

mere hamlet into a prosperous city, and was therefore naturally very closely identified with its progress. His business connections were brief, for on his appointment to the Post Office, he retired from the firm of which he was a partner, and thus for nearly thirty-nine years he officiated as Postmaster, and was one of the few left of those who held appointments under the Imperial Government. —*Spectator*.

## 2. LORD VICOUNT GOUGH.

Lord Gough died on Tuesday, the 2nd inst. The son of a Limerick squire, he fought his way up to a viscountcy, a baton, and a fortune, by virtue of every quality of a good soldier. Good general he was not; he rather despised strategy, threw away the lives of too many men, and had a sort of Homeric fancy for fighting with his own hand. But General Havelock, no mean judge, said he was the bravest man who ever lived, a man with a lust for danger; he excited the warmest attachment in his soldiers, and his simple strategy succeeded almost as well as Suwarrow's. He never lost a battle—for Chillianwallah, though a terrible business, was not lost; and at Gugerat, where, for the first time in his life, he took advice and let artillery have fair play. He destroyed the most dangerous enemy, save Hyder, we ever encountered in India. The victory was due in no slight degree to the reckless daring with which he inspired all under his command, and England has good cause to say, "Peace to the brave!" —*Spectator*.

## VI. Miscellaneous.

### 1. THE ROBINS HAVE COME BACK AGAIN.

There's a call upon the housetop, an answer from the plain,  
There's a warble in the sunshine, a twitter in the rain,  
And through my heart, at sound of these,

There comes a nameless thrill,

As sweet as odor to the rose,

Or verdure to the hill;

And all these joyous mornings,

My heart pours forth this strain:

"God bless the dear old robins,

Who have come back again."

For they bring a thought of summer, of dreamy, luscious days,  
Of kingcups in the meadow, making a golden haze;

A longing for the clover blooms,

For roses all aglow,

For fragrant blossoms, where the bees

With droning murmurs go:

I dream of all the beauties

Of summer's golden reign,

And sing: "God keep the robins,

Who have come back again."

### 2. CANADIAN LITERARY ITEMS.

Dr. Tache is compiling the materials for a history of the Hurons of Canada.

The Rev. Mr. Casgrain is preparing a work on the earlier days of the New World, in connection, especially, with Cartier and Champlain's voyages of discovery.

Another R. C. clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Verrault, will shortly bring out a history of the war of 1775, enriched with documents hitherto unpublished.

It is also stated that Mr. Alfred Garneau is preparing a fourth edition of his late father's *History of Canada*, which will contain a good deal of new matter; that Mr. Joseph Tasse is completing a series of notes on the Ottawas, the celebrated tribe which once followed Pontiac, the greatest Indian in history, in his many attacks under the French flag upon the old English colonies; and to conclude, that Mr. J. O. Dion is putting on the finishing touches to a history of Chambly, which will comprise the annals of the stately old fort on the left bank of the Richelieu, erected in accordance with instructions from the celebrated Cardinal of that name, in order to protect the then nascent French colony from the attacks of the Iroquois and other tribes under English domination, who

lived in the Mohawk valley and along the littoral of Lake Champlain.

It will be perceived from the above that many of our ablest *litterateurs* are earnestly striving to illustrate the earlier annals of the country, and that some of them are treading on ground never attempted before. The contributions of the French Canadian writers to the continent are in truth already very voluminous and compare most favorably, in style and treatment, with any similar works ever produced in the United States, where, as a very general rule, the *litterati* do not take that interest in the legendary, or well authenticated past, which is displayed by the large and growing school of Canadian writers. Viewed in this light it is greatly to be regretted that the publication of the Abbe Failon's *Histoire de la Colonie Francaise en Canada* has been suspended. It was the result, we have been told, of twenty years' labour, founded on researches made in the archives of the French department of Marine and the almost equally rich muniments of the Sulpician Seminary, and although somewhat tintured with a natural, perhaps pardonable, bias in favour of the latter institution, as against the pretensions of the rival Seminary of Quebec, yet threw a vast flood of light upon the discoveries, the customs, the manners and morals, and the great sacrifices of the earlier inhabitants of the colony. Unfortunately for the success, or rather publication of his great work, originally designed, we believe, to cover ten volumes, each of three or four hundred pages, the Abbe reflected in rather severe terms upon the intriguing, harsh, disposition evinced on many public occasions by Francois de Laval, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of the Colony and founder of the Quebec Seminary. We say unfortunately, because the gentlemen of that Seminary naturally resented the language applied to, and took exception to the theories propounded against the Bishop, and made such representations to the Sulpicians that they directed the laborious, painstaking Abbe, who is a member of their order, to suspend its publication. We have no desire to interfere in a quarrel, based on one side upon historic facts, deduced from historical documents, and on the other, upon the natural feelings of gratitude and esteem which the Quebec Seminarists still so strongly feel for their founder, but we cannot but express our regret at the untimely close of what promised to be the fullest and most satisfactory history of the colony under French domination.

It is also to be regretted that the magnificent collection of "Ana," records and other *memoirs pour servir a l'histoire* so industriously compiled by the late Commandeur Jacques Viger, the joint Stow and Isaac D'Israeli of Canada, have not as yet been put to press. He devoted a lifetime to their compilation in the true spirit of an antiquarian and when the pen finally fell from his hand at an almost patriarchal age, had collected no less than twenty or thirty large portfolios of an exceedingly varied and valuable character. These materials may be compared, in their present inchoate shape to the blocks and beams of a stately architectural conception. But although the architect has had them before his eyes for many a year, the foundations for their reception have not yet been thrown up and the dust of ages will probably accumulate upon them before the old Commandeur's valuable legacy, which he fondly called "My Sabretache" has been put to its intended use.

It may be that the Rev. Mr. Verreault's History of the War of 1775, alluded to in the foregoing notes, is founded upon a portion of the Viger collection; and if so it will relate to the invasion of "les Bostonnais" or American occupation of Montreal under Montgomery, a subject which has been very indifferently treated by past writers on Canadian history. If so we will gladly make the *amende* and give honour to whom honour is due, feeling satisfied that if the Sabretache, or a portion of its contents, has fallen into the competent hands of the able Principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, it will receive the enlarged, scholarly treatment intrinsically due to its merits.

Still another work of signal ability, in the literary, as well as the historical and legendry sense, disappeared from the firmament three or four years ago. We allude to *Les Soirees Canadiennes*, a serial designed to give effect to Charles Nodier's happy saying, "*Hatons nous de raconter les legendes de notre pays avant qu'il soit oublier.*" A host of writers responded to the publisher's call when the prospectus of *Les Soirees* originally appeared, and for several years the series of papers published under that title, equalled in originality and purity of diction the more famous, because more widely disseminated, Sagas of other still more northern climes. If it were possible to revive and continue these serials, Canada would soon possess one of the finest collections of historical and other legends which ever passed through the press of any country upon this continent. Justice will never be done them, they will never be widely appreciated, until they are reproduced by some skilful, kindly hand, into what McGee so correctly and so poetically termed "the all-conquering English tongue." —*Montreal Gazette*.