

to stay the headlong flight of the survivors. Wolfe ordered the charge, and the Highlanders, with a yell rivalling that of Red Indians, the Grenadiers and the rest drove the panic-stricken remnant of the French army back into Quebec or across the St. Charles; the pursuit was checked only by the guns on the walls or the Canadians and Indians who lurked in the woods.

How  
Wolfe died.

The victory was complete, but costly: only less costly in personnel to the British than to the French. Wolfe and Monckton were both wounded early in the engagement; the General's wrist was torn by a bullet, but he bound up the wound with a handkerchief; he was next hit in the groin, but refused to retire for an instant; he continued to direct the fight until the moment when the French gave way before his terrific fire. Then placing himself at the head of the Grenadiers he led the charge. But he did not get far. A bullet entered his chest, he reeled and was only saved from falling by two officers who saw him stagger. "Don't let my brave fellows see me fall," he said, as though he understood in that supreme moment what his presence meant to his army. It was the solicitude of the true captain. He was carried to the rear and knew that the surgeon's skill was useless. "I'm done for," he murmured, as he sank into a state of semi-consciousness. He revived for a second when he heard the cry: "They run!" "Who run?" "The French, Sir, they give way everywhere." Wolfe opened his glazed eyes and the master spirit gave its final orders: "Then go to Colonel Burton and tell him to take Webb's Regiment and cut off their retreat by the St. Charles." He turned on his side, a smile broke upon his pain-contracted