

You seem to be nettled at the silence of the newswriters; but if you'll coolly consider I am highly honored thereby. Mr. Townshend, Monkton, &c., &c., were in the right, perhaps, to hire these miscreants to relate feates they never performed, and to ascribe to themselves the actions of other men. I don't want such false trappings; it is the praise of my brother soldiers I am ambitious of, and I flatter myself I have their esteem. I have the satisfaction to know that my conduct has the approbation of his Majesty and his Ministers. I have served my country with an honest, hearty zeal, and shall continue to exert the poor faculties I have, in any station I may be placed in. A steady adherence to these principals will succeed in the end; and get the better of all sculkers, jack-daws, and gazetteers. It would no doubt be known hereafter to all the world, who opposed the attack of the lines at Montmorency, and who in the beginning, and to the very last of the campaign, urged the descent above the town at the very place where it was made. And surely no body is ignorant of what the left wing of the army did the day of the 13th of September; it was not *en potence*: it broke the enemy's line, and pursued the fugitives to the gates, and would have completed their destruction, had it not been called off by superior authority. It must be allow'd that to maintain the conquest in the situation I was left in, was a much more arduous task than the acquisition of it; that was the business of two or three hours, in which fortune was most partial to us; the other was a series of toils, alarms, intrigues, finesses, and, in short, of everything that is comprehended in war. My journal in the hands of the Minister points out all at large. You shall see it when we meet; and you will allow that Monkton and Townshend gave up a field of glory when they abandoned Quebec, which they can never recover, were they to keep in constant pay all the scriblers under the sun. I fought a battle: I lost it. What then? Is every day of battle a day of victory? Did it be asked any soldier if, in my situation, it was right to fight. He will answer without hesitation: "To be sure." Examine the disposition, compare it with the ground which must determine the propriety of it, and I flatter myself it will be allow'd a good one. Was not the critical moment of attack made use of? Did it succeed? Was not the victory gain'd, had the right wing been as active and as vigorous as the 28th of April, 1760, as the left was the 13th of September, 1750? Was not aid instantly given during the action where it was wanted? Were not the cannon judiciously placed? Does not all this denote a presence of mind, and a *coup d'oeil*? Where was the General in the battle? Betwixt his own line and that of the enemy — everywhere, where the enemy made a push, animating his men by his presence. He had two horses shot under him, and his clothes riddled by the enemy's musketry. Where was he when the right wing falter'd? He was placing the cannon on the heights, in the centre, but rode instantly to the right, and there recover'd the confusion. How did the troops retreat into town? In tolerable order by the means of the corps the General himself posted in the two unfinished redoubts, and on an eminence. Did he stay with the corps himself to the last? He did, he was the last man that enter'd the gates. The defence of the place, as it was successful, in England (where everything is right or wrong agreeable to the decision of Dame Fortune) will answer for its self. You are to ask the French Generals what share had this campaign in the total reduction of Canada. I am persuaded Mr. Amherst is too just to be silent on that head. He certainly has told that I left him nothing to do, and that the Marquis de Vaudreuil insinuated terms of surrender to me, before Mr. Amherst's army appear'd, which I would not listen to, as I had intelligence of the commander-in-chief's being within six days' march of me, and I was posted at Longueuil, by which the junction of the three armies was infallible.

• This much I have open'd myself to my brother; it is very wrong for a man to speak of himself, but he that praises himself is unpardonable. I therefore conjure you not to show this letter to any body but Elibank; he and you may make what use of the contents you please, provided you do not let it be known that I have trumpeted my own fame.

I think myself accountable to my family in a very particular manner for my actions, especially as the sphere I have lately acted in has been eminent. It will be your business to dive into the truth of every sentence of this letter, but not to expose me to the reproach of vain glory. I offer my very affectionate compliments to all my relations round you, and am, my Dear George,

Your most affectionate brother and sincere friend,

JAMES MURRAY.

Sandy Johnstone now lives with me, and acts as my Brigade-Major. He is very fat, but we have nothing to do.

---

Brig-General Murray's "Journal" was published under the auspices of the Literary and Historical Society, in 1871.