

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 were wounded. It was now past sunrise, and the famous backwoods leader learned that there were 400 Frenchmen just in front of him and 200 more on his flank. The whole army of Bourlamaque 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 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 Bourlamaque 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 salvos 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