

but General Clayton, who had orders to pursue, was killed, and the opportune moment seems somehow or other to have been lost in consequence. There was pursuit of a sort, but it was too late to be effective. The slaughter, however, was sufficiently great, the enemy having already left about six thousand dead and wounded upon the field. "His Majesty," writes Wolfe, "was in the thick of the fight, and the Duke behaved as bravely as a man could do. He had a musket-shot through the calf of his leg. I had several times the honour of speaking with him just as the battle began, and was often afraid of his being dashed to pieces by the cannon-balls. He gave his orders with a great deal of calmness, and seemed quite unconcerned. The soldiers were in high delight to have him so near them. I sometimes thought I had lost poor Ned when I saw legs and heads beat off close by him. A horse I rode of the colonel's at the first attack was shot in one of the hinder legs, and threw me, so I was obliged to do the duty of an adjutant all that and the next day on foot in a pair of heavy boots." One hardly knows whether to wonder most at the condition of things which placed the responsibility of a regiment in the van of a great European battle in the hands of a boy of sixteen, or the matter-of-fact coolness and efficiency with which the gallant stripling performed his task. That he gave satisfaction is conclusively proved by his being regularly commissioned as adjutant immediately after the battle, and promoted to a lieutenancy.

The battle of Dettingen, though so nearly a tremendous disaster, decided the campaign. It saved the English army, disheartened the French, and by giving time to