

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL WOLFE.

In the galaxy of brilliant names which illuminate our military annals, there are probably few which Britons regard with more honest pride, and almost affectionate interest, than that of the young and gallant Wolfe. This arises, not less from his consummate genius in the art of war, than from the nobleness of soul and gentleness of disposition by which he was distinguished; while the sentiment in his favour is deepened, and our feelings stimulated, by reflecting on the splendour of his great and final achievement, when, on the heights of Abraham, victory snatched him too soon from his country, and claimed him as her own. Anything, therefore, which tends to illustrate the life and east of thought of this excellent man, and real hero, cannot fail to prove interesting. A small packet of letters, written by Wolfe to a very intimate friend and brother officer, having been lately discovered amongst the papers of a relative of that friend, in Glasgow, access has been kindly allowed to them, and permission given to make extracts.

But, before approaching these letters, now for the first time made public, and roused from the dust of nearly a century, some remarks on the aspect of the times in which Wolfe lived, and a brief sketch of his own history, seem to be necessary, in order to elucidate the contents of the packet, and that the import may be better understood.

James Wolfe was born on the 2d 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. He was the only son of the veteran General Edward Wolfe, who had distinguished himself under Marlborough, and in the suppression of the Scotch Rebellion of 1715. Destined, in like manner, for the profession of arms, young Wolfe was taken from his studies, part of which had been at the College of Glasgow, and entered the regiment which bore his father's name, at the early age of fifteen. This was in 1741, only four years previous to the last Rebellion. 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 island, but more especially that section included in the Highlands, was comparatively little known and little cared for. Indeed, of the Highlands it may safely be said that the greatest ignorance had, till about the year of Wolfe's birth, prevailed. The edge of the ancient animosity between the people of the northern and the southern divisions of this island, now happily broken and removed, was still keen. The Scottish mind was filled with distrust; it rankled with the remembrance of the treachery which forced on Scotland the then hated Union. The Hanoverian succession was by no means popular in the north; and men's minds fluctuated between the old and the new race of kings.

The Rebellion of 1715, and the prominent part

taken in it by the mountain clans, had, however, seriously alarmed the Government of that day, and prompted a more close inspection of Scotland and her warlike hill-tribes. As already said, little was known of the Highlands, beyond what fatal experience had recently taught, namely, that their dreary recesses were filled with wild and hardy warriors, who held the comparatively peaceful men of the plains in contempt, for cultivating vocations opposed to their own, of clan-strife and war. They were, therefore, ready, on the least signal from their chiefs, to descend with the fury of a mountain tempest on the inhabitants of the Lowlands, and carry devastation around them, with little or no check at the hands of a timid government.

There is a very curious and instructive report to George I., by Wade, the intelligent and able military officer he had sent to reconnoitre the Highlands, and bring back an account of their military strength, resources, and prevalent political sentiment, with such suggestions as seemed to the General best calculated to hold this troublesome frontier in check, and promote the internal improvement of the hill-country. The report bears date 31st January, 1725, shortly before the monarch's death, and ten years after the Rebellion of 1715, which, as already said, Wolfe's father had assisted in suppressing. This able report is characterised by the discrimination and calm, good sense for which Wade was remarkable. In it he gives an account of the features of the wild region, estimating the fighting men at about 22,000, of whom fully one half were disaffected to the King, the kind and quality of their arms, mode of warfare, and cattle-thieving propensities. It contains a recommendation to have the clans properly disarmed, their country held with a firm grasp by means of forts, and rendered more accessible to the King's troops by lines of military roads. How curious to read his description of a country and a people, then nearly as dangerous to visit as the American wilds, but which is now the favourite retreat of royalty itself for recreation from the weight of State cares, and the chosen resort of tourists from every clime.

The report was acted upon. To Wade was assigned the duty of carrying out his own recommendations of disarming the clans, and constructing the roads. The former was a delicate task, which he executed with judicious moderation; so much so, that even Rob Roy wrote him a curious letter, still preserved, praising that moderation, and soliciting his clemency. The military roads were carried into the heart of the Scottish wilderness. Two main lines were formed, and attest, at the distance of more than 100 years, the skill of this excellent officer. He took the ancient Roman *Iters* for his model, and, in fact, started his roads from their venerable lines, at nearly right angles west and north-west, across the dreary country, towards the pre-existing forts on the chain of the great Scottish lakes, now connected by the Caledonian Canal. These roads stretched over 250 miles; and 500 soldiers laboured upwards of 11 years in their for-

mation. They were finished in 1737, about the time that Wolfe was a student at Glasgow College.

Such was Scotland in his day; and it was in that country that he wrote the first of the letters to be quoted from. As already stated, Wolfe entered the army in 1741. Soon afterwards (the precise date is uncertain, but before the battle of Culloden) this young officer was stationed, as a subaltern, with a body of troops, at the small fort of Inversnaid, built soon after the Rebellion of 1715, at the mouth of the romantic gorge stretching between Loch Lomond and the wild and picturesque region round Loch Ketturin and the Trossachs, to keep the turbulent M'Gregors and Rob Roy in check. This fortified ravine formed the line of demarcation between the countries of the bold M'Gregors, and of the loyal and once numerous clan Buchanan; the upper shores of Loch Lomond skirting the former, and the lower the Buchanan's territory, which last included the lofty, broad-shouldered *Ben*, and the group of beautiful, green-wooded islets that stud the bosom of the "Queen of Scottish Lakes," affording friendly access to the troops, or "red soldiers," sent up from Dumbarton Castle in boats.

The gray ruins of this antique little Inversnaid Fort still linger in peaceful repose. The armed men who there kept ward, and the fiery tribes they were intended to overawe, have alike long passed away. But there it stands, as their memorial—its old walls, in some places, kindly screened from the wild mountain blast by the mantling ivy, while the nettle and foxglove rustle within, as the summer wind plays idly through the ruins. The little military graveyard, too, may still be traced, in which the bones of the brave mouldered into dust, with its small, white headstones partially hid under mossy tufts and tangled weeds; but still telling us, in quaintly-shaped letters, that parties of the Buffs (which afterwards fought at Culloden), and other regiments, from time to time lay there.

The scene is even more impressive when viewed by night, with the beams of an autumnal moon streaming and sparkling on the dusky lake, illuminating the ruin in some places with a silvery light, and throwing the deep, elongated shadows of other portions on the pale background. Silence, the most profound, reigns, broken only at intervals by the low moan of the night-wind, and the melancholy cry of the owl, as of some sprite wailing over the past.

We can imagine the talented young soldier, surrounded by the grandeur of nature, which must have made a deep impression on his sensitive mind, studying, in this little Highland forelet, that art which, at no distant day, was to make his name illustrious. How long Wolfe remained at Inversnaid and Dumbarton is uncertain; but we next find him serving under the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Culloden, in 1746. Wolfe must have had rapid promotion, for he was by that time a Major (at the age of 20), and acted as aide-de-camp to the worthless General Hawley on that bloody day.

Never was there a greater contrast than between the brutal Cumberland and the amiable young

major. The latter, brave as a lion, yet kindly in his disposition as a young child; the former, the counterpart of a tiger in all its cruelty and blood-thirstiness. Wolfe, a prodigy of military skill; Cumberland, indebted to the accident of being a king's son for a command which tarnished our arms at Fontenoy, outraged humanity in Scotland, and, at a later period, compelled him to retire from the army, a disgrace to his profession, haunted by the ghosts of the murdered old men, the wounded brave, the helpless women and children ruthlessly cut down by this detestable and well-named "human butcher." A single illustration will show the truth of this contrast. When riding over the field of battle, after the engagement, the Duke observed the young Colonel of the Frazer Regiment lying wounded. Frazer raised himself on his elbow, and looked at Cumberland, who, offended, turned and said, "Wolfe! shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who thus dares to look upon us with so insolent a stare!" Wolfe, horrified at this inhuman order, coolly replied that his commission was at his Royal Highness's disposal, but that he never would consent to become an executioner. Other officers also refusing, a private soldier, at the Duke's command, shot the gallant, wounded young Frazer before his eyes!

In the following year (1747), Wolfe distinguished himself very much by his personal bravery at the battle of Lafeldt, in Austrian Flanders. He was present at every engagement during that war, and never without distinction. He also applied himself closely, not only to the improvement of his own military talents, but to the introduction and maintenance of the most exact discipline in the corps, then generally too little attended to. This he did without any unnecessary severity. He showed himself, in all his relations, a good, a brave, an intelligent, and high-minded soldier.

In 1749, the year after the peace, he was stationed in Glasgow, and, during his stay there, was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel of Kingsley's Regiment. But the Glasgow of that period was a very different town from the city of the present day. Its population did not exceed 20,000; and it did not stretch farther along its now great arterial street, than the head of Stockwell on the west, and where the old Saracen's Head Inn yet stands, at the ancient Gallowgate port, on the east. Indeed, it was in that very year that this fine old hotel, the first, and for many a day the most celebrated in the city, and west of Scotland, was erected. There were no barracks in Glasgow then; and Wolfe, desirous of retirement to pursue his studies in Latin and Mathematics, which had been interrupted by his early admission into the army, lodged a short way out of town, in the now droll-looking old village of Camlachie, then quite a rural spot. The house he lived in was pulled down only three or four years ago, and stood at the north-west corner of the road leading down to a villa afterwards built, and named Crownpoint, after one of the celebrated scenes of conflict in North America. This residence of Wolfe was a small, quaint-looking, two-story house; and we can fancy the young Colonel, in this primitive and peaceful abode, at the age of twenty two, acquiring part of his education through the

instrumentality of a Glasgow schoolmaster! This we learn from the first letter of the series to be afterwards quoted. Let not people think slightly of Camlachie village, in connection with Wolfe's name. It is the most ancient of the suburbs, and is mentioned in the chartulary of Glasgow prior to the year 1,300, the days of Sir William Wallace and Robert the Bruce. The name is genuine Celtic, and has been imposed at a very remote time. The etymology is "the crooked water," singularly descriptive of the tortuous burn which intersects the village, and there forms the boundary of the royalty.

While thus stationed in Glasgow, Wolfe was called upon to the somewhat inglorious duty of suppressing a riot in the town, caused by a party of resurrectionists raising a dead body! It is uncertain how long Wolfe remained at Glasgow; but it would rather appear, from one of the letters, that he was still there in 1750. By this time the friend to whom they were written had embarked, with a division of the army, under Cornwallis, for the purpose of settling a strong British colony in Nova Scotia, which had been much neglected. The town of Halifax, fortified with a wooden palisade, began to rise in the wilderness. At that time Britain still held the splendid region, now the United States, and the French possessed Canada. There was much blocking between the two countries, in regard to the encroachments by France on the British territory, more particularly along the Ohio. This ended in that war, which, a few years after, drew Wolfe to his destiny. This will explain the circumstances under which the second, and some of the other letters, were written by him to his friend.

We find from this curious correspondence that, in 1761, Wolfe had been removed to Banff; and he appears to have finally quitted Scotland in, or prior to, 1764. Some curious matter will be found in letters Nos. 4, 6, 7, expressive of Wolfe's views of the Highlands, and the proper way of keeping them in subjection, consequent on his residence in, and observation of, that section of the kingdom. Without following him in all his movements, it may be said that, when the elder Pitt came into power, in 1757, he resolved, if possible, to remove the stains which various reverses had thrown on our arms, by employing officers of known skill and enterprise, instead of those imbeciles who had been too often in command under former administrations, more particularly that of the Duke of Newcastle. Among the first of Pitt's plans was a descent on the French coast at Rochefort. In this affair Wolfe was employed. But the warlike minister erred, in not sufficiently defining his plan of operation, and in dividing and frittering the command among no less than seven officers. The consequences were what might have been expected. Differences of opinion arose among the commanders, followed by irresolution and fatal delays. Wolfe in vain urged instant and vigorous action. In this he was seconded by the gallant young Howe, a naval officer with whom he had contracted a close intimacy as a kindred spirit; but to no purpose. They were over-ruled by the other five; and, finally, the enterprise completely failed. The troops returned to

England, and Wolfe and Howe were not backward in expressing their indignation at the blundering which led to this unsuccessful result. Wolfe's sentiments on this expedition are expressed in the letter No. 9, written to his friend after coming home.

Pitt now turned his attention to the French possessions in North America, and determined to strike a blow there. An expedition was accordingly ordered against Louisbourg, the principal town of Cape Breton. Wolfe was again employed. The principal command was committed to General Amherst, a good officer, having under him Wolfe and three other brigadiers, with a force of 13,000 men, and a powerful fleet. The expedition sailed from England early in 1758. The letter No. 11 was written immediately before embarking. In this important affair Wolfe behaved with the greatest skill and intrepidity. Louisbourg had a numerous garrison; and the shore, for more than seven miles, was defended by a chain of posts, with intrenchments and batteries. In order to distract the enemy's attention a false attack was resolved on, to mask the real one which was to be made by Wolfe. His division consisted of the grenadiers and light infantry of the army, with Frazer's Highlanders. Before break of day of the 8th June, the troops were embarked in the boats; and, while the false attack was going on under Brigadiers Whitmore and Lawrence, Wolfe's division, under cover of the fire of several frigates and sloops, dashed boldly towards the shore, through a tremendous surf, which upset several of the boats, and drowned a number of soldiers. The landing-place was defended by a large body of French troops, intrenched behind a battery of eight guns. They reserved their fire till the English came close, when they opened with great execution. But nothing could resist Wolfe's impetuous attack. He was the first officer to leap on shore, amidst a shower of bullets, and issued his orders with his usual coolness and precision. Heading, in person, the light infantry and Highlanders, he carried every thing before him at the point of the bayonet, pursuing the enemy to the very walls of Louisbourg. The town was invested; and, by a series of skilful manœuvres on the part of Wolfe, he mainly contributed to the final capture of this important place. His conduct throughout this affair was the theme of general admiration, both in the army and at home, and tended still more to raise him in the estimation of Mr. Pitt. That able minister had signified his wish, when conferring on Wolfe the rank of Brigadier, preparatory to setting out on the Louisbourg expedition, that, immediately after its termination, he should return to England, instead of remaining with the troops abroad. Wolfe accordingly did so, and the letter No. 12 was written after his return. In it, he comments freely on the expedition, and does not appear to have thought at all favourably of the plan of attack; in fact, he says he anticipated a repulse. This letter is the last of the packet, and is the more interesting as being dated only about two months before departing again for America on his final and memorable campaign against Quebec.

The object of Pitt's wish to have Wolfe back to

England was now made known. He had determined to give him the principal command in a still more important expedition which he had planned. It was to be on a great scale, and to embrace three distinct objects. The chief part, however, was the capture of Quebec, the key to the French dominions in Canada. The plan, in all its parts, was this:—Wolfe, with a large body of troops, and aided by a powerful fleet, was to sail up the St. Lawrence, and besiege Quebec. Amherst, the Commander-in-chief in British America, with 12,000 men, was to attack Ticonderago and Crownpoint (from which we had formerly been repulsed), both situated in a very formidable pass; while General Prideaux was to invest the strong fort near the Falls of Niagara, commanding the approach to the great lakes. These two last officers, after accomplishing the capture of the places assigned to them, were to find their way to Quebec, and assist Wolfe, the strength of whose division was not considered sufficient by itself to effect the capture of a fortress considered the strongest in America. In short, all the principal French posts were to be attacked at once.

Accordingly, Wolfe left England on the 17th of February, 1760, after having been promoted to the rank of Major-General. Three young brigadiers of talent accompanied him, not a single veteran officer of note being employed. Suffice it to say, that the two portions of the grand plan, under Amherst and Prideaux, were successful, though the latter was killed in the trenches; but difficulties prevented the forces of either from forming a junction with Wolfe. He was, therefore, left alone, with a very inadequate division of troops, not exceeding 8000 men, to undertake the important task assigned to him. Only fancy such an enterprise devolved on a young officer, such as Wolfe was, of 33! But he was not to be daunted, even by the most formidable difficulties.

In order, however, to form a better estimate of Wolfe's arduous task, it seems necessary to describe briefly the position and aspect of the fortress, destined to immortalise England's young General. Quebec stands on the summit of steep cliffs, at the confluence of two rivers—the great St. Lawrence, and the inferior stream of St. Charles. These rivers, associated with gloomy ravines and dismal rocks, rendered the plateau, on which the French capital stood, nearly inaccessible on three sides. The mighty American river flowed solemnly and impressively along the base. The breadth of the stream is narrowed at this point to little more than a mile. A short way farther down, and nearly in the centre of the river, stands the large and fertile island of Orleans, the westernmost point of which is considerably elevated, and within cannon-range of Quebec. This almost impregnable French fortress (the Gibraltar of America) bristled with cannon, which commanded and swept the subjacent waters; it was skilfully fortified, and flanked by the most formidable intrenchments, while within its massive ramparts lay upwards of ten thousand of the best troops of France, under a young French Marquis whose military renown eminently fitted him to sustain his country's honour, and measure his sword

with victory's brave son. It is both an impressive and affecting incident, inscribed on war's dread page, that two young heroes, each far separated from his fatherland by the broad, stormy billows of the vast Atlantic, and left to his own skill and resources, should have been selected, respectively, by England and France, to lead their veteran troops—a duty heretofore assigned, on the battle-fields of Europe, chiefly to those whose plumes surmounted the furrowed brows and whitened locks of age, and whose energies had been severely tested in many a hard-fought campaign. Montcalm and Wolfe were, indeed, of kindred minds, and each knew the other's value as a skilful soldier, exerting their military talents in the cause of their native land.

Such was Quebec, and such were the leaders who were to play for the prize. Both were conscious of the magnitude of the stake, and both were resolved to triumph. The Gallic war-eagle stood high on his eyrie, holding with firm grasp the key of the French possessions in the west, his sharp piercing glance thrown proudly, yet anxiously, over the wild waste, in calm expectation of the coming British lion, so soon to make his fatal spring, and wrest from Gaul the eagle's sacred charge.

The fleet which conveyed Wolfe's little army was under Admiral Saunders. It became necessary to ascertain the soundings of the channel between the island of Orleans and Quebec; and here another young man, whose foot was then only about to ascend the steps of Fame's Great Temple, distinguished himself. The difficult and dangerous duty of taking the soundings was intrusted to Cook—afterwards so celebrated as a navigator, destined to explore the vast mysterious oceans of the south, and the west, and carry the white man's name and the torch of civilization to the hitherto unknown lands which rear their volcanic peaks, exhibit the wondrous marine architecture of the coral-zoophyte, and shed a delightful tropical fragrance, wafted to the weather-beaten sailor approaching their shores, over the long, broad billows which furrow the blue waste of waters. Cook was then only 31, and acted as master of the Mercury, one of the fleet. He performed the service, for which he had been recommended by Captain Palliser, in a most masterly manner, and much to Wolfe's satisfaction, as enabling him the better to mature his plans.

Wolfe disembarked a large portion of his troops on the river-island of Orleans, before noticed; and erected batteries to cannonade the town and citadel, which he did with much effect. Almost the first thing, however, that suggested itself to him in commencing hostilities, was characteristic of his generous heart. He wrote a polite note to Montcalm, inviting him to abandon the cruelties perpetrated by the wild Indians in the French service, on those who fell into their power; but this did not meet the favourable response due to humanity.

The Marquis seeing Wolfe's operations on the island, endeavoured to prevent them by throwing a strong detachment across the river; but he did not succeed. He carefully revised and strengthened all his own outworks, and added others at every point

considered susceptible of assault; while whole nations of savages, in his pay, swarmed around, keenly watching every movement, and scalping all who ventured unguardedly from the English lines. The fleet was placed in imminent danger by a violent storm, which burst from the birth-place of the mighty stream—far up among the great lakes—and sought to overwhelm everything within its dismal track. Had the fleet been wrecked, Wolfe must have surrendered. Knowing this, Montcalm, in the midst of the tempest, sent down fire-ships among the thickest of the English fleet; but the gallant tars, defying the storm, launched themselves in boats on the angry waters, and, boldly grappling with the blazing machines of destruction, towed them past the crowded vessels, and left them idly to consume themselves on the French shore. Fire-rafts, filled with combustibles, and explosive missiles, were next sent, but shared the same fate.

Wolfe now resolved to cross, and reconnoitre. He did so; and, soon afterwards, landed with a strong body of his forces, and encamped on Montcalm's flank, below Quebec, with the deep river Montmorenci, celebrated for its beautiful falls, between them. Here Wolfe lay for a short time, in expectation of receiving some intelligence of, or aid from, Amherst's division; and here he also wrote Mr. Pitt an admirable dispatch, describing his operations, and assigning excellent military reasons for taking up the position in which he then lay. His object was, if possible, to draw out Montcalm from his formidable intrenchments, and give battle in the open field. With this view he made a diversion, by throwing Colonel Carleton across a ford to the French side, and, by a series of skilful feints and manœuvres, tempting the Marquis to come forth and attack him. But Montcalm was too wary. He saw the snare, and, knowing the advantageous nature of his own strong position, declined battle, choosing rather to leave Wolfe under every disadvantage. Wolfe now conceived an attack on a particular point of the French intrenchments, which he deemed practicable; and the troops were moved for this purpose, under cover of a brisk fire from the Centurion man-of-war; but a party of English grenadiers, who were first across, rushed towards the point of attack prematurely, without waiting to be properly supported, and were received with such murderous volleys that they recoiled, and withdrew with loss, disconcerting entirely the General's plan. Wolfe, labouring under fever, occasioned in some measure by fatigue and prolonged exertion on a frame not naturally robust,\* called a council of war. In another dispatch to Mr. Pitt, he stated clearly, and in his usual pithy style, the difficulties of the enterprise, but added, "I will do my best." He now resolved to attempt a surprise; but the obstacles to this were as a thousand to one, from the natural and artificial strength of the place, and the unremitting vigilance of the enemy. Behind the city, the Plains of Abraham stretch away, and on this inland side the fortifications were ascertained to be less formidable. But there were heights to be surmounted of fully 300 vertical feet before the plains could be reached.

The General, after consulting Admiral Saunders, resolved on a night-escalade of these now celebrated Heights of Abraham, at a point he thought practicable. Could the idea possibly have suggested itself to his mind from recollection of the success of a similar nocturnal ascent, in ancient times, of the steep cliffs on which the Castle of Dumbarton stands—a stronghold which he himself had held and carefully examined, while a subaltern officer?

In order to mask this strategy, the Admiral sailed up the St. Lawrence a considerable distance, and lay at anchor, as if bent on some other object entirely. A party was sent by Montcalm to watch him. But suddenly, one dark night, the Admiral, swiftly, and in profound silence, glided down the rapid current, spreading out all his boats, filled with troops to be landed under the selected heights. Nothing could exceed the caution, promptitude, and skill with which this was effected. The boats were actually seen and challenged by the French sentinels along shore; but, by the consummate address of an officer acquainted with French usages, the sentries were deceived into the idea that these were boats with secret supplies for the garrison; and thus the whole were allowed to pass quietly and unmolested. The strength of the current and tide carried the boats a little way beyond the point Wolfe had intended; but they were brought to at a place where a narrow pathway, or track, led up, surmounted by a captain's guard. The English soldiers silently sprang on the slippery ledge at the bottom. Not a word or whisper escaped. All knew the value, at this critical moment, of caution; and none disregarded their favourite General's previous earnest admonitions on this point. Among the very first to land was himself. All knew what they were to perform. The foremost to ascend the dizzy heights was a Highland regiment. Wolfe had often before seen the daring of the kilted soldiers. Slinging their muskets across their backs, they ascended the cliffs with all the agility of chamois hunters, using their hands more than their feet; grasping the projecting wild bushes, and clambering up by the angles on the face of the rock, till they finally reached the summit, where they surprised the officers in command of the French picquet, and a number of the soldiers; the rest having fled in terror at the unexpected appearance of Scotia's plumes and stalwart sons. The alarm was quickly spread; but crowds of British soldiers, hastily making their way up the now unguarded narrow pathway before noticed, were instantly formed in battle array, by Wolfe, on the broad plateau, ready to act; and the key of the position was fairly gained. Several pieces of cannon, in charge of the French guard, had been seized, and some English guns were quickly slung by ropes, and hoisted up to the British position. By dawn of the memorable 13th of September, 1759, Wolfe's forces stood ready, for action, on the Heights of Abraham.

Montcalm was thunderstruck. He at first refused to believe that the hostile troops could be there; but, convinced of the fatal reality, he now saw no alternative, with an English fleet threatening him on one side, and an army opposite his most vul-

\* Vide his own account of himself in letter No. 12.

nerable point on the other, than to leave his formidable position, and give battle on the plain. Issuing from the ramparts with the flower of his soldiers, and leaving his field-pieces behind, Montcalm quickly advanced to meet Wolfe, lining the bushes, in front of his position, with picked marksmen, and crowds of Indians endeavouring, at the same time, to turn the English flank. Heading his old French soldiers, Montcalm came on to a bayonet charge at double quick time; but Wolfe, desiring his troops to remain firm, and reserve their fire till the enemy came to close quarters, placed himself at the head of the English grenadiers, and, by voice and gesture, encouraged them to complete what had been so gloriously begun. By disease and other casualties, his whole effective force was now reduced to scarcely 5000 men, being less than one-half of his opponents.

The shock of battle came. The British poured in volley after volley, at short distance, with murderous effect. But still the conflict raged. Both fought desperately. Wolfe stood conspicuous in the front ranks, giving his orders, and encouraging his men, when a musket-ball hit him in the wrist. Wrapping his handkerchief round the wound, he continued his directions with perfect coolness. He ordered a charge, at the point of the bayonet, on the already wavering French columns, heading it in person, when he received another ball, in the upper part of the abdomen, as he cheered his soldiers on. Even this more serious wound did not for a moment deprive him of his calm self-possession, and he was gallantly leading the charge, when a third and fatal bullet, probably from the same rifle, struck him in the breast, and he fell. It was with difficulty he allowed a party of his grieved soldiers to carry him to the rear. The others, enraged at the fate of their beloved leader, sprang on the enemy, and carried everything before them. Wolfe was fast dying; the crimson streams flowed from the three severe wounds, yet his dimmed eye looked towards the battle, and his ear listened to the shouts of the combatants, the sharp roll of musketry, and the roar of cannon. Extended on the ground, and surrounded by a group of hardy warriors, whose iron visages were relaxed with profound sorrow, and down whose weather-beaten cheeks the seldom-shed tears trickled, as they hung over him who was about to leave them for ever, he anxiously inquired the progress of the engagement. An officer suddenly called out—"They run. See how they run!" Wolfe, who was in a half-fainting-fit, hearing the exulting shout, eagerly asked—"Who run?" It was answered—"The French; they give way in all directions!" A gleam of satisfaction played for an instant on the dying General's countenance, and he feebly exclaimed—"Then I die content." His last words were an emphatic order for Webb's regiment to move down instantly to the St. Charles River, and secure the bridge there, to cut off the enemy's retreat; after uttering which he expired in the arms of Frazer, his favourite orderly soldier. The next officer in command, Monckton, was dangerously wounded; but the victory was most ably followed up and completed by Townshend, a talented and judicious young Brigadier.

By a singular coincidence, the brave Montcalm also fell, mortally wounded. With his dying breath he addressed General Townshend, and recommended the French prisoners to "that generous humanity by which the British nation has always been distinguished." His second in command shared the same fate.

The effects of this decisive victory were, the capitulation of Quebec; and, soon after, the whole of Canada was ceded to the British crown.

When the news reached England, the national feeling was one of mingled exultation and sorrow, at the brilliant results on the one hand, and the loss of the gallant Wolfe on the other. Pitt made a most eloquent appeal to Parliament on the complete success of the campaign, and spoke of the transcendent merits of the fallen General, in language which drew tears from all who heard him. He concluded with a motion that an address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he would order a monument to Wolfe's memory in Westminster Abbey. This was unanimously agreed to; and that ancient edifice, the solemn depository of the undying names of the good and the great, had committed to its charge another marble memorial, recording the worth of him who fell in Britain's cause, covered with glory, and whose name is embalmed in imperishable renown and a nation's gratitude.

Wolfe's father, the brave old General, died only a few days before the arrival of the news; and the mother of England's young hero had to lament, at one and the same time, in her old age, the double loss of her husband and their only son. A beautiful cenotaph was erected to the conqueror of Quebec, in the ancient and picturesque church of his native town, where he had spent the happy days of his childhood.

A third monument has been erected on the Heights of Abraham, to the joint memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, the conqueror and the vanquished; both the impersonation of military virtue and heroism; and each distinguished by those amiable qualities which eminently fitted them, had they lived, to sheathe their swords in the close embrace of friendship. Finally, the subject of Wolfe's fall, on the crimsoned field, has afforded scope for the sculptor and the painter, more particularly to the fine genius of West, in his admirable picture of that never-to-be-forgotten military event.—*Fama semper vivat.*

This rapid sketch of Wolfe's career may enable the reader now to peruse, with more interest and effect, the little packet of his letters alluded to in the outset. These are twelve in number, and embrace the period between 1749 and 1758, a space of nine years. The letters are written in a small and remarkably neat hand; and the reader will, doubtless, admire the fine sentiment and spirit which they contain, addressed, as they were, to a bosom friend. The first was from Glasgow, or rather from his lodgings in the antique village of Camlachie, already referred to.

## LETTER FIRST.

This letter bears the old-fashioned post-mark—"Glasgow, pd. 2d.," and is addressed on the outside thus—

"To Captain RICKSON, of Col. LASCELLE'S  
"Regiment, to be left at Lucas's  
"Coffee House,  
"Dublin, Ireland."

Part of Wolfe's seal is still adhering.

"DEAR RICKSON,—When I saw you writing upon the back of a letter, I concluded it was in consequence of the mandate I sent you by Lt. Harris, of this Regiment (that letter he carried upon your account and mine, not his own, as you will easily discover); but I find myself more in your debt than I expected. 'Twas your desire to please, and to express the part you take in your friend's good fortune. These were the motives that persuaded you to do what you knew would be agreeable. You'll believe me, when I tell you that, in my esteem, few of what we call advantages in life would be worth acceptance, if none were to partake them with us. What a wretch is he who lives for himself alone! his only aim. It is the first degree of happiness here below, that the honest, the brave, and estimable part of mankind, or, at least, some amongst them, share our success. There were several reasons concurring to have sent me into Italy, if this had not happened [promotion] to prevent my intentions. One was to avoid the mortifying circumstance of going, a Captain, to Inverness. Disappointed of my sanguine hopes, humbled to an excess, I could not remain in the army and refuse to do the duty of my office while I staid in Britain. Many things, I thought, were, and still are wanting to my education. Certain never to reap any advantages that way with the regiment; on the contrary, your barren battalion conversation rather blunts the faculties than improves; my youth and vigour bestowed idly in Scotland; my temper daily changed with discontent; and from a man become martin or a monster."

Here follows a page relating to private matters, which must be held sacred; but in the course of the confidential and unreserved statements which Wolfe makes to his friend, he incidentally alludes to his age as being then only twenty-two years and three months.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Corwallis is preparing all things for Nova Scotia; his absence will over-bother me; my stay must be everlasting; and thou know'st, Hal, how I hate compulsion. I'd rather be Major, upon half-pay, by my soul! These are all new men to me, and many of them but of low mettle. Besides, I am by no means ambitious of command, when that command obliges me to reside far from my own, surrounded either with flatterers or spies, and in a country not at all to my taste. Would to God you had a company in this regiment, that I might at last find some comfort in your conversation. Corwallis asked to have Loftus with him. The Duke laughed at the request, and refused him.

"You know I am but a very indifferent scholar. When a man leaves his studies at fifteen, he will never be justly called a man of letters. I am endeavouring to repair the damages of my education, and have a person to teach me Latin and the mathematics; two hours in a day, for four or five months, this may help me a little.

"If I were to judge of a country by those just come out

of it, Ireland will never be agreeable to me. You are in the midst, and see the brightest and most shining, in other than in a soldier's character. I wish it were more pleasing to you than you mention, because probably you will stay there some time.

"The men here are civil, designing, and treacherous, with their immediate interest always in view; they pursue trade with warmth, and a necessary-mercantile spirit, arising from the baseness of their other qualifications. The women coarse, cold, and cunning, for ever inquiring after men's circumstances. They make that the standard of their good breeding. You may imagine it would not be difficult for me to be pretty well received here, if I took pains, having some of the advantages necessary to recommend me to their favour; but . . . . .

"My dear Rickson,

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. WOLFE.

"Glasgow, April 24, 1749."

## LETTER SECOND.

This letter is dated in 1750, but the place, the outside address, and several other parts, are crumbled away. Probably, however, it was still written from Glasgow.

"Dear Rickson,—You were embarked long before I thought you ready for your expedition [to Nova Scotia], and sailed before I could imagine you on board. I intended to have bid you farewell, and sent my good wishes to attend you. Indeed, I was not without hopes of hearing from my friend before he went off; for upon such changes he seldom forgot to make me acquainted with his destination. I am not entirely indifferent as to what befalls you, and should have been glad to know how such an undertaking as this is, agreed with your way of thinking; and whether, after a good deal of service, you would not rather have sat down in peace and rest; or if your active spirit prompts you to enterprise, and pushes you to pursuits new and uncommon; whether this, [the expedition] certainly great in its nature, suits your inclination. Since I cannot be clearly informed of these matters till I hear from you, I shall content myself with entertaining some conjectures that are favourable to your interest. You are happy in a governor; and he'll be happy to have one near him that can be so serviceable to him as you have it in your power to be. I dare say you are on good terms together, and mutual aid will confirm your former friendships. He will require from you industry and assiduity; and, in return, you may expect his confidence and trust. I look upon his situation as requiring one of his very way of thinking, before all things else; for to settle a new colony, justice, humanity, and disinterestedness are the high requisites; the rest follows from the excellent nature of our Government, which extends itself in full force to its remotest dependency.

"In what a state of felicity are our American colonies, compared to those of other nations; and how blessed are the Americans that are in our neighbourhood above those that border upon the French and Spaniards. A free people cannot oppress; but despotism and bigotry find enemies among the most innocent. It is to the eternal honour of the English nation that we have helped to heal the wound given by the Spaniards to mankind, by their cruelty, pride, and covetousness. Within the influence of our happy Government, all nations are in security. The barrier be-

are to form, will, if it takes place, strengthen ourselves, protect and support all our adherents; and, as I pretend to have some concern for the general good, and a vast desire to see the propagation of freedom and truth, I am very anxious about the success of this undertaking, and do most sincerely wish that it may have a prosperous issue. I think it is vastly worth your while to apply yourself to business, you that are so well acquainted with it; and, without any compliment, I may venture to assert that Cornwallis has few more capable to do him, and the public, considerable service, than yourself.

"I beg you will tell me at large the condition of your affairs, and what kind of order there is in your community; the notions that prevail; the method of administering justice; the distribution of lands, and their cultivation; the nations that compose the colony, and who are the most numerous; if under military government, how long that is to continue; and what sect in religious affairs is the most prevailing. If ever you advise upon this last subject, remember to be moderate. I suppose the Governor has some sort of council, and should be glad to know what it is composed of. The southern colonies will be concerned in this settlement, and have probably sent some able men to assist you with their advice, and with a proper plan of administration. Tell me likewise what climate you live in, and what soil you have to do with; whether the country is mountainous and woody, or plain; if well watered.

"I see by a map (now before me) that you are between [crumbled away in the letter] of latitude; in most parts of Europe the air is . . . degrees, because we are sheltered by the prodigious . . . of Norway and Lapland from the north winds. I am afraid you are more exposed; your great cold continent to the north may . . . some severe effects upon you. Direct to me at your agent's . . . If you think I can serve you, or be of any use, I . . . I will send you any thing you have a mind for, when . . . directions to have it sent, for I expect . . . to go abroad for eight or ten months; do not let the . . . prevent you from writing. I set out for London next . . . if it is allowed, shall be in less than forty days . . . Metz, in Lorraine, where I propose to pass the winter; you will easily guess my aim in that. I intend to ramble in the summer along the Rhine into Switzerland, and back through France and the Netherlands, and perhaps more. I hope you have a good provision of books. Rutherford has published his; and there is a Frenchman has told me many excellent truths, in two volumes entitled, 'L'Esprit des Loix.' [Montesquieu.] It is a piece of writing that would be of great use where you are. Will you have him?

"Tell Cornwallis that I thank him for making me a Lieutenant-Colonel (which, by-the-by, you did not take the least notice of); if I was to rise by his merit, as upon this occasion, I should soon be at the top of the list. He promised to write to some of us, but has not; they are not the less ardent for his prosperity; and the whole corps unites in one common wish for his welfare and success. Pray tell him so, as you may do it safely.

"Your old corps comes back from Gibraltar next summer. Do you know that C— has got a company over T— by E—'s death? I will correspond constantly with you in whatever part of the world we happen to be thrown, provided you do not force me, by neglect, to leave off writing. We have but this one way left to preserve the

remembrance of each other as lively as I could wish, and as I hope you do. The old General [his father], your friend, preserves his health, and is . . . he has often wished to have you again in his regiment. Farewell! I am, most affectionately, my dear Rickson,

"Your faithful friend,

"J. WOLFE.

" . . . 1750."

#### LETTER THIRD.

"Old Burlington Street, March 18, 1751.

"Dear Rickson,—I writ to you six or eight months ago; but as you took no notice of my letter, I conclude you did not receive it; nay, I'm almost sure you did not receive it, because I ask'd a favour of you which I think you would not have refused me. I desired you to inform me of the condition of your new colony [Nova Scotia], (which I have much at heart), and was not a little curious to know your particular employment and manner of living. Though I have deal to say to you, I can't speak it just now, for I'm confin'd in point of time; but as I have the same regard and friendship for you that I always had, I have the same desire to cultivate our good understanding. Write to me, then, and forget nothing that you imagine can give me light into your affairs. I am going to Scotland in ten days; your agent will forward a letter to me there.

"The young gentleman who delivers my letter has served in the regiment with me. Want of precaution, and not want of honesty, obliges him to leave it. You'll learn his story from Cornwallis. I desire you to countenance and assist him a little, and I hope you'll not think any services that you may do him thrown away. May you be healthy and happy. I shall always wish it with great truth. I am, dear Rickson,

"Your affectionate friend,

"J. WOLFE."

[This letter has a marking on it—"answered 22d July, 1751."]

#### LETTER FOURTH.

[Of eleven pages in length.]

"Banff, 9th June, 1751.

"My dear Friend,—I am prepared to assist you in your apology whenever you think it requisite; but I desire you will never assign that as a reason for not writing, which, in my opinion, should prompt you for it. Attachments between men of certain characters do generally arise from something alike in their natures, and should never fall from a certain degree of firmness, that makes them the same all the world over, and incapable of any diminution. I have (as you justly acknowledge) a perseverance in friendship, that time, nor distance, nor circumstance, can defect—nay, even neglect can hardly conquer it; and you are just as warm, and as near me, in North America, as you would be upon the spot. I writ to you lately from London, and sent my letter by one that I recommended to you for countenance. I hope what has befallen him will be as a shield against accidents of that sort for the future. When I writ that letter, your poor friend was in the utmost distress [describes his illness]; otherwise you should have had more of me. It is not an hour since I received your letter. I shall answer all the parts of it as they stand in their order; and you see I lose no time, because in a remote and solitary part of the globe." [Banff to wit.] I often experience the infinite satisfac-

tion there is in the only one way that is open to communicate our thoughts, and express that truly unalterable serenity of affection that is found among friends, and nowhere else. I conceive it no less comfortable to you. I believe that no man can have a sincerer regard for you than myself, nor can any man wish to serve and assist you with more ardour; and the disappointment you speak of affects me greatly, and the more, as I have been told that you lived with Cornwallis, and, consequently, had some employment near him, that must be creditable and profitable, which I imagined you filled, with all the integrity, diligence, and skill, that I know you possessed of. I cannot otherwise account for the preference given to Mr. — than that there has been an early promise, or some prevailing recommendations from England that Cornwallis could not resist. However, if I was Governor, methinks I should choose about my person some experience, and military ability, as requisite in the affairs of a new colony (situated as yours is) as any branch of knowledge whatever. This disappointment is followed by a resolution in you that I approve of greatly, because it will release you from a life that cannot but be disagreeable, and place you where you will be well received. But I take it to be a thing much easier conceived than effected; for though I grant that . . . . is a beast, and fit only to hunt the wildest of the wild Indians, yet, his consent to the change, I doubt, would be very difficult to obtain, though everything else went smoothly on, and you know without it the matter rests. You have done well to write my father. He is extremely disposed to do you any good office, and shall take care to put him in mind, and excite him by all the motives that will touch him nearest, to assist you.

"I thank you for partaking with me in the satisfaction of a promotion. You found your expectations, from my future fortune, upon the best grounds, my love and thorough sense of your worth; but I would not wish you should wait for my power. I should blush to see myself in the capacity. Take my inclinations and good wishes in the meantime, and believe that whatever falls to my share you will have a demand upon. If you look round and see my powerful rivals and competitors, examine who and what they are; we must both think that a little moderation in our views is very becoming, and very consistent with my situation. I believe you are of opinion with me, that a great deal of good fortune has fallen to my share already. I'll tell you only one instance. M—, and the then Major of your present regiment, were people at the top of the list for Lieutenant-Colonels, and I for Major. M— started first, I followed, &c.

"You have given me a very satisfactory account of the settlement, as far as you have observed, or have had opportunity to inquire. Till your letter came, I understood that we were lords and proprietors of the north coast of Fundy Bay—for there's a vast tract of country between that and the river of St. Lawrence. It appears to me that Acadia [Nova Scotia] is near an island, and the spot where you are, a very narrow space between the Gulf and Bay. If so, I conclude your post will be greatly improved; and, instead of the shallow works that you describe, something substantial will be erected, capable of containing a large garrison, with inhabitants trained to arms, in expectation of future wars with France, when I foresee great attempts to be made in your neighbourhood. When I say this, I mean in North America. I hope it is true what is mentioned in the news-

papers, that a strong naval armament is preparing for your assistance. I wish they would increase your regiment with drafts from the troops here. I could send you some very good little soldiers. If our proposal is a good one, I will shorten the work, and lessen the expense. The present schemes of economy [alluding to the ill-considered views of the Duke of Newcastle's administration] are destructive of great undertakings, narrow in the views, and ruinous in the consequence. I was in the House of Commons this winter, when great sums of money were proposed for you, and granted readily enough, but nothing said of any increase of troops. Mr. Pelham [Secretary of State] spoke very faintly upon the subject; wished gentlemen would well weigh the importance of these undertakings, before they offered them for public approbation, and seemed to intimate that it might probably produce a quarrel with our everlasting irremediable adversary; this I took to be a bad prognostick; a Minister cool in so great an affair, it is enough to freeze up the whole! but perhaps there might be a concealed manoeuvre under these appearances, as, in case of accidents, 'I am not to blame,' 'I was forced to carry it on,' and so forth; in the meantime, I hope they are vigorous in supporting our claims. The country is in all shapes better than we imagined it, and the climate less severe; the extent of our territory, perhaps, won't take a vast deal of time to clear; the woods you speak of are, I suppose, to the west of Shaganecto, and within the limits that the French ascribe for themselves, and usurp. Yours is now the dirtiest, as well as the most insignificant and unpleasant branch of military operation; no room for courage and skill to exert itself, no hope of ending it by a decisive blow, and a perpetual danger of assassination; these circumstances discourage the firmest minds. Brave men, when they see the least room for conquest, think it easy, and generally make it so; but they grow impatient with perpetual disadvantages. I think . . . . is a loss; his loggerhead was fit enough for these kind of expeditions, and would save much fatigue to better men. I should imagine that two or three independent Highland companies might be of use; they are hardy, intrepid, accustomed to a rough country, and . . . . here in the midst of Popery and Jacobitism, surrounded on every side as I am with this itchy race. I don't understand what is meant by the wooden forts at Halifax. I have a poor conceit of wooden fortifications, and would wish to have them changed for a rampart of earth, the rest in time; it is probable that the great attention that must be given at first to building the habitations and clearing the ground about the town, left no interval for other work; but I hope to hear, in your next letter, that our principal city (Halifax) is considerably improved in strength. You, gentlemen, too, with your parapet three or four feet thick, that a heavy shower would dissolve, you ought to increase it, and put yourselves into a state of security. You appear to be the barrier and bulwark of our settlements on the land, and should be lodged in a sufficient fortress, and with an eye to enterprise. I understand, by your account, that the post you occupy is at a very small distance from the end of the Bay; and should be glad to know how far that is from the nearest part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or from what (in the map) appears to be a lake, or harbour communicating with that Gulf. I rejoice much that you commanded that detachment with which your Lieutenant-Colonel marched; the Indians might have had

courage, in that case you would have overcome them in battle under the eye of your chief; as it was, he saw you well disposed to fight—perhaps I am talking at random, but it is conformable to the idea I have of this Colonel *Lawrence*, whose name we often see in the papers. I suppose him to be amongst the first officers of the expedition, high-minded himself, and a judge of it in others; his ready march to the enemy marks the first, and his being the head of your undertaking gives one an opinion of his judgment, if 'tis to his advantage. I desire you to let me have his character at full length; perhaps there's a strong mixture, as it generally happens in ardent men—in that case let's have the best fully, and the other slightly touched. I am mighty sorry that you are not so linked in with some of your brethren as to form an intimacy and confidence; without it, the world is a solitude, and what must your part of it be? I pity you very heartily, for I am sure you are very ready to mingle with a good disposition. 'Tis doubly a misfortune to be banished without the relief of books, or possibility of reading; the only amends that can be made to us that are sequestered in the lonely and melancholy spots, is that we can fill up part of our time with study. When I am in Scotland I look upon myself as an exile—with respect to the inhabitants I am so, for I dislike 'em much; 'tis then I pick up my best store, and try to help an indifferent education, and slow faculties, and I can say that I have really acquired more knowledge that way, than in all my former life. I would, by all means, have you get home before the next winter, but I don't approve in the least of the resolution you seem to have taken, rather than continue in that service. Do every thing in your power to change, but don't leave the army, as you must, when you go upon half-pay. If there's any female in the case, any reasonable scheme for marriage, I have nothing to say; that knocks down all my arguments; they have other sorts of passions to support them. In reality, the most I can offer (were you unbiassed) would not amount to weighty matter, for I see no early appearance whereon to mould a bait for your ambition; yet I cannot consent to your leaving us entirely, in the hopes of fairer days. If I did not love you personally, and wish your happiness very heartily, I should advise you to stay where you are, and would say you ought to be kept there; and give, as a reason for saying so, that I do think the infancy of a colony has need of able hands, civil and military, to sustain it, and I should be for sacrificing you and all the men of worth, to the general good. You speak of a Mr B——, the engineer; pray, say a word or two of his capacity, and tell me if there are amongst you any connoisseurs in that business.

“Is the Island of St. John in the possession of the French, or do we occupy it? It would be unpardonable in me if I omitted to send you intelligence of what is stirring amongst us; I mean if I kept from you any thing that comes to my knowledge, but in truth we are here almost as much in the dark as to public transactions as can be conceived; however, I picked up some account of the Act for settling the Regency, and as, perhaps, you have not seen it, it will be well worth your perusal, it is a subject of no small importance—as follows:—That the Princess of Wales [mother of the future George the Third, then a minor], is to be guardian of the Prince of Wales [George Third, whose father, Frederick, was dead], or any other of her children who shall be heirs to the Crown, and also

sole Regent of the Kingdom, in case of the King's demise, [old George Second] before any of them arrive at the age of 18 [then follows the analysis of the statute]. I believe you'll think, as most people seem to do, that the act is judicious and well-timed, and the supreme power properly limited.

“Three large ships of war (Guard ships) are sailed with the Scotch Fusiliers and Conway's regiments to relieve the King's and Skelton's, and they, as we hear, are to march directly into Scotland, which, by-the-by, is a little out of the way, to carry them from the hottest immediately to the coldest part of the King's dominions; if they come, our regiment goes to Inverness, where I shall remain all the winter; if one only comes, or neither, I go to Aberdeen. L—— and D—— are both in England, the former had been dangerously ill, is a little recovered. D—— too, has been out of order, and is gone to Bristol for health.

“I am not sure whether I mentioned it or not in my last letter, but as it is great grief to me, I will hazard the repetition to tell it you. I got powerful people to ask the Duke [Cumberland] no less than three times, for leave to go abroad, and he absolutely refused me that necessary indulgence: this I consider as a very unlucky incident, and very discouraging; moreover, he accompanied his denial with a speech that leaves no hopes—that a Lieutenant-Colonel was an officer of too high a rank to be allowed to leave his regiment for any considerable time—this is a dreadful mistake, and if obstinately pursued, will disgust a number of good intentions, and preserve that prevailing ignorance of military affairs that has been so fatal to us in all our undertakings, and will be for ever so, unless other measures are pursued. We fall every day lower and lower from our real characters, and are so totally engaged in everything that is minute and trifling, that one would almost imagine the idea of war was extinguished amongst us; they will hardly allow us to recollect the little service we have seen; that is to say, the merit of things seem to return into their old channel, and he is the brightest in his profession that is the most impertinent, talks loudest, and knows least. I repeat it again to you that poor P—— left this regiment with the approbation of all his brethren, and with the reputation of honesty and upright behaviour—it will be a charitable thing to do him any good office.

“I went to London in November, and came back by the middle of April. . . .

“My father has offered money for the prettiest-situated house in England, and I believe he will have it for about £3,000. It is a great sum to be so employed; but as it procures him the pleasure he likes, and a fine air, it is well laid out; it looks as if he intended to sell or let his house. [a few words crumbled away] since the other is upon Black Heath, the new bridge . . . his way easily to St. James's, which it will be.

“I will write to L—— to send you some porter and the books. . . . hear you making excuses for imaginary trouble. I will . . . hogshead of claret from Ireland to Gibraltar (though I was mys . . . You cannot do me a greater pleasure than by pointing . . . me a way to relieve you, though ever so inconsiderable. Write to me by the first opportunity, and believe me, dear Rickson, ever your affectionate friend,

“J. W.”

[Indorsed—“Answered 6th November, 1751, by the Torrington.”]

## LETTER FIFTH.

An interval of three years. His friend was now stationed at Fort Augustus, Inverness-shire.

"Dear Rickson,—I was obliged to Governor Traupaud for intelligence of my little friend; and, though I cannot rejoice much in your present situation, yet I think you will make yourself and your acquaintance easy and happy wherever you are. The Governor said you intended to write; let me desire you to put so good a resolve into quick execution, and tell me how it fares with you in that remote quarter. I admire the goodness of Providence in this one thing (amongst thousands that are worthy of admiration), that, in whatever situation a man happens to be placed, the mind is so framed that it works itself out some occupation, and finds something or other to make a pleasure of; supposing that no distant object has taken violently hold of one's affections, or that we are unreasonably bent upon some absent imagined satisfaction. Traupaud thinks he is very happy in having you with him, and I think so too. Pray, how do you think upon the matter? and what sort of life do you lead?"

"I shall be here a month or six weeks longer, within which time I hope to learn good tidings of you from yourself. I heartily wish you well. I am, my dear friend,

"Your affectionate and faithful servant,

"JAMES WOLFE.

"Exeter, 9th December, 1754."

## LETTER SIXTH.

His friend was still at Fort Augustus.

"My dear Friend,—Just as I received your letter, the drum beat to arms, and we have been in a bustle ever since. Now that it is become a little calm again, I will gather my wits together, and collect my friendly sentiments (a little dispersed with the sound of war), to answer it. Be so good, for the time to come, to presume with yourself that you have a right to correspond with me whenever you please, and as often; and be persuaded that you cannot do me a greater pleasure than by writing to me. I want to persuade you that neither time, nor distance, nor different fortunes, either has, or ever will, make the least alteration in my affection towards your little person; and that, in all probability, I shall die as much your friend as I have lived, whether at the end of one or twenty years, of which disposition in me, if I had opportunity to convince you, you should have sufficient proof. Though I know how reasonable and philosophic a man you are, yet I shall not allow you quite as much merit as I should to another in your situation. The remembrance of Nova Scotia makes Fort Augustus a paradise; your sufferings there will be no small aid to your contentment, for nothing can well happen of greater trial than what you have already overcome.

"Since I began my letter to you, yesterday, there's a fresh and a loud report of war. More ships are ordered to be fitted out; and we must expect further preparations, suited to the greatness of the occasion. You in the north will be now and then alarmed. Such a succession of errors, and such a strain of ill behaviour as the last Scotch war [the rebellion of 1745] did produce, can hardly, I believe, be matched in history. Our future annals will, I hope, be filled with more stirring events.

"What if the garrisons of the forts had been under the orders of a prudent, resolute man (yourself for instance), would not they have found means to stifle the rebellion in its

birth? and might not they have acted more like soldiers and good subjects than it appears they did? What would have been the effects of a sudden march into the middle of that clan who were the first to move? What might have been done by means of hostages of wives and children, or the chiefs themselves? How easy a small body, united, prevents the junction of distant corps; and how favourable the country where you are for such a manoeuvre if notwithstanding all precautions they get together, a body of troops may make a diversion, by laying waste a country that the male inhabitants have left, to prosecute rebellious schemes. How soon must they return to the defence of their property—such as it is—their wives, their children, their houses, and their cattle?

"But above all, the secret, sudden night-march into the midst of them; great patrols of 50, 60, or 100 men each, to terrify them; letters to the chiefs, threatening fire and sword, and certain destruction if they dare to stir; movements that seem mysterious, to keep the enemy's attention upon you, and their fears awake; these and the like, which your experience, reading, and good sense would point out, are means to prevent mischief.

"If one was to ask what preparations were made for the defence of the forts? I believe they would be found very insufficient. There are some things that are absolutely necessary for an obstinate resistance—and such there always should be against rebels—as tools, fascines, turf or soda, arms for the breach (long sponsons or halberds), palisades innumerable; whole trees, converted into that use, stuck in the ditch, to hinder an assault. No one of these articles was thought of, either at Fort Augustus or Fort George; and, in short, nothing was thought of but how to escape from an enemy most worthy of contempt. One vigorous sortie would have raised the siege of Fort Augustus; 100 men would have nailed up the battery, or carried the artillery into the castle.

"I wish you may be besieged in the same manner; you will put a speedy end to the rebellion, and fold their arms in the first attempt; *les Messieurs de Guise se sont tres mal comporte!* If there's war, I hope the General in the North will not disperse the troops by small parties, as has been practised hitherto; but rather make choice of certain good stations for bodies that can defend themselves, or force their way home (to the forts) if occasion require it. At Laggan Achaforen, for example, they should build a strong redoubt, surrounded with rows of palisades, and trees, capable to contain 300 men at least. This is a post of great importance, and should be maintained in a most determined manner, and the MacDonalds might knock their heads against it to very little purpose.

"Old dotting Humphrey, who is newly married, I find, will be a good deal occupied at home, and fondly no doubt; so you must not expect much aid from that quarter; there's our weak side.

"Mr. M'Pherson should have a couple of hundred men in his neighbourhood, with orders to . . . if they shew the least symptom of rebellion. They are a warlike tribe, and he is a cunning, resolute fellow himself. They should be narrowly watched; and the party there should be well commanded.

"Traupaud will have told you that I tried to take hold of that famous man with a very small detachment. I gave the sergeant orders (in case he should succeed), and was attacked by the clan, with a view to rescue their chief to . . .

which I concluded would draw on the . . .  
and furnish me with a sufficient pretext,  
(without waiting for any instructions,) to march into their  
country . . . ; it was my real intention,  
and I hope such execution will be done upon the first that  
revolt, to teach them their duty, and keep the Highlands in  
awe. They are a people better governed by fear than  
favour.

"My little governor talked to me, some time ago, of a  
parcel of musket-balls that belonged to us, which he offered  
to send us. We fire bullets continually, and have great  
need of them; but, as I foresee much difficulty and expense  
in the removal, I wish he would bestow them, or a part,  
upon you; and let me recommend the practice, you'll soon  
find the advantage of it. Marksmen are nowhere so ne-  
cessary as in a mountainous country; besides, firing balls  
at objects teaches the soldiers to level incomparably, makes  
the recruits steady, and removes the foolish apprehension  
that seizes young soldiers when they first load their arms  
with bullets. We fire, first singly, then by files, 1, 2, 3,  
or more, then by ranks, and lastly by platoons; and the  
soldiers see the effects of their shot, especially at a mark,  
or upon water. We shoot obliquely, and in different situ-  
ations of ground, from heights downwards, and contrarywise.  
I use the freedom to mention this to you, not as one pre-  
scribing to another, but to a friend who may accept or re-  
ject; and because, possibly, it may not have been thought  
of by your commander, and I have experience of its great  
utility.

"I have not been in London all this winter. If the state  
of our affairs had permitted it, I should certainly have  
waited upon your sister. You could not propose a thing  
more agreeable to me; for I think I must necessarily love  
all your kindred, at least all that love you. I hope she has  
recovered the hurt occasioned by that unlucky accident.

"Pray ask Trap. if he knows anything of Lady Culloden,  
how she is as to health? for I have a particular esteem for  
her, am obliged to her for civilities shewn me, and interest  
myself in her welfare. She seemed, poor lady, to be in a  
very ill state of health when I was in that country.

"I could pass my time very pleasantly at Fort Augustus,  
upon your plan and with your assistance. There is no soli-  
tude with a friend.

"I hope to hear from you now and then, as your in-  
clination prompts or your leisure allows; the oftener the better.  
I wish you all manner of good, and am truly, my dear friend,

"Your faithful and affectionate servant,

"J. W.

"Exeter, 7th March, 1755.

"My compliments to Mrs. Trapaud and the Governor.

"I was interrupted in the beginning of the letter, and  
the post came in from London before I began afresh."

#### LETTER SEVENTH.

Addressed to Captain Rickson, Aide-de-Camp to  
Major-General Lord George Beauclerk, at Inver-  
ness, Scotland. A portion of Wolfe's Seal is still  
adhering to this Letter.

"My dear Friend,—If I had not been well convinced by  
your letter that you needed not my council to guide you,  
and that the steps you were taking were prudent and sen-  
sible beyond what I could advise, you should have heard  
from me something sooner; for the public service and your  
honour and well-doing, are matters of high concern to me.

I am sorry that I cannot take to myself the merit of having  
served you upon this occasion. I would have done it if it  
had been in my power; but I knew nothing of your new  
employment till Calcraft mentioned it to me. You are, I  
believe, so well in the Duke's opinion, that Mr. Fox [father  
of the celebrated Charles James] had no difficulty to place  
you where you now are, and where, I am fully persuaded,  
you will acquit yourself handsomely. To study the charac-  
ter of your General, to conform to it, and by that means to  
gain his esteem and confidence, are such judicious measures  
that they cannot fail of good effects. If I am not mistaken,  
Lord George is a very even-tempered man, and one that  
will hearken to a reasonable proposal. If the French resent  
the affront put upon them by Mr. Boscowen, the war will  
come on hot and sudden; and they will certainly have an  
eye to the Highlands. Their friends and allies in that  
country were of great use to them in the last war. That  
famous diversion cost us great sums of money and many  
lives, and left *pais bas* to Saxe's mercy. I am much of  
your opinion, that, without a considerable aid of foreign  
troops, the Highlanders will never stir. I believe their re-  
sentments are strong, and the spirit of revenge prevalent  
amongst them; but the risk is too great without help; how-  
ever, we ought to be cautious and vigilant. We ought to  
have good stores of meal in the forts to feed the troops in  
the winter, in case they be wanted; plenty of intrenching  
tools and hachets, for making redoubts, and cutting pali-  
sades, &c.; and we should be cautious not to expose the  
troops in small parties, dispersed through the Highlands,  
when there is the least apprehension of a commotion; a  
few well-chosen posts in the middle of those plains that are the  
likeliest to rebel, with a force sufficient to intrench and de-  
fend themselves, and with positive orders never to sur-  
render to the Highlanders (though ever so numerous), but  
either to resist in their posts till relieved, or force their way  
through to the forts, would, I think, have lively effects. A  
hundred soldiers, in my mind, are an overmatch for five  
hundred of your Highland militia; and when they are told  
so, in a proper way, they believe it themselves.

"It will be your business to know the exact strength of  
the rebel clans, and to inquire into the abilities of their lead-  
ers, especially of those that are abroad. There are people  
that can inform you. There ought to be an engineer at the  
forts to inform the General of what will be wanted for their  
defence, and to give directions for the construction of small  
redoubts where the General pleases to order them.

"Nobody can say what is to become of us as yet. If  
troops are sent into Holland, we expect to be amongst the  
first. We are quartered at Winchester and Southampton;  
but turned out for the assizes. The fleet at Spithead ex-  
pects orders to sail every hour. They are commanded by  
Sir E. Hawke, who has the admirals Bingham and West to as-  
sist him. There are about 30 great ships, and some frigates,  
the finest fleet, I believe, that this nation ever put to sea,  
and excellently well manned. The marines embarked yes-  
terday, to the number, I suppose, of about 1000 men; others  
will be taken up at Plymouth if they are wanted. Bookland's  
are to disembark. I imagine they are aboard by this time.

"I am distressed about my poor old mother, who has been  
in a very dangerous way. She is the only woman that I  
have any great concern about at this time.

"I lodged with a Mrs. Grant [this was while Wolfe was  
at Inverness], who, perhaps, you know. She was very care-  
ful of me, and very obliging. If you see her, it will be  
doing me a pleasure if you will say that I remember it.

"Do you know Mrs. Forbes, Culloden? I have a par-  
ticular respect and esteem for that lady. She showed me a  
good deal of civility while I lay in the North. If you are

acquainted, pray make my best compliments to her, and let me know how she is as to her health.

"*As rest*, you must be so kind to write now and then, and I will be punctual to answer, and give any intelligence of what is doing where I happen to be.

"A letter directed for me at General Wolfe's, at Black Heath, Kent, will be forwarded to the remotest regions.—I am, my dear friend,

"Your affectionate and faithful servant,

"JAMES WOLFE.

"Lymington, 19th July, 1755."

#### LETTER EIGHTH.

A gap of two years. By this time his friend was acting Deputy-Quarter-Master-General of Scotland, at Edinburgh.

"My Dear Rieksion,—Though I have matter enough, and pleasure in writing a long letter, yet I must now be short. Your joy upon the occasion of my new employment I am sure is very sincere, as is that which I feel when any good thing falls to your share; but this new office does neither please nor flatter me, as you may believe when I tell you that it was offered with the rank of Colonel, which the King, guided by the Duke, [Cumberland] afterwards refused. His Royal Highness's reasons were plausible; he told the Duke of Bedford, (who applied with warmth) that I was so young a Lieutenant-Colonel, that it could not be done immediately—but I should have known it in time, that I might have excused myself from a very troublesome business which is quite out of my way. [What does this relate to?] I am glad you succeeded so happily, and got so soon rid of unpleasant guests, and ill to serve; it is ever the case that an unruly collection of raw men, are ten times more troublesome than twice as many who know obedience. We are about to undertake something or other at a distance, and I am one of the party. [This relates to the subsequent unlucky descent on Rochefort.] I can't flatter you with a lively picture of my hopes as to the success of it; the reasons are so strong against us (the English) in whatever we take in hand, that I never expect any great matter; the chiefs, the engineers, and our wretched discipline, are the great and insurmountable obstructions. I doubt yet if there be any fixed plan; we wait for American intelligence, from whence the best is not expected, and shall probably be put into motion by that intelligence. I myself take the chance of a profession little understood, and less liked in this country. I may come off as we have done before; but I never expect to see either the poor woman my mother, or the old General, again; she is at present dangerously ill; she is infirm with age. Whether my going may hurry their departure, you are as good a judge as I am. Besides their loss, I have not a soul to take charge of my little affairs, and expect to find everything in the utmost confusion, robbed and plundered by all that can catch hold of them.

"I heartily wish you were fixed in the employment you now exercise; but, if D— W— is not misrepresented to me, you have everything to fear from his artifices and double dealing. I wish I was strong enough to carry you through, I'd take you upon my back; but my people are away. Calcraft could serve you—no man better. He is the second or third potentate in this realm.

"I may have an opportunity of speaking to Napier, but there W— governs almost alone; and we are not sharp enough to dive into the hearts of men. The nephew goes with us. I must have *succumbed* under the weight of some characters of this sort if I had not stood out in open defiance of their wicked powers. A man will not be ill used that

will not bear it. Farewell, my honest little friend. I am ever your

"Faithful and affectionate servant,

"JAMES WOLFE.

"London, 21st July, 1757."

[Marked—"Answered, 2d Aug., 1757."]

#### LETTER NINTH.

This letter was written immediately after Wolfe's return from the unlucky descent on Rochefort, in which he was one of no less than seven naval and military officers, among whom the command was frittered away.

[Addressed—"Captain Rieksion, Deputy Quarter-Master-General of Scotland, at Edinburgh."]

"Dear Rieksion,—I thank you very heartily for your welcome back. I am not sorry that I went, notwithstanding what has happened; one may always pick up something useful from amongst the most fatal errors. I have found out that an admiral should endeavour to run into an enemy's port immediately after he appears before it; that he should anchor the transport ships and frigates as close as can be to the land; that he should reconnoitre and observe it as quick as possible, and lose no time in getting the troops on shore; that previous directions should be given in respect to landing the troops, and a proper disposition made for the boats of all sorts, appointing leaders and fit persons for conducting the different divisions. On the other hand, experience shows me that, in an affair depending upon vigour and despatch, the generals should settle their plan of operations, so that no time may be lost in idle debate and consultations, when the sword should be drawn; that pushing on smartly is the road to success, and more particularly so in an affair of this nature—[a surprise]—that nothing is to be reckoned an obstacle to your undertaking, which is not found really so upon *tryal*; that in war something must be allowed to chance and fortune, seeing it is in its nature hazardous, and an option of difficulties; that the greatness of an object should come under consideration, opposed to the impediments that lie in the way; that the honour of one's country is to have some weight, and that, in particular circumstances and times, the loss of 1,000 men is rather an advantage to a nation than otherwise, seeing that gallant attempts raise its reputation, and make it respectable; whereas the contrary appearances sink the credit of a country, ruin the troops, and create infinite uneasiness and discontent at home. I know not what to say, my dear R—, or how to account for our proceedings, unless I own to you that there never was people collected together so unfit for the business they were sent upon—dilatatory, ignorant, irresolute, and some grains of a very unmanly quality, and very unsoldier-like or unsailorly-like. I have already been too imprudent: I have said too much, and people make me say ten times more than I ever uttered; therefore, repeat nothing out of my letter, nor name my name as the author of any one thing. The whole affair turned upon the impracticability of escalating Rochefort; and the two evidences brought to prove that the ditch was wet (in opposition to the assertions of the chief engineer, who had been in the place), are persons to whom, in my mind, very little credit should be given; without these evidences we must have landed, and must have marched to Rochefort; and it is my opinion that the place would have surrendered, or have been taken in 48 hours. It is certain that there was nothing in all that country to oppose 9,000 good foot—a million of Protestants, upon whom it is necessary to keep a strict eye, so that the garrisons could not venture to assemble against us, and no troops except the Militia within any moderate distance of these parts.

"Little practice in war, ease and convenience at home, great incomes, and no wants, with no ambition to stir to action, are not the instruments to work a successful war withal; I see no prospect of better deeds; I know not where to look for them, or from whom we may expect them.

"Many handsome things would have been done by the troops had they been permitted to act; as it is, Capt. Howe carried off all the honour of this enterprise . . . it, notwithstanding what that scribbling . . . been pleased to lie about that fort and the attack of it.

"This disaster in North America,\* unless the French have driven from their anchors in the harbour of Louisbourg, is of the most fatal kind; whatever diminishes our naval force tends to our ruin and destruction. God forbid that any accident should befall our fleet in the bay. The Duke's resignation may be reckoned an addition to our misfortunes; he acted a right part, but the country will suffer by it.—Yours, my dear Riekson,

"Very affectionately,

"J. W.

"Black Heath, 5th Nov., 1757.

"The General and my mother are both gone to the Baths.

"The King has given me the rank of colonel."

#### LETTER TENTH.

His friend was still Deputy-Quarter-Master-General of Scotland, at Edinburgh.

"Dear Riekson,—Calcraft told me he had prepared a memorial for you, and was to give it in to Sir John Ligonier. I had apprised Col. Hotham, the Deputy-Adjutant-General, and had bespoken his assistance. Hotham assured me, two days ago, that he has not seen the memorial, and wonders it was not presented. Calcraft must have some reasons for the delay, which I will inquire into to-morrow; and if he has any difficulties about it, I will carry it myself. My services in this matter, and my credit with the reigning powers, are not worth your acceptance; but such as they allow it to be, you are as welcome to as any living man. I can assure you that D—— is double, and would shove you aside to make way for a tenth cousin; it becomes my Lord G. Beauchamp [then Commander-in-Chief in Scotland] to confirm you in your office, by asking and procuring a commission. If he is satisfied with your management, it is his duty to do it; these mealy chiefs give up their just rights, and with them their necessary authority. The Commander in Scotland is the fittest person to recommend, and the best judge of the merits of those that serve under him. Though to all appearance I am in the very centre of business, yet nobody (from the indolent inattention of my temper) knows less of what is going on where I myself am not concerned. The proceedings in Parliament, intrigues of the parties, and the management of public affairs, are as much unknown to me as the business of a divan or seraglio. I live amongst men without desiring to be acquainted with their concerns; things have their ordinary course, and I pass on with the current unheeding. Being of the profession of arms, I would seek all occasions to serve; and, therefore, have thrown myself in the way of the American war, though I know that the very passage threatens my life [alluding to his indifferent health], and that my constitution must be utterly ruined and undone; and this from no motive either of avarice or ambition. I

\* This relates to the capture, by the French, of Fort-William Henry, on the south side of Lake George, with all the artillery, vessels, and boats, on 9th Aug., 1757, about three months prior to Wolfe's letter. The governor, Monro, had a garrison of 3,000 men, and there was a covering army of 4,000 besides, under General Webb, but the latter, by the most unpardonable neglect and obstinacy, would not advance to Monro's assistance, who had accordingly to capitulate. Well might Wolfe speak of it as a great "disaster."

expect to embark in about a fortnight. I wish you success in your affairs, health and peace. I am, dear Riekson, your affectionate and faithful servant,

"JAMES WOLFE.

"Blackheath, 12th January, 1758."

[Wolfe's seal is still adhering to this letter—it is the figure of a human head, with a fillet of laurel, gathered into a knot behind.]

#### LETTER ELEVENTH.

Written on the eve of sailing from Portsmouth, on the expedition against Louisbourg.

"Dear Riekson,—The title of Brigadier [Pitt had conferred it on him], which extends to America only, has no other advantage than throwing me into service in an easy manner for myself, and such as my constitution really requires; our success alone will determine the more solid favours, for it is possible to deserve very well, and to be extremely ill received. The state of public affairs is such that some measures must be pursued which prudence or military knowledge perhaps might not dictate. We shall have (if accident don't prevent it) a great force this year in America, and the country has a right to expect some powerful efforts proportioned to the armaments. Success is in the hands of Providence, but it is in every man's own power to do his part handsomely. I did not know that Barré was your friend, nor even your acquaintance [this is one of the supposed authors of the celebrated letters of Junius.] Now that I do know it, I shall value him the more upon that account; by accident I heard of his worth and good sense, and shall have, I trust, good reason to thank the man that mentioned him. Nay, I am already overpaid by the little I did, by drawing out of his obscurity so worthy a gentleman; I never saw his face till very lately, nor never spoke ten words to him before I ventured to propose him as a Major of Brigade. You may be sure that my information came from the best hands.

"I wish your success most heartily; it would be a lasting satisfaction to me if I had power to forward it; you must give me leave to tell you, which indeed I should not do, that I have pressed it warmly to Lord G. Sackville, who has at present the power in his hands; I tried the Field Marshal [Lord Ligonier, who had succeeded the Duke of Cumberland, as Commander-in-Chief] but I have little weight there, and for your sake, I wish I had more with Lord George. Write me, now and then, a letter; with all the Scotch news, and your own sentiments upon things as they fall out. Calcraft will forward your letters, and they will be received as so many marks of your affection and remembrance. We embark in three or four days. Barré and I have the great apartment of a three-decked ship to revel in; but with all this space and this fresh air, I am sick to death. Time, I suppose, will deliver me from these sufferings; though, in former trials, I never could overcome it. I thank you for your kind wishes, and return them most sincerely.—I am, ever, my dear friend,

"Your faithful and affectionate servant,

"JAMES WOLFE.

"Portsmouth, 7th Feb., 1758."

#### LETTER TWELFTH AND LAST.

Written after Wolfe's return to England, from the capture of Louisbourg.

"My dear Friend,—Your letter dated in September, as well as the last you did me the favour to write, are both received, and with the greatest satisfaction. I do not reckon that we have been fortunate this year in America. Our force was so superior to the enemy's, that we might hope for greater success; but it pleased the Disposer of all Things

to check our presumption, by permitting Mr. Abercrombie to hurry on that precipitate attack of Ticonderago, in which he failed with loss. By the situation of that fort, by the superiority of our naval force there, and by the strength of our army, which could bear to be weakened by detachments, it seems to me to have been no very difficult matter to have obliged the Marquis de Montcalm to have laid down his arms, and consequently to have given up all Canada. In another circumstance, too, we may be reckoned unlucky. The squadron of men-of-war under De Chaffaruit failed in their attempt to get into the harbour of Louisbourg, where inevitably they would have shared the fate of those that did, which must have given an irretrievable blow to the marine of France, and delivered Quebec into our hands, if we chose to go up and demand it. Amongst ourselves be it said that our attempt to land where we did [alluding to the Louisbourg affair] was rash and injudicious, our success unexpected (by me) and undeserved. There was no prodigious exertion of courage in the affair; an officer and 30 men would have made it impossible to get ashore where we did. Our proceedings in other respects were as slow and tedious as this undertaking was ill-advised and desperate; but this for your private information only. We lost time at the siege, still more after the siege, and blundered from the beginning to the end of the campaign. My Lord Howe's death (who was truly a great man) [he was killed in a skirmish in the woods, connected with the repulse of the British in their attack on Ticonderago] left the army upon the continent without life or vigour; this defeat at Ticonderago seemed to stupify us that were at Louisbourg; if we had taken the first hint of that repulse, and sent early and powerful succours, things would have taken perhaps a different turn in these parts before the end of October. I expect every day to hear that some fresh attempts have been made at Ticonderago, and I can't flatter myself that they have succeeded; not from any high idea of the Marquis de Montcalm's abilities, but from the very poor opinion of our own. You have obliged me much with this little sketch of that important spot; till now I have been but ill-acquainted with it.

"Broadstreet's coup was masterly." He is a very extraordinary man; and if such an excellent officer as the late Lord Howe had the use of Broadstreet's uncommon diligence and activity, and unparalleled battle knowledge, it would turn to a good public account. When I went from hence, Lord Ligonier told me that I was to return at the end of the campaign; but I have learned since I came home, that an order is gone to keep me there; and I have this day signified to Mr. Pitt that he may dispose of my slight ease as he pleases, and that I am ready for any undertaking within the reach and compass of my skill and cunning. I am in a very bad condition both with the gravel and rheumatism, but I had much rather die than decline any kind of service that offers; if I followed my own taste, it would lead me into Germany, and if my poor talent was consulted, they should place me to the cavalry, because nature has given me good eyes, and a warmth of temper to follow the first impressions. However, it is not our part to choose, but to obey.

"My opinion is, that I shall join the army in America,

\* This refers to the surprise and capture of the important French Fort, Frontinac, on the north, or French side of the St. Lawrence, where it issues from Lake Ontario, by Lieut.-Colonel Broadstreet, who had been sent against it by General Abercrombie, with a detachment of 3,000 Provincials. This able officer destroyed the fort, with 60 pieces of cannon, 16 mortars, an immense depot of provisions for the French army; took all the enemy's shipping on the Lake, consisting of nine vessels, some of them mounting 18 guns, and rejoined Abercrombie, all without the loss of a man. Wolfe's compliment to him was well merited.

where if fortune favours our force and best endeavours, we may hope to triumph.

"I have said more than enough of myself; it is time to turn a little to your affairs; nothing more unjust than the great rank lately thrown away upon little men, and the good servants of the state neglected. Not content with frequent solicitations in your behalf, I write a letter just before I embarked, putting my Lord George Sackville in mind of you, and requesting his protection; his great business, or greater partialities, has made him overlook your just pretensions.

"If you come to town in January, I shall be there, and will do you all the service I am able, but Lord Ligonier seems particularly determined not to lay the weight of any one obligation on me; so you may hold my good inclination in higher value than my power to assist. You have my best wishes, and I am, truly,

"My dear friend, your faithful and obedient servant,  
"JAMES WOLFE.

"Salisbury, 1st December, 1758.

"Remember that I am Brigadier in America,  
and Colonel in Europe.

"Barré was in such favour with General Amherst that he took him to the Continent, and he very well deserves his esteem."

Such are the contents of the packet of Wolfe's letters. Fragmentary though they be, they are valuable; for so little is known of his personal history, that even a slight accession is interesting, and worthy of preservation. These letters open up glimpses of his character, and exhibit the tone and bent of his mind, through a medium very favourable for enabling us to judge. Written frankly and unreservedly, to one he sincerely esteemed, we gain access to his inmost thoughts and opinions on subjects both of public and private interest; while we cannot fail to admire the warm and disinterested friendship evinced throughout—the proofs of a generous heart; and we rise from the perusal with renewed regret for the early fall, and increased respect for the memory, of one in all respects so estimable and so worthy of the renown inseparable from his name.

It may be interesting to say a few words in conclusion, respecting the officer to whom Wolfe wrote these letters—namely, Colonel William Rickson. In early life, they had served together in the Continental War, and there contracted for each other that intimate and lasting friendship of which we have Wolfe's repeated expressions. Rickson survived the lamented General eleven years, and died at Edinburgh. He was interred in Restalrig churchyard; and on the tomb erected over his remains, the following inscription may still be seen, recording the worth of him whom Wolfe honoured with so large a portion of his confidence, and who shared so much of that brave man's sincere regard:—

"Here lies the body of Lieutenant-Colonel William Rickson, Quarter-Master-General of North Britain, who died the 19th July, 1770, in the 51st year of his age, and 51st in the service of his King and country. He was an officer of much experience, excellent judgment, and great bravery—at same time, humane, agreeable, generous, friendly, affectionate: In memory of whose superior worth, and in testimony of great love and esteem, this tomb is erected by his disconsolate widow."

Peace to the ashes of the brave.

Glasgow, Nov. 3, 1849.

J. P.