

bearing date of 1760. This proclamation seems to have been repeated on the accession of each new Governor. The document sets forth that His Majesty had been informed that his subjects in Newfoundland "do treat the savages with the greatest inhumanity, and frequently destroy them without the least provocation or remorse. In order, therefore, to put a stop to such inhuman barbarity, and that the perpetration of such atrocious crimes might be brought to due punishment, His Majesty enjoined and required all his subjects to live in unity and brotherly kindness with the native savages," and further enjoined all magistrates to "apprehend persons guilty of murdering the native Indians and send them to England for trial." Owing to the scattered nature of the settlements and the lawless habits of the early trappers and fishermen, these proclamations were vain. But a short time afterwards the only traces that were visible of the unfortunate Beoths were a few grassy mounds, decaying deer-fences and ruined wigwams.

An interesting feature in the Beothic character was their great reverence for their dead. Cormack, the earliest explorer of the interior of Newfoundland, tells us that there were among them four modes of burial which varied with the rank of the deceased.

Their wigwams were well and firmly built. They were generally conical, framed with poles and covered with birch bark which was overlaid in the manner of tiles and firmly secured in its place by means of external poles. They were quickly erected but, albeit, with such care and thoroughness that they have been known to stand for thirty years.

The Beoths are said to have been about five feet ten inches in height, with black coarse hair and a complexion somewhat lighter than that of the North American Indians generally. There is nothing to prove that they possessed any form of religious worship, if we except a few carved wooden images which were discovered in a tomb by Mr. Cormack; but these may have been mere representations or memorials of the persons interred within the tombs. The Florentine writer before mentioned states plainly that they worshipped the heavenly bodies.

The Beothic method of capturing deer while not absolutely peculiar to them was highly ingenious. It is used, I find, even at the present by the Indians of the Coyukon territory. A kind of corral or fenced enclosure was constructed, elliptical in form and open at one end. It was made on the deer trail and usually near the outlet of a wood or on the banks of rivers near where the deer swam across. The deer-fences were frequently of great extent, and such portions of them as now exist are monuments as well of the diligence as of the skill of those by whom they were originally constructed. Mr. Cormack says: "Down the noble river (the River Exploits) the steady perseverance and intrepidity of my Indians (Mic-Mac) carried me on rafts in four days, to accomplish which otherwise would have probably required two weeks. What arrests the Indian most in gliding down the stream is the extent of the lake fences to entrap the deer. They extend from the lake (Red Indian Lake) downwards continuously on the banks of the river at least thirty miles. There are openings left here and there in them for the animals to go through and swim across the river; and at these places the Indians were stationed to kill them in the water with spears out of their canoes or at the lake. Here, then, connecting these fences with those on the north-west side of the lake, are at least forty miles of country, easterly and westerly, prepared to intercept all the deer that passed that way in their periodical migrations."

The only Indians now to be found in Newfoundland are the Mic-Mac who have formed a colony on the west coast whence they prosecute their hunting and fishing. They are much sought as guides by sportsmen and naturalists who visit Newfoundland during the months of summer and the early autumn. They came originally from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, are a fine race of noble presence, many of them, specially the women, being handsome. They have been civilized and Christianized by missionaries of the Roman Church. They own large flocks of sheep which find congenial pasturage on the fertile banks of the river. In nearly all other respects they live as do their British neighbours. FRED. E. J. LLOYD.
Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada.

OTHER men are lenses through which we read our own minds.—Emerson.

In a word, to be a fine gentleman is to be a generous and a brave man.—Steele.

We are told that "the marriage rate is decreasing because there is so large a proportion of men who wish to marry, but cannot, because the intended father-in-law has not the means to give his daughter a dowry." If such a settlement for the bride is the only sure preventive against the husband's failure by overwork, then it may be that the marriage rate is decreasing. But we believe there are quite as many happy marriages and true homes among those who take a wife without a dowry as among those whose wives have large dowries—if, indeed, there are not keeping house themselves,—not having it kept for them,—and they have less cause to fear failure for their husbands, either from over-exertion or pecuniary loss, than the more richly-endowed wives who are governed by fashion or Mrs. Grundy.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

A SONNET.

A PERFECT artist hath been here; the scene
Is grandly imaged; with what breadth of hand,
What noble grace of freedom all is planned!
The woods, the water and the lakelet's sheen;
The magic hues—gold-pink, rose-pearl, sea-green,
And now the Western gateway, see, is spanned!
A nameless glory gilds the favoured land,
And still the spirit-artist works unseen.

Belike upon the chamber of a king
My erring steps have stumbled; yet, meseems,
These, like myself, are common men, who spring
From rock to rock where the mid-splendour gleams.
Perchance the king's sons we, and I, who sing,
Co-heir to wealth beyond yon realm of dreams.

J. H. BROWN.

THE CURSE OF A GREAT NAME.*

A FAMOUS name, a name whose very sound carries with it feelings of wonder, of love, of gratitude, is an inestimable dower. Like a magic wand, it opens all doors to its bearer; it recommends him everywhere like an introduction from a monarch; it makes the brightest promises on his behalf; it clears his path by its simple authority. But all things glorious on earth have their reverse side, and the proud name, too, has its shadow. It calls imperiously upon its possessor to prove himself worthy of its advantages, and directs all his thoughts and his longings toward the height where dwelt his great predecessor. And so he will be a heaven-storming Titan, setting himself tasks beyond his strength, and he thus effectually hinders his lawful organic development, and brings himself to nought. And the scions of princes in the realms of thought and deed are measured with a severe measure. Involuntary comparison with their august progenitors forbids all impartial, objective, estimate of their doings. Their life's results are fore-doomed to be insufficient, undervalued, belittled. To many a one this shadow-side imbibes the sounding name he bears, presses him to earth, undermines his creative power and creative happiness, and forbids him to gather the gradually unfolding blossoms which nature would have distributed along his life's path. It is not given to every one to have the humour of a son of Wilhelm von Humboldt, who, when reminded by his tutor of his famous father and uncle, replied: "Herr Doctor, we are taking a rest."

A melancholy example of the truth of what I have said is afforded by Wolf Goethe, whose portrait has been lovingly drawn by his almost life-long friend, Otto Meyer, in the attractive little book called "Wolf Goethe, ein Gedenkblatt" (Weimar, 1890). A cruel fate bound a two-fold martyr crown about the brows of Wolf Goethe. In the bloom of his age he became a victim to a life-long neuralgic affection, and he was the grandson of the Master, whose very baptismal name was given him to emphasize his misfortune. Honouring his mighty grandsire with a passionate and fervent piety, the sense of the demands made upon him by the surpassing greatness of his name never left him for a moment, and was often the subject of some melancholy jest.

But he was hardly out of the gymnasium when he began a work of Faust-like proportions, which took possession of him for the first half of his university career, from 1839 to 1842; the dramatic poem "Erlinde," which has a sound of the tale of "Melusine," told by his grandfather. Erlinde is the nymph of the Ilm, and sets her affections on a Count von Berka, appoints a genius to serve him, and also places other spirits at his disposal. Being, after a while, forsaken by her Count, who returns penitent to his wife and his church, she vanishes from this spot of Thuringian earth in a terrible storm, with the whole troop of sprites, water, forest, meadow and domestic; while the Count, at the same time, falls from a rock and expires. The antithesis between the nature-deities of antiquity (perpetuated under mediæval spirit forms) and the invading church Christianity, is the leading motif, and forms the background of the picture. Beside Count Berka stands a monk of St. Paul, whose piety is not proof against the siren power of the water-sprites; and under their influence lies also a poet living at the court of the Count. Loving and beloved, he attaches himself to a famous sage, a wise master, whose teaching he will proclaim to the world in song, and sing his wisdom into men's hearts. Like another "Ratcatcher," he passes through the land, lovingly known to young and old:—

With lute in hand he passeth through the town;
The merry boys in every street,
Hearing its music sweet,
Forsake their romps, their boyish strife is stayed.
The busy housewife hurries from her hearth,
Her pitcher overflowing, stands the maid.

And what of love and truth,
Of sorrow or of ruth,
Of mind at peace, of joy of earth he sung;
It passeth not, but through each heart hath rung;
And youth and maid bear home his song and word
From every holy feast.

As the happy lot of the noble minstrel is portrayed here, so elsewhere a cornucopia of judicious praise is poured out over the Thuringian land; and, hand in hand with this home love, running through the poem like a scarlet thread, we see the last phase of the Schelling philosophy,

* Translated from "Unsere Zeit," December, 1890. By Thomas Cross.

in which the transition from pantheistic solitude to monotheism is accomplished and the antithesis of Petrine and Pauline Christianity smoothed out in a St. John's Church of the future.

From this brief sketch of "Erlinde," it will be evident that the piece is without artistic structure. Its three parts do not inwardly correspond with each other, and are only held together by the common tie of a romantic longing for a higher union with nature. It has no true dramatic character, no epic power, but much profitless poetic brooding over antithesis.

In consequence of severe work toward the end of his student days, Wolf's neuralgia became insufferable, and his inclination toward seclusion and solitude grew with it. He became a victim to highly-coloured ecstatic dreams, between which he wavered helplessly, unable to oppose to them anything like continuous effort. In this state the thought came to him, like a messenger of salvation, of seeking peace for his soul in the Catholic priesthood. But this idea soon betrayed its will-o'-the-wisp nature, and his inward disorder resumed its sway. Plans came and fled. What he accomplished appeared to him by turns sublime and pitiful; what he would accomplish seemed now child's play, now impossible. Two souls dwelt, alas, in his breast. "Because I write the book I cannot be healed, and I shall not be healed until I have written it." His clear self-knowledge robbed him of all belief in his poetic calling. Grieved to death he wrote to his friend in the autumn of 1850: "As to poetry, I may say it is born, but cannot get baptized. To much of it nothing seems wanting but to put on the babe's christening dress, but something always prevents this . . . Health, innocence, happiness, these three charities, sisters, patron-goddesses, must not forsake the poet. Am I what Plato says of him—'a careless thing, hath wings and is holy?'" The poems which appeared in 1851 justified these words. Their origin is all too plain. They spring not from real life; they are the artificial productions of a sickly imagination; they are poetry without truth. In them we look in vain for the fresh tones of the "Erlinde."

The "Poems" were the swansong of the poet Wolf Goethe. In 1852, he entered the diplomatic service, not without success, but had to retire in 1861, invalided. He lived on for twenty-two years, occupied, so far as his sufferings permitted, in historical and bibliographical studies. One work had especial charms for him—to rescue from the rubbish of time the history of Italian libraries up to the year 1500; and this work was, truly, the offspring of his pains. After devoting himself to it for so many years, with a love that commands our admiration, he never advanced beyond the publication of the first of his "Studies and Researches in the Life and Times of Cardinal Bessarion," a mere loosely-thrown-together mass of details. "Whatever you will," he said, "works of von Ranke or anything else are to me nothing but historical romances. Even Gibbon is too well rounded . . . I will be no author, I will write no book. I desire nothing but to further truth."

Though the life of Wolf Goethe is a touching tragedy, he never suffered himself to be drawn into the prevailing pessimism. In 1865, he wrote: "When I leaned upon the Universe, I fell; when I leaned upon God, I stood. And his genuine love of man went hand in hand with love of God. In his poem 'Christ,' he says:—

Full oft I grasp not doctrine high above
My strength, or of Himself or of God's ways;
But when He tells me how to live and love,
I cast myself before Him on my face.

Sad it is to hear, from a being of such greatness of character, such sentiments, such sweeping vision, words like the following:—

A lowly birth
By ocean strand,
Health and humble
Cares and calling;
These are the gifts
I ask the Celestials,
If once again
They send me to earth.

WORDS ABOUT WORDS.

PRIOR to engaging in it we might imagine the study of words tedious and profitless, whereas it is engaging and instructive to the last degree. Particularly is this the case with respect to the words composing our own language by reason of the variety of sources from which it is drawn. Macaulay says: "Those revolutions that most influence mankind are noiseless," and another eminent writer voices the same sentiment: "There are instances in which knowledge of more value may be obtained from the study of a word than from the study of a campaign."

The constellation known as *Pleiades* received its name from the Greek *Plein*, to sail, because navigation in Greek waters was considered safe after its appearance in—and until its disappearance from—the heavens. In Italy it appeared about the first of May and was then called *Virgilae*, from *virga*, a sprout, as May is the time of year when sprouts start forth. *Idiot*, from the Greek *idiotes*, originally meant the private citizen in distinction from one who held official position. Then it was applied to him, who, owing to his ignorance, was allowed no part in public affairs. From this secondary meaning it easily came to signify a person entirely destitute of intellect—a natural fool.

The Latin *caballus*, a pack-horse, gave birth to "cavalry." "Infantry" originally consisted of the "infantes"—boys and servants who ran beside their masters, as