

half hour of solitude he played elementary exercises on the flute. All this was pleasant enough in its way. Still it was not what the ardent warrior of sixteen, who three years before had been so cruelly baulked of wetting his sword in Spanish blood, had come over to the Continent for, and he fretted mightily at the delay. His brother Edward was eager to join him. The father, who had now come home as Inspector-General of Marines, yielded to the boy's wishes, young and delicate though he was, and in due course succeeded in getting him a commission in his brother's regiment. Edward Wolfe was just fifteen, even more delicate than James, and though full of courage, deficient in the nervous vitality and fire that carried the latter through everything, let the result be what it might.

The allied army at last left Ghent for the Rhine ; and the younger Wolfe joined his brother in February, soon after that march had commenced, which proved to be one of such extreme hardship and suffering to the English troops. In less than a week of continual tramping over wintry roads even James Wolfe found out that his spirit was greater than his strength. He never came into camp at night, he declares, without aching hips and knees, and found it expedient, more on his brother's account perhaps than his own, to buy a horse, which they rode alternately, while the infantry tramped on up to their knees in snow. The commissariat was, of course, wofully deficient, for England had been at peace in Europe for nearly thirty years. Four letters of Edward Wolfe's, written about this time, are preserved ; and in one of these he tells us how useful, thanks to the excellent Dr. Swinden, their Latin was as a medium for