

general time table for schools, which undertook to prescribe the work for each particular hour in every public school. The utter failure of this might have shown, once for all, the futility of the paternal and bureaucratic system, which Dr. Ryerson in his prime would have scouted as absurd.

It is not necessary to develop the comparison. We all know the irritation and disgust that prevail under the present "one-man and one-book" policy of the Department. This policy is apparently growing more and more dogmatic and inelastic. By and by the present silence will be broken; the pendulum will be compelled to reverse its oscillation; we shall then enter on another era of progress.

Yours truly, Ex-TEACHER.

### CHAUCEER AND ANACREON ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: Reading in "The Court of Love" Chaucer's description of his ideal Fair, I wished to compare with it Anacreon's type of beauty, but finding no translation faithful enough, I had to make my own. At the request of my neighbour, Dr. Meredith, whose exquisite rendering of another of Anacreon's odes, which I asked him to admire, appears in your last number, I send it to you. That you may handily see the contrast between the tastes of the English and the Greek bards, I send you Chaucer's sweet verses also:

#### CHAUCEER'S DESCRIPTION OF PHILOGENET.

For, if I shall all fully her describe,  
Her head was round, by compass of nature;  
Her hair as gold, she passed all alive,  
And lily forehead had this creature—  
With lively browes flaw (yellowish), of colour pure,  
Between the which was mean disceverance  
From every brow, to shew a due distance.

Her nose directed straight, even as line,  
With form and shape thereto convenient,  
In which the goddess' milk white path doth shine,  
And eke her eyne be bright and orient  
As is the smaragd, unto my judgment;  
Or yet these starres, heavenly, small, and bright.  
Her visage is of lovely red and white.

Her mouth is short, and shut in little space,  
Flaming some-deal, not over-red, I mean;  
With pregnant lips, and thick to kiss, percase.  
(For lippes thin, not fat, but ever lean,  
They serve of naught, they be not worth a bean.)  
For, if the bass (baiser) be full, there is delight,  
Maximian truly thus doth he write.

But to my purpose: I say, white as snow  
Be all her teeth, and in order they stand  
Of one stature; and eke her breath, I trow,  
Surmounteth all odours that e'er I fand  
In sweetness; and her body, face and hand  
Be sharply slender, so that, from the head  
Unto the foot, all is but womanhead.

I hold my peace of other things hid;  
Here shall my soul, and not my tongue, bewray.  
But how she was array'd, if ye me bid,  
That shall I well discover you and say,  
A band of gold and silk, full fresh and gay,  
With hair in tress, y-broidered full well,  
Right smoothly kempt, and shining every deal.

About her neck a flower of fresh device,  
With rubies set, that lusty were to see'n;  
And she in gown was, light and summerwise,  
Shapen full well, the color was of green;  
With aureate seint (ceinture) about her sides clean,  
With divers stones, precious and rich:  
Thus was she ray'd, yet saw I ne'er her lich.

Chaucer, you see, a Northern poet, affects blondes; he dresses his beauty in green (a trying colour); his verse is graceful and measured, without a trace of hurry or impatience. Now for Anacreon, who, a Southerner, madly admires dark-haired brunettes, and clothes his love in purple; his verse as full of grace, more rapid in movement, his ideas crowding each other to his abrupt termination. The eyes of the two types are peculiar—Chaucer's green like the emerald; Anacreon's

Blue as Athene's own her eyes,  
Moist and blue like Cythera's skies.

#### ANACREON TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Come, my gifted portrait-painter,  
Best of figure painters, paint her;  
Shew your skill in graphic art,  
Sketch the face of my sweetheart.

Smooth and shining paint her hair,  
Dark as night—and, if you dare  
Put the canvas to the trial,  
Perfume take from golden phial.

Following up thy brave beginning,  
Draw her features, bright and winning;  
Round her brow, as Ivory fine,  
Crimson fillet softly twine;  
Arch the brows with cunning art,  
Black, neither joined nor far apart.

Drooping lashes, long and dark,  
Deftly on the picture mark;  
And, her glances now to match,  
Sparks from glowing furnace catch.  
Purest sapphire be her eyes,  
Blue and moist like summer skies.  
Milk with roses duly mix,  
On her cheek its blush to fix;  
Red her lips—Love's own delight;  
Chin and throat, as marble white,  
In their curves all graces hovering,  
Charms at every move discovering.  
Give her robes of purple glowing,  
Hints of gleaming softness shewing—  
Stop! Her very self I see!  
Speak, fair picture, speak to me!

### FATHER DAMIEN.\*

O MARTYR-PRIEST, death-smitten in the prime  
Of thy fair life; no human words suffice  
To tell the horrors of those haunts of vice  
And leprosy: thy name all future time  
Can but recall heroic deeds, sublime—  
Valued, above, far beyond any price  
The world could give for such high sacrifice:  
Ring, ring, ye bells; for him a requiem chime  
Brave, tender heart, blest love and mercy thou  
Gav'st to that far isle amid tropic seas;  
Thy name's large writ in the eternal scroll:  
A crown immortal surely waits thee now,  
Strook down, in body, by that dire disease  
That could not touch or stain thy sainted soul.  
Dorchester, N.B. A. H. CHANDLER.

### A TOUR IN CAPE BRETON.

IT was a lovely afternoon last autumn when two travellers, having come by rail from Halifax, found themselves at Port Mulgrave, on the Nova Scotia side of the Strait of Canso, waiting for the boat which was to take them into the heart of that curiously-shaped and most fascinating region which forms the eastern boundary of the Dominion of Canada. Cape Breton narrowly avoids being part of the larger Province. The strait is less than a mile across, and as the little steamer lay at the wharf sending forth premonitory tokens of departure, we were attracted by the pretty, white cottages on the other side, perched here and there along the bold headlands. For about fifteen miles the shores keep greeting each other, but as they make no farther advances Cape Breton establishes its right to be called an island. Indeed, having thus preferred a claim to separate consideration, one might imagine that it grew careless of internal unity, for it is pierced from north-east to south-west by the jagged salt-water lake of the Bras d'Or, which leaves only a narrow isthmus at its southern extremity, and with the trifling aid of the St. Peter's Canal at that point, turns one island into two.

Our craft, the *Neptune*, was unpretentious in style or adornment, but the genial captain bore himself with the manners of a host conscious of company, yet feeling quite equal to their entertainment. No one could desire a better supper than the delicious codfish which was served in the cabin downstairs. It was cold on deck, but the fresh breeze was not to be resisted, and muffled in our greatcoats we gathered round the wheel-house, perplexing the Frenchman at the helm with questions indifferently conveyed in his native tongue, or recounting some of the legends of the lake before it passed into the prose epochs of its history, or listening to the adventures of one of our number who had lived for many years in western cities of the United States, where he had accumulated a snug fortune, but who was now revisiting his native land. And while with nasal pathos he spoke tenderly of the scenes of youth, he did not hesitate to anathematize the general slowness of things as compared with the "smart" movements of his adopted country. We were, without doubt, in the midst of primitive splendours. Even the canal, at which we arrived about sunset, though an unpretentious gate letting us into the Eden of the Bras d'Or, seemed glaringly artificial and almost out of place. The inhabitants of the adjacent hamlet came down in full force to inspect the steamer as it was passing through. They had an air of charming simplicity and half satisfied wonder which revealed the quiet sameness of their daily life and their limited apprehension of the ways of the great world.

It would not be easy to conceive of a more beautiful salt-water lake than the Bras d'Or. The rise and fall of the tide in it is but slight, so that the shores are always fresh and clean. One might spend weeks sailing up into the picturesque bays with which it pierces the land in all directions, or camping out upon its richly-wooded islands. If you anchor a little from the shore and drop your line, you will soon find a steady tug at the end of it, and if you pull hard enough the cod or haddock will come floundering into the boat. In nearly every stream which runs into the lake there is good prospect of trout and salmon, especially in the early months of summer.

After a short stoppage at the Grand Narrows, from which gleamed the lights of a good-sized hotel recently built for summer tourists, the *Neptune* landed us at Baddeck before midnight, and the landlord of the hostelry, making us as welcome as though we had been old friends, conducted us to our chamber. Baddeck is a pretty village whose one long street slopes down towards the wharf. It is in the heart of the most enticing district of Cape Breton. There are so many places in the world which claim to be the "paradise for sportsmen" that one does not like to involve the question by rashly adding to their number. It is enough to say that a few hours' journey over the hills will bring you into the haunts of the moose and cariboo and bear and wolf, and that smaller game is found in abundance. Our inclinations being less sanguinary, we spent the day after our arrival in search of trout. Our waggon was driven with the characteristic furiousness which might almost be called a native virtue, contrasting as it does with the general air of human inactivity. The most unpromising quadrupeds are stimulated to a degree of awkward speed which proves a little too much for the nervous system of the uninitiated. The road in parts was bordered with pine and hemlock, and the purple mist

\* The Rev. Damien de Veuster, who recently died a martyr among the lepers, on the Hawaiian island of Molokai.

which hung over the hills rather heightened than concealed the picturesque grandeur of the landscape. A farmer, whose homestead we reached after some hours' driving, not only accommodated our eccentric steed but suggested the best pools for our operations. In fishing, as in everything else, there are unaccountable caprices of fortune. We were not without experience, but the trout seemed scarce, or perhaps were not well disposed to artificial methods of capture. Returning with a paltry dozen of small fry, it gave us no small irritation to be informed by one of the urchins who volunteered to be the witness of our exploits that he had been much more successful with his wriggling worms on the previous day. He had such an air of pardonable pride about him, and told his story with such a broad Scotch accent, that we were compelled to believe that he spoke the truth.

Apart from its appearance and surroundings Baddeck could not be called a place of permanent attraction. The chronic repose which envelops it, though soothing enough at first, palls after a time, and one almost feels like offering an apology if he is detected in the act of taking interest in anything. The people, however, are for the most part contented, intelligent and decorously cheerful. There cannot be much crime in that region, or else the pretty-looking cottage which stands a little off the road would soon be filled. A few iron bars round the front windows are the only indication that this is the local jail. The casement being open we looked into one of the rooms, where a woman sat knitting a stocking beside a cheerful fire. Supposing her to be the wife of the keeper, we ventured to make some complimentary reference to the estate, and soon discovered that we were conversing with the only prisoner, who, in consideration of her enterprise in selling ardent spirits without a license, had been admitted to this bower. She did not deny the soft impeachment, but seemed unwilling to dwell upon the melancholy fact that in a few days she must again encounter the scant charity of the world.

The inscrutable laws of the steamboat company ordain that part of the glory of the Bras d'Or shall be veiled until the return trip is taken. You must leave Baddeck for the north at night if you are going to leave it at all. We were not long in finding our way to one of the comfortable state-rooms on board the *Marion*. Waking rather early in the morning, we became conscious of a little more motion than was quite pleasant. The length of the Bras d'Or had been traversed, and we were steaming in the open sea towards the harbour of North Sydney, a stirring little town, nearly all embraced in the long street which fronts the water. Several foreign vessels were lying at the wharves, and a short railway brought coal for export from the adjacent mines, which, in this district, constitutes the most important industry. Sydney is four miles distant across the bay. It is a picturesque place, with a decidedly aristocratic air about it, but lacks the activity of its smaller neighbour. A French man-of-war was anchored in the commodious harbour, and some schooners were unloading at the docks. The inn was unpretentious, but comfortable, and the personal solicitude, which one so often misses in the modern hotel, marked its hospitality. Over the way was the lawn tennis club, where some young Englishmen were playing. The sheriff conducted us through his domain, from which two adventurous captives had escaped the week before by squeezing themselves through the grating of their cell and scaling the high wooden wall. At the head of the harbour are to be seen the slender vestiges of the old fort which once graced it. In Canada a respectable ruin is not to be passed over lightly, for it is rather rare. For this reason, among others, the traveller ought to visit Louisburg, twenty-four miles distant, the ancient capital of the island when the French had possession of it, and the scene of the most interesting events in the earlier chapters of its history. In those times of stormy conflict between France and Britain, Louisburg became the strongest fortress in the New World. Twice it was assaulted and taken. In the second siege Wolfe so distinguished himself that he was appointed to the fatal honour of planting the English flag upon the Plains of Abraham. Louisburg was dismantled and its fortifications blown up; but among the grassy mounds of its deserted site, the traveller can still trace the contour of the old battlements, or, perhaps, unearth some rusty memorial of its sanguinary story. As if in protest against such premature decay, a pretty little village has sprung up on the other side of the harbour, which is the only one in Cape Breton that does not freeze in winter. Louisburg is doubtless destined, therefore, as the country develops, to become again, in more peaceful ways, a place of considerable importance.

Sydney, which is the largest town in Cape Breton, containing a population of about six thousand, may also be regarded as the *Ultima Thule* of its civilization, so that unless the tourist is enthusiastic, it is likely that at this point he will retrace his steps. But a wild, mountainous tract of country, the home of the hardy fishermen, lies still further north, and thither, by means of one of the Newfoundland steamers, we determined to make our way. No one at Sydney seemed able to tell us definitely when the *Harlaw* would arrive. She had started from Halifax at a certain time, and might be there that night. We went to bed with an uncomfortable foreboding, for the shriek of the *Harlaw's* whistle, we were told, was enough to strike terror into anyone. The night passed without disturbance, but early in the morning an unearthly sound broke the stillness, and a loud rap soon after at our door, confirmed our suspicions that the dreaded herald had come. They called the whistle a "siren," but it was an atrocious