

THE CANADIAN OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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"Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main?"

Thus sang in flowing couplets the immortal "Noll," and little did he think that the progeny of his beloved brother, to whom the lines were addressed, would cross the western main. Yet he may have suspected that his race would be wanderers, he knew that his family like himself were shifting, shiftless and shattered, and he may with prophetic vision have seen those dear ones hewing out a home in the wilds of the new world. And when he writes the closing lines of the "Deserted Village," and sees "the rural virtues leave the land," "contented toil, and hospitable care, and kind conubial tenderness," "and piety with wishes placed above, and steady loyalty, and faithful love," and when he perceives amongst them "sweet poetry," little does he think that another Oliver Goldsmith will accompany the muse to the western land and will try her voice in praise of Acadia's "rising villages"—the new world Albion, an Albion not proceeding from being into not being, but from not being into being. He did not think that one of his own—not strangers only—would follow the precepts of his apostrophe to the muse and aim with song from the heart to benefit his fellow men.

"And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly when sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel;
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side.
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;

Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away,
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

With fonder pen and fonder heart would the bard have written had he known that a Canadian Oliver would be one of those to read and heed these strong, invigorating lines; with newer interest and with even higher purpose would he have taken up his graceful pen. With fresher interest we, too, read these lines when we know of the Canadian poet; for there is a special delight in reading the words of an author about whom some strange coincidence, unforeseen by him, has woven its web. We seem to feel an enlarged privilege over him: a newer light seems thrown upon his lines: a broader range of view is spread before us. It is with considerable interest, too, we take up the work of the lesser poet to see how are reflected therein the uplifting "let thy's" of his distinguished relative.

The father of the English Oliver and the great grandfather of the Canadian Oliver was Rev. Chas. Goldsmith, of Pallas, a small hamlet in the County of Longford, Ireland. There were to him five sons and three daughters: the eldest, Henry, born in 1721, the second, Oliver, seven years younger. The eldest son was sent to Dublin University as a pensioner and was winning distinction as a student. He succeeded in carrying off a scholarship: in prospect were a fellowship and other honors, when with the improvidence of the Goldsmiths he fell in love during his vacation and married, relinquishing his bright prospects, and as schoolmaster and poor curate buried himself in an old goblin house at Pallas, which his father had left to take charge of a flock at Lissoy, Westmeath county. And so he lived on forty pounds a year until his death in 1768. And yet, though