

mass swayed, turned, and broke in wild confusion. Only three officers remained. Half the battalion was killed or wounded. Nothing could stay its flight.

On the top of the crest of ground, where he had formed his line of attack only a few minutes before, Montcalm was trying to rally some men to keep back the pursuing British when he was hit again, this time with a mortal wound. He reeled in the saddle, and would have fallen from it, if two faithful grenadiers had not sprung to his side and held him up. His splendid black charger seemed to know what was the matter with his master, and walked on gently at a foot's pace down the Grande Allée and into Quebec by the St. Louis Gate. Pursuers and pursued were now racing for the valley of the St. Charles, and Quebec itself was, for the moment, safe.

Never was there a greater rout than on the Plains of Abraham at ten o'clock that morning. The French and Canadians ran for the bridge of boats, their only safety. But they came very close to being cut off both in front and