

Siege of QUEBEC.

29

those of the *English* the 'second, and the Affair was over; our *Right* 1759. took to their Heels, our *Center* ran away after them, and drew along the *Left*, and so the Battle was lost in less Time than I am telling the Story.

An Attempt was made to rally the *Runaways*, but without Effect; all that could be done, was to collect a Body of 8 or 900 Men together, whom they drew up in Ambuscade in a 'Copsé of Wood upon the *Right* of the *Hills of Abraham*, and whose Fire retarded in some measure the Pursuit of the Conquerors; some others, who had recovered from their Fright, formed themselves into a few *Platoons*, and made a Stand, so that the Action began to be renewed upon the Declivity of the Mountain in different Parts; however, the fatal Blow was struck, and the Enemy triumphed.

We

dence he had in the Troops of the *Colony* and the *Savages*, for he must know the *Canadians* too well to risk a Battle, because they were in *Spirits*, and their Courage was up, as is insinuated here; but the Advantage of the Ground, the superior Extent of his Line, the Sight of the *English* Army before the Town, Vexation at finding himself out-generall'd, his Lines and Batteries, his intrenched Camp and formidable Redoubts become of no Use Surprize, Desire of Revenge, Thirst of Glory, Honour of the *French* Arms, Anger, or Disappointment, might all concur to hurry him on to immediate Action, and without waiting for any farther Addition to his Forces to fall upon the Enemy drawn up before him.

Whatever was the Inducement, the Event plainly shewed it a very indiscrete Onset, and such a one as might have ended in the total Destruction of the *French* Army, without affording an Opportunity for a *second* Trial; for, had the Town of *Quebec* been situated at a greater Distance from the Field of Battle, they must all have inevitably been cut to Pieces, or reduced to the melancholy Necessity of laying down their Arms. ("If the Town had been further off, the whole *French* Army must have been destroyed." *Saunders*.)

' Our Troops reserved their Fire till within forty Yards, which was so well continued, that the Enemy every where gave way. *Townshend*.

" The Enemy began the Attack, our Troops received their Fire, and reserved their own till they were so near as to run in upon them, and push them with their Bayonets; by which, in a very little Time, the *French* gave way and fled to the Town in the utmost Disorder, and with great Loss; for our Troops pursued them quite to the Walls, and killed many of them upon the *Glacis* of the *Ditch*." *Saunders*.

" Part of the Enemy made a second faint Attack; part took to some thick *Copsé* Wood, and seemed to make a Stand." *Townshend*.