

in a way that would put to shame a person living on the spot. His mind was easily captivated with its splendor. He could picture to himself its antique architecture. He could see its feathery palm trees and all its strange tropical vegetation. He could understand all its wonderful laws of caste, and all its ancient civilization and literature. Its moving thousands of dark-hued natives; the queer costumes, the habits, the mysterious origin of the people, and the strange worship of their gods, all excited, in a mind so susceptible, the most intense interest. And, chiefly, by means of these descriptions, did Burke work so strongly upon the feelings of his hearers.

Fervor is yet another characteristic of a great orator. But, at times, Burke's eloquence over-reaches itself. He forgets all propriety, all decency. He cannot imagine anything as too excessive in speech, neither his prodigious descriptions, nor his blood curdling images. He hurls apostrophes, jests, curses, in one breath. He declaims, laments, rejoices all at the same moment. None of the orators of that day had taste. In Burke it is only the continued force, the sustained fire of his arguments, the depth, the warmth of his emotions, that makes us forget his vulgarities, and see only his beauties.

The whole trial lasted seven long years, and, although Hastings was acquitted, although Mr. Burke failed before the eyes of men, yet he succeeded in the real object of his noble mind. He conclusively proved that the arm of justice, fearful with a thousand punishments, could stretch across almost boundless seas to avenge the wrongs of oppressed and injured nations.

Whatever be our opinions as to Hasting's guilt or innocence, we still must tender to Mr. Burke our appreciation of his chivalrous and magnanimous spirit, which forced him for so many years, to plead the cause of a nation whose country he had never seen; whose language he had never heard, and from whose people he could expect no recompense, either by gratitude, applause, or reward.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

Although to a large degree dependant upon the generosity of the Literary men of our own Province, the Athenæum Society is to be congratulated upon the high character of the lectures thus far provided.

The unpleasant weather and consequent disagreeable condition of the roads promised a small audience, but the remembrance of a former visit from Professor Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, N. S., gave him a house well filled with attentive listeners on Friday evening, 18th ult., to hear his "Echo's of Old Acadia."

Though dealing with facts of history, the lecturer, who had visited the scenes of the several romantic incidents upon which he discoursed, succeeded admirably in giving to each its own peculiar setting, and presenting "these several actions, as yet warm with passion, their color, their detail."

The first echo was from the harbor of Port Royal, wherein De Mont set a colony in 1605. It was seventy years before that the drama had opened upon the Acadian stage. It began when Cartier discovered Cape Escuminac on the gulf shore of N. B. The speaker here presented a pleasing picture of scenery at the mouth of Miramichi,—rich woods of pine and cedar, elm and ash, birch and willow, the delight of the sailors. Where the woods receded a little from the shore, strawberries, blackberries, and wild peas appeared in abundance. The air swarmed with flocks of pigeon and other game, and the streams were thick with fish. Passing north, a call was made at *Baie des Chaleurs*, where some days were spent in indolent exploration, and then he passed on to discover the St. Lawrence.

Three quarters of a century later, Acadian story makes a real beginning at the mouth of the St. Croix. The Islands along the coast were described as a handful of jewels. A colony was planted on a small Island within the mouth of the river. Here the lecturer gave a vivid description of the happy summer days spent in erecting buildings, and in agriculture, and then of the changed scene as autumn, with its withering frosts and chilling winds came upon them, and the sufferings endured during the terrible winter that followed.

The next description was of the "French Gardens, Sable Island,"—"a land of sand, and ruin, and gold." The quotation almost literally true. The Island composed of ruin and sand, and no lack of costly merchandize washed up upon its shores. The Island has been given the name, "The Charnel House of North America." Nevertheless this place of horrors has a strange fascination for those who visit it—voluntarily. Tho' full of dead men's bones, the