

*"When this cometh to pass, (lo, it will come,) then shall they know that a prophet hath been among them."—Ezek. 33: 33.*

To some extent, at least, the words of my motto have been verified in the case of him, whose name graces my title page. It is the name of George R. Young—a name that was once a household word in many parts of the Lower Provinces; and, to-day, after the lapse of 33 years, the very mention of it causes many an old Pictou warrior to cock his ears—"Trojan and Tyrian," with grateful ardour, conspiring to do it his honour. The design of the following pages is to do justice to his memory. But previous to making my unpretending attempt "his merits to disclose," I must first refer to Nova Scotia's intellectual history.

During the last 150 years, Nova Scotia has produced more than its quota of "eminent men". And that Plutarch that shall yet appear and write their history will find that he has his hands full. By the time he shall have rehearsed their names, thoroughly mastered their literary, forensic, and scholastic attainments, and recorded their achievements as authors, orators, and warriors, he will have the satisfaction of having done something that Macaulay was never fit to do. In addition to the McCulloch's, Blanchard's, Dawson's and McDonald's of Pictou, he will meet such names as Touge, Sumpson, Salter, Bowers, Charles R. Fairbanks, T. C. Haliburton, S. G. W. Archibald, Bermish Mardoeh, Lawrence, O'Conner, Doyle, two or three Uniacks, as many Wilkenses, J. W. Johnston, John Young and his three sons, Joseph Howe, Sir John Ingles, and Sir Fenwick Williams, not to mention any more. Here is a constellation of names that would shed lustre on the annals of any nation—that king loins would be proud of. Some of them were literally "sons of thunder"—quite competent to wield any "fierce democracy", or

"Shake the Senate with a Tully's force."

Others, such as Ingles and Williams, were "Thunder bolts of war." The one, amidst the horrors of Lucknow, and the other, at the siege of Kars, performed feats of valour that secured for them the thanks of a more illustrious senate than Julius Cæsar ever saw.

The very name of Young is possessed of its attractions. Who would not prefer the bloom of youth to the decrepitude of age? That savage bird the eagle would be more detested than it is were it not that it can periodically renew its youth. The witch of Endor herself may once have had her admirers. If so, it must have been in the days of her "sweet sixteen", when age, and repeated disappointments had not soured her temper, and driven the last remnant of the "tender passion" from her breast. Even of the saints in heaven, it has been said that they shall "flourish in immortal youth." So let it ever be in Nova Scotia, with the honoured name of "Young". So let it specially be with him whose name and deserved fame it is the design of this sketch to perpetuate.