

## THE CONDITIONS OF A COLONIAL LITERATURE.

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THERE were two Oliver Goldsmiths. One all know well,—the friend of Samuel Johnson, and author of ‘The Vicar of Wakefield’ and ‘The Deserted Village.’ The other was so obscure that my belief that he is unknown to every Fellow but three of the Royal Society of Literature is not likely to be challenged.

The obscurer Goldsmith was a grand-nephew of the greater. He lived in Nova Scotia, where he was a Collector of Customs during the first quarter of this century ; and in 1825, in humble imitation of his great-uncle’s ‘Deserted Village,’ he published a poem entitled ‘The *Rising* Village.’ In the beginning he thus addresses his brother Henry, grandson of Goldsmith’s brother Henry, to whom ‘The Traveller’ is dedicated :

“ If then adown your cheek a tear should flow  
For Auburn’s village and its speechless woe ;  
If while you weep you think the ‘lowly train’  
Their early joys can never more regain ;  
Come turn with me where happier prospects rise,  
Beneath the sternness of Acadian skies.  
*And thou, dear spirit, whose harmonious lay  
Didst lovely Auburn’s piercing woes display,*