.

It has been said that Murray, who was young and ardent, wished to emulate the fame of Wolfe, and to gratify at the same time the perhaps overweening confidence of his troops, who had come to think themselves irresistible. On the other hand, the defences of the town were bad on that side, and external intrenchments were impossible. He thought that this fact, coupled with the temper of his troops,

required aggressive rather than defensive tactics. Rightly or wrongly, however, he marched out upon the following day with every available soldier and a hundred eager volunteers from the sutlers and supernumeraries, 3,100 in all, to give battle to Lévis.

No climatic conditions in any country or at any season are more uncomfortable than those attending the break-up of a Canadian winter. The atmosphere is by turns bitterly cold and unpleasantly warm; and the ground, hard as iron beneath, is covered with standing water and melting snow. The still naked woods drip by day and freeze by night, while the recently exposed pastures brown, parched and hungry, await the genial touch of spring.

Murray's men, however, marched cheerily through it all, and crossing the memorable ground on which in September they had so nobly proved their prowess, approached the French position. Burton, who had been conspicuous through the whole war, commanded the right, consisting of the 15th, 48th, 58th, and second battalion of the 60th. Fraser had the left, with the 28th, 43rd, 47th, and his own regiment, the 78th Highlanders. The reserve, consisting of the 35th and the third battalion of the 60th, was commanded by Colonel Young, of the Royal Americans, who had been at Fort William Henry. On the right flank were the light infantry; on the left, Rangers and volunteers. Some twenty guns went with them, dragged, for lack of horses, through the mud and slush by some 400 men. The French right touched the blockhouses, which stood near the Anse du Foulon, where Wolfe had landed. The left of their advance line spread across the ridge, and reached the top of the slope beyond, where stood

a farmhouse and a windmill, while in the rear, the main forces of the French were coming rapidly up from Sillery and St. Foy.

The French vanguard had just begun to intrench themselves, and the bulk of their army were hardly in position when Murray thought the hour had come to strike. The guns, which were scattered between the battalions, opened fire with considerable effect, while the light infantry on the right and the Rangers on the left, under Dalling and Hazen respectively, dashed forward on the extremities of the French vanguard, and drove them from their half-finished redoubts, the centre retiring with them on the main column. But the latter was immensely strong, and hurled forward heavy bodies of good troops, who drove the over-confident British light infantry back in much confusion, to the detriment of the ranks who were coming up behind. There was some sharp fighting around the buildings upon the right and left. Most of them were taken and retaken more than once. The British supports were ordered up, and the whole line pressed too far forward between the horns of the outnumbering and outflanking French. There was fierce and, for a time, successful fighting on the British side; but their very ardour injured them, as both guns and men found themselves drawn down into low ground, where the snow and slush was knee-deep and the guns could not be moved. On both sides they encountered not only a flanking fire, but one greatly helped by the cover of extending woods. The light infantry were completely put out of action, and every officer killed or wounded. The French now turned all their attention to the British flanks in desperate efforts to get round behind them and cut them

off from the city. They had by this time, according to Murray, 10,000 men in the field, and the 3,000 "scorbutic skeletons," now sadly diminished even from that scant total, were at length forced to fall back. The guns were hopelessly mired, and had to be abandoned; but the retreat was conducted in good order, and there was no attempt at pursuit. Some of the troops, on hearing the order to fall back, to which they were so long unaccustomed, shouted out in indignation, "D—n it! what is falling back but retreating?" The battle had not lasted two hours, but it had been an unusually bloody one. Murray's loss was over 1,100 men, more than a third of his force; while that of the French was estimated at various figures between 800 and 2,000.

No time was now lost in preparing to defend the city, for the position was critical. Every one who could stir a hand was set to some sort of work, the women to cooking, and the convalescents to filling sand-bags. Embrasures were made and platforms erected on the walls for mounting cannon. Officers and men worked like horses, the former, with their coats off, helping to drag the guns up the steep streets and hoist them into position.

For a moment there had been faint signs of demoralization in the shape of drunkenness; but Murray crushed the tendency with vigour and by exemplary punishment, and, on his own part, showed unbounded energy in this hour of trial. The odds would seem great, but there was no failing of either courage or cheerfulness on the part of a garrison now reduced to 2,400 effective men, with nothing but some indifferent defences between them and four times their number of reinvigorated French-

men. But Murray had at least no lack of guns, and these were being rapidly massed along the western walls. It made Sergeant Johnson's heart ache, and outraged his sense of military propriety to see the exertions of the officers. "None but those who were present," says the worthy serjeant, "can imagine the grief of heart the soldiers felt to see their officers yoked in harness, dragging up cannon from the lower town, and working at the batteries with pick and spade."

The French were busy entrenching themselves scarce a thousand yards from the walls, and De Bourlamaque, though severely wounded, was in charge of the operations. Their seven or eight vessels had, in the meantime, dropped down to the Anse de Foulon. Stores of all kinds were being discharged and carried up the cliffs. The French, fortunately for Murray, were weak in artillery, and their guns were dismounted by the accurate and rapid fire of the British almost as fast as they could be set up. With such a great numerical advantage, an assault was the natural proceeding for Lévis to take, and one was hourly expected. "Let them come," said the men; "they will catch a Tartar."

Even now friendly amenities and banter passed between the opposing generals, Lévis sent Murray a present of spruce-pine tops for making spruce beer, and some partridges; while Murray sent Lévis in return a Cheshire cheese. The French leader offered to back himself to capture the city for £500. Murray replied that he would not rob de Lévis of his money, as he felt quite convinced that he would have the pleasure of shipping him and his whole army back to Europe in the summer in English bottoms.

Two days after the battle Murray had sent the *Racehorse* sloop, the solitary ship before mentioned, off to Halifax, bearing the news of his critical situation to Admiral Colville, who with a strong fleet was cruising in those seas. Should English ships get up to Quebec, it was all over with Lévis, for if he was still outside the city, he would have no recourse but in retreat. If a French squadron, on the other hand, should be first in the river, the work of Wolfe would be undone. The former was, of course, far the most likely, but the French troops and Canadians were buoyed up by statements to the contrary. For nine days the British batteries poured shot and shell upon the French, who, busy with their intrenchments, scarcely replied. The air was thick with rumours that a fleet was ascending the river, and signals upon the mountains to the eastward appeared to the garrison to give good grounds for them; but whose fleet was it! A French sloop had run down past the batteries on the 4th. On the 8th she was forging back again before a fresh south-east wind. "Why don't you stop and pilot up your fleet?" the English shouted at her as she went by. But she took no notice, and made up the river to her consorts by the Anse du Foulon. The next morning, May 9th, the reason of the Frenchman's haste was evident, for a ship of war sailed into the basin. There was a brief moment of doubt and suspense as to the vital question of her nationality. Presently, however, her colours ran up. They were those of Britain, for she was the frigate *Lowestoft*. "The gladness of the garrison," says honest Knox, "is not to be expressed. Both officers and men mounted the parapets in the face of the enemy, and huzzaed with their hats in

1760] ARRIVAL OF BRITISH SHIPS

the air for fully an hour." Captain Deane, having saluted with twenty-one guns, came ashore in his barge, and dispelled all doubts with the glorious news that a British fleet was ascending the river. Lévis, however, had either not received the information or disbelieved it. For though an immediate assault was his only hope, he went on with his approaches as if the whole summer lay before him, throwing but a feeble fire against the British works. The moment a British squadron, of sufficient strength merely to destroy his handful of small vessels, arrived, his position was untenable, for he would have no means of feeding his already hungry army; and on the night of the 15th that moment arrived.

It was the battleship *Vanguard* and the frigate *Diana* that had sailed in; and on the following morning the latter, together with the *Lowestoft*, favoured by a fresh breeze from the east, sailed past the town and fell upon Lévis' ships. These were two frigates and four smaller vessels, commanded by Vauquelin, the brave officer who had fought his ship so well at the siege of Louisbourg, then plugged her up and sailed through the British fleet for France. Here, too, he fought his small ships most bravely, but one by one they were destroyed, and he himself was ultimately taken prisoner.

The French had nothing for it now but to retreat, and Lévis lost no time. The *Vanguard* swung out in the river off Sillery, laid her broadside to the French trenches, and enfiladed them from the south. The enthusiastic garrison, who, by working day and night, had got 140 guns into position, opened the most tremendous cannonade, say their officers, that

they had ever heard. But the retreat had already begun ; and the gunners, elevating their pieces, sent a storm of balls ricochetting and bounding along the Plains of Abraham upon the heels of the fast-vanishing French, who left behind them a long tail of dead and wounded as a result of the fortnight's siege, besides all their guns and stores. The Canadian irregulars, of course, deserted the retreating army, which reached Montreal at the end of May in a sad state of depression. There Vaudreuil and Lévis had to concoct such plans as they were able to meet the overwhelming forces that were even then gathering to move against the doomed colony. Trois Rivières (Three Rivers) was the third town in Canada, lying about midway between Quebec and Montreal. The whole country east of that point was now in British hands ; the people had sworn allegiance (the priesthood included) to King George, and had returned with relief, if not with actual joy, to their neglected and often wasted homes. From Three Rivers up to Montreal, and from Montreal on to the rapids, beyond which the English dominated Lake Ontario, was practically all that was left of Canada to the French king. The capture of Montreal would complete the business, and to this end Amherst, by Pitt's instructions, and in full accordance with his own ardour, bent all his energies. Once more, and for the last time, three movements were planned on Canada, and it was hardly possible that what was left her could escape being crushed between them as in a vice. Murray, his small veteran army increasing daily in strength from returning health, carried and supported along an open waterway by an excellent fleet, had the easiest task of all. Am-

herst himself, with nearly 11,000 men, was mustering at Oswego and he was to descend the St. Lawrence to Montreal, the general rendezvous, where the heart of Canada still beat defiantly, if with waning vigour. The physical difficulties here were more formidable than any which Lévis was likely to contrive. Amherst had no full knowledge of the rapids of the St. Lawrence. He counted them as an obstacle, but he hardly realized their fury. As for the third attack, it is needless to say it was from Lake Champlain, whose forts at Crown Point and Ticonderoga now made an admirable base for the forcing of the passage of the Richelieu at Ile aux Noix. Colonel and Brigadier Haviland was given the command of this enterprise, and a force of only 3,500 men, so greatly had the events of the last year altered the scheme of Canadian defence and reduced the strength of its resistance. Lévis had now about 8,000 troops of various sorts at his disposal, besides Indians, with a base at Montreal. Roughly speaking, this city represented the point where the two lines meet which form the letter T, the three arms spreading from it being the approaching routes of the three English armies, mustering between them not far off 20,000 men. I do not propose to deal at any length with the details of these three advances, not because there was no fighting, as Amherst and Haviland were both opposed, so far as Lévis' scattered forces could oppose them. But the resistance was necessarily feeble; and it was a question of good organization and energy, rather than military force, which brought to a happy termination a summer's campaigning which, on paper at any rate, looked a foregone conclusion.

MURRAY SAILS FOR MONTREAL [1760

To the lover of olden times and quaint description it is pleasant to follow our discursive friend Knox up the St. Lawrence, with Murray's fleet. It was through bright summer days and with thirty-two ships and nine floating batteries they pursued that delightful river journey from Quebec to Montreal, which every passenger by a Canadian liner has nowadays the option of enjoying, and, if wise, does not neglect the opportunity.

Leaving 2,500 invalids and wounded in Quebec to revive with the summer warmth and the abundance of food which incoming ships and the pacification of the country brought to their market, Murray left there with about as many combatants on July the 14th. Lord Rollo, with two regiments from Louisbourg, followed close behind. The whole country in their rear had now sworn allegiance, but Vaudreuil, by sowing false news and proclamations broadcast, was making desperate efforts to shake them. These proclamations are a real curiosity in the art of deception. The credulity and ignorance of the Canadians, great as it was, could hardly have swallowed the announcement that Great Britain was on the point of being compelled to sue for peace, and that the Canadian peasants, in a few weeks, would return once more from British tyranny to that benign Government of absolutism, plunder, and intolerance, which had, in fact, been the cause of all their sufferings. As I have indicated, the adventures of the fleet ascending the river were inconsiderable. It was much the largest ever seen in the higher reaches, and the country people, whose farms and villages lined both banks, regarded it with proper awe, and swore

themselves in as good subjects of King George as readily as they brought on board such provisions as they had to sell. Small military posts, however, remained occupied here and there by the French, who fired at the ships in desultory fashion as they passed, and received their fire in turn. They were not, however, worth wasting time over, for, Montreal captured and Lévis beaten, they would of necessity collapse at once with the rest of the colony. At Trois Rivières there seemed to those on board to be at least 2,000 troops marching along the shore and watching their motions, including the sole body of regular cavalry in North America, well accoutred in blue and red uniforms. They made quite a brave show, says Knox, amid the delightful prospect around—the fine convents and churches, the neat farms and well-cultivated fields. The navigation of the shallow lake of St. Peter gave considerable trouble; but in the deeper and narrower channels amid the islands beyond the scene was quite enchanting. In the chronicler's quaint words, "Nothing could equal the beauties of our navigation, with which I was exceedingly charmed: the meandering course of the channel, so narrow that an active person might have stepped ashore from our transports either to the right or left; the awfulness and solemnity of the dark forests with which these islands are covered, together with the fragrancy of the spontaneous fruits, flowers, and shrubs; the verdure of the water by the reflection of neighbouring woods, the wild chirping notes of the feathered inhabitants, the masts and sails of ships appearing as if among the trees, both ahead and astern, heightened by the promiscuous noise

of the seamen and the confused chatter of the rapturous troops on their decks, formed all together such an enchanting diversity as would be far superior to the highest and most laboured description."

Many of the English captives of Fort William Henry escaped from their masters at the sight of the English fleet, and came timorously on board. When questioned as to their hesitation, they replied that the French priests, to whom fiction seems to have been a positive pleasure, had assured them they would be hanged to a certainty.

But this triumphal and picturesque progress of the British into their new dominion must be cut short, as our space runs out, and events of more immediate moment have to be chronicled. It will be enough to say that Murray crept steadily on, giving those districts which submitted every testimony of present and future clemency, and making a stern example, though with a sore heart, of the few who did not. At the mouth of the Richelieu, where Haviland was expected by the Champlain route, they found large bodies of the main French army, under Bourlamaque and Dumas, waiting for both English attacks, who followed them upon either shore as they forged along the winding river, even then lined with farms and villages, towards the island of Montreal. At the island of St. Thérèse, a few miles below the city, Murray halted, and awaited the arrival of Haviland and Amherst. The former, in the meanwhile, had been pushing the French steadily before him, and arrived below Montreal soon after Murray, where both waited at their leisure for Amherst, who was descending the St. Lawrence

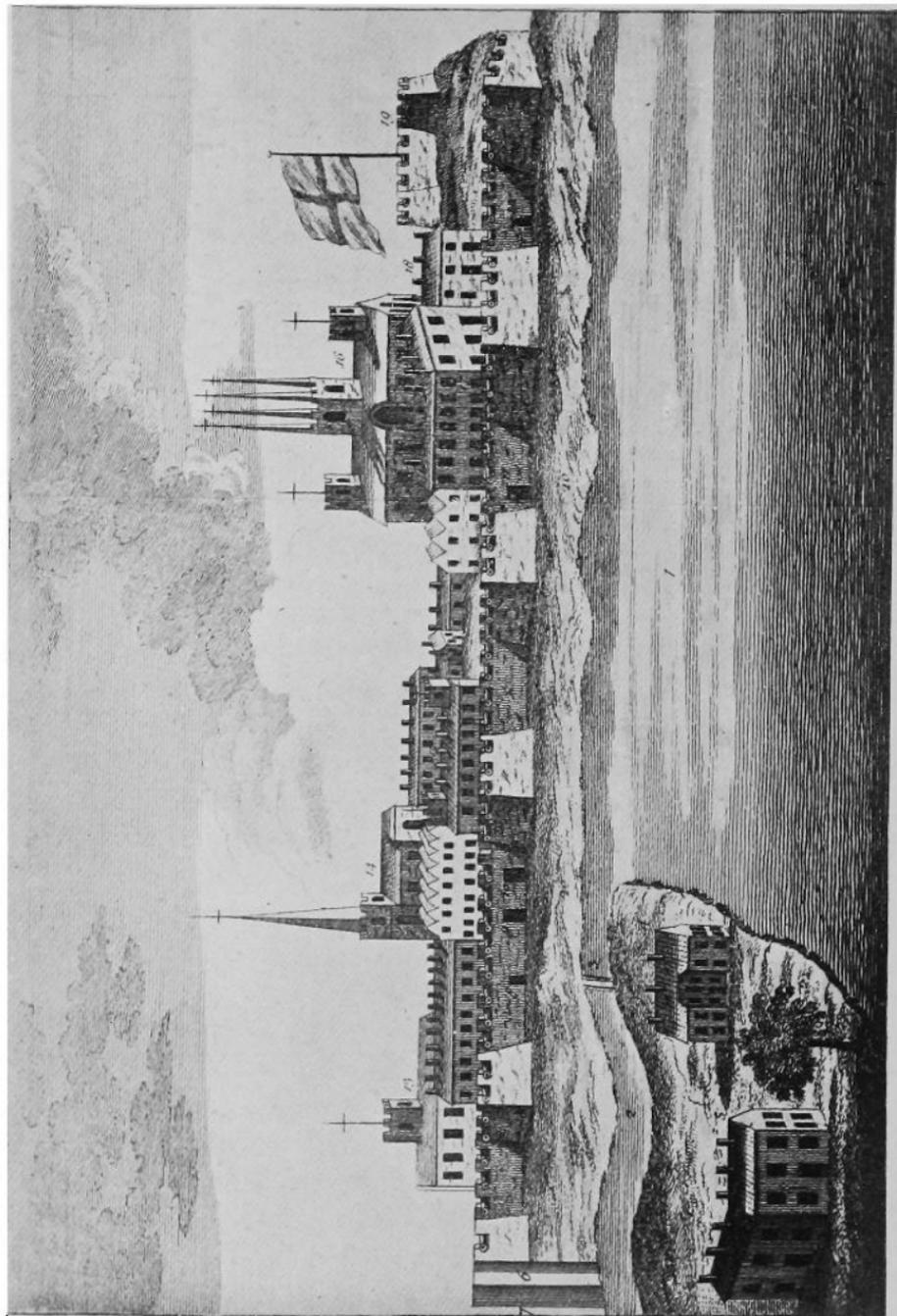
upon the other side of the city, and was even now close at hand. On the 6th of September Amherst arrived, and the triple movement was completed with an accuracy that did credit to all concerned.

Amherst, with 10,000 men, besides Johnson and his 700 Indians, had left Oswego just a month before. With a vast fleet of bateaux and whaleboats, and a few armed craft, he had passed out of Lake Ontario, and down through the thousand islands. Our old friend Pouchot, of Niagara memory, lately exchanged, alone stood in his path, at Fort Lévis, above the head of the first rapids. The British officers, who knew him personally, interchanged friendly banter as the ships came within hailing distance of their late prisoner. After a stout resistance, however, he and his garrison were captured, and Amherst moved on to what was really the more serious matter of the descent of the rapids. Johnson's Indians were with great difficulty kept off the captured garrison. Canadian precedents and the unblushing bloodthirstiness of so many of the priests was a trial even to British humanity. It was almost more than the ethics of the Iroquois could be expected to stand, and two-thirds of them went home in disgust; but happily they were no longer required, and might well have proved troublesome.

The rapids were a much greater cause of anxiety to Amherst than were the French, as any one who knows the St. Lawrence can well understand. He had to navigate over 800 bateaux and whaleboats, with their freights of stores and men, down the seven or eight dangerous places that lay between him and Montreal, and such work is a science to itself. He had

plenty of men who were masters of it, but the rapids of the St. Lawrence were on a great and formidable scale, beyond average experience. Some local knowledge was necessary, and Amherst had difficulty in securing, through Indians or coerced Canadians, the required experience. He did the best he could, however, and ran the Galops, Point Iroquois, Point Cardinal, and Rapid Plat without disaster, to his own surprise and somewhat premature jubilation. On September the 1st his great fleet of boats went down the Long Sault with not quite such immunity, several soldiers being drowned. The next day they floated over the Lake St. Francis. On the 3rd they went over the Conteau rapids safely. On the 4th the Cedars and Cascades were adventured with a very different result. Sixty-six boats in all came to grief, many of them with their stores being hopelessly lost, and eighty-four men drowned. Still, this did not affect the fate of Canada. On the 6th the British had landed at Lachine, and by evening were encamped within sight of the city, Murray and Haviland being in touch with each other upon its further or eastern side.

The situation of the French, in this their last stronghold, was quite hopeless. Montreal was not a natural fortress like Quebec, and, even if it had been, the inevitable could not have been materially deferred. The Swedish professor, whose memories of Lake Champlain have been quoted in a former chapter, came on to Montreal, and gives us a vivid picture of what it looked like ten years or so before this, the year of its surrender. It had, of course, the St. Lawrence on one side of it, and on the three others a deep ditch full of water. It was surrounded by a high



MONTREAL IN THE DAYS OF FRENCH RULE.

and thick wall, but covered too much ground, from the scattered nature of the houses, to be defended by a small force. Unlike Quebec, too, most of the private houses were of wood, though admirably built. There were several churches and convents and seminaries, — fine buildings of stone, mostly surrounded by spacious gardens,—while the streets were broad and straight, and some of them paved. In the background rose “the Mountain,” then clad in virgin forests, which, upon this fateful 7th of September, had not as yet been touched by autumn’s fiery hand. Before the city flowed the noble river, not long calmed down from the fury of the La Chine rapids, and at this point little less than two miles broad. Knox more than endorses Kalm’s eulogies, and thinks Montreal the most delightful place he has seen. The fortifications were contemptible, but “the excellence of the private houses, the magnificence of the public buildings, the pleasant country seats and villas scattered about amid gardens and plantations outside the walls, and, above all, the charm of the situation,” enchants the gallant captain,¹ in a mood, no doubt just then, to be easily pleased. To see the gay crowd in the streets, too, the silk cloaks and laced coats and powdered heads, one would have supposed, he says, that these people, instead of being the victims of a long and disastrous war, were all in the enjoyment of ample and unimpaired fortunes. But this is anticipating a little, for Knox and his friends were not yet actually inside.

Here, within or around the city, if importance in lieu of population can justify the term, were gathered all the civil and military chiefs of Canada, for once,

¹ Knox would seem to have got his majority about this time.

at least, united in the conviction that all hope had fled. The thoughts of the civilians had by far the most cause to be gloomy. The Intendant Bigot, Cadet and their band of parasites saw with despair the bone they had so long picked, passing from their grasp—the goose that for them alone had lain so many golden eggs at length on the point of extinction, a fate in part due to their former imprudences. But worse than all they saw an outraged king and government beyond the ocean, who, maddened with their loss, would welcome with joy the poor consolation of demanding an account of a stewardship so infamously outraged. As for the military leaders, however bitter their feelings, they were those of brave and honourable men, suffering the chagrin of defeat which they had for some time become accustomed to regard as inevitable. Lévis, Brouillan and Bougainville had little cause for self-reproach, for they had done all that men could do. Since the near approach of the British a rapid dissolution of the French army had set in. The Indians had entirely repudiated their ancient allies and patrons, while the militia had gone home to a man. The married soldiers of the colony regulars had in great part deserted, while many of the French linesmen who had married in the country had done the same. Only 2,500 troops, mostly French regulars, now remained with Lévis and his officers. They had provisions for a fortnight, and represented the entire resisting force of the colony. Amherst, Murray and Haviland lay outside the town with seventeen or eighteen thousand men, mostly veterans. It was, indeed, the end of all things. Vaudreuil held a council of war on the 6th, which was naturally unanimous, on the necessity of an immediate capitu-

lation. Bougainville, however, was sent early on the following day to Amherst with a proposal to suspend hostilities for a month—which reads like a very poor joke. Vaudreuil perhaps felt ashamed of it as he quickly followed with an offer of capitulation, specifying terms which had been approved by his council. There were forty-five clauses, most of which Amherst agreed to, though a few were summarily rejected. Lévis and his officers had fully counted on being allowed to march out with their arms and the honours of war. Amherst bluntly insisted that the troops should lay down their arms unconditionally as prisoners, and undertake not to serve in Europe during the present war. Lévis bitterly resented this, and himself sent de la Pause, his quartermaster-general, to plead with the English general against this rigorous condition. Amherst, however, not only refused, but, according to Knox, who was on the ground, sternly silenced Lévis' envoy, and told him that he was "fully resolved, for the infamous part the troops of France had acted in exciting the savages to perpetrate the most horrid and unheard-of barbarities in the whole progress of the war, and for other open treacheries, as well as flagrant breaches of faith, to manifest to all the world by this capitulation his detestation of such ungenerous practices and disapprobation of their conduct, therefore insisted he must decline any remonstrance on the subject."

Upon this Lévis demanded of Vaudreuil that the negotiations should be broken off, or if not, that the troops should retire to St. Helens island upon their own responsibility, and resist to the utmost rather than accept such terms. One does not, of course, feel

quite convinced of the sincerity of a suggestion that was so superfluous, and not perhaps palatable, and certainly unfair, to the rank and file. But in any case Vaudreuil remained firm, and on the 8th of September the capitulation as amended by Amherst was formally signed. Thus, by a stroke of the pen, Canada was transferred to the British crown, and, save for the small settlement of New Orleans, far away in the remote South on the Gulf of Mexico, the French power, recently so potent and so threatening, disappeared for ever from North America. Among some of de Vaudreuil's stipulations was one that the British Indians should be sent away. Amherst refused it, proudly replying that no Frenchmen surrendering under treaty had yet ever suffered from outrage by Indians co-operating with a British army. The gist of the articles of capitulation may be briefly summed up. All the regular troops in Canada, not only at Montreal, but the small isolated garrisons, together with the officials, civil and military, were to be conveyed to France in British ships. Whoever wished to leave the country was permitted to do so, a period of grace being given for the winding up of necessary business matters, such as the collection of debts or sale of property. Entire religious freedom was wisely granted, though a clause reserving a power of clerical appointments to the French throne was as wisely rejected, while some minor clauses, though not rejected, were reserved for the King of England's pleasure.

Amherst sent in the able Swiss officer, Haldimand, to take possession of the conquered city, as being, perhaps, especially acceptable to the French at this bitter moment. A regrettable incident marred this

final scene, unworthy both of the men and the occasion. When Lévis delivered up the paraphernalia of his army no French flags were forthcoming, and to the remonstrances of Amherst and Haldimand, he affirmed that they had been accidentally destroyed. Nobody wished to believe a brave antagonist guilty of so petty an outrage against all the laws of war and honour. But it was known in the British army that the French flags had been used by their owners since any serious engagement had been fought, and it is quite certain that neither Amherst nor his brigadiers believed Lévis' statement.

It is a pity that such an incident should stain de Lévis' Canadian record, that of a brave soldier, whose very surrender, like Lees at Appomatox a century later, presented a nobler spectacle than many victories. It was of a truth not the fault of those who had fought for Canada that she had fallen. De Lévis, de Bourlamaque, de Bougainville, Dumas, Pouchot and de la Corne, and their brothers in arms who stood as prisoners of war on the island of Montreal, had no lack of faith or vigour or valour to reproach themselves with. It would have been well for France had she possessed their equivalents at that time in Europe—officers as faithful under discouragement and neglect, as hardy and tireless in the field. Nor is it at all likely that she had at that moment any troops of quite such a quality as those seasoned veterans of the seven famous regiments, who gave up their arms to Amherst's overwhelming force, but had found their match upon the Plains of Abraham. It was little thanks, however, these brave men ever got from the country, who, to its own dire misfortune, had left them in the lurch.

Montcalm, the first of them all, got little indeed but calumny. It has been left for Englishmen and Canadians to keep green the memory of an able and merciful soldier and a worthy gentleman. No monument in the world is more suggestive than that simple shaft upon the Heights of Abraham, erected by the two races whose ancestors fought there, to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm.

It was a well-seasoned and a war-worn group, too, that gathered round the victorious Amherst in the Place d'Armes at Montreal, when he paraded his troops for the formal submission of the Marquis de Vaudreuil. Some of the chief actors in the past seven years of war, Monckton, Bouquet and Washington, were absent with good cause. Wolfe and Prideaux, the elder Howe and Braddock, Forbes and many others, were in the grave. Two or three had laid their reputations there, but were themselves still among the living, though beyond the sea.

But at that ceremony, whose infinite significance is more apparent to our eyes now than to those of the purblind and preoccupied Europe of that day, there was a goodly throng of warriors who had well earned the exultation that was theirs. Some of them lived to win far greater fame, others to bury such as they had won in a still distant struggle upon the same familiar scenes.

Murray and Haviland led their brigades. Burton and Gage, who had seen the whole war through from the commencement, and Fraser, the gallant Highlander, headed their respective regiments. Carleton, who was to become a famous Viceroy of Canada and to die Lord Dorchester, was here; and Howe, too, whose leadership up the cliffs at the Anse

A WAR-WORN GROUP

du Foulon was to be unhappily forgotten in his failure against the Americans in after days. The Swiss soldier and scholar Haldimand, who was also to govern Canada wisely and well, was in the group. Sir William Johnson, the baronet of the Mohawk valley, the master spirit of the Six Nations, the only white man on the continent the Indians really bowed to, was here, tall and muscular, cheery and unceremonious. No such picture would be complete without Rogers. No man had faced death so often—Rogers with a hundred lives, that prince of backwoods fighters, and his two brothers, each commanders of companies, and only inferior to himself. Dalling and Hazen, too, though but captains, as leaders of light infantry it would be ill forgetting. Schuyler and Lyman, the New York and Massachusetts colonels, in blue uniforms and three-cornered hats, were conspicuous among their fellows, and were to be heard of again in still more conspicuous fashion. Nor should we forget in what is after all but a partial, and, perhaps, even invidious retrospect, the gallant naval captain, Loring, who handled Amherst's improvised fleets on Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence with unwearied energy; nor yet Patrick Mackellar, whose forts and ramparts and redoubts were strewn over the whole range of conflict, and may yet be traced by the curious under forest leaves, or amid bustling towns, or in track of the farmer's plough. Jealousies between redcoats and bluecoats and men in hunting shirts, we may well believe, were now, at any rate for the moment, laid to rest. Within a few days ship after ship bearing the remnants of the French army had dropped down the river. All that remained was to carry Vau-

THE FINAL CEREMONY

dreuil's orders of submission to the small French posts upon the St. Lawrence and in the West, and to hoist the British flag in a score of lonely spots where the lilies of France had floated since the first white men broke upon their solitude.

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SINCE brevity is the plea upon which this narrative chiefly relies for its justification, I shall make no apology for having kept almost wholly aloof from the contemporary events in Europe during the Seven Years' War. For the same reason, I had fully intended to let the surrender of Vaudreuil and Lévis at Montreal be the final word of this volume, and to resist all temptation to touch upon the great questions that the war gave rise to.

Now, however, that I have come to the end of my allotted tether, I feel that the word *finis*, written where I had intended to write it, would lay me open to a charge of somewhat inartistic abruptness, both in a literary and historical sense, and that a story so suddenly closed would exhibit a lack of finish and completeness that three or four pages more would go far, I trust, to rectify.

Now Vaudreuil signed those ever memorable articles of capitulation on September the 9th, 1760, within a few days of the first anniversary of Wolfe's death, and in due course, in accordance with the terms of the document, the remains of the French army, the entire body of officials, and a certain number of the leading gentry, by their own wish, were carried to France in British ships.

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Pending the peace a military government was set up in the Colony, which was divided for this purpose into three districts—Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal—respectively assigned to Murray, Burton and Gage. The precise forms of this government do not concern us. It will be enough to say that it was conducted with the utmost possible consideration for the people, for their religion, their language, and their laws. One must not undervalue the strength of racial sentiment, but, with that exception, the people found themselves in every respect better off than they had ever before been, and did not hesitate to proclaim the fact in loud and grateful tones. If the ignorant mobs who, in various parts of Europe and America, screech their pitiable stuff about British tyranny and the more enlightened few, who, for motives base and of deliberation, thus bear false witness against their neighbour, desired light or truth, which is not in the least likely, the epoch in question would be an admirable point for them to commence their investigations.

It has been well said by historians, neither English nor French, that, throughout the whole hundred and fifty years of French rule in Canada, there is no evidence that the well-being, the happiness or the comfort of the people was ever for a single moment taken into consideration. They had been, in fact, slaves—slaves to the *corvées* and unpaid military service—debarred from education and crammed with gross fictions and superstitions as an aid to their docility and their value as food for powder. It is no wonder that they were as gratified as they were astonished when they found the Englishmen of reality bore no resemblance whatever to the Eng-

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lishman of priestly fiction. The common people were to their surprise officially informed of all public events, and the gentry class, who had hitherto had no share whatever in the government, were enrolled in various capacities as the custodians of law and order. When King George died, a few weeks only after the surrender of the Colony, the people of Montreal went of their own accord into mourning and presented an address, declaring he had treated them as a father would treat his own children rather than as a conquered people. And all this was under military government, for two years yet remained before the peace and the Treaty of Paris, which was to formally annex Canada to the British crown: when, as every one knows, the same policy was continued under a civil administration.

For more than twenty years there were practically no English-speaking settlers in Canada, and but a few thousand in Nova Scotia and the adjoining coasts. It was not till the close of the War of Independence, that the stream of American loyalists set in for the maritime provinces and the virgin forests of Ontario and laid the foundations of the dominion of Canada as we now know it.

In the meantime a Nemesis awaited the Canadian civil officials who had so betrayed their trust and their country. The very seas rose up against them as they beat their way homewards through danger, misery and tempest. Upon landing, ten of them, headed by Vaudreuil, Bigot and Cadet, were at once arrested and thrown into the Bastille. Twenty-one in all were put on trial, and so severe were the punishments in the shape of fine and banishment, that most of them only survived as broken and ruined men.

CONCLUSION

Though North America had peace, the war dragged on in Europe and elsewhere for over two years. In the month following the surrender of Canada to Amherst, King George, as I have mentioned, died, thus closing a long reign that he had at any rate done nothing to prevent being for the most part a glorious one, while he had proved himself to be at least a brave, an honest, and a constitutional monarch.

The pitiable *debüt* of his youthful grandson at this exalted period is a familiar picture. That he was an ardent Englishman, and meant well, that he was fond of agriculture, and above reproach in morals, may be of abstract interest, but is of slight importance in history when weighed against his pernicious actions, and more particularly when it is remembered that his domestic virtues had small effect on the country, but were rather objects of ridicule. It is the failings of George III. that matter, and constitute him, in the opinion of many, the most mischievous monarch that ever sat upon the throne of England. Personally pure and patriotic, he practised corruption at home and courted disaster abroad with tireless industry in the pursuit of that dream of absolutism which had been so religiously instilled into his obstinate nature by a narrow-minded mother.

He began almost at once to show his hand, and make it evident that the glory of England was quite a secondary matter to the pursuit of his mischievous and narrow ideal. Pitt, with his proud spirit and imperial convictions, was impossible in the atmosphere that soon surrounded the new king, and his very eminence had gained him powerful enemies. Happily his work was done, when, to the discontent

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of the people, who pelted his successor with mud and stones, he was forced to resign the leadership he had used with such unparalleled effect. But the machinery he had set in motion ran on with the impetus he had given it till its work was accomplished and a glorious peace secured.

Never, probably, in our political history, has there been such a drop as that from Pitt to the obscure and incapable coxcomb who almost immediately succeeded him, pitchforked by the young King into the highest office of state. Even Newcastle, who trimmed again to get office, lent moral weight to Bute. But of what object to criticize the ministers of a king whose settled policy it was to retain such men, and through their means to suborn and degrade Parliament!

Frederick of Prussia, who, with Pitt's help and the indomitable courage of himself and his soldiers, was still holding his own against a legion of foes, may well have despaired at the fall of his great ally, and the advent of ministers who had shown him of late but little sympathy. The timely withdrawal of Russia and the increasing difficulties of France, however, enabled him to hold out till the peace, preserve his dominion inviolate, and hand down a priceless legacy of glory to the great empire, whose foundations he had laid.

The spirit of Pitt lived on in his soldiers and sailors, and the French were beaten at every point and in every hemisphere, by land and sea. Spain was induced to range herself with England's enemies, and paid for it by the speedy loss of Manilla, the Philippines, and Havannah, the latter stormed in the teeth of infinite difficulties and with great loss of life. All nations, except perhaps the English, were anxious

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for peace, and the King of England, for reasons of his own, was of the same mind. So the Seven Years' War was brought to an end in the autumn of 1762, and the Treaty of Paris was signed early in the following year.¹ Never before or since has the glory of England been written so large upon any document of the kind. Pitt and a majority of the nation, however, thought it was not glorious enough, and with some reason from the standpoint of their day. It was France who had thrown herself across the path of British colonial expansion, had provoked the struggle and incited her Indian allies to the commission of continuous and fiendish barbarities on the English settlements. This rankled deeply in men's minds, and the more so as England was in a position to dictate terms and still full of fight, while France, crippled, demoralized, and financially ruined, was practically powerless outside her own borders. It was the French, too, who had essayed to drive the British out of India, with what result needs no telling. The sentiment embodied in the brief phrase, *never again*, current at this moment in another hemisphere, was the watchword of a majority who had already been tricked by the young King out of their power, and Pitt was of course their spokesman.

Great as were the concessions to Britain in Asia and America, they did not seem to Pitt the full measure of her supreme position and of the blood and treasure she had lavished to attain it. Above all the gift of those two rocky islands off Newfound-

¹ Havannah was exchanged with Spain for Florida, New Orleans alone was left to France on the North American mainland, and as Louisiana was afterwards made over to the United States, the dismantling of the fortifications of Dunkirk under English engineers is of all the clauses of this treaty, perhaps, the most significant of the position of England at the moment.

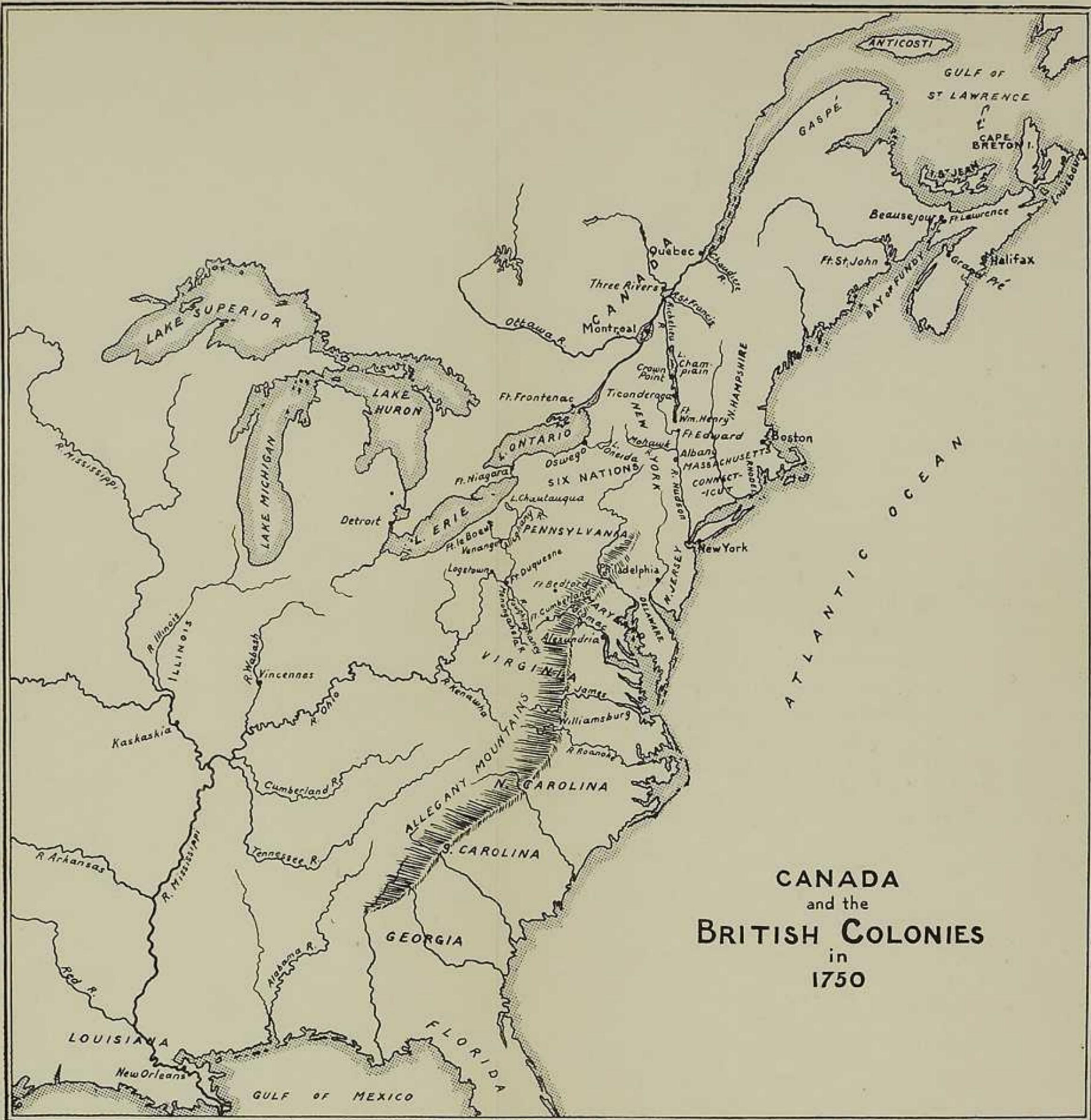
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land to France, which have been ever since such a fruitful cause of friction and danger, stirred Pitt's prophetic mind to wrath. Swathed in flannels he was carried into the House, and there in eloquent and impassioned tones, while denouncing the treaty, predicted to an unbelieving and largely bribed audience those future troubles with which we are only too familiar. But he spoke to deaf ears; the terms of the treaty were approved, and if the King bribed the House of Commons, it is almost equally certain that France bribed Bute with a most princely fee for his services on her behalf.

The question of Canada stood on a different basis. Many were against retaining it upon grounds purely patriotic, and they will be obvious at once. The exaltation of the hour, and a very natural ignorance of colonial feeling, alone prevented those who opposed retention from being more numerous. Many of England's enemies chuckled and have left written testimonies to their foresight. Many of England's friends, and some of her own people, shook their heads. There was no mawkish sentiment about this: it was a purely practical question. There are no doubt, even yet, numbers of people in England who, so far as they think about the subject at all, believe that the infatuation of George III. alone drove into rebellion a people hitherto wholly contented with their lot and pathetically devoted to the Crown and the British connection. Among those who knew the American Colonies at that time there was much difference of opinion as to their drift in certain eventualities, which is in itself significant enough. While the French were in Canada such speculations had no practical interest, for it must be remembered that the ex-

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pulsion of the French was an eventuality not taken into consideration till Pitt's time. It was impossible that there should not have been discontent at the trade restrictions under which the colonists lay. Such discontent may have been illogical, and even ungrateful, as this was the price paid for the protection of England against dangers which were then very real, but that it existed is beyond dispute, though little enough of it, doubtless, was heard amid the triumphs of this particular moment. It had been said by a great many people hitherto that nothing but fear of the French kept the Colonies so docile. The notion that they would seek independence was scouted, it is true, by some of their own foremost men, Franklin among them. But then it is significant that the reason usually assigned for this is their incapacity for combination, not their unconquerable affection for the mother country. Yet, the greatest pessimist of that day would hardly have hazarded the opinion that this vital question would be put to the test, in less than two decades, and upon provocation that to many of their generation would have seemed mild indeed. As a great English historian has truly said, and a scarcely less distinguished American has truly echoed, "the death of Wolfe upon the plains of Abraham meant not only the conquest of Canada but the birth of the United States."



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and the
BRITISH COLONIES
in
1750

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