

Æneidic Romance on the Death of General Wolfe.

SPRING, wasting, and lamenting with care
 Her silent and gloomy retreat, sat Britannia,
 Ere she exclaimed against fate, mourned the
 Loss of her gallant son, General Wolfe, and
 Threw herself up to gloomy despondency and
 Helpless despair. The sacred dust that lay in
 Confusion on her fertile and lovely plains was
 Saved with the many gallant achievements
 He had performed; and the stately walls of her
 Antic cot were sculptured around with his
 Heroic and noble triumphs. Jupiter, looking
 Down from his lofty, crystalline throne in the
 Heaven, beheld with anxiety and sorrow, the
 Fate of the disconsolate dame, and being moved
 By her tears, immediately sent Mercury to
 The plains below to soothe her aching heart,
 To assuage her useless grief; and these were
 The tidings that with him came: August Britan-
 Nia cease to weep any longer; your gallant
 Son is not dead, but is only removed from the
 Scenes which he loved so well, to command the
 Armies that are above. For, the sons of the
 Gods, the powerful and proud giants of old,
 Seated from their dark habitations, and the
 Messages which they communicated, was, that
 They were marching, or preparing to march, to
 Meet with the gods; upon which a council was
 Held, wherein it was decreed that Wolfe should
 Be removed, and the charge, together with
 Many others, was entrusted for immediate
 Execution to me. With this rigorous order I
 Immediately hied to the plains of Quebec, fully
 Determined to execute it with the least possible
 Delay. I encompassed his eyes with a dark,
 Thick film; his spirit I bore away in an urn,
 Almost one moment's respite, which he beg-
 GED, in order that the joyous sound of victory
 Might break on his ear.

I left the friendship he always bore towards
 His native plains, his own skies, and you, his
 Much loved country, which he has by the
 Military triumphs his valour has achieved, ren-
 Dered the envy of surrounding nations, to wish
 Him a speedy and safe return. I am now
 Fain to bid you adieu, perhaps for ever. It
 Was your tears, your sighs and lamentation
 That brought me down from yon clear, un-
 Clouded regions to this cold world below. See
 At the achievements of General Wolfe be
 Inded with exultation by you, to your chil-
 Dren, so that when the will of heaven, and the
 Common destinies of nature shall have swept
 Him to oblivion and repose succeeding genera-
 Tions, his great name will be left an imperish-
 Able monument, exciting others to like deeds

of glory and renown, and serving at once to
 defend, adorn, and perpetuate your existence
 among the ruling nations of the earth; and in
 the height of that splendour to which you, by
 the superior skill of your future commanders
 over those of other nations, are destined to rise,
 do not forget to remember with gratitude, the
 patriotism of him you now so reasonably la-
 ment and bewail. But dry up your tears, and
 lament him no longer. Rouse from the torpor
 his death has occasioned you, and be prepared
 to follow with success, the successors of him
 who can return to you no more, and is now
 satisfied of your fidelity to him, and will be-
 hold with joy, your endeavours to preserve in-
 violate, those rights which he has so nobly put
 you in possession of. Farewell." He ceased,
 and the next instant saw him winging his
 lofty flight to the court of his master, Jupiter.
 He has never since had occasion to return to
 assuage the woe of Britannia, who has con-
 tinued advancing in the field of fame and glory,
 'till she has attained that dazzling height pre-
 dicted by Mercury; whilst in every stage of
 her rising glory and magnificence, she has
 honoured the memory and cherished a grate-
 ful remembrance of her much loved, brave,
 gallant, and patriotic son, GENERAL WOLFE.

King's County, 1842.

S. G. F.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I think of thee when winter binds
 The stream with frost :
 I think of thee when stormy winds
 Are raging most ;
 And when the summer sun looks bright
 O'er land and sea,
 And by the moon's tender light
 I think of thee.

There is no place, sweet lady, where
 Thou art forgot :
 I mingle in my daily prayer
 Thy dearer lot ;
 And when the voice of beauty blends
 With melody,
 I turn away from present friends
 To think of thee.

Then, lady, sometimes let thine eye
 With tears be wet,
 For happy days, alas gone by,
 In which we met ;
 And though the fount of sorrow flow
 No more in me,
 This heart at least where'er I go,
 Shall think of thee !