

perceived by the *Light-house* Party, who made Signals with Rockets to Sir *Charles Hardy's* Squadron; several of whom chased her, but at a great Distance, till they lost Sight of her in a Fog impenetrable to human Eyes, and extended on this Coast for many a Score Leagues. Two or three of the *Deserters* from our Camp were sent to *France* in this Frigate—another had his Head shot off while he was very active on Duty in the Town.

July. 16. About 7 o'Clock this Evening, Brigadier *Wolfe* made himself Master of a Post occupied by the Enemy's *Picquets* within about 400 Yards of the *West Gate*, where about 100 of their *Volunteers* had secured themselves behind some small *Breast-works* of Sand-Bags—He advanced towards this Post with only 8 or 10 Men, leaving Orders for a sustaining Party to follow him from the *Green-bill*. Upon his approaching the Enemy, they fired some few Muskets at him; when he dispatched an Officer to the adjacent *Redan*, with Orders for an Officer and 20 of the *Light Infantry* to cross the *Barrafoy* Bridge immediately, supported by 20 Grenadiers. They advanced with all Expedition one after another, at about 2 Yards distance from each other, and on the Bridge received three Fires from the Enemy's *Breast-works*, without any Loss. On the *Light Infantry's* advancing farther without firing their Pieces, the Enemy's Party retired with much Precipitation towards the *West-Gate*, firing some random Shot in their Flight, and were pursued, without the Loss of a Man, in the midst of a warm Fire of grape and round Shot both from the *Town* and Ships, and from the small Arms of the Rampart and Covert-way. At this Post the Brigadier made a good Lodgment. The Fire from the Besieged was continued briskly during the whole Night