

funeral cortège 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 Bouchbouch, 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 his money. It was a time of supreme effort and self-denial, and a moment well worth it, if ever there were 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 Alleghenies. 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