

procuring what they wanted from the head-men of the villages where no French was spoken. One gathers that the other gentlemen of Colonel Duroure's regiment were at a disadvantage in this respect.

By the end of June they were in camp at Aschaffenburg, and close to the enemy. Lord Stair was in command of the English; the French were led by the Duc de Noailles. For the last forty miles of the march neither men nor officers had been able to procure anything but bread and water. The neighbouring country had been stripped so bare, that James Wolfe tells his father he can see no possibility of procuring food. He was now acting adjutant, and at first found great difficulty in enduring the physical fatigue of the work; be it remembered that he was but just sixteen. General Huske seems to have noticed him a good deal, and requested the brigade-major, Blakeney (the same man, probably, who afterwards held Stirling against Prince Charles), to give him all the assistance and instruction he could in his duties.

The two armies were but a mile apart, separated from each other by the river Main. Some slight skirmishing had already taken place, and the younger of the Wolfes, his brother reports with a sort of fatherly pride in a letter home, was actually the first of the two to be under fire.

But now the English camp was all astir. It was the last appearance in history of a British monarch at the head of his troops in war. The King had come with his son, the Duke of Cumberland, and his minister, Lord Carteret. He was eager to fight, and there was certainly little chance of his being disappointed. Lord