

the colony and the metropolis. The custom of Paris became the law of the country. Two new towns—Montreal and Three-Rivers, sprang up along the Saint Lawrence, above Quebec. New France, administered as a province of the kingdom, had then for Governor a lieutenant-general, the valiant Count de Frontenac, and for Intendant an eminent statesman—J. B. Talon, grand-nephew of the celebrated magistrate Omer Talon. In fine, in 1671, an episcopate was created at Quebec, the first incumbent of which was a Montmorency-Laval.

What a beautiful ornament to the crown of France was this Canada, with her three towns and her flourishing villages along the banks of the Saint Lawrence, with her fortresses, her factories, her fleet, her fisheries, her warehouses filled to overflowing by the *pelleteries* of Hudson's Bay, and her zone of friendly or subject tribes. And then what love for the mother country! In this land without historic past, on the virgin soil scarcely touched by the wandering feet of some savage tribes, nothing existed that was not French. Not a house which was not built, not a field which was not cleared by Gallic hands. All took its origin from France, all lived for her. It was less a colony than a province beyond the sea, or rather it was New France.

No sooner was our conquest made than it was disputed by other Europeans, first by the Dutch, then by the English; and the ancient masters of these shores and groves, the avenged savages, beheld with astonishment and joy the "pale faces" coming so far across the "great lake" to slaughter one another under the maples of the American forests. By the treaty of Saint Germain, in 1632, Richelieu obtained the restoration of Acadia and Canada, which England had conquered for the first time. The war of the league of Augsburg stained the territory with blood without changing the delimitations of the frontiers; this is the epoch of the great exploits of the Chevalier d'Yberville, the intrepid sailor, and of the Count de Frontenac, that governor of New France who, summoned, in 1690, to surrender Quebec, responded close after his verbal reply, "by the mouths of his cannon". Unhappily the war of the Spanish succession was followed by the most fatal consequences and deprived us of the circuit of Hudson's Bay, the Island of Newfoundland, and, at the entrance of the St. Lawrence, fertile Acadia. Acadia, what touching memories of fidelity and misfortune its name awakens! It was the oldest of our French colonies in America: its artless people, patriarchal in their manners, culpable only in not hating France, the land of their forefathers, were objects of suspicion to their foreign master. To transport these labourers and pastors did not give sufficient security: it was necessary to disperse them. One day in the year 1755, when for half a century they had been obedient subjects of England, they were assembled by cantons like droves of sheep: as many as could escape fled to the forests, but the rest, to the number of 12,000 men, women, and children, were embarked in English

ships, then cast indiscriminately on the shores of the two Americas: the mother here, the father there, the children anywhere.

Poor Acadia, its very name has disappeared under that of New Brunswick: of its capital, Port Royal, the English, subjects of Queen Anne, have made Annapolis, and the French Bay has become the Bay of Fundy. Thus everything has changed its name, land and water; but the abduction of an innocent people is called and ever will be called the same, for the conscience of humanity speaks but one language.

FROM THE GRAVE OF GRAY.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

HERE lies before me, as I write, a copy of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, illustrated with pencil drawings of the old Church at Stoke-Pogis and the "Acre of God" that lies under its shadow. With the volume came to me a spray of leaves and grass which was gathered from the mound beneath which has rested, for more than a hundred years, all that was mortal of the poet, Thomas Gray.

It seems singular that the *Elegy* which has brought so much of comfort to the sorrowing hearts of humanity throughout the world, and which in every line is impregnated with the lessons which Nature inculcates in wood and field, should have been written by one who was born and spent so large a portion of his life in cruel and tumultuous London. But the case of Gray has many parallels: Hawthorne wrote many of his breeziest and most delightful stories while chained to a desk in a musty government office; George P. Morris, the greatest of American song-writers and author of "Woodman, spare the tree", had to deny himself some pecuniary comfort whenever he treated himself to an outing among the haunts of the salmon on the Miramichi or those of the wild ducks and geese among the swamps of Virginia; and Bryant, the poet of nature *par excellence*, must have been sorely vexed that so many years of his long life were of necessity spent in the office of a newspaper, where few things were supposed to be thought of or discussed except politics and finance. These examples, and many others might be cited, shew us that the souls of men, if such an expression may be pardoned, are largely uninfluenced by their surroundings; that the trammels and burdens of life are but as gossamer threads when used to fetter the mind.

Blind from birth, there are those who plant the sky with stars, sometimes veiled with a drapery of lace-like clouds,—who people the fields with flowers of unearthly beauty and the woods with birds of radiant plumage; and deaf to the sounds that come to our mortal sense, there are those who hear in the sweep of the wind, the flow of the