

OBITUARY.

THE HON. JOSEPH HOWE, LIKUT.-GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Only a fortnight has passed away since we noticed the demise of Sir G. Cartier. It is now once more our painful duty to record the death of another prominent Canadian statesman. The Hon. J. Howe, late President of the Council, who within the last few weeks had been appointed to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Nova Scotia, died at Halifax on Sunday morning last. For some time past he had enjoyed very poor health, and at the time he relinquished his portfolio in the Cabinet was looking forward with much enjoyable expectation to the *otium cum dignitate* which he would be able to enjoy in his new position. Unfortunately, the new-found leisure came too late. The bow had been too long bent, and broke in the loosening. Little over a fortnight had elapsed since the new Lieut.-Governor entered upon the duties of his office when death overcame him. To say that he died regretted by all who had an opportunity of making his acquaintance, would convey but a poor idea of the sorrow felt by his friends in all parts of the country when the news of his death became known. Mr. Howe's political career has been something more than an ordinary one, but to the last he preserved—old man as he was—the singular freshness and geniality of manner which had won for him friends even among his political opponents. The history of "the old man eloquent," as his friends delighted—not without reason—to call him, would require very much more space than could be given in the columns of a weekly paper. *As reser* his story has already appeared in the columns of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

His course on the question of Confederation gave a tinge of inconsistency to his public life—in fact, to the eyes of many people, a shade on its evening, which, we believe, a more minute examination would dispel. A little too much confidence in his own influence led him to believe that he could, when backed by his Province, defeat the delegates in the Imperial Parliament, but he found, as probably he had learned on former occasions, that colonial influence had to give way to Imperial policy. In this plight, and seeing that the Union would certainly be maintained, he went to work to obtain better terms for his Province, in which he was so far successful that a large party in Ontario has since tried, through the Local Legislature of that Province, to invoke Imperial action against similar proceedings. With Mr. Howe's successful negotiations between himself and the Ottawa Cabinet, came the not unreasonable stipulation that he should accept office, and thereby take his full share of the responsibility for the attempted pacification. The course then followed was in exact imitation of that adopted at Quebec in 1864, when the Hon. George Brown entered the Government; Ministers wisely refused to assume for the measure a responsibility that all the parties to it did not share. Thus it came that Mr. Howe entered the Cabinet, first as President of the Council in succession to the late Mr. Blair, and latterly as Secretary of State for the Provinces, which office he held until he accepted the Lieut.-Governorship of his Province.

From Mr. Morgan's "Parliamentary Companion" we learn that Mr. Howe's family emigrated from the South of England, and in the days of the "Pilgrim Fathers" settled in one of the New England States. His father was a loyalist during the revolutionary war, and at one time conducted the *Massachusetts Gazette and Boston Letter*; but in the triumph of rebellion he removed to Halifax, where his loyal devotion to the Crown was recognised by his being made King's Printer and Postmaster-General. Mr. Howe was born in Halifax in 1804, and at the time of his death was in his seventieth year. After the completion of his education he, like his father, devoted himself to newspaper life, and in 1827 became editor of *The Acadian*. His association with the press of Nova Scotia, saving a slight interruption, continued from that date until 1856, when he finally retired from journalism. The papers he conducted during that period were, *The Acadian*, *The Nova Scotian*, and *The Morning Chronicle*. His Parliamentary career commenced as far back as 1836, when he was elected for Halifax County, for which he sat until 1841; from that year to '55 for Cumberland, and hence for Hants until 1863, and from that year until the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1866, he held the Imperial office of Commissioner of Fisheries. During this long public career, Mr. Howe was frequently in Ministerial office; almost from his first entrance into public life he was the acknowledged leader of the Nova Scotia Reformers; and to him was due, to a very large extent, the concession from the Imperial authorities of "Responsible Government" to the British American Provinces. He was also one of the earliest advocates of British American Union; and though the plan of Confederation did not at first meet his approval, he gave his adhesion to it when he had secured from the Canadian Government an alteration in the financial basis of the Union equal to a capital sum of about two millions of dollars in favour of Nova Scotia. Mr. Howe was not only an active public man and prolific newspaper writer, but also a pamphleteer of considerable note. Some of his productions under the last named head, as probably many under the other, will hardly sustain the character of consistency, but they all bear the impress of earnest thought and warm desire for the good of his fellows, and especially for the glory of the little Province of which he was proud to be a representative man. He also established his title to honourable rank on the roll of British North American poets. In fact he was, in the fullest sense of the terms, *littérateur*, journalist, politician, statesman, and diplomat; and we believe in the latter capacity only he achieved the chief failures that mark a career of unusual duration and brilliancy. On questions innumerable, and at various times, he visited the Province and the Seat of Empire; but when he attempted to thwart the efforts of the Colonial Conference in London, he found his influence totally inadequate to the task. Even this failure he handsomely atoned for by his successful negotiation with the Dominion Government for Nova Scotia's "better terms."

That the Nova Scotians are not unmindful of his patriotism and the love he bore for his country has been abundantly proved by the almost universal grief which was manifested throughout the Province on the announcement of his death.

In that grief the whole Dominion shares. The trite saying is—"We could have spared a better man;" but the truer saying in this case would be—"We have lost a man whom we cannot replace."

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO. IX.—ARTIST.

I esteem it an old precept of artistic culture that we must make a study of external nature. The lesson is specially opportune at this season, when the glories of summer are budding around us. We are environed in this country with all that is mighty and majestic in creation, and we need not seek elsewhere the external sources of inspiration. We shall never become poets or artists, with hearts keenly alive to all the impressions of the sublime and beautiful, unless we become thoroughly acquainted with the works of Nature—Nature in the magnificence of her great scenes and in the inconceivable perfection of her minutest details.

The most salient natural feature of our creation are the forests. Grand and majestic in its very outline, fraught with all music and fragrance, teeming with infinite varieties of most beautiful existences, an American forest is the amplest field for the walks of the student of Nature. A few steps from the dust and noise of the city and off to the breezy woodlands as the rising sun peers over the eastern slopes, and darts his golden lances into the leafy avenues. Deep and deeper still into the recesses of the wood—and there, separated from the outer world, you hear at your feet, over the snowy pebbles, the rippling of the brook; under the moist lichen-stained rock, the buzz and stir of insects; and above, on every branch, the wild, unfettered song of birds—the chirp of the robin, the twitter of the restless black-bird, the long, quavering note of the mocking-bird, the querulous cry of the plover as he wheels over the water, and the lamentations of the cushat-dove piping clear among the fox-grapes. Flowers of every hue and sweetest fragrance, animals of most interesting habits, fruits of delicious flavour, giant trees and dwarf shrubs, shelves of fantastic rocks clothed in luxuriant vegetation, moist valleys filled with long grasses—these are the treasures of the virgin forest. The naturalist is the true poet who penetrates, as it were, into the secret places of Nature, and studies the perfection of the minutest flower, insect, and shell.

I must not be understood as referring to gardens or cultivated grounds—let our sentimental young ladies roam through these, and grow ecstatic over all their charms. Off, off to the deep, dark woodlands, where Nature is displayed in all her rugged beauty. The wild winds that blow through the forests and toss the branches of the trees are more genial and balmy than the languid zephyrs which creep through my lady's bower in the depths of the garden; and the big rain-drops that glisten on the broad waxen leaves of the fern are as beautiful as the dew pearls which quiver in the snowy chalice of the lily.

American writers and artists have been strangely wanting in their study of the scenery and natural beauties of their country. They almost invariably invoke European traditions, European legends, and describe European landscapes, and it not unfrequently happens that where their judgment is not equal to their fancy, they slip into laughable blunders. Thus they sometimes talk of the sky-lark, the nightingale, the thrush, and of daisies, which are never heard or seen in this country, strangely forgetting that we have birds which soar as high as the lark, the mocking-bird which sings almost as sweetly as Philomel, and violets and anemones which carpet our prairies as gorgeously as the red-eyed daisy. Irving has set a bad example in this respect. He was more an Englishman in his tastes than an American, and his master-piece, the "Sketch Book," is wholly composed of descriptions of English and Continental scenes. Buchanan Read, who once bade fair to become a real American poet, followed in the same train; and I remember how, a few years ago, he was laughed at by the London *Athenæum* for it. Longfellow, who gave in to this spirit in some of his earliest works, inaugurated a reaction in his "Evangeline," his "Hiawatha," and his otherwise dreary "Miles Standish." Americans still greatly lack specimens of a national literature—the characters chosen from their midst and the scenes there of the American woodland and plain.

The lessons of books are good—the precepts of teachers are also good, but they will not avail much unless Nature directly teaches. The imagination must be furnished with images, and the heart warmed into emotion by the immediate agency of Nature herself. Mere cabinet studies will not suffice. No amount of reading of the poets can train an original poet—just as no amount of sketching from public galleries can develop the original genius of an artist. This process brings out the tribe of copyists in literature and art. The great model must be directly studied. All the illustrious men whose names are an authority and a glory in their national literature have caught their imaginations from the breath of the wild wood, the heath, the sea-shore, and the mountain. Walter Scott lay on his back in the meadows when the thunder-storm roared and the shower battered his forehead and drenched his hair, he crying all the while, "Bonnie, bonnie." John Wilson—the great Kit North—roamed over all the Highlands on foot, climbing the crags even to the eagle's nest. Byron confesses that it was the sight of the sea in Scotland that first expanded his mind. Schiller could never have written "William Tell" unless he had trudged through such scenery with his alpenstock. And Wordsworth would have been nothing but for Grasmere and the Cumberland hills. It is he also who tells us so beautifully:—

"That Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgment, nor the sneers of selfish men

Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S IMPRESSION OF CANADA.

MONTREAL.

The lady-correspondent of the *Queen*, whose impressions of Quebec have already appeared in these pages, thus discourses respecting Montreal:

"Montreal, a name modified from the Mont Royal which forms the most picturesque feature of its landscape, is a large and very handsome town. It has not the quaint old appearance of Quebec, and will naturally please less the searcher after novelty, but its houses and shops of hewn limestone, its various costly and ornamental buildings, its two cathedrals, its very numerous churches, its colleges, university, and other public institutions, as well as the forest of masts to be observed at its quays, give indications not merely of solid comfort, but of great wealth and prosperity; and, undoubtedly, the seeker after a well-appointed home among a numerous body of wealthy, refined neighbours would much prefer Montreal to any other city outside of the British Isles, and under the sceptre that governs them. Nor, as compared with most cities, is Montreal by any means wanting in the beauty of its site and its surroundings. It is sufficiently level for comfortable locomotion; the long and wide reaches of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa give the water scenes which are always necessary to a very good landscape, while within a reasonable distance there is no lack of hills and mountains and precipitous cliffs.

"If we add that the island on which Montreal is built is one of the greatest fertility, that it is cultivated with extreme care, while on the mountains and hills are small and large patches and immense tracts of woodlands, beautified by an autumn foliage such as no Englishwoman who has not travelled extensively abroad can fully realise, we shall have a picture very pleasing at first, and likely to be still more appreciated on longer and more intimate acquaintance. Montreal is about two-thirds the size of Bristol; it is more regular, and its streets less hilly; but the Queen of the Avon is the city of which it most readily reminds me. It has not the squalid quarters to be found in Bristol, nor has it the rich and wonderfully beautiful suburb of Clifton; but the former are not very desirable, and it has boundless capabilities in the direction of the latter—capabilities which are being so rapidly utilised that already there are few cities which can boast of more numerous picturesque villas than those which thickly stud the landscape in the neighbourhood of the Canadian metropolis; and we have to go but a few miles to find the counterparts of the poor Indian squaws whose unskilled hands planted maize near the bark-covered wigwams of Hochelaga, whose site is now covered by the city, and whose beautiful liquid name has given place to the white man's appellation of unmeaning flattery. Then, as now, Fashion reigned the queen of this beautiful place; the tawny bride of a prince of a tribe adorned herself with as much care as the delicate lady who now parades the city in her silks and velvets, and in furs which, however costly, can scarcely equal those of the squaw who preceded her. The law was different, but it was the same queen. Instead of diamonds, pearls, and jewels of gold, she then enacted many coloured trinkets which we now despise—the claws of animals, stained in many ways and fantastically arranged, then held the places of our bracelets and brooches and other ornaments. There were no corsets on the feet of the beauty then; the rear-end of her pretty moccasin was not placed upon stilts, and her weight did not crowd her toes forward and downwards into a narrow crevice smaller than their natural size. No long skirts trailed on the ground; they would have been out of place when the tribe migrated, and even the princess waded the stream with her papoose on her back. But the folds of fur were ample for comfort, and the ornaments were picturesque, those of the Queen of Beauty causing as much envy among others as is now felt in assemblies where jewels of great value are plentiful. Then a beautiful bride of Hochelaga might become the Queen of Fashion, the arbiter in matters of head-gear and all sorts of tags and trinkets; now the many thousands of Montreal obey the despotic sway of a queen they have never seen; they confine their feet in her stilted shoes; they at one time wear her steel-ribbed garments, at another her more graceful trains, and at another adorn their backs with a burthen as large and prominent as the papoose of the Indian squaw. In all things they copy their European sisters, trying if possible to go just the slightest touch farther. Nor was the man-milliner then wanting any more than now; the medicine man was as much a creature of costume as the priest, to whom effect is as vital as life itself. The former appealed to the grotesque and horrible; the latter tries to reach us through many channels; but the one was as cunning, and his arts as well contrived to the constituency around him, as the other is skillful; and his labour adroitly adapted to catch the unwary by the thousand and one little weaknesses which have thus far been found inseparable from civilisation. The Jesuits here are no unworthy members of that great fraternity; their skill has been consummate, their zeal untiring; and they have never for a moment lost their predominance in and over the minds of the Catholics of the province. There is a college of the fraternity in Montreal, and a church, the beauty of whose frescoed interior is unequalled by anything of the kind in England. Powerfully delineated scenes in the life of Christ and his Apostles adorn its walls from one end to the other, and the eyes of the worshipper cannot be lifted anywhere to the ceiling without perceiving there representations which surpass the efforts of any but the finest imaginations. One lingers on the spot fascinated by these gigantic images of beauty, and is very much tempted to become a sister or brother of those whose religion and zeal give them such wonderful power. There are a dozen confessionals in this church, and the fair penitents were numerous on the day of my visit. The Jesuits are building another church in the town, for which they are taxing the zeal of their followers to the utmost; they boast that it shall be surpassed by but one other in the world—that at whose high altar presides the sovereign Pontiff himself."

The writer is hardly correct here. The new Cathedral of St. Jacques, which is now in course of erection, is being built by subscription under the auspices of Bishop Bourget. When completed it will be, on a small scale, an exact counterpart of St. Peter's at Rome. (Ed. C. I. N.)

Kamouraska, it is expected, will be unusually well filled this year. Intending visitors will do well to consult Mrs. Smith's advertisement of the Albion House in another part of the paper.

We have learnt with great satisfaction that the manuscripts of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Discourses," together with the correspondence referring to his resignation of the Presidency of the Royal Academy, which were sold the other day, have been secured for the library of the Royal Academy, the most suitable place for such documents. The "Discourses" being in Reynolds' autograph, with his own alterations, corrections, and peculiar spelling, are invaluable, as proving that neither Johnson, Burke, Malone, nor any of the other persons to whom Sir Joshua's detractors have from time to time ascribed them, had any share in their composition.—*Athenæum*.