

work on Macaulay; Byron and Scott have impressed their influence on Canadian writers who wrote at the time that these great rivals dominated the literary world; and later Wordsworth and Tennyson. Coming to the present time, we see many of our younger singers falling under the influence of the Empire's true poet laureate—Rudyard Kipling. I know of none dominated by Brydges.

I propose to group the poets of Canada geographically, discussing those of:

- (1) The United Empire Loyalists;
- (2) The Maritime Provinces;
- (3) Quebec (French);
- (4) Ontario and Quebec (English);
- (5) Manitoba and the North West; and
- (6) British Columbia and the Yukon.

Of course it is impossible to mention all, but just a few from each group.

The United Empire Loyalists.

There is no poetry that I know of in existence written by the settlers from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut who settled Nova Scotia and some little part of New Brunswick after the expulsion of the Acadians—The Pre-Loyalists. They were a hardfisted, hardbitten group of middle-class farmers who had little use for art in any form. The first poetry came with the Loyalists in 1785, and is now difficult to procure. I am indebted to Roy Palmer Baker's "History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation" for most of the facts herein set out. Joseph Stansbury was an Englishman who had lived in Philadelphia during the Revolutionary war, and who, in consequence of his loyalty, was forced to flee to New York, where the English troops held sway. After peace was declared, he attempted to remain in the United States but was forced to leave. He came to Shelburne, N.S., but returned to his adopted country, where, after some years of persecution, he was allowed to live in peace. Through his verses runs the motif of all the Loyalist verse, the savagery of the new home in the provinces contrasted with the comforts and conveniences of the old one. In his poem to his wife, Cordelia, he says:

"Believe me, Love, this vagrant life,
O'er Nova Scotia's wilds to roam,
While far from children, friends, or wife
Or place that I may call my home,
Delights not me;—another way
My treasures, pleasures, wishes lay.
In piercing, wet and wintry skies,
Where man would seem in vain to toil,
I see, where'er I turn my eyes
Luxuriant pastures, trees, and foil.
Uncharmed I see:—another way
My fondest hopes and wishes lay."

Jacob Bailey, an Episcopal Minister, exiled from Maine, and for many years stationed in Nova Scotia, first at Cornwallis, and afterwards at Annapolis Royal, and whose memoirs give us a speaking picture of the latter part of the eighteenth century in Nova Scotia, gives us a considerable amount of smoothly flowing verse, tinged with the same regret for the life left behind, and distaste for the difficulties of the new home. Jonathan Odell, a member of one of the oldest of the New England families, who came to New Brunswick and there rose to prominence, gives us more of the same kind. These are the ones best known, but there were many others whose hearts yearned for the home of their birth and who sang their woes in more or less smooth flowing verse.

Maritime Provinces.

Religion furnished Nova Scotia with its first verse. In 1786 Henry Alline, the noted evangelist, who was really

the founder of the Baptists in Nova Scotia, and who is still fondly remembered as "Father Alline," published his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," which continued to be sung long after his death.

The first Secular Poet was Oliver Goldsmith, who was a namesake and grandson of a brother of the great Oliver Goldsmith. The Nova Scotian Oliver Goldsmith was born at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, in 1789. His first work was "The Rising Village," and was modelled on his great predecessor's famous poem "The Deserted Village." It evidently was received with favor, for it was published first in London in 1825, re-published in Montreal in 1826 in the Canadian Review and Magazine, and in Nova Scotia in the same year in the "Acadian Magazine." The demand for it was so great that in 1834 it was re-published with other poems by the same author at St. John, New Brunswick. It is an ambitious attempt to delineate the everyday life of the pioneer settlers of Nova Scotia. The verse is smooth and melodious and the tone pure and inspiring.

"Here, oft when winter's dreary terrors reign,
And cold, and snow, and storm pervade the plain,
Around the birch wood blaze the settlers draw,
'To tell of all they felt, and all they saw,'
When thus in peace are met a happy few,
Sweet are the social pleasures that ensue,
What lively joy each honest bosom feels,
As o'er the past events his memory steals,
And to the listeners paints the dire distress
That marked his progress in the wilderness;
The danger, trouble, hardship, toil and strife
Which chased each effort of his struggling life."

The influence of Scott and Byron is particularly noticeable in Nova Scotia in the early part of the 19th century. A good example of this is Joseph Howe, whose name is familiar to all students of Canadian History. In the intervals between his political battles, fighting for the freedom of his fellow citizens, he wrote verse which lives still and which deserves to live. His poem on Sable Island, "The Graveyard of the Atlantic," that great bank of sand caused by the opposing forces of the Polar Current and the Gulf Stream, is worthy of Byron himself.

"Dark Isle of Mourning—aptly art thou named,
For thou hast been the cause of many a tear;
For deeds of treacherous strife too justly famed
The Atlantic's Charnel—desolate and drear;
A thing none love—though wandering thousands fear—
If for a moment rests the Muse's wing
Where through the waves thy sandy wastes appear,
'Tis that she may one strain of horror sing,
Wild as the dashing waves that tempests o'er thee fling."

In later days, Dr. Arthur W. H. Eaton, a native of Kentville, N. S., now living in Boston, Mass., has made a reputation for himself both in prose and verse. Devoting his energies principally to historical research in connection with the Maritime Provinces, he has yet found time to give the world some very beautiful poems—"Acadian Lyrics and Legends" (1889)—"Acadian Ballads"—"The Lotus of the Nile" and "Poems of the Christian Year." He is particularly happy in dealing with the romantic history of Acadia, "The naming of the Gaspereau"—"L'ordre de bon temps," "The Legend of Glooscap" and others, and some of his lyrics are delightful. Space will only allow one quotation from that simple idyll of childhood, "At Grandmother's," which has a universal appeal.

"Under the shade of the poplars still,
Lilacs and locusts in clumps between,
Roses over the window sill,
Is the dear old house with its door of green."