

GENERAL WOLFE.

THE following important and unpublished letter from General Wolfe to Colonel Isaac Barré, one of those to whom the authorship of the Letters of Junius has been attributed, was sold at Messrs Sotheby and Wilkinson's, on Saturday last, for the insignificant sum of half-a-guinea. It is written on three sides of a sheet of thick gilt-edged letter paper. Wolfe's letters are of the utmost rarity:—

Dear Barré,—You know in what manner the war is to be carried on this summer in America. It has pleas'd the King to send me wh a Body of Troops up the River St. Lawrence; I beg'd such assistance as to me seem'd necessary—Lt. Col. Carleton and Lt. Col. Warde were ask'd, one to be Qr. Mr. General, the other to be Adjutant General, the former is given, the latter refus'd—I also desir'd to have you as Major of Brigade and Secretary, wh the rank of Captain in the Army;—upon Col. Warde's refusal I named you for his intended office, wh the Rank of Captain in the Army and of Major or Lt. Colonel in America,—this has been consented to and I hope to have your utmost assistance, for the Publick and your own sake, and that I may prove myself no bad judge of merit.

Accelerate all matters where you are and particularly the relief of the Garrison in the Bay of Fundy, from whence alone I should fear delays.

If Lesslie is not with you—get somebody to freight a vessel wh live stock of all kinds for my private use and *yours*; don't spare the expense; Bell shall be more particular with you upon this point. Settle matters in such a manner that by the time the first store is exhausted, we may hope to have a second whatever the distance may be. The articles of Mollasses and Rum for the Troops are too material to be neglected;—All the officers named by me for the River (and I don't know that any of them except yourself are particularly in the General's graces) must come to me—there are not many indeed upon the Continent, and I wou'd in that as in everything else have especial regard to Amherst.

I trust General Amherst will do his utmost to send some small supplies of fresh Provisions to us for the sick and wounded People and for the Officers—You will collect all your sound and useful thoughts for this important business.—Your services shall not be concealed, it will do me honour, and it is most just to represent good actions and to reward them. Boscawen has spoken of you in the handsomest manner.—he has declin'd this service in a fit of ill-humour, and if I mistake not, heartily repents.

Think of everything that may be of use. Fare ye well.

Your faithful and obedient servant,

JAM. WOLFE.

London, 10th Jany., 1759.

P.S.—Bring with you forms for Commissions and all the useful Papers you can lay your hands upon.

That Wolfe applied direct for the services of Barré is a new circumstance in the life of a person of whom too little is known; and that he had at first asked for him as his Secretary is confirmatory of the received opinion that Wolfe's famous Quebec despatch, about the "choice of difficulties" was mainly, if not altogether, the composition of Barré. Wolfe was an indifferent letter writer, but Barré—witness his letter to Pitt, and the opinion of his contemporaries—was both a good writer and a good speaker.

TO HER I MET.

I caught within a careless throng,
The glorious flashing of thine eye,
And watched thy figure move along,
As if to music gracefully.
I saw thee in the sacred fane,
Where chastened thoughts are turned to heaven,
And felt my worship was in vain,
Where thou had'st prayed to be forgiven.
Oh! often in a southern clime,
Around a gorgeous altar-stone,
When the low-pealing vesper chime,
Called gentle maidens one by one,
Have I seen bending low in prayer,
Forms darkly beautiful, and proud,
But none like thine were numbered there,
Amid that lovely kneeling crowd.

And yet thy smile, thy queenly tread,
Recalled the hours, I thought had flown
To slumber with the shadowy dead,
Beneath oblivion's nameless stone.
Once more I felt the fragrant breeze,
From groves of orange, cool my brow;
And watched the moonlight o'er those seas
And winding shores, all faded now.

Thus quickly vanish gleams of bliss,
From life's bright fountain-head away;
And colder grows each thrilling kiss
That on the lip of childhood lay.
But still, when new impressions cast
A radiance o'er my spirit now,
Before their fleeting charms have past,
Like early blossoms from the bough.
I love to linger on the bloom,
Which seems a mockery of death,
And trust that memory o'er their tomb,
Will oft revive the charms beneath.
Thus, lady, let me think of thee;
Dream of thy beauty rarely see;
And if in death it leaveth me,
Still on its dear remembrance lean.