

took part. There was but one opinion. Nothing remained but to propose a capitulation.

On the return of the surgeon Goldthwaite sent a flag of truce to La Corne. It was agreed that there should be a suspension of arms till 9 o'clock next morning, with a view to treat for a capitulation. Next morning this was offered on certain terms. La Corne in turn held a council-of-war. The council decided to do nothing till Coulon was consulted. He thereupon sent a messenger to Coulon to ascertain his wishes. In reply Coulon said he would be content with whatever his officers should think best. The council then decided to accept the terms with some modification. An agreement was thereupon signed by Goldthwaite and his officers on the one part, and by LaCorne and his officers on the other. Next morning Coulon at Gaspereau added his signature to the paper. The terms were that the British should march out of the Stone house with the honors of war, drums beating and flags flying, passing through a lane of 60 French soldiers, lining the road from the Stone house to the highway—that within 48 hours the British should set off for Annapolis with six days' provisions—that they should be escorted by guides to the furthest house in Minas, some seven miles distant, that other guides should conduct them thence through the forest to the first of the houses on the Annapolis River—that the stores and munitions of war at Minas, and the ships and their contents, should be handed over to Coulon, and that the capitulating force should not for six months to come serve in any operations at Minas, Pisiquid, Cobequid or Chiegnecto.

The French carried out the capitulation in entire good faith. Their treatment of the prisoners was beyond all exception. They soothed the sufferings of the wounded by every possible attention. They used every kindness and courtesy towards the brave men who had fought so well under such adverse circumstances. In the eyes of the British, Canadians had hitherto seemed on a par with their savage allies. Our men were surprised now to find them showing so much kindness and sympathy to a fallen foe. Mascarene a few days afterwards wrote a letter in French to Capt. Howe, which he allowed him to show to Coulon and his officers, expressing his high sense of the kindness and attention received at the hands of the French.

The articles of capitulation were signed on Sunday. On Monday the British were to have buried their dead, but the weather continuing bad the following day was allowed for the purpose. The British devoted Tuesday to that melancholy duty. A grave was dug at the foot of a bank near the church. In this all of the dead were buried except Col. Noble and his brother. Their remains were interred a little further up the hill between two large apple trees, which were still standing and bearing fruit within the memory of men now living. The stump of the survivor of these trees was removed only a few years ago, and nothing now remains to mark the last resting-place of the brave men so suddenly and unexpectedly called to their last account. Surely this is not creditable to the Province in whose service they fell.

Capt. Howe soon became a favorite with the Canadian officers. He was a man of rare accomplishments. Easy and graceful in manner, and familiar with the French language, he had lived on pleasant terms with the Acadians. He was a member of the Council at Annapolis, and held in high esteem by his colleagues, who immediately took steps to procure his exchange. He was at once released on parole, and some time afterwards exchanged; Governor Shirley marking his estimation of Howe, by sending five Canadians to Quebec in exchange for him. Howe soon recovered of his wound, but only to fall a victim, some years later on, to an act of the foulest treachery, perpetrated on the banks of the Missiquash by a ruffian of the worst type, Le Loutre's favorite Indian chief.

The force under Coulon did not remain long at Minas. Before departing they burnt the frame and materials of the block house, broke the trunnions of the cannon so as to render them useless, set fire to one of the vessels, and presented the other to an Acadian who had been one of their active assistants. They destroyed everything belonging to the British force that could not be conveniently taken to Beaubassin. They were anxious to return before the spring, when the melting snows would increase the difficulty of their march. So soon, therefore, as Coulon was sufficiently recovered from his wound to stand the journey, they set out from Minas. They left that place on the 12th of February, and arrived safely at Beaubassin on the 25th, thus making the journey in 13 days, being four less than they had spent in coming.

It is impossible not to admire the gallant exploit of the French-Canadians. It is quite true that its success was determined by contingencies that could not have been foreseen. The French could hardly have hoped to arrive at Minas without the British commander having some notice of their approach. At all events they had no reason to expect that no surprise would be so absolute and entire as that which actually occurred. Indeed such a surprise would have been impossible but for the extraordinary snow-storm which came so opportunely for the French. But then the enterprise itself is so much the more heroic, that the difficulties that might reasonably have been expected were so much greater than those that were actually met with.

On the other hand, while giving Col. Noble and his men full credit for their bravery in a fight carried on under such adverse conditions, it is impossible to acquit the British commander of gross neglect in not making better provision against possible surprise. He had abundant provisions. He had ample supplies of ammunition. He had snowshoes for every man of his corps. But he might as well have had none of these things. They were so placed as to be as useless as if they did not exist. Had his men

been quartered together in a central locality, instead of being scattered in a long line—had he put his stores in a place where they could have been got at, he could have repelled, with the force he had under him, any attack that could have been made upon him. The enemy were exhausted by a long and toilsome march; his men were fresh. If the first attack had been repelled the enemy would have been without food or resource. They would have been driven into the forest, to perish of cold or hunger. Noble had ample time for making some such preparations. He had been some weeks at Minas before he wrote to Mascarene the letter from which we quote. A single week, devoted to this object, would have made his position impregnable. But his great mistake was to suppose that a march which he would not venture on, was absolutely impracticable.

It is said that some of the Acadians at Minas warned him that the French would be upon him. If this be true, it makes his neglect more reprehensible. It would show a blind confidence in his own judgment. It would prove that, he believed, what he could not do, nobody else could.

The French had been sadly depressed by the unparalleled disasters which had occurred to the fleet under D'Anville. In that case, however, the hand of Providence had been heavy. It is impossible to prevail against storms, and fever, and plague. But here was a case of a different kind. It was one in which energy and enterprise, dauntless courage and persistent toil, were the principal factors in securing success. It was a case in which a body of Canadians, exhausted by toil and want of food, had discomfited more than double their number of British provincials. It was a case of prowess in which the French might well pride themselves. There was no event of the year which did so much to elate that people, and inspire them with the determination to put forth new efforts to get possession of this coveted Province.

THE POETIC OUTLOOK IN CANADA.

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Not before the diffusion of the flush of national life,—not before the sense of exultation that comes from a consciousness of national individuality, and strength, and purpose, need any country look to produce the flower of true poetic achievement. It is only of late that Canada, maturing slowly here in her strenuous north, has begun to lift herself up with something of this exultant sense of manhood. At the same time appears what I believe we are justified in regarding as the faithful promise of a Canadian imaginative literature, vigorous and wholesome, and for this cosmopolitan age, very reasonably distinctive. In our whole field of intellectual effort a spring-time stirring is manifest, but my present concern is with those acres only from which we are to expect a poetic harvest. Nothing like an exhaustive survey is to be attempted here. I must be content to support my point by two or three selected instances.

About a year ago there appeared in Toronto, under the title of "Tecumseh," a dramatic poem of much force and beauty. The author is Mr. Charles Mair, who, in his boyhood, published a volume of crude, but promising fragments and brief lyrics. From that time till just before the production of "Tecumseh," he buried himself in the wilds of the North-West, and was utterly removed from the sweep and stress of life in the modern world. Hence we may look upon him as now making a new beginning, and may regard his new work as a product of the new times. Viewed in this light, and as an earnest of future achievement, its defects, which are a certain provincialism of tone and a lack of sympathy with modern mental attitudes, sink into unimportance, and its excellences, which are those of imagination, vigor, sincerity, and freshness, become deeply significant for us who are watching for the new light within our borders. By his long security from attrition with other minds, he has preserved his individuality in all its sharpness of line and angle. He shows the influence of scarce any master saving Shakespeare, and him he has studied not unworthily. His illustrations are native and new, got at first hand; his atmosphere and coloring unmistakably Canadian; his patriotism full-blooded and fervid. His utterance is such as fits the lips of a son of this land of splendid heritage and heroic stock; it is forceful, straightforward, and virile. It is a vigorous voice that speaks thus through the mouth of "Tecumseh":—

"We must now
Pack all our energies. Our eyes and ears
No more must idle with the hour, but work
As carriers to the brain, where we shall store
As in an arsenal, deep schemes of war."

And it is the voice of a poet that tells us how—

"The passionate or calm pageants of the skies
No artist drew; but in the autumn west
Innumerable faces of fair cloud
Vanished in silent darkness with the day."

At the furthest remove from such work as this, in all points of aim and motive, are the poems of Mr. Phillips Stewart, just published by Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co. These poems have none of the joyous outlook, the fervor and confidence, the variety of sentiment, the insistent local flavor, of Mr. Mair's verse. They are the work of a boy, not yet arrived at sufficient strength to enable him to rise out of the gloom of a past of loss and grief. Mr. Stewart has been brought under the shadow of such sorrows as could not but deeply color the art of even the least subjective of singers. He shows as little desire to be Canadian in his song as does Keats in his to be English. He has not yet attained much range, either in mood, method, or