

foot. We see him a tall slender boy of fifteen, in scarlet coat, folded back from the breast after the old fashion in broad lapels to display its white or yellow lining, breeches and garters, with his young face surmounted by a wig and a cocked hat edged with gold lace, setting off, colours in hand, with his regiment for the war in the Low Countries. If he missed seeing aristocratic management at Carthage, he shall see aristocratic and royal strategy at Dettingen. His brother Ned, a boy still more frail than himself, but emulous of his military ardour, goes in another regiment on the same expedition.

The regiment was accidentally preceded by a large body of troops of the other sex, who landing unexpectedly by themselves at Ostend caused some perplexity to the Quartermaster. The home affections must have been strong which could keep a soldier pure in those days.

The regiment was at first quartered at Ghent, where, amidst the din of garrison riot and murderous brawls, we hear the gentle sound of Wolfe's flute, and where he studies the fortifications, already anxious to prepare himself for the higher walks of his profession. From Ghent the army moved to the actual scene of war in Germany, suffering of course on the march from the badness of the commissariat. Wolfe's body feels the fatigue and hardship. He "never comes into quarters without aching hips and thighs." But he is "in the greatest spirits in the world." "Don't tell me of a constitution" he said afterwards, when a remark was made on the weakness of a brother officer, "he has good spirits, and good spirits will carry a man through everything."

All the world knows into what a position His Majesty King George II. with the help of sundry persons of quality, styling themselves generals, got the British army at Dettingen, and how the British soldier fought his way out of the scrape. Wolfe was in the thick of it, and his horse was shot under him. His first letter is to his mother—"I take the very first opportunity I can to acquaint you that my brother and self escaped in the engagement we had with the French, the 16th June last, and, thank God, are as well as ever we were in our lives, after not only being cannonaded two hours and three quarters, and fighting with small arms two hours and one quarter, but lay the two following nights on our arms, whilst it rained for about twenty hours in the same time, yet are ready and as capable to do same again." But this letter is followed by one to his father, which seems to us to rank among the wonders of literature. It is full of fire and yet as calm as a dispatch, giving a complete, detailed, and masterly account of the battle, and showing that the boy kept his head, and played the part of a good officer as well as of a brave soldier in the first field. The cavalry did indifferently, and there is a sharp soldierly criticism on the cause of its failure. But the infantry did better.

"The third and last attack was made on the foot of both sides. We advanced towards one another; our men in high spirits, and very impatient for fighting, being elated with beating the French Horse, part of which advanced towards us, while the rest attacked our Horse, but were soon driven back by the great fire we gave them. The Major and I (for we had neither Colonel nor Lieutenant-Colonel), before they came near, were employed in begging and ordering the men not to fire at too great a distance, but to keep it till the enemy should come near us, but to little purpose. The whole fired when they thought they could reach them, which had like to have ruined us. We did very little execution with it. So soon as the French saw we presented they all fell down, and when we had fired they all got up and marched close to us in tolerably good order, and gave us a brisk fire, which put us into some disorder and made us give way a little, particularly ours and two or three more regiments who were in the hottest of it. However, we soon rallied again and attacked them again with great fury, which gained us a complete victory, and forced the enemy to retire in great haste."

Edward distinguished himself, too. "I sometimes thought

I had lost poor Ned, when I saw arms and legs and heads beat off close by him. He is called 'The old Soldier,' and very deservedly." Poor "Old Soldier," his career was as brief as that of a shooting star. Next year he dies, not by sword or bullet, but of consumption hastened by hardships—dies alone in a foreign land, "often calling on those who were dear to him;" his brother, though within reach, being kept away by the calls of duty and by ignorance of the danger. The only comfort was that he had a faithful servant, and that as he shared with his brother the gift of winning hearts, brother officers were likely to be kind. James, writing to their mother, some time after, shed tears over the letter.

Though only sixteen, Wolfe had acted as Adjutant to his regiment at Dettingen. He was regularly appointed Adjutant a few days after. His father, as we have seen, had been an Adjutant-General. Even under the reign of Patronage there was one chance for merit. Patronage could not do without adjutants. From this time, Wolfe, following in his father's footsteps, seems to have given his steady attention to the administrative and, so far as his very scanty opportunities permitted, to the scientific part of his profession.

Happily for him, he was not at Fontenoy. But he was at Laffeldt, and saw what must have been a grand sight for a soldier—the French infantry coming down from the heights in one vast column, ten battalions in front and as many deep, to attack the British position in the village. After all, it was not by the British, but by the Austrians and Dutch, that Laffeldt was lost. We have no account of the battle from Wolfe's pen. But he was wounded, and it is stated, on what authority his biographer does not tell us, that he was thanked by the Commander-in-Chief. Four years afterwards he said of his old servant, Roland: "He came to me at the hazard of his life, in the last action, with offers of his service, took off my cloak, and brought a fresh horse, and would have continued close by me had I not ordered him to retire. I believe he was slightly wounded just at that time, and the horse he held was shot likewise. Many a time he has pitched my tent and made the bed ready to receive me, half dead with fatigue; and this I owe to his diligence."

But between Dettingen and Laffeldt, Wolfe had been called to serve on a different scene. The Patriots, in bringing on a European war, had renewed the Civil War at home. Attached to the army sent against the Pretender, Wolfe (now major), fought under "Hangman Hawley," in the blundering and disastrous hustle at Falkirk, and, on a happier day, under Cumberland at Culloden. Some years afterwards he revisited the field of Culloden, and he has recorded his opinion that there also "somebody blundered," though he refrains from saying who. The mass of the rebel army, he seems to think, ought not to have been allowed to escape. These campaigns were a military curiosity. The Roman order of battle, evidently intended to repair a broken front, was perhaps a lesson taught the Roman tacticians on the day when their front was broken by the rush of the Celtic clans at Allia. That rush produced the same effect on troops unaccustomed to it and unprepared for it at Killiecrankie, and again at Preston Pans and Falkirk. At Culloden the Duke of Cumberland formed so as to repair a broken front, and when the rush came but few of the Highlanders got beyond the second line. Killiecrankie and Preston Pans tell us nothing against Discipline.

There is an apocryphal anecdote of the Duke's cruelty and of Wolfe's humanity towards the wounded after the battle,—"Wolfe, shoot me that Highland scoundrel who thus dares look on us with such contempt and insolence." "My comm