

At the moment that Montcalm was breathing his last Townshend was issuing General Orders, of which the first two lines speak for themselves—

" 14 Sept., 1759—PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.
" PAROLE—WOLFE. COUNTERSIGN—ENGLAND."

The pathos
of glorious
war.

In England the news of the victory and death of Wolfe followed quick on the despatch to Pitt in which he had indicated his difficulties in a way to make the Government and the nation feel that the task set him was beyond his powers, if indeed it was not beyond the powers of any man. The revulsion of feeling from the dull acceptance of disappointment to the realisation that a triumph had been achieved equal to the highest hopes, that a brilliant coup had wiped failure completely from the record, carried the nation into transports which Horace Walpole described in his own vivid way.¹ It was Horace Walpole who, exactly twenty years earlier, had said that the people who were ringing their bells would soon be wringing their hands; now the process was reversed and people who were preparing to wring their hands rang their bells, lighted their bonfires, and almost buried the king under an avalanche of congratulatory addresses. But the joy was chastened by the recollection that Wolfe had paid the price of victory with his life. To two hearts at least the event brought deepest sorrow; there was the widowed mother, of whom he was ever so thoughtful, and there was the lady to whom he had so recently become engaged.² Few are the joys that do not bring with

¹ *Memoirs of George II*, vol. ii, p. 384.

² Miss Lowther in due time married the Duke of Bolton. Mr. Doughty records practically all that is known of her, which is very little.