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\*.\* We wish it to be distinctly understood that the JOURNAL does not commit itself in any way to the sentiments which may be expressed in this department.

For the Journal.

Farewell to thee Scotia! dear home of my boyhood,  
Farewell to the hills, that I ne'er shall see more,  
Farewell to the deep rolling stream in the wild wood:  
I cried as I gazed at the fast fading shore.

Strong barque bear us bravely, to prove our devotion;  
Good ship speed thee well, to uphold her dear name;  
We are leaving our country, to sail o'er the ocean,  
To fight for her glory, to die for her fame.

Still in fancy I climb on the mountains blue steep,  
To hear the sad mavis, at eve, singing low,  
And to watch the white mists, as they circle and creep,  
Hide the spot where the gowan, and primroses grow.

But farewell to Lochaber, and all I love best  
If ne'er to revisit thee be my sad doom,  
And to exile I fall—yet my spirit will rest  
If the bonny Scotch thistle, but wave o'er my tomb?

WORD-LOVE.

THE taste for word-research is steadily on the increase. Such a taste is but a special manifestation of the love inherent in our being, of first-origins and the past, "of the birth and growth of the grand productions of Nature or the Mind." We are driven by an imperious instinct to fathom things to their utmost, we yearn to know the *wherefore* and the *whence*, the reason and the cause of things.

History carries us but a short way back in the life of our race; comparative philology rends the veil separating the historic from the pre-historic period of the world, rescues from Cimberian darkness vast regions not comprised in the *Orbis Romanis Notus*, and reveals to us, if not in white light at least in a dim religious one, mighty hosts moving spectre-like across the back ground of history as they prepare to burst from the silent past, and to precipitate themselves eastward and westward in successive waves of conquest. The philologist takes up the pen thrown down in despair by the historian, and with firm hand outlines a state of society, ante-dating by thousands of years that historical period described on the authority of contemporaneous records. Nor does he draw on his imagination for his facts. He too has his authorities. Humanity self-reported is the irrefragable volume to which he makes his appeal. It is not an ideal or idyllic past that he reproduces, but a real and authentic one. His proofs are found in words. Words are not mere vibrations of the vocal chords, impulses of the circumambient air. They are the past still living for us, they are the representatives of all that was highest in thought, in aspiration, and in feeling, of that throbbing humanity that lies behind us. In coming in contact with these, we come in contact with the noblest faculty of man, with man himself. To him who would treat them lightly and wantonly might well be directed the warning once addressed to the traveller who

moved heedlessly over the battle field beneath whose grassy bosom slept the mighty dead, "Siste, viator, heroas calcas."

In evoking the evidence of words, we make the men of past times our witnesses. Words have been called fossil poetry; they are more: they are fossil history. They embalm the life and deeds of those who voiced them. In tracing them back to their earliest forms, we pass thro' the various developments of individual, and of national life and the successive phases of human thought, each change of form or sense being in the life of the race what to the geologist the rock-stratum is in the life of the earth.

In the maze of words and forms that present themselves to the scrutiny of the word-critic, he has a clue more reliable than that which guided Ariadne, the method of inductive discovery found so fruitful in its application to other branches of human study. By the application of this method in the comparison of languages, philology rightly claims to be ranked among the physical sciences.

The rigid use of the inductive process supplemented by the aid furnished by Grimm's law of correspondent sounds gives to the general results of comparative philology a certainty of which no reasonable doubt can now be entertained.

The sum and substance of the discoveries made by comparative philology may be stated thus: that at some far remote and ante-historic period of the world, the ancestors of the different European nations along with those of the Hindoos and Persians spoke one common language, and occupied one common home somewhere among the Kooshes and plateaus of the Hindoo mountain ranges. It is not claimed that there is to be found the primeval home of man. That primeval home may be in the Mesopotamian plain, as is the prevalent opinion, or in the valley of the Nile, as Sir Henry Rawlinson inclines to believe. Still less is the claim preferred that the common language spoken by the pastoral tribes occupying the Bactrian plateau is the primitive language of mankind. That all the idioms of the globe originated from one primitive language is a most reasonable conclusion, but until that primitive tongue is in some measure at least resuscitated, philology deems it premature to proclaim the universal republic of languages and literatures. All that it asserts with positiveness and with proof forthcoming is this, that at some long past period the ancestors of the Celts, the Latins, the Greeks, the Germans, the Sclavs, the Scandinavians, the Hindoos and the Persians lived together as one family and spoke various dialects of one common language, called by some the Aryan language; by others, the Indo-European. Celtic, the oldest branch of the Indo-European stock has a comparatively meagre literature. The Sanscrit branch, perhaps the youngest, the last to leave the family home, has the oldest literature, in some respects a more interesting literature than is possessed by any other member of the Aryan group.

Singular is the destiny that unites the fortunes of these two so widely-severed members of the original family, the