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THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON:

ITS HISTORY, SCENERY AND RESOURCES.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, Sydney, Cape Breton.

INTRODUCTION.

I propose, in the present sketch, to take the readers of the QUARTERLY to a section of the Dominion of Canada, far out of the ordinary route of American or Canadian tourists, and give them a brief description of its scenery and resources. I refer to the island of Cape Breton, lying to the north-east of the province of Nova Scotia, from which it is separated by a narrow strait, much frequented by American fishermen, who annually visit the Gulf of St. Lawrence in search of mackerel. This island was known as Isle Royale, and was the scene of events of great importance during the eighteenth century. On its southern or Atlantic coast, the French had erected a pile of fortifications, as a part of their ambitious design of controlling the two great arteries of this continent—the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi—and hemming in the old British Colonies by a cordon of fortresses. But after the fall of Louisburg in 1758, Cape Breton ceased to be the battle-ground of nations, and consequently passed into obscurity. Now and then some adventurous tourist, seeking "fresh woods and pastures new," or some enterprising American, interested in mining speculations, finds his way to this island, as it were a sentinel placed by nature to guard the approaches to the Laurentian Gulf and River; but most of the readers of this periodical probably know very little about Cape Breton. But those who, like the writer, have often rambled over the island, must come to the conclusion that it affords not only an extensive field for the employment of capital, but innumerable attractions to those in search of health or pleasure. Its rivers and lakes teem with salmon and trout of a size and quality that must make the eyes of the *bon-vivant* and sportsman sparkle; the moose still roams in the valleys of the northern section of the island. From its lofty headlands and mountains, the spectator will see a wide expanse of country still covered with the virgin forest, or the foam-flecked bosom of the ever-restless Atlantic. Its noble lake—more properly a gulf, separating the island into two nearly equal parts

—abounds with scenery resembling in many respects that of the Hudson or Lake George. Large numbers of the Micmacs, who played so important a part in the wars of old times between the French and English, still live in wigwams or on small farms in the vicinity of the lake. Several settlements of that unsophisticated race, the Acadian French, are scattered over the island, principally on the sea-coast, and have changed but little since the days when their forefathers were driven from the fertile farms of the Grand Pré and the Gaspereaux. Then there are the ruins of the "American Dunkirk," where any one of antiquarian propensities can pick up many relics of the days of French dominion in America, and trace the line of the formidable fortifications which long menaced the integrity and security of the old Colonies on this continent.

SYDNEY.

The tourist who comes to Sydney in a steamer or sailing-vessel, first finds himself at what is called "the Bar"—the resort of the shipping engaged in the coal trade. A row of wooden shanties, disfigured by huge, glaring signs, on which the names of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family appear conspicuously; a long dirty street following the course of the harbour; a number of shops, in which everything, "from a needle to an anchor," is sold; rude wharves of logs jutting out for many feet; a long wooden platform, where the vessels ship their cargoes of coal—such are the characteristics of Sydney Bar. A steamer of the smallest size, called the *Banshee*—rather an ominous name—connects with the old town of Sydney, which is five miles higher up. The harbour is justly entitled to its reputation of being one of the finest sheets of water on this continent; for it is remarkably expansive and free from shoals and rocks. In old times it was known as the *Baie des Espagnols*; indeed, it is still frequently called Spanish Bay or River.

The capital was founded some twenty years after the fall of Louisburg, and is prettily situated on a peninsula; but notwithstanding its age, it is a very insignificant town, and has a decayed look about it that shows the absence of a large commerce. At the time of which I am writing—the latter part of June—we saw two men-of-war anchored in the middle of the river, but when we looked for the Union Jack, we saw the Tri-colour gaily floating in the breeze, not only from the ships but from a large white building close to the shore.* We saw a ruined battery at the entrance, and an old flag-staff near by, but nowhere was there any evidence of British dominion. From the land came the notes of "Partant pour la Syrie," and we caught a glimpse of French marines marching on the esplanade. One's memory naturally recalled the days when the *Fleur-de-lis* floated from the French ports throughout *Isle Royale* by right of ownership. Had Cape Breton been ceded once more to France? A bystander kindly relieved the inquisitive stranger from the dilemma by informing him that the

* The residence of the French Consul, Hon. J. Bourinot, one of the Senators of the Dominion.

largest man-of-war—one of the old style of battle-ship—was the *Jean Bart*, a training vessel, which makes a trip every year to the principal ports of North and South America, and was at that time on her return to France. The other vessel belonged to the French squadron stationed on the coast of Newfoundland for the protection of the twelve or fifteen thousand men who are annually engaged in the deep sea fisheries. The fleet has been in the habit, for many years, of making Sydney their principal rendezvous, as St. Pierre and Miquelon —two barren and insignificant islands to the southward of Newfoundland—are not the most attractive places of resort, even in the summer season.

Sydney clearly has seen better days, for it was the seat of government in those times when Cape Breton was separate from the jurisdiction of Nova Scotia. Then it had a Lieutenant-Governor and other public functionaries all to itself, besides a number of regular troops. Those were the halcyon days of which the old folks love dearly to talk. Then the ladies never sighed for beaux; ambitious mammas had their time well occupied in manœuvring how best to snare the red-coated gentlemen whom propitious fortune had brought into that little community of loyal subjects. Sydney then was a town of large pretensions: there was no end to the squabbling among the public officials, who made up at least one half of the population; the *duello* was of almost weekly occurrence. The Governors were generally military men, choleric and fond of having their own way (well, we all like that), and as there was no legislature, nor anybody in particular to control them, and as the General Government "at home" cared little about what was done in so unimportant a dependency of the Crown, these men did pretty much as they chose during their tenure of office. One sad day, however, the startling news came to Sydney that Cape Breton was no longer to enjoy a government of its own, but that it was annexed to the peninsula of Nova Scotia. Much indignation was displayed at the intelligence, but the *fiat* was irrevocable, for fifteen thousand people in Cape Breton could hardly defy the power of Great Britain. From that hour the glory of Sydney departed, but her people still fondly cherish the memories of that golden past. The fine harbour opposite the town is too often deserted—its streets are grass-grown—many of its houses are tumbling down, and few of them are freshly painted—and its total population cannot exceed a thousand souls. Sydney, however, may have a future yet, for the enterprising Americans engaged in developing the coal trade are about building a railway to connect the new mines with the harbour.

Sydney is in the very centre almost of the carboniferous district of the island, which covers an area of at least two hundred and fifty square miles. Some years ago the mines and minerals were in the hands of a single English Company, who alone had the right to work them. An extravagant English nobleman, the Duke of York, fifty years ago, obtained a monopoly of the minerals of the province from the Crown, and he subsequently made over all his rights to a celebrated firm of London jewellers, to whom he was largely indebted. The "Blue-noses," however, soon got tired of so monstrous an arrange-

ment, and succeeded, after many years of agitation, in breaking it up, and throwing the mineral resources of the province open to the competition of the world. The result has been that some of the wealthiest capitalists of New York and Boston have embarked a large amount of money in the development of several very valuable coal mines within a few miles of Sydney. Villages of large size have grown up in the course of seven or eight years, in the vicinity of these collieries; harbours have been dug out, and immense docks constructed at an enormous expense. The same spirit of enterprise that has connected the old world with the new by the telegraph wire—that is developing the great West, binding the Atlantic and Pacific together by an iron band, and opening up new channels of trade in the remotest quarters of the world—is to be seen actively at work in this little island of the Gulf.

Louisburg.

One fine Monday morning we started—that is to say, a Boston gentleman and the writer—at an early hour, for the ruins of the old French fortifications, which are about twenty-five miles from the present capital. The only attractive feature of the road is the river Mir', one of the largest streams on the island, at times widening into broad lakes, covered with islets wooded to the water's edge, or contracting to such an extent that persons on the opposite bank can converse together with ease. The farms in this part of the country are extremely poor: the houses small and giving few evidences of comfort in their external and internal arrangements. Nowhere did we see either vegetable or flower gardens, to indicate that the people have any ideas beyond providing the merest necessaries of life. On the road we passed many women, healthy-looking, and sun-burnt, and it was amusing to see the attempts of some of the younger females to look fine with veils and parasols. The great majority of the inhabitants of Cape Breton, it may here be stated, are Highland Scotch, and Gaelic is therefore the language one hears on all sides. A Highlander, of course, is justified in considering Gaelic extremely euphonious, but the American or Englishman, who hears it for the first time, will hardly agree with him, even when it comes in gentle whispers from the lips of a fair Scotch lassie.

Now and then, as we ascended the brow of some hill, we would catch a glimpse of the Atlantic sparkling in the sunshine, or of some charming little lake, amid a wilderness of shade. At last we came suddenly out of the spruce woods and saw the harbour of Louisburg stretched out before us. No scene could be more desolate than that which met the eye in all directions: a low and barren country, only relieved here and there by some stunted trees and a few frame houses, some distance from one another. A tall lighthouse on the other side, where the land is precipitous and rocky, looked grim and stern amid the desolation. No sound disturbed the stillness of the scene except the cry of the circling sea-gull and the monotonous murmur of the surf as it rolled on the distant ledges.

The old town was built on a point of land formed by the harbour and the ocean, and occupied a considerable area of ground—the walk

around the ramparts being over two and a quarter miles. The streets were regular and broad, with a parade close to the citadel, inside of which again was a square, occupied by the Governor's house, the Cathedral, and the bomb-proof barracks. The walls were defended by about 164 guns of the largest calibre then used, and several formidable batteries were erected at different points around the harbour, as well as on the island at the entrance. The fortifications are stated to have cost the French thirty millions of livres, and to have been twenty-five years in building. The public buildings, as well as the residences of the wealthy merchants, were all of stone—some of them having been faced with a beautiful tufa-stone brought from France.

After the capture of the town by Amherst and Boscawen in 1758, the British generals, fearful that Louisburg might again fall into the hands of the French, ordered that its fortifications should be razed to the earth, and all the cannon and valuable material distributed in Halifax and elsewhere. Old houses can still be shown in Halifax whose foundations are made of stone brought from the French fortress a century ago.

It was very easy for us, with the assistance of a map, to trace the line of the old fortifications, now entirely covered with grass, and affording rich pasture to the cattle of the farmers in the vicinity. One of the old settlers who accompanied us as guide pointed out several cellars as having belonged to some of the principal buildings, but they were so covered with turf and filled with rubbish, that it was impossible to form any adequate conception of their size. We recognized the old batteries by mounds of sod-covered rocks, and were also shown by the guide a hillock of gravel, supposed to be the remains of the breastwork erected at this particular point by the Provincials during the first siege. The visitor will also notice, with some interest, a large stone at the Grand Battery, on which still appears the following inscription, very roughly done :

GRIDLEY--MDCCXLV.

The student of American history will probably remember this Gridley as the person who, thirty years later, fought on the side of his countrymen against the British at Bunker Hill.

The most prominent objects amid the ruins were some bomb-proof casemates, which are now used as sheep-folds. As we looked into their depths, we saw the roof covered with stalactites, resembling oyster-shells in colour, but icicles in shape. At the termination of the line of the fortifications, we passed a quarry of a dark description of rock—apparently a porphyritic trap—which had probably been used in the construction of the walls. We took a drink out of the well, said to have belonged to the Governor's house, and very excellent water it was. We passed over to the island at the entrance of the harbour, and noticed that it has gradually yielded to the encroachments of the ocean, for the battery that formed a very important part of the defences has long since vanished beneath the waves.

"Just here," said the guide, as we returned in the boat to the main land, "a few years ago, you could see, on a clear day, the ribs of

some of the ships sunk by the French during the second siege—now all traces of them have disappeared."

We peered down to the bottom, but saw nothing except sea-weed and small shells.

"Do you remember," here interrupted my Boston friend—"those verses of Moore, in which he recalls a tradition which long existed in Ireland?"

> "On Loch Neagh's banks as the fishermen strays,
> When the cold, clear eve is declining,
> He sees the round towers of other days
> In the waves beneath him shining.
> Thus will memory often, in dreams sublime,
> Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
> And sighing, look down through the waves of time
> For the long faded glories they cover."

As we stood, a few minutes after the foregoing burst of sentiment on the part of my companion, on the brow of one of the ruined ramparts, we saw before us a very impressive scene. The *contour* of the grass-covered ramparts was boldly marked against the sky, and the huge casemates looked like so many black ovens on the green fields. To the south-west stretched the ocean; to the north rose the cliffs, amid which stood the light-house. The day was exceedingly hot. the sky was cloudless, and there was no wind to disturb the bosom of the harbour. Far out at sea, against the clear horizon, a slight breeze just stirred the waters to a deeper and purer blue; but below us, behind the black point, jutting boldly from the shore, long sheets of light, unshadowed by a single ripple, traversed the harbour basking warm and still in the sunshine of a July day. The idea that was conveyed by the whole scene was one of intense solitude. No doubt this feeling was intensified by the recollection of the very different spectacle that must have been presented during the middle of last century. when a stately pile of fortifications and buildings stood on the point. and the harbour was crowded with vessels from Canada, from Louisiana. from France, from Martinique and Gaudaloupe. Notwithstanding its admirable position for the prosecution of the fisheries and for the purposes of general commerce, Louisburg has been, for a hundred years, comparatively deserted, as if it were under a perpetual curse.

"The French doubtless believed," observed my friend as we slowly moved away from the site of the old town, "that they were about establishing a great empire on this side of the Atlantic, when they built a series of fortresses—of which this was the strongest—throughout their wide domain. Indeed, it must be confessed that during the year poor Braddock fell, they seemed in a fair way to realize their ambitious projects and confine the old colonies, for some time at all events, to the Atlantic sea-board. The superior energy of the British, however, triumphed in the end, and the experiment of the French to found an empire in America failed just like the experiment they tried of late in Mexico. But coming to the present, is it not a great pity to see so noble a harbour actually going to waste—only frequented by a few fishing boats? Cape Breton, indeed, as you will see by the time you

have completed your ramble over it, makes very little progress compared with what it should when we consider the variety of resources it possesses. Its largest town has not a population exceeding a thousand souls, and on all sides you will see the want of enterprise and activity. This fine island has been in the possession of the British for over a hundred years, and yet its total population does not equal that of some towns in the far west, which was only the wilderness yesterday. The development of its coal mines has been almost entirely left to American capital and enterprise—what a magnificent country we could make of it, if we had it all to ourselves. Well, at all events no one can prevent us turning to account those natural resources which the Provincials do not appear to value as they should."

The Americans, however, cannot always monopolize the coal mines of Cape Breton—the capitalists of the New Dominion must sooner or later appreciate its resources and position at the entrance of the gulf, and on the pathway of traffic between the old world and the new.

On the Bras D'Or.

There was a slight mist enveloping the harbour when we started on a sultry Thursday morning for Whycocomagh, at one of the heads of the lake, but it commenced to rise as we passed slowly down the river, and reveal the fine farms of the surrounding country. We soon reached the entrance of the harbour and passed up the little Bras D'Or which winds, like a pretty river, in most perplexing fashion, through meadow lands, dotted at intervals with clean, comfortable looking cottages. Now and then a tall white spire rose against the sky. Trees fringed the low banks, and paths embowered with foliage wound down to some rude wharf, where fishing boats or "coasters" are moored. Sometimes we thought ourselves landlocked, but just as we appeared to be running ashore and wondered at the temerity of the captain, we would dart among the foliage which concealed the inlet from our view. Then we came to an island—long and narrow—so thickly covered with birch and beech trees that they kissed the very water—

> "So wondrous wild the whole might seem,
> The scenery in a fairy dream."

One recalled Scott's descriptions of Highland Scenery, and it would have been quite an agreeable incident had we seen an Indian maiden dart from under the foliage, in her bark canoe, but no such thing occurred. In all probability had an Indian damsel presented herself, it would have been with some such mercenary request as—"Want to buy 'em basket."

Among the passengers was a neatly-dressed and intelligent-looking squaw, of middle age, who was very communicative, and showed, whenever she spoke and laughed, rows of teeth of perfect whiteness. She belonged to Escasoni—the principal Indian settlement on the Bras D'Or, where the Micmacs have a chapel and several farms—but was at that time on a visit to some of her tribe at Whycocomagh. What astonishment would her present mode of conveyance have caused to her red-faced ancestors—those great chiefs who formerly paddled on

the Golden Arm in the birch-bark canoes of their tribe. Rosalie Gogo, however, appeared quite accustomed to the modern way of travelling, and laughed and talked, perfectly at ease, with the pale-faces on board. As she became more familiar with the writer, she opened a charming little quill box, about the size of a cigar-case, and exhibited, with much pride, an old piece of parchment, well thumbed and greasy, perfectly redolent of camp life It had been given to her grandfather—a famous Micmac chief—more than a hundred and thirty years ago, by the French Commandant at Louisburg. Rosalie had taken the treasured heir-loom to Sydney and shown it to the French Admiral and officers, who had given her a handful of louis d'or and francs, and other presents, which would make her camp the resort of all her tribe for some months, until everything was exhausted in finery and feasting. As some of my readers may have some curiosity to read this document of old times, I give it below.*

The steamboat first stopped at Bedeque, a small village in the vicinity of a river of the same name, which waters a very fertile and beautiful district of the island. Having taken on board some empty puncheons, which gave strong evidence of having held something more potent than water, and were evidently replete with interesting associations to the gaping village idlers assembled on the wharf, the steamer again moved swiftly over the lake. The scenery of this part of the Bras D'Or, as we saw it from the deck, is wanting in those great heights which are necessary to give sublimity to the landscape. In the bays and inlets, however, the scenery is exceedingly harmonious, and gives an idea of repose and stillness very pleasant to one just fresh from the constant bustle and excitement of city life. The rivers

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[Copied from the original.]

*Jean Louis Comte de Raymond, Chevalier, Seigneur d' Oyé, La Tour, et autres lieux, Maréchal des Camps et Armées du Roi, Lieutenant pour Sa Majesté de Villes et Château d' Angoulême, Gouverneur et Commandant des Isles Royale, Saint Jean et autres.

Sur les bons témoignages qui nous ont été rendues de la fidélité et attachement aux Français du nommé Jannot Pequidoualouet et de Son zêle pour la religion et le service du roi nous l'avons nommé et établi; et par ses presentes, nommons et établissons Chef des Sauvages de l' île Royale.

En foi de quoi nous avons signé ces presentes et y avons fait apposer le cachet de nos Armes et contre-signe par l' un de nos Sécretaires.

Fait á Louisbourg, le 17 Sbre., 1751.

[SEAL] Le Comte de Raymond.

Par Monsieur le Comte.

Signe: Pichon.

[Translation.]

Jean Louis Count de Raymond, Chevalier, Lord of Oyé, La Tour, and other places, Field Marshal of the King's Army, Lieutenant for His Majesty of the Towns and Chateau of Angoulême, Governor and Commander of Isle Royale, St. John, and other islands.

On account of the many evidences of fidelity and attachment to the French given by Jannot Pequidoualouet, as well as of his zeal for the religion and service of the King, we have nominated and appointed, and do hereby nominate and appoint him by these presents, Chief of the Savages of Isle Royale.

In proof of which we have signed these Presents, and have appended thereto the seal of our Arms, and the countersign of one of our Secretaries.

Done at Louisburg, 17 Sept., 1751.

Count de Raymond.

that flow into it—the Bedeque, Wagamatkook and others, are small, rarely exceeding a hundred feet in breadth, but abounding in beautiful curves and rich "intervales" By the latter term is meant land with spaces between the trees—only found in low alluvial ground.

As we passed the mouth of the Wagmatkook, or Middle River—where the mountains rise on either side—I remembered the following simple story that had been told me, a few days previously, by a person well versed in the traditions of the island:

A STORY OF THE WAGAMATKOOK,

Among the streams that flow into the Bras D'Or is one which is now known as Middle River, but in those times when the Micmacs alone roamed over the forests of Cape Breton it was called Wagamatkook. At the present time it is surrounded by fine farms belonging to a hardy and industrious class of Scotch, who commenced to flock into the island in the beginning of the present century. In the days, however, of which I am about to speak, there were not more than half a dozen settlers or "squatters" on the lands in the vicinity of the river. The forests of beech, birch and maple were still untamed; the salmon leaped and flashed beneath the trees that fringed the river's banks; the trout darted to and fro in its clear water, or lay indolently in the cool, dark pools—undisturbed, except by the Indians, who came periodically in their bark canoes and fished without fear of interruption by the pale-faces.

Sometime in the summer of 1802, a small party of Micmacs, encamped near the mouth of the river, were surprised by the unusual appearance of two white men landing from a large sail-boat. The Indians watched them with much curiosity from behind the trees, and saw them search the ground close to the shore for some hours. Whatever might have been their object, they peered curiously under every rock, but at last one of them seemed to have made some discovery, for he shouted to his comrade, who hurried to the spot. The Indians were too far off to understand the reason for the exclamation and the joy they both manifested; but, at all events, they proceeded to unload the boat and raise a camp, as if they intended to make a lengthened stay. The Indians then proceeded on their journey, and told the settlers, further up in the country, that two white men had come to the mouth of the Wagamatkook, obviously with the intention of settling. Subsequently, two Scotchmen, on their way to River St. Denys, by the ford of the Whycocomagh, stopped at the place in question, and found that the men, who appeared to be American sailors, had erected a little log-hut, and were commencing to clear the ground around it. The new settlers, however, did not appear disposed to be communicative, and so the visitors soon left, and forgot them in the bustle of life in that new country, or, if they ever mentioned them at all, it was to speak of them as American loyalists, who, in those days, were continually coming to the Bedeque district.

In the course of the following summer, a settler found his way to the hut, but the door was locked, and nobody appeared about the place. This circumstance, however, caused no surprise, for the inmates had

probably gone for supplies to one of the settlements; but the same person also mentioned to his friends, on his return home, that he had seen, on the margin of the river, and close to the clearing in question, a large limestone rock, curiously marked with an anchor. No doubt it had been the work of one of the sailors in an idle hour.

A year passed by, and some Indians, on their way from Whycocomagh to Niganiche, reported to the settlers on the upper part of the Wagamatkook that the strangers had returned, and were busy digging about the hut, as usual. Still, the inmates never ascended the river, or visited their nearest neighbours, who were some ten miles distant, but continued to show every disposition to live as much as possible by themselves. At the close of the summer of 1804, a party of new settlers, on their way to the district between the Wagamatkook and the Bedeque, landed at the entrance of the former river and went to the hut, with the hope of finding some of their countrymen who could give them information respecting the country which was thenceforth to be their home. As they approached the building, however, they noticed that no smoke was proceeding from the roof, that the door was off its hinges, and that there was no appearance of life about the premises. What surprised the visitors especially was the fact, that the ground, for a considerable distance around the hut, was dug up in a most fantastic manner, just as if the former occupants had been in search of water. Pushing the rude door aside, they entered a room, with a rough fire-place at one end and a bunk at another place, and a table, a couple of chairs, roughly made from deals. Not a creature, living or dead, was found inside—to all appearances, the hut had been deserted for some weeks.

As one of the visitors turned to go out, he noticed something white lying on the floor, close to the bunk, and on picking it up he saw that it was a piece of coarse paper, like what is generally used for keeping a ship's log. Smoothing it out with some difficulty, he was able to decipher the following words:

Henry Martine told William
a limestone rock
Wagamatkooke, falling into the Brass d—
Marked by him, Henry Martine
Treasure, with [anchor]
Yards, in a
From the said rock.

These are all the words that could be made out, for there was only a very small fragment left of the original document, which had been evidently set on fire by the occupants of the hut before their departure. The discovery of the paper, taken in connection with the holes and anchor-mark in the vicinity, will be conclusive evidence, of course, to most persons that the mysterious strangers had been engaged in searching for hidden treasure. But here the reader will naturally ask—Did they find any? It would be exceedingly gratifying to the writer if he were able to satisfy the enquirer; but, unfortunately, he has only been able, after much patient investigation, to ascertain the foregoing details. If there was any treasure really discovered at the

margin of the Wagamatkook, who buried it? It is, of course, equally impossible to gratify any one's curiosity on this point. Perhaps a defaulting cashier of a Louisburg Bank disappeared one morning and carried away any quantity of louis d'or and bullion from the vaults. Or, perhaps, it was Captain Kidd, or some other of his illustrious fraternity, recognizing the value of the passages and coves of the Golden Arm as hiding places, hid their treasure on the Wagamatkook sometime in the shadowy past. Others again will have it—and these form the majority—that an American privateer, which had been committing sad havoc on British shipping bound for Nova Scotia and Canada, had been chased by a British man-of-war in the Gulf, and at last eluded her by finding shelter in the admirable hiding place afforded by the little bay into which the Wagamatkook and Bedeque rivers fall. Fearful, however, of falling into the hands of the British, the captain buried a quantity of valuable articles, chiefly specie, with the intention of returning and recovering it in peaceful times. As the Spanish would say, *Quien Sabe?* We know that pirates and privateers have been wont to do such things, and why should they not have done it on the Bras D'Or as in other parts of the world? Is not the very name suggestive of buried treasures?*

Such stories of the freebooters of old times are very common throughout Cape Breton, and from Cape North to Louisburg, hardly a bay or harbour but can show spots where some adventurer, gifted with a fertile imagination, has dug for hidden treasure. Only .. few weeks previous to my writing these words, a party set out at night to search for a spot on Spanish River, where one of them had dreamed three times running he would find old doubloons and pistareens, as the Scotch say, *galore*. One of the seekers had a "divining rod," but it performed so many remarkable antics that no one could tell where was the proper place for digging, and the party left with the opinion that the energetic imps who guard such treasures were too much on the alert. Some credulous people would have it that the spirits in the pockets of the treasure-seekers and not "the disembodied spirits of the dead," led to the failure of the expedition.

The lake, soon after we left Bedeque, became quite narrow, and we passed at last into one of its picturesque bays, named Whycocomagh, and surrounded by considerable heights, assuming at times the shape of sugar loaves, and affording a fine prospect of water and woodland. Whycocomagh is an irregular collection of some twenty houses, scattered up the margin of a landlocked bay. A more delightful resort in summer could not be imagined, for the streams in the vicinity afford fine fishing, and there are many natural features of interest, especially Salt Mountain, from whose beds of laminated limestone rise copious springs perfectly saline, whilst from the top the eye can range over a vista of mountains, valleys and lakes.

The surrounding country is beautifully undulating and well wooded, and the lakes and streams abound in fish. Obtaining the services of

* Gold has actually been discovered in the vicinity of the river during the last two or three years.

two Indians and a canoe—this is the pleasantest way of enjoying the beauties of the country—I visited different parts of the lake and amused myself in different ways; but as the description of all I saw would occupy too much space, I must confine myself to a very few details. The greater part of the land in the vicinity of the Bras D'Or and its bays is settled by the Scotch, but at intervals the forest still remains in its pristine beauty. The banks slope for the most part to the water's edge, but at times they rise gradually till they reach the dignity of mountains. As the tourist passes—I suppose him to be in a canoe—he will catch glimpses of many pretty glens and nooks, through which brooks come sparkling amid the foliage to give their tribute waters to the lake. A number of islets—some of them well cultivated—are among the picturesque features of this magnificent sheet of water.

When I was at Malagawaachkt harbour, I walked to the top of the hill, for the sake of obtaining a view of the lake and surrounding country. The Indian who accompanied me led the way through the trees and rocks that impeded our progress, and at last we reached the summit of the hill. There was no breeze whatever, and the lake resembled an immense sheet of glass, assuming varied hues when touched by the sunlight. Away to the southward and south-east, the waters stretched to the very horizon. A dark mass, rising from the lake to the northward, told us where the waters found an outlet to the ocean. Directly to the east, on the opposite side, were the heights of Benacadie and Sunacadie, the headlands of Malagawaachkt were directly at our feet, and away behind us rose a range of hills. Not a human being was in sight except the Indian by my side; not a sail flapped nor oar splashed—silence brooded over lake and land.

We had moved down the hill and reached the level once more, when we came to a place in the woods, which seemed at first sight to have been an old clearing. A few birches had grown up in spots, and there were any number of hillocks where the grass was quite high. I noticed some mounds of rocks, and presumed them to have been a part of the foundations of a house that had probably stood there in former years. But perceiving John Francis cross himself very devoutly and look extremely uneasy, I asked him what was the matter.

"Old Injin burial ground; more than a hundred years ago, the Micmacs had a large village close by at Malagawaatchkt, and many Injins were buried here; some of them were great chiefs. Some Injins say that they've seen ghosts sitting round the graves on dark, stormy nights."

"Nonsense, John, you've never seen any yourself."

"No; but Injins say they've seen 'em at Skuda-Kumoochwa-Kadie, where many Micmacs are buried."

"Where may be that place, with the unpronounceable name, John?"

"The burying-ground on an island on the Big Lake."

John said nothing more, but his looks were eloquent as we passed over the old burial-ground of his race, and seemed to say: Stranger, tread lightly over the bones of the chiefs of the tribe who once owned this island—its rivers, its mountains, its valleys, and great lakes—

until the white man came and took all to himself. So, for John's sake, I passed quickly and reverently over the spot; but subsequently I cross-examined him on the subject of Micmac ghosts, but, beyond some shrugs of the shoulder, he would give me no satisfaction.—Whatever were his ideas and opinions, he recognized the wisdom of the adage—"Speech is silver, but silence gold;" and, consequently, the reader must do without the ghost-story, which, of course, has been expected.

To the Gulf Shore.

A week after his departure from Sydney, the writer was on his way to the little village of Port Hood, on the Gulf shore, a distance of about thirty miles through an exceedingly picturesque country. The first ten miles ran through "Sky Glen," and by the side of mountains which stretched far to the northward, and were lost in the purple of the heavens. Now and then we would be perched at the very verge of a precipice, and overlooking a dark ravine, where a little stream rushed furiously amid the rocks that had tumbled there from above, and tried to impede its course to the valley far beyond. Again the road would take so sudden a decline down the mountain side, that it required no small amount of management on the part of the driver to keep the horses steady on their feet. Fortunately, the driver was so well accustomed to the road that his passenger soon ceased to speculate as to casualties, and was able to give his undivided attention to the landscape, where nature was still perfectly wild and untamed by cultivation. Just when he was admiring a charming little bit of scenery—a lake glimmering at the foot of some deeply-wooded hills—the driver observed:

"An ugly place for a fall," pointing to a deep gorge below us; "only a few days ago, a cart, with a woman and child, rolled off the road, and the child was killed and the mother fearfully bruised."

By and by we left the wild country and came to the open, where there were many large farms lying in deep valleys, through which the river Mabou wound like a silver ribbon. Graceful meadow-elms, singly or in clumps, drooped at intervals, whilst the luxuriant grass, ready for the scythe, waved to the western breeze that came down the hills. Flocks of sheep were browsing on the mountain side, and the tinkle of bells came continually from the meadows below, where herds of fine, clean-looking cows were cropping the rich pasture. The sides of the road were perfectly crimson with ripe strawberries, which mingled their fragrance with the tiny blue-bells and the pyrola, that umbrella-shaped flower.

Suddenly, as we were slowly descending a lofty hill, the notes of a sweet soprano voice came gently toward us from the level below. At first, the words were indistinct, but, by and by, we could recognize the old poem, "The Bridge," which, to the writer, will be always as fresh as when he heard it first, many years ago, beneath the shades of the elms of Harvard. The fair singer belonged to a party on a pleasure-trip from Halifax to the lake, and long after they had passed lingered in my ears the words:

"And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

"The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here."

We soon passed through Mabou, a neat village, not far from the sea-board, and exhibiting some of the characteristics of New England thrift and cleanliness, and, an hour later, came within sight of the blue waters of the Gulf. To the northward extended the cliffs, indented with many a picturesque cove where the fishermen dwell.—Landwards stretched a wide expanse of green fields. To the left, the waters of the Gulf, whitened by many a sail, sparkled in the sunshine, and far away at the verge of the horizon, what seemed a bank of fog indicated some headland of Nova Scotia.

Port Hood is a very insignificant place, and even its harbour is being rapidly destroyed by the shifting sands. Some days, at the approach and close of the mackerel season, the waters of the Gulf, as far as the eyes can reach, are alive with American schooners—low-lying, clipper-like craft—on their way to Chaleur, Gaspe, and other parts, where the fish are generally found in large quantities. These vessels come up the Strait of Canso, which they perfectly pack at times—perhaps as many as seven or eight hundred vessels pass this way in the course of a week.—The mackerel appear to have deserted the shores of New England, and to have found more congenial resorts on the southern coast of Nova Scotia, and especially in the Gulf. Probably 70,000 tons of American shipping are annually engaged in the fishery of this beautiful denizen of the waters, with its back of cerulean hue, and belly of pearly whiteness.

When I left Port Hood, I followed the coast line as far as the settlement of Margarie,* situated at the mouth of the river of that name. The whole coast as far as Cape North—the extreme northern point of the island—is exceedingly bold and precipitous—a coast to be avoided in stormy weather, as the ribs of many a wrecked vessel on the shore painfully attest. Some years ago, when there were no settlers whatever on the coast, the crews of vessels wrecked in the fall would often perish miserably in the thick and sombre forests that cover that rugged part of the island; but the probability of such occurrences is now diminished by the erection of buildings and the settlement of fishermen at different points. The scene in winter must be grand in the extreme, for vast fields of ice come down the Gulf and choke up the Strait, so that it is sometimes impassable for days at a time. The ferrymen at Plaister Cove—where the headquarters of the American Telegraph Company on the island is now situated—have many a perilous escape; but so great is their skill and knowledge of the currents, that accidents have not occurred for many years. The ice will be forced down by the northerly winds and block up the passage, but by watching the currents the ferryman will seize a favour-

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* A corruption of Marguérite.

able moment and pilot his little skiff through little passages of the water, amid huge clumpers, until at last, after a hard tussle and a very circuitous mode of progression, he reaches his destination. At the point where the ferry crosses, the strait is not more than a mile across, and abounds in noble scenery. Cape Porcupine, with its back bristling with stunted firs, frowns down upon the strait which is bounded throughout by tall cliffs, and forms many a pretty landlocked bay and harbour. The ice that crowds into it during the winter is generally of small size; but off Port Hood, and the coast toward Cape North, many an ice-berg, with its pinnacles and turrets, glimmers in the sunlight amid the floating fields, and now and then some monstrous pile strands on the shore, where it remains until it slowly dissolves under the influence of the penetrating summer sun. In former times large quantities of seal were caught in the gulf, and the settlements of Margarie and Cheticamp contained many intrepid hunters of this animal; but now-a-days they are rarely caught on the western coast of the island. The grandest scenery of the island—indeed of the whole province of Nova Scotia—is to be seen in the northern section of Cape Breton, for there the mountains rise to the height of a thousand feet and more, forming deep gorges, flanked by almost vertical precipices. In the winter large glaciers are formed, and their debris are to be seen well into July. Cape North, "the Watch tower of the Gulf," is a lofty promontory reaching far into the ocean, four miles in a north-easterly direction, and having on each side a crescent-shaped bay, partly settled by fishermen and farmers. A large district of this section is still a wilderness, where the moose range in small herds, finding rich pasture in the moose-wood and young ash that plentitully abound in the valleys and on the mountain side.

The river Margarie, which has long been famous for its salmon fishery, divides into two branches about eight miles from its mouth, one of which flows from the northern hills of the interior, through woodland, glade and intervale, whilst the other descends from Lake Ainslie, the largest reservoir of fresh water in Nova Scotia, singularly placed at right angles with the course of the Gulf shore and the Bras D'Or, between which it lies. Many Acadian French are still living on the banks of the Marguérite, as well as on the coast as far as Cheticamp, where there are large fishing establishments. We met on the road women with red handkerchiefs bound round their heads and petticoats reaching to the knee, and turning towards us ruddy, smiling faces. The men wore red blouses and short corduroys or homespun, and courteously bid us "Good day, sir," or "Bon jour, M'sieu." No doubt, in the course of time, the Acadian tongue and names will vanish. Still, those who remain cling to their customs with all the persistence of a race, slow to adopt improvements.—Wooden ploughs, driven by oxen, still turn up the soil; the women work hard in the field; they are never so happy as when the Curé is with them, or when they are attending mass in their pretty white Chapels. Simple in their habits, easily amused, fond of finery on holidays, the Acadians of Cape Breton, like the Acadians everywhere, represent the past rather than the present.

I have not attempted to go into any lengthy details of the resources of the island, for such information is easily obtained from ordinary books

of reference. I may mention, however, that in the vicinity of the Bras' D'Or there is what is known as the "Marble Mountain." This valuable stone is found in many parts of the northern section of Cape Breton, but its value has never yet been thoroughly tested, and no quarries have been worked. A short time ago, a stranger accidentally discovered what he believed to be a very valuable accumulation of this stone, and has commenced operations for quarrying and sending it to market in large quantities. Cape Breton, in fact, abounds in minerals of every description, which will, no doubt, attract the attention of capital and enterprise when their value has been more fully shown by those geological surveys which the island has never yet received. Her coal deposits alone have been thoroughly examined by gentlemen of high scientific attainments, like Mr. R. Brown and Mr. Poole, who have long been connected with mining operations, and have given many valuable contributions to the world relative to the geology of the island. Gold has been discovered in some places, although not as yet in remunerative quantities. The land of the greater part of the country is also good for agricultural purposes, and one of the counties especially—Inverness—compares favorably with the best farming districts of the Lower Provinces. It is only necessary to look at the natural position of Cape Breton to see that the fisheries can be conducted on the largest scale. An island so rich in resources must have a noble future before it when capital has come in to develope its resources, and railways connect it with the larger countries of the continent. Louisburg is, above all others, that port in the New Dominion which seems destined by nature to be the Atlantic terminus of the British American system of railways. Perhaps, in the course of time, it will again become as famous as it was more than a century ago, and the argosies of commerce will once more anchor off the peninsula where France erected the fortifications which were to control the Gulf and River St. Lawrence.

AH ME!

By Alexander McLachlan.

Go seek the shore, and learn the lore
  Of the great old mystic sea,
And with list'ning ear you'll surely hear
  The great waves sigh "Ah me!"

There's a Harper good in the great old wood,
  And a mighty ode sings he;
To his harp he sings with its thousand strings,
  But the burden is "Ah me!"

A glorious sight are the orbs of light
  In heaven's wide azure sea;
But to our cry they but reply,
  With a long deep sigh, "Ah me!"

And Death, and Time, on their march sublime,
  They will not questioned be:
And the hosts they bore to the dreamless shore
  Return no more "Ah me!"

THE SIMPLER FORMS OF LIFE.

RHIZOPODA.

By A. W. McKay, Streetsville, Ontario.

Naturalists of the present day seem chiefly intent upon penetrating the veil that hides from our view the great mystery of life. Attempts have recently been made, by two very able men, to account for vital phenomena on the ground of the operation of ordinary natural laws, or rather to reduce the vital force to a place among, and co-ordinate with, the ordinary natural forces. But, with all due deference to their great powers, we cannot but think that the attempt has been only very partially successful. It would seem that all we can know of it, are the effects it produces. Like the "noumenon" of Ontology, we believe in its existence from the appearances observed. These are accounted for on the ground of the existence of a principle which we call "life." The hope to know it more intimately, no doubt, has its uses. It stimulates the study of forms and phenomena. To know that there is something beyond our previous efforts and attainments, is what gives life and interest to all our studies. There is a limit which we cannot pass, beyond which all is darkness and mystery; but it is as well, perhaps, that we never know when we have reached that limit, or the effect would be, that our interest, from that moment, would cease. In knowledge, as in pleasure, it is true, that

"Man never is, but always to be, blest."

The great attraction of the studies which look in this direction lies in the fact, that life is for ever at once hiding and revealing itself.—When we set ourselves to inquire what it is, what its nature, in what it differs from the other forces which unite with, and subordinate themselves to, it in the operations of nature, all is darkness impenetrable. And yet in all the variety of its multitudinous forms and phenomena, life is everywhere around us. The humbler and simpler, as the higher, more complex and more finished forms, reveal its presence and power. It seems as if it were obtruding itself ostentatiously on our notice, striving to win our regard to its thousand creations of grace and beauty; and when our attention is fixed, and we seek to know what the power is which underlies and produces them, where is it? We can analyse the contributing elements, and estimate their constituent proportions; we can understand the operation, to some degree, of the various forces and laws involved; but of that one force or principle, or whatever else we may call it, which lies at the basis of all, and without which the observed organism could not exist as such, we remain as ignorant as ever. And yet it must be there. Combine constituent elements, according to their laws, in the most definite proportions,—allow of the operation of light, heat, electricity, and such other forces as nature employs, and, without life, they remain for ever the same

dead, unorganized elements. Life once present, each element takes its place, the subordinate forces begin to operate in their respective spheres, and an organized body, living, growing, developing, is soon the result.

This is, perhaps, even more clearly illustrated in the case of the lower than of the higher forms of life. At any rate, the sharp contrast between living and lifeless matter is more clearly brought under our view in the former. Here we have the simplest organisms—so simple as scarcely to deserve the name of "organism,"—mere rounded pieces of transparent jelly; but they are endowed with life, and have the power, in some cases, of forming for themselves the most beautiful and complicated shelly coverings, of moving from point to point with the most reckless and frolicsome freedom, chasing their prey and gorging themselves with it sometimes until it would be more correct to say of them, that they are stretched skin-like upon it, than that they have swallowed it, and evidently drawing the utmost enjoyment from their short and contracted existence. And yet, how small the difference between them, at first sight, and a piece of lifeless matter. Place beside one of them, on the object-stand of the microscope, an embryonic cell of similar size, and between the two, perhaps, very little difference can at first be seen. You have the same transparent, jelly-like appearance, the same rounded form, the same absence of all differentiation of parts. But the one is living, and the other is dead. Wait a moment, and watch quietly, and soon you will see the little infusory coursing its swift way through the water, darting upon some helpless near relative of equal or greater size, and folding itself around it, or joining in mortal combat with some "vera brither" of its own kind, and striving with it which shall swallow the other whole, and absorb its complete substance into its own; while the lifeless cell lies motionless, and soon dissolves into its constituent elementary parts. It is said there is but a step from life to death; but here the step is from death to life, and yet it is "a great gulf fixed" between them, separating the known from the unknown, the points of first inherence and manifestation of that which gives coherence, unity, organized existence to dead, decomposed, elementary matter.

To appreciate this difference, so slight in appearance, and yet, in reality, so great, one must see the objects together under the microscope. When one writes about a globular piece of jelly-like substance, invisible to the naked eye, coursing its way swiftly from point to point across the field of view, it is difficult for readers who have never seen it to realize the scene, or believe the writer is speaking the truth. And yet it may be seen any day, by means of a glass of ordinary power, in a drop of water from any freshwater pond. In such localities there are generally numbers of decaying animal and vegetable cells, among which the animalcules exist and wander about, allowing opportunity for such comparisons, and no description of mine can give anything like so clear or correct an idea of these creatures, as actually seeing them for one's self. In the mean time, however, I shall endeavour to retain the reader's interest for half an hour, while attempting to introduce to his knowledge a few representatives of this large class

of creatures of which, even among tolerably intelligent persons, so little is known.

They constitute the lowest division of the Animal Kingdom, and are known by the name *Protozoa*, to indicate the place they hold in the scale of animal life. They are, for the most part, exceedingly minute, being invisible to the naked eye, and consequently can be known and studied only with the help of the microscope. An idea of the size of some of the smallest of them may be formed from the estimate made by the great German microscopist, Ehrenberg, of the twilight Monad (*Monas Crepusculus*), the diameter of which he states at one two-thousandth of a line, or one twenty-four-thousandth of an inch. Of animals of this size, a single drop of water would contain 500,000,000, a number, perhaps equal to half the population of the globe. There are many species not of larger size than this. Others, again, still invisible to the naked eye, are many thousand times this size, being one-sixth or one-fourth of a line in diameter—a difference, however, be it remarked, considerably greater than that between a fly, for instance, and a horse. Some of the fossil forms, such as *Nummulites*, are an inch or more in diameter.

Our knowledge of this whole sub-kingdom is yet comparatively imperfect. Attempts have been made at classification, but as the knowledge of the nature, relations and habits of the creatures composing it has advanced, these classifications have had, one after another, to be, to a great extent, abandoned. Ehrenberg, and before him the French naturalist, D'Orbigny, attempted each to arrange them systematically; but it has since been found that they mistook, frequently the nature and organization of the creatures they described, and often united in the same classes and families animals far removed from each other. In the mean time, it has been thought best to assign them to distinct groups, more or less well defined, until such time as a better knowledge of them shall have warranted a more successful attempt at assigning them to their places, in relation to one another, in the scale of existence.

Their organization, as above hinted, is of the very lowest type.—They might be best described, perhaps, by telling what they are not, rather than what they are, being distinguished from the members of the higher zoological departments chiefly by negative characters. Conceive of a creature that walks without feet, eats without a mouth, digests without a stomach, breathes without lungs, feels about and catches its food without hands or arms, and performs all the functions necessary to sustain life without the organs usually considered indispensable for that purpose, and you have a type of a large proportion of the *Protozoa*. In the division of labour characteristic of modern civilization, the tasks are assigned to different individuals which, in a more rude state of society, are often performed by one. It now takes seven men to make a pin. The first pin was doubtless made by one man. So in the higher works of nature: among the more highly developed members of the vertebrate class, for instance, each organ has its appropriate function, to which it is more or less exclusively devoted. But among the *Protozoa*, these functions are all performed by the com-

plete animal, without the use of any such organs—not so perfectly, perhaps, as in the case of the higher animals, but yet sufficiently so for all necessary purposes.

They are destitute of any nervous or vascular system. A few of them have a mouth and a short œsophagus, but with no trace of an alimentary canal. In the centre of the jelly-like mass of which they consist, to which M. Dujardin has given the name of *sarcode* (σαρξ, *flesh*), a more or less well-defined, solid nucleus has sometimes been observed; and in their substance, openings, termed *vacuoles*, occur, filled with the fluid in which they live. These latter are not permanent. They have no proper wall or enclosing membrane by which they are defined. They are mere casual openings produced by the varying changes of form which the animal assumes—something like the air-cavities in a well-risen loaf of bread.

They are all inhabitants of water. The most common forms occur in every fresh-water pond. The observer, within reach of water in any form, need not be without objects for examination, though all kinds of water are not equally productive. Stagnant pools, as might be expected, are generally the most populous, though even here there is a difference. Wherever there is a profuse sub-aquatic vegetation, there will always be found a profusion of animal life, as the animals, in all probability, feed on the decaying vegetable cells. On the under side of the leaves of aquatic plants they are found in great numbers. Of these the collector should always carry away a number—and especially when they are small-leaved plants—together with a portion of the sediment from the bottom. The green matter, which in summer may be observed covering the surface of stagnant pools, if examined, will be found to contain myriads of these creatures, as will also any water in which animal or vegetable matter exists in a state of decay.

The ocean, too, is the home of countless numbers of these animalcules. In tropical regions, when the surface of the sea has remained for some time calm and undisturbed by the wind, the rapid evaporation produces a sort of film upon its surface, and this, when examined, is found to contain large numbers of these creatures. But they are not confined to tropical countries. In the Arctic and Antarctic seas, they were found in abundance by Sir James Ross and Captain Parry. And in recent years, it is well known that, at the bottom of the ocean, to the greatest depths that have been sounded, a stratum of gray, slimy ooze is now forming, which will one day appear as a stratum of limestone or chalk, and which, under the microscope, is proved to consist of the shells of dead animals belonging to this class.

The group to which the lowest and simplest forms of the *Protozoa* belong, is that of the *Rhizopoda*, or root-footed animals. The type of this group is the little *Proteus* or *Amœba*, the simplest of all known, and perhaps of all created, animals. It is, as has been remarked, a mere mass of jelly, generally of globular shape, but capable of assuming every imaginable form and configuration. 'When first you look through the glass, if the object-stand has been a little disturbed by your preparations, the creature appears, perhaps, as a small transparent spherical germ lying still and seemingly lifeless beside any portion of

decaying matter that may have found its way into the drop of water which forms its home. Watch it quietly for a minute or two, keeping everything still, and soon you notice a change begin to take place.—The little round body begins to alter its shape. It, perhaps, lengthens out in one direction and contracts in another, and assumes, more or less, a linear form. Its vacuoles, or air-spaces, contract, dilate, or disappear altogether, as the case may be; or, perhaps, new ones are formed, while the older grow small or change their forms. There is scarcely any imaginable shape the creature does not assume. And as these changes go on, it begins slowly to move—to walk along the bottom of its ocean, the drop of water From the mass of matter of which it is made up, a small, knobby, round point is protruded. This lengthens and lengthens until long enough for an extempore leg and foot. It fixes itself upon the bottom. Another is pushed out in the same way, and takes hold further on; and still another and another. These have received the name of *pseudopodia*, or false feet. The body moves, and as it nears and passes the first foot pushed out, where it is fastened on the bottom. this is drawn in, is absorbed into, and again becomes part of, the mass of the body from which it originally came. So with the others, one by one. as the royal progress advances. But in the course of the progress, hunger overtakes it.—if, indeed, hunger can be said to overtake a creature always ready to devour anything that comes in its way which it is large enough to enclose. Hunger seems to be its constant companion. However this may be, a royal feast-time is drawing near—a *Diatom* is approaching. It comes butt up against our *Amœba* and sticks. At once the *sarcode* begins to swell out around it. It is pushed further and further round, until at last it has completely enclosed the *Diatomacean*, which now occupies the very centre of the *Amœba*, within a stomach which has been extemporized for its reception at a moment's notice. There it lies, and is digested, and in a few moments entirely disappears, with the exception of any hard, indigestible portions, which the stomach pushes out of itself at the nearest or most convenient place, where it once more extemporizes an oval canal for the purpose. During all this period of progression, feasting and digestion, the shape of the body, the size and form of the vacuoles, the length, thickness and direction of the pseudopodia have been continually changing. Of the latter, some have been stretching out, while the others have been shortening or have disappeared altogether, and, sooner or later, the creature once more assumes its original globular form, its temporary limbs being wholly absorbed into the substance of its body.

All this is surely strange enough; but it has been observed over and over again. In fact, the appearance of the *Amœba* is as familiar to the microscopist as is the most common type of horse, dog, or pigeon to the fancier. It is one of the most frequent of all the *Rhizopoda*—the one from which the group derives its name.

If, now, we take a step in advance, we shall meet with a member of the tribe which seems to be a first cousin of the *Amœba*. It sufficiently resembles it to prove that it is a near relative, but is unlike enough to show that it is not a brother. This is the so-called '*Sun-ani-*

malcule' (*Actinophrys Sol*). We saw that the pseudopodia, or feet of the *Amœba*, were extemporized at pleasure, for the immediate journey which the creature was about to take. The *Actinophrys* differs from it in this; for while its feet are really pseudopodia, and are sometimes absorbed into the somatic substance, they are generally much more permanent than those of the other. Its body is a more or less depressed or flattened sphere, but, in all other respects, resembles that of the *Amœba*. It is surrounded on all sides by its long filiform feet, which radiate from the surface of its body in all directions like so many flexible hairs. They differ from hairs, however, in that they are simple sarcode, exactly of the same consistence with its body. It is from this circumstance it takes its name. When first seen, it has, for a moment, the appearance of a flat disc, surrounded on its peripheral edge by rays shooting out from it in all directions, and presents in miniature something of the appearance of the sun when the eye rests upon it for a second, as it shines out, in all its dazzling brightness, from the cloudless heavens. There is here a similar central body, with its surrounding circle of rays. But when you examine the sun-animalcule closely, you find that it is surrounded by these radiating pseudopodia on every side.

Kölliker carefully observed this animalcule, and in his paper, entitled "Das Sonneuthierchen, Actinophrys Sol," gives a minute account of it. In taking its food, when it meets with a Rotifer, Diatom, or any other creature on which it preys, the latter, generally, at once becomes entangled in its filaments. These gradually shorten until the victim is brought into contact with the surface of its body. Those that are nearest to the victim, bend in over it. It is by these means pressed gradually into the somatic substance, which rises up and surrounds it on every side. The passage through which it has entered is closed up behind it, its edges coalescing, and the depressed pseudopodia again assume their original length and form, while the process of digestion goes on in the newly-formed stomach into which the victim has been swallowed. In a short time it disappears, with the exception of any portions of it that may be indigestible, which are expelled by means of violent contractions of the body, generally in the same direction in which they entered. In short, the whole process very much resembles what takes place in the case of the *Amœba*, except that the *Actinophrys* uses its permanent pseudopodia to assist in seizing its prey. In essential structure, and form too, the two animalcules are much alike—the 'sun-animalcule' showing its advance of the other by its limbs being more permanent and its shape less changeable when not swallowing its prey. It progresses by means of these permanent limbs, and does not require, like the *Amœba*, to extemporize any for the purpose.

Taking a second step onward and upward in the scale of animal life, we meet with a creature which differs still further from the *Amœba* than does the *Actinophrys*, but which yet proves its near relationship to it by its being completely naked. It differs from both, however, in this—that its pseudopodia, more permanent even than those of the *Actinophrys*, instead of being distributed over the whole body, are clustered together at one end of it. In appearance, it is not very unlike a common turnip

with the rootlets removed and the leaves left adhering in place. The pseudopodia, however, are not flattened like the turnip-leaf, but filiform, extended, and gelatinous, like those of the 'sun-animalcule' and *Amœba*. It has been named by Bailey, its discoverer and describer, *Pamphagus Mutabilis*, to indicate its voracious habits, and the variable and grotesque forms it assumes, according to the size and shape of the victims it devours. Like the two members of the group already described, it disposes of its prey by absorbing it into the substance of its body, the pseudopodia, as in a previous case, assisting, by carrying the victims to the surface, where an entrance is at once formed for their reception. It digests the soluble and rejects the indigestible portions exactly as do the others, and no sooner has it gorged itself with one morsel than it is off in search of "pastures new." It is one of the most curious and interesting of all the members of this most interesting family. It forms a sort of connecting link between the *Amœba* and *Actinophrys* on the one hand, and the next higher members of the group, in having its pseudopodia arranged like those of the latter, as we shall see further on, at one end, while, like the former, it is completely destitute of any covering, and solitary in its habits.

These three—the *Amœba*, *Actinophrys*, and *Pamphagus*—are classed together in one minor group, *Amœbina*, and resemble each other, as I have said, in being without a covering; while the members of the next group are furnished with a distinct "lorica," or shell, in which the body of the creature is enclosed.

The lowest form of the second minor group of the Rhizopoda, and that most nearly allied to the *Pamphagus*, is the *Arcella*, or "box-animal." The reader has often seen one of those common American dinner-bells provided with a disc-shaped covering, and worked by a spring in the centre, which is pushed down by the finger. Suppose the disc to be separated from the other portions of the machine, and the opening through which the spring passes to be closed up, and you have an idea of the appearance of the *Arcella* when first you observe it adhering to the under side of a leaf. The box, or "lorica," is a calcareous or silicious shell, secreted from the body of the creature. This is the first appearance of what we find in infinite variety of form in the higher members of the group; and it is surely not a little surprising to observe a creature, so low in organization, having the power of forming for itself a covering, marked, in some cases, by the most beautiful and complicated forms of construction.

When the *Arcella* is first observed adhering to the substance on which it has fixed its temporary abode, it appears as a miniature inverted hemispherical box, the edge of which is closely applied to the body on which it rests. As you observe, the box is slightly moved, and the clear filiform feet protruded slowly and stealthily from under it on one side, gently raising it from the bottom. It rises gradually higher,—so high, at last, that you are enabled to observe the internal concavity occupied by the animal, and its gently-moving arms, feeling about as if for its accustomed food. The margin of the shell is sometimes provided with long, spinous processes, analogous to what is seen in some shells, such, for instance, as those of the genus *Murex*. The most common form of *Arcella* (*A. vul-*

garis) is estimated at about one five-hundredth of an inch in the diameter of its "lorica" or shell. There are many varieties or species of it.

Nearly allied to the *Arcella* is the *Difflugia*. It also is furnished with a shelly covering, but of a different shape and a somewhat different construction. Generally, it is flask or egg shaped, the arms of the animalcule protruding in a bunch from the upper end. These are remarkable, in being branched and subdivided after they have left the body. The "lorica," or "carapace," as it is sometimes called, is much of the same consistence with that of the *Arcella*, being, to all appearance, slightly flexible, and often having particles of sand and other substances embedded in its walls. They both seem to take their food as do their naked relatives, seizing it by means of their pseudopodia, drawing it to the surface of the body, at the opening of the carapace, and there absorbing it into the somatic substance. The process of digestion has not been observed, so far as I am aware, in the two last-named animalcules, but analogy would lead us to infer, that it is similar to that in *Amœba* or *Actinophrys*.

These two minor groups—the *Amœbina* and the *Arcellina* (the latter including *Difflugia* and *Arcella*)—differ from the *Protozoa*, next higher in the scale of life, in that they are solitary—each individual having an independent existence, in that they are either wholly naked, or, when covered with a carapace, their pseudopodia are protruded together from one orifice of considerable dimensions, in proportion to the size of the animal, and in the general simplicity of their structure. We next meet with an assemblage of creatures, which at once impress us as being much superior both in form and habits. These are the numerous, diversified and widely-distributed group known as the *Foramenifera*. So highly complicated often are the shells with which the members of this group are furnished, that the earlier naturalists, mistaking their true character, assigned them a much higher place than they were entitled to in the system of life, placing them in the same class with the Nautilus—a creature of organization as high as some of the lower vertebrates. It was for Desjardin first to discover and explain their true nature and relations. His researches, published in 1855, and since confirmed by a host of other observers, showed clearly that, notwithstanding the highly complicated construction of many of their shells, the creature itself differs in no essential respect from the *Amœba*.

They are, for the most part, compound animals, consisting of an aggregate of animalcules clustered together in one home, of which each occupies a distinct chamber. They have, in consequence, with the exception of one small division, received the name of *Polythalamia*, or "many-chambered." This exceptional division, like the lower members of the general group, already described, are solitary and "unilocular," each individual inhabiting a single shell, and maintaining an independent existence. Their shell is, in all cases, calcareous. In this they differ from a group often found inhabiting the same waters, and afterwards to be noticed under the denomination *Polycistina*, which are furnished with a silicious carapace.

The body of the unilocular *Foramenifera*, otherwise known as the *Monostegidæ*, consists of a single segment of sarcode, inhabiting a one-chambered shell. They may be regarded as, in some sense, intermediate

between the *Polythalamia* and *Arcellina*. Some of the forms, such as *Gromia*, for example, differ but little from *Difflugia* or *Arcella*, except in the greater length and tenuity of their pseudopodia. These, in the solitary, as in the gregarious *Foramenifera*, are much more slender and thread-like than in the animalcules already described. The shell is, on all sides, perforated by minute apertures, through which the pseudopodia are protruded, and into which, again, when the creature is frightened or at rest, they are completely withdrawn. When first placed on the object-glass of the microscope, the little globular or flask-shaped shell manifests no sign of inhabitation or life. Soon, however, 'when allowed a few moments to remain quietly at rest, slender filaments of sarcode are seen gently protruded from the small apertures that everywhere perforate its substance—so gently, indeed, that you can hardly mark their increasing length. As they are being extended, evidently in search of the creature's food, they often come in contact with each other, join, again sub-divide, and branching and anastomosing with each other, form a complicated net-work without and around the shell If, now, you suddenly move the object-glass, the creature immediately shows signs of fear. The process of extension of its filamentous processes is instantly arrested, and they are at once withdrawn; the process of withdrawal being much more rapid than that of extension.

It seems very evident that the object the creature has in view, in thus protruding its arms from the shell and moving them about in the surrounding water, is to feel after and catch its prey. When one or more of them come in contact with any moving substance of sufficiently small size, they fix themselves upon it, and, by a process of contraction or shortening, draw it through one of the apertures within the shell, where it is, no doubt, disposed of in the usual way. By the use of its pseudopodia, also, it moves from place to place. For this purpose, it fixes them to the bottom, and by contracting them and replacing them further on, it moves its body along. Mr. Gosse states that he found them in the morning several inches removed, along the bottom or up the sides of the vessel in which they were kept, from the point at which he left them at night.—For creatures of their size, moving, as they must necessarily do, at so slow a rate of progress, a journey of a few inches is, by no means, an inconsiderable one.

The multilocular *Foramenifera* may be regarded as an assemblage of simple animalcules, grouped together as one many-chambered shell, of which each occupies its own distinct compartment. So imperfect is the state of our knowledge of the true development and classification of these creatures, that it is quite possible that some, which are now classed among the unilocular, and regarded as simple animals, may be only the original condition of what afterwards, by further development, assumes the compound form. To obtain an idea of their construction, we may conceive of the inhabitant of a single-chambered shell protruding a portion of its substance through one of the apertures by which its walls are perforated, and secreting a second shell in close adherence to the former. Within this second shell, the portion of sarcode protruded from the first increases, until it becomes equal in size with the body of which it was originally an extension, and ultimately attains the rank and position of a distinct ani-

malcule; still, however, retaining its connection with its parent by means of the filament originally extended to form it, and which now, somewhat enlarged, still remains as an organic bond between them. As this process is repeated, we obtain a series of simple shells, closely cemented together, each separated from each of those next adjacent to it by a single partition or "septum," and these septa again, perforated by the ligament, or "stolon," as it is called, which connects the animalcule inhabiting them. The resulting aggregate resembles, and for ordinary purposes is regarded as one complete shell enclosing the several chambers, thus successively formed, in which they reside.

The forms which these shells assume are infinitely varied. Some of the simplest of them, such as *Nodosaria* (*N. Rugosa*), are straight, the chambers or simple shells being placed end to end in a row; and being distinguished externally from each other by a slight compression over the partitions or septa separating them, the whole compound shell has the appearance somewhat of a beaded rod. Sometimes the shell thus formed is more or less curved, and sometimes, again, it is compressed; in the former case producing the species known as *Dentalia*, and in the latter *Lingulina*. This type or group has received the family designation of *Stichostegidæ*, or "straight-shelled."

If we suppose two or three of these beaded rods to be placed side by side and closely cemented together, in such a way that the chambers shall not lie exactly parallel, but shall alternate with each other, the chambers in one row setting against the septa of the other adjacent ones on both sides of it, and the septa of the one sitting against the chambers of the others, and so on, we have the type of a second group, *Enallostegidæ*, or "alternate-shelled." The compound shells of this latter group are generally more or less pyramidal, the shell having been commenced by a single chamber, upon which the others, one by one, growing larger as they were successively formed, were gradually built up.

The most interesting and complicated of all the *Foramenifera* are those to which the term "nautiloid" has been applied, on account of their resemblance, in external form, to those large chambered shells of the cephalopodous mollusca, the pearly and paper Nautilus. It was this resemblance which led astray the earlier Naturalists—among them Cuvier and D'Orbigny—when they ranged the *Foramenifera* beside such highly-developed members of the molluscous division. In external appearance, and even in internal structure, in some respects, they resemble them to a considerable extent, as they do, also, in general external configuration, the common snail. In these, the chambers are arranged spirally, beginning with a small central chamber, around which all the subsequently-formed ones are ranged, gradually increasing in size in such a way that each succeeding chamber is larger in size than the one immediately preceding it. To this group belong the well-known fossil *Nummulites*, no representatives of which survive in modern seas, except it be a single form known to Naturalists as *Nonionina*. A more complicated form of these is found when the chambers are arranged in a double series. These are related to the former, as in the straight specimens above described, with single or double and triple rows of chambers.

Another complicated form of structure is that of the family of the

Agathistegidæ. The form of growth in these has been compared to the winding of thread on a worsted ball. Each chamber is equal in length to the entire shell; and as the growth proceeds, the terminal orifice is transferred alternately from one end of the shell to the other, where it is furnished with a curious tooth or process, the use of which is not very clearly understood. The most remarkable member of this group is the *Mitiola*, a creature of whose cast-off shells the building-stone of which the great French capital is constructed is almost wholly composed.

In the *Orbitolites* we are presented with a different form of structure from any of the preceding. Conceive of a central nucleus, in the form of a short conical shell, destitute of any living inhabitant. Around this suppose there are arranged a number of beaded rods, like *Nodosaria*, above described, composed of a series of chambers, each with its living mass of sarcode enclosed, and connected through intermediate apertures perforating their septa by stolons reaching from one to the other, to be bent in the form of annuli or rings, and these to be arranged concentrically around the central conical shell; these annuli to be closely cemented together into one compound shell, and the animalcules inhabiting them connected with each other by means of stolons passing from ring to ring, and also from one chamber in each ring to another. The external periphery of the compound shell presents a corrugated appearance—the corrugations running in the direction of the axis of the central cone. The face of the shell shows a series of rounded elevations, disposed in circles. These elevations mark the ends of the chambers of which the annuli are composed. In the centre of each of the concave depressions of the corrugated periphery a small orifice is seen, which communicates with the interior, and through which the inhabiting creature protrudes its pseudopodia to catch its prey, and probably also to secrete an additional annulus of chambers similar to those already formed. The whole assemblage of creatures inhabiting the shell are thus seen to be connected with each other, both in the annular and radiating directions, by means of stolons of sarcode perforating the septa, and passing from one to the other. As in the *Enallostegidæ*, the chambers are arranged not side by side, but so alternating with each other as that the chambers of one ring abut, not against those of the rings next adjacent on each side, but against the septa dividing them; and the chambers of these, again, in their turn, against the septa of those.

For the most complete view of these interesting members of the animal kingdom which can, in the present state of knowledge, be obtained, the reader is referred to Professor Williamson's great work on the "British Foramenifera," and also to Dr. Carpenter's "General History of the Foramenifera," both published by the "Ray Society." To these the writer is indebted, directly or indirectly, for many of the facts here set down. They form two of the most magnificent contributions that have ever been made to this department of science, both in respect of the original research they evince and the clear view presented by them of the present state of our knowledge of the subject.

The *Foramenifera* are widely distributed throughout the geological formations. Ehrenberg found them in the Lower Silurian sand-stones of St. Petersburg. They exist also in the carboniferous limestone, certain

beds of it being almost entirely composed of their shells. They occur in the Oolite and Chalk. And in the Tertiary, according to Sir Charles Lyell, their development is enormous. It is here we first meet with the *Nummulites*, whose size, compared with that of the other members of the group, must be regarded as gigantic. "The nummulitic formation, with its characteristic fossils," Sir Charles observes, "plays a far more conspicuous part than any other tertiary group in the solid framework of the earth's crust, whether in Europe, Asia, or Africa. It often attains a thickness of many thousand feet, and extends from the Alps to the Carpathians, and is in full force on the north of Africa, as, for example, in Algeria and Morocco. It has also been traced from Egypt, where it was largely quarried of old for the building of the Pyramids, into Asia Minor, and across Persia by Bagdad to the mouth of the Indus. It occurs not only in Cutch, but in the mountain ranges which separate Scinde from Persia, and which form the passages leading to Caboul, and it has been followed still further eastward into India, as far as eastern Bengal and the frontiers of China."

The fossil shells of the *Nummulites* were once mistaken for pieces of money,—whence the origin of the name. Pilgrims to the Holy Shrine frequently picked them up in their travels, and they were common among the ecclesiastical fraternities under the name of "St. Cuthbert's beads." To this circumstance, it is supposed, Sir Walter Scott refers in the well-known lines :—

> "But fain St. Hilda's nuns would learn,
> If, on a rock by Lindisfarne,
> St. Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
> The sea-born beads that bear his name"

Reference has been made above to another group of animalcules, nearly allied to the *Foramenifera*, and described by Ehrenberg under the name of *Polycistina*. They are usually of smaller size than the former, and are distinguished from them by their shells being silicious, while those of the *Foramenifera* are calcareous. "These shells," says Greene, "are remarkable for the great beauty and variety of their forms, and the peculiar appearance of the spine-like projections with which they are frequently furnished. The contained animal consists of an olive-brown sarcode substance, capable of protruding pseudopodia through the numerous foramina with which the shell is perforated. In those forms which have been most carefully examined, the sarcode body, which is divided into four equal lobes, does not fill the entire cavity of the shell, but would seem to be wholly confined to the upper portion of the latter. Of the true nature of these creatures much has yet to be learned."

They are very widely distributed, being found everywhere associated with the *Foramenifera*. Great numbers of their shells are found in the oozy deposit forming at the bottom of the Atlantic. They have been found also in a living state in the Mediterranean. And in a fossil condition, Ehrenberg discovered nearly 300 distinct forms of them in a Tertiary limestone, widely distributed throughout the island of Barbadoes.

BELLEROPHON.

Homer's Iliad. Book vi., vs. 152–195.

By JOHN READE, Montreal.

In a far nook of steed-famed Argos stands
The city Ephyra.
Here Sisyphus,
The wily son of Æolus, was king.
His son was Glaucus, and to him was born
Bellerophon, of honour without stain,
Gifted with every grace the gods bestow,
And manly spirit that won all men's love.

Him Prœtus, who, by Jove's supreme consent,
Held a harsh sceptre over Argolis,
Hated and doomed to exile or to death.

For fair Antea loved Bellerophon
With a mad passion, and, her royal spouse
Deceiving, told her longing to his guest.

But brave Bellerophon, as good as brave,
Set a pure heart against her evil words.

Then with false tongue she stood before the king:
"O Prœtus, die or slay Bellerophon,
Who sought her love that only loveth thee."

Then anger seized the king at what he heard;
Yet was he loth to slay him, for the law
That makes the stranger sacred he revered.
But unto Lycia, bearing fatal signs,
And, folded in a tablet, deadly words,
He sent him, and enjoined him these to give
Unto Antea's sire—his step-father—
Deeming he thus would perish.
So he went
Blameless, beneath the guidance of the gods,
And reached the eddying Xanthus.
There the king
Of wide-extending Lycia honoured him
Nine days with feasting and with sacrifice;
But when the tenth rose-fingered morn appeared,
He asked him for his message and the sign
Whate'er he bore from Prœtus,—which he gave.

And when he broke the evil-boding seal,
He first enjoined him the Chimæra dire
To slay,—of race divine and not of men,
In front a lion, dragon in the rear,
And goat between, whose breath was as the strength
Of fiercely-blazing fire.
And this he slew,
Trusting the portents of the gods.
And next
He conquered the wild, far-famed Solymi—
The hardest battle fought with mortal men.

The man-like Amazons he next subdued;
And, as he journeyed homeward, fearing nought,
An ambuscade of Lycia's bravest men
Attacked him. But he slew them, one by one,
And they returned no more.
At last, the king,
Seeing his race divine by noble deeds
Well proven, made the Lycian realm his home,
His beauteous daughter gave him as a wife,
And made him partner of his royal power.
And of the choicest land for corn and wine
The Lycians gave him to possess and till.

A SELECT TEA PARTY AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL CONVENT IN 1759.

By J. M. LeMoine, Author of "Maple Leaves," Quebec.

Tea-drinking in moderation is conducive to health—who dare gainsay it? To some it is exhilarating—to others calming in its effects. Nay, according to Waller—it opens to inspiration the portals of the soul:

"The mind's friend, tea, does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which our head invade."

It counteracts the effects of alcohol—prevents gout and calculus. What a blessing thou art, celestial beverage of the celestial, taken at all times: as Gay has it:—

"At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip tea's delicious flower."

Nor is tea-drinking, as some incorrigible topers basely pretend, necessarily associated in one's mind with scandal—vinegar-faced old crones—spinsters of an uncertain age.

Pretty Peg Woffington, mixing for Garrick and Dr. Johnson a cup of the celestial beverage, does not, in the least degree, appear before the mind's eye as a "scandal-monger." "I remember," says the old buffer, "drinking tea with him (Garrick) long ago, when Peg Woffington made it, and he grumbled at her for making it too strong."

"In 1660," writes old Pepys, "I did send for a cup of tea (a china drink) of which I had never drank before." Seven years later the herb had found its way into his own house. "Home, and there (I) find my wife making of tea, a drink for her cold and defluxions." Good Mrs. Pepys serving up her first "dish" of Bohea—what a subject for a painter! But let us hie from the busy banks of the Thames and attend one of the first tea-parties, of which we have a record, on the banks of the St. Lawrence—if we do not hear much about tea, we shall at least mix with some of the most distinguished characters of

the period. Follow Capt. John Knox, then, into the spacious refectory of the General Hospital Convent, on the 11th October, 1759. This is an eventful year, you know, for all Canada—nay, for North America in general. The worthy British officer, you know, holds an important command under Wolfe, in the victorious army—he has devoted two quartos to chronicle his North American campaigns—in which, reader, you will find details ample and true of that momentous era of our history.

The *General Hospital* was founded as an hospital for the sick, by Bishop St. Vallier, in 1690. The grounds on which this ancient pile is situate cover an extensive area on the shores of the meandering St. Charles, about two miles from the city of Quebec, in a westerly direction—they belonged to the Recollet Fathers, who exchanged them for a lot, in the upper town of Quebec in 1690—whereon they built a church and monastery. Both buildings were utterly destroyed by fire in 1796. The site is now occupied by the English cathedral and the *Place d'armes*, or ring. The French king had, previous to 1759, endowed this institution with a bounteous salary for the support of physicians, surgeons, directors, clerks, stewards, inspectors, as also officers of the troops labouring under any infirmity. The mother abbess, that year, was Nuvè Sainte Claude, the fiery and haughty sister of Chevalier de Ramsey, during the siege, commander and governor of Quebec. Nuvè Sainte Claude, though a humble and devoted nun, cannot forget the noble blood which courses in her veins. Her partiality to the French, during their fallen fortunes, called forth about that period the wrath of General Murray, the English governor of the city. The testy general, in a fit of temper, in order to rebuke effectually her interference in mundane matters, vowed he would confer on her the first vacant sergeant's commission and put her on active duty, for which her stature, bearing and martial tastes, in his opinion, eminently fitted her. Crowded with the sick and the dying* during the summer of 1759, the General Hospital was a great place of rendezvous for the high officials of Quebec—civil, military, and ecclesiastic. It stood nearly in a line with the bridge of boats, over the St. Charles, with which Montcalm communicated with the city and with his camp and army at Beaufort.

There is something eminently touching, nay, dramatic, in the simple words in which the nun, who wrote the huge narrative, chronicles the arrival of the English guard, during that "night which greatly added to our fears," when these delicate, unprotected women "prostrated themselves at the foot of the altar to implore Divine mercy." "The consternation which prevailed was suddenly interrupted by loud and repeated knocks at our doors. Two young nuns who were carrying broth to the sick, unavoidably happened to be near when the door was opened. The palor and fright which overcame them touched the

* "We were in the midst of the dead and the dying, who were brought to us by hundreds, many of them our close connections: it was necessary to smother our grief to relieve them. Loaded with the inmates of three convents, and all the inhabitants of the neighbouring suburbs, which the approach of the enemy caused to fly in this direction, you may judge of our terror and confusion. The enemy masters of the field, and within a few paces of our house, exposed to the fury of the soldiers, we had reason to dread the worst."
(*Narrative of the siege of* 1759, *by a Nun of the General Hospital, Quebec.*)

officer, and he prevented the guard from entering; he demanded the superiors and desired them to assure us of protection: he said that part of the English army would return and take possession of the house, apprehending that our army, (the French) which was not distant, might return and attack them in their entrenchments." This was, no doubt, the Captain and guard which Brigadier Townshend had posted there on the 14th of September, 1759.

The General Hospital was also the theatre during the struggle of Bishop Pontbriand's devoted and incessant ministrations to the sick and dying. The Bishop, with his chapter, had retired early in the summer of 1759 at Charlesbourg, opposite Quebec. We shall now allow gallant Captain John Knox to tell how matters went on at the General Hospital on the 16th October, and how he enjoyed the select tea-party he attended there. "I was sent on a week's command, this day, to the convent of the Augustines, or General Hospital; my orders were 'to prevent soldiers and others from plundering or marauding in that neighbourhood; to protect the house, with all its inhabitants, gardens, and enclosures from insult; to examine all persons that arrive from the country; to give immediate notice to the garrison, if any number of men should appear in arms, either by detaching a sergeant, or firing three distinct muskets;' and if not instantly answered must be repeated; nor to suffer any luggage, horse or cart loaded to depart the hospital without a positive order or passport; to seize all fire-arms, ammunition, or whatever may be useful to the enemy, which may happen to be in the environs of the guard, and finally to grant permits to surgeons, mates or domestics belonging to the convent, when they are necessitated to pass towards the town on their lawful occasions."* I lived there, at the French king's table, with an agreeable, polite society of officers, directors and commissaries: some of the gentlemen were married, and their ladies honoured us with their company; they were generally cheerful, except when we discoursed upon the late revolution, and the affairs of the campaign; then they seemingly gave way to grief uttered by profound sighs, and followed by an *O mon dieu!* The officers soon perceived that though I did not express myself with great facility in their language, I perfectly understood them, and therefore they agreed to converse in Latin; which, though far from being consistent with their boasted *politesse*, did not affect me so as to be offended; for I was more upon an equality with them in that tongue, especially as they spoke it with less fluency than their own. They generally concluded with some rapturous sentences, delivered theatrically, such as:

> "*Per mare, per terras, per tot discrimina rerum*"—*et illud*—
> "*Nos patriam fugimus, nos dulces fugimus arces.*"

—at length, after racking my memory for a distich, or a line applicable to the times, I interrupted them with this citation from Virgil, O Melibæe, Deus Nobis hæc otia fecit! which so surprised them, that, having stared at each other for some moments, one of them approached me and asked if I could speak Latin. Thus ended the Latin speeches.

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* Knox's Journal, Vol. II., p. 171.

We dined every day between eleven and twelve, and afterwards were respectfully served with a cup of *laced* coffee; our dinners were generally indifferent, but our suppers (what they call *grand repas*, or best meal) were plentiful and elegant. I was at a loss the first day, as every person was obliged to use his own knife, and wine, there being only a spoon and a four-pronged fork laid with each napkin and plate; however, in the evening my servant attended me with some excellent port, a goblet, knife and fork; the latter being different from theirs, particularly the knife's being round, and not sharp-pointed, together with the superior strength of my wine (which they by no means disliked) to their poor sour stuff, afforded us a copious subject for agreeable conversation, with variety of opinions and remarks upon the different customs of countries. Each person here produces an ordinary clasped knife from his pocket which serves him for every use; and when they have dined or supped, they wipe and return it: the one I had, before I was provided with my own, was lent me by the Frenchman who stood at my chair, and it gave my meat a strong flavour of tobacco. * * * * The hour for supper was between six and seven in the evening. As we dined so early. I gave myself no trouble about breakfast; but after being there two or three days, one of the nuns delivered me a polite billet from Madame St. Claude, the Mother-abbess, requesting my company to partake of an English breakfast as she called it, to which the bearer added: "If you are ready, sir, I will do myself the honour to show you the way." I instantly followed my conductress to a spacious apartment, where I found the lady with several of the sisters employed at needle-work. A table was placed in the middle of the room, on which stood two large silver coffee-pots, one quart and one-pint mug, a plentiful loaf of bread, a plate of butter and a knife; on another plate lay five or six slices of bread, not less than an inch thick each and half the circumference of the loaf, covered with a profusion of butter. Upon my entering, I paid my compliments to the eldest of the ladies (in which I happened to be right, she being the Gouvernante) and then to the others; two chairs were immediately set to the table and Madame St. Claude desiring I would take my place, we both sat down. She then pointed to the coffee-pots telling me one contained tea, the other milk; but, perceiving it was not to my taste, for the tea was black as ink, she assured me there was half a pint in the pot, and it had been well boiled with the water. I told her that it was rather too good for me, and that I should make a good repast of bread and milk. Hereupon I was not a little incommoded with apologies, and I remember she observed, 'that they are not accustomed to such diet, for that they never drink tea, except in cases of indisposition, to work as an emetic, when it is always boiled in water to render it as strong as possible.' * * * * I fared exceedingly well upon the other provision that was made for me, and spent nearly two hours most agreeably in "the society of this ancient lady and her virginal sisters."

All this on the 11th of October, 1759.

MUSIC AND ITS POSITION IN POPULAR LIFE.

[From the German.]

By E. PEILER.

II.

In addition to his lofty sacred music, Bach has, with great dignity and variety of style, applied the French dance to his Suites, and adopted it in his Sonatos. As rivals of Bach's master-pieces, we mention the Hungarian and Wallachian dances and popular songs, which are remarkable for similar vigour, and for wealth in figure, rhythm and movement; these have come into vogue of late—an evidence of the universality of the musical nature among all nations.

We all know how much joy, and sorrow, and passion, how many recollections of every-day life are associated with the dance, and accompany it, and its cheerful echoes return upon us from the young hearts of every nation. But we cannot yet leave the people; that fertile province of music, *the Songs of the people*, tempts us to penetrate still further and trace it.

Popular song is such an evident emanation of the heart, it gives such forcible utterance to the most expressive language of every nation, that it excels all spoken language in distinctness and character.

Popular song is as much varied as language itself. The student of musical philosophy will soon discover the differences between Russian, Polish, Swedish, Irish, Scottish, French, Spanish and Wallachian people's songs. The most notable of the Italian songs are the Neapolitan and Calabrian people's songs, among which we find the well-known *Tarantella;* but, in Italy, music in general, and especially Opera music, is so indigenous that people's music is not especially an object of attraction. In Germany, the song is so purely at home that it is rightly called the property of the people; it has attained such a high point of cultivation, and has so much enlarged its compass and richness, both in melody and in expression, that it has touched every chord of the heart. At the same time, the modern popular song, because of the general musical culture, is not so characteristic as among other nations; another cause for that may be found in the fact, that modern German music is passing through a process of fermentation, which is unfavourable to people's songs. German masters, such as Beethoven, Weber, Ries and Spohr, have often introduced people's songs into great works of art; but successful imitations are also found among newer composers, such as Julius Otto and Johannes Hager. Most of the people's songs, especially those of the North, are found to be in Minor keys; plaintive and touching, they express a longing for a better existence, but, on the other hand, are frequently descriptive of gratitude and joy for the beauty of the surrounding world.

Among the masters, Beethoven, Weber, Kolein, Reissiger, Cursch-

mann, Mendelssohn, and, above all, Franz Schubert, have distinguished themselves in the various departments of German song. The richness which springs forth from the songs of Schubert is wonderful, and his success has been of the highest and best character. But, also, in the more humble walks of life we find a large quantity of people's songs, which are an echo of the German soul. To innumerable human beings at their labours, or journeying in foreign countries, or in the social circle the people's song affords the consciousness that they are, and form a part of *the people.*

Among every nation there is always at work an effort to place before the mind, in pleasing modes of representation, the deeds of the past. In language, Art is continually endeavouring to perfect Epics into tragedy and comedy; in music, we can trace a similar transition of representation from Church Music and Oratorio to the Opera. If this art-form, as has been said, were a mere combination of sense and nonsense, or if the relation of the music to the words were accidental, possessing no inward necessity, then, indeed, the Opera would be a miserable product.

But it is not so. On the contrary, the Opera furnishes the most perfect, the most attainable results, to be found in all dramatic representation. The language of words and that of tone, when judiciously associated, add to each other's effect, for which we have evidences in many a simple song. Music possesses this great advantage, that, by means of its harmonies, it can fill a thought with manifold varieties of conception, or with a number of homogenous emotions, for whose expression, if at all possible by words, many words would be required. In the Opera, music imparts a leading character to the text, and thus gives it an impress of unity; it quickens the expression of feeling and passion, invests the chorus with power, beauty and dignity, and shows in the recitative the intimate relationship of the two languages of words and of tone.

In the successful treatment of the recitative, the Italian has no rival; but in the noble, powerful style, which reminds, in its effects, of the Greek tragedy, we find the immortal Gluck, in his renowned Operas, filling the recitative with vigour, truth and beauty. The Operas of Gluck, the great creations of Mozart, and the intellectual works of Weber, must be ranked among the treasures of the world, and throughout the limits of civilization the musical language of these great masters is spoken.

Neither is the modern Italian school without importance. Rossini's musical wealth has stamped him, in this respect at least, the greatest musical genius the world has ever known, although his great creative power has often carried him too hastily forward, and led him to neglect the proper depths of treatment; still he was capable of performing anything, of which there are many proofs.

The more recent Italian composers have given us rather diluted performances, yet the tenderness of Bellini, and the representative power of Donizetti, together with the musical richness of both, must not be too lightly valued.

But if we desire to keep in view the significance of the Opera, as a

portion of the people's life, we must not omit the French. The first shining characters which appear in this direction are Mehul, Boieldieu, and Cherubini.

Mehul's Opera, "Jacob and his Sons," furnishes the strongest musical requirements, and brings out of a simple biblical narrative the most touching beauty, the deepest passion, and the most awe-inspiring sublimity.

Boieldieu furnishes the most beautiful and attractive subjects of thought, under gay and unassuming forms. Of this, his "Jean de Paris" and "La Dame Blanche" are striking illustrations, He has a fine perception of the spirit of Knight-errantry, which contains more than it shows, clothing its fervour in a gay and lively exterior, and thus proving highly fascinating. In "La Dame Blanche," he takes a subject from popular life, and not only ably represents, but animates it—*an auction*. This is a proof that far more depends on treatment than on matter.

Cherubini's "Les deux journèes" shows how music may select an event, and investing it with ornament and crowning it with beauty, leave it unforgotten.

But we must put an end to details, and, by way of transition, to another art-form, mention Beethoven's "Fidelio." This is the sublime and magnificent work of a spiritual giant that lays hold of our innermost being, while it inspires and delights us. But Beethoven's bold and powerful mind could not permit of the fetters of the contracted form of Opera. True, music can produce great effects in conjunction with words, yet she can dispense with them, and must cast aside the restraint whenever she wishes to ascend into regions of limitless liberty. Hence, the choicest music is the "music without words." This leads us to the symphony and to Beethoven.

We can here only confine ourselves to the most finished examples of this order of music, yea, of all that passes under the name of music —the Symphonies of Beethoven. These are, indeed, worlds of tone, regarding which it would be better to remain silent than say the little we can say of them. Produced by a spirit who united in himself all the greatness and beauty of his race, these works are daily gaining ground among mankind, and spreading the consciousness of the nobility of nature that it always possesses.

In these works Beethoven has displayed such a complete and perfect command of the entire field of music, that the remark that he used the orchestra as his instrument is fully true.

In these symphonies we recognize all that is passing in the mind, of the land of our existence, of society, of the world beyond.

This master spirit raises his wand and plays with our fancies at his will; he trifles with the greatest extremes; with majesty and childishness, with furious passion and soothing repose, with riotous humour and the softest tenderness, with capricious temper and heavenly peace.

We must, however, not omit to bear testimony to the merits of the other two great masters in the department of symphony—Haydn and Mozart.

First praise is due to Haydn, who has sown the seed for the even-

tual greatness of the other two illustrious masters, and who is certainly not their inferior in all that relates to invention and originality.

Of all the musical art-forms, the symphony is the most diversified, comprehensive and unrestrained. On a smaller scale, the so-called chamber music assumes many of the specialties of the symphony, although chamber music is much older; for the symphony is the highest effort of instrumental music, having gradually risen out of its more inferior grades until it attained its summit with Beethoven.

We will not here detain our readers by enumerating all the productions in chamber music of the musical heroes, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven; their performances exceed the scope of ordinary comprehension. Nor will we particularize the innumerable productions of such men as Onslow, Ries, Prince Radziwill, Romberg, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Cherubini, Schumann, Reissiger, Spohr. Let us close this department with the following remarks:

The symphony addresses itself to a whole people; we may imagine that, in communion with Beethoven, we are listening to whole nations solemnizing their wars and their victories, that we are hearing the peoples of the earth, in mighty chorus, singing the great hymn of humanity; while in chamber music the individual speaks to the individual.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

BY W. P. D,

Most sacred season, when with holy joy
We celebrate the great Redeemer's birth,
Whose radiant star o'er the benighted Earth
Shed light divine! May we glad tongues employ
With th' angel-song; nor carelessly destroy,
In feast and dance and all the sparkling mirth
That gayly circles social board and hearth,
The message speaking peace without alloy:
But, 'mid the blessings given us to enjoy,
Calm, reverent wisdom may His grace impart,
Filling with chastened thoughts each grateful heart;
And while bright, cheering scenes our minds upbuoy,
Let the companions of our spirits be
Meek Faith, sweet Hope and saintly Charity.

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH POETRY.

By T. C. Garvie, Halifax.

To write an essay on the genius of Shakspeare, and ignore the existence of Hamlet, would be held by many to be no greater solecism than for one to speak of the poetry of these latter days with merely an incidental reference to Tennyson and Browning. But when we turn to the periodical literature of the day and note the enormous amount of alleged criticism on their works and schools of thought, the constant and frequently erroneous comparison of their respective styles, and above all, the universally accepted doctrine that their influence has destroyed the originality of our contemporary poetical literature, it is sufficient to deter one from following in such well-trodden paths. Every writer who has gained an appreciation of the calm grandeur of Tennyson, is straightway eager to place before the public the already well-known result of his conventional studies,—every scholarly man who has read and guessed at the wonders hidden in the gloom of "Paracelsus" or "Sordello," expresses his opinion as to Browning's future position in the history of letters, and every third-rate reviewer, and provincial newspaper and village debating club sits in council on the relative merits of the two poets. It would therefore be an idle matter to touch upon them in so limited a space, and the fact that neither of them has proved to be the founder of any distinct or remarkable school serves to lessen the responsibility of excluding them from any criticism on the minor poets of the day.

The poets of this Victorian age possess so many points of individual excellence, that it will be found an extremely difficult matter to view them as a class, or even as the professors of a recognized poetical creed. In the Elizabethan poets, and to some extent in the followers of the Lake and Byronic schools we find a certain uniformity, not of mind but of manner, not of matter but of mode, that guides the critic in his attempt to condense the result of the period, but to-day we look in vain for any connecting link of sympathy between our living poets. In one is found the Pagan heart and the Hellenic intellect, the thoughts that have left our christian centuries to go back and dwell in Academe, and in another we discover a wondrous mediæval mind which throws the gleam of genius on the dusty fretwork of fable and romaunt and twice-told tale, till the tradition which had fallen to be a legacy for children, gains a rich and curious clothing in our eyes, and seems as stirring and fresh and new in our ears, as it did to men and women to whom it was sung in half forgotten ages. And not only in this particular but in many others, presenting obstacles almost as serious, it would be found a bewildering task to attempt to reduce our present poetic expression to any fixed principles, for men who put their faith in long established theories regarding the nature of poetry, and defined its standards according to the most conservative of rules, have

lived to see a new order of things, and a new mode of thought, to see principles broken down and not rebuilt, but rather made a debateable ground for antagonistic opinions. For these reasons it is necessary in a paper like this, to gain our ideas on the subject, by giving our attention to the individual disciples instead of vainly endeavouring to work out the problem of a common poetic faith.

Among our living poets it is no easy matter to award any degree of seniority after the names of Tennyson and Browning have been ruled out of court, and to attempt it with any reasonable degree of accuracy would only result in failure, but there are few who will dissent from the opinion that no name could more fitly head the list than that of Matthew Arnold. To arrive at a thorough estimate of Arnold's claim to the title of poet, would require a careful and studious analysis of his works, far exceeding that which must necessarily be bestowed on those of other authors, and your sympathies must be associated with them during their perusal, even though you feel compelled to combat their principles when you lay down the volume. The first of these conditions prevents us from entering upon any extended criticism on Arnold, and even forbids a glance at the whole of his works, but though "Merope" and the "Strayed Reveller" may contain the most enduring evidences of his genius, yet the New Poems, lately published, serve to evince the peculiarities of his style and theory. And when one has read this book and faithfully noted not only its truth and power and beauty, but its defects also, he can scarcely resist coming to the conclusion that Arnold, though not the greatest, is yet the most remarkable of living English poets. For we find that beyond the limits of his volume can be recognized a man with a nether purpose, but a purpose so vague and dimly revealed that the reader is left with a puzzled feeling of dissatisfaction, almost as great as that under which the author must have written his singular poems. We follow him eagerly through every grand but devious avenue of thought, only to find a *cul de sac* at the end, and Mr. Matthew Arnold utterly unable to tell us how to proceed. As a poet and a thinker he stands alone, he borrows neither his style nor his creed from any school or master. In some points his unfettered, thoughtful verse suggests the influence of Coleridge, but this fancy can never widen into the idea of a resemblance, for the latter while excelling in so many things, never possessed the vigour and clearness of the living poet. Unlike Tennyson, he had no Keats to strike a key-note for his muse, but sought out his own ideas, and clad them in his own choice language. This originality forms no mean portion of his strength, for it invests him with all the grandeur of loneliness, and is of such a nature that no men can light their lanterns at his beacon. If Mr. Arnold on any occasion falls short of his great intent, he almost atones for the failure by the poem itself, and with one or two exceptions all his works may be said to be free from mannerism or artificial colouring. In "Thyrsis," a monody written on the death of Arthur Hugh Clough, there are so many evidences of a great poem, and such power and breadth of treatment, that I take it that its lines alone prove the poetical peerage of one who possesses sufficient force to attempt so successfully a counterpart of

"Lycidas." I do not mean that Arnold in this poem has written anything to equal the perfect pages of "Lycidas,"—I do not believe that a greater than Arnold could accomplish such a triumph, but that the effort is in many ways a success, will be conceded by all who attentively study its rare conceptions. But Arnold's most characteristic style is contained in such poems as "Obermann once more" and "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," while we can recognize an altered and singularly effective manner in the subdued fervour of "Heine's Grave" and "Rugby Chapel." To doubt the high character of Arnold as a poet, would be to doubt even the widely dissentient views in regard to the properties of one, and to wonder at his present lack of popularity would be merely offering an involuntary tribute to his genius. That, in so far as we find him in advance of the pace and humour of the age, so will his influence hereafter hold sway in the march of intellect, is a belief in which the writer joins with a greater amount of faith than in the supposed immortality of many of our present front-rank men.

While it requires but little care for an ordinary reader to pass august judgment on the merits of any author to whose writings he has devoted a reasonable degree of attention, there is a certain hesitation experienced, and a large amount of difficulty to be encountered when we are asked for a critical opinion on the works of Robert Lytton, poet and plagiarist. Grave doubts might even be entertained as to the existence of his right to the first of these titles,—the latter is so fully established in his writings or rather his *renderings*, that in legal parlance his denial is estopped by matter of record. To such an extent do we meet with the practice of plagiary in whatever is written by Owen Meredith, that one could almost be induced to believe that his works were merely a compilation of successful imitations, and in some instances, paraphrases of the writings of nearly every notable poet from the prophet Isaiah to Tennyson. We owe the "Psalm of Confession" and a portion of the spirit of "Apple of Life" to the former, and the greater share of the choice of language and subject, theory and thought of Lytton, to the latter. In addition to the charge of open and manifest literary larceny, may be also brought the one just hinted at; that of closely imitating the peculiarities of style in other authors, and in this respect he has made his most important levies on the property of Tennyson, Browning and Heine. There are whole shoals of literary men who although possessed of a certain degree of innate talent, are yet remarkable only for having a high order of *appreciation*,—the ability to guage the contents of a masterpiece in literature, to initiate themselves in the tricks and fashions of its construction, and then to produce a diluted edition of its original strength. They are wroth, these appreciative men of letters, these clever mimics, these artful trespassers on freehold fields, at the trifling or bitterly truthful receptions which they meet with at the worlds' hands. But after all, is the world of criticism really unjust in its steady opposition to this class of writers? Can the old Major be blamed for preferring the Marquis of Steyne's *battues* to Pen's dingy chambers in the Temple, or can Sir John denounce Bardolph as a heartless scoundrel because he quits a

sorry service for the agreeable occupation of a tapster? Can the judgment of the reading public be deemed harsh if it rejects the flimsy novels of Yates for their solid originals by Dickens, or is it unwarrantable to refuse committing the poems of Owen Meredith to the custody of fame, when the sources from which they are drawn are to be found in the works of his great contemporaries? Like others of his class however, and probably in a greater degree than any, Lytton is worthy of praise and admiration for some of the component parts of his writings, even if we are disposed to forget the skill and ability displayed in his very plagiarisms. "The Siege of Constantinople" is in many respects a famous poem; "The Earl's Return" reaches the perfection of his style, and that unique novel in verse, "Lucile," though so repeatedly condemned, is yet marked by many fine passages, and forms one of the most readable poems in the language. With such a peculiar command of language, intensity of feeling and genuine descriptive powers, Lytton can never sink into mere mediocrity, and after reading his works we have sufficient cause for regret that he has so narrowly missed becoming a great poet. As it is, he has written his own sentence in one powerful line of a striking poem,—

> "Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can."

He has failed to convince the world that he is a genius, but he has made good use of his talent, for he has done what he could. Between borrowing and manufacturing he has managed to give us many a pleasant page, and has gained his reward to a certain extent, for when some profound creation fails to attract our sympathies, we can always turn with pleasure to the graceful fancies of Owen Meredith.

Of a widely different rank and style is William Morris, our latest poet, or rather our latest poetical celebrity, for as early as 1858 he published a volume of poems. This book is now a rarity, and a source of wonder on the part of those who have never read it, so much so that it seems somewhat odd that a second edition has never been required. I happened upon a copy in the library of the British Museum, and read it from beginning to end, not from any curiosity on account of its being excavated from the ruins of a poetic past, but with a sincere admiration of its contents, which ended in surprise that Morris was not a celebrity ten years ago. The principal subjects are drawn from the Arthusian legends, but as the volume was written before the publication of the "Idylls," it is apparent that, even in this particular, the poems were original. The ballads that make up the remainder of its contents are distinguished for a freedom of style and freshness of colouring that contrast forcibly with the cold, constrained lyrics that are accepted as the manner of the day; and while the tone is modern, yet we can trace the spirit of a less artificial age. A search through our Magazine literature cannot produce any lyrics worthy of being compared with such poems as "Riding Together" and "The Sailing of the Sword," in both of which we detect a subtle association between language and idea, which has the effect of placing the incidents before us in the most vivid aspect. That Morris has ceased to publish any more of his ballads, is almost as singular and

unaccountable as his long silence. Until the "Life and death of Jason" appeared, the majority of the reading public was unaware of the existence of a certain William Morris, Poet; but when he broke the silence, he spoke to some purpose. Sudden fame fell upon him, and the critics having styled him a second Chaucer, his merits were described as those of a great narrative poet. After an interval, the first volume of the "Earthly Paradise" was published, and the public manifested its renewed appreciation of his genius, and again endorsed the critics in their narrow views concerning the scope of his poetry. While the world waits for the second portion of the latter work, it would be well for us to learn from the volumes already published, how to interpret its entire interest. If you have read the books of Morris by the light of a critic's lamp, the experiment of reading them again with the desire to take a broader view of his power than has already been extended to him, would probably result in the formation of new opinions regarding his real rank as a poet. It is, of course, true that his style bears a most striking resemblance to Chaucer, even in choice of subject he has followed the old master; but where can we find any of the "divine despair" of Morris in the Canterbury Tales, or any of Chaucer's humour in the "Earthly Paradise?" The latter Poet lacks the buoyancy, the vigour and the laughter of the old-time singer, but he fills their places with a more subtle imagination, and a keener appreciation of the æsthetics of language. Give him the credit of being our greatest story-teller, in verse, since the days of Chaucer, but do not, at the same time, deny him the recognition of other and equal evidences of genius. As a story-teller, he brings to his work all the art and ability of a Skald or a Minnesinger, all the simplicity and pathos of an old ballad, and we cannot but admire the stern fidelity with which he adheres to his tale, when so many opportunities occur for introducing irrelevant matter. There is, too, a singular freshness in his narratives, before hinted at, as if the old story had acquired a new meaning, or, rather, as if some humble household volume had been illustrated by the cunning hand of a great artist, by the aid of whose skilful touches the homely pages grow grand and immortal. The stirring succession of incident and romance is so deftly and freely linked in his rhymes, that while reading them we seem to be standing before some marvel of mediæval tapestry, into which is woven a brilliant record of the deeds and death of fair women and fair men. Below the surface of his narrative poetry, however, there is an undercurrent of mystic meaning—a metaphysical shadow that keeps pace with the events. In the "Wanderer" we have a fascinating story of certain adventurers, who, for many long years, sailed broad seas and touched at fair lands, but never saw the hill-tops of Avalon darkening the sea-line, and in the guise of his allegory the Poet has clothed many a sad, great truth concerning restless humanity. It is beyond doubt, that, in this respect, the "Earthly Paradise" surpassed "Jason;" let us therefore hope that in his new volume we will find less of the story-teller and more of the thinker.

So much has already been written on the poetry of Swinburne, and so varied and comprehensive have been the opinions regarding it, that

but little time need be devoted to any notice of his writings. Swinburne, like Morris, is not a Poet of yesterday, for, in 1860, he published a volume containing two poems—"The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond"—since re-printed as a new work. This book is remarkable for nothing, save a wanton and blasphemous repetition and misuse of the name of God, and this gross blemish alone has forced it into obscurity. No writer in our language has made such an immoderate reference to Deity as Swinburne, and yet there are few, if any, who take less heed to the teachings and dictates of a Creator or to that moral law which even Atheists acknowledge to be a perfect compendium of the requirements of mankind. God's name seems to be regarded by this seemingly Pagan poet merely as an impressive word to strengthen a line, or a suitable exclamation to put in an angry man's mouth. We find this irreverent manner scattered throughout all his works to such a degree, that, independent of other objectionable features, some of his writings could never be accepted as attempts to reach a true poetic standard. In this age of free thought, however, the majority of men could be induced to overlook Mr. Swinburne's blasphemy, but the time has not yet come when the public will consent to receive the Cyprian conceits and prurient manners of a lawless mind as a substitute for pure English literature. The subject of Swinburne's offences in this respect has now grown to be an old one, and although it has created many doubts and discussions, yet the popular belief remains none the less firm, that if the poet does not recant from his gross errors and slightly attend Prince Hal's advice—"Write clearly, as a gentleman should do"—he will surely be denied that place in our literature to which his merits entitle him. He has a select coterie of worshippers, foremost among whom are the Rossettis, who seem to believe firmly in the lax morality of a futuer England, whose children will cherish "Laus Veneris" and "Dolores" and "Faustere" as hymnal records of their faith. But Swinburne must not lead ahead for fame, for although we are daily told of the startling degeneracy of the century, yet society can never sink to the level of his views. We may have busy divorce courts, and a bigamy, or worse, in almost every popular novel, an advanced school of Schneiderism and a Mrs. Stowe writing obscene libels on dead men and women; but we cannot accept the teachings of the Hörsel as our intellectual creed. The author of "Ahalibah" belongs to a past age, his conceptions of sin are at once too splendid and too realistic for these calmer days in which we live. Caligula would have given him a laurel crown—his fame would have been supreme at the court of Cleopatra—Corinth would have welcomed him, and applauded him and sung his songs. If the poetry of Morris suggests the quaint rendering of history on a tapestried wall, then in pursuance of the same idea, the writings of Swinburne might be selected to form a suitable text for the pictured lives of the Assyrian captains and Chaldean princes, to whom the prophet alluded in his story of the stealing of the hearts of Israel.

One of the most palpable defects in Swinburne's style is his constant trick of alliteration. Mere words maintain a governing influ-

ence over his poems, and in some places it would seem as if he had reversed the canons of composition, and made the thoughts subject to the language. "Atalanta in Calydon" contains less of these faults than his subsequent poems, and is, on the whole, his greatest effort. "Chastelard" is not only valuable as a work containing many noble passages that would obtain for a worse volume a place in our libraries and a half-hour of our leisure time, but it is also remarkable for possessing clearly-drawn and historically truthful portraits of the fair, fatal Queen of Scots and her courtiers. All that has been written here concerns Swinburne's defects, and no space remains to speak of his merits; but, after all, it is scarcely necessary. The splendour and music of his poems assert themselves; the wonderful rhythm in his lines, and the ruddy Provençal glow wherewith words light ideas, need not be explained to those who have read his less languid writings. Reformation of style and purity of subject might lift Swinburne to higher heights (and it is worthy of remark, that he has not recently perpetrated anything very shocking against the morals of the virtuous British public), but his present reputation will only consign him to a very dubious fame.

When Robert Buchanan published his earlier volumes of poems, he attempted the somewhat novel experiment of becoming the author of two widely-different styles, and it forms a matter of literary curiosity to note the various changes in his works. As a magazine writer, he was an enthusiastic disciple of Tennyson, publishing passable poems on the Arthusian legends and the idyllic Greek life, nearly all of which he has since discarded. Then we have "Undertones," his first volume—a series of classical poems, in which he departs from his first model and fashions a style of his own; but the book, though worthy in many ways, was not a complete success. The poems were laboured, and bore too many traces of the manufactory. With one exception, none of them attained a high order of excellence; but I doubt if the Laureate has produced anything to equal the poem indicated—"Venus on the Sun Car." All the grandeur of a great grief is joined to the cold, colourless sorrow of an immortal; Olympus is passionate in its appeal to the Genii of the Earth, and, with grim satire, the Earth obeys the immutable laws of its rulers, and sternly guards the sleep of Adon. Choice, noble English, such as Keats might have linked into lines, almost makes the poem a specimen of the perfect lyric, and, as a dramatic sketch, it takes place with "Œnone." General criticism was favourable to this volume, and it was closely followed by the "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn," and in this way, within a short space of time, Buchanan appeared in two different guises. His second volume shewed that he had risen to a higher standard of originality and power, and the "Undertones" were almost forgotten when readers found themselves in the little Scottish village of Inverburn. The Idylls and Legends were alternately printed, and though some of the latter are fine imaginative poems on fairy lore, yet the pith of the book is contained in the strong, truthful picture of Scottish life and character. These entitle Buchanan to the honour of being considered a representative national poet, and he in-

creased his claims in this respect by adopting the Queen's English instead of that Scottish dialect, which, however kindly and expressive in itself, has yet a tendency to repress and destroy a Poet's efforts with its narrowing influence, and has rendered many a work of genius a sealed book to all save those who are fortunate enough to be the compatriots of its author. "Poet Andrew," "Willie Baird," and "Hugh Sutherland's Pansies," are so faithful to their subjects, and so tender and true in their pathos, that the existence in Buchanan of one of the highest attributes of a Poet may be readily admitted—that of keen insight into the subtle passions and sorrows and despairs "that lie too deep for tears." The first of these poems is almost tragic in its painfully pathetic details—"the pity of it"—passes sentiment; and the story of the Weaver's Pansies, for genuine beauty and feeling, is probably the best in the volume. It may be objected to these poems, that the elements of grief and misfortune form the principal portion of their subject; but to many, this will be an additional proof of Buchanan's thorough appreciation of the characteristics of his countrymen and women. The character of the Lowland Scot is never more noble than when he is bowed down by mental suffering, for all the heroism in his nature comes to his aid and keeps him from despair and hands folded in sorrow. Though his traditional sympathies and feelings of natural affection are so strongly developed, yet, when they are wounded, he does not give way to the passionate but transient sorrow of a more trivial people. His grief may be very great and bitter, but it is very majestic. Contrast Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" with the father of Poet Andrew, and you cannot fail to note the vast difference between the two uneducated peasants on either side of the Tweed. The one is coarse, sullen, and even brutal, railing on his death-bed at 'Godamoighty' for taking 'o him, taunting the parson, and casting up old scores to him, calling to mind his due observance of the duties to Church and State, and after summing up a life in which we do not detect the presence of a single exalted feeling, ends with an emphatic refusal to give up his 'yaäle,' even if he 'mun doy' in consequence thereof. The other supports the burden of a great loss and a disappointed life, but there is neither murmur nor reproach in his simple record. Patience and self-denial, and an honourable ambition for his boy's welfare, are all turned into the very weapons that wound him, but the nobility of his nature keeps him as grand as ever through it all. He does not understand his son's poetry, and sorrows over the desires that drew Andrew's heart away from the Kirk, but he will not blame either God or man for his disappointment. This contrast may be deemed a correct national distinction, for it is said that the "Northern Farmer" is intensely true to life, and "Poet Andrew" is a faithful version of the story of David Gray.

Had Buchanan continued to give us such masterpieces on kindred subjects, he would have earned the admiration and applause of all his countrymen, but the evident desire for increased fame made him turn his thoughts to a greater place than Inverburn, and we next find him as the author of a volume of "London Poems." Here, perhaps, he attains his full strength, and also the knowledge that such is the case

for the greater number of his poems lately contributed to periodicals have been in a similar strain. With terrible force and exactness he has given us a gallery of London lives, many of them low and wicked and apparently hopeless, but still ghastly monuments of the great wrongs of the great city. The costermonger's wife, (wife by a charitable fiction, for the costermonger in question seems to have dispensed with the unnecessary performance of a marriage ceremony,) aged nineteen, is dying in a London alley; the Cockney politician, who as a journeyman tailor worked all day, underground, by the light of a smoky candle, is dead and silent forever; and with Mr. Buchanan we listen to the story of "Liz" from her own lips, and follow him to the work-room where the political virtues of "Tom Dunstan" are being discussed. All is natural and original and written with wonderful dramatic power, so original that one is at a loss to understand how some critics affected to detect a resemblance between the writings of Crabbe and Buchanan. As well liken Scott's style to that of Tennyson, because one has written "Lyulphs Tale" and the other the "Idylls," drawing their subjects from the same source, as compare the dreary tales of Crabbe to the vigorous verse of Buchanan for the mere reason that they have both depicted the lives of poorer humanity.

Since the death of Mrs. Browning our literature does not contain the promise of any poetess who can support, with any degree of strength, that dignity in letters which the author of "Aurora Leigh" gained for her sex, and we are forced to believe that her example must long remain as solitary as her genius. Among women, however, we have yet Christina Rossetti, a genuine but peculiar poet. Quiet, quaint verses which had occasionally appeared in periodicals were collected in a volume some years ago, but the public failed to appreciate Miss Rossetti's poetic vein, and her second book, "The Prince's Progress," found as little favour. Allegory and emblem form the subject of her work; thought and a philosophic insight into the problems of life give them an earnest existence. Sometimes obscure, sometimes halting and often fantastic, she has yet in every page written that which proves her high rank among thoughtful, talented women, and her name serves to make up a brilliant trio of brothers and sister in literature and art —William Michael Rossetti, the Critic; Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the Painter; and Christina G. Rossetti, the Poet. There are other women of our day whose works are looked upon as valuable additions to the literature of the age, and of these much might be said. George Eliot,—whose "Spanish Gypsy" is a book, the popularity of which will increase like the growth of a tree until its splendid proportions are manifest to all;—Jean Ingelow,—once original and striking, now weak and addicted to mannerism, but still the author of some noble poems, and Augusta Webster, guilty, it is true, of too closely imitating Browning, yet possessed of promise; all these are names that should not be lightly passed over by those who not only read books but think about them.

The works and merits of Bailey, Dobell and Henry Taylor require lengthy considerations such as the limits of this article forbid, and with the exception of Dobell, their styles are so at variance with the

more broadly admitted poetic principles of the day, that they may properly be reserved for individual criticism. Almost half a score of names deserve to be added to the list of minor poets, but these too must be left for the leisure of some possible period hereafter. Charles Kingsley, our finest ballad-writer and the author of works that are in some respects prose poems;—William Allingham, whose writings if not profound or laboured are yet richly imaginative;—George Macdonald, poet, philosopher and christian,—and George Meredith, whom the *Westminster Review* in one of its extravagant flights, styled our greatest living poet,—are each worthy of careful study and a place in our poetic history. In any review of the spirit of the age the name of one man will occupy a prominent part, but here it would be out of place, for he is neither living nor was he a minor poet. Had genius baffled circumstance he might have rivalled the Laureate, as it is, we have only the prologue to the life-work of Alexander Smith.

The relative position of the poetry of to-day with that of other periods on the record of English literature is a difficult and doubtful subject upon which to decide. Ruskin broadly divides all books into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books for all time, and following this classification we become convinced that the greater portion of our contemporary poetical literature belongs to the former. But on the other hand we have the certainty that the books which can be numbered in the latter division, will compare favourably with the result of the past,—that *our* books for all time will take rank with those of any time. As regards the influence of the present upon the future, I am of the opinion that it will prove a most depressing one. There is no promise of any strong school being formed, no definite appearance of an upward course on the level which we tread. Even the half-gifted, half-absurd rhapsodies of Walt Whitman, though lauded by many famous critics, find no response in the intellect of the age, if we except "the Menkens" "Infelicia," that saddest of all book-trifles.

To some it would be a matter of small surprise if the end of this feverish century found the art of poetry dwindled into a neglected accomplishment, or changed into such a practical, scientific system that men of to day would fail to recognize the muse of history. Extreme as this view may appear, it has yet to be contradicted by proofs of advancement, by a new standard of excellence, by a new object to attain, by a new public, by a new poet. Our age is a ripe one, but we weary of it, and lose our eagerness in looking at the white, bleak dawns that have failed to lighten our labyrinths. But to-day is not dark, and tomorrow may be; let us therefore seek within our own decades for the assurance of their grandeur, instead of putting our faith in their expected foundations of the future.

AVONDALE.

By Charles Sangster, Ottawa.

The cry that passed through Ramah, still
Haunts the sad world; a ghost of Pain
That pines in valley and on hill,
And finds a fitting voice again;
A voice of woe that rent the vale
And shook the woods of Avondale.

Fated Wyoming! lo, once more
What human anguish rends thy breast,
And strews the Susquehanna's shore
With bitter sighs that will not rest;
Sighs, sobs and plaintive gusts of wail,
That roam the woods of Avondale.

O, wretched hearts, that droop so low,
Fit emblems of the weeping tree,
What feeling souls can best bestow—
This, this alone, we bring to thee;
Deep human sympathy, though frail,
Beside the griefs of Avondale.

God! with Thy promised aid come down,
Uphold the stricken ones who pine
With wretchedness no tears can drown,
And make their timely sorrows Thine.
Thy bounty can alone prevail
To soothe the pangs of Avondale.

Angel of Mercy! when shall man
Shed the last tear of blood, and know
His night has passed, and that at last
Thy morning lights the world below?
Not until then shall cease the wail
Sown broadcast through Earth's Avondale.

THE ANGLO-SAXON IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

By Daniel Clark, M. D., Princeton, Ontario.

It was said by Cæsar "that he could conquer nations, but he could not conquer tongues." This statement was true, as it regarded the language of the Ancient Britons. Our brave forefathers despised the Roman Conquerors, and spurned their classsic language. The British chiefs sent their sons to Gaul to be instructed by the orators and lawgivers among the Teutons. Tacitus tells us "that the Britons were instructed by wise Gauls, and encouraged to study Latin by the Conquerors;" but Juvenal, in one of his satires, declares that they refused to do so. After a time, however, the Latin was used as an auxiliary to the Gothic, and this innovation was adopted in succession by the Saxons, Normans, French and Ancient Greeks. The sum total of this influx of

words, idioms and expressions, including the ancient Gothic, is the English language. No Briton, or British American, can, in the present day, lay claim to being an accomplished English scholar who does not understand thoroughly his mother tongue, and, to some extent, the different roots whence it sprung. The English language is now spoken in all the habitable globe, and is spreading rapidly among nationalities that owe no allegiance to the British crown, but who feel the mighty influence of that power extending "from sea to sea—from the rising to the setting sun, and from the river to the ends of the earth." We will endeavour briefly to show how much of our language is Anglo-Saxon, and to how great an extent its beauty and force depend upon the primary elements of the language. We have not space to notice those classes of words which have sprung from the Anglo Saxon, but have passed through numerous mutations until their originality is to a great extent lost, but we will notice those English words only, which are themselves Saxon pure and simple, or are immediately derived from the Anglo-Saxon. Those foreign words which enter into the formation of our language, add very much to its beauty, but, as yet they do not hold a foremost place. They are the frescoes, capitals, cornices and general decorations of the majestic temple, but the substratum, walls, and pillars are the staple products of native ingenuity, wants, and industry.

Sir James McIntosh tells us that he has analyzed a number of English passages from the Bible, and standard authors, and he has found in five verses from Genesis, containing 130 words, only five not Saxon. In so many verses out of St. John containing 74 words, there were only two words not Saxon. In a passage from Shakspeare containing 81 words, there were only thirteen words not Saxon. In a passage from Milton containing 90 words, only 16 were not Saxon; also from Cowley 76 words, not Saxon ten; from Thomson's Seasons 78 words, not Saxon 14; from Addison 79 words, not Saxon 15; from Spenser 72 words, not Saxon 14; from Locke 94 words, not Saxon 20; from Young 96, not Saxon 21; from Swift 87 words, not Saxon 9; from Hume 101, not Saxon 38; from Gibbon 80, not Saxon 31; and from Johnson 87, not Saxon 21 words. It will be observed that one-third is the maximum of foreign words, but many of those passages contain less than one-tenth of such words. The average would be in such passages as those quoted about 31-40ths Anglo-Saxon. But the number of words may be said to be no fair criterion of the influence of such words in a language, for a few words may have a potency not at all commensurate with their plurality. To this we reply, in *the first place*, that the skeleton of our language is Saxon. It is the framework which gives stability to the structure, although foreign words may add to its grace and beauty. In the second place, the English Grammar is almost exclusively occupied with Anglo-Saxon words, not only in the roots, but also in the inflections and auxiliaries. The cases of nouns are determined by particles instead of being noted, as in the Latin, Greek and Hebrew, by the terminations of the words. It is the same in the comparison of adjectives, for *er* and *est* are Saxon. Many adverbs end in the Saxon *ly*. The articles and personal pronouns, including the relative and interrogative pronouns, also the

most of the irregular verbs and conjunctions are all, with few exceptions, Anglo-Saxon.

The objects of perception are principally named by Anglo-Saxon words, such as *sun*, *moon*, *stars*, *sky*, *water*, *sea*, *&c.*, and although the very nice and affected orator may talk of "vigorous Sol," or "arcentine Luna," or "the azure zenith," or the "effulgent constellation," yet the mother tongue excels, if not in euphony, at least in force, pointedness and precision, in all that appertains to the external world, or to the varied wants of humanity.

Three of the elements are named in Anglo-Saxon phrases, viz., earth, fire, water; also, three out of the four seasons are of the same parentage, that is, spring, summer and winter. The same may be said of all the divisions of time, such as day, night, morning, evening, twilight, noon, mid-day, mid-night, sunrise, sunset, including all the mysterious, beautiful and grand in universal, prodigal and exuberant nature, as light, heat, cold, frost, rain, snow, hail, sleet, thunder, lightning, sea, hill, dale, wood, stream, &c., which are Saxon. Why need we enumerate all the expressive and terse words of our ancestral language? Those words which the poet loves to use—which the orator trusts to for forcible expressions—which the historian lays under tribute with the greatest freedom, and which are the terms of every-day life, are derived from the mother tongue. What words more expressive of the strongest emotions, of the tenderest feeling, or of the more abiding sensations, than those of *father*, *mother*, *husband*, *wife*, *brother*, *sister*, *son*, *daughter*, *child*, *home*, *kindred*, *friends*, *love*, *hope*, *fear*, *sorrow*, *shame*, *tear*, *smile*, *blush*, *laugh*, *weep*, *sigh*, *groan?* The *lullaby* over our cradle-bed—the first, faint, stuttering accents at a mother's knee—the simple and confiding prayers of happy childhood—the volubility of the tongue of boyhood and girlhood in the sportive games of the playground—the earnest accents of the alternately-hoping and despairing lover, and the last sad utterances of the dying, are generally spoken in unsophisticated Anglo-Saxon. Does a writer or a speaker wish to teach lessons of wisdom, or indulge in witty sayings, in sober proverbs, or in pungent irony, invective satire, humour, or pleasantry? If he wish to be effective he must use the mother tongue in its many forms. Does he wish to pour vials of wrath in words upon the heads of his enemies? He does not call out classic terms for his purpose, for they are the quintessence of politeness, but he falls back upon the "rough and ready" terms of every day life. The vocabulary of abuse is rather voluminous in our tongue, and if we wish to be pointed and unmistakeably expressive and impressive, we are generally very idiomatic and vernacular in our expressions. Were we to scold in a classic language, there would be less quarreling, fewer duels, a small list on the docket of cases of assault and foul libel, and many-tongued and malicious slander would become almost as mythical as an ancient oracle. The verbal quarrels of a Greek or a Roman were like a gentle breeze in comparison to a tornado, as regards his language and ours. Is not our energetic Saxon to blame? The hoary worthies of other days have left behind literary monuments of ill nature, but their languages are capable of meaning many bitter things by a sort of

insinuation and sly interpretation, which the stern and outspoken English seems to scorn. What would our political writers, and such as dip their pens in gall and wormwood, do without a copious supply of vituperative words, which, like Canada thistles, are not only indigenous, thrifty and aggressive, but also difficult of extirpation? How emphatic are such words as *scurrility*, *scum*, *filth*, *offscourings*, *dregs*, *dirt*, *mean*, *loathsome*, *trash*, *&c.*?

It is to be observed, also, that while classic terms are used in a generic sense, and abstractly, yet special terms, indicating particular objects, qualities and modes of action, are either Saxon or derivatives from it; for example, the *movements* of the body, such as *jump*, *twist*, *hop*, *skip*, are Saxon; but *move* is Latin, *colour* is Latin, but the different colours are Saxon. *Crime* is Latin, but *robbery*, *theft*, *murder* are Saxon. Organ is Greek, and member is Latin; but all the organs of sense, including our limbs, are Saxon. Animal is Latin, but *man*, *cow*, *sheep*, *calf*, *cat*, *dog*, *&c.*, are Saxon. *Number* is both French and Latin, but the cardinal and ordinal terms, up to one million, are Anglo-Saxon. Scientific terms are now generally either classic, pure and simple, or *Anglicized*, or form a union with the Saxon in compound words. This wedding of the past and present is often very uncouth. The German language is much more conservative than ours, and even in the arts and sciences it expresses nearly all technical terms in those words which are "to the manner born."

The invaders are repelled, and it is a question with us, whether the foreign languages, which have added so many words and made such structural changes, have improved greatly the parent tongue. Philosophers are often hobby-ridden mortals, and dogmatically furnish us a nomenclature that is more pedantic than useful, and which could be as forcibly and correctly formed from home productions as from the arbitrary terms of a foreign people. This is an invasion which has not only been successful, but promises to continue its inroads to the final and complete overthrow of the natives. The Anglo-Saxon was not only copious in words, in relation to the wants of those who used it, but possessed in its system of inflections and terminal syllables, and in the ease with which it formed new compounds from its then homogeneous elements, a power of expansion and self-development fully equal to all the demands of advanced knowledge and science, and in losing its inflections and terminations, it has lost, to a great degree, its plastic power of moulding its elements into new combinations. We must not be understood as wishing to depreciate altogether the use of foreign words, for they have their benefits, but we should not be prepared, for the sake of pedantry or novelty, to introduce terms which are neither needful nor useful, and would, if passing current, extirpate English words sufficiently expressive and pointed. The philosophers of this century are running into this extreme. Sir William Hamilton, Cousin and Morell in metaphysics, Lyell and Agassiz in geology, and others whose names are well known, seem to ride a hobby in newly coined words of classical extraction, so that novices would need a glossary to interpret not only new terms, but old ones, to which they often attach new meanings in almost every chapter, we are well aware that in science it is often difficult to

procure a Saxon, Norman or English word that can always communicate that fine shade of meaning necessary, especially in the exact sciences and metaphysics, and often an Anglicized, Latin or Greek word will meet the case. Take, for example, the words "induction" and "deduction," "talent" and "genius," "science" and "art," "human" and "humane," "judgment" and "understanding." Then if we take the words "apt" and "fit," although at first glance they seem to have the same significance, yet the former is a Latin derivative and the latter Saxon. The first has an active sense, and the latter is passive in its meaning. In Hamlet we have "hands *apt*, drugs *fit*," and then Wordsworth says—

> "Our hearts more *apt* to sympathize
> With heaven, our souls more *fit* for future glory."

and "feelings" and "sentiment" are often used as synonymous terms, but the former is Saxon and the latter is Norman, or, properly speaking, Latin. Then we are very apt to show our little learning by using pretentious words when simple ones would suffice. "Man" and "Woman" are expressive, and terse words, "lady" and "gentleman" ambiguous, and "individual" is too generic by far. "Commencement" is now like Grecian bends and infinitesimal bonnets, very fashionable; but good, old, staid "beginning" has still a true ring about it. How would it sound to read, "In the *commencement* God created the heavens and the earth," "In the *commencement* was the word," &c., "That which was in the *commencement* is now and ever shall be?" Milton does not use commencement in all his poems, and it is seldom to be found in Shakspeare. Let these foreigners be welcome to our hearths, but let them not cast out the legitimate members of the family. Let them serve a long apprenticeship before they are wedded to our loved ones. Hume scolded Gibbon because he wrote in French: "Why do you compose in French, and thus carry faggots to the wood, as Horace says to those Romans who wrote in Greek." The history of literature teaches this fact, that those prose or poetic writers who used their native language, and were men of genius, immortalized themselves and their works, while their compeers equally intellectual and gifted, have been forgotten, because they employed a fashionable and foreign language "that perished in the using." Philosophers may ignore in their nomenclature the Saxon and Norman and simple English, but the dramatist, poet, orator and literary writer must principally study, digest and use that language which lingered on the lips of Chaucer, and dropped in sweetness from his pen, and which was the life-blood in the writings of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton and Wordsworth. Is it not strange that so much of the Anglo-Saxon has been preserved when we consider the assaults which have been yesterday made on its integrity? "Look at the English," says Dr. Bosworth in his "Prolegomena;" "polluted by Danish and Norman conquests, distorted in its genuine and noble features by old and recent endeavours to mould it after the French fashion, invaded by a hostile force of Greek and Latin words, threatened by increasing hosts to overwhelm the indigenous terms. In these long contests against the combined might of so many forcible enemies, the language, it is true, has lost some of its power of inversion in the structure of sentences, the means of denoting

the difference of genders, and the nice distinctions by inflection and termination: almost every word is attacked by the spasm of the accent, and the drawing of consonants to wrong positions, yet the old English principle is not overpowered. Trampled down by the ignoble feet of strangers, its spring still retains force enough to restore itself; it lives and plays through all the veins of the language; it impregnates the innumerable strangers entering its dominions with its temper and stains them with its colour; not unlike the Greek, which, in taking up Oriental words, stripped them of their foreign costume, and bid them appear as native Greeks."

However much we may love our native tongue, it would not be wise, for the mere love of it, to adopt and perpetrate those words in it which have not only lost their primitive meaning but often have now an objectionable signification. Our modesty, however, does not yet compel us to say "limb" for "leg," "decomposition" for "rottenness," "Ranger of the forest" for "bull," "disagreeable effluvia" for "stench," "perspiration" for "sweat," "in a state of inebriety" for "drunk," "obliquity of vision" for "cross-eyed" and "non compos mentis" for "crazy," but these are words of Anglo-Saxon parentage which by the inexorable law of custom and fashion are no longer polite in some circles. These to a great extent have been supplanted by the genteel French or the chaste Latin and thus lose their so-called grossness and pointed significance. Medical students have lectures delivered to them on the most delicate subjects in Anatomy, physiology and medical jurisprudence, yet, by the use of classical terms, nothing is said or written to shock the most sensitive taste. On the other hand we have no sympathy with those fastidious and affected individuals who substitute silly slang phrases, interminable Latin, French or Greek words for honest English because these may conventionally have a double meaning—the one polite and the other obscene,—for the very fact of their avoiding these expressions indicate that they are versed in the meanings which they seem to eschew. Such are *apparently* as sensitive as the young lady who could not bear to have the *legs* of her piano exposed to vulgar gaze and consequently had them decently covered with nicely frilled pantalettes. The Anglo-Saxon has a sufficient number of synonymous terms to choose from for all practical purposes, and classical words and quotations require great taste and judgment to introduce them efficiently into our language and even in such instances the *body* can be transferred but the *spirit* never. "There are men so perversely constituted in mind, so predestinated to be pedants, and slavish copyists, that nothing can cure them. Such men will traverse the whole circle of Greek and Roman literature, and acquire nothing thereby, but the faculty of spoiling English. Upon such, the grace and beauty which pervade the remains of classical antiquity are utterly lost: they must transfer them bodily, and in their actual forms, or not at all. And this they foolishly think they have done, when they have violently torn away some few tatters of phraseology,—some fragments of the language of their admired models, and grotesquely stuck them on their own pages; totally unconscious that their beauty, like that of the flower plucked from its stem, withers at once by the very violence which tears it from its place, and that there is no more resemblance between classical compositions and

such imitations, than between the wild hedgerows and the *noxtus siccus* of the botanist."

There is a number of "slang" phrases being continually used by the common people and which become after a time necessarily incorporated into the vernacular. For example, an orator who has redundancy of language and is itching for an opportunity to "hold forth" is said, like a full pail, carried by an unsteady arm, to be "slopping over." A newly-married couple are like a team "hitched up." A rascal who has by a species of acting on his circumscribed stage deceived, and has at last been unmasked, is said to be "played out." The fellows who fled across the lines to us during the American war, after being paid large sums for their services, had applied to them the laconic term "bounty jumpers." See that fellow puffed out with his own importance, without brains to qualify him for aught but bedecking his person with gaudy trimmings, and whose swagger and dignity and noise are like "a heavy swell" of the sea, is not the term expressive? Do we value our truthfulness and do not wish to confirm it by an oath, then we can say it is true "you may bet" During the American war a term was introduced as applying to those who fled from their duty. They were said to "skedaddle." Did some classic wag Anglicize the Greek verb Σxεδάννυμι (skedannumi) or Σxεδαζω (skedadzo), *I scatter; put to flight*. The poor unfortunate who staggers home from the tavern, and as he makes zigzag lines grumbling at the narrow highway, is said to be overdosed with "Tangle-Leg"

Not only has the Anglo-Saxon been able to hold its own against all intruders with regard to common words, but the proper names of that tongue are still retained with slight and almost unavoidable changes in central England where the Saxons had their strongest hold. Take, for example, many of the suffixes to local names, *borrow*, *brough*, *burgh*, *bury*, *fold*, *worth*, *ham*, *ton*, *park*: all of these terminations suggest to the readers many of the most noted places in England and south Scotland, and all of which mean an enclosure, wall or hedge. *Ton* is from the Anglo-Saxon verb *tinan*, to hedge about, *worth* is from *weorthing* to encircle—Bosworth is an enclosed park. *Ton* also means a walled town, as Kensington, the city of the *Kensings*, and *Sandgate*, or a sea barrier—a town in Kent—which has opposite to it in France *Sangitte*, showing a common origin. The Saxon *wick* is attached to many towns in England, such as Warwick, Norwich, Wickam and Nantwick. *Wick* means a creek or small stream, and sometimes a hamlet. *Hurst*, *holt*, *chart*, *wold*, and such like, refer to a wooded country. So that really, from these names a good insight can be obtained of the physical aspects of Central Britain during the days of the Saxon Heptarchy, when streams and woods, and outlets and bays, and mountains and promontories were, and wherein they have changed since then. All such words are enduring monuments erected by our ancestors for practical purposes, and are still extant almost in the forms that were used twelve centuries ago, and which bid fair to be co-equal in time with the history of the English-speaking race of whatever nationality. The English language has been a wonderful vehicle of wonderful thought for many cycles of years, and is now in the ascendant, and destined to be the universal language of exalted human thought. To

what shall we compare it? It is a telescope which brings nearer to us not only the great central suns that have shone with undying radiance throughout the ever-revolving years of history, throwing out corruscations that have even illumined the darkest "nooks and crannies" of the murky ages, and have shed light in unusual and brilliant scintillations of poetic glory and intellection upon the advancing wave of civilization, but also those lesser lights whose glimmerings have done much to add to the beauty of the firmament of literature, and are "forever singing as they shine."

It is a telegraph which has sent the electricity of kindred minds in continually-augmented currents down through succeeding generations, ending, but not expiring, in the brilliant blaze of the 19th century. *Now* thundering in its course like the Alpine tempest as it pours its vengeance upon glaciers, grey crags, and stunted pines; *then* murmuring with the solemn intonation of an Æolian harp; *now* flashing a lurid flame across the darkened and darkening wave of social, political and martial revolution; *then* emitting a solitary spark of power, as if the "vital flame" was about to expire: *now* clicking intelligence along the nerves of "Father Time"; *then* incoherently vibrating mere vitality throughout the long years of the dark ages, our literature is, and has been, music, which, in the thrilling strains of inspiration or towering genius, comes down in mournful cadences along the majestic corridors of ages, or echoing in triumphant strains through the vista of myriad years, taking up in gleefulness the grand oratorios and sublime anthems of universal jubilee, filling, from time to time, intermittently, the whole earth with the rhythm and melody of expressed human freedom, sympathy and love. Our language, in conjunction with its kindred tongues, has been a heart which has beat unceasingly since the time it was born in the dawn of historic day and cradled in Grecian liberty; *now* throbbing in the whirlwind of political changes, and at every stroke of its nervous and palpitating walls, a vital stream of religious and civil freedom has poured onwards in resistless eddies; *then* beating in universal sympathy with the oppressed, and sending forth, in matchless eloquence, its philippics against the despot, and in blank verse and heroic stanzas and runic rhyme, comedy, satire, irony and fierce invective, making kings tremble, and "divinely appointed" emperors shiver in terror, and setting by its ceaseless strokes the manacled and the imprisoned free, who were pavilioned in the shadow of mental and spiritual bondage.

If it be true that the falling of a dew-drop, as well as the vibrations of an earthquake, and even thought, affect, by the law of action and reaction, not only earth, but the universe of substance and matter, and that from the whisper of a lover to the roar of the loudest thunder, there is an echo in nature's vast sounding-gallery, and that all are indelibly stamped upon the mysterious whole, and can be read by glorified spirits and angelic hosts as histories and biographies of animate and inanimate nature, how incalculably great must have been the impressions and the mental modes and the verbal expressions of those giant minds of whom the earth was not worthy, and whose ideas have been preserved in classic lore, leavening the whole lump of human

ideality, and carrying those influences in ever-widening circles into the spirit land! It is true, words are only arbitrary symbols of human thought, yet every good thought has connected with it a sound that carries in its utterance significance to others; and every evil thought has also a representative word which, like a plague-spot, tells of corruption within. Language becomes signs and symptoms of the progress or decay of a nation. In short, experience and history teach that a nation and its language are a duality which stand or fall together, and if the language survives the people and their immediate descendants, it is only a dead language. How jealously and zealously should we guard the noble English language from aught that would pollute it or tend to destroy its integrity! If we have a love of country, let us identify with it a love of our mother tongue, for let us be assured that the complete history of our race and the entire records of our living literature will be co-equal and co-extensive. The one may only be able to sing a requiem over the other. What does history say? Where is glorious Persepolis, and what has become of its euphonious and pure Persian? Who can point out the ruins or the site of regal Troy, and tell us of even the dialect of the brave Priam and his devoted followers? Where are the languages or dialects of Carthage and Baalbec? Even

> ——— "Babylon,
> Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
> Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh
> That would lament her."

The Sphinx and the Pyramids stand almost as imperishable as the Nile, but what was the language of those who carved the one and rolled the huge stones of the other together? Not a vestige remains.

> "Ancient Thebes; Tyre by the margin of the waves;
> Palmyra, central in the desert fell,"

but there cometh no response from their desert habitations. Athens no longer sends forth a flowing stream of pure and euphonious Greek in her works of philosophic research, and in her poverty rich as that which "Burning Sappho loved and sung," not only to Asia Minor and the thousand classic isles of the Archipelago, but also "fulmin'd over Greece," with her "resistless eloquence;" and even proud Corinth has no memento save that which is on the page of history. The speech of the stately, prosaic and stoical Roman is now only known in its literary relics, yet at one time it was the language of empire and law, spread by Emperor, Consul, Pro-Consul, and sturdy warriors, wherever rose the Roman eagle, and wherever waved their victorious banner. The language of the painted savages of Britain, long before the days of heroic Boadicea, is now almost a myth. The stone, iron, and bronze periods of American history were cycles of prosperity for a mighty race: rising from barbarism to civilization, and the splendid monuments—whether the mounds of Ohio or the wonderful structures of Central America now in ruins—are evidences of intellectual culture not far behind that of the boasted 19th century; but where is the language of this race—their books and their written literature? I

the savage red man their descendant, or is he their victor? Who can now furl up the dark veil and give us a glimpse into the past history of this continent? A Canadian poet has well sung:

> "On, on to the regions lone
> The generations go;
> They march along to the mingled song
> Of hope and joy and woe.
>
> On, on to the regions lone,
> For there's no tarrying here,
> And the hoary past is joined at last
> By all it held so dear."

The skeleton of the Mastodon or the Megatherium—the foot-prints of mammoth birds upon the petrified sands of time—the fossilized giants of the fen or of the forest—the horrid reptiles in their rocky sepulchres, and all the remains of the untold and half-discovered wonders of ages, and epochs, and generations, and floods, and fiery trials, which strike the thoughtful human mind with amazement, are dead tongues and expressive and unutterable languages of what has been, but will be no more forever. In like manner shall the English language perish? Shall the rich, expressive, glowing tongue of a Chaucer, Spenser, Pope, Shakspeare, Milton. Scott, Wordsworth, Longfellow and Tennyson become only a sad memorial of the past? It is a language which, in its tones, speaks freedom. It knows no bounds, and is circumscribed by no barricades. It follows the footsteps of our restless race throughout the whole of the vast heritage of the Anglo-Saxon, and by incisive power penetrates among foreign tongues, in the remotest parts of the earth. It echoes in the hills and valleys of the Australasian continent, trembling in the torrid breezes of Africa and India and in the howling tempests of polar seas—vibrating on the air of the American continent, in every city, through every forest, over every prairie, in every lake. in the happy homes and thoroughfares of forty millions of our thrice blessed and happy race. It is shouted from half the islands that beautify the face of every sea, and from half the decks of men-of-war and merchantmen that float upon the billows. It shakes the Anglo-Saxon banner of many hues and of divers nationalities to the winds of heaven "from the rising to the setting sun," and beneath its ample folds cluster that sturdy race of Norsemen who mould public opinion at home and abroad by free sentiment, free speech, free pens, free presses, indomitable energy, unbending will, love of conquest, and stubborn resistance to civil and religious wrong.

HISTORICAL SONNETS.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

XII.

Minerva springing from the head of Jove!
Was that the symbol of Hellenic mind?
All intellect, Greece had not her arms to find,
When need was; with what grand success she strove
Against the wrong, when subtle tyrants wove
Their fetters, wherewith Freedom's limbs to bind!
When Persia was in arms against mankind.
How the fair plants of Truth and Freedom throve
In unison, and grew up side by side!
But Athens! chief in thee—Athena's home:
Whence as its centre radiated wide
The thought that shall live in all time to come—
The thought that in all ages has defied
The tyrant ev'n unto martyrdom!

XIII.

Athens! Lacedæmon! Thebes! great names:
Talismans to evoke the patriot mind—
The heroic spirit, to all interests blind,
But love of country, owning to no shames,
But of oppression, nursing glorious aims!
Yet Greece had little of that love of kind—
That larger brotherhood of man, confined
Within a circle of Hellenic thought:—
Each little dynasty, too largely fraught
With the anarchic element, disdains
The curb of reason, as of tyranny:
Rulers were tyrants: Laws were forged chains,
To fetter souls that dared not choose be free:
The individual will, what higher will restrains?

XIV.

Fields of high fame! Platæa, Marathon,
Thermopylæ; with glorious Salamis—
That scene of all heroic agonies!—
Whence the proud tyrant, from his glittering throne
Beholding his ships strew'd like waifs upon
Old ocean, in trepidation flies,
To hide amid his crouching Satrapies,
Who still his wide-embracing sceptre own.
But where that bridge of boats by which he cross'd
The parting sea betwixt two continents?
Has it too failed him in that moment, toss'd
By those rude rebellious elements,
Worthy of fetters: where that empty boast
Which Xerxes flung to Greece from forth his royal tents?

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

WERE the Poet Laureate to cast his lot with us, and take up his abode on that silent but romantic spot—Partridge Island—which guards the entrance to our harbour, and did he depend for a living on the sale of his poetry to the literary periodicals of Canada, we are much afraid that for his food he would have to trust to the gaspereaux which abound in that classic region, and for his drink to the salt water which washes its rocky sides.

The provinces have been but poor fields hitherto for men of letters. It may be so in all new countries with large geographical territory and sparse population; but allowing for the draw-backs incident to this state of things, it still appears that British America has not produced as many writers as it should have done, and probably would have done had its people extended a more ready and generous support to their toiling sons of genius. The strong and deep-rooted apathy evinced by the public towards books of Canadian origin is not only very wrong, but pernicious to the country. The literature of the land, which, properly speaking, should receive our *first* consideration, is thrown aside and while every other matter is taken up, discussed and debated, Canadian authors and their works are totally ignored.

Still there do exist, despite the non-appreciation of their efforts, men and women too, in this Dominion, of rare intellectual attainments and extraordinary abilities, whose works are prized abroad by the most eminent in art, science and literature. *They* see much to admire, while *we* are too blind to perceive anything unusual. Occasionally we meet with one of "our own" authors who has met with some degree of success in letters, but these cases are very rare.

No Canadian author has ever been able to make literature pay. If the writers for the newspaper press are excepted, it would be a matter of difficulty to find one individual who has succeeded in making a living solely by his pen. Our publishers can hardly be termed men of liberal views in literary matters. They are slow, very slow to take in hand for publication the manuscript of a home author. The fear of loss from a poor sale of the book, or lack of interest in a National literature, is the only reason that can be given why more works of a purely Canadian tone are not issued to our public. We have produced and are still producing clever authors, whose books—published out of the Dominion—have created more than ordinary interest. Prof. De-Mill, now of Halifax and formerly of St. John, is well known to the readers of the QUARTERLY as one who has made his mark as a writer of entertaining and lively romance. "Helena's Household"—a tale of the Roman Empire—is a brilliant work. To the people of Canada it is a total stranger; but in the British Isles and in the United States it is much read. "Helena's Household" cannot be termed a popular story. It is a religious novel, if we may use the term. It abounds in

glowing ideas and thoughtful passages, while the lighter portions are clothed in elegant and chaste language. The "Dodge Club Papers" —those rollicking merry sketches—are of an entirely different mould. Indeed one could hardly say, without knowing the author, that the same man produced both works. The former philosophical and thoughtful, a book that was to be expected from a University Professor, and the latter vivacious and sprightly, and brimful of rich fun and rare humour. It is a singular fact that the American people are indebted to provincialists for true portraits of the genuine "Yankee." Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, made his name famous throughout both continents as the author of the immortal clock-maker SAM SLICK, and James DeMill bids fair to attain a somewhat similar notoriety as a depictor of another typical American in his journeyings abroad. "Cord and Creese"—much too sensational for our taste, yet a novel in which rein is given to a strong and fertile imagination—is by the same author. It was originally published in *Harper's Bazar* and recently received the honour of types in book-form. Mr. DeMill takes high rank as an essayist as well as a novelist.

Miss Louisa Murray, of Ontario, too went abroad for fame. Her capital serial story, entitled "The Settlers of Long Arrow," first saw the light in 1861 in *Once a Week*—a magazine printed in London, England. This novel was highly popular at the time of its publication, and the British press bestowed much praise on it. Since then Miss M. has written several stories and poems far the magazines of Great Britain. Besides her writings—published out of the Dominion—she has written several papers for periodicals in it. The "Cited Curate" —a graphic and pleasantly told story, graced the pages of the *British American Magazine* of Toronto in 1863. To the *Literary Garland*—a Montreal publication long since dead—she contributed as early as 1851 a novel, descriptive of Canadian life and scenery. It was entitled "Fauna; or, the Red Flower of Leafy Hollow." We have not been able to secure a copy of this story to read, but those who have perused it speak very favourably of it. "Cousin May Carleton"—a St. John lady—in the field of richly-coloured sensational romance, is very popular with our "border" friends.

Many others might be mentioned, whose labours are appreciated more elsewhere, than within our own precincts; but enough for our present purpose has been enumerated. Our publishers cannot be entirely blamed for their non-encouragement of the Canadian author. They are fully alive to the apathy of the public with which they have to deal. Many good books, books that would be a credit to the country as well as to their authors, have been laid aside on the shelf in manuscript, mainly because no publisher has dared to publish them. It is true that Mrs. Ross, of Montreal, has succeeded in getting an immense circulation for her admirable story, "Violet Keith," in almost every town and village in the Dominion; but every possessor of the volume in question knows how that part of the business was managed. The work was actively canvassed. Many took it as we oftentimes take subscription books, to put an end to a too-lengthy interview, but now since they *have* got it, and most opportunely it has come too, it is read

and criticised quite extensively. Nearly everyone we meet asks us, "have you read *Violet Keith?*" "Violet Keith" is in every mouth and the "unruly member" is loud in its praises of the volume. This will do our literature some good. Persons who imagined that Canadians could not write books will be agreeably disappointed, and the *fiat* will probably go forth declaring that "all is not rotten in the state of Denmark." A great re-action may take place and it most likely will. "Violet Keith" is not distinguished by a plot of any kind; it is but a "plain, unvarnished tale." We must consider "convent life," and the "damp cell" affair as rather gross exaggerations. It is not within the pale of reason that such scenes could be enacted in this quarter of the globe, at this enlightened age of the world's history.

So much for our writers of fiction. We come now to another order of literature: to the Poets of Canada. We do not embrace in this category the mere writer of namby-pamby verse, the nonsensical gingler of incoherencies; but the true poet. He whose musical rhythm, glowing thoughts and flights of imagination carry us unconsciously to other realms. The poet who gives us

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

not the contented being, who in utter defiance of the laws of floriculture, told us that

"The Dahlia braves the wintry breeze,"

and when remonstrated with, cooly remarked that it was a "poetical license." Hereafter we need not be astonished if we hear of water freezing in July, in India. The efforts of that cheerful individual who dashes off, at a moment's notice, a yard of "machine poetry," are not calculated to be of much service to our literature. They rather tend to injure the prospects of the real votary of the muse. We have striven from time to time, in our reviews of volumes of Canadian poetry. to instil into the mind of the reader a love for the poetry of our own poets. We have ever pointed out the injurious effect of indiscriminately bestowing patronage upon trash, upon the lukewarmness shewn to our own writers and the lack of appreciation evinced by our people. Such men as Heavysege, Sangster, Ryan, Murdoch, McColl, Mair, and McLachlan should receive every encouragement. Wm. Wye Smith, Proctor, and Isidore Ascher are less known to the majority of our readers, but none the less famous as true poets. The genius of these authors is known to too few. The great mass of readers who reside in our noble country, know little of the fine array of brilliant metrical writers they have with them. Their "light" may truly be said to be "hid under a bushel." It should "shine," and the day, it is hoped, is not far distant when it will break forth in all its brilliancy and power, and shed a glorious lustre o'er the roll of Canadian authors. As it is now the Canadian poet rarely sells enough copies of his poems to pay publishing expenses. Dull and heavy they fall upon the public; and as useless stock they lumber up the bookseller's shelves.

The Dominion of Canada presents many interesting and valuable

features for the historian. The early history of the provinces is a fine and noble study, one in which the youth of our land should take an active part. It is sad to contemplate the gross ignorance which prevails, even at this day, among our people in regard to the history of their country. While the school-boy is tolerably familiar with the glorious and chivalrous acts of Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa, he is lamentably ignorant of the noble deeds of the brave but ill-fated Madame LaTour—whose body lies beneath the earth, in Carleton, an unknown grave, for no tombstone marks the spot where sleeps forever so much worth and heroism. The heroic life of this noble lady is a study by itself, and one eminently fitted to inspire the youth of both sexes, with admiration and love for the unfortunate heroine, whose brave defence of the fort which still bears her name, called down upon herself the inhuman barbarity of the dastardly D'Aulnay. Then the Maid of Vercheres, taken in connection with the history of the "Antient Capital," is another brave lady-warrior with whose life we should be familiar. Although we possess some good histories, yet there is room for another. One which shall be prepared expressly for the use of schools, and brought down to the present period. We favour the presumption that a good History, at this time, would not only be a great boon; but the Historian would reap a reward both in fame and in a pecuniary sense, which in this matter-of-fact age is the greater inducement.

Beamish Murdoch—a barrister of Halifax, N. S.—published a short time ago, his History of Acadie. But owing, we think, to insufficient support, it was not brought to as late a date as could be wished. The history too, is not written in an easy flowing style. It is more in the shape of a compilation of data relating to our early history. Yet the matter and facts are here, and for these Mr. Murdoch deserves much credit, and also for his laborious research for *materiel*. Here is a good text-book for our schools. Why is it not used? For a consideration, the author might be induced to "finish up" his work and then we would have a complete chronicle of Acadie.

Garneau's History of Canada, both in French and English, is a work of rare ability. Francois Xavier Garneau may be considered a genuine Canadian Historian. He was born at Quebec, June 15th, 1809, and died there on Feb. 3rd, 1866. Our readers will remember Mr. J. M. Le Moine's short paper on Garneau, which appeared in the QUARTERLY a little over a year ago. Mr. Garneau was a poet too, but he never attained great fame in poesy. It is in history that his name will live.

In 1845 the first volume of Garneau's History was published, in 1846 volume 2nd came out, and the third volume reached the public in 1848. This brought it down to the establishment of constitutional government in 1792. *The Revue Canadienne* in 1864 published the conclusion of the work, contributed in a series of papers by the author to that journal.

This history was well received, and the writers in the magazines and papers of France showered many encomiums upon it. The *Nouvelle Revue Encyclopèdique* of Paris, in 1847, gave it much praise. A second

edition was published at Montreal by John Lovell in 1852. It was revised and corrected, and concluded with the union of the Canadas in 1840. The *Revue des Deux Mondes,* a high authority, had a lengthy paper from M. Th. Pavie, who was vastly pleased with the work. Dr. Brownson and M. Moxeau, also wrote in its favour, the former in the *London Quarterly Review* and the latter in the Paris *Correspondant.*

The year 1859 saw the third edition, and shortly after a translation in English by Andrew Bell, appeared, which, however, failed to come up to the author's expectations. Hon. Wm. Smith, in 1815, gave us a history of Canada from its first discovery to the Peace of 1773; from the establishment of the civil government in 1764, to the establishment of the constitution in 1796. This work was issued in two volumes, 8 vo., at Quebec. Although 1815 is imprinted on it, the public did not receive it until some years after that date. The Records of the Colony, the journals of the Jesuits and Charlevois's History form the principal authorities from which Mr. Smith made his compilation—for a mere compilation and nothing more this history is.

The author of the "Canadian Gazetteer," Mr. W. H. Smith issued at Toronto, in 1851, from the press of Thomas MacLear, an instructive work in two volumes, entitled the "Past, Present and Future of Upper Canada." It is attractively written, accurate in the main, and worthy of an attentive perusal. There are several other valuable histories of the provinces extant, but Murdoch and Garneau have published the best and these we would commend to the earnest consideration of instructors of youth. They are easy of access. MacKinlay, of Halifax, supplies the former, and John Lovell, of Montreal, has the latter.

Rich in historians, poets, essayists and novelists, possessing eminent theologians, metaphysicians, geologists and scholars a great future is open for Canada. Let her foster her literary men ere they be discouraged by constant failure, and relinquish literature altogether. Let this "incipient Northern Nation"—as poor D'Arcy McGee called it—remember that national strength lies in the nation's literature. Accord to our men of genius some encouragement, however slight, and ere this Dominion will have entered upon its teens, celebrated men abroad in similar fields of thought, will find many stout rivals on this continent, "foemen worthy of their steel."

We ask our readers will they assist us in patronizing the emanations of our *literati?* Will they throw aside the trashy sensational weeklies of New York which, perniciously, flood our markets, and encourage in their stead a good, healthy literature of their own? Only purchase that which is good. If the book be trashy buy it not because it is Canadian. That would be more injurious than not buying it at all. The success of a bad book would have the influence of making the author give us a second one, perhaps worse than the first. The good and worthy help as much as possible, but let the trash sink into the oblivion it deserves. We trust this appeal is not made in vain, and that some benefit may come from it.

THE IDEAL AND THE PRACTICAL.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

THE Ideal is a somewhat indefinite term, hardly capable of definition, and yet admitting, perhaps, of some illustration. Take the blossom of a flower, or look at the perfection of the summer foliage, or contemplate the horizon where "heaven and earth but seem alas! to meet:" in these we have the Ideal in outward form and appearance, imaged to the eye, or detected by the mind. The mind has an *ideal.* We are ever aiming after a perfection which we do not see, which we have not reached. Everything rises into something higher than itself. There is what is called the ideal faculty; and whether it is it which creates the Ideal itself, or whether the faculty has its field and development in the element which we designate by this name, we need not now determine. We believe, however, that the Ideal has an independent existence, that there is a perfection which is without ourselves; and we are capable of aiming at the one, and rising to the other.

We are never contented with what we at any time see, and what may at any moment be in our possession. The ideal always outstrips the actual. Perfection is never realized in what *is.* The most perfect form only strives after a more perfect. Whether the Ideal has ever been realized in Art, let a Phidias or a Raphael declare. Does the finest landscape satisfy the longings, or come up to the ideal, of the mind? Are we not always carried beyond what we look upon, it may be with fondest admiration, and intensest pleasure, even to higher worlds than this, and to regions purer and loftier than that in which we live and move? It is always the effect of the grand or the beautiful, to suggest something still more grand or beautiful. The mind rises with its own ideal. It is what the actual suggests, not what it is in itself that constitutes at any time the object we admire. To rest in the immediately present, in the object, in the scene, were impossible. There is a spiritual perfection that constitutes this or that excellence, which is itself not seen, which is only suggested. That there is an ideal, is no more than saying that the human mind came from the divine, and it rises to its source. Imagination is the more common designation of the faculty which has its peculiar element in the ideal. The more technical definitions always fall far short of the very element or power which it is sought to define or describe. It is not its representing again, and in new combinations, what we have once seen or perceived: it is not this which constitutes the faculty, or gives its definition. The *emotional element* is not here, the precise element, which is without a name, but which constitutes the very power, of which, after all, we are in quest.

How are we raised to the ideal by some lofty symphony, which comes upon us as from some higher region, from "worlds not realized!" Who has not experienced a nameless feeling, as the landscape spread out before his view, with features of beauty which he in vain

sought to analyze, and with an exquisiteness of tint and outline, which defied the pencil to pourtray, or language to express? Some fine form —a tree which lifts itself from the plain in stately majesty, or graceful beauty—a noble mountain range—a woodland scene, with its shady groves, its far stretching glades, and fields of "immemorial pasture," lead the thought away to make its own pictures, and improve upon the scene or the object that invites its notice, or solicits its excursions. We are invested with the ideal: we are surrounded by it, wherever we turn. We lift our eye to the heavens, and it is there: we look upon the earth, and it arises to meet our gaze. The grandeur of the nightly canopy of stars elevates us to a loftiness above their own. There is the ideal of virtuous deeds, of noble achievements, of homely affections, of domestic loves. All noble emotions, all generous acts, all more disinterested purposes, all wider sympathies, awaken this state, and call us to its imitation.

A too lofty ideal may sometimes operate injuriously, and is not always united with the virtuous or the practical. The very nature of the one is sometimes to injure, or detract from, the other: it is to inflate the mind with an unattainable standard, and to make it rest in the idea, as if that could compensate for what it only expressed. The ideal of beauty particularly may often be mistaken for virtue, and put in the place of the practical duties. Those who are endowed with the highest esthetic sense, who are distinguished by the keenest relish for the beautiful, either lose, in the passion for that, the far more valuable virtues, or are proud enough to disdain the one, in the enamoured pursuit of the other. It was so in Greece: it was so in ancient Rome: it has been pre-eminently so in modern Italy. The devotion to Art is not always favourable to the practical virtues: though the cultivation of the ideal, it is not always connected with the nobler impulses, but on the contrary has often been united with the meaner vices. There is a tendency in the very pursuit of the former, to engross the mind to the exclusion of everything else; and it is not wonderful if even moral claims are made secondary to esthetic demands.

Too exclusive a devotion to poetic thought and cultivation may, in like manner, be injurious. Poets have too often been the victims of their own genius; and they have consoled themselves with the thought that "the light that led astray was light from heaven." They have become proud, and demeaned themselves as if they were exempt from the laws of ordinary mortals: the "demi-gods of fame," they could make laws or unmake them, as they listed. But the Ideal was not given to be thus misused or abused: neither was it designed that in Art it should mislead or beguile, but rather, as it is a noble tendency, it was designed for noble purposes. There have been Artists that have realized all the beauty of the Ideal in their lives. Poets also have almost lived their Ideal. Was it not so with an Angelo? Was it not so with a Milton? Has it not been so with a Flaxman and a Wordsworth? Campbell was the ideal of his own fine lines to Freedom, and of his warlike odes; for he was the very soul of freedom, as his long sustained efforts in behalf of the down-trodden Poles evince; while he was the Tyrtœus that chaunted the armies and navies of England to

victory. Cowper was an instance of the spiritual rather than the ideal, and he was often the subject of his own most exquisite compositions. The ideal may thus be verified, and it need not be otherwise. It is intended to be so; it is good in itself; and it was not given that it might be abused, or be an excuse for the absence of whatever is nobler and better. It is the source of the most exquisite pleasure. The beautiful, the good, are equally the Ideal in different directions, with different objects. There is a beauty in virtue: there is almost a virtue in beauty, or the beautiful. They may be near allies: they may be worthy auxiliaries.

The Greeks were the most assiduous cultivators of this state of mind. It was developed at a very early period among them. Homer seems to have arrived at it without cultivation. The most celebrated statue by Phidias, the most celebrated sculptor of antiquity, and perhaps of all time—that of the Olympian Zeus—was modelled, as the sculptor himself informs us, upon a single line of the Iliad. The dramatic poets especially laboured after its attainment, and in the works of Sophocles and Euripides it seems to have culminated. It reached its greatest height in the age of Pericles, who adorned Athens with its finest buildings, with the Propylœa of the Acropolis, and the sculptures of the Parthenon. The latter, by a pardonable vandalism, have been transferred to the British Museum, and form the models of the Sculptors' Art at the present day. Rome enriched itself by the works of Grecian Sculptors and Painters, as well as by the monuments of ancient Egypt. Its own architecture, however, makes itself still one of the wonders of the world.

We may not have had the opportunity of personally inspecting those magnificent works of art which made Athens and Rome the boast of antiquity, the eye of Greece and of the world; but the writings of Greece and Rome have come down to us, and are in our hands to peruse for ourselves. How wonderful that we should have the 24 books of the Iliad, and the same number of the Odyssey, almost without mutilation—whatever may be the modern theory of their composition—to enrich our thought and form our imagination—about the oldest writings, of any kind, extant, and still acknowledged among the first of Epics! We have the other productions of antiquity, so familiar to every scholar, to develope and cultivate the mind of the present age. Horace exulted in the thought that the Spaniard and the drinker of the Rhone should learn his writings.

> Me Colchus, et qui dissimulat metum
> Marsæ cohortis Dacus, et ultimi
> Noscent Geloni, me peritus
> Discet Iber, Rhodanique potor.

That has been more than verified, surely, when on this side of the Atlantic, this other side of the world, his works are in all our schools of learning, and seminaries of education. It is particularly as developing this phase of mind that the study of the classics is so valuable. That other most important character of mind, the spiritual, need not suffer by the cultivation of this. What others have thought, what others

have written, is not to be shut out from us because of any supposed injury that may be suffered in the perusal. The gathered thoughts of all times, and of all lands, are valuable to every succeeding age. The column is not the worse for the carving of the capital, or the ornamenting of the frieze, and the mind need not be injured by the adornment which learning can contribute.

And have we not our own classical writers by which to mould our mind, and form our thought and expression? Have we not our own Shakspeare, and Milton, and the different authors of the Elizabethan age, and the Augustan period? Have we not the writers of the age which has just closed, and of that which has just opened? Have we not ever and anon some new candidates for public favour; so that to keep pace with the progressive literature of the day is itself a discipline and a culture? Have we not a Carlyle, and a Macaulay, and Sir James Stephen, and Froude, and Tennyson, and the Arnolds, with a host of others, hardly, if at all inferior, all giving tone and development to mind, stamping their impress upon the age in which we live, and, possessing a high ideal themselves, calculated to transfer it to others?

The influence of the ideal, and its place in the mind, are exemplified in the case of communities, in their progress from their earliest settlement to their more advanced stage of wealth and refinement. Rome was at first but a few straggling huts built along the Palatine and the Quirinal hills; while it was the boast of Augustus that he found it brick and left it marble. It is the same with all communities which have to make their earliest habitations out of the primeval forest; at first it is enough to have a shelter from the elements, and to find the means of subsistence: all that is sought is to live, and to have the ordinary comforts of life; but with material progress the ideal comes into play, and asserts its power, and a style of greater elegance is indulged, till something like an oriental magnificence may be affected. The influence is confessed in everything that pertains to human existence—in dress, in equipage, in the style of living, in the homes we occupy. We aim at it in form and colour, in the very arrangement and disposition of these—in the garden parterre—in the furniture of our appartments. What a progress from the rude daub that pleases the uninitiated eye, and which decks the walls of every way-side hostelrie, to the productions of one of the masters—from the gaudy print to the painting that rivals a Raphael or a Titian! It moulds the manner and imparts an amenity to the actions. It is a legitimate influence. It is no more than the mind rising to its own conception of the true and the fair.

The ideal is sought in the paths of learning, and the pursuits of science. Philosophy teaches it: we investigate the laws, and show wherein consists the perfection, of our nature. It is in all high and honourable achievement, in virtuous actions, in avoiding the wrong and preferring the right, in promoting the well-being of our fellows—in the schemes of benevolence and the enterprises of philanthropy: a high ideal this, though it is one which but too few present to themselves.

The ideal is the element in which we have all poesies. The imagi-

nation has been defined by Professor Wilson—"the intellect working under the laws of passion." This is a true definition, if we take passion as including the ideal emotion—or all emotion. Passion is intensified emotion, and poetry has its proper element in all emotion: it is but the embodiment or pourtrayal of emotion. Some of our finest songs are but the expression of the simplest emotion. And there is the ideal again in all true and genuine emotion. We do not know a finer verse in poetry, almost, than occurs in a song of Burns', which is purely pictorial, but embodying the emotion with which the picture is contemplated, while we have the ideal in the picture. The stanza occurs in that fine song, "The Birks of Aberfeldy."

> "The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers;
> White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
> And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
> The birks of Aberfeldy."

That is a perfect picture, and it is a fine exemplification of the ideal. Take as another instance of the ideal, the expression of simple emotion in another song of Burns', where he compares a beauty which he could admire, though he might not love, and which he has certainly not done injustice to even in the comparison, with his "ain lassie:"

> I see a form, I see a face,
> Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
> *It wants to me the witching grace,*
> *The kind love that's in her ee.*

Lockhart says there never were finer love stanzas than those few lines in which Burns is describing the fate of a hapless love adventure; and the intensity of passion was never distilled perhaps in briefer compass:

> Had we never loved sae kindly;
> Had we never loved sae blindly;
> Never met, or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Burns is full of such stanzas, exemplifying the ideal in simple emotion, and therefore the truest poetry. "Bruce's address to his army," is simply the embodiment of intense patriotism, and its power consists in the masterly way in which this is expressed. What constitutes the beauty of that episode in Virgil's Æneid—the story of Nisus and Euryalus—in the 9th book? Is it not simply the pourtrayal of youthful, self-sacrificing, heroism, of faithful friendship, and of a mother's passionate grief over the loss of her beloved son? What intensified passion is there in the words of Constance to the Pope's legate, who was remonstrating with her for her uncontrollable grief for Prince Arthur, of whose fate she was left in such harrowing uncertainty:

> He talks to me that never had a son!

What *sober passion* in the reply to Pandulph, especially coming after the passionate apostrophe to death a few lines before! Pandulph says:

> Lady, you utter madness and not sorrow.

Constance:

> Thou art not holy to belie me so;
> I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
> My name is Constance: I was Geffrey's wife;
> Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
> I am not mad:—I would to heaven I were!
> For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
> O, if I could, what grief should I forget!

Again, in reply to King Philip, who says:

> Bind up those tresses; * * * * * *

Constance:

> Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
> I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
> *O, that these hands could so redeem my son,*
> *As they have given these hairs their liberty!*
> But now I envy at their liberty,
> And I will again commit them to their bonds,
> Because my poor child is a prisoner.

That is the poetry of passion. But there is the ideal emotion distinctively, purely, and which can be described by no other term. Shakspeare's "Moonlight sleeping on a bank of violets" is an instance of that. Wordsworth's moon, "gazing around her when the heavens are bare;" or Shelley's moon, "pale with weariness of climbing heaven;" or Alex. Smith's moon—

> That patient sufferer, pale with pain:

These are all instances of the pure ideal. The analogy so finely embodied in some of these examples is the effect of the ideal emotion working upon the intellect; although it would be difficult to say whether it is the analogy that gives the ideal, or the ideal which affords the analogy, or suggests it. Keats' "Endymion," though so full of the extravagances of an unpruned imagination, is a fine instance of the ideal: for surely Endymion's passion for the moon was a purely ideal kind of passion. It is one of the fancies of ancient mythology, however, which suited exactly Keats' purely ideal temperament. Shakspeare has finely taken advantage of the same fable, to represent the perfect stillness of a moonlight evening:

> Peace, hoa! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
> And would not be awak'd!

The "Eve of St. Agnes" is the purest ideal, and it is a composition which well nigh reaches the ideal of perfection. We could go on giving innumerable examples in the same way of the ideal in poetry. But the examples we have quoted may suffice to show how it is the ideal element which constitutes the element pre-eminently of poetic thought and composition. The ideal and the imagination are one.

The practical in thought comprehends all of mind which is not the ideal: all knowledge, the discipline of the faculties; while there is

the practical in life and conduct. Knowledge is essentially practical. To possess ourselves of a fact is, in that very act, to realize a practical state. It is this which constitutes the difference between the speculative and the other sciences. The latter deal with facts, the former with questions. The speculative sciences have their own practical use, too, especially in promoting the discipline of the mind, being a sort of gymnastic for the mental faculties; while speculative questions cannot be altogether set aside or ignored. But between a fact and a question there is all the difference that there is between what is known, and what has yet to be determined, and we realize a very different state of mind in the two cases. Knowledge, then, we say, is essentially practical. We must have knowledge. A certain amount of it, even if not acquired at school, must be learned in some other way, in order to the ordinary on-going and success of life. Those who have not the advantages of early education must go to school for themselves, must be their own teachers, in what is essential to carry them through the humblest avocations. What disadvantages must they labour under who have not the simplest elements of learning! What must it be to be shut out from all avenues to knowledge! How limited must be the range of converse and of thought to persons in such a situation! What an interval between those in such circumstances and one who has even but the elements of education! There is much attained in the very possession of the power to read—how much is that power enhanced, when there is added the power of understanding what we read!—and what an interval, again, is there between the former and the latter! How much must go to the latter which is not in the former! It is the business of instruction to carry this power to its utmost degree. The learner who has been taught to put letters together, who has mastered the meaning of words, has the instrument to advance to all knowledge, the means of acquiring whatever may be within the reach of human attainment. No result of learning or of science is debarred from such an individual. The very summits of science may be scaled—the very recesses and penetralia of learning may be explored—by one who has once been put in possession of this power Witness a Leyden, the philologist and poet, a Hugh Miller, a Sir John Leslie, a Fergusson, and a Telford. We can imagine the learner in his progress to other and further attainments. The fine relations of language develope themselves: the powers of numbers are unfolded: a command over the symbols of both is required: the mystic potency of algebraic formulas becomes familiar, and may be wielded: the miracles of mathematics; measuring the heavens; resolving the mazes of the planetary motions; bringing infinite distances within finite ken; determining the position of stars which had not yet reported themselves to any star-gazer; predicting comets and calculating eclipses; are the easy performance of the skilled adept. The learning of Greece and Rome becomes his. Homer and Virgil sung for him: Plato thought: Demosthenes and Cicero declaimed in the Agora and the Forum. He becomes the companion, and takes his place by the side of modern savans. It is the few, perhaps, that do make such progress, that arrive at such attainments. The Newtons and the La

Places, the Le Verriers and the Adamses, are the rare specimens of our race.

Modern Science is eminently practical: it is in this particularly that we have the distinction between modern science and ancient speculation. It is this which has furnished Macaulay with the materials for the contrast he has drawn between the fruitful results of the former and the barrenness of the latter. Macaulay's estimate is in his own way, and from his own point of view. It cannot exaggerate the results of modern science, but it may depreciate too much the value of ancient thought. The practical character of modern science, however, is justly dwelt upon, and not unduly magnified. That science which has given us the steam engine, and the telegraph wires can scarcely be over-estimated. The marvellous accessions which Chemistry has made to knowledge can hardly be calculated. What a practical power does this science put in the hands of its cultivator! What contributions can he make to the conveniences and elegances of life! How has he extended the range and added to the resources of the manufactures! From the discovery of the bleaching virtues of Chlorine to the latest invention which extracts the loveliest colours from coal-tar, we have a wide range of practical uses. Who would have expected charcoal to be a refiner, or chlorine a disinfectant! The safety-lamp is a wonderful instance of the practical purposes which science may subserve. A partition of wire-gauze separates the flame from the terrible element that is all around, as effectually as if it were a wall of adamant. Let but the flame burst that barrier, and the most disastrous consequences would ensue. Let the volume of fire-damp be so great as to pass in any quantity within the magic enclosure, and the flame is extinguished, the "siste viator" to the miner, the intimation that the atmosphere into which he is passing is no longer safe. Who can estimate the fine applications of mechanical science? It is enough to refer to the mechanical powers, but in their combinations and ever-varying adaptations we see what miracles may be achieved in this department of intellectual effort. Hannibal dissolved the Alpine rocks with the biting acid; modern science is tunnelling the Alps themselves. The ancient Germans could hardly live amid the morasses which are now smiling gardens and flourishing cities. The Helvetian has been able to bank out the sea by a simple law of physics—to do what Canute by his royal mandate could not effect: bid it "hitherto, but no further:"

> "It rolled not back when Canute gave command."

The invention of Watt has bridged the ocean—opened up a pathway between the most distant shores; it is plowing our fields and reaping our grain, threshing our corn as well as cutting our harvests; it is carrying on its operations in every branch of domestic economy—in the culinary department itself; and it will be wonderful if it does not supersede the necessity of taking food altogether, or perform the process of mastication for us—a purpose of which some would perhaps question the utility. A railway under the ocean is the next news we may look for. The Stephenses only provided for our land transit. Marriage trips are now

taken in balloons. Another Horace would be required to denounce the rash attempts of these modern Phætons; but ships have long ago ventured farther than the friend of Mæcenas and of Virgil deemed safe. Columbus has given us this continent, has provided a home for us on this side of the world. We are in the land of which, according to the almost excusable exaggeration of the poet, he said, "Let it be, and it was."

The discipline of the mind, the exercise, in order to the invigorating or improvement, of its varied intellectual powers, belongs to the 'practical.' We cultivate the *ideal*, and we ought to cultivate it; but this is not discipline. This is rather culture, and, accordingly, in all that tends to the development of the "Ideal," we have what is commonly distinguished as the culture of the mind, and goes under that term. We study the classics, for example, for culture rather than discipline. Discipline has always regard rather to the practical ends, than the more elegant or refined purposes, of life. It is the more robust powers that are subjected to this exercise, the powers of knowledge and of action; and in so far as the classics may contribute to the improvement of these, there is a useful discipline. There is much valuable knowledge connected even with the acquisition of a language —historical, archælogical, philosophical; and the active and moral powers may also be greatly developed and strengthened by the examples of heroic and virtuous action which are held out to us in many of the ancient authors. Culture is discipline in its own way. The moral and the esthetic are nearly allied. Refine the thought, and you do a great deal to make the mind also moral. Secure a proper refinement, and you do much to secure a proper morality. Culture, at least, should go along with discipline. The robuster powers should not alone be called into play. A mind exclusively skilled in science may possess much available power, and the strong reasoning faculties may be ready for any, even the most difficult, encounter; but we want, when these alone are possessed, the attractive grace and elegance, the charm, the bouquet, if we may so call it, which classic cultivation imparts.—With the same view, also, modern literature is important—the literature of one's own country, the study of all the writers which have made English authorship, for the purposes of refining or ennobling the faculties, as much a study as the ancient. Culture and discipline blend in one. Culture is discipline: discipline, if not culture, promotes it. The different faculties have a mutual and reflex influence. None of them can be left unimproved without injury to the rest. The analogical faculty is at once scientific and poetic. Göethe's fine eye for beauty detected an important scientific fact, and gave a new direction to scientific investigation. The imagination sometimes may cut quicker to the root of a question than the strongest logical powers. The judgment strengthened in one direction is strengthened in every other—made alert in any one subject, or class of subjects, it is more alert in every other. The accurate classical scholar may be expected to carry his accuracy into other departments of thought or inquiry; the most expert in science will probably be the most accomplished in philosophy; and the most philosophic, will, other things equal, be the best scientific mind.

The ideal need not interfere with the practical, nor the practical with the ideal; although both of these are not always united in the same mind. In some instances, however, we have them existing together in great strength. Sir Humphry Davy possessed the imagination of the poet as well as the intellect of the philosopher. His "Consolations of Travel" is characterized by fine imagination. Humboldt was a Cosmos in himself, while he delineated to us the "Cosmos" of the universe. Whoever surpassed Lord Bacon in practical sagacity and far-seeing wisdom, while no poet, even of the Elizabethan age, perhaps, exhibited a richer or more fertile imagination—always excepting the unique, the unapproachable Shakspeare. Milton was, to all intents and purposes, a statesman, and a statesman of the highest practical wisdom, while he was secretary to Oliver Cromwell, the most practical man of his age, and, we suppose, of any age. Cromwell, in his letters, exhibits not a little of the ideal, not certainly in its poetic phase, or on the poetic side, but still the genuine ideal, while his life was a struggle to attain the loftiest ideal of *a Commonwealth.* Michael Angelo was a remarkable instance of the union of the ideal and the practical. He united the utmost mechanical skill with the very loftiest ideal power. The greatest sculptor and painter of his day, he was equally great as an architect—it is enough to say, he was the architect of St. Peter's at Rome,—while he exhibited the most distinguished talents in engineering science. He was employed on one occasion to fortify his native city of Florence, which had expelled the Medicis, and proclaimed a Republic, and actually defended it for a period of nine months against the besieging force. Lionardo da Vinci exhibited the same remarkable union of gifts. "He was the miracle," says one, "of that age of miracles. Ardent and versatile as youth; patient and persevering as age; a most profound and original thinker; the greatest mathematician and most ingenious mechanic of his time; architect, chemist, engineer, musician, poet, painter!—we are not only astounded by the variety of his natural gifts and acquired knowledge, but by the practical direction of his amazing powers."* Hallam says that Da Vinci anticipated the discoveries which have made some of the greatest names in science illustrious—as those of Galileo, Kepler and Copernicus; while even modern geology seems to have unfolded its secrets to him; so great was this man in every walk of intellect, who is known only to most people as a painter—the painter of the "Last Supper." Raphael was the pure artist—the painter "par excellence." Beauty was his worship. He executed pictures of much power—as the famous cartoons which go under his name, and the picture of the Transfiguration; but the ideal of beauty, especially in the "human face divine"—and especially woman's face, as in his numberless madonnas—seems to have been what he was ambitious of representing, and what he has been able, above every other painter, to pourtray. But the artist, in the mechanical skill of his particular art, is practical, and must possess much practical power.

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* Mrs. Jameson's "Italian Painters"—a most delightful volume.

Of modern statesmen, do we not find the combination we are referring to in a Burke and a Chatham, a D'Israeli and a Gladstone, and many others whom it were needless to specify?—all uniting the highest power of the statesman with the fancy and imagination of the poet! Carlyle exhibits the thoroughly practical mind in the midst of his burning, almost prophetic, outpourings and rhapsodies. Sir Walter Scott possessed the practical element in a high degree, the strong intellect with the powerful imagination. Chalmers was another instance in point, of the robust powers of intellect united with lofty imagination; while he was pre-eminently the practical philanthropist of his day. When found together, the two departments of mind we are speaking of are the mutual ornament, as they are the mutual help, of each other. The practical is to the ideal something like what Burns calls Resolve, "the stalk of carl-hemp in man." As nature has mingled in the plant the silex which gives firmness to its fibre, so in some minds, in all the greatest minds, it has united the practical with the ideal, it has blended intellect with imagination. As nature, again, has given the flower to the plant, has so blended its elements that grace clothes its form, and beauty crowns its structure, so the ideal has been added to the practical in mind, imagination to the intellect. Science, with the light of imagination, is like the universe with the light of the ideal everywhere lying around it. These two should never be dissociated, as they are never dissociated in fact in the actual universe. What would the universe be in itself without the sentiment, the beauty, the glory that invest it? What would the vapors be that are exhaled from the ocean? Let them be smitten with the sunlight, and have we not something higher than physical law? It is thus with all nature. There is something that transcends nature, is above it, around it, ever present with it, but is not itself. Campbell was right when he spoke of the "cold, material laws," as these laws are in themselves; but these laws may be transfigured: they are transfigured whenever they are contemplated through a spiritual medium, by the spiritual vision. Then, more than the "lovely visions" at first beheld, are restored. The "light that did never lie on land or sea" is in reality never absent: it requires only a spiritual eye to behold it.

We do not enter upon that part of our subject—the practical—in action and conduct. That may be reserved for a separate essay, or it may present a theme inviting to such as are themselves characterized by gifts or qualities excelling in that direction. We may just remark, that here, as in the case of the ideal, and the practical in thought or knowledge, there are great differences of tendency and disposition observed among individuals. Some are of a much more practical turn or habit than others: all their habits of mind are practical: they look at everything with a practical eye. They contemplate every subject under a practical aspect, or with a practical reference. There is nothing to which they cannot turn their hand. They become the active men of society, take their part in public life, promote schemes of public utility, are the statesmen, the legislators, the rulers of communities and of nations. They do the business part of the work of

social organizations. Others are more meditative; are not at all practical; are incapacitated for almost any thing requiring active skill and practical habits. They are the theorizers, perhaps, the philosophisers, the projectors of their age. They are perhaps the "Monks of Art"—the poets—the literary dictators of their time. Society divides itself into these two classes. There are the outstanding individuals of our race, again, in whom the two characteristics often unite. We have already seen instances of this when speaking of the ideal and practical in mind; for the practical in mind commonly displays itself in the practical in conduct. It enacts itself: it takes outward shape and form; it embodies itself in the life. In every age society has had its philanthropists, its patriots, its men of large public spirit, its great actors and leaders, if only the conquerors and oppressors of their species. But we cannot enlarge, and we draw these remarks to a close with the single observation, that *in religion, in the spiritual*, we have the synthesis of these elements; for religion developes all the powers of mind often to the highest pitch; and the spiritual is the culmination of the ideal, its climacteric, its own ideal.

THE SACK OF ROME BY THE GOTHS.

(A. D., 26th August, 405.)

BY ANDREW ARCHER, FREDERICTON.

At the close of the fourth century, on the death of Theodosius—one of the greatest of the Emperors of Rome, and the last who reigned over an undivided Empire—he was succeeded by his two sons. Arcadius, the elder, was crowned Emperor of the East, Honorius, of the West. During the reign of Valens, predecessor of Theodosius, the Goths invaded the East, defeated the Roman army, and even threatened the siege of Constantinople. In the life-time of the great Emperor the Goths were settled in Thrace, and were bound friends to the Empire by large subsidies. Alaric, of the house of Balti, (who was elected king after the manner of the nation), was appointed Captain General of Eastern Illyricum. Alaric was young, daring, politic, and ambitious—and along with his nation had espoused the Christian faith—though under his banners ranged many Barbarian tribes who knew not the name of Christ. At the death of Theodosius—East and West were convulsed by intestine troubles—and the Goths, who, it may be said, lay midway between Constantinople and Rome, were in a position to threaten both Empires. By the intrigue of Rufinus, minister of Arcadius, Alaric was prompted to turn his arms against Italy. But in Stilicho, the guardian of the feeble and timorous Honorius, the Christian Gothic king met a General, who, by personal character, courage, daring, and military ability, infused some of the old unconquerable Roman spirit into the troops under his command. In several battles Alaric was defeated, but not conquered. After

the signal victory of Pollentia the Roman senate decreed a triumph to Honorius and Stilicho. Gibbon, in "the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," says: "The procession passed under a lofty arch which had been purposely erected, but in less than seven years the Gothic conquerors of Rome might read, if they were able to read, the superb inscription of that monument which attested the total defeat and destruction of their nation." Stilicho did not survive his triumph long: involved in the intricate troubles of that obscure period, he made himself obnoxious to the court of Honorius, and was murdered at the instigation of the chief minister, Olympius. Stilicho was the only man who could have saved Rome and the Empire of the West. When he was out of the way, Alaric gave full scope to his ambitious designs. He had cherished for many years the idea of mastering "the mistress of the world." He scourged Italy, and though he threatened Rome, he long delayed his final vengeance. He subjected her to the horrors of famine and pestilence, and only raised the siege after the payment of a heavy ransom. In a year or so afterwards, Alaric made war again, on the ground that Honorius did not sustain him in his office of Captain General of Eastern Illyricum. By cutting off her supplies of grain, which he accomplished by possessing himself of Ostium, a seaport at the mouth of the Tiber, Rome was forced to capitulate, and to see Attalus, the præfect of the city and the creature of Alaric crowned Emperor in the place of Honorius, who then held court among the fastnesses of Ravenna. The reign of Attalus was short—he was soon deposed by his capricious master. When the determination was fixed, and the prize splendid, Alaric readily enough, amidst the troubles of the times, found a pretext for war. Gibbon says: "the crime and folly of the court of Ravenna was expiated, a third time, by the calamities of Rome. The king of the Goths, who no longer dissembled his appetite for plunder and carnage, appeared in arms under the wall of the capital; and the trembling senate, without any hope of relief, prepared, by a desperate resistance, to delay the ruin of their country. But they were unable to guard against the secret conspiracy of their slaves and domestics; who, either by birth or interest, were attached to the cause of the enemy. At the hour of midnight, the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty years, after the foundation of Rome, the Imperial City, which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia." Alaric showed some regard for the laws of humanity and religion. "He encouraged his troops boldly to seize the rewards of valour, and to enrich themselves with the spoils of a wealthy and effeminate people; but he exhorted them, at the same time, to spare the lives of unresisting citizens, and to respect the churches of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, as holy and inviolable sanctuaries." Gibbon says: "The writers, best disposed to exaggerate the clemency of the Goths, have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans; and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained unburied during the general consternation. The private revenge of forty thousand slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received, were washed away in the blood of the guilty, or obnoxious families." After six days of blood, plunder, and revelry, the Goths, laden with spoil, evacuated Rome.

The time of the action of the following ballad is the evening before, and the morn of the Sack :—

EVENING.

The sun in gold and purple clouds
Is sinking in the West;
The blaze of day wanes in the East,
Where looms Soracte's crest.
The fervid, blinding heat is passed,
And each imperial height,
Each palace, tower and temple
Is bathed in yellow light.

The murmur of a mighty town
Comes to the listening ear;
The awful roar of the human tide
Thrills o'er the nerves of fear:
'Tis not the roll of the busy tide,
Nor the whirl of fashion gay,
But the muffled roar of anxious crowds
Who have passed a fearful day.

Calm is the sky above their head;
It mocks the eyes of men:
The fear that long o'er Rome has hung
Has gathered gloom again.
E'er Rome, emerging from that cloud,
Rejoices in the sun,
The wrath of Alaric o'er her
Its bitter course must run.

The King has sworn an oath of dread;
Her time has surely come;
Twice has he spared and long made sport
Of venerable Rome.
Once has he seen her haughty peers
Turn pale and sue his grace;
Once has he crowned within her walls
His slave in Cæsar's place;
Now he burns for the laurel leaf
To wreathe around his brow;
Now, by St. Peter's ready sword,
He binds his awful vow.

His grizzly warriors on the plains
Are waiting for the call;
The ring is drawn where Anio flows,
A long league from the wall.
There move the free and lightsome Frank,
The Suevi, first in battle rank,
With matted hair wound like a crown
Above wild eyes and warlike frown;
The Vandal, heavy limbed and large,
Sleeps pillowed on his battle targe;
The eldritch Hun, with deep-sunk eyes,
Shrieks out his shrill, discordant cries,
Or lies beside his shaggy steed,
Tearing his blood-raw food with greed;
But burliest barbarian there,
The Visigoth, with yellow hair,
Lies stretching out in lazy length
His giant limb, his sluggish strength.
In peace the blood creeps slow in vein;
To life the warrior blood arouses,
When strife is fierce on the battle-plain,
Or deep in the night he wild carouses;
He dreads not, as his fathers rude,
The powers of earth, of light, of air;
His fane is not the gloomy wood,
But he kneels before the Holy Rood,
To Patron Saint he pays his prayer,
And in his heart some touch of ruth
Is waken'd by the word of truth.

But out of Rome, to aid the King,
Came forty thousand men,
Now hearts more fierce roam not the wilds,
Than rage within his pen.

* * * * * *

A silvery haze spreads in the East,
Gleams on Soracte's crest;
The shades of night come rapidly,
When light forsakes the West.
But to the passion of the day
No rest comes with the fall,
Rome, while the shadows deepen, holds
Tumultuous council hall.

A silence falls upon the crowd
To hear the Senate's word:
"Too long to shame have Romans stooped,
We now must draw the sword;
With famine, pest and doubtful truce
Desperate is this life;
We'll beat the Goths from off the walls
Or end the weary strife."
No vigorous cheer uplifts their heart,
For moody is their will;
"Since fight we must, if come they will,
We'll meet 'ere famine kill."

The Romans break the council throng
And homeward take their way,
But dream not, 'midst their fears, how soon
Will sound the reveillé.
The Nobles arm, when arm they must—
To bay will turn the deer—
But dream not, in their palaces,
That danger is so near:
They think not of their scowling slaves
Who hate the name of Rome;
Who have burned for such an hour as this,
To strike their vengeance home.

Night.

The moon is o'er the Palatine,
The regal hill of Rome;
She shines with silvery splendour
Above the Cæsar's dome;
But silent as the ruins grey
That lie now silent there,
The glorious palace sleeps thro' night
In shadow and in glare.

There, upon the Palatine,
Lies seer and yellow age;
An autumn wind, with constant blast,
Blows in withering rage;
Pillars stand like blasted trees
Upon a fire-scathed mound,
And sculptured stones, like wind-reft leaves,
Are rotting on the ground.

There, upon the Palatine,
Where light rests sad and still,
The pleugher drew the furrow line
That marked Rome's natal hill;
And, in sign of happy augury,
Upon the chosen height,
The founder reared a rough-hewn fane
To Fortune and her might.

The glowing years to centuries rolled,
And Fortune, from her seat,
Heard the proud roll of triumph pass
Continuous at her feet:
From the Tagus and the Tigris,
And from the mystic Nile,
The captive train, behind the car,
In long procession file.

But over Rome unnumbered years
Have rolled their dark'ning way
Since Fortune from the Palatine
Saw her supremest day.
From bed of weeds a column towers:
A moss-grown sculptured stone
Lies, where for years her Temple shone
In glory all alone.

The Sacred Mount in shadow sleeps
By the regal Palatine,
Its glorious crown the temple famed
O' Jupiter Capitoline;
Grandly above the palace height
It rises in the silvery light;
The gods upon the fretted roof—
The heroes as divine—
The fiery horse, the battle car,
Stand like a guardian line;
But closed the gates—the worship vain—
Now the beams gently play
Where the eagle on the airiest coigne
Broods o'er a vanished day.

By the mount of the Sacred Crown
The Tarpeian rock of doom
Frowns o'er the Forum of the gods—
A shape of savage gloom;
So frowned it in the days of might
O'er the busy, bustling mart,
Whence, o'er the world, Rome sent her arms,
Her wisdom and her art.

Her grandest deeds were nurtured there:
Now silent is the gorgeous square;
But in the deep of the August night
The past breathes in the dreamy light.

In the shadow of the night, alone—
Sick of the heavy day,
When the cloud of fear hung over Rome
And foemen round her lay—
A Roman, with a Roman heart,
Afraid to sleep the night,
Might weary watch and sadly muse,
By the wan and ghostly light.
"Was ever grandeur like to this?
And is it all in vain?
Shall the spirit of the glorious past
Ne'er live in Rome again?
How went it in the Senate house,
Where Cæsar once held court?
The boastful words of feeble pride
Have made but Gothic sport.
How oft in the brave days of old
Have Romans filled this square
Around the Rostrum, hotly swarmed,
And glowed to do and dare.
What palsy chilled the tongue of flame!
Who on the Rostrum stood,
And, with a touch of Tully's fire,
Roused the old Roman mood?
Oh, for the hero madly slain
By parricidal hands!
The victor of Pollentia here
Where these barbarian's bands!"

"Seven years of shameful strife have fled
Since, in triumphal march,
Stilicho, by the sacred way,
Passed thro' the marble arch,
Which fleers in our pale face this day
The Senate's empty boast—
'Lo! broken by the might of Rome
Is all the Gothic host!'"

The Storm.

'Tis now the hour of deepest night—
Still as the hour before,
The beams spread, then, serenest light,
Now fitful glory pour;

Amidst the clouds of phantom form,
  And of a stormy hue,
The moon is caught as high she sailed
  In a sea of filmy blue;
Now she is lost amid the scud,
  And darkness fills the night;
Now she breaks free o'er hill and plain,
  Unveils each nook and height.

Ho! men are astir who should not be;
  They are standing by the wall—
The ancient wall that skirts the base
  Of the triple Quirinal.
A sudden beam as plain as day
  Shows their bowed and scowling air.
Now, why do such men, at such an hour,
  Stand and whisper there?

"Ha! here they come, now hear ye not
  The surge beyond the gate?
Why do you stand and whisper there?
  Would you have the brave king wait?"

"Peace, fool! thy fear sings in thine ear;
  There comes no surge to mine;
Our friends will blow a trumpet blast,
  And that will be our sign."

* * * * * *

East from the wall—a league from Rome—
  The Anio, with a gleam,
Flows swiftly through the blackened arch
  That spans the narrow stream.
'Tis midnight, and astir the camp
  That lay along its banks,
And a murmur hoarse, like a rising storm,
  Comes from the forming ranks.

The order of the night is passed;
  Alaric speaks to all:
"Ho, list ye for the bugle blast,
  It is the warning call;
Then, horsemen, keep your horse in check
  Till the trumpet sounds again,
Then strike spurs for the open gate,
  And quit yourselves like men.
Then Rome, great Rome, is all your own,
  Seize on her richest spoil;
The gold within her palaces
  Will pay your sorest toil.
But by the hopes ye have of heaven,
  By the vows to Peter paid,
Spare lives within the sanctuaries—
  Spare matron, sire and maid."

Ho, forty thousand savage men
  Have listened with a sneer:
"We fled not from our chains in Rome
  To talk of mercy here.
Spare old and young—spare sire and maid!
  The word is meek and bland!
The king puts mercy in his speech,
  The keen sword in our hand!"

The vanguard strike across the bridge;
  Strike softly as they may,
The iron hoofs ring angrily
  On the hard Salarian way.
Three paces from the foremost rank
  Three gallant horsemen ride;
And Alaric lets fall a word
  To the captains by his side:
"These clouds put out our lamp—'tis well
  Our way lies thro' the dark,
Straight as an arrow from my bow—
  As surely to its mark."

"But the wall is deep, and spite their word
  Fast may we find the gate."

"We'll knock right lustily, by St. Paul,
  If we have long to wait.
Now, let the trumpet sound the blast;
  Ring out a lusty call.
'Tis easier entering by the door
  Than breaking down the wall."

* * * * * *

The hand of the slave is on the key;
  The gate is softly swung;
Harsh and clear thro' the startled air
  The second bugle rung.
"Well blown, that blast," the slave cries out,
  Stand from the gate, aside,
"Those horsemen that come thundering on
  Will make a pathway wide,
The clouds sweep darkly o'er the sky,
  Now give your torches fire,
We'll raise upon the hills of Rome,
  This night, a roaring pyre."

Now through the gate the horsemen dash,
  The king in front of all;
Now, to the gleeful throng of slaves
  The king doth loudly call.
"Now freedmen shout for liberty;
  Now friends put out a light:
What mass is that before us there,
  Frowns darker than the night?"

"'Tis Sallust's house and circus, king,
  Within their garden bound."

"Put torch to house and circus;
  Fire all the streets around."

A blood red light spreads o'er the sky,
  The fierce flames loudly roar;
Now, through the gate behind the horse
  The foot tumultuous pour.
A thousand brazen trumpets sound
  Their harsh, terrific blare,
And wildest in the eager throng,
  Rome's maddened slaves are there.

The savage trail sweeps shouting thro',
  "Alaric, ho Alaric!"
And forces fresh take up the cry,
  "Alaric, ho Alaric!"
To distant streets of narrow gloom,
  The cries of horror come,
And rising loud and hoarse, the roar
  Fills the vast round of Rome.

The city, not an hour ago,
  Was peaceful as the sea,
When o'er the sands in summer eve,
  It rolls its lullaby.
Now over Rome—as from the sea—
  There bursts the madd'ning roar—
When howl the gusts, and white the waves,
  Dash thundering on the shore.

In dark and squalid quarters
  There is murderous glee;
The grasp of law is off the throat,
  The savage welcome free—
"Ho Alaric! Ho Alaric!
  A sight and sound of cheer,
We see thy signal in the sky,
  Thy merry blast we hear."

The timid burrow in their homes;
  The braver seek the square—
E'en in that hour the wont of life
  Allures the Roman there:
They rush from every quarter,
  They pour from every street,
And strangest news on every side
  The startled gossips greet.

"The drowsy night-dogs raised no note
  To wake the sleeping town.
Now Alaric and his bloody hordes
  Come hotly sweeping down.
'Twas by the Milvian bridge they crossed—
  They burst the guardless gate—
The Flaminian way is all afire,
  There rolls the Gothic spate."

"Now down the river Tiber,
  As in the spring-time flood,
The broken rafts bestrew the waves—
  The corpses float in blood."

"Nay, by the fork of ruddy fire
  That shot into the air;
The Goth came by the Quirinal,
  The first blast sounded there.
Too wakeful were its recreant guards,
  They took the traitor's hire—
They drew the bolt—the gate would hold
  'Gainst catapult and fire."

"No matter how, the Goths in Rome!
  Are Romans fallen so low,
They listening stand, and whispering ask—
  How came the daring foe?
No spark of anger fire their heart?
  No sacred love for home?
Ho, is there not a Roman arm
  Will strike a blow for Rome?"

Loud roar the fires on every hill,
  The glare affrights the gloom;
Deep rolls athrough the forum
  A muttering as of doom;
The rugged rock frowns darkly out
  Amid a vivid flash—
The bolt above the palsied crowd
  Breaks with a deadly crash.

* * * * * *

The sun above the eastern hill
  Pursues its cloudless way;
But huge and lurid thro' the smoke
  Appears the orb of day.
The light affrights the haggard town,
  Where hoarsely sounds the cry
Of flushed Barbarians as they reel
  In wildest revelry.

Along the broad and miry paths,
  Is spread their scattered seed;
With arms in hand, there sleep the brave
  Who dared a Roman deed.
In bitter scorn of mercy urged
  To the fell revengeful horde,
The grey head, in the bloody pool,
  Lies cloven by the sword.
The Goth will reel in triumph past—
  The Roman hurry by—
The sun will shine, the moon look dark,
  The dead unburied lie.

BURNS'S NATAL DAY.

January 25th, 1870.

By Rev. M. Harvey, St. John's, Newfoundland.

"This is the natal day of him,
Who, born in want and poverty,
Burst from his fetters, and arose,
The freest of the free.

"Arose to tell the watching earth
What lowly men could feel and do;
To show that mighty, heaven-like souls
In cottage hamlets grew.

"Burns! thou hast given us a name
To shield us from the taunts of scorn;
The plant that creeps amid the soil
A glorious flower has borne.

"Before the proudest of the earth
We stand with an uplifted brow;
Like us, thou wast a toil-worn man;
And we are noble now!" *Robert Nicoll.*

One hundred and eleven years have rolled past since, on the banks of Doon, near "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," the Peasant Poet first saw the light. During that lengthened period, old "Caledonia stern and wild" has produced many a great and gifted son—many who have left their "footprints on the sands of time," yet, I believe, a greater than Burns she has not since produced. No doubt we could readily name illustrious Scotchmen of far wider culture and profounder depths of knowledge than Burns—men who dwelt in a region of ideas to which the humble Ayrshire bard could not aspire—the names of Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson, Irving, Chalmers, Carlyle, Hamilton at once rise to the lips;—but in richness of natural faculty, in fervour of genius, in wealth of imagination, in fulness of humanity, in all that constitutes true manhood, none of all these has surpassed the poet who sang the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and "A Man's a Man for a' That." Only at lengthened intervals,—not even once in a century—does nature bestow such a precious gift on humanity as a Burns. No wonder that Scotchmen are proud of him and fondly cherish his memory. No wonder that with their passionate attachment to "the land of mountain and of flood" is inseparably intertwined their no less fervent love of Burns, who has, by his deathless songs, made it all hallowed ground. No wonder that they never weary of heaping laurels on his tomb. He deserves all their love and reverence. In his poetry he has embodied whatever is greatest, strongest, most distinctive and most ennobling in Scottish genius and character, and interpreted the national heart as it had never been interpreted before. By universal consent, he is now

regarded as the typical Scotchman of the modern era. Great of heart, fervid in genius, wide as humanity in his sympathies, he is at the same time thoroughly Scottish in speech, in thought, in every throb of his pulse, in every fibre of his being. And therefore Scotland loves him with profoundest love; and, in hut and hall, from her nobles to her peasants, his is the name that kindles the raptest enthusiasm, and is most deeply engraven on the national heart. Wherever the Scotchman goes, Burns goes with him, and where he lodges there the poet lodges too. His is the poetry that, more than any other, has glorified Scottish scenery and history, and immortalized Scottish customs and traditions, and thrown a charm and a dignity around the homes and the humble joys and sorrows of Scotland's noble peasantry. His are the songs that, more than all other influences, have kindled and cherished in Scottish hearts, the love of country, of liberty, of manly independence; and bound together the hearts of the whole people, though scattered to the ends of the earth, in the imperishable memories of "Auld Lang Syne." The Scottish peasant walks the earth with a manlier tread, and lifts his brow in nobler pride since Robert Burns lived and wrote. In the wealth of thought and fancy and feeling of heart and imagination; in the deathless legacy Burns has bequeathed, the poor man exults as something that has been done by one of his own order,—as treasure gathered by a fellow-toiler. The lot of honest poverty is mean no longer,—it is beautified, it is glorified by the genius of one who shared all its toils and privations. The poor toilsmen of earth look up with hope and exultation. From *them* has sprung one of Nature's nobles—one who wore "hoddin-gray," and in "an auld clay biggin" thatched with straw, and amid the hard toils of the field, cherished glorious thoughts and imaginations that soared to heaven, and sung of man's joys and woes with a power and pathos that have touched all hearts and won a deathless fame. The people, of whom he was one, feel themselves, as they glow over the writings of Burns, breathing a nobler atmosphere, and placed on a moral equality with the most refined in the land. Not merely do they accept their lowly lot, they are proud of it as they see its charms and dignities reflected in the poems of their humble-born hero. For them he has broken down the artificial ice-wall of centuries and taught them that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

What a race, what a country that must be that could produce the Peasant Poet, Robert Burns! With such wealth and power of genius as his to boast of, Scotland is poor no more, but takes her place among the nations that lead the onward march of humanity,—"in the foremost files of time." This is the priceless boon her national poet has conferred on Scotland. He has elevated and dignified the national character, and quickened the national life; while, at the same time, Scotland feels him to be all her own—a son of her soil, as natural to her as the heather on her hills, drawing all the inspiration of his song from her glorious scenery and from the warm beatings of a true Scottish heart. In her peasant-homes, her stately cities, her humble vil-

lages, her sylvan scenes, her rural homesteads, her wild moorlands and cultured vales—in all these is felt and ever will be felt the pervading genius of Robert Burns. Meekly, therefore, and with strong and increasing enthusiasm, do the sons of Scotland assemble, year after year, on their poet's Natal Day, wherever their lot may be cast, to do honour to the memory of Burns,—to place on his grave another wreath of *immortelles.* Years roll on; a decade of the second century since his birth has now passed; but Scotland's love for Burns knows no abatement; on the contrary, it is truer and warmer than ever. In his own touching words,

> "Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

With an American poet we say:

> "Praise to the man! A nation stood
> Beside his coffin with wet eyes,—
> Her brave, her beautiful, her good,—
> As when a loved one dies.
> And still, as on his funeral day,
> Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
> With the mute homage that we pay
> To consecrated ground.
> And consecrated ground it is—
> The last, the hallowed home of one
> Who lives upon all memories,
> Though with the buried gone.
> Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
> Shrines to no code or creed confined—
> The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
> The Meccas of the mind."

It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that love and admiration for Burns are confined to the Scottish land and race. His fame is every year deepening and extending, and rapidly becoming world-wide. More and more it is acknowledged that he is a poet, not of Scotland only, but of humanity; that he is one of the immortal few to whom has been entrusted the sacred key that unlocks the deeper heart of man,—one of the laurel-crowned world-poets, whose "touch of nature makes the whole world kin." This sacred gift he had mainly in virtue of his profound sympathy with whatever concerns our poor humanity, in its joys and woes, its struggles, humiliations, raptures and tears. That trembling sensibility, which thrills responsive to every form of existence, nay to every thing that has a place in this wondrous universe of which we are a part, lies at the foundation of the poetical temperament, and has its roots in *love.* In Burns, this tender, all-embracing love displayed itself in fullest perfection, linking him in sympathy with nature, in all her varied moods of gloom and grandeur, loveliness and terror, with his brother man in his sorrows and gladness, and even with his "fellow-mortals" of the dumb creation. To all he feels himself linked by mysterious ties, and all are beautiful and lovable in his sight. The "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r," uprooted by his ploughshare, does not perish unlamented; and in the fate of the "bonnie gem" he sees an emblem of the ruin that too often lays "low i' the dust" lovely womanhood, and crushes the bard himself beneath

its merciless ploughshare. "Poor Mallie's" dying groans are not unheard by his poetic ear, nor "the wounded hare" unwept; and the "wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie" whose nest he has upturned with his plough, melts his heart in pity. "Mousie" too is one of the earth-dwellers and therefore has claims on him as a fellow-sufferer, and one to whom he is linked as in a mysterious brotherhood; and as he looks on the evil he has wrought, he exclaims—

> "That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
> Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
> Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
> But house or hauld,
> To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
> And cranreuch cauld!"

The "ourie cattle," "the silly sheep," "ilk happing bird" shrinking and cowering before the wintry blast, of these he thinks with a heart of pity, as the wind whistles through his own "ragged roof and chinky wall." Never did a more tender, loving heart beat in human bosom than in that of Burns. To his own kind, that heart was ever true, generous, affectionate, trusting with a generous wealth of love, excluding none from its regards. Thus was he fitted, by the fulness of his humanity, to sing the genuine utterances of man's heart, to feel deeply and express truly what we all feel in our varying moods of gloom or gladness, mirth or tenderness; and all this, in language so true and expressive, that he is felt to be an interpreter of our very heart of hearts. With kindly sympathy, he makes every joy and sorrow of his brother-man his own; and, in virtue of his all-pervading love, every incident in human life has to him a deep and tender meaning. Wild mirth and mournful sadness, withering scorn and "laughter holding both its sides," every reach and range of human feeling find a voice in his glowing words; and the language in which Burns has expressed them is everywhere felt to give them grandest and most expressive utterance. Where is the young lover whose heart does not beat quicker as he hears the strains of "My Nannie O," or "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw?" Where the champion of freedom whose spirit does not kindle at the war-notes of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled?" Where the victim of toil and care and poverty, who does not feel his burden lightened by the gladening, mirth-provoking strains of Robert Burns? Hence it is that Scotland is not alone in her love of Burns. Wherever the accents of the British tongue are heard, and in many other tongues beside, there the great Scotsman's strains are heard and loved. England has her Shakspeare, her Milton, her Wordsworth, but she has given a generous welcome to the Scottish bard and even learned and loved the dialect in which he wrote, for his sake. Ireland has her Goldsmith and Moore, but for Burns she has "a hundred thousand welcomes," and loves him as one of her own sons of song. And America, too, that has given a home to so many Scotchmen, has taken their national bard to her heart, and cherishes his memory as one of the most precious inheritances bequeathed to her by one of the Old Land. So it is that the poetry and songs of Burns link together nationalities and bind together human hearts, even as the electric spark that

flashes along the Atlantic cable, through "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean," and unites the Old World with the New.

The mission of the true poet is lofty and sacred. His gifts belong to the class of inspirations, the noblest that thrill the human soul. His thoughts are glances into nature's deepest mysteries, and into the wondrous mechanism of the human spirit. He *sees* deeper than his fellows and more truly into all around—the stars, the earth, the bounding billows of man's breast. His spirit goes beneath the surface and grasps the essence—the divinity that pervades and animates all. The divine element of beauty and harmony he beholds, even in the meanest and rudest things. The deep cathedral-tones of nature's harmonies are audible to his ear, and his heart and voice respond to these in musical utterance, and, ascending towards heaven, he

> "Singing still doth soar,
> And soaring ever sings."

At the waving of his magic-wand, the humblest and commonest things become graceful and glorious; and human life, in its rudest shapes, becomes venerable and lovable. What ever is noblest, truest, best in ourselves, the poet embodies in his creations of beauty, in glorious, captivating forms, so that our poor, earth-bound existence is wrapped in a halo of dream-like splendour, and becomes beautiful and sacred. The true poet, therefore, is rightly regarded as a benefactor of his race. His influence is elevating, purifying, ennobling. He is a brother who at once loves and teaches us.

Burns possessed, in a very high degree. these characteristics of the genuine poet. He was gifted largely with the seer-faculty. A power of vision was his which at once ordained him a *vates*,—a seer, fitted to read and understand the deeper things of man and nature,—the hidden meanings of our mysterious being. So far as outward surroundings were concerned, nothing seemingly could be less favourable to the workings of a poetic soul than his. Around him lay only the rudest and sternest realities of Scottish peasant-life,—its ceaseless toil, its humble fare, its hard, narrow lot, shut out from all refining influences. But with true poetic instinct, he sees in these the noblest materials for his muse. The azure dome, the star-lit City of God overhead, the everlasting "Scriptures of the skies," the flower-clad earth with its storms and its sunshine, its mountains and streams—were not these the same in Ayrshire as in Greece, where Homer sung of old?—and what was wanting but the poetic eye to see their glories and grandeur, and the poet's heart to understand and interpret? And these poor Ayrshire peasants, with their homely joys and cares, their sorrows and unfulfilled longings, were they not a portion of God's great family, having the same passions and struggles, the same "broken lights" and varied hopes and fears, and looking up into the same dread mysteries, as those of whose deeds Pindar sung, on whom Danté glanced with eye of fire, or those who mirrored themselves in the all-comprehending mind of Shakspeare? Here, too, the poet could listen to the throbbings of the great human heart. Here stood out, in strong relief, man's greatness and littleness—the workings of a two-fold nature that

allies him at once with the earthly and the heavenly. Human nobleness was here, in these "village Hampdens;" and worth and self-sacrifice under the straw-covered roof. All the varied play of human passions—furnishing food for mirth, or evoking tears and softest pity, withering scorn or scathing anger—passed under the eye of the lowly-born poet, in his Scottish home. Love, too, the grand passion, was as magical and thrilling among young hearts as when Helen set the world in a blaze. His poetic eyes see all this; and over all he pours the glories and raptures of his own soul, transfiguring the meanest scenes of existence, and extracting tragedy and comedy from the most common-place events. No need of books or foreign scenes to him; with his beaming black eyes he pierces beneath the surface, and finds everywhere material for song or epic, for ode or satire. He looks not afar, but finds them around him. The "*Daisy*," of which he sung in such touching strains of tenderness, was turned over by his own plough-share, in his own furrow. The *Wounded Hare* he saw "hirpling o'er the lea," on the banks of Nith. Poor *Mousie* had built her "wee bit house" amid his own stubble. The *Twa Dogs*, with their deep insight into human affairs, and their fine touches of dry Scotch humour, were the two collies that often trotted at his heels and looked up reverently into their kind master's face.* The "Great chieftain o' the puddin' race," the "Sonsie" *Haggis*, smoked on his own platter; and with *The Scotch Drink*, whose virtues he celebrates, he was only too familiar. *Halloween*, the Scottish carnival, had been observed by countless generations; and *The Holy Fair* was drawn from real life by the pencil of a comic satirist. *The Brigs of Ayr* were realities no less than *Kirk Alloway*; and *Tam O'Shanter* was one of his neighbours. Even the *Deil* was Scotch, every inch—

> "A towzie tyke, black, grim and large,"

whose "bummin'" had often been heard by the old wives of Kyle.

This clear-seeing eye for the poetic in the common-place and familiar, at once marks Burns as a possessor of the divine gift, in highest intensity—as a poet formed by nature's own hand, and owing little to art or culture. It is to this he owes the *reality* that stamps all he has written. He has seen with his own eyes and handled with his own hands what he describes. The passion he delineates in burning words has stormed through his own breast. In his *Cotter's Saturday Night* he but idealized the family-worship in his own home, as offered by his own "priest-like father." His lyrics were almost all suggested by some incident in real life, or made the expression of some flame or feeling that burned in his own breast. Hence there is nothing spasmodic in a line that Burns has penned; no gasping affectations; no mawkish or maudlin sentiment; no swelling bombast; no intellectual cant or literary quackery. The grand stamp of reality and sincerity

* One of them, however, was a Newfoundlander, and a credit to his country, for of "Cæsar" the poet tells us:—

> "His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
> Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
> But whalpit some place far abroad,
> Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

is on it all. He writes because inward fire burns. "We recollect no poet of Burns's susceptibility," says Carlyle, "who comes before us from the first and abides with us to the last, with such a total want of affectation. He is an honest man and an honest writer. In his successes and his failures, in his greatness and his littleness, he is ever clear, simple, true, and glitters with no lustre but his own. We reckon this to be a great virtue; to be in fact the root of most other virtues, literary as well as moral."

It is this quality of "sincerity," joined to his profound humanity, that has won for Burns the verdict of the universal heart, and stamped immortality on his productions. To the spirit of love and sympathy that pervades his poems, all hearts must respond; while his earnest, truthful utterance of these genuine emotions wins our confidence. We feel that here is one who has reached the truth of nature that underlies all outward forms and ephemeral customs. The poet who does so must and will live, whatever flaws, defects or even impurities may deform his productions. The writer who reaches not this excellence, may live for a time and be read and admired for his knowledge or his brilliancy, but ultimately, oblivion, deep and dark, will overtake him and wrap him in its gloomy pall. Burns is among the immortal few who have sung the emotions of the universal heart, and, in virtue of this, has taken his place in that deathless band of brothers among whom we reckon Homer, Danté, Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth.

Measured by quantity, the work that Burns accomplished seems small. A moderately-sized volume contains all he has written. No great epic, no lengthy tragedy, indeed no finished poem, on which strength was put forth and much care lavished, has he left us; but only broken snatches, hasty productions struck out under the influence of strong emotion, little rills from the great fountain of song within him that might have poured out mighty floods. All this is true; but when we take into account his short, almost tragical life, for his sun went down while yet it was noon, the disadvantages against which he had to struggle in his early years, the meagreness of his intellectual equipments, the want of leisure for thought or study, we are constrained to admit that the work he did was truly great. Consider that some of his most wonderful poems were composed when he was toiling as a farm labourer for wages that did not exceed seven pounds a year, that all his life he had a hard struggle to keep the wolf from his door, and that he died at the age of thirty-seven, and are we not astonished that he accomplished so much? Under more favourable auspices, starting from a greater vantage ground, with books, leisure, travel, intercourse with other kindred minds, a longer life to ripen his powers, we cannot doubt that Burns would have enriched the world's literature with still nobler bequests of his genius, and far more perfect results of his rich endowments. The imperfect fragments he has left, show what vast capabilities were in that richly endowed soul—what depths of pathos and tenderness and dramatic power, from which new *Tempests* and *Macbeths* might have sprung! The imagination that threw off, in an evening, such a poem as *Tam O' Shanter*, duly cultured and ripened, was equal to the creation of a great tragedy or noble epic poem, when

once the intellectual workman had fully fused the right materials in the fires of his genius. The mind that conceived "*The Address to the Deil,*" "*Death and Dr Hornbrook*"—and painted the fun and superstitious of "*Halloween*" and the wild revelry of *The Jolly Beggars*, was equal to more extended and perfect efforts of humour and pathos. Indeed it is difficult to say, judging by what he has produced, what poetic attainment was not within reach of Burns. What war-songs and battle-hymns could not the mind that shaped *Bruce's Address* have poured forth! What heights of the sublime or terrible might not have been scaled by the author of *Tam O' Shanter* or *Dweller in yon Dungeon Dark!* what odes to liberty, that would stir the hearts of nations, by him who sang *A Man's a Man for a' that!* What depths of tenderness and pathos could have been sounded by the poet that breathed out the soul-moving lines to *Mary in Heaven!* How vast the range of notes that burst from his lyre! He can enter the soul on its sunny or its gloomy side, and express, with equal power, the mournful and the mirthful. the loving and scornful, the reverential and sceptical moods of man's mind. He is the universal man, in his sympathies, joys and sorrows; and even in the same piece frequently mingles pathos, gaiety, tenderness, awe and humour—showing the freedom and play of his varied genius. The agony and fierceness of passion, the frenzies of remorse, every grief that rends the bosom from the cradle to the grave,—all are depicted in his verse. "The still sad music of humanity" is there, but though deep, it never degenerates into morbid or melancholy strains. It is rather the offspring of pathos which looks with pitying eyes of love on the mournful contradictions and entanglements, the failures, mistakes and wrong-doings of our mortal life, and asks those solemn questions to which no answer can be given. The poem, *Man was made to mourn*, strikingly illustrates all this—

"Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves—
Regret, remorse and shame;
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By nature's law design'd—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This *partial view of humankind
Is surely not the last!*
The poor, oppress'd, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

"Oh Death! the poor man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"

No quality in Burns is more striking and endearing than his humour. It is rich, hearty, joyous, loving; and therefore draws us to him in love. We feel it to be the outcome of that brotherly sympathy which produced his pathos—that true tenderness which stoops to the poorest, meanest and most wretched, and would take the whole world in its arms of love. There is no malignity, no satanic bitterness, nothing that degrades or desecrates our common nature in the humour of Burns—nothing of that fiendish mockery that deforms the productions of Swift, and in which, at times, Byron indulged. Ridicule may be the offspring of hatred, and often breathes a diabolic spirit, but never in the most withering sarcasm of Burns do we discover this baleful quality. We feel that when he holds up baseness, cruelty or hypocrisy to scorn and contempt, it is from sympathy with what is pure and true and good. Malignant hatred has no resting place in his breast, not even towards what is vile and bad. Satan himself is regarded with an eye of pity, and to him even he would extend hope and the grace of repentance—

"But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh, wad ye tak a thought and men'?
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake!

Burns's humour is affluent, juicy, at times jocund and jovial, but it is also thoroughly *Scotch*. He has the dry sarcastic allusion, the fun that, preserving a solemn visage, shakes the sides convulsively—the sober joke that half conceals and half reveals itself, the cautious insinuation, that seems at first glance innocent of any mirthful intention, but gives rise to laughter long and loud. Much of this Scotch humour Burns has, but at times he indulges in broad farce and reckless bursts of merriment that might well set any "table in a roar." His *Address to the Deil* is full of this dexterously concealed, sly humour, that seems hardly conscious of itself. As Burns pictures the arch-enemy of man, he has none of the grand, imposing features of Milton's Satan, none of the refined, gentlemanly qualities of Goethe's Mephistophiles; he is

only the vulgar, Caledonian "Deil," of the popular imagination, in whose individuality the ludicrous largely mingles with the horrible. This, in part, accounts for the freedom with which the poet addresses him. It is not Lucifer, the fallen arch-angel, still great and terrible, but only a creation of superstition, having, at the same time, some of the nobler attributes remaining. Feeling, as it were, the necessity of conciliating such a powerful personage, the poet appeals at the outset to his better nature, not without effect surely,—not without kindling a grim smile in "Hangie's" face,—

"Heer me. auld Hangie, for a wee,
And let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil.
To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
And hear us squeel.

"Great is thy power, and great thy fame;
Far ken'd and noted is thy name;
And though yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
And, faith! thou's neither lag no lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

"Whyles ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey a' holes and corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
Tirlin' the kirks;
Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks."

Then, after addressing him in such flattering terms, he goes on to recount some of his disreputable doings, in terms the most ludicrous, reminding him how, with "eerie drone," he had been disturbing his "reverend granny" at her devotions, and had even frightened the poet himself when, in form of "rash bush," he appeared "ayont the lough," and then,

"Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings."

After presenting a terrible bill of indictment, extending from Eden to the present hour, he relents as he considers the Evil One's surroundings and prospects, pity prevails, and he dismisses him with the fervent wish that he would "tak a thought and men'." The underlying humour of the whole poem is indeed exquisite; and the final touch of mercy inimitable.

Death and Dr. Hornbook is another characteristic effusion of Burns's humour, and, perhaps more than any other, has opened the great deeps of laughter in the hearts of his readers. Never, surely, was a more ludicrously-terrible figure conjured up by the imagination, than that with which he held such friendly colloquy:

"I there wi' something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large and lang.

"Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava;
And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp and sma',
As cheeks o' branks."

This queer "reaper, whose name was Death," apologizes for his unpleasant calling by remarking rather cynically, that

"Folk maun do something for their bread,
And sae maun Death."

After a very bitter and sarcastic accusation directed against Hornbook for interfering so seriously with his "butching" trade, which he had lawfully and successfully followed for "sax thousand years," this shadowy *something* was going to detail a vengeful plot against his enemy, when the "wee short hour ayont the twal" suddenly "chappit," and both became conscious of the flight of time, and then

"I took the way that pleas'd mysel',
And sae did Death."

It is evident the narrator was by this time considerably sobered; and we naturally hope that such a serious encounter will prove a warning against getting "fou" on "clachan yill" in future. No finer specimen of Scottish humour has ever been penned than *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

Every one is familiar with the humour, so artistically mingled with awe and horror, of *Tam O'Shanter.* Here, again, Satan is introduced, but no improvement, no sign of reformation is apparent in his appearance or deportment:

"A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl."

Still, though the bestial qualities of the arch-fiend, who performs his part with characteristic energy, are thus apparent, yet in his love for the Scottish bag-pipes we have a redeeming human trait, and still more so in his grim enjoyment of Nannie's extraordinary performance:

"Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main."

The genial humour, the fantastic imaginings of this wonderful poem, in which we have "Satan's invisible world displayed," place it among the best of Burns's productions. The contrast, so exquisitely painted, between the uproarious enjoyment of the ale-house, as at each stage of revelry "Aye the ale was growing better," and the wild war of elements without, and finally the ghastly sights that met Tam's eye in Kirk Alloway, as it blazed with baleful light, could only be

executed by a master hand. There was the dance of witches, led on by their chief musician—there is no mistaking him—with accompaniments of the terrible and awful enough to curdle the blood, and freeze the courage of any one not under the influence of "inspiring, bold John Barleycorn."

As a specimen of the quieter and tenderer humour of Burns, take the following from *The Twa Dogs*. "Luath," like a sensible dog, is descanting on the many compensations the poor possess, and the real happiness they enjoy in the midst of their poverty:

> "The dearest comfort o' their lives,
> Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives;
> The prattling things are just their pride,
> That sweetens a' their fire-side;
> And whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy,
> Can mak the bodies unco happy;
> They lay aside their private cares,
> To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
> They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
> Wi' kindling fury in their breasts;
> Or tell what new taxation 's comin',
> And ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.
>
> "As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
> They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
> When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
> Unite in common recreation;
> Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
> Forgets there's care upo' the earth.
>
> "That merry day the year begins,
> They bar the door on frosty win's;
> The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
> And sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
> The luntin pipe, and sneeshin mill
> Are handed round wi' right guid will;
> The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
> The young anes rantin' thro' the house—
> My heart has been sae fain to see them,
> That I for joy h-e barkit wi' them."

The Elegy on Poor Mailie, *The Auld Farmers's salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie*, may be named as exemplifying beautifully the tender, sportive humour of Burns; while *The Jolly Beggars* shows how the poet could enter into the mad revelry of society's outcasts, and paint them, with a hearty gusto, when enjoying themselves over their cups, and even in their wildest outbursts of blackguardism. Yet even here, in *Poosie Nancy's* den, this assembly of vagrants, beggars, drabs, and wandering musicians, has still some touches of humanity remaining to remind us that they belong to our race, and are not of the beasts that perish. Carlyle, the greatest of our literary critics, places *The Jolly Beggars* among the foremost of Burns's productions. In his noble Essay on Burns he says: "It seems in a considerable degree complete—a real, self-supporting whole, which is the highest merit in a poem. The blanket of the night is drawn asunder for a moment; in full, ruddy, flaming light, these rough tatterdemalions are seen in their

boisterous revel; for the strong pulse of life vindicates its right to gladness even here; and when the curtain closes, we prolong the action without effort; the next day, as the last, our *Caird* and our *Ballad-monger* are singing and soldering; their 'brats and callets' are hawking, begging, cheating; and some other night, in new combinations, they will wring from Fate another hour of wassail and good cheer. Apart from the universal sympathy with man which this again bespeaks in Burns, a genuine inspiration and no inconsiderable technical talent are manifested here." Gilfillan says of it: "This Cantata contains in it the materials of a hundred novels—has as many characters, incidents, traits, touches, as would have enriched a Galt or a Delta for life; and there is a certain queer harmony in it, too, which makes the thing the most perfect whole Burns ever constructed. The grouping of the various figures, the way in which all the individual details support each other, and unite in aiding the general effect—the richness of fancy, and microscopic minuteness of observation discovered, as well as the grossness and indecency of much in the picture, remind you of some of the master-pieces of Hogarth."

Wonderful it is to find that the same hand that could depict the saturnalia of low life with such strong and vivid strokes, could also touch the highest and holiest cords of the soul with a master's hand. *The Cotter's Saturday Night* shows that Burns could enter into those sacred emotions of the human spirit which ally us to the angels, and connect us with heaven, and afford the best pledge of immortality. It is a lovely picture of domestic happiness in the poor man's cottage. The occupants of that poor home are of the lowliest and most hardly wrought: poverty is their portion; and yet, under that straw roof are the purest joys, the most hallowed bliss, for it is the abode of virtuous and loving hearts. Affection's light is there, and religion throws her holy radiance over all. That poem has done much to make the poor man contented with and proud of his humble lot. It has taught the worker for the daily bread that the Great Father of all loves him, and has put the means of happiness within his reach, however lowly his station. Nothing is wanting to make the picture complete. We see "the toil-worn Cotter," his "weekly moil at an end," bending his weary steps homeward, "hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend"—the day that was specially ordained by Divine Mercy for the poor man's repose. Not unblest is his humble home. The "expectant wee-things" welcome him with gleeful shouts:

> "His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
> His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile:
> The lisping infant prattling on his knee."

One by one the elder children gather, from their week-day toils, around the parents who looked on their childhood, and guarded and blessed them; and the family circle is complete. We hear the kind greetings and inquiries of brothers and sisters as they meet after the toils of the week, while

> "The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years,"

and the industrious mother's

> "Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new."

Jenny's love, with its sweet maiden blushes, comes slily and bashfully to light, and with it the mother's anxiety regarding the lover, and finally her pride to find "her bairn's respected like the lave." What a tale of first love, with all its fears, anxieties and sublimity of affection, calling forth those noble stanzas, unsurpassed in the whole range of poetry:

"Oh happy love!—where love like this is found!"—

The closing scene awakens all the holiest and best feelings of the soul, when

"Kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father and the husband prays."

Truly does the poet remind us that—

"From scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Very finely does Professor Wilson say of this poem: "It is felt yet, and sadly changed will then be Scotland, if ever it be not felt by every one who peruses it, to be a communication from brother to brother. It is felt by us, all through from beginning to end, to be BURNS's *Cotter's Saturday Night*; at each succeeding sweet or solemn stanza, we more and more love the man—at its close, we bless him as a benefactor; and if, as the picture fades, thoughts of sin and sorrow will arise, and will not be put down, let them, as we hope for mercy, be of our own—not of his: let us tremble for ourselves as we hear a voice saying—"Fear God and keep his commandments."

Of the *songs* of Burns we cannot say anything worthy of the theme, at the close of this brief and imperfect sketch. It is by those songs that he has touched most hearts and won the widest admiration, and on these, among the great mass of men, his popularity mainly rests. Great as he is in other departments, his lyric muse is greatest of all, and soars heavenward with steady wing and sweetest song. Here he is most supremely master of the varied chords of the human heart, and sweeps the whole range at will, calling forth smiles or tears, stormy passions, or sweetest emotions of tenderness. The undefined longings, the wayward impulses that surge through the heart, and of which all are conscious, but cannot find utterance for them,—to these Burns gave voice and expression in words that are felt to embody them fully, and to stir the latent music that slumbers in the soul. His songs are truly melodies of the universal heart. No mood is unexpressed—no feeling unsung—so wonderful is his variety. Patriotism, loyalty, love, friendship, natural scenery in all its changes, the seasons, the griefs and joys of man—all the subjects of his muse. The tender passion, in particular, he depicts in its raptures, jealousies, fears, felicities, disappointments and despairs, as no other has ever done. The domestic joys, the humours, the oddities, the revelries of his countrymen—these, too, are embodied in his glorious songs, which

have welded together the hearts of Scotsmen throughout the world, more than all other influences. Never, while the Scottish tongue is spoken—never, while the "banks and braes o' bonnie doon" are "fair," or "the birks of Aberfeldy" festoon the "hoary cliffs crown'd wi' flowers," or lovers meet at "gloamin'" on "*the lea-rig*," or hand clasps with hand in the kind memories of "*Auld Lang Syne*,"—never shall the thrilling songs of Burns be unheard in the land he loved so well, and among the people who fondly cherish his memory. More than all his other writings, his songs are embodiments of his own heart-experiences, while they faithfully reflect, too, the heart of Scottish life.

Unlike many of our modern popular songs, those of Burns are no mere sentimental effusions of words, make-believe, watery productions, with little body and no soul whatever. There are both heart and music in his songs. His pathos moves the most insensible. Take his *Mary in Heaven.* Here is love purified from the dross of passion—so free from all taint of earth that it might inspire an angel's breast. It is a deep, sad elegy of the soul over its most hallowed remembrance of buried affection. "*A man's a man for a' that*" will long help "honest poverty" to hold up its head, and tend to bring on the millenium when "man to man, the warld o'er, shall brothers be for a' that." "*Scots wha hae*" stirs the pulses like the trumpet's blasts, and *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw* will make us ever "dearly like the West." As a specimen of his love songs, take this little gem—one of the tenderest and purest:

"Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

"Lassie, say thou loes me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou, for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou loes me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou loes me."

Take a few lines from another song, in which we have all the poetry of despair:

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel—alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.
* * * * *

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

The fame of Burns has been extending every year since his death. He who died in such poverty that almost his last letter was an urgent request to a friend for a loan of five pounds to save him from jail, has had honours heaped upon his grave in richest profusion, and eleven years ago, his countrymen observed his first centenary with an enthusiasm such as no king or conqueror could awaken. The heart of a great nation rose responsive at the call, to do homage to the memory of their noblest poet. His mausoleums and statues occupy the most honoured positions in the land. Better still—his works have passed through countless editions, some illustrated by the foremost artists and bound sumptuously for the tables of the rich, and others in homely garb for the cottages of the poor. Every scrap he wrote, everything that belonged to him has been collected and hoarded as precious treasure. Each year witnesses a demand for new editions of his poems. In America, I have just read, the sale of his works is, at present, double that of Byron's and forty times as great as the poetry of Scott. Germany has exquisitely rendered his lyrics into her own tongue, and is making them familiar among her people as household words. His life has been written by Currie, Lockhart, Cunningham, Chambers; and such literary artists as Thomas Carlyle and Professor Wilson have pronounced the noblest eulogiums on his genius. With a fame thus ever on the increase, it would be hazardous to say what place may be ultimately assigned him in the ranks of British poets.

Let no one suppose that in expressing hearty admiration for the genius of Burns, we are insensible to his faults as a writer and as a man. His faults and failings we should never attempt to palliate or deny—we admit them and deplore them, and love him still in spite of them all. We are free to confess that his poems contain many a blemish, many a sin against good taste, and delicacy, many a line that, in the interests of morality and religion, we could wish to see blotted out for ever, and which, had he been spared long enough, we firmly believe he would have consigned to oblivion. But then there is so much sterling worth that for the sake of the precious ore we bear with the dross. In Shakspeare, Dryden, Swift, Pope, similar faults are discernible; but their works are the heir-looms of generations, notwithstanding their flaws and defects. All readers of the life of Burns know that he fell into transgressions which those deplore most who love him most. As a man, he had faults and flaws enough; but surely it is not by those we are to estimate him. We are to ask how much good was in the man?—how much true nobility of soul, manful independence, truth and generosity?—how many heaven-sent gifts. And if we are to estimate Burns by the good, not the evil, that was in him; if we are to cast the mantle of charity over failings from which no human being is free, then he must occupy a very high place in our esteem. Strong energetic natures, like his, full of fire and tenderness, powerful impulses and surging passions, must be estimated by a standard that

will make allowance for these peculiarities. The most gifted of our race are often those who, comet-like, wander from the established orbit. We own it and deplore it; but while we admit that genius is amenable to the divine laws, let us not forget that it is not beyond the law of mercy. We, too, shall stand in need of charity's gentle judgment at the last; we too, even the best of us, will require much to be forgiven. Let us remember this, and tread tenderly on the grave of Burns. Let us beware of disentombing the faults of the illustrious dead, "or drawing his frailties from their dread abode." Let charity wreath a garland for the tomb of Burns, and gentle pity drop a tear over his ashes. Apply to him the rule which his own generous heart would have applied to all, and which he has embodied in such touching words—

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Not on his Natal Day will Scotchmen recall the failings of their poet. Rather will they then remember, with love and gratitude, all they owe to him who has deepened in their hearts that nationality which is the root of the noblest and manliest virtues, and, by the wand of his genius, touched into beauty and deathless renown the hills and streams and vales of their glorious land, and rendered classic the accents of the Scottish tongue. They will remember, with regretful love, how much he gave to them, and how little, during his lifetime, of generous help or appreciative reward he, the sensitive son of genius, received from those around him. His countrymen know now all his worth—all the "immortal dower" he has left them. Loving hands have cleared away the moss and rubbish from his tomb, and grateful hearts now lavish honours on his memory.

"The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod,
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breathed;
The streams he wandered near;
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung;
All, all are dear!

"The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten it with their toils;
And sister-lands have learned the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

"For doth not song
To the whole world belong?
It is not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all!

Isa Craig's Centenary Ode.

THE YEAR—A RHAPSODY.

BY REV. JAMES BENNET.

AND so since the bells of the watching churches rung in the year 1869, we have run with time's fleet foot through the domains of budding spring, and flowery summer and fruit-laden autumn, and stowed the barns and cellars with the corn and roots, and fruits—and shall yet have some nice picking during the long frosty nights by the genial fires, ere will come the sounds of the solemn bells calling to prayer and praise for all the good gifts of God, that the present year may not carry away the tale of ingratitude to the Master of Life, and induce Him to send us famines and pestilences and wars.

Old January—that ushered in our rejoicings of last year, was a jolly fellow as usual, wrapped in his great coat of pure white snow, and in his pranks sticking icicles to the beards of men and the nostrils of horses, full of joy and glee. At the beginning of his reign, as soon as the bells had announced his coronation, he brought forth the wassail-bowl and bade all but good teetotalers drink—an injunction with which many were but too glad to comply, quaffing very deeply, to the great increase of hilarity and headaches. Deriving his name from the old Roman god Janus, he has yet managed to admit, with the spirit of toleration, quite commendable, a large number of our christian feasts, Circumcision, Epiphany, Septuagesma and Sexagesma Sundays, the Martyrdom of King Charles, and Saint Agnes' Eve, of which Keats has sung so beautifully:

"They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honied middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright:

> As supperless to bed they must retire,
> And couch supine their beauties lily white,
> Nor look behind nor sidewise, but require
> Of heaven, with upward eyes, for all that they desire "

Having fulfilled his term, he resigned his sceptre to his brother February, whose days, less numerous, have yet a long list devoted to the celebration of the memory of the saints, of whom we shall only name one, of rather questionable repute, but worshipped in the peculiar rite of *billets-doux* by the gushing youth of both sexes—the holy Saint Valentine. Each one can call to mind the face and name of the person he or she saw on St. Valentine's morning, and whether there is the likelihood of a union of wedlock with the same, or whether the ceremonies of the period have been productive of love. In such a dead season of the year when the trees are all leafless and the flowers all dreaming of the new dresses they shall put on in spring, it is interesting to see that the human affections have suffered no chill—no wintry sleep,—that the heart is as susceptible as ever; and that the cold only calls forth a greater warmth in all the budding sensibilities. Lent, indeed, which begins now, may have a frosty effect to those who are good church-livers, but not so fierce as to nip any efflorescing sentiment. And so into the more genial clime of March we are wheeled, only to find that we are approaching the period when Nature shall have her new hymeneal. Here, indeed, old winter is hard to kill, and Nature has to wait a considerable time before she gets her youthful husband; but in the more genial climes, amid all the rough woings of March, the earth is delighted with his nosegays of primroses amid the green, soft moss, and loves to recognize his love in the snow-drops and daffodils which prophesy of the wealth of beauty with which the spring will shortly deck his blushing bride. So the Easter time floats away, and April comes with a bright suit of sunshine and a warmer breath, but still, like some lovers, fitful and changeable. Indeed, you can hardly tell what he means, or whether there will not be an action for breach of promise, till the spring, like a true and honest fellow, comes to the point in his May dress:

> " April had sunshine amid his showers,
> But cold were his gardens and bare his bowers;
> And his frown would blight and his smile betray,
> But now it is May—it is May."

We have had to take the liberty of changing the gender in which the poet has chosen to represent the fickle month; but this is of small account. We don't care to remember either what fasts or feasts these interesting months contain, though we should, perhaps, remember the All-fools' Day of April, into which we have taken care to crush the remnants of the ancient saturnalia of the Romans, when the slaves were allowed to say what they liked to their masters, and the world was generally turned topsy-turvy.

> " But now it is May, and we bless the day
> When we first delightedly so can say."

Or, as the renowned historian, Dederich Knickerbocker, says: "It is that delicious season of the year, when Nature, bursting from the chilling embraces of old winter, throws herself, blushing with ten thousand charms, into the arms of youthful spring; every tufted copse and blooming grove resounds with the notes of hymeneal love; the very insects, as they sip the dews which gem the grass of the meadows, join in the joyous Epithalamium; the voice of the turtle is heard in the land, and the heart of man dissolves away in tenderness."

We think that this description of the good Dederich, with which we have taken some liberties in the tenses, will suffice for the spring season, and leave us at liberty to consider Nature as fairly entered on her family duties, tending all her sweet flowers, and beginning to produce her luscious fruits. The robins have come back, to be followed by the woodpeckers, and swallows, and wrens, and a few adventurous humming-birds; and Nature, decked with coronals, listens to the sweet songs of her feathered children. The farmer, having worked hard, is now able to listen, too; sauntering about his fields, he looks anxiously after the health of his coming crops and the safety of the young lambs, and casts a malignant look at the weeds. Ah, there is plenty of work yet for him in the merry month of June, with all these thistles and docks and bulls'-eyes coming to steal the food of his darling plants. No rest for you: now plough, plough—hoe, hoe—pull, pull—till time comes to swing the scythe, and gather in the fruits. The imperial months are coming—of haying, and vintage, and fruitage—when the sun is in his strength; and then, again, the mature summer, that delighted in the soberer green, will put on her suit of September gray—very pensive and quiet, as Hood says:

> "I saw old Autumn, in the misty morn,
> Stand shadowless, as silence listening to silence,"

for the birds neither sing from brake nor thorn; they are all away with the sun,

> "Opening the dusky eyelids of the south."

Our joy, however, is great over the well-filled barns, and we do not heed the flight of the swallows, nor the silence of the robin, nor the consultations of the geese about the propriety of an October emigration. These fair visitants are about to leave us for sunnier climes, and we could almost wish that, like them, we could fly away and be at rest from the blatant blasts that are beginning to threaten us with another siege. It is of no use to say, in objurgatory tones:

> "Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,"

or, with Campbell, in poetic prayer:

> "Then, sullen winter, hear my prayer,
> And gently rule the fallen year,
> Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
> Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;
> To shivering want's unmantled bed
> Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
> And mildly on the orphan head
> Of innocence descend."

Winter has a loud enough tongue, but she has no ear. She is a scold who does all the talking, and we can but meekly listen, and adapt ourselves to her biddings. When she tells us to put on our warm coat, we must obey; and she will be sure to pinch us badly if we have not closed up every cranny in our houses, through which she may push her keen, nipping frost fingers. But, old Cold-hand, we can laugh at you by the cosy ingle, nor much care for your loud talk, or frosty breath. So, let us sit round the fire and tell our stories and listen to her impromptu symphonies, and wake sweet music to her groaning bass, which, after all, resounds the praises of the Great King who sends forth the seasons as his ministers—the bud-producing spring, the flower-decking summer, the fruit-giving autumn, and the nurse winter, who comes to hush up all the children of the sun beneath the decent coverlet of snow.

We need hardly go back to the Halloween or the Christmas, and yet we should surely say a word of these important days,—the one devoted to the ghosts and goblins of superstitious faith, and the other to the birth of the world's hope and salvation. The childhood of humanity is clearly seen in the former, while the fulness of time is pourtrayed in the latter. Superstition and religion have each their day, the shadows of the one still beclouding the sunshine of the other; the spectres of gloom and death appearing sometimes in the day of light and life. Yet such is the human heart, chilled by fears from which it would yet pluck the knowledge of the future, without fixing itself on the true guide to heaven and rest. We cannot wrest our souls altogether away from the gloom-lands of boggles and brownies and fairies and witches, the tales of which we have drunk in from the nurses and companions of our childhood, even for the story which Christmas tells; and yet we only play about the borders of the world of magic while we go into the world of spirits with manhood's faith. So let us hope that as the years revolve we shall get quit of the shadows of superstition, and by however slow progression, reach into the purer realms of true faith. If we play with the grotesque beings of Halloween let us be serious before the solemn and beautiful realities of Christmas.

Time to our world repeats itself in the years; but have we not something particular to report of that now past? The earth goes round its old orbit. The sun and moon look down on it with the same loving gaze as they did when man first became its tenant. Still Appollo chases Daphne—the beautiful dawn—who is killed by his embrace; still sinks he down in the bed of Tithoneus and sleeps away the night till he must rise to drive his coursers, bringing them out of their stables in the east; still does he send forth his cows—the clouds—whose swollen udders give forth the rain and the dews; still go forth the storms in their chariots drawn by the swift red deer; still does the northern Thor strike the earth with his strong frost-hammer; still does Ouranos spread her wide star-gemmed canopy over the bed of the prolific Gea or earth—whether decked with its coverlid of flowers or pure white snow; still does Selene—the moon—come out to take a short loving look at Endimion—the sun—and kill him with her kisses only that he may rise again immortal at the coming dawn; still does nature thus

repeat her beautiful and various changes since the poet-man first looked on her fair and ever varying face, and thus are we linked with the long past, with Vedic poems, and Grecian myths, and find ourselves the subjects of similar experiences to those which our fathers had, ere they left their homes on the mountains of Armenia, several thousand years ago. But still all is not repetition. No year is an exact reproduction of its predecessor, and no generation is exactly like the one which preceded it and no man is what he was last year. The times have changed and we have changed in them. And so there is always freshness and change in flowers, flakes of snow, and in the tints of woods, and wind sighings in cloud lands, and the sounds of streams; and there are differences in all souls, so that new wonderlands are continually opening up, and new poesies are being generated, so that the descriptive word will need to be different, which accurately depicts the dear aged year, which has just unfolded her wonders to our view. We may fail to catch the ornaments and colours wherein she differs from all her dead sisters, but they are painted for us on our souls. Our literature may err, but our inner hearts have received the pictures of the passing changing season and we have only to look within to see what has been limned there by the great artist, Time.

We are sometimes astonished at the vast growth and variety to which our literature has grown—at the vast sum of authorship—in newspapers, magazines, reviews and books, and yet how little of human experience do all these reveal The thoughts and feelings, the hatreds and loves, the joys and sorrows, the peculiarities of experience of one in ten thousand find not even a brief chronicle, and then of those who do tell in the world's listening ear their thoughts, how small is the part which they care to display. And again how small is that part of the world which has been described. True, the experiences of a few typical persons may stand as the general representations of the thought and sentiment of humanity, and the few pictures of nature which flow from a descriptive press may give sufficient interest, but the nicer shades, the special experiences would not be without instruction. It would be interesting to have the thoughts and feelings of rock diggers, and cab-drivers, of cooks and chambermaids, and it would be pleasing to mark the varieties of branches of trees and leaves, and to note the sayings, not merely of the wild waves generally, as Dickens has done, but of what they say on the different strands and rocks to different heavens where they are forever murmuring or raging. This for a long time yet may not be. Nor is it perhaps possible to do more than catch the general outlines of mental imagery, or of nature's features or of the voice and music of woods and streams. We would try to understand however what the past year says to us specially, and what are the feelings which have passed through our souls while she was repeating her race round the great orbit in which she has carried us.

It is quite certain that the great sun has burnt up some of its fuel during the past year, and that the earth is, imperceptibly indeed, cooler now than it was. If the plutonic theory be correct, and we think it is, the earth is gradually cooling down. Profs Tait and Thompson tell us that a hundred millions of years ago, this ball, so various and so fruitful, was

a molten mass, and that in far less time it will have become a gelid mass —mere chaos—without motion or life—or the possibility of motion or life, that is, unless by a special interposition of the Creating God. This being so, it must be that, though imperceptible to us, the whole economy of nature is physically different this year from what it was last one, and that though the forms of things have not changed to our eye, yet to the eye who can detect the minutest difference, the change is very apparent. The forms and colours of things are not absolutely the same. The laws of crystalization are the same, yet the numbers and arrangements of the frost-works of winter will be different. The winds and rains still obey the necessities which gave them being and yet they are not what they were. Independently altogether of the difference of position of the heavenly bodies relative to each other, these elemental things will be different, and that because the earth and sun are a year older, and we have added another small unit to the apparently incalculable years during which this world has pursued its present course. I need not add that the precession of the Equinoxes must still further add to this infinitesimal change bringing us as it does into other relations to the great system of the universe. But on this subject we shall not enter.

And then, too, the publication of this result of science during the past year has produced a change in the thinkings of scientific men, in regard to the law of development, and the theory of the origin of species. It would seem as though a much longer time than a hundred million of years, long though that time be, would be requisite for the development of the germs of things out of this incandescent mass, and then for the production of the grains, trees and animals, and for the development of man by the laws of what Darwin calls natural selection, and the struggle for life, and so our development theory may be laid down and we must as men of science go back to the old theory of separate creation, where, it is to be hoped, we shall be permitted to stay, notwithstanding the new thoughts and hypotheses which may be brought to us in the coming years.

In connection with these scientific thoughts we may refer to the peculiar position of our earth relative to sun and moon, which enabled men of science to predict the rise of vast tidal waves, by which several parts of the earth were visited, and by which, assisted by the accompanying winds, such great damage was done to our wharves and embankments, producing dismay as well as disaster. We may also speak of the earthquake by which men's minds were shaken with fear. These were unwonted visitations but no doubt brought about by the operation of those laws, which God has given to our material world, and which He has also linked in close connection with that inner world of sense and passion, of right and wrong, of joy and sorrow, and which He makes conducive to our chastisement, repentance, reformation, and final benefit.

Yet apart from these terrible expressions of palpable danger and manifestation, the year has been prolific of enjoyment. The sun has not been chary of his beams or smiles; the earth has responded to his kindly embraces and brought forth bountifully. Though the winter "lingered a while in his cloak of snow," yet seeing the contest vain—he seems to have had no desire to visit our region during the period of the reign of spring, summer or autumn. These held their sceptre with steady hand,

nor permitted the treasonable incursions of frost or snow during their reign. The orchards were well guarded, the fields well defended, and the gardens looked up in conscious security. The husbandman was pleased that these his favoured rulers were strong, and was not slack to secure from Pomona and Ceres their heavily laden wains. The old tyrant winter was slow to resume his reign, and did not wrest the sceptre from the hand of autumn till the farmer could laugh at his blasts and sit within at his hearth, fearless of the shaking of the ice-hammer sounding among the woods, and ready to come forth on his great river roads and mighty ice bridges with his swift coursers. So with plenty in our garners, we all meet the hoary old fellow with shouts of laughter, and the merry music of sleigh-bells. The boys welcome him with especial delight, as the lord of skating and snowballing and coasting and bracing air, while the girls love him for the vermilion with which he paints their cheeks and the cherry redness he gives their lips. So we are almost inclined to retract our hard epithet of tyrant since he has kept to his own domain, and now so much delights all—but specially the youths and maidens.

The doings of disease have not been very remarkable during the year. Health has had a tolerably peaceful reign, broken in upon indeed by many wild raids of death to families whence he has led captive the joy of the heart and the delight of the eye—the old man and matron not sorry to accompany him into the silent land from this world of bustle and care—the young with hopes blighted and joys untasted from sad as well as happy experiences to better lands, let us trust, where grows the tree whose fruits insure immortality and happiness. Ties have been sundered and hearts have been broken, and among our readers may be many who have in their breasts the memories of sad partings and wild bitter complainings, with which those of us who have been fended from the bitter darts, feel deep sympathy—for we too well know that some coming year we and all ours shall be the elect of death, and shall need with interest the kindness which we now readily bestow. We know too that we are nearing our turn, and that we have run out many of the sands from our time-glass while we cannot see how many remain, nor whether there be to us years many that we may fill with good deeds. But we must not cloud our lives with sombrous moods, though at the time when we have just seen the death of all the flowers they seem seasonable. They shall revive and so shall we—and so we say:

> "Ye dead leaves, dropping soft and slow
> Ye mosses green and lichens fair
> Go to your graves as I will go
> For God is also there."

A small tocsin of war has been heard in the North-west like the trumpet which calls boys to mimic warfare, not loud enough to disturb our equanimity, but still ominous of what our New Dominion may yet hear when, consolidated, the red flag of battle may be unfurled. We have just attained the possession of our national flag, which may yet be called like the flag of England to brave a thousand years to come the battle and the breeze. What may be in the future for our nationality we know not. We are a hardy race. We occupy a Zone above all others, calculated to make a valliant people. Our sons are stal-

wart, our daughters are fair. We are neither shrivelled with heat nor dwarfed with cold. Our children are not like the "cornstalks"—as the descendants of the English in Australia have been called—ready to bend and break through want of stamina, nor are they like the inhabitants of the States, affirmed by an acute observer, to have been already converted into the native type—civilized Indians. On this account we should hesitate to cast in our lot with a weaker race than we may hope to have developed on our own soil. There are of course many attractions drawing us to the lands of present riches and wealth. But in the long run the strong men will become greater than the wealthy. From the moderate regions of the North have generally issued the rulers of the world. We can fully understand that our brethren over the border should wish to have us, as well as our lands and resources. We could aid in fighting their battles as well as give them supplies of lumber and coal. They too can promise us reciprocal benefits, but at any rate it will be wise to pause ere we give up our connections with our glorious fatherland, and our prospects of separate wealth and empire. We have better institutions too. We breathe as pure an air of freedom. We have resources vast and various. We want only reciprocal trade and peace to enable us to become a mighty nation. Strong for defence, and yet fearing from an innate sense of justice to offend, we can live in the sight of our brethren. Nor need we contemplate the arbitrament of arms with a people generous and brave, and whose interests are all bound up with ours in the same bundle of peace.

While during the past year the great nations of the world have had peace, Spain, that ancient land of chivalry and commercial enterprise, long groaning under a tyranny which sucked her life-blood, has waked up to the remembrance of her former glories. Still unsettled let us hope she may know how to guide the reins of self-government. Let us trust that France too shall be temperate enough to drink the cup of rational liberty without intoxication, and the mad revels of new revolution. To come nearer home let us hope that the revolutionary ideas of wild fanatics may not issue in the folly of intestine warfare. It is a sad truth that Fenianism is only a scotched snake, which may revive to bite us any day. You cannot charm it with stroking and singing You cannot get hold of its head so as to extract its fangs. The church of Ireland is but as a live rabbit thrown to it, upon which, when it has dined, it will clamour for fresh food. Its aim is not merely the liberation, as it has been called, of Ireland, but the overturn of the British throne and constitution, and the establishment of republicanism on the ruins. You have only to read the revelations of O'Farrel, the would-be-assassin of the Duke of Edinburgh, to see that Fenianism is the scheme of wild men for power, plunder and rule under the name of liberty. If during the past year it has not made any warlike demonstration it is not the less to be feared on that account. Having learned wisdom from experience, it has reverted to public demonstrations, and taken we know not what secret councils. It is not so much to be feared by itself, but times of famine may come when governments will be charged with the calamities which no foresight can avert, and when dissolute princes may alienate the minds of all well thinking men—and then in connection with other sentiments it will see its day of

power approaching. Nothing can avert this but that wisdom which is better than arms, and those virtues which are the founts and sources of stability and power.

The great moral event of the year is the disestablishment of the Irish Church, not so much in itself as for what it indicates. It is the beginning of the end. In its fate we see the doom of all establishments. The churches of Scotland and of England may begin to set their houses in order. And will France and Italy and Austria not feel inclined to follow the lead thus offered? Religious equality is the necessity of the day. It is not that political parties demand it so much as that our feeling of justice requires it. That the truth should be established is one of those aphorisms which may be admitted as theoretically just; but governments are not remarkable for their insight into the mysteries of Divinity, nor are we sure that great majorities have better eyes than small minorities. If, after a thousand years of the establishment of error, you knock down the idol, how shall you be sure that you are not going to establish another in its place? Better, probably, to leave the temple empty. This, at least, is to be tried now. Each sect is to have its own temple—not scorned and despised by the temple of the state—but standing, as far as political favour goes, on an equality with every other. This seems right. The year 1869 will inaugurate the recognition, in reality, of the unrighteousness of church establishments.

Thus, in the year, we hear "the articulate voice of God," the melodies of infinite harmony. All nature is a vast library written for mankind generally in a dead language, of which each year is a volume, and each day is a page, and each hour is a line, and each minute a syllable. All true history is a portion of the omniscience of God—a tangent to the circle of eternal knowledge—a ray from the central light of the universe to the eye of man. So far as knowledge is true it binds us in consciousness and sympathy with God. This is the chief satisfaction of study—the reconciliation of human and divine ideas. And man will arise at his highest state when science is made perfect, through a complete understanding of the events which are gradually unfolding themselves through the years. This century we have made vast advances, and shall make many more ere it is concluded; and this year, when men have translated the meaning of the earthquakes, storms, volcanic eruptions, eclipses, &c., there shall be made a grand advance in the reconcilement of our ideas with the divine mind. The incarnation will then, in a Scripture sense, be found continually taking place—the Divine wisdom will thus become evermore flesh—and dwell among us, presenting the glory of the eternal creator, ruler and father of men. The moral and spiritual grace and truth will thus find their approximative counterpart in the fulness of beauty and knowledge of science, in which man's views of God's works will be found to be the image of the work and thought of the great being from whose will and power has sprung, and is ever evolving, this great universe.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST.*

History has ever been one of our noblest studies. It is a grand theme, even when brought before the mind by the unpolished chronicler; but when its great truths are adorned by the genius of a Macaulay or a Froude, its charm becomes irresistible, and its lessons deep and lasting. While many eminent men have made the history of older countries the labour of their lives, yet few have seen fit to clothe, in eloquent prose, the annalistic lore of America and Acadia. True, Bancroft has painted, in glowing colours, a grand picture of the United States; but we count *our* historians by units nevertheless. Prominent American authors, too, have left their own country and taken up their pens on behalf of other continents. It was so with the American Minister to the Court of St. James, Motley, whose "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and kindred works, are in such great repute abroad.

Mr. Parkman has stepped into the arena, and from him we have received three volumes, which may appropriately be termed the Romance of History. The "Pioneers of France in the New World," and "The Jesuits in North America," have been before the public some two or three years. But it is with his latest book, "The Discovery of the Great West, that we have to deal.

To the Canadian this history is of especial value and importance. After an immense deal of research among the archives of Paris, and private papers of old families, kindly supplied to him for the purpose, Mr. Parkman has succeeded in placing beyond the possibility of doubt the authenticity of many very annoying contradictory statements. When we view the huge pile of works, documents, and testatory evidence with which the author has had to grapple, we come to a proper realization of the manifold difficulties that everywhere beset his path. Many of the actors in the great drama of our early colonization left behind them manuscripts; but those were hardly trustworthy or correct in every instance. Some wrote much but published little. Besides, many inaccuracies were everywhere apparent. Mr. Parkman surmounted those troublesome stumbling-blocks in his progress; and we have, as a result of his labours, these three very presentable illustrations of our early career.

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, a Jesuit, and one of the most remarkable men ever pictured on the broad pages of history, who dreamed of the discovery of the giant Mississippi, and who was doomed by the hand of the ruthless murderer never to have his day-dream accomplished, and whose life in America, with its joys, its sorrows, and adventures, marks so prominent an epoch, is the principal personage pourtrayed in the volume before us. And most graphically is the hero described. A man of uncertain disposition, but endowed with

* "The Discovery of the Great West," by Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

a stout heart that knew no fear, who, though lofty and cruel, born to rule and not to be ruled, yet a brave and dauntless warrior, just such an one who was destined to cut his name in the imperishable records of the history of a country. At the early age of forty-three, shot down by one of his followers, like a worthless dog of the prairie, died, pierced by a bullet through the brain, de la Salle. As Moses but saw the promised land, and perished when almost its gates had been reached; so was Robert Cavelier not permitted to bathe his heated brow in the cool waters of the Mississippi. Our author delivers a rich apostrophe to his memory, and the debt of gratitude which America owes to the unfading ardour of this "masculine figure, cast in iron:" the "heroic pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage."

Of Tonty, too, la Salle's lieutenant and devoted follower, Mr. Parkman speaks in high praise and frequently pays tribute, in musical panegyrics, of his devotion to his leader. Like Robinson Crusoe's Friday, and Damon and Pythias' tie of friendship, there seemed to be a chain of love and admiration existing between these two dauntless adventurers, which no circumstances whatever, could by any means sever.

As the huge rollers unfold before the gaze of the audience, scene after scene of the painters' art, in the tinted canvas of the panorama, so does Parkman, in quick succession, lay bare to our eyes the great and passing pictures, the toils and trials of the explorers, their defeats and victories, with the lights and shadows of frontier life. Many portions of the romance are eloquently dramatic, and abound in elegant and chaste language. Marquette, the priest and Joliet, whose eyes first beheld the noble Mississippi, and the notorious Hennepin, whose shade pales not before the shrine of the equally famous Tom Pepper, "sport their brief hour" on Mr. Parkman's stage. The Iroquois and their compatriots, the indian tribes of the South, and the worshippers of golden gods, are unveiled in our presence, and enact once more the glorious deeds of old. With them we ride o'er the vast prairie, and with them we throw ourselves in the midst of the wild tribes in battle's bloody carnage.

Scattered throughout the book, are many fine passages of descriptive writing. Indeed the author excells, in an eminent degree, in this species of composition. We quote a paragraph or so from the interesting account of the exile's march across the wide prairie: "Sometimes they traversed the sunny prairie; sometimes dived into dark recesses of the forest, where the buffalo, descending daily from their pastures in long files to drink at the river, often made a broad and easy path for the travellers. When foul weather arrested them, they built huts of long meadow grass; and safely sheltered, lounged away the day while in the rain. At night, they usually set a rude stockade about their camp; and here, by the grassy border of a brook, or at the edge of a grove where a spring bubbled up through the sands, they lay asleep around the embers of their fire, while the man on guard listened to the deep breathing of the slumbering horses, and the howling of the wolves that saluted the rising moon as it flooded the waste of prairie with pale mystic radiance."

The present work is a model of fine typographical execution; and contains a map of la Salle's colony, in the Illinois. Mr. Parkman, in his fourth volume, will take up the reign of Louis XIV, in America, and the "stormy career of Louis de Buade, Count of Frontenac." We shall look for it with much interest. Meanwhile, we heartily commend the three charming volumes, just published, to the Canadian public.

SYBARIS AND OTHER HOMES.*

Mr. Hale has done good service to his country by the publication of this lively, entertaining and instructive book. A great moral and practical lesson is developed in the pages of "Sybaris," and one too, which the people of Massachusetts and other States will do well to heed, and in many cases act upon. In "Sybaris" an ideal city with a model government is presented. We are told how the laws were made, how they were enforced and what they were. The city of "Brock," in Germany, whose streets are so clean and whose alleys or by-ways are so well kept, that its citizens must remain in-doors and not go out at all in order that the silent sanctity of the place may be preserved, is the nearest approach to this wonderful land of the Greeks. Here the slanderer is not permitted to "blush unseen;" but as soon as he is discovered he is "marched round the city in disgrace, crowned with tamarisk." There no calumniators were left. No persons were allowed to associate with the vicious. The system of free education was inaugurated there too. Every one had to go to school and the salaries of the teachers were paid by the citizens. Deserters or cowards in battle were compelled to sit three days in the Forum, clad in the garments of women. Any man or woman who moved an amendment to the laws did so with a noose round his neck. If the people refused his proposed "improvement," he was instantly hanged. No more than three laws were ever altered. All business was conducted on strictly cash principles: the government giving no protection to the creditor.

It was to be expected that a city with such beatific "rules and regulations" for its guidance, would succeed in growing great and affluent, and create a desire among other nations to have a similar form of government. The city of "Sybaris" *did* grow and its success stimulated other cities to assimilate their laws to hers. Mr. Hale tells us in a very pleasant gossipy way how the people lived and what they did. The volume abounds with homely truth and lively humour, and good, sound advice. There is an irresistible charm about it also that makes us loath to leave it until its perusal is finished.

But the author did not write the fairy tale "for fun." It is written for a grander and nobler object: an object that may probably effect a complete change in the homes of the labourer of the United States.

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* "SYBARIS AND OTHER HOMES," by E. E. Hale, Boston. Fields, Osgood & Co.

Here in this book are five essays. The ideal is given first—that of life in an imaginary city, with a governing power—probably a little exaggerated—such as the author would wish. Then a picture is given us of life at the town of "Naguadavick." In this little town was a large lake; so large that it took up just one half of the whole town. Of course the men and women who lived at "Nagaudavick" had to pay a high rent for the premises they occupied The question then arose as to how this difficulty could be obviated. Some of the more enterprising citizens held a convention; but of those present too many belonged to the croaker family who see imaginary difficulties in the way of every innovation on time-honoured customs, and so the matter, for a time, fell through. But one man, who was tired of "that sort of thing," determined to do his utmost to save the town. He called one fair morning on his friend, the President of the railway, and the two laid their heads together, and the result was a new and original plan for the future prosperity of "Nagaudavick." This town was situated a short distance out of Boston, lands were to be purchased, the railway—with no stoppages by the way—was to be run to the city three or four trips in the morning and as many in the evening, the working-man was to have the privilege of purchasing a lot on which to build at a low price, say $3.00 a week for four or six years until paid for, and railway fares were to be almost nominal. The prospectus was issued and in a few years the village-town with the curious name, was a populous and thriving city, the citizens were contented, happy and prosperous, and the railway company and the land owners were successful and wealthy. "Vineland" is another glowing account of how success and happiness may be achieved by a little self-denial on our part, and some slight sacrifice at first of our lust after riches.

The essay—"How they live in Boston," and its sad sub-heading "How they die there," is an eminently practical and thoughtful theme. We are introduced to a fashionable couple. lolling in *ennui* on luxuriant sofas in a magnificent mansion on some fashionable street. The wife has just thrown aside the morning daily with the usual remark, "nothing at all in the paper to-day." *She* sees naught of interest in the closely-crowded columns of "current items," to arrest her attention. What interest is it to *her* if a drunken father comes home and in the wild delirium of his inebriation, dashes the brains of his first-born against the wall? What cares the fashionable wife, if the squalid sickly mother with a groaning child pressed tightly to a cold, exposed bosom, dies of starvation and neglect, in some low hovel in a dirty alley, so long as her dainty nostrils are not greeted with the odour of the feculent air which permeates the rookery? What matter is it to her if a father learns, through the public print, that his son is a murderer, or the object of his tenderest adoration, his daughter, whose mild career he has watched with an eager glance, with whose infant tresses he has toyed, till the long hairs ran through his fingers like molten gold, on whom he has doted with the fond love of a too-susceptible father, has fallen, alas! to irretrievable ruin; who gives up for a bauble a blessed life of purity, for a wild career of loathsome wretchedness. No, the paper has no "news." The divorce-court has closed

its doors for a day, perhaps. There is not in to-day's paper even a breach of promise of marriage case. Times are "unconscionably dull."

But there are honourable exceptions to every rule. *This* lady, though possessed of a fashionable exterior, was the owner of a warm heart that beat beneath the velvet folds of her ample garment. In rather a careless and may be petulent tone, she made the remark above, as she tossed the journal to her husband. In his hands the paper was a mirror that reflected a different image. He saw in one single line, much food for careful thought. The fact that 75 children, hardly twelve months old, had met their death from cholera-infantum, was well calculated to rivet his closest attention. He read it aloud to his wife and in doing so added a few more lines. She was startled and eagerly grasped the paper a second time. Then it was that she was able to realize the whole scene. The husband and wife donned appropriate garments and sallied forth to visit the houses of the poor. The Registrar kindly gave them all the information required, and with note book and pencil, they called upon the outcasts of Boston. The lady from the rich stone dwelling of Chester Square or Union Park, looked strangely out of place among the delapidated rookeries of Suffolk Street. They entered one house, but what a sight met their eyes! Women and children were huddled together like wild beasts in the cooped up cages of a menagerie. A rank filthy stench greeted their olfactories. They "interviewed" the residents and found that this case was in nowise different from the others. Each tenement held from four to six families. One room was the dwelling-place of six and even eight individuals. Death was frequently a visitor to these hovels. Indeed so often did he come that if an infant lived at all, it was considered a rare occurrence: why it did not die, was a "nine day's wonder."

The visitors were kindly treated, and on that day they accomplished many similar calls. Truly the poor of the great city are in a lamentable condition and most true is the aphorism "one half the world knows not what the other half is doing." When the husband and wife returned home they felt as though they had done much good, and so they had.

Mr. Hale points out to the authorities these facts, and suggests means for their removal. His book concludes with an excellent paper on "Homes for Boston Labourers." He tells us how a labourer may in a short time, lift himself from his present position of tenant, and become the owner of a snug little freehold property of his own.

"Sybaris and other Homes" is a most admirable work, full of good sound advice and sense, and well calculated to be a source of considerable benefit to the working man. Mr. Hale has an agreeable way of "putting things." He as cheerfully discourses of the unhealthiness and discomforts of the dwellings in which the poor live, as he does of the palatial homes of the rich. At times he is delightfully extravagant, humorous or pathetic, as suits his purpose. A charming writer is Edward Everett Hale, as he is also as kindly and generous a man as ever lived.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.*

Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., the eminent Boston publishers, have given us the boy's holiday book of the year. It is entitled "The Story of a Bad Boy," and its author is a fine and genial writer, as well as a noted poet, fast rising into fame. Mr. T. B. Aldrich richly unfolds the mysteries of boy life, and very brilliantly, too, tells us how these terrible specimens of humanity live and move. The enjoyment we experienced from reading this interesting story has been great, and though designed mainly for the perusal of youngsters, many "old heads," we feel sure, have received from it a fair share of profit and pleasure. The book is full of adventure, and Tom Bailey—the bad boy—is an admirably drawn character, fully equal to any of Dickens's juvenile pictures.

We watch with some eagerness Tom's career, deeply sympathize with his boyish misfortunes, and as readily take up "the cudgels" in his behalf when we fancy an imposition is being practised upon him. He is the same mischievous, careless, good-natured and warm-hearted lad, all through the narrative. He is the very personification of a true boy, whose career as a man will be unspotted by impure taint. Of course he had his faults, who has not? We like Tom Bailey, he is so real.

The scenes at Rivermouth, the parlour-theatricals, and above all the melancholy case of blighted affections, when fair Nelly laughed merrily at our hero's tale of love and proposition of marriage. And then how rich and "meatey"—as the author, himself, would say—is the meeting between Tom and his friend Pepper Whitcomb, after the former had been rejected. How sublimely the jilted lover strikes his breast and beseeches Pepper not to ask him the cause of his overwhelming grief; and how impressively we feel when he tells us that "earthly happiness is a delusion and a snare."

Nelly, and gentle Binny Wallace are two charming creations of the novelist. Nelly is so life-like—dashing—good—merry and full of jollity, while Binny is a sweet character, not "too goodie," be it remembered, but a kind, honest boy, with whom the reader falls in love at first sight. Captain Nutter and Miss Abigail, too, are well done and represent the typical New Englander very creditably. The other characters are more or less ably delineated.

Mr. Aldrich has succeeded nobly in placing before the youth of America, and also of Great Britain for the book has been re-published there, a story that will live in their hearts long after they shall have become men, and minglers in the stern realities of life, a book full of good points, and highly moralistic in its tone and sentiment. The pathos and humour are evenly blended. We congratulate Mr. Aldrich upon his success, and hope to find him a constant treader in the peaceful paths of literature.

* "THE STORY OF A BAD BOY," by Thos. B. Aldrich, Boston. Fields, Osgood & Co.

JUVENTUS MUNDI.*

BY LÆLIUS.

It has long been a subject of honourable pride among Englishmen of all ranks and parties, that many of their most eminent and useful public men have been noted also for their high literary attainments, and have found, even amid the cares and responsibilities of office, intervals of leisure to devote to classical studies, to abstract philosophical speculations or to some department of natural science. In this part of the world entirely different ideas have hitherto prevailed. With us it profits little a man who enters public life or any of the professions called by courtesy learned, that he held a high place at his college, or has devoted much of his time and attention in private to the acquisition of any knowledge except that of the most elementary kind. Perhaps we ought to make some exception in regard to the clerical profession. But with this slight qualification the statement is unfortunately only too true. Here it is often a positive disadvantage to be well-educated. The barrister or the doctor of medicine who happens to be a man of culture and has a taste for pursuits which do not lie exactly in the line of his profession, must, it is at once presumed, be indifferent to that profession and cannot be so safe or so industrious an adviser as the veriest blockhead who knows nothing outside of his craft, who degrades his calling to the level of a mere trade, and seldom or never rises above or goes beyond its technicalities. In Great Britain and France they have quite other notions. And we respectfully submit that their notions and not those prevalent among us in regard to professional and public men, are the correct notions. But we have not space enough at command to dilate upon this point.

Among the British statesmen who in recent days have displayed scholarship and won distinctions as authors, the names of the late Lords Macaulay and Derby and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and of Lord Lytton, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone appear in the front rank. Mr. Gladstone has throughout his active life retained his early love of the classics, which gave him a high standing at Oxford. And he has exhibited a marked partiality for the father of Greek literature. He has made some fine translations from the Iliad, and published, eleven years ago, two valuable volumes of "*Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age.*" In this work, which is mainly the produce of the two recesses of 1867 and 1868, "he has," as he informs us in the Preface, "endeavoured to embody the greater part of the results at which he arrived in the former one." It is in a more popular form, that is to say, a form better suited to the general public, and shows the changes and modifications which his views upon certain points have undergone in

* "The Gods and Men of the Heroic Age: by the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

the interval. Amid all the contentions of political parties that have occurred in that period, amid the discussions of Reform Bills and the complex claims of compound-householders, of Irish Church Bills and the national and legal rights of unoffending Fenians, the present Prime Minister of England has found leisure to study the manners, laws, virtues and faults of the god-like men who three thousand years ago fought before the walls of Troy.

Mr. Gladstone's mind does not admit the validity of the doubts which have been entertained by so many scholars as to the origin of the Homeric poems. He believes thoroughly in their authenticity and the unity of their authorship and their design He rejects decidedly the theories of F. A. Wolf and of the many scholars who in Germany and elsewhere have maintained that no single man wrote the Iliad and the Odyssey; and he sums up briefly but admirably the arguments in favour of his views. His whole book is based upon the assumption that the materials of these poems, which taken together he calls the Troica, are in the main historical. And in spite of the many ingenious speculations upon this subject which at different times have found favour among the learned, and of the tendency of modern scholarship, much of which is far more pretentious than sound, his views will be gladly received by the great majority of students who love the old father of Epic poetry for his own sake, and for the instruction and pleasure he has afforded to so many generations. We wish we could extract at length some of the passages throughout this book, in which, the character of the ancient bard and the influence he exercised upon his own country and upon the civilized world ever since are so finely depicted. But we can only quote a few sentences. "Of all the features of the Homeric Poems," says Mr. Gladstone, "perhaps the most remarkable are the delineations of personal character which they contain. They are not only in a high degree varied and refined, but they are also marvellously comprehensive and profound. The proof of their extraordinary excellence as works of art is to be found in this, that from Homer's time to our own, with the single exception of the works of Shakspeare, they have never been equalled. Homer is also admirable, when the specialities of his purpose are taken into view, in the arrangement of incidents: in keeping interest ever fresh: in his precise and copious observation of nature: in his power of illustration, his use of epithets: in the freedom, simplicity, and power of his language; and in a versification perfect in its application to all the diversified forms of human action, speech and feeling. . . . . It may probably have been the combined and intense effort of the Trojan war by which the Greeks first felt themselves, and first became, a nation. At any rate, from that epoch appears to date their community of interest and life. Homer, then, was hardly less wonderful in the fortune of his opportunity, than in the rarity of his gifts. In speaking of his theme, the bard's poems may be taken as virtually one. He supplied to his country thenceforward, and for all periods, the bond of an intellectual communion, and a common treasure of ideas upon all the great subjects in which man is concerned. He was not only the glory and delight, but he was in a great degree the ποιητης, the maker, of his nation."—p. 11. "Ho-

mer was the maker, not only of poems; but also, in a degree never equalled by any other poet. 1. Of a language; 2. Of a nation; 3. Of a religion."—p. 176.

In a succession of distinct chapters, admirably arranged, we are introduced to the age of Homer, to a consideration of the probable origin. relative positions and characteristics of the three great races from which the Greek nation was formed; of the powerful influence which the Phœnicians and Egyptians appear to have exerted upon the Greeks, in matters of religion, and the large share they had in the development of that splendid Grecian civilization, by means of their commerce and all the arts of life, useful and fine; of the religion of Greece, which Mr. Gladstone calls The Olympian System, a system really created by Homer; of the different powers, capacities, relative rank, and positions, special characteristics and functions of The Divinities of Olympos; of the Ethics and of the Poetry of the Heroic Age; of the Resemblances and Differences between the Greeks and the Trojans; of The Geography of Homer; of the Plots and Characters of the Poems; of the Ideas of Beauty and of Art the Poet entertained and delineated; and of a variety of miscellaneous subjects connected with the manners and customs of that early age of the world.

The most important and interesting chapters are, in our judgment, those which treat of the Olympian System; although these are the portions of the work with which the critics of the Reviews, who not seldom affect an air of scholarship not warranted by their attainments, have found most fault. We place a higher value upon the opinions, or even upon the conjectures, of one who like Mr. Gladstone, has gone to Homer himself for his knowledge of Homer and his times, than upon the opinions of those who take their opinions at second hand from German theorists, or who adopting sceptical principles of investigation, pursue their studies in literature, as well as in religion, with the single aim of doubting and unsettling everything they investigate. A writer in the *North Brit'sh*, who certainly does Mr. Gladstone nothing more than justice in many respects, says of another portion of the book,—a portion which the known bent of the author's mind and his experience of public affairs peculiarly qualify him to deal with,—and says justly: "Neither extract nor abridgement could do anything like justice to the rich contents of Mr. Gladstone's five chapters on Homeric ethics and polity. There are few things better of the kind in English literature; on the special subject there is nothing so good."

We agree with this Reviewer that in *Juventus Mundi* justice is hardly done by the author, whose admiration is almost entirely limited to the Grecian heroes of the Iliad, to the character of Hector, who was not only the bravest and best of the Trojans, but is unquestionably the truest gentleman of all the warriors that play a conspicuous part in the poem. But with all becoming deference we would suggest that both Mr. Gladstone and the Reviewer err in stating that it was, (we give Mr. Gladstone's words) "the later Greek mind" which "elaborated the idea of a Fate apart from, and higher than, the gods." Is not the idea of an impersonal Fate as old as any known mythology; and is it not visibly embodied in the Homeric system? And did not the great

Greek dramatists have a strict regard both to the ancient traditions of their race and to their ancient belief when they introduced that Fate not only in tragedies in which Agamemnon and other heroes of the Homeric period are characters, but in those in which the scene and entire action is referred to a far more remote date?

To the ordinary reader who has not read Homer in the original this delightful book, written in a style simple, clear, and of the highest beauty, will supply an admirable introduction to the Youth of the World. To all who have any just claims to scholarship its perusal will afford an indescribable pleasure.

It is, perhaps, only proper to add that the volume before us is of the edition issued at Boston by Little, Brown and Company, and is printed in their usual style from beautiful, clearly-cut types on a luxuriously fine white paper. Its mechanical appearance is admirable, and, as the result of a careful revision of the English edition, it is almost entirely free from typographical errors.

OTHER BOOKS.

Mr. R. G. Allerton, of New York, has sent us a record of a recent trip to the fishing grounds of the Oquossoc Angling Association, in the shape of a very handsome little book. Some thirty of the first gentlemen of Maine, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, have purchased a tract of land containing several good trout streams in Northern Maine. A house has been erected and furnished with every comfort desired, and within its walls live, during the season, the wives and families of the members of the company. The sport is always good, some of the trout frequently weighing from eight to nine pounds each, while the scenery is sublime, far eclipsing in beauty and grandeur the famed woods of the *Adirondacks* At least, we are told so in this interesting volume before us.

Mr. Allerton is a graphic and agreeable writer, never tiresome nor superfluous. We have read his pages with much pleasure, and noted particularly the descriptive passages. The bill of fare with its toothpicks made from trout ribs, is a unique affair and well calculated to make our "mouths water." The illustrations too, are good, and Miss Findlay's elegantly painted specimen of the *Salmo Fontinal's* lends an additional charm to the entertaining letter-press. The typographical appearance is unexceptionable, and the binding very neatly done.

While discoursing on these pests of the sportsman—the black-flies—the author takes occasion to copy a short extract from the "Old Angler's Sporting Sketches," which appeared in the pages of the QUARTERLY a short time ago. Then we have poetry and a review of Rev. Mr. Murray's *Adventures in the Adirondack Wilderness*, which is written in a fair and impartial spirit. There are also some two or three short papers of equal interest. To the lover of the "gentle art" tnis *brochure* is of

much value, and its handsome and attractive appearance is creditable to the publishers and binders.

Among the works that have just issued from the press of John Lovell, Montreal, is a handsomely printed duodecimo volume containing memoirs of the "Lives of the Three Last Bishops" appointed by the Crown for the Anglican Church in Canada. In the year 1850, the Crown exercised for the last time in this country, its right of selecting and appointing a Canadian Bishop, in the person of the Right Reverend Francis Fulford, who was consecrated at Westminister Abbey as the Bishop of Montreal. His colleagues, at that time, in the Canadian Episcopacy were the Rt. Rev. George Mountain, Bishop of Quebec and the Hon. and Rt. Rev. John Strachan, Bishop of Toronto. It will be remembered by the student of ecclesiastical matters that ten years later, when Montreal was declared the Metropolitan See, Bishop Fulford was appointed the first Primate of the Canadian branch of the Anglican Church. But a very few years have passed since these three eminent prelates disappeared from the scene of their labours, but their names will long remain fresh in the recollection of the members of the denomination to which they belonged, and over whose affairs they presided so ably. Each of them had his peculiar characteristics, and exercised no small influence in his day, as the author of these memoirs has clearly and pithily shown. In reading the lives of such men, we are forcibly reminded of the truth of these beautiful lines, which always strike our ears like the inspiring music of a chime of bells:—

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Foot-prints on the sands of time."

Not only is the work well printed on tinted paper with bold, clear type, but it is exquisitely bound in cloth with gold letters and carmine edges, and contains three well executed steel portraits of the prelates whose lives are so ably portrayed in the text. The author, Mr. Fennings Taylor, has already contributed to our national literature a series of well written sketches of eminent British Americans, which were accompanied by admirable photographs, executed by the well known photographer, Notman, of Montreal.

"A History of the Island of Cape Breton" has very recently been published in London by Sampson Low, Son and Marston. It contains some 450 pages, with several maps and illustrations, and is written by Richard Brown, F. G. S., F. R. G. S., in the shape of a series of letters to the youth of Cape Breton. Mr. Brown lived for many years at Sydney as the agent of the London Mining Association, and is a Geologist of considerable repute, who has done much to make our mineral treasures known in Great Britain by his contributions to various scientific journals, &c. In this volume, he has not given as much information as we would wish to see, respecting the geology of the island, and its natural capabilities, but he has certainly produced a readable and reliable work. In his preface he says that he is indebted for the great bulk of the most important matter embodied in the work, to Sir

Roderick Murchison who obtained him free access to the extensive library of the British Museum, and to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos for permission to examine and make extracts from the voluminous Colonial documents in the Public Record Office. The readers of the QUARTERLY will see that elsewhere we have a lengthy contribution in reference to Cape Breton, an island as interesting for its historic associations, as it is rich in all the elements of natural wealth.

Rev. Father Dawson's new work "Our Strength and Their Strength" and Evan MacColl's forthcoming volume of Poems are in press, and will soon be given to the public.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY offers a tempting bill of fare for the present year. Bayard Taylor is to furnish the serial story—"Joseph and his friend." The ATLANTIC's famous *corps* of talented writers, will be continued. Fields, Osgood & Co., Publishers, Boston.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for 1870 will be a rich repository of good things for the young. Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Stowe and many other well known names in fiction will contribute regularly to its pages. This is undoubtedly the best Magazine for the young in America. Same Publishers.

EVERY SATURDAY has changed its style, and now weekly serves up to its many readers, a few pages of magnificently executed engravings, in addition to carefully made selections from Foreign publications. It is similar in appearance to *Harper's Weekly*. The terms, however, are the same as usual.

OLD AND NEW.—The first No. of this monthly has just reached us. It presents a fine appearance and it will certainly make the other Magazines look out for their laurels. Rev. E. E. Hale is the editor, and such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes, H. W. Bellows, Robert Collyer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Lowell, Whittier and many more of like calibre will assist him. OLD AND NEW is destined to cause a stir in the world. In his introduction the editor marks out a bold path for his guidance. Houghton & Co., of Boston are the publishers.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY has secured that popular novelist, Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, and the opening instalment of her story "A Woman's right" is given in the January No. Besides this there are several other meritorious papers. Putnam's staff of writers is very large, and the best talent in the country is employed on it. G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE comes to us regularly through the New England News Co. It is freighted as usual with light and entertaining reading matter. The serial sketch of Frederic the Great is particularly good and attractive.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has changed its form, with the January No. We like its new dress better than its former guise. It is much handier now, and as every one binds the *Journal*, in that particular it presents a neater appearance. It is as ably conducted as ever. Fowler & Wells, New York.

We cordially commend the Hamilton *People's Journal* as a good family newspaper. Its several departments in literature, arts and politics, are cleverly filled.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—This popular weekly will present many attractive features during the coming year. The works of Miss Thackeray, Chas. Dickens, Anthony Trollope and other leading lights in modern fiction, are regularly reproduced on this side of the Atlantic, in the pages of LITTELL. Subscribe now. Littell & Gay, Boston.

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE is the title of a very clever College Journal issued at Harvard College. Its editorials are characterized by a terseness and vigour of expression. It differs widely from the papers of other Colleges in the United States, in the entire absence of vulgar pedantry. We wish it success. Dalhousie College of Halifax, in our own Dominion, has an unpretending and meritorious *College Gazette*. It has several talented and gifted writers on its staff, among whom may be mentioned Professors Lyall, MacDonald and DeMill; besides several other good writers contribute to it.

Horace Greeley, Samuel Bowles, Mark M. Pomeroy, Whitelaw Reid, Theodore Tilton, G. P. Putnam, G. W. Carleton, Edward DeLeon, James Parton, P. T. Barnum, D. G. Croly, "Fanny Fern," Mary C. Ames, Phœbe Cary and Josephine Pollard were among the one hundred and ninety guests who sat down to the Press Dinner at Delmonico's, New York recently. Oliver Johnson presided.

John Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" is one of the most valuable works issued. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have recently published the fifth edition. It is very handsomely printed and should be in every library. To editors it is indispensable.

Gladstone sometimes occupies the dreary hours of debate in the Commons in religious or literary exercises. One night he combined the two, and mentally translated the hymn "Rock of Ages" into Greek verse, which he afterwards committed to paper.

Mr. John Swinton, who lately left the New York *Times*, after many years of service upon it as an editorial associate of Mr. Raymond, is engaged upon a work entitled "Ten Years of Journalism."

Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" have been translated into Italian.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "He who learns to write a readable newspaper article, will find a sermon very easy writing indeed."

Eugene Sue's autograph sells for two francs in Paris.

Mr. Woodward, the Queen's Librarian at Windsor Castle died recently. Among his works his history of America and of Wales will be remembered. Mr. W. also edited the *Arts Quarterly Review*. He was fifty-three years of age and a graduate of London University.

Southern Onondaga, published at Tully, is severely sharp. It has a column headed "Scientific," with the sub-head, "Official Report of the recent Scientific Examination of the Stone Giant," followed by an entire blank column.

A South Carolina editor writes his editorials on perfumed note paper, and has the copy saved, to deposit among the "archives" of the family.

Dana paid $25.60 for advertising a Greeley meeting in the *Tribune*, and now says this beats the story of the man who accepted a present of a barrel filled with beer from a brewer, and then sold the empty barrel back to him for a shilling.

Sierra Leone has a newspaper which advertises for an English compositor. The last one was boiled and eaten by the chief editor, a healthy native of very advanced views upon the subject of diet.

Dickens is the subject of a critical attack in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, the writer complaining of his tendency to kill off his juvenile characters, and declaring that "his children, from little Dombey, downwards, might fairly rise up against him with the old reproachful question of the tombstone:

"'What was I begun for,
To be soon done for?'"

One of the English publishing-houses has brought out a novelty in the way of toy books. The pictures are printed only in outline, but accompanying the book is the filling of the pictures, which is to cut out all in parts and pasted upon the pictures by the youthful possessors.

Sir Henry Bulwer is preparing a new series of "characters," the persons selected being Lord Brougham, Sir Robert Peel and M. Lafayette.

It is announced that Mr. Robert Buchanan is so unwell with "cerebral symptoms," that he has been obliged to suspend all literary labours and is not likely to resume them again for some time.

A funeral hymn by Rev. Dr. Neale, called "Safe Home," is in vogue at English funerals.

An admirer of Lucretia Borgia has found most conclusive evidence that she was a modest, lovable, and virtuous woman, quite incapable of perpetrating the crimes popularly attributed to her.

Miss Kate Putnam, a daughter of the New York publisher, has graduated in medicine at Paris.

The prize poem on "The Thistle, the emblem of Scotland," has been written by Mr. Murray, the Master of the High School, Montreal.

Miss E. Stuart Phelps, the author of "Gates Ajar," has seen that work into its twelfth edition, and realized from its sale between $15,000 and $20,000.

Sir Henry Bulwer is residing at Avignon, finishing his life of Lord Palmerston, the first volume of which is already in the press.

It is said that a new comic paper will soon make its appearance in Hamilton.