

Letter written to his sister by sergeant Jacques-Etienne-Benoist de Laumont, 66th infantry regiment, fallen on the field of honor, 25 September 1915 at Agny-les-Arras

Source: **La dernière lettre écrite par des soldats français tombés au champ d'honneur 1914-1918**

24 September 1915
My dearest Amie,

I am writing you this letter in case of emergency; tomorrow morning, at dawn, towards 3:15, 4 o'clock, we are leaving to attack: it's the big, perhaps the victorious offensive, that we have all hoped for, that we are all sure of; we have to break through and we will break through, if it is not here, it will be nearby that it happens.

The 66th has the honor of attacking and the 1st battalion (mine) in front; I am proud that the general found us worthy of this effort. Chance is blind and may strike me, but if it saves me; you can be certain that, in one or the other case, I will do my duty, all my duty.

If I am killed, tell mama and papa with great care; my only misfortune, my sole regret is that my death will cause you pain to you and all that I love so much; but why cry when one day we will all be together, either a little sooner or a little later. Then isn't the best death in the world, a useful death, a death for a goal, for an idea, for an ideal. And in this mediocre century where we are it's good to be said "oh well, at least I have done something and I had a death that pleased me the most."

I want to be buried there where I fall. I do not want to be interred in a cemetery or some other place. I will be better in my place as a soldier in the earth of France, in one of those beautiful fields for which I happily have given my life, I swear this to you.

This letter will reach you only in the case that something bad has happened to me.

I embrace you and all who have been so good to me and that I love from the depths of my heart.

Jacques