

"How appropriate to the occasion and place are the inspiring words of the Bard of the Passions:—

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet has ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

COLLINS."

And again, a few weeks afterwards, I copied a most patriotic article approbatory of my proposal in the London *Canadian News* for the then current month, its editor too expressing his satisfaction that "the suggestion lately thrown out, of the propriety of holding such a celebration, has been so promptly taken up, both in Canada and America."

But enough, and perhaps too much, said about the organization of a National Tricennium, by the People of British and Federal North America. I now proceed to give a short account of the life and career of my hero, composed of materials derived, for the most part, from sources sealed to the many, and never yet entirely opened even to the few.

The family of Wolfe, from which the young general sprang, was of note in the county of Clare, more than two centuries ago. On the capitulation of Limerick, in October 1651, to Ireton the Parliamentarian chief, twenty of the most distinguished of its defenders were excepted from pardon, and reserved for execution. Amongst these were two brothers, George and Francis Wolfe,—the former a military officer, the latter a friar. The friar was