

bush or a break in the ground. There was sharp fighting on the left and Townshend's men were hotly engaged in taking and losing and retaking some houses which afforded excellent shelter for sharpshooters. Montcalm advanced steadily, his colonials on either wing; his army was about equal to Wolfe's in numbers. As it moved forward, its weapons gleaming in occasional bursts of sunlight, it presented a spectacle of blue and white uniforms in striking contrast with the red lines waiting to meet it. Montcalm had several field pieces which did a considerable amount of damage, but Wolfe had only a couple of light guns which Saunders' blue-jackets, the handy men then as ever, had managed to haul up the Foulon path. Montcalm rode at the head of his men; Wolfe moved freely along the lines, giving his last instructions. He had, with the weakness of more than one famous general, donned a brand new uniform for the occasion, and his tall figure was conspicuous. For their better protection, Wolfe for a time kept most of his men lying at full length on the ground. Now that the enemy was actually approaching he had his ranks two deep—"this was the first occasion in history that one European army had stood two deep to face another on a flat and open battlefield";¹ every musket was to be loaded with two balls, and not a shot was to be fired until he gave the word. The French came on shouting wildly, Indian fashion, and firing as they came. Wolfe moved his men a little forward as though to encourage and incite the attack; then they halted and stood to be shot at without a sign that they meant to reply.

¹ Wood, p. 236.