

June 8. with Security to invest it. Soon after, the *Garrison* took the seasonable Precaution of setting Fire to the Barracks at the *Grand Battery*, which they had before dismantled and ruined; and of destroying all their Out-buildings in one general Conflagration, which made a prodigious Blaze all that Afternoon, and a great Part of the Night; and left nothing standing within two Miles of the Town-Walls, but the Towers at the *Grand Battery*, and some Chimneys and Gable Ends of their wretched Hovels. The Pursuers that very Afternoon, after reconnoitring the Ground, marked out the Camp, which our Army afterwards occupied during the whole Siege.

The *Prisoners* we made at landing said, that the greatest Part of our Business was done, in the landing of our Troops; which their *Engineers* had before assured the Governor of *Louisbourg*, was impossible for almost any Number of Men to do—and that none, but Madmen, would have attempted it, where the *English* did. Our *Light Infantry*, *Highlanders* and *Rangers* they termed the *English Savages*, perhaps in Contradistinction to their own native *Indians*, *Canadians*, &c. the true *French Savages*. These *Light Infantry* were a Corps of 550 Volunteers chosen as Marksmen out of the most active resolute Men from all the Battalions of *Regulars*, dressed some in *blue*, some in *green Jackets* and *Drawers*, for the easier brushing through the Woods; with *Ruffs* of black Bear's Skin round their Necks, the Beard of their upper Lips, some grown into *Whiskers*, others not so, but all well smutted on that part; with little *round Hats* like several of our Seamen—Their *Arms* were a Fusil, Cartouch-Box of Balls and Flints, and a Powder horn slung over their Shoulders. The *Rangers* are a Body of

*Irregulars,*