

Our army, ignorant of the information accidentally obtained by the garrison, continued their march. During the night of the 27th and 28th it rained incessantly. The heavens appeared to contend against us. The thunder and lightning, very rare at this season, seemed to be the forerunner of the shock to which our forces were about to be exposed. The rain falling in torrents, and the roads rendered impracticable by the melting of the snow, prevented their marching in good order. General De Bourglamarque, second in command, at the head of the leading battalions, came in sight of the enemy before forming his men. The enemy's artillery lost no time in opening a destructive fire upon them, which placed many hors de combat. The General was wounded and forced to retire. The main body of our troops, marines and militia, better acquainted with the roads, arrived in time to support a regiment, which was near being cut to pieces, rather than retreat. The action then became most furious and general. The English having had the choice of position, possessed considerable advantage. Our army did not expect to find their foes drawn up in order of battle; they were consequently compelled to halt, and not finding the ground suitable for extending their lines, the first divisions had to bear the brunt of the fire. The main struggle took place near Quebec, on a height opposite our house. Not a shot was fired which did not resound in our ears. Judge, if possible, what must have been our situation; the interest of our country, and our close connections were amongst the combatants, producing a state of anguish it is impossible to paint. The Grand Vicar, at present our Bishop, who suffered equally with us, exhorted us to bear the shock with resignation and submission to the decrees of the Almighty; after which he retired to the church.