

hanged, but the captain made his escape. He fled to England (Yorkshire), where he settled. His grandson was Colonel [afterwards General] Edward Wolfe, who distinguished himself under Marlborough, and in the suppression of the Scotch Rebellion of 1715. He commanded the 8th Regiment of Foot.

This Colonel Edward Wolfe was the father of *James*, the subject of the present sketch.

James Wolfe was born on the 2nd January, 1727, at Westerham, in Kent. This pretty little town is situated near the west border of the county, on the declivity of a hill overlooking the romantic stream of the Dart, which rises in the vicinity, and after pursuing a meandering course through a district of much natural beauty, falls into the Thames, below London.

His mother's name was Harriet Thompson.

James was the youngest of two sons, the eldest of whom died in infancy. The house in which the young hero was born was that of the vicar, the Rev. George Lewis, who leased it to the Colonel. Soon after, Colonel Wolfe removed, with his lady and infant son, to a house at the extreme end of the town of Westerham, of very picturesque appearance. It is still standing. Here young Wolfe spent some of his happiest days. It is named, after him—"Quebec House." He attended a private school in the neighbourhood; but it is recorded, that although an ardent and clever boy, he did not in any way distinguish himself, so as to excite remark. Indeed, as will be learned from one of his letters in the Glasgow packet, he received a very imperfect education, and little if any, academic tuition after the age of fifteen.

Destined to the profession of arms, young Wolfe was taken from his studies at that early age, and, on 3d November, 1741, entered his father's regiment as second lieutenant. The period at which he thus became a soldier, was one of uncommon interest in the national history. It was in the interval between two rebellions, when the northern part of the old island, but more especially that section included in the Highlands, was comparatively little known and little cared for. Indeed, of the Scots Highlands it may be truly said, that the greatest ignorance had, till about the year of Wolfe's birth, prevailed. The edge of the ancient animosity be-