

infantry in this famous battle, and was the subject of much wider and more bitter comment than young Wolfe's. They had never, it must be said for them, been in action before. Both they and their horses were raw, while the squadrons opposed to them were composed chiefly of veterans. The French cavalry, however, profited little by their advantage. For being carried away by it they forgot the serried ranks of the infantry behind, and only realised the fact too late when half their number were stretched by a tremendous flanking fire upon the ground. "The third and last attack," writes Wolfe, "was made by the foot on both sides. We advanced towards one another, our men in high spirits and very impatient for fighting, being elated with beating the French horse. The major and I, for we had neither colonel nor lieutenant-colonel, before they came near were employed in begging and ordering the men not to fire at too great a distance, but to keep it till the enemy should come near us—but to little purpose. The whole fired when they thought they could reach them, which had like to have ruined us. We did very little execution with it. So soon as the French saw we presented they all fell down, and when we had fired they got up and marched to us in tolerable good order, and gave us a brisk fire which put us into some disorder, and made us give way a little, particularly ours and two or three more regiments who were in the hottest of it. However, we soon rallied again and attacked them with great fury, which gained us a complete victory and forced the enemy to retire in great haste." As the French fled to the bridges over the river the cannon played on them with great effect;