

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

CHERRYFIELD, Me., August 20th, 1891.

DEAR DOMINION:



AVE you a faint fall flavour in the air of *Villa Maria*?—a suggestion, as it were, of the cold commons in course of preparation, elaborately magnificent as that hinted Christmas Number? So have we, beside this Narraguagus. Since the grass was shorn, and the crickets commenced even-song in the stubble, involuntarily we give a little premonitory shiver; and, coming in from an evening drive, light up a strawy gleam in the old Franklin—if only to confirm Shelley's impression of "how beautiful Fire is." But you ask me what our pesky little Narraguagus is, to be named at all

with your majestic "father of waters?" I take off my cap to St. Lawrence, which has its title to nobility among rivers, and will have while the sun lights up its mighty trail, and the moon gives mystical colour to the romance of its shores. But our wild little river, born in its hills and woods, and seeking the sea gleefully by a shorter cut, is of kin; for as God has made all men of one blood, so he has made all rivers of one element. So, as aforetime, the small salutes the great; our wild boyish stream—now the saw-mills are shut—having nothing else to do, gambols down its rocky bed, kicks its heels into the air, and shouts to its stately neighbour—"How are you, good old fellow, anyway?"

When the grating teeth of the saws were silenced, came the sound of the mower in the land. Now Blueberry is king; and there are hundreds here obeying his behest, even on Sunday. But not Felix, nor any young Felixes. The Ten Commandments are more venerable than the oldest blue-berry factory; and the honour of the Invisible,—but not therefore deceivable,—is more to some than any vested interest whatsoever. But our blueberries are sizzling in the bath; multitudes of boxes are on the road; multitudes of nimble fingers are plying on extensive plains of Epping, just beyond us. Some of the poorer families among us have in a few weeks earned from \$100 to \$125, picking at the low rate of 2½ cents per quart. They encamp on the plains, and live like Gypsies,—if you can imagine gypsies working like Milton's lubber fiend.

Jump into my carriage, and in two hours, dear ILLUSTRATED, we shall be taking lunch in the midst of the most wildly savage scenery in Eastern Maine. These are the Almighty's premises, and are likely to be for some time to come,—unclaimed by meddling man; for the stone-cutter is only an emmet here. Rock enough for a larger metropolis than is in the world. Bald summits of stone, ranging successively downward to the sea, where Mount Desert is an isolated sort of termination. These giant heads are reflected in glassy lakelets, that lie tranquilly folded in among the hills; gleams and glances you have of green isle or sunlit water between the trees and shrubbery along their borders. The road winds round the shore:—on the one hand the ripply wave, on the other the rocky wall—rampart of the eternal hills. Involuntarily you repeat Scott's description of the Trossachs:

"One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far-winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.

High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down on the lake in masses threw

Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildered forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."

A waterfall leaps at your side, and goes splashing away into the lake. You see an enormous boulder impending, and you take your head suddenly from beneath it, and finish your dinner in safety, after drawing a long breath. These are the Tunk mountains. In sudden disenchantment you gasp—"Why Tunk?" This is a curiosity of nomenclature, and is said to have been suggested by the sound of a solitary hammer—tunk! tunk! tunk!—among these rocky hills. A friend has conceived of the town out of which we came, most rosily. "Cherryfield!" he exclaims, "what a pleasantly-suggestive name! How it makes your mouth water!" Straightway he imagines valley-vistas of loaded English cherry trees, feeding to the full the contented villagers and myriad birds, with their scarlet juiciness. Great Scott! would I were at Digby or Gaspereau, instead! There is in my yard a scanty bush that has tantalized me with half-a-dozen incomplete cherries! I picked only two. Fact is—we derive our name from the multitude of wild choke-cherry bushes that are growing here-about.

Just now our regrets are for Lowell. He was much to us, everyway. A personality, a singer, a man of letters—his type is rare. I mind me of old Cambridge autumnal days, when, haunting the neighbourhood of Mount Auburn and Elmwood, I got glimpses of him. There was a lofty courtesy about him,—a gentlemanly, as well as a scholarly, atmosphere, that might please equally Oxford or St. James. He has left a deep impression of robust manliness, and of a chastened and refined Puritanism. We are sorry he has gone; for the world never needed men who are at once earnest and forceful more than now. The rage of the reformer,—“the penchant to preach,”—as he termed it, made frequently against the wholeness and nicety of his art. But this, we take it, is something better than an orbicular emptiness. We prefer a shag-bark with something in it, to a china egg without. Lowell's critical sense, and his allusiveness, is something rare. It did not injure him that his mind was steeped in the old English muse. His out-door lucubra-

tions derive a classic flavour from his bookish subtlety; while his passion for "all things beautiful and free" in the world that lieth under sun and star, kept him from all book-wormishness. To us that unique book, "The Biglow Papers," and that other racy, picturesque and vivid one, the "Fireside Travels," are among the most delightful things in the language, and who that has read "The Cathedral," "Vision of Sir Launfal" and the "Odes," has not classed him among the first American Poets? He finds his grave in that renowned cemetery so close to his favourite Elmwood,—of late to him "a place of ghosts,"—and which he describes, most very complimentarily as—

"That unsightly grove,
Once beautiful, but long defaced
With granite permanence of cockney taste
And all the grim disfigurements we love."

He dwells a near neighbour of Longfellow, in death, as in life. Vale! Vale! Yet dwelllest the life of life with us. We owe more to him than we can say, as one of our spiritual sponsors.

Ho! Ho! Mr. Editor! Have you not been walking, pencil and all, in regions Maritime? I turn your pages and catch here and there glimpses that are only Acadian, and I clap my hands—like that little chap expectant of bon-bons—and say, "Oh! what lots more we shall get!" And again, I echo Bliss Carman's words: "How a man can help loving his native land as he loves his own mother, I cannot see. Thank God! the beautiful tender land is there always, serene before we came, sure and undisturbed when we depart." Ah! yes, it is a dear and beautiful country, and worthy of the love of its children. As the Scot in America holds heathery Caladonia but the dearer, so in these United States does the true Canadian look to the north, and say, "That is my home! Yonder lies my country!"

O dear, I'm going,—I can't stop! So step in, kindly executioner of the sanctum, and cut me off with a versicle.

HALIFAX.

Fair Chebucto, throned in beauty,
Queenly bride of Acadie!
Sylvan slopes, enchanting woodlands,
Jewelled gleams of silver sea!
Shine in memory! still we love thee!
Still afar we dream of thee!

PASTOR FELIX.



PRINCE BISMARCK.