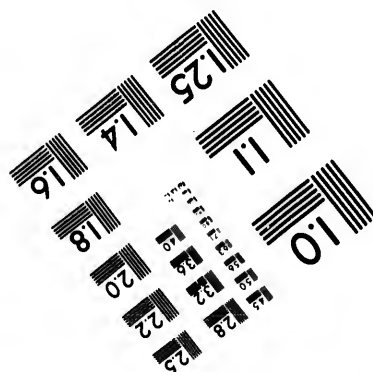
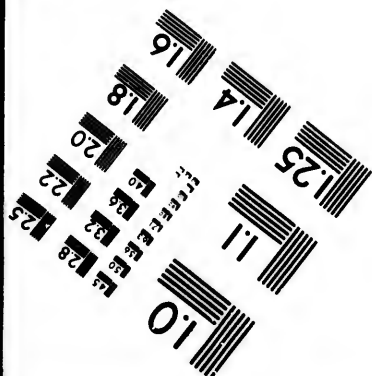
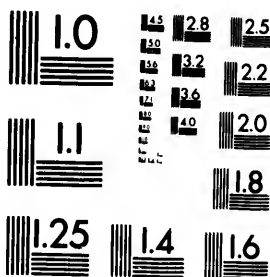


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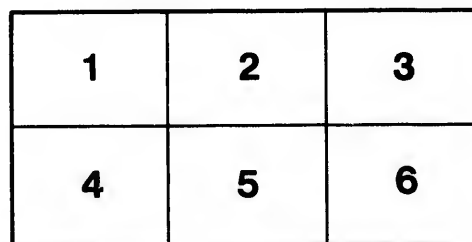
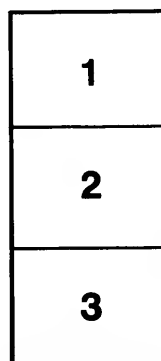
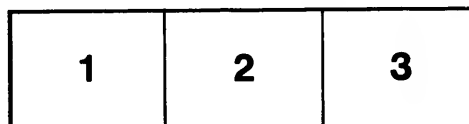
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# LOVE OF COUNTRY:

## A LECTURE,

DELIVERED

Before the Benevolent Irish Society, Charlottetown,  
Prince Edward Island, Monday Evening,  
February 23, 1885.

BY

HON. DONALD FERGUSON,  
PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, &c., &c.



CHARLOTTETOWN :

PRINTED BY J. W. MITCHELL, EXAMINER OFFICE.

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## PREFACE.

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IN presenting, at the earnest solicitation of many friends, the following pages to the public, the writer is aware that, in the estimation of some persons, any attempt to inculcate national or patriotic sentiments in the minds of Canadians is a fanciful undertaking. While hoping for "the good time coming," when

"Man to man the world o'er  
Shall brithers be, and a' that,"

the writer confesses he has little respect for the cosmopolitanism which would discourage every demonstration of love for the country of our birth and cherished regard for the land of our forefathers.

The importation of the party issues, feuds and animosities of the old world, to our young and free Dominion, cannot be too strongly deprecated; yet a generous cultivation of love for England, Ireland, Scotland, or France, by such of our citizens as connected by birth or descent to any of these countries,

can not make us any the worse Canadians. On the contrary, as our Dominion has only recently been consolidated, and is deficient in literary and historical recollections, and as "nature abhors a vacuum," the cultivation of love for Fatherland will serve to keep the blood warm until old world characteristics shall be wholly lost in a broad national sentiment of our own.

It has not been considered judicious to introduce living men as illustrating any phase of this subject. It will be quite soon enough, when the passion and prejudice of the day have subsided, and the actors have passed off the scene, to award to any of them the crown of patriotism.

Having no desire to be regarded in any other light than as a man of strong convictions, the writer's aim, in these pages, has been to present his honest opinions on the various features of the subject. These opinions may not meet with universal concurrence, but the desire to stimulate a national sentiment will not, he trusts, be wholly unappreciated.

# A LECTURE

ON

## THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

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BY HON. DONALD FERGUSON.

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THE LOVE OF COUNTRY is one of the noblest principles implanted in the human breast. It harmonizes with all the kindly sympathies of our nature; dignifies the mind by extending the area and increasing the objects of our affections; gives a sober and steady realization to the fantastic dreams of youth; supplies a wholesome corrective to those feelings of avarice and selfishness so often the bane of a commercial community, and affords one of the surest and cheapest guarantees for the preservation of the rights and privileges of a country. Patriotism causes many of the rude and ungenial spots of earth to appear, not merely tolerable, but delightful to their occupants, and induces men to endure with pleasure some of the harder conditions of life!

Although the love of country is intuitive, inasmuch as the germ of it is planted in every heart, yet, as the untimely frost or the parching sun extinguishes natural life, so the germ of patriotism may be nipped in the bud, and the vital

principle perish forever. On the other hand, it is pleasing to reflect that there are causes in existence, and continual operation, which have a direct tendency to stimulate and nourish the growth of patriotism. I have taken the liberty to denominate these causes promoters or fountains of patriotism, and make them the subject of the few observations I am about to offer.

In the first place I would say that, in order to the full realization of patriotism, a country should be worthy of the love and confidence of its people. I am prepared to be told that the lover is generally blind to the faults of the object of his affection. This is, to a certain extent, true, of affection between individuals, but the love which one human being entertains for another does not bear a strict analogy to the attachment of a patriot to his country. Love between individuals can only be permanent where it is mutual. A country cannot return a patriot's devotion, but in exchange for his love it can give him protection. It would thus appear, other things being equal, that a man will love his country in proportion to its willingness and ability to protect him. It does not follow, however, that the country which is able to confront an enemy on the field of battle with the greatest number of men and guns, that has the widest territory and the greatest population, has always the most patriotic people. But when the people of a country are linked together by a common descent, similarity of political views, and a community of interests, then the further the bounds of that country are extended, the more populous it becomes; and the higher the respect it commands abroad the greater will be the affection of its people towards it.

The ancient States of Greece, small and disunited, yet powerful and patriotic, may be cited in opposition to the

view here presented. We must, however, remember that in her palmy days Greece was the home of the arts and sciences. She had a noble literature, and the only literature then in existence, worthy of the name; and her warriors had proved themselves, on many a battle-field, to be more than a match for the millions of barbarian Asia. But as the arts of war and peace became more generally diffused, larger communities arose to power and influence, and with Grecian prestige Grecian patriotism became almost extinct. In the present day, a noble literature is not confined to one language; no one people can claim an exclusive possession of knowledge of the arts and sciences; nor is heroism the peculiar birthright of any race. The intense devotion to country evinced by Irishmen and Scotchmen, although their countries are small and have ceased to have any separate political existence, may also be cited as disproving the argument that the prestige of a country affects the patriotism of its people. The patriotism of the Celt is of a two-fold nature. He fairly idolizes the land of his sires, but he cherishes the sentiment of love for the Empire as dearly as the Saxon. The blood of the Celt, fertilizing every soil under Heaven where it has been freely shed in defence of the British flag, attests to the broad patriotism of the race. But while the patriotism of an intelligent man bears a proportion, though by no means a strict one, to the prestige and worth of his country, it is altogether different with the love of home. The attachment of a country-boy to the rude cot in which he may have been born, and the grassy hillocks which he first trod with his tiny footsteps—although they may not present one feature to attract a cultivated taste—is every whit as strong as that of the "son of the city pride" for the magnificent parks and princely mansions of a metropolis.

I would not by any means be understood to disparage the attachment which every person of a sensitive and well-regulated mind feels for the place of his nativity. How dearly we cherish the scenes which cluster around the recollections of home. How pleasant to revisit, if only in imagination, the groves and woods in which we delighted to ramble ; the shores on which we gathered our shells and pebbles ; and the little burn on which we built our fragile mills.

“How dear to us our schoolboy spot,  
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.”

This partiality to home and its surroundings is a theme from which poets have drawn the sweetest inspiration. Among the most charming verses which have ever been written on the association which early infancy attaches to the scenes of childhood, Father Prout's eulogy of “The Shandon Bells” is perhaps the most touching :

With deep affection  
And recollection,  
I often think of  
    Those Shandon Bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle  
    Their magic spells.  
On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
    Sweet Cork, of thee,  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the river Lee.  
I've heard bells chiming  
Full many a clime in  
Tolling sublime in  
    Cathedral shrine,



While at a glib rate,  
 Brass tongues would vibrate,  
 But all their music  
     Spoke naught like thine ;

For memory dwelling  
 On each proud swelling  
 Of the belfry knelling

    Its bold notes fire,  
 Made the bells of Shandon  
 Sound far more grand on  
 The pleasant waters  
     Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
 Old Adrian's Mole in  
 Their thunder rolling

    From the Vatican,  
 And cymbals glorious  
 Swinging uproarious  
 In the gorgeous turrets  
     Of Notre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter  
 Than the dome of Peter  
 Flings o'er the Tiber  
     Pealing solemnly ;

O ! the bells of Shandon  
 Sound far more grand on  
 The pleasant waters  
     Of the river Lee.

In a similar strain another sweet poet, Thomas Hood,  
 has sung :

I remember, I remember,  
 The house where I was born,  
 The little window where the sun  
 Came peeping in at morn ;  
 He never came a wink too soon,  
 Nor brought too long a day,  
 But now I often wish the night  
 Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember  
 The roses, red and white,  
 The violets and the lily-cups,  
 Those flowers made of light !  
 The lilacs where the robin built,  
 And where my brother set  
 The laburnum on his birthday,  
 The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember  
 Where I was used to swing,  
 And thought the air must rush as fresh  
 To swallows on the wing ;  
 My spirit flew in feathers then,  
 That is so heavy now,  
 And summer pools could hardly cool  
 The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
 The fir trees, dark and high,  
 I used to think their slender tops  
 Were close against the sky ;  
 It was a childish ignorance,  
 But now 'tis little joy,  
 To know I'm farther off from Heav'n,  
 Than when I was a boy.

And still another, James Montgomery, chants the praise  
 of country and home in the following lines :

There is a land of every land the pride,  
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
 While in his softened looks benignly blend  
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend,  
 Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife  
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;



In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
 An angel guard of loves and graces lie,  
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet,  
 Where shall that LAND, that SPOT OF EARTH, be found,  
 Art thou a man? a patriot? look around!  
 O! thou shalt find howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
 That land THY country, and that spot THY home.

The feelings which cause us to love the scenes of our childhood, throwing a halo of beauty around that spot of earth which we call our home, are granted a wider sphere when our footsteps wander more freely from the parental threshold. They grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength, until our sympathies are no longer confined to our own kindred, and the associations of our early youth. This mature sentiment rises to the dignity of patriotism, enables us to grasp the boundaries of our country, and prompts an earnest solicitude for the well-being of the empire to which we belong. While we would join most heartily in Sir Walter Scott's execrations against the man of deadened sensibilities,

“ Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned ; ”

while we would yield the warmest meed of praise to the philanthropy, which prompted a Howard to leave his comfortable home, and devote his life to the amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate occupants of the prisons and dungeons of Europe ; while we are lost in admiration of that devotion to God and love to man, which have carried the missionaries of Christ over sea and desert to proclaim to untutored savages the story of the Cross ; yet, between the love of home and love to mankind in general, and not inconsistent with either, comes love of country, which gives the mind a more enlarged view of men and things, than the

love of home ; and gives a greater concentration to our sympathies, than the exercise of even the highest philanthropy is calculated to impart.

In order to insure the spontaneous love of its people, a country should give them liberty. Over thirty years ago great interest was excited in Britain and America by the speeches and writings of the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth. One of his sayings : " confidence is a plant which only in the garden of liberty grows," impressed me deeply by its truth, as well as its beauty. When men are once acquainted with liberty, and are deprived of it, they will struggle earnestly to regain it. Should they prove unsuccessful, their minds will become soured against their oppressors. " Hope, long deferred, makes the heart sad." Who will say that the Pilgrim Fathers did not love old England as dearly as other sons born within her borders ? They certainly did. But she denied them liberty of conscience, and when they could not obtain it in their native land, they left country and friends, and all the dear delights of home, and sought in the new world a " faith's pure shrine," and raised an altar in the wilderness where they could freely and fearlessly worship God. In denying them the liberty to worship God, according to the dictates of their consciences, England forfeited her claim to their affection. They left her without regret, and shook the dust off their feet, as a testimony against her.

In like manner, the North American Indian, who, no doubt, loves the hunting grounds of his fathers, leaves them to seek for freedom in the regions of the setting sun.

It is often an expedient of despotic Government to plunge their country in foreign broils, to divert the attention of their subjects from a redress of their own wrongs. The

honor of his country will then call the patriot to the field of battle with a heavy heart, and many have perished in defence of a country in which they were denied equal rights. In this case they will distinguish between the tyrant who leads them, or who sends them forth, and their country for which alone they fight. Like the fearless DeCourcy they,

"Fight for the honor of England,  
And not for false King John."

Freedom, with the intelligence to appreciate it, is a gift which should make all its possessors patriots. Slavery and patriotism are incompatible. A country, whose people are patriotic, will never become a land of willing slaves, but their patriotism may decline under perpetual wrong. "Water, falling day by day, wears the hardest rocks away," and the rod of oppression held over the backs of a people will, in the end, wear the spirit of patriotism out of their hearts. Nations that have never enjoyed freedom cannot be supposed to form a proper appreciation of it. They do not know what it is. They may still love their country, but not with the enlightened love of freemen. The Hindoo cannot be supposed to love his country as does the Englishman. We do not expect to see the Soudanese arise in defence of their native land, in the manner in which Canadians would gird themselves to repel the insolent foe, who dared to pollute, with his tread, the sacred soil of our Dominion. The South Sea Islander knows no land but his own; he knows no law but the voice of his chief; he knows no privilege but to live, and yet he loves his country. But it would be sheer nonsense to compare this intuitive love of country, which is indeed little more than the attachment of a brute to a spot where he may have been pampered, to the genuine patriotism which prompted the declaration of Hervey in reference to Britain:

"Gem of the ocean, empress of the sea,  
My heart could weep in fondness over thee."

To say that free people are invariably lovers of their country, is but to echo the voice of universal history. The Tartar, accustomed to rove over extensive plains, imprecates on his enemy, as the greatest of curses, that he may be obliged to reside always in the same place. And so the Laplander loves his own unhospitable clime, because in it he can rove at pleasure; and with the aid of his sledge and reindeer travel eighty miles a day. There is no country in the middle or southern Europe with such great natural disadvantages as Switzerland, and yet the brave and hardy Swiss has loved his country with a devotion almost unparalleled in the history of our race. Why were the Swiss mountaineers more patriotic than their neighbors? I will allow William Tell, or rather Sheridan Knowles, to answer the question:

"Oh! with what joy I used  
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,  
And bless Him that the land was free.  
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,  
And plough our valleys without asking leave,  
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow  
In very presence of the regal sun.  
How happy was it then. I loved  
Its very storms! Yes, I have sat  
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake  
The stars went out, and o'er the mountain gorge  
The wind came roaring; I have sat and eyed  
The thunder breaking from his clouds, and smiled  
To see him shake his lightning o'er my head,  
And think I had no master save his own,  
On yonder jutting cliff. O'ertaken there  
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,  
And while gust followed gust more furiously,  
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink;



And I have thought of other lands whose storms  
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just  
Have wished me there ; the thought that mine was free  
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,  
And cried in thralldom to the furious winds :  
Blow on ! This is the land of liberty."

By the term country we do not mean, merely the earth, the insensate clods upon which we tread. It is the associations of our youth, and our mature years, with persons, as well as things around us, which combine to furnish us with a country, using the term in its broadest sense. Hence the Athenians, who betook themselves to their galleys and left their beloved Attica to be ravaged by their enemies; the men of the Netherlands, who, to prevent their country from falling into the hands of the French, prepared to open their sluices and retire to their East Indian possessions ; and the Russians, who, for the same reason, burned the city of Moscow, were patriots of the noblest kind. Their native haunts would lose all charms to them, when they passed under the sway of the stranger. They did not love their country less, but they loved liberty more ; and in their actions they proclaimed the words of Patrick Henry: " Give me liberty, or give me death."

With pleasure we could linger amid the illustrations which history affords of the truth of the position, that liberty is one of the promoters of patriotism ; but we must tear ourselves away from the pleasing task. Oh, how dearly we should prize the free institutions under which we live. There does not exist to-day, in the whole world, five millions of people enjoying more perfect liberty than the inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada. With the seignorial land tenure of lower Canada, and the landlord system in Prince Edward Island, the last vestige of feudalism, with us, has passed away forever. We should value our

rights and privileges all the greater, because they have been won for us by the struggles of centuries. "Our lines have truly fallen in pleasant places." Who will doubt that the successful resistance of Washington and his compatriots to the unjust exactions of the Government of George the Third contributed in no small degree towards moulding the present beneficent policy of Britain in dealing with her colonies? Nor have the Hampdens, the O'Connells, and the Wilberforces of the old world lived in vain, if we only give them credit for the reflex influence of their struggles on the political institutions of Canada and the United States.

The political history of the British Islands, since the Norman conquest, is mainly a tracing of the innumerable phases of a struggle which the people have ceaselessly maintained against their oppressors. Magna Charta, The Petition of Rights, Catholic Emancipation, Reform of the English Parliament, Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the Irish Land Bill are some of the victories in this great constitutional war. These and other great triumphs of liberty have placed the British Empire in the front rank of modern freedom. But the conflict is not ended. There are still rivers to be crossed, mountains to be climbed, and ramparts to be scaled. The men who go forward as the people's leaders in attacking misrule at the present time, and, in the days to come, relying upon free discussion and rejecting faction in every form, will win the patriot's crown as honorably as the champions of freedom in the years that have gone by.

Thanks to the great advance the world has made in intelligence and refinement of feeling, the rights of the people may now be asserted and gained with less personal danger than in past ages. The noble declaration of Daniel O'Connell, that great as he considered the wrongs of Ireland

to be, yet they were not such as to justify the shedding of human blood, sounds the true key-note to enlightened modern political agitation. From a survey of past struggles, and considering the great progress which the common people of the British Islands are making in intelligence, can it be doubted that a feudal land system, a state-supported church, and a hereditary House of Lords, will before long be numbered among the institutions of the past?

This brings us to the point that a country, with a history rich in the relation of great achievements, will inspire the affection of its people. Where is the Irishman who does not feel justly proud of the land of his fathers, that green Isle of the ocean, when you speak to him of the exploits of a Wellington, or the eloquence of a Burke, Grattan, or an O'Connell? What Englishman's eye will not kindle with delight at the slightest allusion to those great naval heroes, whose prowess has upheld the meteor flag of old England, and enabled it to "brave a thousand years, the battle and the breeze"? Or what Scotchman is there that the bare mention of the name of a Wallace or a Bruce does not cause a feeling of patriotism to arise in his heart?

"At Wallaces' name what Scottish blood,  
But boils up in a spring-tide flood;  
Oft have our glorious fathers strode,  
By Wallaces' side,  
Still pressing onward red-wat-shod,  
Or glorious died."

If it be true—as is often remarked—that history repeats itself, then the importance of its study does not require to be enforced; and, happily, public virtue of the highest order is abundantly exemplified in the history of these noble countries, which we are all proud to claim as our fatherland. I find no fault with those who immortalize the

heroism of ancient Greece and Rome. But it seems to me that the six hundred British soldiers—men of the Light Brigade—who rode into the jaws of death at Balaklava, were as great heroes as the three hundred Spartans, who perished in the pass of Thermopylæ. But it is not merely for its Marlboroughs, its Wellingtons, or its Nelsons; for its Agincourts, its Trafalgars, or its Waterloos that we should so highly prize the history of Britain. The annals of our country are pregnant with more real heroism than ever was displayed on the gory fields of mortal conflict. Elliot and Hamptden, who sacrificed their personal comforts, and finally their lives, in defence of the sacred liberty of Britain, are surely as deserving of living in the estimation of their countrymen and all posterity, in the character of immaculate patriots, as Brutus, Harmodius and Aristogion.

Lord Byron says:

“Standing on Achilles’ tomb,  
I’ve heard Troy doubted, time will doubt of Rome.”

This declaration is too sweeping. Time will not doubt of Rome, nor will it ever doubt of Britain. The impress which she has made on the civilization of the world is too deep ever to be erased. Her name will never die, her history will never be forgotten. And what a history! It tells us of philosophers like Sir Isaac Newton, who, with almost super-human effort of mind, discovered many of the mysterious laws by which Providence rules the universe. It tells us of orators like a Burke and a Sheridan, who in the face of the world, espoused the cause of the weak and oppressed, and hurled the terrors of retributive justice against the head of the proud oppressor.

“When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan,  
Arose to Heaven in its appeal from man,



THEIR's was the thunder, THEIR's the avenging rod,  
 The wrath—the delegated voice of God,  
 Which shook the nations through their lips, and blazed,  
 Till vanquished senates trembled as they praised."

It tells us of statesmen like Pitt, who served his country faithfully in the dark hour of her peril, and when his toil had worn out the thread of his existence, left his hands unspotted with the wages of corruption ; or like a Fox, who

" Stood for his country's glory fast,  
 And nailed her colors to the mast."

It tells us of warriors like Wolfe, Sir John Moore, and Lord Nelson, who nobly maintained their country's cause on foreign fields and foreign shores, and expired crowned with glory in the arms of victory. It tells us of patriots like Cardinal Langton and Hampden, who dared the wrath of despots in defence of their own and their country's liberties, and wrung from false kings and haughty favourites the great franchises which we now enjoy.

No country ever can lose its liberty with such a history. Lay its pages open before the people ; make yourselves thoroughly conversant with its contents ; make it a subject of study in your schools, and its lessons a theme for conversation around the domestic hearth ; impress them by every means on the minds of the rising generation ; and then the rights and privileges of your country will never be lost for the want of hearts and hands willing and able to defend them.

High, however, as is the position assigned to history, as a promoter of patriotism, it is evident that poetry exerts an almost equal influence. Andrew Fletcher, of Saulton, said that he once knew an eminent man, who declared that he did not care who made the laws of a country, if he were permitted to make its songs. Although this statement may

sound somewhat extravagant, yet it merely expressed a simple truth. The influence which poetry has exerted on the destinies of mankind can never be computed. In the words of Father Prout :

“Poetry is the nurse of freedom. The pulse of patriotism never beats with nobler throb than when the sound of martial song swells in the full chorus of manly voices, and it was in a great measure the rude energy of the ‘Marseillaise’ that won for the ragged and shoeless grenadiers of the Convention, the victories of Valmy and Jemappe. In our own country Dibbins’ naval odes, full of inspiration, thought and sublime imagery, have not a little contributed to our maintaining, in perilous times, the disputed empire of the ocean against Napoleon.”

The Jacobite ballads of Scotland are still quite familiar to Scotchmen and their descendants. Many who do not sympathize with the cause of the Stuarts feel their hearts warm with emotion on hearing verses, composed to celebrate the achievements of “Charlie and his men.” Others, whose forefathers sacrificed their property and spilled their blood like water for the unfortunate Pretender, can almost fight their battles o’er again to the air of “Johnny Coop.” Small blame to them for cherishing the songs their fathers loved to sing. Who can estimate the influence of the poetry of Thomas Osborne Davis and Thomas D’Arcy McGee, on the young Ireland party during the earlier days of its operations? Their earnest appeals to the spirit of the nation enobled the patriotism of their country.

It may serve to startle some persons to learn that poetry is the oldest form of composition. Dr. Blair says : “It is a great mistake to imagine that poetry and music are arts which belong only to polished nations. They have their foundation in the nature of man, and belong to all ages and to all countries. In order to explore the rise of poetry, we

must have recourse to the deserts and the wilds, we must go back to the ages of hunters and shepherds, to the highest antiquity, and the simplest forms of manners among men."

The position assigned to poetry in modern literature is fitted to give us but a very faint and imperfect idea of what has been its mission among rude and uncivilized people in early ages of the world. A very considerable portion of the Bible was written in poetry, and among the ancient Greeks, philosophers, statesmen and historians addressed the people in the language of poetry. Long before the days of Homer, Greek bards sang of the achievements of their heroes and demigods, and, at more recent dates, Thales and other law-givers sang their laws to the people. The ears of uncivilized hunters and warriors could not be reached by cool, prosy reasoning. The strong figures and passionate utterances of poetry and the inspiring strains of music were required to move the hearts of the people. A great deal of the patriotism and sense of national superiority of which the ancient Greeks were possessed, was, no doubt, produced by the splendid descriptions which Homer gave of the heroism of their ancestors.

"How stern Ulysses furious to destroy,  
With latent heroes sacked imperial Troy,  
The song recalled past TRIUMPHS to their eyes,  
And bade proud Illion from her ashes rise."

Among the ancient Britons and other Celtic inhabitants of the British Islands, the occupation of the bard was one of great importance. His person was held sacred and he was assigned a place on the second to the chief or sovereign. His sense of dignity was not, however, very high, as it did not prevent him from travelling through the country and singing in the homes of the peasants the songs he had com-

posed. As these rude ballads were the only literature with which the people were acquainted, we may readily understand how great must have been their influence. It would not be too much to say that the people were emphatically what their poets made them. In addition to performing the functions of modern poetry and history combined, these ballads were to the people of those days what our newspapers are to us. These songs were, no doubt, sometimes made to treat of love, or to relate marvellous stories of Ban-shees or other inhabitants of fairy land. But they generally abounded in extravagant descriptions of the martial deeds of their country and forefathers. The people listened with delight. They eagerly believed the poet's tale. They learned the verses from his own lips, and taught them to their children. Many of these ballads have been transmitted orally from century to century. There are still living among the Scottish inhabitants of this Island, those who are acquainted with Gaelic songs, composed, perhaps, centuries ago, and which have never been committed to paper.

British ballad poetry of the middle ages derived its inspiration principally from the legends of the Round Table, elfin and border chivalry, the Crusades, the Wars of the Roses in England, and of the Clans in Scotland. Whatever may be the demerit of these compositions, their patriotism must always be admitted. When Edward the First, of England, defeated Lewellyn, Prince of Wales, he barbarously ordered all the bards of that principality to be put to death. This was an admission that a country cannot be virtually conquered while her poets remain to fan the sparks of patriotism in the hearts of the people. It was an unequivocal, but bloody testimony to the patriotism of the bards. Turning from ancient song and the ballads of chivalry, to

the page of the modern poet, there is at least one change which must strike the most casual observer. He no longer finds himself in the regions of demigods, fairies, or fabulous heroes. On the contrary, he is led through the abodes of humanity, and made to feel an interest in purely human actions. To instruct, to amuse, and to move, is still the mission of poetry, although the discharge of these functions is shared by other agencies, which the more general diffusion of knowledge has brought into operation.

The patriotism of the modern bard is more rational and even more marked than that of his predecessors, and in pure devotion to country the modern poets of our own language will, I think, bear favorable comparison with those of any age or country. My judgment may be warped by national partiality, but, in my opinion, there is no poet with which I am acquainted, whose verses beat so true to the pulse of his country as those of the great Scottish bard, Robert Burns. He does not assail you with a jargon about mythical deities, but in simple, unaffected lines, he sings the praises of his country, of his countrymen, and countrywomen. The valor, patriotism, and piety of Scotchmen receive their just meed of praise; while their foibles are painted by a friendly and faithful hand. The collegian may sneer, and the moralist may shake his head, but they cannot uproot the sympathy for Burns that dwells deep in the Scottish heart, without doing violence to its very nature. And no wonder, for Burns lived and rhymed for his country, as may be seen from his answer to verses of the Guidwife of Wanchope House :

"I mind it weel in early date,  
When I was beardless, young and blate,  
And first could thresh the barn,  
Or hold a yokin at the plough.



Even then a wish, I mind its power,  
 A wish that to my latest hour  
 Shall never leave my breast,  
 That I for poor auld Scotland sake,  
 Some useful plan or book should make,  
 Or sing a song at least ;  
 The huge burr thistle spreading wide,  
 Among the bearded bier,  
 I turned my weeding hook aside,  
 And spared the symbol dear."

The poetry of Burns has made the hills and woods, the plains and rivers of old Caledonia forever sacred to the lovers of song. This is not the result of accident. It was the settled aim of his life, in proof of which we have only to refer to the following lines—addressed to a rhyme-composing brother :

The Illyssus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine,  
 Glide swift in many a tuneful line,  
 But Willie, set your foot to mine,  
 And cock your crest.  
 We'll make our streams and burnies shine,  
 Up wi' the best.  
 We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,  
 Her moors red brown with heather bells,  
 Her banks, and braes, and dens, and dells,  
 Where glorious Wallace,  
 Oft bure the gree, as story tells,  
 Frae southron billies.

What a graceful tribute does the poet pay to the domestic virtue of his countrymen in his inimitable "Cotter's Saturday Night?" The unaffected cheerfulness, the integrity, the family affection, and the simple and devoted piety which make their abode around the fireside of the Scottish peasant, are displayed in the most lively and beautiful colors ; and when the picture is complete, he breaks forth with an aspiration which does credit alike to his head and his heart :

Oh ! Scotia, my dear, my native soil,  
 For which my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content.  
 And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile.  
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.  
 Oh ! thou, who poured the patriotic tide,  
 That streamed through Wallaces' undaunted heart,  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward,)  
 Oh, never, never, Scotia's realm desert,  
 But still the patriot and the patriot bard,  
 In bright succession raise her ornament and guard.

Wherever you may meet with Scotchmen—and the sons of the heather are to be found quietly pushing their way in every part of the world—you will find them to be ardent admirers of Burns. They will pore over the page of their national poet with an interest, which distance from home only serves to enhance, and the appeal, "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," goes direct to their hearts, and intensifies their love for the land of their sires.

Thomas Campbell is not so intensely Scottish as Robert Burns, but he is more thoroughly British. Perhaps he did not love Scotland less, but he loved Britain more. Scotland will ever be proud of her gifted son, who sang the dirge of Wallace, and who was never, in word or line, untrue to his native land. Ireland will ever love the generous-minded Scotchman, who so kindly interested himself in her misfortunes as to sing the "Exile of Erin." In that beautiful elegy, the wrongs and sorrows of Ireland were crystalized and made immortal :

Where is my cabin door fast by the wild wood?  
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?  
 And where is the bosom friend dearer than all?  
 Oh, my sad heart, long abandoned by pleasure,  
 Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?  
 Tears, like the raindrop, may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.  
 Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,  
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,  
 Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean,  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,  
 Erin mavourneen—Erin go bragh.

England, too, must be recreant of every feeling of gratitude when she ceases to revere the memory of him who wrote "The Mariners of England."

It is related of Campbell that, on returning to England after a brief sojourn on the Continent, at a time when the country was threatened with an invasion by Napoleon Buonaparte, he was suspected of entertaining revolutionary views, and was arrested. He made no defence further than to unlock the trunk containing his papers, and produce the manuscript of a poem, which he had not yet given to the press. That poem was the "Mariners of England." The effect was complete. He was at once set at liberty. None but a patriot could write such lines as these:

Ye mariners of England,  
 Who guard our native seas,  
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
 The battle and the breeze.  
 Your glorious standard launch again,  
 To match another foe,  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow.



The spirits of your fathers  
Will start from every wave,  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
The ocean was their grave.  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts will glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks;  
No towers along the steep,  
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,  
Her home is on the deep.

Campbell's claim to be regarded as our national poet, is in my opinion, undoubted. His nationality is apparent in all his productions. He was also an ardent lover of liberty, and his appeals in its behalf have not been uttered in vain.

It would be unpardonable in this place to omit all allusion to the accomplished and amiable author of the "Lady of the Lake." Sir Walter Scott was an excellent type of the class of his countrymen to which he belonged, and his verse is just as patriotic as any poetry well can be. The eulogium which he bestows on some of England's illustrious dead, in the introduction to the first Canto of *Marion*, is so well-merited and so gracefully given that it should be familiar to every Briton :

The vernal sun new life bestows,  
Even on the meanest flower that blows,  
But vainly, vainly may he shine,  
Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine,  
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,  
That shrouds, oh! Pitt, thy hallowed tomb.  
Deep graved in every British heart,  
Oh, never let those names depart.  
Say to your sons : Lo! here his grave,  
Who victor died on Gadite wave.

To him, as to the burning levin,  
Short, bright, resistless course was given ;  
Where'er his country's foes were found,  
Was heard the fatal thunder's sound,  
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,  
Rolled, blazed, destroyed, and was no more.

In the whole realm of poesy there is not to be found a more spirited eulogy of country than the beautiful lines in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," commencing with "breathes there a man with soul so dead," and ending with the apostrophe :

O, Caledonia, stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child ;  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires. What mortal hand  
Shall e'er untie the filial band,  
That binds me to thy rugged strand ?

The patriotic strains of Sir Walter Scott will ever find responsive chords in the hearts of his countrymen, for truly the greatest, as well as "the last of the bards was he, who sang of border chivalry."

It cannot, I think, be denied that the great poets of England, such as Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton and Byron, do not give way to the same passionate utterances of patriotism as those who have wielded the "Harp of the North." Indeed the charge of misanthropy is but too well established against the last of these illustrious names. But a host of English poets, many of them of great merit, whose hearts could weep in fondness over England, attest that misanthropic Byron is only a solitary exception. In the very front rank of England's patriotic poets, we must place William Cowper, the author of "The Task." Cowper was no sycophant. He was too faithful a lover of his country

to allow him to flatter her. He was always true to his own declaration:

Of all lies (be that one poet's boast),  
The lie that flatters I detest the most.

In tones of earnest expostulation, he warns his countrymen of the consequences of their national sins. Why weeps the muse for England? is his own question, and he answers it by pointing at her pride, her retention of negro slavery in the Colonies, and her Test Acts. The fate of the most highly favored nation of antiquity, he holds up as a beacon to warn England that her sun may also set in gloom, unless her national sins are repented of. Cowper loved his country, and it was his love that made him speak so plainly. When he "smote 'twas with the hope to save." We will, however, allow him to speak for himself:

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,  
My country, and while yet a nook is left  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrained to love thee; tho' thy clime  
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed  
With dripping rains, or withered with a frost,  
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,  
And fields without a flower, for warmer France,  
With all her wines, nor for Ausonia's groves  
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.  
To shake thy senates, and from heights sublime  
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task.  
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart  
As any thunderer there. And I can feel  
Thy follies too, and with just disdain,  
Frown at effeminate, whose very looks  
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.

Although Cowper uttered unpalatable truths, although with uncompromising severity he denounced popular vices,

and fiercely attacked hoary-headed iniquity, yet his poetry obtained a hold on the affections of his countrymen, that time can never remove. Happy England! in having such a faithful poet, and in being sufficiently magnanimous as to properly appreciate him.

Cold must be the heart, and destitute of the finer feelings which should ever distinguish humanity, that does not warm with devotion to its country on reading the exquisite verses of Mrs. Hemans! When she refers to the achievements of Englishmen in foreign lands, we almost lose the woman in the patriot:

Son of the Ocean Isle,  
Where sleep your mighty dead?  
Show me what high and mighty pile  
Is raised o'er glory's head.

The warlike of the Isles,  
The men of fields and waves,  
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,  
The seas, the shores, their graves?

Go, stranger, track the deep,  
Free, free, thy white sail spread,  
Waves may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.

The fairer, and of course the better portion, of those who speak the English language, with pride acknowledge in Mrs. Hemans the fitting representative of the true British woman. The elegance of her style, the exquisite feeling with which her verses abound, and above all the moral, patriotic, and religious principles, which she inculcates, give her poems a claim to be found in every home where the English language is spoken. And then,

In the free, fair homes of England,  
Long, long in hut and hall,  
Will hearts of native proof be reared,  
To guard each hallowed wall.



The chords of the national harp of Ireland have not been so often disturbed as those of England and Scotland, but the great merit of one performer deserves something more than a mere passing notice. It has been objected to Moore's Irish Melodies that they have a tendency to revive and perpetuate those bitter feelings that have so long existed between England and Ireland. This objection can only be entertained on the most illiberal grounds. When the melodies were written, four-fifths of the people of Ireland were excluded by law from enjoying the honors and emoluments of public life. In addition to supporting the ministrations of their own religion, they were compelled to contribute out of their poverty to maintain an established church, in the tenets of which they did not believe, and the very life-blood of the country was being drained away by non-resident land holders. In weaving the grievances of his country into the most charming verse, in singing the songs of his dear native land, Thomas Moore did nothing more than what English and Scottish poets have done before him. And what is more, his love for Ireland was tempered with loyalty to the British Crown. In proof of this we have only to quote the beautiful melody in which he commemorates the worth of a noble son of Erin, who had distinguished himself in the service of the British Empire :

While history's muse the memorial was keeping  
Of all that the dark hand of destiny weaves,  
Beside her the genius of Erin stood weeping,  
For her's was the story that blackened the leaves.  
But, oh, how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,  
When after, whole pages of sorrow and shame,  
She saw history write,  
With a pencil of light,  
That illumed the whole volume—her Wellington's name.

Hail ! star of my Isle, said the spirit, all sparkling  
 With beams such as burst from her own dewy skies,  
 Through ages of sorrow deserted and darkling,  
 I've watched for some glory like thine to arise,  
 For though heroes I've numbered; unblest was their lot,  
 And unhallowed they sleep in the crossway of fame,  
 But, oh, there is not  
 One dishonoring blot  
 On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.

Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,  
 The grandest, the purest, e'en THOU hast yet known,  
 Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,  
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.  
 At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,  
 Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,  
 And bright o'er the flood,  
 Of her tears and her blood,  
 Let the rainbow of hope be her Wellington's name.

This melody was written in 1815, immediately after the battle of Waterloo. Fourteen years later Wellington, as Prime Minister of England, answered the poet's appeal by submitting to the throne, and carrying into law, the great measure of Catholic Emancipation. Moore lived to claim, from this wonderful coincidence, that his melody on Wellington was "an outpouring of the spirit of prophecy." Without denying to the glorious melodist that seer-like vision, which is said to attend poetic genius of the highest order, I would venture the opinion that the "Iron Duke" was in no small degree influenced, in his political action, by the appeal of the poet, to supplement his achievements of "unchaining other nations" by "healing one of the deep wounds of his own."

One of the most brilliant writers of the present century—a countryman of Moore's—and one who has dealt with his poetry in the spirit of the most caustic criticism, has, nevertheless, freely admitted that the Irish melodies were the

principal agency in gaining Catholic Emancipation. "In vain would O'Connell have harangued the Irish people, if the sweet singer had not made emancipation palatable to the thinking and generous portion of Britain's free-born sons. Had not his poetry spoken to the hearts of the great and the good, and enlisted the fair daughters of England, agitators would have been treated with scorn and contempt. The 'Melodies' won the cause silently, imperceptibly, and effectually."

It is doubtful if any poet, ancient or modern, has left to his country such a legacy of patriotic song, as the "Irish Melodies." Whether Moore sang of "Erin in the days of old, ere her faithless sons betrayed her," or of the "sweet vale of Avoca," in whose bosom the "bright waters meet," or of the symbol of his country, that

Chosen leaf, of Bard and Chief,  
Old Erin's native Shamrock,

he kindled a glow of patriotic fire that shall live forever; and the true sensibility with which the task was performed is indicated in his Farewell to the Harp of his Country:

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover  
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone,  
I was BUT as the wind passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

Whatever faults may be attributable to Irishmen, an indifference to their country can never be regarded as one of them. The poetry of Moore, burning as it does with love for Ireland, has made an abiding impression on the minds of his countrymen at home and abroad:

And the tear that they shed, tho' in secret it rolls,  
Will long keep his memory green in their souls.

We have lingered so long among the poets, that we cannot comment at proper length on other agencies, that must be regarded as fountains of patriotism. The newspaper is

undoubtedly one of these, yet a regard to truth impells us to state, that it is also a fruitful source of other influences of a much less desirable character :

How shall I speak of thee, or thy power address,  
Thou god of our idolatry, the press,  
By thee, religion, liberty and laws,  
Exert their influence and advance their cause,  
By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land beset,  
Diffused, makes earth the vestibule of Hell.  
Thou fountain ! at which drink the good and wise,  
Thou ever, bubbling stream of endless lies,  
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,  
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

The facilities for the publication of newspapers are now very great, and the demand for periodical literature is yearly increasing. Religionists and politicians of every shade of opinion, and specialists of every class, have now their exponents in the press. All are loud in their professions of patriotism, but as far as the political portion of the press is concerned, these professions should be received with a fair amount of caution. Party contention is a whirlpool in which good intentions are often wrecked. It too often happens that those who are in the thick of the fight are apparently unconscious of how far-reaching their movements really are. Whenever the exigencies of party require such advocacy as is calculated to belittle our own country, magnify its disadvantages, destroy its credit, or in any way oppose its real interests, every lover of his country should pause and ask himself if he is not approaching dangerous ground. When the newspapers of Canada proclaim, as a party cry, that our population is rapidly leaving us, taking no note of those who are steadily coming back, they seem to forget that their damaging expressions are eagerly seized hold of by the emigration agents of the



United States, and prove most effectual weapons in their hands with which to divert the stream of emigration and capital from our shores ; and in this way, as well as others, check the progress of our Dominion. In referring to this question, I cannot be accused of importing politics into this lecture, because it must, in candor, be admitted that both political parties have, more or less, as it suited their purpose, magnified the emigration of our people to the United States.

The arena of political discussion in Canada, is surely broad enough without touching on ground which must be regarded as decidedly unpatriotic. We have a territory extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, capable of sustaining an immense population, in the latitudes in which have been nurtured the men, who, for centuries, have controlled the destinies of mankind. Canada has a present population of five millions of hardy, self-reliant and intelligent people, inheriting no grievance, and shackled by no condition unfavorable to national growth. Our Dominion enjoys a connection with the most powerful empire the world has ever seen, giving the greatest security with entire exemption from the responsibilities of national defence. We have an unsurpassed Railway system, nearly completed, unequalled facilities for internal navigation, and a shipping interest only surpassed by Great Britain, France and the United States. Canada has, to-day, resources unspeakably greater than those possessed by the original thirteen American Colonies, on the day they achieved their independence.

Look at the provinces of Canada individually. Starting with our own dear little Island, how lovely in summer ; how cheerful in winter ; with a soil of wonderful fertility, and waters teeming with undeveloped riches. "We may

roam through this world like a child at a feast," and we will find no spot where the people are happier, or enjoy greater educational and religious advantages, or where men of different creeds and races live more harmoniously together, than in Prince Edward Island. Take a passing glance at Nova Scotia, with her great mineral resources, her flourishing shipping interest, her magnificent orchards, and her rich dyke lands, which the sturdy "hands of the Acadian farmer reclaimed from the sea with labor incessant." Next under our observation comes the beautiful Province of New Brunswick, still abounding in the wealth of her forests, and with undoubted agricultural capabilities. Then comes the grand old Province of Quebec, watered by the mighty St. Lawrence and its lordly tributaries, and inhabited by the descendants of Champlain and Cartier, who, notwithstanding their French origin, are not one whit behind their Celtic or Anglo-Saxon fellow-citizens in loyal adhesion to British institutions, and love for the Dominion of Canada. Reclining on the shores of the great lakes, Ontario, rich, enterprising and progressive, presents herself to our view, with a territory large enough to support a population as great as that of France or England. In the gate-way to the mighty west stands the new Province of Manitoba, receiving into its lap, the wealth, and the bone and sinew, to no inconsiderable extent, of the old world and the new. Passing Manitoba, we enter a fertile territory, extending westward to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and northward to the Peace River, as large as all the older provinces put together. In traversing what has been called "the great lone land," our tread is not over an "Empire's dust," but on every hand is to be heard

"The tread of pioneers of Nations yet to be."

Last, but not least, British Columbia rises before us. In the bosom of her valleys winter can scarcely be said to penetrate, and there, too, the soil is rich almost to a fault, while the undeveloped wealth of forest and mine is great beyond description. If the Americans have found Alaska so valuable for its furs and its minerals, we have a right to place no mean value on the vast territory lying south and east of Alaska, and north of the provinces and territories which we have now described, where even now

"The hunter's fair-haired children,  
Find a faithful home,  
Where countless lakes are sparkling,  
And nameless rivers roam."

Is not a glance over our vast and beautiful Dominion calculated to inspire every Canadian with a love of country? And when he calls to mind that Canada is the home of freedom, he is impelled to exclaim with Fitz Eustace, when surveying the plains of Flodden:

Where is the coward who would not dare  
To fight for such a land?

Can it be that the tread of pioneers is to be no more heard on the plains of our mighty West; that the beautiful rivers of British Columbia, Alberta, Arthabaska, Assiniboia, and Saskatchewan are to be forever monopolized by the canoe of the savage, and that the busy workshops of Canada are to become as silent as the ruins of Herculæneum? Can it be that the gospel of blue-ruin is the true message which the press of our Dominion is entrusted to deliver to the men of this generation? Can it be that the children of the men who

"Quelled the savage,  
And who spared the tree,"

are unequal to the task of carrying forward, in days of peace and plenty, the work which has had its foundations

firmly laid in the midst of toil, danger, and privation? No. Above the hoarse, uncertain growl of political disputation may be heard the clear, confident, ringing voice of Enterprise, inviting the men of Canada to go up and possess the magnificent heritage which God has given them. If there be a man amongst us who has no faith in the future of Canada, who has no word of cheer for the brave toilers, who, in the workshop, on the deck, in the mine, on the farm, or in the forest, are laboring to make our country great and prosperous, I would apply to him the words of Henry the Fifth at the Battle of Agincourt:

He who hath no stomach to the fight,  
Let him depart. His passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.  
We would not die in that man's company.

So great is the influence of the press that it would be almost impossible to conceive a greater evil than for a widely-circulated newspaper to fall into the hands of a venal, selfish, and unpatriotic man. We have only to think of Wilkes and Marat, and their infamous publications, to realize the unfortunate situation of a people when they receive such men as their public instructors. A newspaper may not be openly or notoriously wedded to licentiousness and error, and yet it may be little short of a moral pest-house in a community. By the use of vile insinuations the reputation of honest men may be effectually destroyed; facts may be so mystified, that "the worse may be made to appear the better reason;" and advantage may be taken of keen party excitement to undermine the patriotism of the people. When considerations, drawn from a regard for the Almighty Dollar, are found to weigh most heavily with a man, in the choice of a religion, it is pretty evident that he is neither a very sincere nor a very religious man, and so



when a newspaper editor discusses national questions *wholly* from the standpoint of dollars and cents, no matter how loud may be his professions of patriotism, it is quite safe to conclude, that he is not the greatest patriot in the world.

Notwithstanding these remarks on the abuses of the press, let no person understand me to deny the existence of genuine patriotism among the newspaper fraternity; or to disparage its influence for good. The newspaper is not by any means so pure a fountain of patriotism as the page of the poet, and yet what a shout of joy would go up from the strongholds of tyranny and error, could the liberty of the press be destroyed. A free press is one of the truest symptoms of liberty, and I know of no better guarantee for the preservation of the free institutions of a country than that which is afforded by a free, independent, and patriotic press.

The first publication in any way entitled to the name of a newspaper, was the *Gazetta of Venice*, which appeared in 1536; and was issued for the purpose of informing the people of that republic of the progress that was made in the war that was being waged against the Turks. The first newspaper that appeared in England was published by order of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558, to arouse the people to resist the Spanish Armada. From such beginnings, the newspaper has advanced to its present position, and it has proved itself a mighty power in the constitutional struggle of the world for the last century. The greatest minds have not disdained to address the people through the medium of a newspaper. With such men as Edmund Burke, Benjamin Franklin, Edward Everett, and Charles Dickens, as editors or contributors, how noble must be the influence of the press!

Notwithstanding all its faults—and they are neither few nor small—how sacredly we should guard the liberty of the Press! Let us hope that the day is not far distant when the Newspaper, wholly emancipated from spleen and error, may make pure its fountain for the dissemination of truth—when all restrictions upon it may be removed, save those which a sense of justice, personal courtesy, and good manners, impose upon its conductors.

But the most important of the fountains of patriotism remains yet to be spoken of. I mean the Bible. I will not here undertake the task of pronouncing an eulogium on the Bible. It requires no such tribute at my hands. Suffice it to say, that all that has been said in favor of history and poetry, is doubly true of this sacred volume. In it we have the most beautiful and sublime poetry, and the most reliable history. The poetry of Isaiah, of David, and of Job, are justly regarded as of the highest kind, and if we wish to enrich our minds with a record of patriotic achievements, we have it presented to us by the inspired historians, with an exactness and impartiality unknown in merely human literature. How beautiful is the song with which Deborah and Barak celebrate the liberation of the Israelites from the yoke of the tyrant Sisera! What a noble tribute do they pay to the patriotism of Zebulon and Napthali, who “jeopardized their lives in the high places of the field, who fought not for money, but fought from Heaven.” Or for another development of patriotism, as we find it in the simple story of that Jewish beauty, Queen Esther, who, when advanced to power and dignity, used the influence which her position gave her, for the benefit of the race to which she belonged. Who can read, unmoved, how the prophet Nehemiah, when he heard of the misfortunes of his countrymen, who had returned from captivity for the



purpose of rebuilding Jerusalem, sat down and wept in the palace of Artaxerxes for the affliction and reproach of the children of his people? Or the still deeper grief of the captive Jew, when he hung his harp upon the willow and sat down and wept by the rivers of Babylon, breaking forth with the exclamation: "If I forget thee, oh! Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning. If I cease to remember thee, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Regarding this volume, entirely apart from its divine inspiration, it is peculiarly and emphatically the Patriot's Book. The hordes of Mohamedanism, inspired by the fanaticism of the Koran, and stimulated by the promise of a sensual heaven as the reward of their valor, have melted away before the enthusiasm and endurance begotten of faith in the teachings of the Prince of Peace. The nations that have, for eighteen centuries, distinguished themselves for genuine patriotism, are those who have drawn their views of political ethics from the great common Statute Book of Christianity. It is at once the most readily accessible, the most copious, and the purest fountain of patriotism in the whole world.

How deeply grateful we ought to be that all these copious, delicious and refreshing fountains are open for us; that we form part of an empire, on whose wide dominions the sun never sets; whose power and greatness are sufficient to inspire the confidence, and excite the enthusiasm, of all who are born within its borders; that we have free access to a literature glowing with genius, beaming with intelligence, and animated by a living patriotism; that we live under a constitution which guarantees to every man the full enjoyment of his civil rights, and the most perfect religious freedom; and in a land where the "child's glad spirit" is taught from the dawn of intelligence to "love its country and its God!"

