

a father who had fought under Marlborough and Eugene. It was natural enough, in those days when people depended wholly on their neighbours for society, that the Wolfe family should form an intimacy with the owners of Squerryes Court. Young George Warde, the son of the house, was a year or two older than James Wolfe. Both were destined for the army, and a fast friendship sprung up between them which lasted through life; and to this intimacy is due the fact of Squerryes Court being to-day the treasure-house of Wolfe's literary remains. None of the wonderful instances of infantile precocity that are wont to distinguish the annals of famous men survive, so far as we know, in the case of Wolfe. He and his brother went regularly to school with one Mr. Laurence, whose house is still standing; but they did nothing, apparently, to cause that humble and forgotten pedagogue to break out into prophecy concerning their future. The boys spent much of their time at Squerryes with young Warde, and we know that James Wolfe, from his very infancy, burned with the military ardour which in after years developed into that passion for arms which seemed to many even of his military friends to border on fanaticism. Edward the younger was a less vigorous character. Deeply attached to his elder brother, he appears to have leaned upon him entirely, and to have followed him in all things, even to the wars on the Continent, where he found an early grave. It is no very extravagant exercise of the fancy to picture the three boys rehearsing in mimic combat on the green terraces and bosky knolls of Squerryes those famous battles of the future, in which all of them were to fight and two of them to fall.