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Wolfe family
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frail constitution, and he died at Ghent of a rapid consumption. His brother, being now in a different regiment, was separated from him during his brief illness, and, through some miscarriage of letters, being unaware of the danger, had failed to reach Ghent in time to see the poor young fellow before he died. This was a grievous blow to James Wolfe. Months afterwards we find him almost resenting the effect upon his spirits of the healing hand of time, and reproaching himself with something like treachery to his dead brother in not being able to resist it.

The winter of 1744-45 Wolfe again spent in Ghent, and made fresh attempts to get leave to visit his parents. But all through his career he seems somehow or other to have been too useful a man to dispense with. The sense of justice was probably in such matters not very nicely balanced in those days; and so numerous were the privileged idlers, that a worker without backstair influence was all the more valuable. Wolfe, for such a man, had got his company in an extraordinarily short time; and there seems to have been a feeling that he had no business on that account to expect the favours granted as a matter of course to those who owed their rank to connections that were not always even reputable.

The campaign of 1745 on the Continent was an unprofitable one for England. Wolfe, with Barrell's regiment, remained inactive at Ghent, but his old corps shared in the glorious defeat of Fontenoy, and lost three hundred and eighteen officers and men in killed and wounded. Twice in his life Wolfe was just saved from inclusion in a great disaster. The first occasion was Fontenoy; the