

LE GRAND PRÉ.

A SKETCH.

To one who has been long in the city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven.

What more delightful way is there of spending a few summer holidays than tramping through the fields and woods, especially if they have some particular associations. Many of us would travel a long distance to look upon the scene of some favourite poem or story, and if tourists knew what a delightful little village it is that nestles almost in the centre of this Nova Scotia of ours, they would come more numerous to the spot made famous by America's most popular poet.

Longfellow erred in saying that

Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré,

for it is a beautiful village still—a delightful combination of the old and new; some fine modern houses and beautifully kept farms, showing evidence of the prosperity of their owners, and a few very old French houses with huge chimneys and low ceilings—deliciously quaint and picturesque. It was such a house as the latter that we took in which to spend a few midsummer days, or rather nights, for our days were spent principally out of doors, in a nomadic existence, drinking in the charm and beauty of that poetic land. There was a garden in front of the house, where wild flowers grew at their own sweet will, and a row of large trees next the very dilapidated fence shaded us from the sun's scorching rays, so that we could sit there and read, quite oblivious of old King Sol, who tried in vain to disturb our peace by peeping through the branches of those old elms.

It was a charmingly picturesque lane which led to "our house." A little distance down the hill, on the left hand, stands the tree which is said to have stood beside the door of Benedict Bellefontaine's cottage, and from which a walking-stick was made a few years ago and sent to the poet Longfellow.

A few yards up the hill is a very old church, of which we procured the key and entered. Such a curious interior. The pulpit is very close to the ceiling, and is reached by a steep stair on either side. Above it is a sounding-board. The pews are each as large as a small room, with seats all around and very close to the floor, so that whole families, during service, might indulge in a little nap, and the minister be quite unconscious of it. Outside of the church, in "God's Acre," there are many very old tombstones, some with Latin inscriptions, many of them being almost obliterated.

One day we visited a house in the neighbourhood, the proprietor of which has collected some valuable relics—old French farming implements and articles of iron and silver, found in a well said to be the site of the chapel and priest's house. Among the relics was a curiously shaped gate hook, the same, perchance, as that which adorned the gate of Evangeline's cottage, where Gabriel had often leaned, gazing into those eyes,
Black as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
while he told for the hundredth time the story,
Old, yet ever new and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.

On the Sabbath we walked about half a mile to church along the quiet, shady lanes, nothing but the song of birds breaking the holy stillness of those Acadian Sabbaths. Oh, beautiful Acadian Sabbaths! How peaceful ye were in your holiness! how grand in your strength! Infuse into our restless hearts some of your calmness and peace—the peace that passeth all understanding! And now, alas, the day has arrived when we must bid farewell to this land full of charm; to these fields, one mass of white and gold; to the woods, where oft we have lingered for hours listening to the singing of the birds and music of the rustling leaves. It is with a sadness not unmingled with pain that we give "one long, last, lingering look behind."

O beautiful Grand Pré! How loth I am to leave thee,
Thy memory will linger like old, faint, sweet perfume;
In all my choicest thoughts I shall not once forget thee,
So fare thee well, O sweet field, still in thy summer bloom!

Windsor, N.S.

HATTIE McLELLAN.

HUDSON'S BAY.

During the troubles in the Northwest, in 1857, the sailing ship *Great Britain* (formerly a Montreal trader), Captain Wilson, was chartered to convey troops by the route of the Hudson's Bay, on their way to the Red River settlement. The vessel sailed from Quebec on the 26th June, 1857, with a detachment of Royal Canadian Rifles on board—namely, two companies, for York Factory, comprising 105 privates, 4 corporals, 2 buglers, 15 women and 15 children; Captain Kerr, commanding; Pierce, adjutant; Onion and Armstrong, ensigns, and a surgeon. The vessel had fair weather down the Gulf, until getting to Belle Isle Straits; was detained there by adverse winds and fogs; met great quantities of ice along the coast of Labrador; entered Hudson's Strait on the 24th July, and thence, until her arrival at York Factory, the vessel was nearly surrounded with ice and dense fog; sailed through over 900 miles of drift ice; lost false stern, and much copper torn off; arrived at York Factory August 25th, all well on board and not one case of sickness on the passage; one male and two female children born on the voyage. Sailed from York Factory on the 18th September, in company with the ship *Prince of Wales*, for London, and *Baroness*, for *Miramichi*; encountered head winds and fogs; got clear of the Bay 28th September; bitter cold weather—thermometer 10° below zero; encountered heavy ice, and bent to West Point, Anticosti; a distance of 2,000 miles was run in ten days; parted company with the *Baroness* at Heath Point, Anticosti, on the 8th October, all well on board; took a pilot on board on the 10th inst., off *Pointe Des Monts*, wind from west; towed from *Bic Island* to Quebec, by steamer *Advance*, on the evening of the 14th October, and arrived at Quebec on the 16th October, 1857, all well. It may be incidentally mentioned that a vessel formerly arrived at Hudson's Bay, for the Hudson's Bay Company, from London, laden with merchandise, etc., twice a year, and returned with a cargo of furs, etc. Mr. John McLeod, a chief factor of the company, embarked on one of these vessels, with his two sons, who proceeded to Scotland to complete their education, arriving safe at their destination.

Ottawa.

G. S. P.

A white marble bust of Apollo, said to be of wonderful beauty, has just arrived in Constantinople from Smyrna, where it had been excavated along with a Juno and a Roman Emperor. *Connaisseurs* say the Apollo is of the time of Praxiteles.

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

See where the dwarf acacia's branches shower
Their milk-white blossoms on a sodded grave;
Bury me there, at sunset's holy hour,
The Bride of Death would slumber
Where the grey shadows wave.

Tell me not, pray, of gems and orange blossoms,
Of golden marriage bells, so soft and sweet,
Of flashing eyes and palpitating bosoms,
And music faintly chiming
To swiftly glancing feet.

Tell me not either of the nameless blessings
That consecrate the cares and toils of home;
Maternal thrills at infant's fond caressings,
Murmurs of love that gushing
From husband's heart-deeps come.

I am the Bride of Death! No earthly lover
May set the ring upon this cold white hand;
The swart death angel's pinions o'er me hover,
Bearing my hopes and leading
Into the shadowy land.

Behind me in the world I leave no token,
No rosy child to lisp a mother's name;
Naught save a wealth of love unknown, unspoken,
And memory untarnished
By blot or blame.

The darkness deepens in the misty valleys,
The acacia's blossoms strew our Mimi's grave,
A dreamy stillness haunts the funeral alleys,
The Bride of Death is sleeping
Where the grey shadows wave.

JOHN TALON-LESPEANCE.

renowned author is displayed as a great scholar and a graceful poet. The book is not precisely a translation, but a collection of myths and legends well known among the Greeks and Romans, and whose influence may be traced through the whole romantic literature of modern ages. These the translator has put up in his own language in "new combinations of blank or rhymeless metre * * * which have not been hitherto adopted, at least for narrative purposes." These poems are filled with the charm of classic reminiscence, and in them we discover where it was that many of the ancient writers derived some of their happiest conceptions.

Translators have not chosen from pagan authors only. With the instinctive taste of scholars, they have hunted up the scrolls of the Middle Ages, and found there gems of the highest inspiration which the genius of religion conceived and the piety of the times preserved in the rituals and missals. We have on our table, as we write, four volumes of translations of the great Hymns of the Mediæval Church, several of them being remarkable attempts. There are no less than a dozen versions of the *Dies Irae*, while the *Stabat Mater*, the *Veni Creator*, the *Pange Lingua*, the *Vexilla Regis*, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* and the *Te Deum* are rendered in different styles.

As a further proof of the progress of classic studies, we shall close with two examples of translation from English into the ancient languages. The first which we have in hand is a work published by Mr. Gladstone, conjointly with his brother-in-law, Lord Lyttleton. The latter renders into Greek verse several poems of Milton, Dryden and Tennyson; into Latin, Gray's "Ode to Adversity," a part of the "Deserted Village," and two lesser poems of Tennyson. Mr. Gladstone translates into English fragments of *Aeschylus* and *Homer*, several odes of *Horace* and *Catullus*, passages from *Dante* and *Manzoni*, some of *Schiller's* poems, and, with singular success, he puts into Latin verse a number of English poems. His translation of *Bishop Heber's* ode to his wife, in *Sapphics*, is a remarkable sample of pure Latinity, and his version of *Augustus Toplady's* Hymn would seem to have been written by a monk of the Middle Ages, so well is the ecclesiastical rhymed manner carried out. This is the first stanza:

Jesu, pro me perforatus,
Condor intra tuum latus,
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Finally, we may mention that the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson has been translated into Latin elegiac verse, and so well as to have deserved the praise of the chief critics of Britain. The work was printed for private circulation only, the laureate not sanctioning its publication, on the ground that it might interfere with his copyright.

THE LUNCH.

A gothic window where a damask curtain
Made the blank daylight shadowy and uncertain;
A slab of agate on four eagle-talons
Held trimly up and neatly taught to balance;
A porcelain dish, o'er which, in many a cluster,
Plump grapes hung down, dead ripe and without lustre;
A melon cut in thin, delicious slices;
A cake that seemed mosaic work in spices;
Two china cups with golden tulips sunny,
And rich inside with chocolate and honey;
And she and I the banquet scene completing
With dreamy words—and very pleasant eating.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.