

right and the enemy's left which concealed us from that quarter—upon which the Gen<sup>l</sup> did me the Honour to detach me with a few granteers to take possession of that ground and maintain it to the last extremity, which I did till both armys was engaged. And then the General came to me and took his post by me.—But oh how can I tell you my dear Sir—tears flow from my eyes as I write—that great that ever memorable man whose loss can never be enough regretted was scarce a moment with me when he received his fatal wound. I myself received at the same time two wounds—for I was close by him—one in the right shoulder and one in the thigh—but my concern for him was so great that I did not at that time think of them. When the General received the shot I caught hold of him and carried him off the field. He walked about one hundred yards and then begged I would let him sit down which I did; then I opened his breast and found his shirt full of blood at which he smiled, and he seen the distress I was in 'My dear', said he, 'don't grieve for me I shall be happy in a few minutes—take care of yourself as I see you are wounded—but tell me, tell me how goes the battle there?' just then came some officers who told him that the French had given ground and that our troops were pursuing them to the walls of the town. He was then lying in my hands fast expiring. That great man whose sole ambition was his country's glory raised himself up on this news and smiled in my face. 'Now,' said he, 'I die contented.' From that instant the smile never left his face till he died. I thought in him I had lost all my interest but it please God to raise me up friends in all the surviving General Officers and in particular in General Monck who upon his first taking the command inquired for the Volunteer that distinguished himself so much on the 13th September with General Wolfe, as he thought it his duty incumbent on him in honour to General