

YOUNG LOVE.

The youth was stately and tall and eager, she
Was little and dainty and charming to see—
With fervour he pleaded, but turning aside
She answered with quick indignation and pride,
" 'Tis because I am little: you never would dare
To behave in this way with my tall cousin Claire."

" 'Tis because you are little, I love you, sweet,
And I lay my heart at your dainty feet.
So sweet and so little, bewitching and gay,
And uttering pearls, as the fairy-books say.
Then be not so cruel, O dearest, to me!
Each hope of my life is for thee, only thee."

"Why is it your eyes are so blue, my sweet,
If never a true lover's glance to meet?
Why is it your lips are so red, my love,
If not earth's tenderest joys to prove?
Beautiful youth should be gentle and kind,
And list to love's pleading with generous mind."

"Ah sweet!"—and a sudden eclipse of eyes
And lips, which surrender in mute surprise!
And then the red rose, those blushes to see,
Would surely despairing and envious be.
Ah bold young love, that is quick to guess
When a pretty girl's "no, sir" means a "yes."

C. H. THAYER.

CANADIAN ANNALS

It is with sincere pleasure, we open our columns to Mr. Alex. A. Russell, of Ottawa, who thus addresses the President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, writing on Canadian History:

OTTAWA, 25th June, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—Every patriotic Scotchman, who reads your "Scots in New France," must feel under a debt of gratitude to you, for so handsomely making good the claim of his countrymen to stand second, though at a modest distance we must admit,—to the heroic adventures of discovery, and the gallant sons of France, that followed them—in the historical record of this Canada, of ours.

It is of Old Canada I speak,—the Province of Quebec. Its picturesque scenery—and its early history that links it so closely to mediæval times, and their manners, institutions and history, make it in a manner the classic ground of the northern part of the new world. Of course that is to those who have a taste for such things. Such it naturally seems to a Scotchman, from "Albyn of the hills" (as it would be said in the days of St. Columba)—one who imbibed his first love of nature and classic story by the banks of the "Dried Clyde," and spent school boy holidays by the termination of the Wall of Agricola, to which the Roman galleys ascended—the wall from which Oasian tells us—"Caracal (Caracal) the King of the World fled," who had rambled over the field where "Hardi-Canute" the King of the invading Danes was defeated,—and who tried his boyish pencil in sketching ruined castles, battered and grim—and gazed with the intricacies of delight on the setting of the summer sun in purple and gold, behind the green wooded hills of Rosneath, and the mountains of Argyle.

Such a one looks on Canada,—a mountain land like his own,—with kindred emotion, and his heart warms to its historical association, which link it so closely to the grand old part—the mediæval history of France—the foremost of the, then, civilized nations of Europe. As he travels through its old settlements he finds everywhere seignories and other localities, whose names are those of ancient noble families of France; and should business or pleasure lead him to the romantic regions of the lower St. Lawrence and Baie de Chaleurs he will find, blended with old French names—places bearing names in the language of the ancient nation that held the country when Jacques Cartier visited it, but who were exterminated by the Algonquian nations that succeeded them,—points described as the scenes of interesting incidents in the journals of the early discoverers, who were men of generations long gone by—men who had taken an active part in the events of the close of the mediæval period—or to whom they were but as of yesterday; men whose garb, and arms and coat of mail—like their habits of thought and unlimited belief in everything marvellous, were still quite mediæval; and whose characters were stamped with the daring of the days of chivalry.

The shores of the St. Lawrence are haunted with reminiscences of such men and their times; and here also, up the Ottawa, rendered famous by Champlain's adventures of discovery, so ably and graphically recorded in his journal, and by those of pious missionaries, mediæval names are to be met that carry us far into the past. In the distance, we see before us, from this city, the blue hills of the valley of the Gatineau; a tributary of nearly four hundred miles in length, shorter than the Rhone, but rather greater than it in mean quantity of water discharged. In the lowest hundred miles of its course it picturesquely traverses the Laurentian highlands, with continuous thriving settlements along its banks. I doubt if any of the residents knew the origin of the name by which it is called. It first appears in history as that of a royal appanage—a fief of the Empire of Charlemagne, whose grandson, Lothaire, in dividing his dominions of Arles and Lothairin Regnum (Lorraine), between his two younger sons, gave, along with other domains, the fief Gatineau to the youngest. To ordinary readers it appears again in the name of the Sieur de Gatineau, who is mentioned, though not conspicuously, by Froissart, among those who were engaged in one of the wars of France, which he chronicles. When we come to Canada, we find it here as the name of Seignior, above Three Rivers, granted, in 1672, to Sieur Boucher Junt., and the augmentation of it granted in

1735, by the Marquis de la Tonquière, Governor, and F. Bigot, Intendant to Demoiselle Marie Josephine Gatineau Duplessis. We must look to students of Canadian family history, like you, for information as to the record of this family; and what member of it,—what descendant it was of the great defender of Europe, Charles Martel, (if descendant of his he was) that imposed his name on this noble tributary of the Ottawa.

But, if you will pardon the digression, there is a geological fact that throws a tint of weird mystery over these blue hills of the Gatineau. The reminiscences they recall are those of a foreign land and race.—Of their own local history they are utterly dumb, excepting as to one solemn part that overwhelms all human conceptions of historical antiquity,—that is, that before the Alleghany mountains were formed, when the surface of nearly all Europe was being deposited as slime under the ocean these old hills stood, in the sunshine of ages beyond conception, as they do now, in place and formation; they tell nothing of their world's history, and bear no trace or vestige to record the existence of men of the remote past, nor indication whatever of how long the existing savage races, or their predecessors, have held them as their hunting grounds.

But it is along the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs and the St. Lawrence, and in the environs of Montreal, Three Rivers and, especially, Quebec, that we reap the richest reminiscences of early Canadian history. To compare our small thoughts with those of the great—when we visit scenes stamped with such associations—their romantic influence enhanced, mayhap, by natural features of picturesque beauty or grandeur, we feel, like that prince of what may be called paleo-mediæval history—Thierry—who tells us that, while prosecuting his researches in the times of the early Gauls, he felt "the tread of those mighty ancients sounding continually" in his ears. So with us, as we pass up the St. Lawrence, where narrowed by the high wooded cliffs at Cape Rouge, and look up at the lofty heights, and along the strand, where the swift flowing tide is hurrying past,—the spectres of De Roberval and Jean Alphonse arise in our imagination before us, as they stood on the beach, contemplating this, then, romantic solitude, and projecting further works for his settlement of "France-Roi," here, where Jacques Cartier had made a commencement the preceding year:—the first, though unsuccessful European settlement in Canada—a lifetime before the foundation of Quebec, by Champlain, in 1608.

A notable spectre here—this Francois de la Rocque, Sieur de Roberval, and Lord of Nerebueque, Viceroy and Lieutenant General in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Labrador—whose image will loom largely in Canadian history forever, when men of succeeding generations, with but few exceptions, will have sunk into comparative oblivion.

Such names, and the lives and times of men like De Roberval and his companions are the links that tie the early history of Canada with a singular closeness to the mediæval history of Europe—that merits particular consideration, alike for its interesting character and its manifest influence on Canadian life.

De Roberval stands second in succession to Jacques Cartier, the great discoverer who first lifted the veil of Canadian history—presenting to us the scene, when he and his band, representing the advanced civilization of Europe, first met the "pre-historic men" (for such till then they were,) of Canada; and especially of Hochelaga: a corn-growing people, whose dominion and language extended to Gaspe; of whose condition and habits, and even their existence there, we should have had no certain knowledge but for Jacques Cartier's visit: of which he gives so able and vivid a record,—valuable alike to the historian and the ethnologist.

Alas for the men of Hochelaga—they and their empire were gone and their metropolis, Hochelaga, had disappeared before the arrival of Champlain—their destruction was even then impending:—they were already assailed by enemies, probably Souriquois, on the south-east, and threatened by hostile "Agoujadas" (Algonquians), from the upper Ottawa.

De Roberval's role in Canada as a colonizer, though notable, as being the first, was very far inferior in importance to that of Champlain, who founded the cities of old Canada, and planted and fostered her infant settlements, with untiring energy and wisdom, it may be said, to the day of his death. But as a typical man, a prominent feudal chief and chivalrous representative of the men and the spirit of that feudal age, that stamped its distinctive character so permanently on the social and civil relations, and the institutions of Canada;—that character which stands so distinctly in contrast with that of the early colonization of New England,—De Roberval, as typical representative of Feudal French Colonization, decidedly surpasses both Champlain and Jacques Cartier.

The more closely we study the early settlement of New England, and the Colonization of Canada, the more clearly we see; that, though proceeding from neighbouring countries, in the same age, having much in common in their material civilization and habits,—the colonizations of New France and New England were, radically and materially, sons of widely different stocks; as much so as if they had been ages apart.

Such study shows us the early planting in Canada, of the seeds of Feudal Civilization gathered in the fair fields of France, late in the autumn of the mediæval period, where it had

ripened in the sunshine of the renaissance, in the brilliant reign of Francis the First. De Roberval and his brother, were "pre-cherivaliers" at the court of that monarch; and may have been present at the gorgeous tournaments of the "Field of Cloth of Gold" and the courtly pitons and compeers of Champlain had ridden, in the press of spears, under the influence of "Le Roi Vaillant"—King Henry of Navarre, or borne their lances under the banner of De Puisse. Such were the early leaders; and numerous were the feudal nobles that succeeded them. On the other hand the rank and file, of De Roberval's unsuccessful colony, were largely from the prisons and the galleys; and the common mass, of the later colonists, were, of that peasant class on which feudal inferiority was most deeply stamped even in the days of Char, as he tells us; and, as history informs us, had been so ever since in their temporal condition; and who, as a rule were as reverently subject, mentally, to their clergy, as their ancestors were to the Druids. But, fortunately for them and for their descendants, to the present time—though holding over them the despotic sway of the great mediæval form of Christianity, with its consolidated "quasi" feudal organization,—their clergy were eminent for their zeal and faithfulness, and self-sacrificing devotion as missionaries. But the burdens of feudalism were light in Canada, and the teaching of her Church was paternal and pure; and so the feudal system in this mild form lived on, in peace and prosperity, while in its mother country, it perished in terrific convulsion.

How striking is the contrast, when we compare this picture with that of the colonization of New England by the "Pilgrim Fathers"—a minority of the English people, but an energetic one,—drawn largely from the more intelligent and more or less educated classes of a comparatively free and independent commonality,—who abandoned the faith of their fathers, overthrew their aristocracy,—and beheaded their king.

The colonization of Canada was an offshoot of the social, civil and religious systems of the great old, past, with whose features it was strongly stamped:—That of New England sprang from an outburst, in sectarian garb, of the antagonistic principle,—the spirit of independent thought and civil liberty; that seems destined to rule the future, though, perhaps, through many errors and excesses.

But it would be unphilosophic and unfair to undervalue the importance of the feudal system, in past ages, as one of the great developing forces of European civilization. A powerful self-created force that organized the anarchy of barbaric invasions, established order, of its kind, and gave security to life and industry, that aided in the maintenance of national independence, and at times, that of civil liberty:—It was a feudal aristocracy that wrested the boasted "Magna Charta" of England from King John. We may well therefore feel interested in the records of feudal times, and cherish their nobler memories, associated with the history of our country.

Scotchmen, whose ancestors—like the old Baron of Bradwardine in Scott's Waverley—had rendered how durable service in the armies of Old France, from the days of the Douglas to the Spanish campaign of the "Duc de Berwick," may feel proud to share an interest in the records of the ancient renown of the "Glorious Land of France," and her inner history, which is that of civilization:—Especially in the romantic history of the establishment of this, her prosperous colony; in which, as you have so handsomely shown, their countrymen were so closely associated, and are now, in all that concerns the social and material welfare of this, our common country,—in the direction and administration of the commercial and public affairs of which the Scot and the French Canadian, in social and political brotherhood, have played, and do still, indisputably, play so distinguished and pre-dominant a part.

In connection with the subject of this letter the erection of the statue in honour of the late Colonel de Salaberry, which has just taken place, seems appropriately to present itself.

De Roberval is the first who appears in the two-fold character of an actor on the stage of Canadian history,—and an eminent typical representative of the chivalrous feudal nobility of mediæval France.

So also after two hundred and seventy years, when all that remained of the feudal system, in Canada, was verging towards extinction, we have, again, the like typical man in De Salaberry.

Noble in race and name—"Nature had cast him in a hero's mould"—befitting the part he was destined to play, signally and successfully, on the day of his renown, that of the Military Commander, and—for the last time, in Canada,—the "role" of great Feudal Chieftain, leading his countrymen, if not his vassals, to victory over enormous odds, in defence of his country. Thus while the multitude will cherish the name of De Salaberry simply for what he did, those who study the aspect of the civilization of the past, will contemplate in him what he was, and what he represented.

Some may think that this is making too much of, what they would call, only leading adventures, or prominent men, of what was then, in the first case a mere infant colony, and in the last, but a recently acquired weak province. But we read history aright if we do not see that it is the future importance, and grandeur, of countries that give the chief men, of their small beginning and early career, a lasting fame in history. Who would hear of Romulus and Ro-

mus, and of her early kings, as we do now, if Rome had not risen to empire? We may rest well assured that the names of eminent men, in the past of Canada, will increase, in historical fame, in proportion to the future importance and power of which her vast territory and resources give unfailing promise—provided she does not sell her national birthright for a mess of pottage.

I have been very proli in this dreamy letter, but one cannot well compare ideas, on a subject of common interest, with another who is master of it, without going over much ground that is common to both; and old men you know, since the days of Herodotus, at least, have been by prescription, garrulous.

Yours Very Truly,

A. J. RUSSELL.

J. M. LEMOINE, ESQRE.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

LOVELL'S GAZETTEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. Edited by P. A. Crosby. Montreal: John Lovell & Son.

This work, of which the contents and character are fully indicated in the title, is a revised edition of "Lovell's Gazetteer of British North America," issued by the same firm in 1871. The work is divided into three parts. The first consists of the table of routes, which will be found exceedingly useful to intending travellers and all other enquirers; the second and third constitute the Gazetteer proper, being devoted, the second, to the cities, towns, villages, &c., and the third to the lakes and rivers. A map of the Dominion makes the volume still more valuable. It is only by actual use that the great utility of such a book of reference is realized, and we can recommend it to our readers in the confidence that they will not be disappointed.

The August number of the *North American Review* devotes a liberal share of its space to a polemical duel between Col. Ingersoll, the great exponent of the unbelief of the day, and Judge Jeremiah S. Black, the eminent jurist. Col. Ingersoll is master of some of the most effective arts of the rhetorician and the popular orator. As an assailant of revealed religion he has more chance of success in confirming the skeptical and carrying away the wavering than perhaps any other infidel of modern times. He is engaged in constant aggressive attack, and the audience which applaud him afford evidence that he is producing effect. Judge Black is distinguished alike for his steadfast faith in orthodox Christianity and for the power and skill with which he is able to sustain any cause in which his convictions are enlisted. Col. Ingersoll has made his attack in the *Review* and sustained it with all his force as an aggressive assailant. Judge Black has taken up the challenge as the champion of Christianity. Of the merits of the battle it is for an interested public to judge.

Other articles in the August number of the *Review* are: "Obstacles to Annexation," by Frederic G. Mather, "Crime and Punishment in New York," by Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, "A Militia for the Sea," by John Roach, "Astronomical Observations," by Prof. Simon Newcomb; and "The Public Lands of the United States," by Thomas Donaldson.

The July number of the *Canadian Monthly* contains the usual number of good things, and is perhaps specially remarkable for an exceedingly well digested article by the Editor on the proposed Canadian Academy of Letters, which will be found discussed in another column.

Amongst recent issues of the Franklin Square Library, are: "At the Seaside" by Mary Cecil Hay, a charming collection of short stories, the correspondence of Louis XIV and Tallrand, and "A Costly Heritage" by Alice O'Hanlon.

A third volume of Will Carleton's *Farm Series* comes to us under the title of "Farm Festivals." Mr. Carleton possesses a marvellous power of quaint pathos in his descriptions of country life, and in one or two numbers, more particularly the "Second Settlers Story" already published in Harper's Magazine, the present collection is fully up to anything he has written. He is less strong, however, as it seems to us when he attempts a purely humorous view, as for example in the songs, which as a whole are the weak part of the book. It would not be fair however to say this without adding that one of these "Sleep Old Pioneer" may justly be reckoned among the gems of the collection. (Harper & Bros.)

THAT successful little high art satire, "Ye Barn Beautiful" by Mrs. Florence J. Duncan, to which we have before alluded in terms of praise, seems to have taken a new lease of life, and comes to us in the "richest" of "too" bindings, and the "intensest" of paper and typography. It is really a model of artistic get up. And now the publishers (Duncan and Hall, Phila.) have decided to illustrate the work, and finding no one artist equal to the occasion, have considerably left blank pages at suitable intervals, that each may picture upon them his or her own "consummate" ideas.

DIPHTHERIA, that terrible scourge of the present day, attacks chiefly those whose vitality is low and blood impure. The timely use of Burdock Blood Bitters forestalls the evils of impure blood, and saves doctors' bills. Sample bottles 10 cents.