

en of the
e gathers
regiment

Aschaff-
ir was in
ed by the
he march
cure any-
g country
tells his
ood. He
nd great
he work ;
sixteen.

a good
eney (the
ng against
ance and

separated
ight skir-
unger of
f fatherly
f the two

t was the
ch at the
ome with
minister,
here was
d. Lord

Stair and his Austrian colleague, Aremberg, were scarcely on speaking terms in the face of a superior French army ably led. The King at once, however, took the command, and assumed an attitude which is in fine contrast to the rest of his torpid reign. Horses were dying, and men weak from starvation. It looked for a moment as if the army must surrender. Upon the right of the Allies were high mountains ; on their left was the river, and beyond the river were sixty thousand Frenchmen. They were in a trap ; but there was one possible way out, and that lay straight in front of them through the village of Dettingen which intervened between the foot-hills and the river. Into this gap the French could throw their army with ease, but the brave old King determined to fight his way through.

There are letters from both the Wolfes to their parents describing the fight. The one from James is far the most full and graphic. It is dated four days later than his brother's, for the fatigue of acting as adjutant all through the battle and the day following it put him in the hands of the surgeon, who, it is needless to remark, bled him.

There are many scientific accounts of the battle of Dettingen, but the recorded experiences of even a lad who fought through it are not so readily available. Such things, too, though they may be slight and imperfect, have a value of their own, and in this case a special one, as the narrator is the hero of our story.

The army was drawn up, says the young adjutant to his father, in five lines, two of foot and three of horse, between a wood and the river Main ; and Duroure's