

For The Weekly Visitor.

CLASSIC STORIES.

MBCXXXIV.

THE INVASION AND BURNING OF ROME BY THE GAULS, B.C. 390.*(In Verse)*

The city proud stands in the sun
Clothed with the victories it has won
Trim'd with the triumphs of the past
But destin'd so not long to last
Its temples, capitol and towers;
Its palaces and shady bowers;
Its glory—all—so bright, so gay,
May be o'er long clean swept away.
The Sabine virgin's rape forgot;
King Tullius sad and dreadful lot;
Lucretia's death, Virginia's wrong;
Oppressions practised by the strong;
All cry aloud. They wake the skies
To vengeance, and imploring rise
To God the King, before whose eye
Accursed deeds can never die.

A rumor thro' the busy streets
Ruses greeting every one it meets
It counsel's fear; it stirs up dread;
It tells—a storm breaks over head.
Wild consternation spreads around
Prayers, shrieks and wails—a mingled sound

Rise on the air—while chiefs command
The young to save their fatherland.
Some raise their voice; some beckon sore;
Some urge; some plead from door to door;
Haste home! prepare to steel they come!
The foe—the Gaul's past! Clusium!
Warriors prepare! your country call!
Go meet the foe without the walls!
Your stations take on Allia's bank
In solid mass and serried rank!
They march obedient and they form
The city's great last hope—forn
They face the invader and they die
While Brennus shouteth "Victory!"

The Romans beaten now retreat
The Gauls rejoice in their defeat
And onward press—no mercy there,
"They come the country all to share."
Onward ye brave! ye victors on!
We'll rival yet a Marathon!
What can withstand your potent arms!
Or who o'ercome your dire alarms!
Onward! subdue your leader wills
The city proud that crowns the hills—
The Seven Hills of Rome shall fall,
And yield its spoils up to the Gaul.
Breathless they rush; the walls they near;
They listen; not a sound they hear;
All's still as death—the open gates
With ready entrance them awaits.
Entering they wend their wond'ring way
Thro' empty streets—all treasure lay
At their command—Terror broods o'er,
Dismay stands in the empty door.

At length; the Forum fall in view.
In chairs of state, in purple hue
Sit eighty aged councillors—
A sacrifice—yet worshippers.
The gods! the gods! the heathen cry
Come let us worship or we die!
They nearer come, o'er those who led
The sight inspires with solemn dread.
But one more daring than the rest
Patrius' heard upon his breast
And pluck. This insult roused his rage—
The Gaul stands stricken by the sage.
Then from the Gauls all reverence fled
Then lay the old man with the dead
They fall upon the rest surprised
And offer them all sacrificed.

Fire the city! Haste, let it burn!
Shouts Brennus—then your strong arms
turn

Against the Romans sly patrol
That guards the teeming capitol
Eight months with vigor watch they keep
Nor day nor night finds all asleep.
Yet all in vain, Quirinus will
Set them at stern defiance still.
The houses burn; the smoke ascends
To heaven in curling wreaths it wends.
The city lies in smould'ring heaps.
The exiled Roman sighs and weeps.

O Romulus, the city falls!
Fierce foes tear down its tow'ring walls;
Its mansions burn'd lie in the dust;
Discord's reward away accurst.
Roll, Tiber, roll! thy sadd'ning wave
Sweeps silent o'er the hero's grave;
Thy trembling surge; thy yellow tide
Palling thy country's patriots, hide.
Roll, Tiber, roll! hide this disgrace
Wash high thy banks and leave no trace
Of tyrants' deeds, or frae or sword
Or Brennus—proud and haughty lord.
He's gone! he's gone! the price is paid;
The gold's received; the ransom's made;
Yea! Brennus and his horde is gone;
But Roman fires still smoulder on.

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VOLUME III.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1864.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. C. McK., Montreal.—I have sent you a copy regularly, but as you have not received, I have mailed another set. Send your last mentioned.

A. M. A. Newburg.—Received for eight more. Sent as directed, also sent you the missing numbers.

J. G., Edmonton.—Your money was received, and papers sent. In case you should not recover Nos. 4 and 5, I have again mailed them to you.

W. F. Enniskillen.—Received for eight copies.

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☞ The "Queen City" and "Ivy" Lodges B. A. O. G. T. intend holding a Grand Union Pic-Nic on the Queen's Birthday, at Carleton. A splendid Band will be in attendance, and all sorts of games will be kept up during the day. Further particulars will be given next week.

The Sunday afternoon Religious Temperance meeting is still held in the Temperance street Hall. The services are commenced at 4 and concluded at 5 p. m. Attend

☞ Chester Temple, I. O. G. T., intend holding a Pic-Nic on the banks of the Don, on the Queen's Birth day. Further particulars in our next.

☞ We beg to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. J. Rawe, Photographic Artist. His gallery is 137 King St. East, opposite J. G. Beard & Sons.