

him. His wondrous energy led him, after he had placed Meer Jaffer on the throne of Bengal, never to rest until the ascendancy of the English Company in that province was supreme, undisturbed by French or Dutch rivalry. Exactly a year after the battle of Plassey, a Commission arrived at Bengal from London, remodeling the Presidency, and not including Clive in the nomination of officers. The news of the great victory had not reached the India House when the Court of Directors thus threw a slight upon the only man who could preserve their ascendancy. But the members of the Presidency at Bengal had the good sense to request Clive to take the government upon himself. By his exertions, and through his example, the French were gradually driven from every stronghold; and in six months after the accession of George III. not a vestige of the supremacy which Dupleix and Bussy and Lally had won for them, remained in the peninsula.

CHAPTER II.

The Administration.—Pitt's sole conduct of the war and of foreign affairs.—Frederick's second campaign.—Victory of Prague.—Defeat at Kolin.—Failure at Rochefort.—Convention of Closter-Seven.—Failure of expedition against Louisbourg.—Riots about the Militia Act.—Frederick's victory of Rosbach.—Subsidy to Prussia.—Cherbourg taken, and its works demolished.—St. Maloes.—Operations on the African coast.—Successful expedition against Louisbourg.—The turning point in Pitt's Administration.—Frederick's third campaign.—Zorndorf.—Hochkirchen.—Wolfe appointed to command an expedition to Quebec.—The battle of Minden.—Canada.—Operations in North America.—Wolfe in the St. Lawrence.—His desponding letter.—Heights of Abraham.—Death of Wolfe.—Quebec surrendered.—Hawke's victory in Quiberon Bay.—Death of George the Second.

THE appointments of several of Mr. Pitt's political friends to high offices, in the final arrangement of the Administration, excited no surprise. Earl Temple became Lord Privy Seal, and Mr. Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the re-appointment of lord Anson to the Admiralty—unpopular as he was, abused as he had been by those who were now to be his associates—was regarded as "a most surprising phenomenon."* He had been himself a wretched administrator—"an incapable object," as Walpole terms him. It is stated that Pitt took effectual means to neutralize Anson's incapacity. He stipulated with the king that the correspondence with naval commanders should be in his own hands, and that the Board of Admiralty should sign the dispatches without reading them.† Doubtful as this statement may appear, it is unquestionable that Pitt, from the hour of his triumphant return to that post which involved the whole conduct of foreign affairs and of the war, determined that no coadjutor should interfere with his plans. The prospect before him was not very brilliant. The nation was committed to its alliance with Frederick II.; and at the very moment when the new ministry had entered upon their duties, came the news of a great disaster—"the reversal of all the king of Prussia's triumphs."‡ Frederick had commenced his second campaign at the end of April. Even in the days of Marlborough, Europe had not seen such a vast array of mighty armies moving in every direction—Austrians, troops of the Empire, French, Swedes—four hundred and thirty thousand men gathering together to crush the prince of a small German state, who had only a hun-

* Waldegrave—"Memoirs," p. 155.

† Thackeray—"Life of Chatham," vol. i. p. 293. ‡ Walpole to Mann, July 3.

dred and fifty thousand men in the field to encounter this overwhelming allied force. The Russians in the campaign of 1757 were merely committing ravages in the provinces beyond the Vistula. The English and Hanoverian army, commanded by the duke of Cumberland, was relied upon to prevent the French attacking Prussia. There were vast odds against the success of Frederick, according to ordinary calculations. The great writer and statesman, Edmund Burke, who at this time influenced public opinion, not from his place in Parliament but from Messrs. Dodsley's shop in Pall-Mall, thus describes the one resource that enabled Frederick "to sustain the violence of so many shocks"—his vast powers of mind: "His astonishing economy, the incomparable order of his finances, the discipline of his armies beyond all praise, a sagacity that foresaw everything, a constancy that no labour could subdue, a courage that no danger could dismay, an intuitive glance that catches the decisive moment—all these seemed to form a sort of balance to the vast weight against him, turned the wishes of his friends into hopes, and made them depend upon resources that are not within the power of calculation."* At the opening of this campaign Frederick saw that he should first have to encounter Austria. He marched from Saxony into Bohemia by four different mountain passes; purposing to unite his detachments in the environs of Prague. Before this city the Austrian marshal, Browne, was encamped, in a position almost impregnable. Frederick waited for his gallant companion-in-arms, marshal Schwerin, to join him; and then, on the 6th of May, he fought one of the most sanguinary battles on record. The conflict lasted eleven hours; the Prussians losing eighteen thousand men, and the Austrians twenty-four thousand. The brave old marshal fell, leading his regiment, which had given way, to the thick of the battle, waving the national standard of the black eagle which he had snatched from an ensign. The Austrian commander, marshal Browne, was also mortally wounded. The king displayed that personal intrepidity which never failed him after his first battle of Molwitz. His victory was complete. Prague was then bombarded, and for three weeks did its unfortunate inhabitants endure the horrors of war, with more than its usual calamities. Twelve thousand famished victims, whose houses had been destroyed, were turned out of the gates of Prague, that more food might be left to its defenders. They were driven back again by the un pitying Prussians. The city resolutely held out.

* "Annual Register" for 1758—the first of the series. There is no more spirited, or, in the main, more correct narrative of this eventful period, than in the annual miscellany which the genius of Burke at once raised to a high reputation.

A great division of the Austrian army under marshal Daun was advancing for its relief. On the 17th of June, Frederick fought the battle of Kolin, with an inadequate force; and he was defeated with the loss of thirteen thousand men. Six times did he lead his cavalry to the charge against the Austrian position. He was advancing the seventh time, with only forty men, when an English officer said to him, "Is your majesty going to storm the battery by yourself?" He at last ordered the retreat; and riding off alone, he was found seated by the side of a well, drawing figures in the sand with his stick. The siege of Prague was raised; and the Prussians hastily marched out of Bohemia.

Under this great reverse of their one ally, the English government turned its attention to naval enterprises. Something, indeed, might be expected from the army under the duke of Cumberland; and a great success on the coast of France would raise the spirits of the people, who were lamenting over the fatal day of Kolin. Such an enterprise would operate as an important diversion of the French from the war in Germany. An expedition was sent out, in September, under the command of sir Edward Hawke and sir John Mordaunt. Sixteen ships of the line and ten regiments of foot were destined for an attack on the great arsenal of Rochefort. The French coast was without many troops for its defence. Louis XV., when he heard of the arrival of an English armament at the mouth of the Charente, was fully convinced that Rochefort would fall. The fortified island of Aix was attacked by captain Howe, who anchored his ship within fifty yards of the fort, and after an hour silenced the French batteries. General Conway took possession of the citadel.* After a week spent in councils of war, it was agreed that the expedition should return home. Mordaunt and Hawke were at issue. The general required to be assured by the admiral, that if any mishap occurred in the attack upon Rochefort, such arrangements could be made as would allow the troops to re-embark. Hawke said, that must depend upon wind and weather. We have a letter of general Conway, in which he writes to his brother about "resolutions and irresolutions." . . . "I am sorry to say that I think, on the whole, we make a pitiful figure in not attempting anything. . . . For the only time of my life I dread to come back to England." † Colonel Wolfe, when these miserable discussions were going on between the commanders, said, that if they would give him three ships and five hundred men he would take Rochefort. Pitt, when he wanted such a soldier,

* Captain Rodney's Letter of Sept. 23, in "Grenville Papers."

† MS. collection of "Conway's Letters."

did not forget Wolfe. Mordaunt was acquitted by a court-martial. Other evil tidings had travelled to England, thick and fast. The news had come that the duke de Richelieu had compelled the duke of Cumberland, after a series of retreats, to leave Hanover to the mercy of the French; and being pursued to Stade, he had agreed to a capitulation, known as the Convention of Closter-Seven; under which all his Hessians and Brunswickers were to be disbanded, and all his Hanoverians were to be sent into various cantonments. The duke was insulted by his father when he came home, and resigned his post as commander-in-chief. George had turned his back upon his favourite son when they first met, and said aloud, "He has ruined me and disgraced himself." The indignation of the English people was extreme. They associated in their minds the retreat from Rochefort, and the surrender at Stade, as the result of some treachery or court intrigue. "The people will not be persuaded that this pacific disposition [at Rochefort] was not a preliminary for the convention of Stade."* The public discontent was at its height when the intelligence arrived that Lord Loudoun, having the command of a force of twelve thousand men, furnished by large reinforcements from home, had shrunk from attacking Louisbourg; and that Admiral Holbourne, the naval commander, hesitated about imperilling his squadron of eighteen ships of the line in an attack upon the French squadron of nineteen ships of the line. When this account came, Horace Walpole might well write, "It is time for England to slip her cables, and float away into some unknown ocean."† To crown the misfortunes of the first three months of Pitt's administration, there were serious disturbances in various parts of the country about the Militia Act, which came into operation at that time. The people were persuaded that, when enrolled, they were liable to be draughted into the king's forces and be sent abroad. It was in vain to urge the precise words of the Statute. Yeomen, farmers, and labourers were obstinately incredulous; and in some places the timid magistrates were obliged to postpone their meetings for enrolling men, to prevent the violence which the ignorant multitudes threatened. Such were the blessings produced by the want of publicity for parliamentary proceedings; and by the utter deficiency of ability in the conductors of provincial newspapers to treat any social question as a matter for elucidation.‡ Their local "Accidents and Offences,"

* Potter to Pitt—"Chatham Correspondence," vol. i. p. 277.

† Letter to Mann, Sept. 3.

‡ Mr. Edward Baines in the Life of his father, says—speaking of the Leeds paper which for half a century has held so distinguished a place amongst Journals—"Up to the year 1801, the 'Mercury,' like almost every other provincial paper, had no editorial comments whatever."

the appointment of the parish beadle, or the marriage of the squire's daughter, constituted their notion of public instruction.

At the end of October, Pitt wrote to Grenville, "The king of Prussia keeps the field, and his cause is still alive. An event or two may yet change the gloomy prospect. Immense expense I see is unavoidable, and the heavier load of national dishonour threatens to sink us with double weight of misfortune."* An event did come which did change the gloomy prospect. On the 15th of November Pitt wrote to Grenville, "The king of Prussia has gained a complete victory over the prince de Soubise, near Weisenfels in Saxony."† Wondrous change of fortune, produced by the unshaken constancy of one man surrounded by dangers on every side. The Russians were desolating Frederick's eastern provinces. Silesia was filled with Austrians. He was under the ban of the Empire, every German State being forbidden to give him aid. A letter published in the English papers at the end of August, says, "many persons who saw the king of Prussia, when he passed lately through Leipsic, cannot express how much he is altered. They say he is so much worn away that they scarce knew him."‡ The final catastrophe—a ruin as complete as that of Charles the Twelfth at Pultowa—seemed fast approaching. The prince de Soubise, with an army of forty thousand French, and twenty thousand troops of the Empire, was encamped near Mucheln. Frederick, with twenty-two thousand of his Prussians, had marched to encounter this unequal force. After some changes of position on either side, on the 5th of November, Soubise was suddenly attacked, when he thought that the king was retreating. Never was victory more complete than in this short battle of Rosbach. It was one universal rout. The French and the Imperial troops vied with each other in the swiftness of their flight. They left seven thousand prisoners, guns, colours, baggage—all that could manifest the extent of their humiliation. Before the battle, Soubise had sent a dispatch to Louis to announce that he might be expected soon to arrive in Paris with the king of Prussia as his captive. The French officers looked upon the little Prussian army, and laughed at the presumption of Monsieur le Marquis de Brandenbourg. Frederick indulged himself, as was his custom whether victorious or defeated, by writing some very indifferent occasional verses to bid farewell to the runaway French. He then turned to real business. He would recover Silesia before the approaching winter should prevent any military operations. By forced marches he reached the neighbour-

* "Grenville Papers," vol. i. p. 227.

† "Annual Register," 1758, p. 20.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 229.

hood of Breslau. Here prince Charles of Lorraine was at the head of an army of Austrians, exceeding sixty thousand men. They met at the village of Leuthen, near the woods of Lissa, on the 5th of December; and thus this greatest of Frederick's battles is known by either name. This was no sudden rout like that of Rosbach. The Austrians fought bravely; but the genius of the Prussian leader gave him a mighty victory, which Napoleon said was of itself sufficient to place Frederick in the rank of the greatest generals. When this wonderful campaign shall come to be described by a historian equal to the theme, we may perhaps understand the meaning of the words, "there were great kings before Napoleon." The writer to whom this task is allotted, has briefly told us what he thinks of Rosbach and Leuthen: "Austerlitz and Wagram shot away more gunpowder—gunpowder probably in the proportion of ten to one, or a hundred to one; but neither of them was tenth-part such a beating to your enemy as that of Rosbach, brought about by strategic art, human ingenuity, and intrepidity, and the loss of four hundred and seventy-eight men. Leuthen too, the battle of Leuthen (though so few English readers ever heard of it) may very well hold up its head beside any victory gained by Napoleon or another. For the odds were not far from three to one; the soldiers were of not far from equal quality; and only the General was consummately superior, and the defeat a destruction."* The English people of 1757 did know something of Rosbach and of Leuthen. They forgot their own national misfortunes and disgraces in the triumphs of their great ally, the king of Prussia. "All England has kept his birth-day," writes Walpole. "The people, I believe, begin to think that Prussia is some part of Old England."

The defeat of the French at Rosbach led the king of England to refuse to ratify the Convention of Closter-Seven. "Some trifling infractions of the neutrality on the part of the French," according to Walpole, "were pretended to cover this notorious breach of faith."† Others hold that these "trifling infractions of the neutrality" consisted in the grossest cruelties and extortions exercised by the French on the Electorate. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, a distinguished officer in the Prussian army, was recommended by Frederick to assume the command of the Hanoverian troops, who were thus freed to take part in the campaign of 1758. The Session of the English Parliament was opened on the 1st of December. The king recommended that his "good brother and ally," the king

* Carlyle—"Friedrich II." vol. i. p. 10.

† "Memoirs of George II.," vol. iii. p. 81.

of Prussia, "should receive all the support which his magnanimity deserved." A subsidy of £670,000 was voted, with only one dissentient voice. His majesty by a message announced that the army formed in his electoral dominions was "to be put again into motion" to act in concert with the king of Prussia; and a present supply for the payment of that army was asked, in consideration of "the exhausted and ruined state of the Electorate." £100,000 was immediately voted. The votes for supplies amounted to ten millions. Pitt rarely went to the House of Commons, being laid up with the gout; but whether confined to his chair or his bed, he issued his orders for the manning of fleets or the movement of armies, in every quarter of the globe. Some of his plans were successful; others were failures. He had not yet trodden down the system under which family connections and parliamentary influences were the paramount considerations in the choice of generals and admirals to command expeditions. Early in the Session Pitt had hurled his thunderbolts against lord Loudoun, who, he said, might have recovered affairs in America if he had not loitered from the 9th of July to the 5th of August, inquiring whether or no the French force was superior. "Our ill success has hurt my quiet and tainted my health." He had again to bear a repetition of ineffectual proceedings on the French coast, imputed by some to his want of knowledge of the defences of the place to be attacked—St. Maloes. An armament sailed on the 1st of June. The fleet was commanded by lord Anson; the troops by the duke of Marlborough. At St. Maloes a landing was effected without opposition. A number of small vessels were burnt, and then the soldiers re-embarked. "The French learned," writes Walpole, "that they were not to be conquered by every duke of Marlborough."* The success, such as it was, was called by Mr. Fox "breaking windows with guineas." On the 8th of August, Cherbourg was taken without opposition; its forts and basin were destroyed, with its hundred and seventy iron guns. Its brass guns were brought to the Tower of London. From Cherbourg, the same expedition proceeded to make another attempt upon St. Maloes. The place was found too strong for assault; and the English troops, who were in a wretched state of discipline, disgraced themselves by their excesses as they wandered about in the district. A large French force was coming down upon them. All was hurry to rejoin the ships in the bay of St. Cas; but the rear-guard of fifteen hundred men was cut off, and a thousand were killed or made prisoners. There needed some decided success to counteract the influence of these misfortunes.

* "Memoirs of George II.," vol. iii. p. 185.

The French were dispossessed of their settlements on the African coast. An expedition sent against Fort Louis, on the Senegal river—a project suggested to Pitt by Thomas Camming, a commercial Quaker, who hoped that the French might be deprived of their monopoly of the gun trade without shedding a drop of blood. He went with the expedition, and Fort Louis was taken without slaughter. Goree surrendered to a stronger armament, but not without many broadsides from our ships, which showed Pitt's "good and worthy Friend," as the minister addressed him, that gentle warfare was not a possible thing. There were greater conquests in America. Pitt had not only publicly censured the earl of Loudoun; he did what was more effectual—he recalled him. He now chose his commanders, not by seniority, but by their reputation for ability. General Amherst was dispatched to take the command of the troops, with Wolfe as his second in seniority, with the rank of brigadier-general. Admiral Boscawen was to command the fleet. There were now an admiral and a general who would co-operate. On the 2nd of June a fleet of a hundred and fifty ships, bearing twelve thousand troops, appeared off Louisbourg. The soldiers were conveyed to the shore in boats; and Wolfe was the first to jump into the surf, and lead his men to the attack of the French who were drawn up to oppose their landing. The defences were very strong; and it was nearly the end of July before Louisbourg capitulated, with nearly six thousand prisoners of war. Cape Breton once more formed a part of our dominions. The French fleet in the harbour was utterly destroyed. Throughout England there was universal exultation. This great success was regarded as a proof that the nation was beginning to reap the fruit of vigorous councils. This was the turning point in Mr Pitt's administration. There came disasters. This boldest of war ministers had a vast scheme of operations, each portion of which had reference to some ultimate object. He was already looking to the conquest of Quebec, and proposed to general Abercrombie to reduce the French forts on the borders of Lake George and Lake Champlain. An attack upon Ticonderago, a strong fort, was repulsed by the marquis de Montcalm, an experienced French general, with a loss to the British regiments and the American militia of two thousand killed and wounded. In a previous skirmish, lord Howe, who appears to have been "what every man in arms should wish to be," fell at the head of his regiment. The American campaign was concluded by the surrender to the British of fort Duquesne, the original cause of the war. Its name was changed to Pittsburg.

In this year, whilst prince Ferdinand kept the French in check,

Frederick, on the 25th of August, fought the great battle of Zorndorf, near Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in which he defeated the Russians with a fearful slaughter. To show the short step from the sublime to the ridiculous, Walpole writes:—"Well! the king of Prussia is found again—where do you think? only in Poland, up to the chin in Russians. Was ever such a man! He was riding home from Olmutz; they ran and told him of an army of Muscovites, as you would of a covey of partridges; he galloped thither and shot them."* The smart letter-writer then speaks of the extreme popularity in England of the great Fritz: "The lowest of the people are perfectly acquainted with him; as I was walking by the river the other night, a bargeman asked me for something to drink the king of Prussia's health." A large portion of the English public,—a portion somewhat above the bargemen on the Thames and the alehouse keepers who set up the head of "the Protestant hero" as their sign—looked with intense interest upon the man who had fought six pitched battles in one year, and, undepressed by failure as he was calm under success, was still fighting for his little kingdom against a host of enemies. They looked with wonder upon the versatility and unconquerable gaiety of this most extraordinary of kings, who gave Europe a poem when he had no materials for a gazette. His poems, translated well or indifferently, unequal as their originals, found their way into popular Miscellanies. When he, in his Epistle to Voltaire, talked of "the insipid farce of tedious state"—"the fickle multitude's caress"—"the thorny pomp of scepter'd care"—critics might believe that there was the affectation of philosophy in all this; but the general sympathy would acknowledge that Frederick did not claim more for himself than he was entitled to, when he said that he must be,—

"to face the tempest's rage,

In thought, in life, and death, a King." †

He had need of fortitude. He was triumphant over the Russians in August. In October he was surprised by the Austrians in his camp, in a combined operation of general Daun and general Laudohn. As the church clock of Hochkirchen struck five, on a cold and foggy morning of October, Frederick was awakened with the news that his batteries were stormed; and that a hostile army was in the centre of his camp. His presence of mind saved his troops from complete destruction; but after fighting five hours he was obliged to abandon his tents, his baggage, and his artillery. He halted about half a league from the field of battle; but he had

* Letter to Mann, Sept. 9.

† This translation is in the "Annual Register," for 1758.

brought off his men in such good order that the Austrians did not dare again to attack him. The great loss on that day was marshal Keith.

The Parliament met on the 23rd of November. "It is all harmony," says Walpole, "and thinks of nothing but giving away twelve more millions." The lavishness of Pitt has been objected against him; but it must be borne in mind that there can be no greater waste than results from the false economy of what Wellington called "a little war." The official mode of looking at a war-expenditure is thus described, with reference to the period when Pitt entered upon his ministerial career. "The heavy debt of the nation served as an excuse to those who understood nothing but little temporary expedients to preach up our impossibility of making an effectual stand. They were willing to trust that France would be so good as to ruin us by inches."* But Pitt took other means to rescue the nation from its ignoble lethargy and its slow decay, than the common lavishness even of weak ministers. He infused his own energetic spirit into every one whom he entrusted with the execution of his plans. In choosing men for military command, he passed over the ancient formalists "who had grown old on a very small portion of experience." He wanted men who would not shrink from difficulties. On the 22nd of September, 1758, a letter was addressed to the minister by the youthful general who had first leapt into the surf at Louisbourg. Wolfe had returned home in ill health. He was then in his thirty-third year. He informed Mr. Pitt that he had no objection to serve in America, and particularly in the river St. Lawrence, if any operations were to be carried on there. He asked only a little time to recover the injury done to his constitution, that he might be "the better able to go through the business of the next summer." † Pitt at once promoted Wolfe to the rank of major-general, and gave him the command of the projected expedition to Quebec. Lord Mahon has related, upon private authority, a most interesting anecdote of circumstances attending the last interview between the minister and the young soldier to whom he had entrusted so heavy a responsibility. Pitt invited Wolfe to dinner, lord Temple being the only other guest. "As the evening advanced, Wolfe—heated, perhaps, by his own aspiring thoughts, and the unwonted society of statesmen—broke forth into a strain of gasconade and bravado. He drew his sword, he rapped the table with it, he flourished it round the room, he talked of the mighty things which that

* Walpole—"Memoirs of George II.," vol. iii. p. 173.

† "Chatham Correspondence," vol. i. p. 370.

sword was to achieve. The two ministers sat aghast at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and real spirit."* Was there not some other exciting cause than Wolfe's own aspiring thoughts?—some inspiration beyond the ordinary sober talk in the society of statesmen? It is well known that Pitt would harangue in other places than in parliament. He harangued George II. He harangued every one to whom he gave important instructions. It has been said that no officer went into his presence to receive his commands without coming out a bolder man. According to a joke at the court of Louis XV., he so frightened Bussy, the French envoy, by his declamation, that the terrified negotiator jumped out of the window. The bravado of Wolfe might be the almost unconscious tribute of an impulsive nature to the warlike eloquence of Pitt.

The year 1759 is one of the most memorable years in the annals of Britain. On the colours of our 12th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 37th, and 51st regiments are inscribed the name of "Minden." At the great battle of Minden, on the 1st of August, prince Ferdinand defeated the French generals the duke de Broglie, and the mareschal de Contades, who commanded a force very superior to that of the Hanoverians and English. In the preceding April, Ferdinand had been compelled to retreat before these generals, after having been defeated at Bergen. The electorate of Hanover seemed again ready to be a prey to the rapacity of the French, when another like the duke de Richelieu might build a palace out of its spoils. But the skilful tactics of Ferdinand stood between the French and their expected conquest. Cassel, Munster, and Minden were in their possession. A small detachment of the Hanoverians and English appeared before Minden, exposed, as it appeared to the French officers, to inevitable destruction. De Broglie marched out from his strong position to surround them; when the whole allied army was seen, drawn up in order of battle. De Contades then joined him; and the two, with their cavalry, made repeated attacks upon the solid English and Hanoverian infantry. Again and again they were driven back; and at length the French generals commanded a retreat. The cavalry, under lord George Sackville, had not been engaged. Ferdinand sent him orders to charge the French before they could rally. Sackville would not understand the messages brought to him by three aides-de-camp, two of whom were English. The opportunity was lost for the entire rout of the enemy; although the victory was complete, as far as it went. That evening, the Englishman whom his countrymen were to brand as a

* "History," vol. iv. p. 228.

coward, appeared at Ferdinand's table. Surprise was expressed at the marvellous audacity. In the General Orders issued the next morning, in which the troops and some distinguished officers received the thanks of their commander, the name of Sackville was not mentioned; and the marquis of Granby, the second in command, was referred to as one who, if he had been at the head of the cavalry, would have made the decision of that day more complete and brilliant. Lord George begged to return home and to resign his command. He came to England; was deprived of all his offices; and being tried by court-martial in the following year, was found guilty of disobeying prince Ferdinand's orders, and was declared unfit to serve in any military capacity. The haughty and ambitious man, in despite of public contempt, made his way to civil employment in the next reign. But in spite of Sackville, Minden was a British triumph. Other triumphs succeeded. The French were preparing for our invasion. Pitt sent admiral Rodney to destroy their gunboats in the port of Havre, which service was effectually accomplished. Brest was blockaded. Admiral Boscawen on the 17th of August defeated a French fleet in the bay of Lagos on its way from Toulon to assist in the operations in the Channel. Guadaloupe had capitulated to an English armament in May that was employed in attacks upon the French West India Islands.

The French colony of Canada, in 1759, contained forty thousand souls. Lower Canada, or Canada East, was occupied almost exclusively by the French settlers, who had been established there since 1608, on the spot now occupied by the city of Quebec. The Red Indians ranging over the vast surface of unoccupied country were, for the most part, in friendship with the French, and assisted them, as we have seen, in their inroads upon the British North American colonists. Two millions of civilized men, whether of French or of British descent, incorporated into a great people, now inhabit that fine country of Canada; and, through the sure effect of the wise measures of the imperial government, however tardy, are amongst the most attached of British colonists, sending their surplus population to add to the home defence of the State which they honour. The marquis de Montcalm, in 1759, commanded the French troops in Canada—a brave and honourable man, untainted with the profligacy of the court of Louis XV. The plans of Mr. Pitt for the campaign in America were of a wide but comprehensive character. There were three armaments. Two of these had a field of operations calculated to attain partial advantages in themselves, but intended to combine in one great undertaking. In

the middle of July, a body of the American militia, and of Indians in amity with them, commenced the siege of Niagara, a strong fort on that river, near the Falls. Six hundred men defended the place. A large force, chiefly of Indians, approached to the relief of the garrison; and during the battle which ensued, the Indian war-whoop was heard above the cataract's roar,—a singular contrast to many European battles in which the thunder-clap has mingled with the boom of the gun. The garrison capitulated; and the fall of Niagara was numbered amongst the triumphs of that year. General Amherst had succeeded to the command held by general Abercrombie, who had failed, not without incurring blame, in his attack upon the fortress of Ticonderoga in 1758. In July, Amherst reduced this stronghold, the French retreating to another fort on Lake Champlain, called Crown Point. This place was also secured. But at the upper end of the lake the French had taken up a strong position. The English general had to build boats before he could attempt to dislodge them. He had been instructed, after securing the navigation on Lake Champlain, to march along the river Richelieu, and combine his operations with those of Wolfe on the St. Lawrence. Amherst embarked on Lake Champlain. He was driven back by storms; and then came the winter. Wolfe, with eight thousand men, had sailed in a fleet commanded by admiral Saunders; and by the aid of some charts of the river which had been taken on board a French vessel, the difficult passage of the St. Lawrence was accomplished. On the 27th of July, the small British army landed on the Isle of Orleans, opposite Quebec, where they found abundance to recruit them after their long voyage.

The highest hopes of the English people attended the progress of these operations in North America. The force sent out was large. There was confidence in the skill and bravery of the commanders. On the 14th of October there arrived in London a letter addressed by Wolfe to the earl of Holderness, one of the Secretaries of State, which appeared to annihilate every hope; as did a letter addressed to Mr. Pitt. On the 16th Walpole writes: "Two days ago came letters from Wolfe, despairing, as much as heroes can despair." The letter to Holderness, dated on the 9th of September, "On board the Sutherland, at anchor off Cape Rouge," is singularly interesting; written with great care, and with the solemnity of a brave man who feels that he is likely to fail in doing the State service. Quebec, he says, he could have taken, if Montcalm had shut himself up in the town; "but he has a numerous body of armed men, and the strongest country, per-

haps, in the world to rest the defence of the town and colony upon." He had attacked their entrenchments on the 31st of July; but accidents prevented the success of the attempt; and the post had been so strengthened that another attempt would be too hazardous. The English fleet blocks up the river, but can give no assistance in an attack upon the Canadian army. The heat of the weather, and great fatigue, had thrown him into a fever, and he had begged the generals to consider what was best to be done. They recommended that a considerable corps should be conveyed into the upper river, to draw the enemy from their inaccessible situation, and bring them to an action. "I agreed," he says, "to the proposal; and we are now here with about three thousand six hundred men, waiting an opportunity to attack them, when and wherever they can best be got at." The fleet of transports had carried the army, reduced to this small number, up the St. Lawrence, several miles above Quebec, where they disembarked. "So far recovered as to do business," he waited "an opportunity to attack." Genius makes its own opportunities. The Heights of Abraham form a continuation of the steep ridge of rocks on which Quebec is built—an almost natural barrier against any assaults from troops landing near the city. It was one o'clock in the morning of the 13th of September when the little band were crowded into boats, to float down the broad river with the flowing tide. In darkness and in silence they embarked. Wolfe, who had the poetical element in his composition, repeated in a low voice to his brother officers as they sat in the boat the famous poem which he had retained in his memory—Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard."* They reached a little inlet about two miles above Quebec, now called "Wolfe's Cove." They landed at the foot of a cliff, with one narrow path which led up to a wide table-land. The men struggled up with the aid of boughs and stumps of trees, or clinging to projections in the rock. Foremost amongst those who scaled the cliff was one of the new Highland regiments. A French picquet fired and fled. The height was gained. The troops formed in line; and anxiously waited for another detachment which the boats had gone back to bring. When the day broke a compact army stood, as if brought thither by magic, on the high-ground at the back of Quebec. Montcalm would not believe the intelligence. He saw with his own eyes; and then led his troops

* Strange as this may seem in such a moment of anxiety, it was the relief from the weight of an overwhelming thought; such as Shakspeare has exhibited when he makes Cinna and Casca discuss where the coming day was to break, in the interval that preceded the resolve that Cæsar should die.

forth from their entrenchments. "If I must fight, I will crush them," he said; and prepared for battle.

Wolfe had disposed his little force with admirable judgment. Montcalm was advancing with French and Canadian regiments intermingled, whilst his Indian allies were detached to outflank the British on their left. This left wing was commanded by brigadier-general Townshend, whilst Wolfe was with the right wing, where the hottest work was expected. He had ordered his men not to fire till the enemy came within forty yards. Montcalm's troops had fired as they advanced, and Wolfe had received a shot in his wrist. He bound the wound with his handkerchief. The volley of the British stopped the advance. Wolfe headed his grenadiers to the charge, when another shot struck him in a vital part. Still he issued his orders and pressed on. A third ball hit him in the breast. He fell, and was carried to the rear. His eyes were growing dim as he looked upon the battle. He sank on the ground, when an officer near him exclaimed "They run." The dying man raised himself on his elbow, and asked "Who run?" "The enemy, the enemy." "I am satisfied," said Wolfe. The second in command, general Monkton, had also fallen. General Townshend completed the victory. The brave Montcalm was mortally wounded, and being carried into the city died the next day. Quebec capitulated on the 18th of September.* The hearts of the people were probably never more stirred than by Wolfe's gloomy dispatch of the 9th of September, followed by the intelligence of the capture of Quebec, and of the death of Wolfe, which arrived three days later. "They despaired, they triumphed, and they wept."† The popular admiration of Wolfe was not a passing sentiment. A quarter of a century afterwards, when Cowper published his "Task," it was

"praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

Parliament was opened by commission on the 13th of November. Peace was talked of; but it was urged that such supplies should be given, as would enable his majesty "to sustain and press, with effect, all our extensive operations against the enemy." In the course of the Session fifteen millions and a half was voted for Supplies—an enormous sum by comparison with the estimates of previous years of war. Pitt on the 20th moved that a public mon-

* An obelisk erected in the gardens attached to the Government House bears on one side the name of "Wolfe," on the other that of "Montcalm."

† Walpole—"Memoirs," vol. iii. p. 219.

ument should be erected to the memory of general Wolfe. He moved also the thanks of the House to the generals and admirals, "whose merit," he said, "had equalled those who have beaten Armadas—'May I anticipate?' cried he, 'those who *will* beat Armadas.'"* At the hour at which Pitt used this remarkable expression, a naval battle was being fought, which made his anticipation look like some mysterious sympathy which outran the ordinary means of intelligence—the "shadows before" which a sanguine mind sees in "coming events." Admiral Hawke was driven by the equinoctial gales from his blockade of Brest. Conflans, the French admiral, came out with twenty-one ships of the line and four frigates. Admiral Duff was off Quiberon Bay with his squadron; and Conflans hoped to attack him before Hawke could come to the rescue. But Hawke did return; and then Conflans hurried to the mouth of the Vilaine—fancying himself secure amidst the rocks and shoals on that shore to which the Britons sailed to the aid of the Veneti. The danger of a sea-fight in such a perilous navigation had no terrors for Hawke. The pilot pointed out the danger. "Lay me alongside the French admiral," was Hawke's reply to the pilot's remonstrance. "You have done your duty, but now obey my orders." The fight went on till night whilst a tempest was raging. Signal guns of vessels in distress were heard on every side. When the morning came, two British ships were found to be stranded, but their crews were saved. Four of the French fleet had been sunk, among which was the admiral's ship. Two had struck. The rest had fled up the Vilaine. This final victory put an end to all those apprehensions of a descent upon England, which prevailed before Pitt had infused his spirit into commanders by land and sea. The French admiral, Thurot, was to have co-operated with Conflans in an attempt at invasion. He landed in the north of Ireland; attacked Carrickfergus, which was bravely defended by seventy-two men; and then went again to sea, having plundered the town, and carried off the mayor and three other inhabitants as his prisoners.

It was the determination to believe nothing impossible to a strong will, and to think no loss irretrievable, which sustained Frederick of Prussia through the reverses of 1759—the most disastrous of all his campaigns. The defeat by the Russians at Kunersdorf would have annihilated a less resolute man. But he rallied; and he fought through another year of chequered fortune, during which his own territories suffered the extremities of misery, to win the two victories of Legnitz and of Torgau.

* Walpole—"Memoirs," p. 230.

The year 1760 was not a year of excitement to the English people. The war went on; but even the defence of the conquests of 1759 required no great exertions. Quebec was besieged; but the besiegers were compelled to retire, when an English fleet appeared in the St. Lawrence. There was little domestic agitation, except a ministerial difference with the court, which somewhat detracts from the dignity of Pitt, in his exhibition of contempt for that influence which prevented his brother-in-law, earl Temple, from obtaining the Garter. Parliament had little more to do than vote supplies. "Success," said Pitt, "had produced unanimity, not unanimity success." A sudden event came, destined in a short time to change the whole aspect of affairs—to involve England once again in political contest more to be dreaded than the ordinary course of party warfare—more to be dreaded, because other leaders appeared than those of Parliament, and the representatives of the people were not on the popular side. The reign of George II. came suddenly to a close on the 25th of October. The king had risen at his usual hour of six; had taken his cup of chocolate; and had been left alone by his attendants. A noise as of a heavy fall was heard; then a groan. The old man lay on the ground, and never spoke more. The right ventricle of his heart had burst.

VOL. VI.—4