

As a poet, Earl Stirling justly won the praises of several noted poets of his own day, but only to pass into oblivion. Writers upon English literature entirely ignore him, while remembering those who have praised his poetry. In his writings he sought to persuade the heart. In his "Doomsday" poem he invoked, in the very outset, a Divine blessing upon his effort. When we think how strangely disturbed the times were in which he lived, and how unfavourable to the purer kind of literary production; when we remember how great the enterprise needed to plant a colony single-handed, we must accord him no small *meed* of praise. Behind all the unworthy expedients which his public undertakings led him to adopt, we see those better moments which bespeak the poet and the gentleman. We can forgive the weaknesses and the spirit of avarice which seconded the spirit of adventure, and restore Sir William Alexander to an honourable place in the annals of both the old and the new world.

For in his own words :—

"This is the grief which bursts a generous heart,
When favour comes by chance, not by desert."

And again :—

"We want all that did advance our name,
For in a corner of the world obscure,
We rest ungraced without the bounds of fame."

Notes.

[Communicated by MR. JOHN READE.]

One of the ablest and most active of the French Intendants of the Old Regime was M. Hocquart. Not only did he endeavour to develop the resources of the colony, but he was also the author of some clear, comprehensive and vigorous reports on the state of Canada during his administration. To a memoir not unreasonably attributed to his pen we are