

"one of us," and extending our Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In all these agitations and negotiations the Hon. Mr. Trutch bore a most conspicuous part. He debated the question before the people of his Province, and also in the Legislature, of which he was a member, as well as of the local Cabinet; and twice visited Ottawa in the same cause. A sturdy Englishman in the prime and vigour of life, twelve years a resident British Columbian, a keen and most intelligent participator in all its public affairs during that time, he brought to the discussion of the Union question a degree of local knowledge which, added to his familiarity with the patriotic aims of those who sought to link all these Colonies together in the interest of their inhabitants by securing them the blessings of free constitutional government, made him a most powerful advocate of Union. Doubtless it was much in his favour that he had the Colonial Governor, supported by the Colonial Office, on his side. But, on the other hand, he had to encounter the apathy engendered by a sense of neglect, the active hostility of the annexationists, and the exorbitant exactions of those who wanted to make "a good thing" of it. That he overcame these difficulties is indeed very much to his credit, and every friend of Confederation must applaud him for earnest and successful advocacy. But the statesmanlike speech which he made at the dinner given him in Ottawa leaves no room for surprise that he should have been the foremost politician of his Province. In fact, during his stay at Ottawa last spring while Parliament was in session, and the British Columbia bill *in transitu*, Mr. Trutch was the "lion" of the Capital, and we understand thoroughly won the confidence and esteem of the public men then assembled there from the various Provinces.

Under these circumstances, it was fitting that he should have been called upon to fill the highest office in his Province, and we have much pleasure in introducing him to our readers as the first Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of British Columbia in the Dominion of Canada.

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

Born, Aug. 15, 1771. Died, Sept. 21st, 1832.

"The last of all the bards was he  
Who sung of border chivalry."

BY JOHN READE.

We take a pleasure, in which sorrow is mingled with pride, in dwelling on the lives and labours, "the wit, the words, the worth," of the great master-spirits of former ages whom fame has handed down to us. Often we regard them with feelings which partake as well of friendship as of admiration; not satisfied with the mere knowledge of their existence, we wish to become acquainted with every circumstance in their career and to seek the causes of their exaltation above their fellows.

This disposition to regard with loving veneration the "simple, great ones" of the past, has been found in every age and clime. When alive, they may have been basely neglected, unjustly traduced, attacked by the shafts of detracting envy, or allowed to starve unassisted, but when they are dead and beyond the reach of either praise or blame, honours are heaped on their ashes with an extravagance only equalled by the slights, misconstructions and persecutions which were their lot in life.

Socrates, Galileo, Dante, Milton, and many others of the most illustrious prophets and teachers which the ages have produced, only won their earthly reward when, after enduring neglect and scorn and hatred, their voices were hushed in death. And a still greater number of those who now wear, in the minds of men, "the round and top of sovereignty," were regarded with but little favour by their ignorant, jealous or bigoted contemporaries. *Sic itur ad astra!* So steep and arduous is the ascent to fame!

There are some few, however, who have been fortunate enough to enjoy in their lifetime the appreciation of the world and the rewards of their distinguished merit. Of these have been some of whom death has but lately deprived us.

But, probably, no great man ever lived whose genius was more heartily and thoroughly recognized by his contemporaries, than his whose centenary we this week celebrate. Of none has the posthumous fame been more congruous with the living reputation. Peer and peasant alike awarded him his meed of praise. King and people were equally delighted to honour him. From other lands as well as his own he won the homage due to his genius and industry. And now, a hundred years since he first saw the light of day, his name is still a cherished "household word" wherever beauty of thought and style is valued and the magic of poetry has any power.

Although it is not likely that any of our readers are unacquainted with the biography and productions of this eminent man. We may, nevertheless, be excused, if, at this period when an admiring world proudly recalls his birthday, we dwell, for a brief space, on his life and character and writings.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771—just a hundred years ago. His father was a lawyer in

good professional standing and social position. His mother, whose maiden name was Rutherford, was a lady of excellent disposition and not without ability. We are told that she was very fond of poetry and works of imagination.

Walter, the third son of six children who survived, enjoyed just such advantages of education and society as might be expected from the circumstances of his parents. His earliest recollections—which he has himself recorded—are not, however, of Edinburgh, but of Sandy Knowe, the residence of his grandfather, Robert Scott. He had been sent thither to recover, if possible, from a lameness in his right leg, the result of a fever. Here he became acquainted with those habits and incidents of border life, and those Jacobite traditions, which were afterwards to be embodied in his romances with such wonderful success. But while his mind was being thus informed and prepared for his future work, he also came to the painful knowledge that he would be lame for life. But this physical misfortune, while it did not disqualify him for boyish exercises in moderation, gave him, for a time, at least, leisure for the prosecution of his favourite studies, of which he took ample advantage. Even at this early age he was an omnivorous reader and was described by those who had opportunities of conversing with him, as a boy of extraordinary genius.

In 1788 he entered the High School of Edinburgh, at which he remained for about five years. But his zeal for study—at least for the scholastic routine—was not remarkable. He gave little attention—to his great subsequent regret—(so he tells us himself) to the literature of Greece and Rome. But through the domain of imaginative literature, which he was destined so widely and so gloriously to extend, he ranged with indefatigable ardour and never-abated delight. And we have reason to believe that the indolence with which Scott so frequently charges himself in his autobiography may be ascribed to his characteristic modesty. He had, in boyhood as in manhood, a strong capacity for work—such work especially as his genius inclined him to. Nature was gently training and directing his thoughts in the way marked out for them, and, on this account, he may have been, to a great extent, unconscious of the efforts which he was making. *Nihil durum amanti*. A lady who knew him well at that time says that he used to delight and interest his playmates, of whom she was one, by describing to them the visions he had when he was lying alone. The career of the poet and romancer had already begun. Speaking of this period of his life, he says himself: "The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind rested upon and associated themselves with the grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents or traditional legends connected with many of them gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom."

It was about the close of his attendance at the University (1783-1786), that the passion, which, though it ended in disappointment, gave a colour to all his after life, took possession of his heart.

In 1786 he was bound apprentice for four years, and in 1792 he entered on the profession of the law as an advocate. The higher society of Edinburgh at this time was most brilliant, and within its circle Scott fully enjoyed himself. But, strange as it may appear, after his romantic dreams, his passionate love of nature, his early attachment, and his knowledge of his country's wild traditional lore, Walter Scott was slow in discovering his true vocation. And we find him in 1797, at the age of 26, dividing the strength of his wonderful mind between party politics and a troop of volunteer cavalry! But this desire for excitement, political or warlike, is not without its excuse. In the previous year his dream of youthful love had been broken; and in such circumstances, by a natural reaction, the mind is driven to seek relief in active employment. But his genius was not long to stray from its natural path. In a few years he rose and shone a new star in the literary galaxy of his time—before many more he was the brightest star in the northern sky.

In December, 1797, Mr. Scott married Mlle. Charpentier, daughter of a French Loyalist lady, whom he met at a watering-place in Cumberland—afterwards immortalized in his novel of "St. Ronan's Well." He soon after his marriage took a house in the city and a cottage in Lasswade, where began his friendship with the chief of his clan—the Duke of Buccleuch. His marriage, or, perhaps, the rarity of his briefs, seems to have stimulated his literary ambition. In 1799 he published "Goetz," and in 1802, having in the interval won some notice in the world of letters, he reached a crisis in his life by the publication of the "Border Minstrelsy." It will be worth remembering that this book was printed by a young man named James Ballantyne. In 1805 author and printer were partners in business. Soon after a younger brother, John Ballantyne, was added to the company, and the firm became a publishing as well as a printing establishment.

Having obtained, first, the sheriff-deputeship of Selkirkshire, and subsequently a clerkship of session, he was enabled to enter on his literary career with something like independence. But his partnership with the Ballantynes and the result of his own publications soon reduced to insignificance the income which he derived from his professional office.

In 1804, two years before he obtained the clerkship of session, he moved to Ashiestiel, on the Tweed, near its junction with the Yarrow—a place which, though "not equal in

picturesque beauty to the banks of the Clyde, was so sequestered, so simple, so solitary, that it seemed just to have beauty enough to delight its inhabitants."

The first fruits of his imagination were given to the public soon after in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Its success was almost unprecedented, and from the reviewers of the time it received most favourable notice. Writing in the *Edinburgh*, Jeffrey said of it: "He has produced a very beautiful and entertaining poem, in a style which may fairly be considered as original; and which will be allowed to afford satisfactory evidence of the genius of the author, even though he should not succeed in converting the public to his own opinion as to the interest or dignity of the subject." Whatever may be the coincidence between the latter part of this criticism and contemporary opinion, there can be no doubt that now, after the lapse of nearly three-quarters of a century, the former portion of it is abundantly confirmed. "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Don Roderick," "The Bridal of Triermain," "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," and "Harold," followed at comparatively brief intervals, the last making its appearance in 1817. But long before that period he had attained a splendid celebrity. In 1810 Jeffrey, at the beginning of his review of "The Lady of the Lake," thus recorded the impression which his poetical genius had produced: "Mr. Scott, though living in an age unusually prolific of original poetry, has manifestly outstripped all his competitors in the race of popularity, and stands already upon a height to which no other writer has attained in the memory of any one now alive." How little did the writer know when he penned these words that the subject of them had not as yet discovered in what department of literature his real strength lay. The day was coming when Scott's fame should be overshadowed by the towering wonders of Byron's genius. But he emerged from his comparative obscurity into a loftier region of light where he reigned unrivalled. Though Scott had to share his poetical popularity with his younger brethren, in the domain of romantic fiction he found none to contend with him for the mastery.

It is hardly credible that "Waverley" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" were contemporaries in composition. Yet the novel was begun before the poem was published. But it was not given to the world till the year 1814. As is well-known, it was published anonymously. The name of the author was not announced till 1827. But between these years Sir Walter Scott had worked a revolution in the literature of his country. "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Pirate," "St. Ronan's Well," were issued in wondrously quick succession during this interval of thirteen years. Persons now living will remember the rapture and the mystery with which they were received and read. In the present day, when romance-writing has become a common trade, and when the public can scarcely keep its balance for the daily rush and raid of the great horde of every rate of "fictionists," we can hardly conceive the effect which must have been produced by each fresh delight which issued forth, like perfume from unseen flowers, from the grand retirement of the "Author of Waverley." And when the incoherencies and absurdities and nightmare enormities of the modern sensational school has fluttered into one common nameless grave, the works of the great master shall continue to flourish in all their fresh interest of beauty and of power. Well has Keats said that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

It was a small reward, and yet it was a reward which he highly valued, when Walter Scott was made a baronet in 1820. In that year he may be said to have reached, or to be not very far from, the zenith of his earthly happiness. "Fortune," as Carlyle says, "seemed to pour on him her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour, and worldly good—the favourite of princes and peasants, and of all intermediate men."

He had been tried by prosperity and was not found wanting. No wealth, no renown, no desire accomplished, had succeeded in spoiling him. He still worked as assiduously, as regularly as ever. Through his whole unparalleled career of success he was still, as Byron characterized him, "of all men the most open, the most honourable, the most amiable." But he was now to be tried by adversity, and his conduct, after the catastrophe of 1826, when he lost everything by the bankruptcy of the Ballantyne firm, is the brightest laurel in his crown. He proved himself then, as when Fortune smiled her brightest on him, "a man for a' that." We need not tell the story. How he wrought and struggled and endured with a courage and a fortitude that well entitle him to be called a hero, is known to all the world which honours him to-day. Such a fall would have crushed a man of even more than ordinary spirit, and yet, though it shortened Scott's days, it did not subdue him—or rather it did, in the highest sense, subdue him—to bear with resignation what he considered to be the will of Heaven.

As we honour him now, a hundred years after the little infant face brought the light of gladness into a house in which bereavement was not unknown; as we think of the clever child startling his elders by the wonderful vividness of his imagination; as we think of him in the glow of youthful pride laughing at his lameness, and searching o'er hill and dale for the legendary lore which he was afterwards to trans-