

a moment, bravely contesting the path. Then they turned, broke into small parties, and for the most part fled, a few veterans here and there standing shoulder to shoulder to the last.

But where was Wolfe? The Indians and Canadians were flying with their comrades now, and Steve was no longer required on the flank. He slung his musket over his shoulder, and went off at a run till a small gathering of officers attracted his attention. Wolfe, the gallant, lion-hearted officer had been hit in the wrist at the commencement of the action, and afterwards in the groin and through the lung. He was mortally wounded, and called to Lieutenant Browne. "Support me," he cried, "lest my gallant fellows should see me fall."

The officer was too late, and arrived at the general's side to find him on the ground. Then a Mr. Henderson and Colonel Williamson arrived, while Steve came on the scene a second or so later. Together they lifted the poor general and carried him to the rear, where they laid him gently down again, for he was in great pain and almost unconscious.

"They run! See how they run!" cried an officer.

The words seemed to rouse the dying man. "Who run?" he asked eagerly, but with feeble voice.

"The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!"

"Go one of you, my lads," said Wolfe, "with all speed to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march down