

friends and companions of Squerryes the most fitting place to raise a loving tribute to his memory. At the extremity of a high terrace on the southern side of the house, grayer from the drip of the tall trees which overhang it than perhaps its age would warrant, stands a column surmounted by an urn. Around its base are inscribed the following lines :—

Here first was Wolfe with martial ardour fired ;
Here first with glory's brightest flame inspired ;
This spot so sacred will for ever claim
A proud alliance with its hero's name.

Wolfe, however, was not destined to join the gallant and ill-used arm of the service which his commission indicated ; and it was as well, for a worse sailor never lived. The reason for this does not transpire—possibly a desire for immediate active service had something to do with it. At any rate an exchange was effected, for on the 27th of April, 1742, when the British army destined for foreign service against France was reviewed on Blackheath by George the Second, James Wolfe, a lanky stripling of fifteen, was carrying the colours of the Twelfth Regiment of Foot as they marched past the royal presence. Nor, we may be sure, did the gallant young fellow bear himself less proudly on account of the presence, among the spectators, of his mother, and his neighbours, and his old school-fellows from Greenwich.

That Wolfe was an ugly, or at least an extremely plain man is almost as well known as the fact that he was a hero. It may seem a little premature to allude to the matter at so early an age ; but it is quite certain