

Only two thousand of the force opposed to him were French regulars. The rest were Canadian militia, unsurpassed in bush fighting, but hardly fit to withstand a charge of British grenadiers.

The attack was made by the French, who rushed forward with great spirit. The battle

Wolfe's orders to his men, like those of Prescott in later days at Bunker Hill, were to withhold their fire until the enemy were within very close range. This order was strictly obeyed. When the volley was delivered, it made sad havoc in the French ranks, and when the British followed it with a solid bayonet charge on the double-quick, the French line was hopelessly broken. The firing in some parts of the field remained very brisk on both sides. In crossing an exposed place Wolfe received a ball in the wrist which shattered the arm, but he tied it up with his handkerchief and kept on. Presently a second ball struck him in the groin without causing him to stop, and almost immediately afterward a third passed through one of his lungs. As he staggered, he was seized by four men, who carried him to the rear and laid him upon the ground. He was already somewhat comatose, when one of the officers exclaimed, "My God! see how they run!" "Who run?" exclaimed Wolfe, rousing himself. "The enemy," replied the officer, "is giving way everywhere." The young general's