

squares of earth, with which the walls of the hut were covered, and thus they got brick which is water-proof, and enamelled brick that keeps out the damp. Then, it was that primitive man, filled with happiness and presumption, imagined the tower of Babel, which is the triumph of brick, just as, slyly adds the lecturer, the Eiffel tower is the triumph of sheet-iron and the Babel of the nineteenth century. He says also that, by dint of going ahead, man sometimes goes back on his footsteps.

Later on, brick was found inferior to stone, and the latter carried the day. Then, after the hut, the house made its appearance, with all its comforts, and they who, before that, had grovelled in caves and tents, now brought their houses to some perfection. The cavern, the carvings, the pilaster, the column, were used to adorn the dwelling and prop it up. The tent grew larger, and served not only for dwelling, but for public meetings, religious and national. A renowned type is the Tabernacle of the Master in the barrens. It must next be observed that when the people emigrated, they reproduced, with new materials, the buildings which they had conceived with primitive materials. They transformed the cabin from wood to brick, and from brick to stone; the cavern, in wood and framework, and artificial carvings; and the tent, in woodwork, or even in stone. This is so true that certain works in sandstone, in India and Cambogia, look much like carpentry, and travellers have been deceived in them, seeing them from afar.

Man was imitative all along. He imitated the mountain in the pyramid; the cavern, in the labyrinth; sheer rocks in towers; forests, with their plentiful leafage, in the colonnades and vaults of their palaces and churches. Chateaubriand, carried away by the exuberance of his fancy, saw the cathedral of the Middle Ages in the ancient woods of Gaul and Germany.

The first pillars of Egypt had the shape of palm tree trunks and reeds bound together. Then, man borrowed the leaves and flowers for his ornaments; the skulls of beasts, stags, reindeer, and the geometrical shapes of minerals. He imitated the leaf of the olive, the laurel, the thistle, the acanthus, the lily and the rose. He imitated the shell, the egg, the pearl, the olive, the almond, the tears of the rain, and the tongues of fire. Stone was transformed into rings, collars, spearheads, beams and rafters. Animals were put under contribution—the heads of beasts, the trunks of snakes, and thence the torsos of columns. Monuments supported on the backs of elephants; the muzzles of gargoyled lions; of men in caryatides; of stalactites and stalagmites, are thoroughly reproduced on a large scale in the great relics of India. The Swiss chalet, for example, so happy, elegant and appropriate in style, is found in the Himalayas and the valley of Kackmyr. The Lacustrine cities are found in America and China. As we find the kinship of peoples by their tongue, we discover it also by their manner of building. The vault comes from the cavern; the pillar from the tree; the capital from the wreath of flowers. Among the English we trace all the elements of Aryan construction—the hall, the portico and the gynæceum. The temples of India are derived from the imitation of caverns; and Chinese buildings, from the transformation of tents.

The learned professor closed this masterly exposition by describing the migration of the Cyclo-

pean tribes—the Pelasges and the Hellenes. He then displayed a series of views illustrative of the works of these several people, and wound up by rendering a picture of the Parthenon of Athens, the *ne plus ultra* of architectural grace and beauty.

COSMIC FORCES.

In our number before the last we presented our readers with an engraving of the Eiffel Tower, the loftiest building in the world, and in our last number, as a sequel, we gave them some "Curiosities of Measurement," in which we compared the tower with some of Nature's works in this world of ours. But what are the greatest of these compared with God's works outside of this world? The sun and his attendant planets, and the stars, infinite in number, each a sun attended, astronomers tell us, by his attendant planets; and an infinity of space beyond them again, with stars whose light has not yet reached this world. Those of them which we can see are made visible by their light, which, also, by the aid of that wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, has shown us that many of the elements of which they are constituted are the same or similar to those found on our earth, and thus revealed the unity of creation. Yet that very light, by which we see these at night, makes them invisible by day, and if the sun shone always upon us, we should know nothing of these other worlds and suns. Our readers, or many of them, must be acquainted with Blanco White's beautiful sonnet founded on the facts we have mentioned, but many have probably never seen it. It will bear repetition, and we reproduce it. It has been called the finest, and is certainly among the finest, sonnets in our language.

Mysterious Night! when our first father knew
Thee, by report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the Host of Heaven, came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view,—
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
While flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou would'st us blind?—
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?—
If Light can thus deceive us, why not Life?

LITERARY NOTES.

L'Evangeline, printed at Digby, has begun its second year. It is the mouthpiece of the Acadians.

The Canterbury volume of "Poems of Wild Life," edited by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, is now published.

Wilfrid Chateauclair has a sketch in the *Globe* Christmas number entitled "The Relics of St. Tegakwita."

We learn that Miss Elizabeth G. Roberts has a small volume of her poems, published for private circulation.

The fifth volume of the "Genealogical Dictionary of Canadian Families," by Mgr. Tanguay, has just been issued.

Among the new books received by the McGill College Library is a volume of *Esquimaux Legends*, translated into French, which are very readable.

An Historical Society has been established in Chateaugay, and there is already talk of raising a monument on the historical battlefield of that name.

Goodridge B. Roberts, editor of the *King's College Record*, is preparing a series of papers on the literary men of Canada. He is enthusiastically Canadian.

Mrs. Frances Harrison has a Canadian sketch on the Valley of the Eustache in an American periodical. We are glad to see that she has dropped the name "Seranus."

At the last fortnightly meeting of the Montreal Society for Historical Studies, Mr. John Reade, B.A., F.R.S.C., read a full and learned paper on "Canadian Histories."

"The Fisheries Dispute and Annexation of Canada," by J. de Ricci, is a new work just published. It is very full on the Fisheries, containing all the correspondence on the subject, with the text of the treaty and the American Retaliation Act.

AT LUNDY'S LANE.

The president of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society has sent for our columns the following lines, written by Mrs. S. A. C., a gifted authoress of Toronto. The occasion was a recent visit of the writer at the Lundy's Lane battle ground and cemetery, and observing the grave of Captain Abram Hall, aged 28 years, United States Infantry, who fell there in the fierce conflict of July 25, 1814, saw that it was lonely and neglected. The thought suggested was a mother's grief for her son, and for that mother's sake the writer would contribute to restore the grave and its surroundings, which has been done, under the society's direction.

At the grave of Abram Hall, Captain U. S. I., who fell in the fierce conflict of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814, and was interred where he fell by the British forces, who victoriously held the ground, now Lundy's Lane Cemetery.

Not that thou wert an enemy do I desire
Thy grave should be no mound of weeds or mire.
My country's enemies are mine and I would fight
With tireless arm to guard her sacred right.—
Nor that thou wert an enemy and I forgot
The fierce incursion—unforgiven yet—
But that thou wert a mother's son I'd keep,
For mother-love, thy bed in thy last sleep.
Lay e'er, my son, in stranger-land a foe.
I would some mother's breast might pity know—
Some kindly hand should smooth, as I do now—
His last long pillow, and upon his brow
Drop gentle tears, for one so brave and young,
Nor leave, for enmity, a warrior's dirge unsung.

Toronto.

S. A. C.

AMHERST ISLAND.

ITS PURCHASE FROM THE INDIANS—SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

It might be interesting to some, says a correspondent, to hear a little of the early history of Amherst Island. There are various theories with regard to the purchase of "Isle Tanti" from the Indians by Sir W. Johnstone, but the theory generally received, so far as I know, is that Sir W. Johnstone purchased the island many years ago from the "Six Nation Indians." As for the price paid, it is supposed that it is not now known. He afterward bequeathed the island to his son, Sir John Johnstone, who in his turn bequeathed it to his daughter, Catharine Maria Johnstone, who was married subsequently to Brigadier-General Bowey, of the British army. Brigadier-General Bowey met his death in the battle of Salamanca, Spain, 1813. While Arthur Kennedy Johnstone, brother of Lady Bowey, was her chief agent and resident in Montreal, he paid an occasional flying visit to Amherst Island. But for a number of years previous to 1835, the resident agent was Richard Hitchins, Esq., father of Toronto's estimable citizen, Col. Hitchins. Lady Bowey in turn sold the island to Lord Mountcashel in 1835. Then, from the autumn of 1835 until the spring of 1839, Captain John S. Cummings held the agency, and then, in the most magnanimous manner, resigned in favour of a friend, Capt. Wm. Radcliff, who assumed the agency and continued to hold it until the spring of 1849, and was succeeded by Mr. John Boyes. Major Maxwell, the present owner, purchased the island, about 1858, from Lord Mountcashel. Mr. John Boyes in turn was succeeded by Mr. Wm. Percival, who continued agent until early in the seventies, when Mr. Wm. Moutray, the present agent, entered into office and still continues to hold the position.

COWPER.

A gentle stream purred on its peaceful way
Through woodlands fair and meadows wondrous sweet,
Chancing at length a cavern dark to meet
Within whose depth ne'er fell the light of day.
Lo! as it enter'd, heavenward flew the spray,
All loth to pass beyond, and backward beat,
As though the natural course it would defeat
That plung'd it where the sun cast not a ray.
Through that lone cave of blackness on it sped,
Its happy music turn'd to mournful sigh,
Until it reach'd the end, when earth and sky
Shone doubly bright that seemed for so long dead;—
Thus didst thou pass, sweet singer, through the gloom
Of life's dark hollow. Light came at the tomb.

SAREPTA.